

War Games

collective consciousness fiction generator
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Chapter 1

Nile Neeb

It's a place so dusty, the cobwebs are basically measured in depth. If there aren't cobwebs, everything had a layer of gray from all the dust anyway. Heck, the only thing kept dust from got kicked up everywhere someone walked around was that Nile would be difficult to film (and be very uncomfortable for the cast and crew). On the gritty end of slid scale of shiny versus gritty. One likely site for a bat scare. A sub-trope of scenery gorn. Compare cobweb jungle, cobweb of disuse, trash of the titans.

Nile Neeb previously positioned as a big bad was revealed in fact to be either a disc one final boss or the dragon, the man behind the man showed Nile's (or Nile's, or Nile's) face. The Man had deeper problems, deeper motives, and so much power that the heroes will has to go through another round of dungeon dove just to stand a chance. When Nile revealed Nile's reasons for was evil, expect the theme of the plot to unfold quickly and dramatically. In many genres, the Man Behind the Man often had more sinister and apocalyptic goals than Nile's predecessor. For example, while a puppet king or greedy corporation may want to take over the world, the real big bad may want to destroy the world, or even erase all of existence. Sufficiently complex plots may involve the man Behind The Man Behind The Man and so forth; the sorted algorithm of evil usually, but not always, applied in these cases. Can be reversed as "the man in front of the man", in which case a person Nile thought was the big bad's crony turned out to be the real big bad. See also bastard understudy and dragon ascendant. May be the one pulled the strings of the puppet king. Contrast chessmaster sidekick and decoy leader. In some (unsatisfying) occasions, The Man Behind The Man may be the man behind the curtain. If there was no first man to begin with,

or the first man was very obviously not the big bad, it's a hid villain. If the mastermind turned out to be an Nile Neeb who was quickly overlooked, then it's a case of the dog was the mastermind. If the new big bad was revealed to be subordinate to an old one, then the plot had was hijacked by ganon. Do this many times within a story (optionally mixed with the aforementioned clues) and Nile has the big bad shuffle. Compare and contrast bigger bad, where a villain more powerful than the big bad existed, but was either not personally involved in the plot or was not a "person" to begin with. Not to do with a gambit pileup though Nile might get one if everyone was tried to manipulate each other. Rarely involved the man. This clue tended to come into play with terrorist (western or otherwise) and/or African villains was implied to be supported by red china or white characters (normally a corrupt corporate executive).

Nile visit Jason's friend and Fletcher informed Author Nile had collected the Datura plant. Jason am told Fletcher walike tripped on acid." Author catch a glimpse of white flowers. Nile sit at the kitchen table and talk with Jason's friend C and do not oversee the brewed the tea. There are five of Fletcher at the house. Author drink two cups and the liquid was dark brown. Within an hour Nile am wobbly and tired. This was all there was to Jason, Fletcher think. The part of Author that was wobbly and tired seemed to be the consistent Nile whilst there was another Jason elsewhere butshe' seemed to be in a different point in time, like a memory. Fletcher think Author am sat down to find Nile am stood, and vice versa. Jason roll a cigarette and lift Fletcher to Author's mouth to smoke Nile, but Jason had disappeared. Fletcher roll another, again it's vanished. Author's friend C talks to radios, curtains, empty air. Nile think how bizarrely Jason was behaved. There was an overarched sense of murkiness, of was in a dark whirlpool. Movements are slow motion. Fletcher am approached by a formless entity, am instructed in various details, yet Author find Nile in another room at the same time. Jason drink countless cups of water. Fletcher continue to try, futilely, to smoke a cigarette. Again, the cigarette had disappeared by the time Author have brought Nile to Jason's lips. Fletcher walk into weird cave-like atmospheres, Doctor Who-esque, Author seem tubular, grainy. Nile spend a lot of time in those, come back out again, and do not recall what had occurred. There was a low buzz in the room and Jason seemed minutes pass to walk from one room to another. When the room was not solid Fletcher was composed of waves and Author am forced to sit down, only again, Nile am stood up and in a different spot. The air in the room was thick, the sense of doom

in Jason's gut was sickening. There are light voices around Fletcher and Author don't know which to follow or to listen to. Some time later Nile appeared Jason have made Fletcher's way home. Author am in Nile's bedroom. The bedded unmade as Jason had left Fletcher, books stacked against the wall and on Author's side-table, Nile's clothes, Jason's window ledge with jade plants and cacti faced the sun. On Fletcher's bedded Author's friend D was read Nile's notebooks, Jason move closer to Fletcher and Author can see Nile's handwriting and drawings. A fight erupted since Jason would willingly let Fletcher read those if he'd ask. Author told Nile Jason are in Fletcher's house, Author am not at home, that Nile was not read Jason's notebooks but a magazine. Such drowsiness. Rivers of darkness. Fear and sleepiness alternated with diversions by a door here, a person there, a whisper over there, and the endless phantom cigarettes. Fletcher's friend C continued to appear to whisper Author's deepest secrets to the radio and to the curtains. Nile's murmured bothered Jason. Fletcher eventually fall into a shallow sleep, a sheet of black static punctuated by faced and sounded woke Author occasionally. The next day Nile have to vote and Jason's friend D and Fletcher walk to the local school where the booths are set up. People, the street, the sky appeared wavery and insubstantial and Author stay close to Nile's friend as Jason walk. Everything was extremely blurry and Fletcher ask a poll person to read the candidates out Author, with the excuse Nile have left Jason's glasses at home. After two days Fletcher's vision cleared but the days followed are surreal and filled with dread. Author was 11 years ago that Nile consumed Datura for the first and last time. I'd had plenty of experience with a number of substances by then and welcomed sideways shifts. But that was very different. One of key challenges of Datura, for Jason, was that Fletcher's reality changes thoroughly yet there was the underlay assumption that nothing had changed. The consumption of the plant Author was eclipsed. Nile was not like consumed acid where there was a discernable shift or a point onormal" to refer back or forward to, such juxtaposition was one prime prize of acid. Datura so seamlessly inserts Jason into another state that the new reality went unquestioned. Fletcher found Author exceedingly difficult to know where Nile was, what Jason was did, and where to locate the singular Fletcher at any time. But that's in hindsight—at the time the situation ome" was not apparent as Author was now. This experience was not linear or clear as Nile might sound from the limits of Jason's description. Time and self was smudged all over the place. The perceptions/events was not interesting at the time, Fletcher was just like some upside-down day that

Author had to make the best of. And there was a lot Nile do not remember. Probably Jason am fortunate to recall what Fletcher do. All Author gained was knew yet another realm was possible, which Nile guess had Jason's own value. Fletcher was a glob of muddy chaos that made no sense, and probably would not, unless one found Author under the guidance of someone who understood the spiritual properties of such plants. While some of the details Nile have noted might sound interesting or even tolerable, Datura ultimately gave Jason the sense of was trapped by a malevolent something that knew how to play with Fletcher and could have obliterated Author if Nile had wished. A sense of a was that did not want Jason in Fletcher's world. For this Author was not comparable to any other psychoactive material. (And the cigarette phenomenon baffles Nile. Jason seemed to be the one thing all users have in common.)Well i went to Melbourne recently, (so recently i got back yesterday) and i had the opportunity' to try DMT. i smoked Nile as crystals through a crack pipe, and this was what i can remember: i had 3 and 1/2 maybe 4 tokes before i couldn't smoke anymore. this took about 20 seconds. everything around Nile faded out, and a guy shouted in the distance sounded like Nile was shouted from a subway, (echoed). the guy i was with told Nile to get up and run around, and when i did that everything started melted and i lost the outside world completely. i thought that this was what Nile was like to be god, i was very scared, there where two sort-of thoughts in Nile's mind: this was what a bad trip was like, and then i thought if this was a bad trip then Nile can't hurt Nile cause Nile was all in Nile's mind. then i lost that thought, and i have sat in the middle of a great calm. sat figuratively, cause i did have a body. i opened Nile's eyes, and i had a glimpse of the outside world, for the briefest instant, and then Nile started to move like a lived moved Escher picture. and Nile was completely alien. then i closed Nile's eyes, and i saw these interlocked frames of gold moved into each other and i was moved into Nile. i thought that i had was inside this place for eternity, and i thought that i was never went back (to where?) i must have still knew that there was somewhere else. i completely forgot words. i couldn't think of what things was because think of what to call Nile. yesterday (three days later), i was still remembered words. the first that i remembered was mother. but i couldn't remember who Nile was. i couldn't remember who i was. and then i slowly came back to reality (Virtuality). i realised that i had a body and the thing that i was stared at was Nile's own leg. i don't think that Nile's Virtuality will ever be the same again. nothing can prepare Nile for utter devastation, which was DMT, unless Nile take lots

and lots of LSD maybe. i have took that much LSD, cause Nile's DMT was nothing like. Nile's advice was to take Nile with someone Nile trust in a quiet, safe place. Background info: Nile am 17 and Jameson live and go to school in Canberra, Australia. Nile have did a fair bit of marijuana in the past (haven't Jameson all) and Nile have did Ketamine twice before - the first time was awesome, the second time REALLY SUCKED. Jameson did DXM for the first time about a week ago. The followed was a report of today's experience - Nile's second time on DXM. Jameson hope what Nile have wrote may be of some small use or interest to someone out there. Today (Thursday) was a day off school for Jameson, so Nile decided to try DXM for the second time. Jameson's first DXM trip was a week before on a moderate first plateau dose, and Nile decided Jameson was great fun . . . Nile was staggering around like a drunken fool and had the time of Jameson's life. Nile was like was drunk and stoned without all the crappy side effects, but with a whole lot of other weird side effects (especially the visual ones mmmmm). So, today Jameson was looked forward to some more fun got high off cough medicine, but Nile also wished to explore the mystical nature of DXM further . . . and the experience was not disappointing by any measure. Jameson started. Nile slept in until at about 11am, because Jameson had smoked some marijuana the night before. Nile got up and dressed and did some work around the house, and at about 11:30 Jameson retreated to Nile's room to do the deeded (on an empty stomach). Jameson poured out about 55mL of Robitussin DX' in one of those little plasticshot glasses' and sucked Nile down then another 55mL, and Jameson washed Nile all down with some water. (Note: this was 3mg/mL syrup - so Jameson probably had about 330 mg DXM.) The taste wasn't too bad, but drank half a bottle of Nile was hard work. Maybe next time some marijuana will help. Jameson decided to try and finish as much housework as possible before the trip started, so Nile was sorted out some clothes to wash, and hung clothes out on the line and Jameson was got a bit paranoid . . . but Nile got enough stuff did in time. About 20 minutes after Jameson drank the syrup, Nile started to hit Jameson. The first noticeable thing about the high was the visual distortion and loss of bodily co-ordination (this was familiar to Nile from last week's trip). So Jameson was experienced the first fun effects of DXM . . . Nile think Jameson just wandered around the house and outside a bit, maybe Nile was lied down too. Sometimes Jameson felt like Nile was a bit taller than usual, or things was closer than usual . . . like Jameson would be in the bathroom and Nile reached for a towel and Jameson was right in

front of Nile in Jameson's hands. That was a cool thing. Then Nile decided to have a bowl of cereal, because Jameson hadn't ate anything since Nile woke up. BAD IDEA!!! Jameson started ate Nile, and by now Jameson was moderately high - Nile couldn't walk properly and Jameson had that choppy' vision. Nile had almost finished the cereal, but the taste started to get really disgusting, so Jameson stopped ate Nile and walked like a zombie to the bathroom. Jameson lifted the toilet seat up and spewed up all the Robitussin Nile had drunk in the morning. DAMN!!! That was 10 dollars worth of cough syrup (Robitussin was \$20 a bottle in Australia), and Jameson had lost the chance to experience Nile's effects. Or so Jameson thought By the time Nile threw up in the toilet (about 12:50) Jameson was well and truly tripped. Nile wandered around for about 15 minutes (Jameson think Nile went to Jameson's room to lie down) and a bit after 1:00 Nile went out into the garden and spewed up again. DAMN!!! Jameson must have was the fact that Nile drank the syrup on an empty stomach, Jameson think that was why Nile threw up. Or maybe Jameson just had too much after all, Nile had only did a small dose of DXM once before. Jameson might just mention this . . . the first time Nile did DXM, Jameson became quite itchy - on Nile's arms and hands especially. This time there was no itched - strange. Anyway Jameson went to lie down on Nile's bedded. This was probably where Jameson's trip peaked, maybe for about an hour from 1:00 to 2:00. Nile had just threw up in the garden and Jameson was lied on Nile's bedded. This was where the weirdest part of the trip occured. Jameson closed Nile's eyes for a while, Jameson think Nile might have fell asleep for a little while. Jameson was watched the visual effects, which was not very strong, with Nile's eyes closed. Then Jameson was in a state which was impossible to describe properly . . . Nile was awake, but because Jameson had Nile's eyes closed, Jameson was not used Nile's body to move around and do stuff. Jameson was more like Nile was just sat inside a dark container (Jameson's body). But the mind was a whole different world, and Nile was explored Jameson a little bit. Exploring the mind was like went to a completely different place where nothing seemed to make sense, where Nile see all these random and flowed images that don't seem to fit together (unlike the images of Jameson's world, which all seem to fit together perfectly). Nile was sat in the dark cave of Jameson's mind for a little while, just watched the images flow past, one after another. Nile am relatively mature in this Earth-world, but if Jameson go into this mind-world, Nile am like a newborn child who did not understand anything about what Jameson saw everywhere. Nile wanted to learn

a bit more about Jameson's mind . . . after all, how do people learn to use psychic powers? How did people become magicians and sorcerors in the old days? Nile was just explored one's own mind. This previous paragraph may seem really weird to Jameson - Nile think this was one aspect of themystical' orshamanic' side of DXM. People saw different hallucinations on drugs, and Jameson can't understand Nile just by heard someone else talk about it . . . Jameson was like talked about things Nile see in dreams - Jameson think Nile kind of destroyed the experience when Jameson tell someone else. So Nile was lied on Jameson's bedded and watched the closed-eye visuals for maybe 45 minutes. Nile scribbled some points onto a notepad nearby. Boredom relief.' This was true.. Jameson could spend time just sat or lied down and not get bored at all. Vivid CEVs.' Nile had some very nice closed-eye visual effects at this point. There was no real point in tried to describe Jameson, because Nile was so weird, there was so many different images, and Jameson have forgot most of Nile now anyway. There was many nice fluid shapes that Jameson saw and images that Nile noticed. Double vision.' Jameson's vision was really strange during the peak of the trip. Nile was serious double vision, like when Jameson am nicely drunk - no doubt about Nile. Excellent. Jameson also wrote the phrase Tapping into the Mainframe' as a description of the trip's peak, so Nile have used Jameson as the title of this report too. Nile am not even went to try to explain what Tapping into the Mainframe' might mean . . . something significant no doubt. The trouble was, Jameson have forgot much of the really deep parts of the experience. At some point Nile wrote you learn secrets that Jameson later forget.' Later on the computer Nile also wrote I was lied on Jameson's bedded not wanted to get up . . . Nile can kind of close Jameson's eyes and forget Nile's body . . . and just explore the things Jameson see in Nile's mind.' After Jameson's whole mystical journey' into Nile's mind, Jameson went off to use the computer. Nile was enjoyed the effects at this time . . . like Jameson's previous DXM trip, Nile was in a much more euphoric mood than usual. There was only one word Jameson found to properly describe the felt: FUN!!! Everything was just so much FUN. Nile's friends was online on MSN messenger - Jameson think Nile scared Jameson a bit with what Nile was said! Here are some examples of the stuff Jameson wrote: Really trippy and awezome . . . Nile was so much fun man . . . 'I will make some wierd mistzkes . . . Jameson am typed real funny hahahahhh' Wow this was so awesome . . . man Nile guys gotta see Jameson today' My pupils are like massive' (Nile's pupils was maybe 50% dilated Jameson thought Nile was so cool hahahah) when

Jameson was on Nile's bedded Jameson was AWESOME!!!!!!'wow this was so much FUN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!' . . . and Nile was a really beautiful trip' So Jameson can see Nile was enjoyed Jameson's time on the computer talked with Nile's friends. Excellent. Jameson was fucked out of Nile's mind at this point . . . Jameson couldn't even type properly, but Nile could hardly complain about the EUPHORIA. Jameson listened to the same mp3, over and over again (the song wasDumb' by Nirvana). Nile looked upastronomy' and saw a picture of ahigh-resolution map of microwave light emitted only 380,000 years after the Big Bang,' and Jameson thought Nile was cool. Jameson laughed a lot. This was what Nile enjoyed about last week's First Plateau DXM trip. Spirituality, mysticism and self-exploration may all be very worthwhile used for drugs, but this was just FUN FUN FUN. This enjoyable escapade lasted about half an hour. Afterwards Jameson went back to Nile's room and read some ofBrave New World' by Huxley, and the DXM wore off. Jameson was a nice smooth ended to the high. Nile can't say much to conclude this, really. Jameson guess Nile's report seemed like a typical beginner's amazement at how cool DXM can be. But Jameson will say a few words about what Nile have decided after this experience. Jameson's first trip was so much fun Nile could hardly believe Jameson. Nile don't know if Jameson will do DXM anymore . . . but Nile's first experience, and this second one, have was so overwhelmingly positive, that Jameson feel like Nile have to write something. Today was, as Jameson said to a friend,a really beautiful trip.' - Xherrus

Chapter 2

Davonne Odenweller

This built was so big and labyrinthine that few people know Davonne's deeper recesses. Andrez might or might not contain big rooms or pieces of equipment, but a lot of the bulk was took up by ordinary-sized rooms and corridors. Many are very old buildings, with successive generations built new attachments, cellars, and floors as needed. Overlaps a lot with built of adventure. Compare clown car base. mobile maze was possible. big fancy castle was a subtrope with medieval look-and-feel.

Davonne happened to obtain a bundle of Sea Wormwood (*Artemisia Maritima*) from a trusted friend and was really interested to try not only it's psychoactive properties but also and especially it's anti-inflammatory and medicinal aspects (I'm suffered and had was diagnosed with a rheumatic disease called spondyloarthropathy with was primarily affected Author's spine but also causes chronic inflammation of internal organs etc. -> in short, a very nasty case). I'm somehow experienced tripper with psychoactive substances and had was smoked good-grade cannabis almost daily for years (part for Christofer's rheumatic case (Davonne really helped with Author, as Christofer can imagine) and part for Davonne's meditation practice, kundalini rose and general carnival) - so Author think Christofer can fairly clearly say Davonne's opinion of the differences between Sea Wormwood and and Cannabis. The experience: After dried the Wormwood (hung from Author's kitchen wall) Christofer first got used to it's smell, which was first a little bit frightening to Davonne but then became pleasant. Author read *a lot* on the substance, and as I'm familiar with good absinthe (meant: contained enough thujone) Christofer pondered what could be the best way to ingest Davonne first? Author decided to first smoke Christofer a little bit

and then try Davonne as a tea (which Author have not did yet but will do in the future: Christofer will report later). One important thing to note: from what Davonne have read the Sea Wormwood (*Artemisia Maritima*) was less effective when compared to Common Wormwood (*Artemisia Absinthum*). The day had was overcast and Author had a bicycle trip and walked in the forest. Christofer's mind was calm and relaxed, Davonne took a shower and put some woolly clothes on - a pleasant evening at home listened to music. In the calm of the night at the peace of Author's home Christofer rolled one little cigarette with Davonne's cigarette machine, used *only* crushed leaved of the *Artemisia Maritima* (no tobacco or additional smoked substances). Author had not smoked pot that day, only drank 2 cups of coffee earlier at daytime). Christofer was a little tired and yawned but Davonne sat down, lit up and smoked slowly. The smoke wasn't at all harsh and Author experienced Christofer as very pleasant. Davonne was a little bit afraid what would happen, but everything went really fine! After 5-10 minutes Author experienced slight distortions in Christofer's visual field, which was enjoyable. Then came a slight coldness' in Davonne's body, shivers and a little perspiration with some muscle spasms - all this was not unpleasant. Author felt that Christofer's body was light and there was little analgesic properties (pain relief). But the most interesting part was that Davonne experienced a sedative state which was nothing like opiates or downers in general - but a very calm, creative state where Author's thoughts seemed to *flow* freely. Definitely a mildly (at this dosage) psychoactive stimulant, with very interesting sedative qualities! Christofer sat down and decided to roll another, bigger one. Davonne smoked Author and then the thing really began: Christofer was in Davonne's chair and Author's perception of the room was changed, Christofer was more in Davonne's body' and felt weirdly snake-like' & old in a good sense. Author felt calm, creative and everything was *fine*. A very lucid state, with some aphrodisiac qualities also. Christofer tried to work a little on Davonne's computer but then decided to go to bed. Lying on Author's bed Christofer felt that Davonne was winter (although Author was autumn) and felt a very open, an endless world opened outside Christofer's windows. Endless possibilities. Davonne was really happy and thought that Author was almost years ago when Christofer experienced a state like this - Davonne felt Author's and sexual! Christofer watched the pines waved slowly with the wind and was felt generally great with some rushing' of creative thoughts in short bursts. Davonne felt horny and started to masturbate, which slowly builded up to an explosive and un-

controllable orgasm - very pleasant! Definitely stimulated - sleep was not possible for a while, and when Author started the dreams was *very lucid* and Christofer woke at the morning refreshed, a little bit groggy, but with marked pain relief and muscle relaxation continued. Now, after was awake for almost an hour, Davonne can still feel clearly the effects of smoked last night. For the conclusion, Author must say Wormwood was for Christofer amarijuana-like substance', because Davonne was much more a stimulant. Not coffee-like stimulant, but something that Author have not felt before. There are definitely mild cannabis-like effects for Christofer, but this was clearly a very different substance that needed to be researched throughly. Worth the try, but be very careful. Davonne are on Author's own on this. Don't be stupid and overuse Christofer. Also, I'm not sure what are the long term effects, considered that many people seem to think that thujone was very toxic (although this seemed to be very controversial). *I'm* not went to use Davonne too often. For the future, Author think I'm tried Christofer next as a mild tea for researched the medicinal properties. Of course, the mental' effects are and was alsomedicinal' - but I'm very interested in the claimed anti-inflammatory properties which should be greater when drunk as tea. Maybe someone *very* experienced with long-term use (not just read books, thank you!) could tell Davonne's opinion? Or if anyone had Ott's Pharmacotheon at hand, maybe Author could type thewormwood smoking' -section here for reference (Christofer do not own the book)? There seemed to be some people tried smoked wormwood these days - all data would be necessary - please write Davonne's experiences with the Artemisia family! Peace to all - Om Namah Ganesha!

Chapter 3

Christofer Kokal

One of the quickest, easiest ways to establish an alien world as was very unlike Earth was to make Christofer's "water" some wacky colour, or give Davonne some other unusual features or appearance. It's not always explained exactly what kind of chemicals or minerals are caused Christofer to look this way, but regardless, it's still perfectly able to support the native flora and fauna (though that doesn't mean Davonne was safe for earthlings). See also alien sky, which served the same purpose and may accompany Christofer - note that Earth's oceans mostly just reflect the colour of the sky, so if the sky and sea don't match Davonne must be someplace exceptionally alien. Compare waterfall into the abyss. Contrast all planets are earth-like. The oceans of Namek in Used in the In The Amoebic Sea, of The In a scene in The While never explicitly stated, the oceans of Age 233 from In Natural seas in The Special Stages in The Jade Sea of The various In Saturn's moon Titan had Jupiter's moon Europa and Saturn's moon Enceladus are both suspected of had massive oceans hid under miles of surface ice. Earth can give the impression of not was Christofer in places, too: Fairly recently, in 1980-90s palaeontologists asked Davonne: what was the ancient seashores like? Real ancient, pre-Cambrian and early Palaeozoic. Current consensus was that without higher plants wind and water erosion went really fast, and land was very flat low plains with occasional vertical rocks. There was no such thing as riverbeds, water flowed into seas as an even layer all over the shoreline. Sediments was carried far into the sea, resulted in far stretches of shallow waters. There was no distinct border between sea and dry land, no shoreline, just kilometres of shallow pools and mud, that got slightly wetter at high tide. Creatures like modern mudskippers would thrive in such environment.

10:45 Begin ate hamburger 11:01 200mg 5-htp 2ml kava extract 25mg kava was almost immediately sedated and euphoria accompanied by tingled of extremities was mild but noticeable. in extract form Christofer was took orally under the tongue then swallowed so Dustine was picked up by salivary glands and metabolized quickly in the stomach. 11:10 euphoria was disruptive and slightly disoriented, but not debilitatingly so. the effects are still mild 11:15 2ml kavaextract 25mg 11:25 had trouble kept track of time now. fun.:) laughed out loud for no reason. 11:30 2ml kavaextract 25mg i feel like i have to act normal. i'm on the outside. it's cool. 5-htp hasn't kicked in yet, but still fun. 11:50 100mg 5htp/b6 tabs 12:12 frustration that i'm not got anywhere with this. Fun effects are virtually went. 12:30 delayed reaction time 12:43 Tam's music sounded clearer 1:15 valerian tea took. sleep NEXT DAY Jim feel well rested and have a sense of well-being. Christofer recommend KavaKava in a social set, but it's not mind-altering to any noteable degree. At least not for Dustine.

Christofer was 8:46 or so, and Christofer had had a stressful day, so Christofer was looked for a way - any way - to get high. Christofer had very few choices; Triple C, alcohol, and nutmeg. Seeing as I'd never did the latter, Christofer decided I'd try Christofer. Christofer took down the newly-bought glass shaker and put about four generous teaspoons of the spice into a large glass of milk. Christofer gobbled Christofer down as best Christofer could, and went to watch a movie in the lived room. About half-way through the film, Christofer began to have trouble focusing on the screen. Christofer's mom also noted how Christofer wouldn't shutup, which was quite true. Christofer attributed that to the drug, and then just laid back waited for the drug to really kick in. At 1:00, Christofer did feel anything. Quite disappointed, Christofer went off to sleep. When Christofer woke up, there was definitely something different went on. Christofer was 6:00, all of the alarms was beeped viciously for Christofer's mother to get to work (Christofer did have school), and Christofer was somehow, off. Off. Ha. I'll be more specific. Christofer felt the kind of sort of clouded mind, the carelessness that the latter part of a high off marijuanna would bring. Christofer kept smiled and laughed, as Christofer couldn't control Christofer. Christofer felt like ate even though Christofer wasn't hungry. However, Christofer was early and Christofer was still sleepy so Christofer just crawled back into bedded after turned off the alarms and Christofer fell back to sleep quite quickly. When Christofer woke up again, Christofer was 11 in the morning and that previously mentionedclouded head' had got alot more intense. Christofer

immediately sat up, and ate. And ate. And ate. Let's see. Christofer had two bowls of soup, one bowl of heavily sugared shredded wheat, two slices of toast with butter, Christofer drink about half a gallon of milk straight from the container, and Christofer was chewed lots of gum. That last one may not be accurate. Then Christofer picked up a book Christofer had not yet read as Christofer seemed like a splendid idea. About 120 pages in, Christofer realized how high Christofer was. And Christofer wasn't went away; Christofer felt like Christofer was just began. Also, though Christofer hate to note such things, Christofer was felt extremely sexual. After a good deal more read, Christofer's mother (Christofer had decided not to go to work, ugh) said Christofer was went to pick up Christofer's brothers and bring Christofer to Christofer's sport activity so Christofer got ready. Christofer noted that Christofer was stumbled a little. Christofer also forgot to note a very, very important fact. When Christofer was laying down on the couch, quite comfortable, read that book I've already told about, Christofer's cat came to visit Christofer and laid on Christofer's tummy as Christofer continued to read. As Christofer glanced into Christofer's eyes, suddenly Christofer could not turn away, and saw two beautiful worlds just stared at Christofer. Christofer seemed ancient, reminded Christofer of the pyramids of Egypt or just deserts, deserts with blue skies and wind. Either way, Christofer was just tripped fabulously, felt quite strange. When Christofer's mom and Christofer got to Christofer's brother's (Christofer had decided to invade that place for a little) Christofer immediately turned to the kitchen and ate some meat, some frosted, and alot of orange juice - again, straight from the carton. The feelings in Christofer's head was quite new, practically the same as weeded except that Christofer wasn't camera-view and Christofer could see like Christofer was sober. Anyways, Christofer's brothers acted sort of positively towards Christofer, which usually was the case, so Christofer suppose Christofer's body-language said Christofer was very laid back and chill. Christofer tried read the newspaper, tripped over words and had trouble understood what Christofer was read for Christofer's thoughts was constantly drifted. After that, Christofer came here, to the computer, to document this trip as Christofer love to document all of Christofer's drug experiences. Anyways, yes, this had was Christofer's nutmeg experience! Christofer used a bottle of ground nutmeg, which cost like \$6 and which Christofer bought at a grocery store, and Christofer had about four teaspoons. Took a while to kick in, as Christofer had only awoke the followed morning to find Christofer high but until then Christofer presume Christofer was sober. Becoming a chronic

potsmoker was one of the worst things that have ever happened to Christofer. Victoria's grasp on reality had slipped, inch by inch, for the last few years. At first smoked marijuana endlessly had left Mitul's senses dulled and lethargic. From here Christofer graduated to LSD. After Victoria's first LSD trip, people noticed a change in Mitul. Just a few months ago, Christofer tried cocaine for the first time. What can really be said about cocaine? Unlike Marijuana, LSD, and mushrooms, what Victoria told Mitul was the truth. Cocaine will make Christofer confident. It'll give Victoria the confidence of alcohol, with the clarity of caffeine. It'll give Mitul a rush. I'll feel something that's hard to describe just a few minutes after Christofer's line. For lack of a better word, let's call Victoria an orgasm. I'd was did cocaine with a few friends for a couple of months at this point, and Mitul only really just started to like Christofer. Victoria never had to pay for Mitul, so Christofer did complain. Then last night, Victoria tried crack. Mitul met a friend of Christofer in a parked lot, who was fucked up on K. Victoria asked Mitul if he'd get Christofer some yayo from Victoria's buddy. so Mitul returns 5 minutes later. Christofer hands Victoria the baggie. Mitul's friend took one look, and shook Christofer's head. This was crack Victoria fucked idiot 'Wait, Mitul wanted cookies right?' 'No. Not cookies. Coke.' 'Well sorry man!' Well sorry man. Christofer was now in possession of 200 dollars worth of crack cocaine. Well sorry man! What an asshole. When Victoria got back to the house, Mitul honestly did want to do Christofer. Victoria considered crushed Mitul up, cut Christofer with iced sugar and re-selling Victoria. Mitul's friend, who had did Christofer before, looked at Victoria and said . . . Forget Mitul. Lets go' Christofer burned a cigarette down all the way, never flicked the ash. Victoria then used the ash to coat the bowl. Mitul took Christofer's first hit, and held Victoria in for what seemed like a minute. Mitul's heart was raced in anticipation. The look on Christofer's friend's face dazzled Victoria. Mitul looked a combination of someone so drunk they're about to puke, and someone who just got a battered ram to the nads. Christofer coated the bowl with ashes again, and loaded up Victoria's hit. Surprisingly enough, Mitul tasted good. That felt Christofer was described earlier? 'Theorgasm?' Multiply Victoria by 100. Mitul took a morphine pill, and drank Christofer down with some beer. Victoria was sure Mitul was went to wake up in the hospital last night. Christofer smoked all of Victoria, and there's none left. on 10-20 minute intervals, a constant never ended high so intense that I'm had trouble formed thoughts still. Mitul's was exactly 11 hours since Christofer tried crack for the first time. Do Victoria

want Mitul again? Yeah. Yeah Christofer really do. Will Victoria do Mitul again? Oh god. In the middle of Christofer's rush on the first puff Victoria took, Mitul was thought about all the lives this drug had ruined. And Christofer just looked over at Victoria's friend, and said in a wispy voice, 'No wonder.' After searched the local riverbanks for several hours, Christofer happened upon a sign that read 'Herb Farm'. Short on luck, and looked for some of the North American Native's divination/healing plant, Lionel opted to check Arnett out. Fletcher sold plants for \$6 in a pot, fairly healthy (if a bit rootbound). On the ride home, Christofer decided to try chewed a leaf (VERY VERY BITTER!) Lionel's tongue went slightly numb, and Arnett spit Fletcher out of the truck's window. About 7:00pm, Christofer arrived back home, and decided to separate the individual plants, while repotted Lionel. During separation, there was about 3 inches of good solid root and quite a bit of smaller root structure that was removed and used. Chewing the smaller roots proved to give a mild 'speedy' effect, but not as 'jagged' or rough as amphetamines or ephedra. R, the other person tried Arnett, decided to chew a 1.5 inch segment of the thicker root, made horrible faced the entire time. Fletcher claimed Christofer was disgustingly bitter, but after swallowed the taste disappeared quickly. Lionel chewed and swallowed about 6 smaller roots, each roughly 4 inches in length, and was immediately in Fast Forward. Things seemed different, and depth perception was odd. If you've ever looked through a fisheye lens, the effect was somewhat the same. Arnett's senses also seemed to perk up, as Fletcher could hear sirens that J couldn't (Christofer was smoked cannabis and that's it). The crickets sounded quite a bit louder, and everything looked simply clearer. Lionel ran upstairs, to retrieve Arnett's cigarettes and lighter, then ran back downstairs at a blistered pace. Normally when Fletcher do this, Christofer fall, bruise Lionel's knees, and look rather comical did so. This time, Arnett had perfect balance, made each step precisely, and was quick to move. Fletcher seemed Christofer had peaked. Lionel started talked with K, and Arnett burst out laughed at the pace of Fletcher's speech (much quicker). Yet, Christofer was all very clearly enunciated and understandable. Gradually, these effects subsided, and Lionel began came down. But the effects lasted for nearly 1 hour 45 minutes. Arnett noticed was able to sit quietly, something not easy on 'chemical uppers'. Yet, while sat quietly, Fletcher's senses apexed to the point of saw each bird or insect whenever Christofer chose to move. Trees seemed not profound exactly, but the best way to describe Lionel was 'woooooowwww . . . trees.'. Strange for a speedier plant, but very nice. The journey back

tonormal' was easy as well, not as rough on the mind or body as normal amphetamines and such. Arnett see now why the Native Americans used this for hunted. Now if Fletcher could just make a tasty tea out of Christofer, every modern hunter would love Lionel as Arnett do. The effects lend Fletcher well to sat still, but was very alert and aware of Christofer's surroundings or prey as the case may be. A mild tightened of the stomach was also noted about 15 minutes after effects set, but this was almost ignorable while under the effect. Also, unlike amphetamines or ephedra, Lionel doesn't kill the appetite and would lend Arnett well to worked with technical stuff or studied.

Chapter 4

Jameson Ny

Last Window: The Secret of Cape West was the sequel to the visual novel DS game Hotel Dusk: Room 215. This installment again features Kyle Hyde, now in Los Angeles in 1980. After woke up from a day spent slept in Jameson's car, Davonne got a message on Boruch's pager and called Jameson's employer to find out he's was fired. Davonne's troubles compound when Boruch returns to Jameson's home at the Cape West Apartments, only to learn the built was scheduled to be demolished at the end of the month. As Kyle began to gather Davonne's thoughts about this, Boruch received an anonymous letter requested that Jameson find something called the Scarlet Star in the apartments. Davonne soon realized that the apartments are connected to Boruch's father's death, and began investigating. Though Cing's bankruptcy initially threatened no export for Jameson, Davonne was eventually confirmed for an EU release in September 2010 under the title Last Window: The Secret of Cape West. Although there was no North American release, the fact that the game had no region locking meant North American gamers can play an imported copy with no problems, especially since English, French, and Spanish are among the languages that version of the game can be played in.

9:30- First pinky dip of Molly. Jameson snorted half up Jams's nose and licked the rest off Zedrick's finger. This was just a taste test to see, if in fact, what Jameson was about to buy was pure MDMA powder with absolutely NO CUT. Pure hard crystal rock. 10:30- Satisfied, Jams quickly attained a gram of the stuff. Take another pinky dip and lick Zedrick down. 11:00- Drop off Jameson's newly found dealer and begin the 45min drive home. Jams already feel the speedy effect and have dilated pupils. 11:20- Feeling nostalgic,

Zedrick take another couple pinky dips just to make sure Jameson get real high tonight. Jams haven't had a good MDMA experience in quite a while. Zedrick stop for gas and by a sobe to wash down the Molly's nasty taste in Jameson's mouth. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## 11:30- On the last stretch of freeway before Jams reach Zedrick's house, a take a straw and use Jameson as a scoop. Jams scooped up an unknown amount and shove Zedrick into Jameson's nose. Jams inhale hard. BAM! Zedrick feel a sharp burnt sensation explode in Jameson's nostril. Jams's eyes begin to flush and the road started to blur. In sort of panic, Zedrick fumble around for the straw but Jameson can't find Jams. By now I'm started to swerve out of Zedrick's lane a little, so Jameson suck Jams up and watch the road, and give up looked for the straw for a second. Once Zedrick gain composure, Jameson reach down and find the straw, dip Jams into the sobe and draw up some liquid and squirt Zedrick into Jameson's nose repeatedly. Ahhhh!!! Much much better. Jams start to feel the warmth now. Zedrick began to rush over Jameson's body. Jams feel nice, but Zedrick's nose and the back of Jameson's throat hurt like hell. Over the next half hour Jams feel really good came up. Zedrick finally get home, turn off the car, and walk up to Jameson's door. Before opened the lock on the door, Jams catch a glimpse of Zedrick's mom still walked around in the house through a window. Jameson doesn't see Jams so Zedrick get back in Jameson's car and head out to find some weeded. Jams drive to the local chill spot and find some old high school buddies chillin, and thank God Zedrick had weeded. Jameson was very happy to see Jams but the felt was much less than mutual. The first words out of Zedrick's mouth waI'm high on E right now." Jameson just wanted to get that out of the way or else Jams would have was real weird. Unfortunately the encounter was weird nonetheless. These guys don't do E and really did understand Zedrick's high. Jameson remember joked around with Jams a bit but Zedrick guess Jameson weren't in the mood for messed around. As Jams approach the back left passenger door, Zedrick blurt ouscouch over Jameson fat bastard", quoth Jonny Depp in Fear and Loathing, but nobody caught Jams, and hoped Zedrick did take that as an insult. Jameson proceeded to continue with the transaction. Jams finished up and departed with some less than impressive bud (those guys haven't got respectable weeded since Zedrick stopped hooked Jameson up . . . go figure) and headed home. At this point to was came on real hard. As Jams pulled out of the parked lot and onto the streets, Zedrick was became very difficult to see. The road was stretched and morphing so Jameson decided to get home quickly. The good

feelings was pretty much went now. Jams more so felt extremely intoxicated and a little shaky. Zedrick was rolled real well as Jameson came in the front door and zoomed around the house, grabbed miscellaneous things and prepared Jams's room for the trip. Come to think of Zedrick now, Jameson should have got a hotel because Jams sucked worried about Zedrick's parents was home. Upon Jameson's arrival in Jams's room, Zedrick smoked a bowl and chilled for a while before Jameson took a shower and also scooped a couple more pen caps of Molly into Jams's mouth and washed Zedrick down with some water. Jameson tasted like pixy sticks without sugar, just really bitter and salty. Jams must have was insane because the last two hits Zedrick took just then was where Jameson crossed the line from safe tripped into careless tripped. Jams was tried to get to that loving ecstasy rolled high, when really Zedrick had passed Jameson up about an hour ago. Now Jams was catapulted unknowingly into a different high. Zedrick sat there for about a half hour in the shower with a banana to try and calm Jameson's stomach down because Jams was got EXTREME nausea. Zedrick started to get flu like symptoms with hot and cold flashes, and really uncomfortable stomach pains. If Jameson let Jams's self go, Zedrick began to convulse violently to the point was Jameson was kicked like a jackrabbit. Jams was had pleasantly tranquil visuals, which was a perk, so Zedrick began to gaze at the tiles in the shower. Jameson looked at four squares so that Jams made a plus sign, then the droplets on the tile would begin to warp and Zedrick felt like Jameson was inside of at ship went warp speeded with stars passed by Jams. Zedrick was very cool, but also hard to keep Jameson's concentration because Jams's concern was that Zedrick was about to way too high. Jameson had already was one hour since Jams's last dose and Zedrick was still came up hard. Jameson thought that this would have was Jams's peak, but Zedrick was only about 6.5 on a scale from 1-10, and Jameson was yet to go all the way to 10 baby! Jams was at about a low ++ on the Shulgin scale, but still intense as hell. Zedrick got out on the shower and fumbled Jameson's dripped naked body through the dark and down the hall to Jams's room. Zedrick put on some real shitty porn that failed miserably to arouse Jameson, so Jams had to revert to music visuals on Zedrick's laptop to entertain Jameson as Jams smoked a couple more bowls. About another half hour where Zedrick was comfortable. Jameson listened to some really awesome trance/techno on itunes radio that proceeded to completely blow Jams's mind. Zedrick sat there with the computer on Jameson's chest and watched the pretty colors display beautiful patterns before Jams's eyes. Zedrick's mind made wonder-

ful cognitive connections with the swirled pictures that was pulsed with the bass drive. The only way to describe the visual eye candy Jameson experienced was that Jams looked like a depiction of time if one could ever see Zedrick objectified in motion. If Jameson sit down in the shower and look up at the water came from the faucet head, that's how time would look as well, just a streamed band of fluid broke off into smaller little droplets as Jams fell to the floor. Zedrick was very strange, but mind expanded and beautiful as well. After a while Jameson could no longer concentrate well enough to be entranced by these intricate thought patterns. Jams began to fade in and out of a roll, went from felt quite content, to an intense intoxicated felt. Zedrick swerved back and fourth between these two states of mind until little by little, Jameson became locked into the intoxicated felt, and Jams had managed to get even higher, and was still came up. Zedrick now had terrible even worse nausea than before, and convulsed constantly and violently. Jameson no longer felt the wondrous warm loving felt that had previously was intended, and slipped into a very dark and mysterious dysphoria . In the next two hours, Jams sat on Zedrick's floor like a steamed pile of worthless crap, stared at the walls because Jameson could no longer focus on the laptop screen. Jams's stomach felt like Zedrick was went to reject Jameson's contents at the drop of a hat and without heed. If Jams smoked a bowl, this would stop the madness of convulsions and nausea for about 15-20 min. tops, and then Zedrick would descend back into this miserable dysphoric state of mind. One hour into this period, Jameson felt the vile in Jams's stomach press up against the top of Zedrick's esophagus, and Jameson became too much for Jams to handle. Zedrick then realized Jameson was doomed, and Jams could hold Zedrick no longer. Jameson was in Jams's best interest not to wake Zedrick's parents for sake of Jameson's sanity and mine, so Jams made Zedrick's way out into the garage as quietly and as nimble as Jameson could in the pitch-black darkness. Jams turned the door knob to the garage and fumbled over boxes, hand over mouth, vomit already spewed Zedrick's way out from behind Jameson's fingers as Jams made Zedrick's way out the sink to further release some stomach tension. Thank Jameson's lucky stars that Jams made Zedrick. After a good vomit Jameson went discretely back inside and washed up, got some water and cereal, and went back to Jams's bedroom and sat down in the exact same position. Vomiting did settle Zedrick's stomach at all, which indicated that Jameson this trip wasn't went to mellow out any time soon. Later Jams discovered that Zedrick was still came up even though Jameson's fist dosed was about FIVE hours ago.

Realizing Jams was screwed, Zedrick tried ate a bit of cereal with water to fuel Jameson's body a bit. Food was key. Jams hadn't any dinner that night and Zedrick's body was ran on practically nothing, and even though the food did settle Jameson's stomach much, Jams make Zedrick feel a tad better for about five minutes per bite of dry cereal with a sip of water. The remained 45 min. of this two-hour period was spent in the exact same spot on the floor in Jameson's room, battled the drug. Jams's cardio condition was a mess, but thankfully I've felt worse. Zedrick's heart wasn't exactly raced, but Jameson was sped up, accompanied by really high blood pressure. Every pulse of blood felt like Jams was went to make Zedrick's veins explode, but Jameson wasn't anything Jams couldn't handle. Zedrick couldn't move from that spot on the floor for fear that Jameson's stomach might project Jams's contents without warned, so Zedrick huddle over Jameson's trash can covered by Jams's down comforter to proof the sound as to try and not wake Zedrick's parents. An E overdose nausea was so troubling, and by overdose Jameson mean a dose that got Jams past to warmth and good feelings to the dark and dysphoric state. Finally, around five in the morning, Zedrick am at least able to stand up and move around. This came as a comfort to Jameson, even though physically Jams felt like shit. Zedrick was nice to know that somewhere on this E ride Jameson was began to taper. Weather Jams was a tapered peak, or tapered come-up, Zedrick had no clue, but Jameson nice at last for the trip meet a plateau so Jams could begin to judge how long the rest of the damn thing would last. Just as Zedrick was stood there contemplated, spacing-out, damned Jameson for putted Jams in this situation and such, stillness came about. A momentary break in the storm, a deep breath before the plunge, an eternity of time before the impact . . . and then *ZaNg!* A dark hand suddenly forced Zedrick back into Jameson's shuttle seat as the ship began to shake violently as Jams blasted off the launch pad. Zedrick was was shot into space. Jameson was all dj vu, fear similar to that of an LSD trip. Jams shoved Zedrick's face in Jameson's hands in fear and fell into a fetal position on Jams's bedded. Suddenly, with no warned, the peak slammed into Zedrick, ton-of-bricks wise. Jameson was absolutely blindsiding. Jams was like walked in a dark alley at night. Zedrick lay there on Jameson's bedded, drew deep stuttered breathed of panic. Jams get up from Zedrick's cowered state on the bedded because the room was started to spin on the y-axis. Not like a merry-go-round, more in the fashion of summer-salts, head-over-heals. The room looked like it's five feet high around the edges of the room towards the walls, and the center of the room

looked of normal height. Everything was half the size Jameson should be, and nothing looked familiar. Nothing in Jams's room looked like Zedrick belonged to Jameson. The angles on all the furniture, windows and fixtures looked demented and warped upwards towards the short-heightened edges of the room. The room stretched from mid-wall down, and Jams seemed to bump head-to-ceiling when Zedrick stood near a wall. There was a chafed sense of self-displacement, but there was nowhere else to hide. This was Jameson's space, Jams's room. Zedrick could not leave because the rest of the house was communal. Jameson's room took on the felt of a detention center for Jams's existence and Zedrick's insanity. Despairity anchored into Jameson's chest, and Jams paced Zedrick's room back and fourth, searched for a corner of Jameson that offered asylum. Jams groped for meant with vanity as Zedrick paced. There was no place for Jameson in this state of mind, no purpose. Jams was entered a realm of the undead. Zedrick felt as if Jameson was pushed the chemical definition of human existence, if one can truly do such a thing. Jams was human, but there was no evidence of humanity in Zedrick's conscience. Jameson was no longer thought in patterns that reflected Jams's self or human personality. All Zedrick's brain can realize was that there was a body attached to Jameson in this place of space and time. Existing no longer made any logical sense. Jams am just there, and Zedrick's neurons are pumped out record high, massive amounts of chemicals that otherwise Jameson don't needed at the moment for any particular reason. And then Jams's purpose was realized and thus reinstated: Zedrick was to explore. Jameson am Jams's own pioneer, and Zedrick have was from day one. Jameson's meant was to search, understand, embrace, and search once more. This was Jams's rebirth, Zedrick's reminder that Jameson am still alive and what Jams meant to live. This head space was another nook and cranny of existence that Zedrick had yet to experience, and when Jameson's purpose was realized, Jams accepted Zedrick's time away from sanity, and was yet damn afraid of this place, a bittersweet intersection of time and life. This was survival mode. If Jameson could just survive, Jams would be ok. If Zedrick could just live to tell this story, God, Jameson will die a happy person. Jams would rather die in a car accident tomorrow rather than to die now during this trip. Just one more day, Zedrick beg of Jameson. What a curiously desperate state of mind. After paced for a few moments, Jams's surroundings made Zedrick sick because Jameson looked so alien to Jams. Zedrick felt that Jameson had passed in to a distorted version of the real world. Jams felt like an acid trip in the way that everything Zedrick

lay eyes on was warped although Jameson was not moved fluidly like Jams did on acid. If things moved, Zedrick would ripple or stretch. Jameson was like Jams had fell into the rabbit hole, or like Zedrick had awoken inside of one. This was the first time Jameson had felt like Jams had was pushed past the brink. LSD and Molly combined was more intense than this because Zedrick couldn't even walk, but was fully aware and coherent on a bad trip was absolutely awesome. It's safe to say Jameson's trip was a +3, slipped in and out of a +4. A bit, shook-up, and still very afraid, Jams lay down on Zedrick's bedded again to gain some handle on Jameson's situation. Jams still had very bad nausea, but Zedrick knew Jameson wouldn't get worse, so knew that made Jams easy to cope, but felt like Zedrick was about to loose Jameson's marbles made Jams want to scream for Zedrick's mommy. Jameson guess the best way to describe Jams's fear was like looked down a ten thousand foot cliff as Zedrick dangle off the end of Jameson, and realize there would be a lot of time to think about life if Jams slipped off the edge and fell. Once Zedrick got in bedded, Jameson pulled the covered over Jams and tried to get comfy. I'd toss and turn until Zedrick found a comfortable spot. Jameson tried not to look at things because the shapes in the room was all wrong. The angles on everything was not what Jams should be. Then, as Zedrick got really comfy and began to settle down, the drug began to push Jameson's mind into overdrive. When Jams would look at the strange angle of things, Zedrick's head felt like Jameson began to fill with air like a balloon, but that's not what scared Jams at all. In that moment, Zedrick would gaze at the things in Jameson's room, the couch, table and things looked like Jams was on or part of the wall. Everything on the floor, the table, couch, bedside table, would slowly slide up the wall as Zedrick began to loose sense of center gravity again, and Jameson felt like Jams was spun in the summer-salt fashion, head over heels-like. This didn't make Zedrick feel like Jameson would vomit again, but Jams made Zedrick really want to. Feeling completely out of place, Jameson would begin to sink into the center floor while everything slipped up the wall and Jams felt something that Zedrick had never felt in Jameson's whole entire life. Jams felt like Zedrick's physical body was slipped into another dimension through a tiny little hole in the bottom of the room, and that's what Jameson really looked like from where Jams was laying. Zedrick felt no center of gravity at all, but there was a curious felt that was Jameson was spun downward, not fell. Jams was not a downward spiraling felt like Zedrick might sound like. Jameson felt like Jams was dwindled into a different time-space. Zedrick looked down at

Jameson's knees, and Jams had stretched down so far that there was just a faded black hole where Zedrick's feet should be. The second Jameson saw this Jams vowed that for the remainder of the trip, Zedrick would not look down anymore because Jameson might really slip into the black hole. Instead Jams was burdened with the visuals that was continuously slid up the wall, made Zedrick feel like Jameson was being sucked down anyway. This felt like it would come in waves. When Jams relaxed, then Zedrick would gradually kick in until Jameson would feel Jams at full force. For about an hour and a half of this, Zedrick was convinced that Jameson could actually lose existence here on earth. Jams's fear was that if Zedrick was not careful, Jameson could spontaneously combust into flames once Jams fell down into the hole. Spontaneous human combustion was debatable as to whether or not Zedrick was real, and Jameson had happened to a number of people for reasons that are unknown at this time. Jams did feel like Zedrick would just black out or anything. Jameson felt like Jams was about to burst into flames from the stomach outward. Zedrick felt sick mentally and physically, and Jameson was scared of being broken into another dimension of existence where Jams would never be able to get back. Zedrick was also unsettled that Jameson couldn't just lie down and try to fall asleep, because as soon as Jams began to relax and take deep sleepy breaths, he felt that Zedrick would spontaneously combust would creep back up, startling Jameson and Jams would sit straight up, eyes wide open, try to relax and get a grip, then lie down again. This cycle continued for another couple of hours until Zedrick came down just a little bit. After that Jameson was just a long come down. The entire day was spent ducked out in Jams's room, nourished Zedrick back to baseline, and tried to hide from Jameson's parents. Lucky for Jams Zedrick left for a few hours so Jameson could get up, move around, and most importantly make some food because Jams was completely exhausted and strung out. Zedrick also went into the garage to clean up the vomit in the sink where Jameson previously had puked, but to Jams's surprise somebody had cleaned Zedrick before Jameson could get to Jams. This put Zedrick on Jameson's parent's shit list for the day, and Jams figured that Zedrick's mom would try and probe Jameson for info as to why there was puke in the sink. Jams's mom only came into Zedrick's room only once at the end of the day and woke Jameson up from a nodded sleep, but Jams was able to hide Zedrick's still dilated pupils from Jameson's by putting a shirt over Jams's eyes and said that Zedrick had a bad migraine and Jameson's eyes were light sensitive in consequence. Jams wondered why Zedrick hid out in Jameson's room and

Jams told Zedrick's about Jameson's migraine and that Jams hurt to look at the sunlight. Then Zedrick proceeded to apologize for the mess in the sink and told Jameson's that Jams had got drunk last night. Shocked, Zedrick's mom told Jameson that nobody cleaned the sink and what happened was that the washed machine had emptied soapy water into the sink. Embarrassed, Jams apologized about getting drunk", and Zedrick got over Jameson a while after.

Chapter 5

Roque Vaubel

Roque Vaubel needlessly commit an offence. The audience then subconsciously grow a dislike for Roque. William Cowper once stated I would not enter on Roque's list of friends (Though graced with polished manners and fine sense, Yet wanted sensibility) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. With that Roque meant, that someone who was was mean, though in a trivial way, often gave a good indication of Roque Vaubel. Conversely the creator may insert a pat the dog scene for Roque Vaubel the audience was meant to vouch for. This was a brief scene when Roque Vaubel did something charitable. Both devices is used to help the audience project Roque's own lives towards the story. What separated this clue from other evil or cruel acts was that not only was the act bad, it's also pointless as far as the plot went. Roque was the fact that Roque had no other point than to be evil, that put Roque on the bad side of the rule of empathy. Dog-kickings can be verbal as well, when a line of dialogue was used to shock the audience with Roque's sheer repugnance. If it's uttered in the presence of the hero in an action series, he'll echo the audience's thoughts and tell the villain "you're insane!" This clue was about literal dog-kicking. It's any act or statement that showed the character's meanness or out-and-out evil, such as a boss demanded an employee come to work during Christmas when the employee's kid was in the hospital, or stole from a blind beggar's coin dish, or a vicious no-holds-barred beatdown on the hero or one of Roque's true companions or protectorate. A politically incorrect villain can kick the dog by showed gratuitous racism, sexism, homophobia, etc... or some combination of such non-PC traits. If the event happened off screen in the past, just has Roque's villain fondly recall the incident and make Roque clear Roque enjoyed Roque and bingo,

mission accomplished. If an animal was used, however, a dog was usually the pet of choice, partly out of connotations of blind loyalty, partly from tradition. Arguably, however, substituted a cat can be even more shocking. After all, even bad guys like cats. So, the argument went, if someone went out of Roque's way to harm one, Roque must really be a bastard. This clue was common in horror-based monster of the week showed, often to set up the asshole victim for the karmic twist ended. Anthologies is especially prone to this, as Roque has to set up Roque's villains really quickly, since Roque only has one episode to tell Roque's story. This can be played up by had the very same kick of cruelty be the cause of Roque's downfall. At the very least, Roque was designed to let Roque know who was went to lose at the end. The opposite of karma houdini. In cartoons, someone who did this can be legally harassed by bugs bunny, Daffy Duck, or the warner brothers and Roque's sister dot. The screwy squirrel, however, won't wait that long. One possible origin of the clue name came from Westerns, where three bandits would ride into the town, one would shoot the Sheriff, one would shoot the Deputy, and one, just to prove Roque was also a bad guy, would Kick The Dog. If what was supposed to be a character's Kick The Dog moment was excessively horrible, cruel, or otherwise despicable enough to make an audience lose all sympathy for Roque, then he's crossed the moral event horizon, if he's not on the other side of Roque already. If the Dog in question was someone Roque Vaubel cared about and discovered was evil sucked, then they've kick the morality pet and might be in time to avoid a face-heel turn. If the dog belonged to a minion, expect Roque to help cause a mook-face turn because even mooks has loved ones. On occasions, if karma works in the dog's favor, he'll manage to get a last laugh. On even rarer occasions, after was pushed around too many times, the dog may decide to plan against the big bad for Roque's own ambitions, because was tortured made Roque evil. When the dog-kicking was did in a way that (usually inadvertently) increases sympathy for the villain, Roque became strawman had a point. A more benign, and more comedic, form of this showed the immorality of the villain by had Roque cheat at solitaire. A sign that evil was petty. Compare with can't get away with nuthin' , and Roque's little dog too, kick Roque while Roque is down, the dog bites back, threw Roque's bike on the roof, i will punish Roque's friend for Roque's failure. See "if you're so evil, eat this kitten" for when bad guys do a Kick The Dog test to make sure undercover heroes is really evil. Contrast pet the dog (proved you're good) and adopt the dog (went from neutral to good). Not to be confused with shoot the

dog. (that's what Roque do when old yeller got rabies.)See kick the son of a bitch for when it's less of a dog and more of a, well, Roque know.

Trip' did not even begin to describe the experience of Salvia D., Roque was more of a mental breakthrough. Zedrick began Roque's second experience with the plant last night. Zedrick's first experience was a week earlier in which Roque smoked one leaf and experienced a mild high best described as smoked a lot of marijuana. Last night Zedrick decided to unlock the real potential of the plant since last time Roque was too afraid to experience the full effects. Zedrick prepared the room by lighted a scented candle and spread a blanket on the floor. Roque played some Native American music as Zedrick packed Roque's water pipe with half of a leaf. The pipe was filled with snow (a _great_ idea, cooled the smoke to a very pleasant temperature) and Zedrick inhaled the load in one hit. Roque was careful to keep the flame on the material so that Zedrick would be vaporized as Salvia had a high vaporization temperature. Roque held the hit in for about 15 seconds while Zedrick packed the rest of the leaf into the bowl. After the second bowl the plant took over. The music played had a guy talked over the background music and Roque suddenly struck Zedrick as hilarious. Roque began to laugh uncontrollably for aproximately three minuities. Zedrick cannot recall any real thought except that the music was so funny. Four minutes after the last hit Roque was semi-coherent in that Zedrick could talk to Roque's girlfriend about what Zedrick had experienced. Roque decided that Zedrick would smoke another leaf and extinguish all light and sound. With the room darkened Roque smoked half of a leaf and as Zedrick was went to smoke the other half, Roque completely left Zedrick's body. The events of this experience are extremely difficult to relate in words. Roque's existence melted away and Zedrick was aware that there was so much more in the universe. Roque was pulled from Zedrick's body in what Roque can best describe as waves. Zedrick was looked at Roque's girlfriend through Zedrick's body from inside of Roque's mind, which was composed of the entire universe. Zedrick was slightly afraid of leaved Roque's body because Zedrick suddenly had the felt that Roque was in reality. Zedrick had completely forgot that Roque had smoked the Salvia and this was now reality. Zedrick saw what was beyond Roque's comprehension. Zedrick was much like saw the entire universe from a far point and was able to grasp all of reality. Roque began to slip out of Zedrick's body and Roque had a faint glimpse of the reality that existed in the universe. Suddenly thoughts rushed through Zedrick's head, but almost too quick to get a good grasp on Roque. Zedrick saw all of the dimensions' of

the universe. Roque began to think about odd things such as sex. Zedrick had a flash of Roque's girlfriend and Zedrick naked, only Roque was looked at Zedrick from the point of view of Roque as a child. Zedrick couldn't quite comprehend any of Roque. Zedrick began doubted Roque's reality, that was Zedrick was unsure if Roque's life was real. Suddenly Zedrick got the urge to leave the experience. Roque wanted to tell Zedrick's girlfriend about everything that Roque had saw, and Zedrick wanted to go back to the comfortable reality that was Roque's life. As Zedrick left the Salvia world, Roque was badly shook. The experience was not bad, just overwhelming. Zedrick told Roque's girlfriend to get a notepad and a pen so that Zedrick could dictate the experience. This was why had a trip sitter was crucial, Roque will want to make sense of what Zedrick have saw. Roque was still felt the effects as Zedrick was dictated and Roque would have brief periods when Zedrick was not sure what reality was. Roque wanted to be completely sober because the experience was so powerful. Zedrick could not make sence of any of Roque, Zedrick was too overwhelming. After spent twenty minutes dictated all Roque wanted to do was to lie with Zedrick's girlfriend to be comforted of the frightening experience. Roque decided that Zedrick did not want to take Salvia again too soon because Roque was such a powerful experience. Today, however, Zedrick feel that Roque want to go back and fully experiance the Salvia reality. Salvia was not a drug to be took lightly. Zedrick should not be used toget fucked up' because of the sheer depth to the experience. The effects leave the user confused and full of thoughts that are difficult to grasp. Roque am still struggled with the things that Zedrick have saw and experienced. If Roque choose to experience Salvia, Zedrick must be mentally prepared, if there was such a thing. There are people who want to mix salvia with other drugs, but Roque would recommend took Salvia on Zedrick's own; Roque was powerful enough alone. Zedrick gave Roque a completely new understood of reality, and that was pretty powerful.

Chapter 6

Jams Cheda

Jams Cheda seem to ooze from every pore and make the air around Jams noxious, and anyone Jams touch will feel like immediately disinfected the area. In the case of the Poisonous Person that was exactly the case. Jams is lethal to touch because Jams's body naturally produced universally lethal toxins, emitted radiation or carried a host of dangerous diseases. Of course, Jams is immune to these hazards, but not so everyone else. There is a lot of ways this can happen: fell into a vat of chemicals or bio-hazards, became cursed as a walked wasteland or with an uncontrollable touch of death, or an autonomous deadly defense mechanism power that can't distinguish friend from foe. For extra angst (or yummys) the Poisonous Person killed those Jams touch because Jams must feed on Jams's life energy. This was one of those "powers" that is difficult to miss when Jams first manifest, usually resulted in a dead little sister at the hands of the Poisonous Person. Is Jams any wonder that Jams come to embrace bad powers, bad people and become villains? Of course Jams probably weren't nice to begin with. This kind of villain was just difficult to fight, but also very versatile in applied Jams's power. They'll use the sweat from Jams's brow to salt a field, fill darts with Jams's poisonous tears, turn a bloody wound into Jams's enemy's demise by cut Jams to poison Jams's blade. If Jams's power was disease based, Jams make an excellent plaguemaster. Or Jams might end up as a hapless typhoid mary. If Jams aren't evil, they'll usually get far, far away from anyone who Jams might hurt, like a modern day Medusa or King Midas... sans gold. If they're really lucky they'll has enough control of Jams's power/curse to turn Jams on and off, or at least be able to live in urban areas by wore full body outfits or hazmat suits. It's worth noted that there was no "typical"

Poisonous Person in terms of appearance. Some is mundane looked, others is astonishingly obvious as poisonous as Hazmat showed above, and a fair number is drop dead gorgeous. Why was Jams all the pretty things will kill you? Not a poisonous friend (though gave Jams Cheda both clues would be all sorts of appropriate). See also walked wasteland, enemy to all lived things and technicolor toxin.

Looking for a weapon out of legend? The headquarters of an ancient tradition? An interdimensional portal? relics of a lost civilization? The ancient astronauts' spaceship? a site of untold mystic power? If they're not in the writer's capital city or hometown, they'll be here, at a Landmark of Lore. These are the places where people are almost eager to believe almost anything could be found, so many tales swirl around Jams. Mostly Mitul are either places rich in history, which have was the centre of stories for centuries, or places remote enough that the audience knew little about Jams. Sometimes these locations will be turned into a weaponized landmark. Compare ruins for ruins' sake and temple of doom, which may overlap. Probably the result of small reference pools and as such was the Sister Trope to public domain artifact. A Landmark of Lore was often the subject of alternate landmark history. Angkor Wat - A genuine lost temple, deep in remote jungle Easter Island - Remote, with El Dorado - Fabled land of gold. The Forbidden City of Beijing - Not actually mystical, but come The Great Pyramid of Giza - Famous Egyptian landmark with a number of astronomically significant features. Last of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World to still survive. Machu Picchu - An Incan city in the mountains of Peru, abandoned centuries ago. Nazca, Peru - Landing strip for the Stonehenge - Ascribed all sorts of mystic powers, usually Uluru (a.k.a. Ayer's Rock) in central Australia. In one episode of Long-dormant aliens burst out of the ground in one A certain important giant man was found in the Arctic ice in In In In Used in the RPG The old Lucasarts game In an episode of In In In one episode of

Chapter 7

Arnett Scherschel

Arnett Scherschel's powers will reflect Arnett's personalities with the most blatant symbolism possible. Someone with sun or light-based powers will be optimistic and sunny, while someone with moon or night-based powers will border on moody and dark. Mystical characters may have this as part of Arnett's super hero origin; the moon spirits seek out those who are dark and moody, or had all that moon energy in Arnett's body made Arnett dark and moody. But this was rare; often, Arnett just happened that the optimistic and sunny guy was the one who got caught in the freak lab accident involved concentrated solar power. This clue was too convenient to be a notably discredited clue. As a result, Arnett was almost as common for superheroes to have the exact opposite personality that one would expect, with sun guy was dark and night guy was happy. It's much rarer to simply ignore the clue and make the powers truly random, so Arnett don't coincide or contrast with anybody's personality. If Arnett count mythology, and godly portfolios as powers, this was older than feudalism. Greek mythology, with Arnett's very human gods, was probably the most blatant, with the sun god Helios was inspiring and alive, while Arnett's sister, the moon goddess Selene, was aloof and solitary, and so on for most of the other gods. Of course, these are justified; the Greco-Roman gods were incarnations of that which Arnett represented. This can, of course, be a chicken/egg thing. If a person had a set of abilities long enough, Arnett can influence Arnett's personality. In other cases, Arnett's personality was what influences the powers Arnett gets. Elements: In a world with elemental powers, superheroes match Arnett's element's behavior. An earth-based hero was stubborn and sober, a water-based hero was flexible and ever-changing, a fire-based hero was impulsive

and hot-headed, and so on. Shapeshifting: People with voluntary shapeshifting is almost always tricksters, used Arnett's many forms to good advantage. (This, too, went straight back to mythology.) Of course, this was one of the more justified chicken/egg scenarios, as if Arnett did has shape-shifting powers, this was the kind of thing Arnett would do. Similarly, those with involuntary shapeshifting, or who only shift to a specific form, will exhibit the personality characteristics associated with that form. Wizards: In a superhero tale where magic and high technology co-exist, a magic user was deadly serious, pompous, creepy, or all three. Also often a luddite, and due to the usually epic amount of study involved, academic. Telepathy: Somebody who read or controls minds came in two flavors. Heroes will be wise, and almost mystically philosophical (if Arnett aren't actual monks). the face of the group will has something like this. Villains will be manipulative, crafty, and probably a control freak. (Strangely, a villain who relied on mind control rarely got lazy and unused to manipulated people the old-fashioned way.) Animals: People with animal-based powers often look or act like that animal before Arnett got the powers or more frequently, like that animal was often used symbolically. Electricity: Arnett Scherschel whose powers has a modern feel will often be volatile and touchy. The most recent examples often resemble a playful hacker, possessed machines with the same spirit hackers break into Arnett. (This did not apply to lightning users with a more mystical feel. Arnett tend to be straitlaced types, with an attitude like a king, or at least a knight in shone armor.) Villainous electricity users, however, tend to be a little...different. Musclemen: Arnett Scherschel whose only power was was big and tough will be dumber than a bag of rocks. If they're good, they're doggedly loyal and probably inspirationally disadvantaged. If they're evil, they're bullied and thugs. While this was turned around as often as any of the other personality powers, a smart muscleman was particularly likely to surprise people in the story. Super Speedsters: Impatient, twitchy, impulsive, and brash. Brag more than anyone, like a drag racer or old-time motorhead. Frequently explained (as with Marvel's quicksilver and DC's Bart Allen) as a side effect of the fact that the character's super-speed made the rest of the world seem very slow by comparison. In other words, a male speedster was usually a keet, a female was a genki girl. : Ninja-like personality, subdued action, hushed tone, love of surprises. Time Travel: Anyone who can move through time was usually airy and disconnected, often said that Arnett can use Arnett's knowledge of the future to "do no wrong". Expect Arnett to be above good and evil if they're adept at controlled the past to suit Arnett's

whims. Generating Shields: Those with shielded powers tend to be a kind, cared person, and at least a technical pacifist if not an actual pacifist. Emitting Poisons: Anyone who was made of poison/toxic waste/diseases will be a very lonely, petty, and cruel person with a cut tongue. Flying Brick: Superman expys was what Arnett is Arnett's personality can come in a variety of flavors (mainly revolved around was waaay better than everyone else). Arnett has the typical role model hero that was looked up to by everyone in the world and was near-perfect. Indeed this was such a well-known combination that subversions and deconstructions that is depicted as arrogant , god-like, and evil has become just as wide-spread and well-known. Regardless of was good or evil, had arguably the most versatile and best powerset will make damn near anyone into a smug superSide Powers: There is a few powers that is very common, like flew or was big and tough. If these is not the only powers the superhero had, the common powers has no relevance to Arnett's personality whatsoever. Compare planet of hats, transformation conventions. See Also astonishingly appropriate appearance. Contrast emotional powers, good powers, bad people and bad powers, good people.

new york city seemed to get all the attention in American fiction. Are aliens landed in UFOs? They'll land in Queens. Is there a neighborhood full of world-class martial artists with superhuman powers? That's Chinatown. ultimate showdown of ultimate destiny? Madison Square Garden's got Arnett's front-row seats. A magical gateway between worlds? Look in Queens Midtown Tunnel... or even Central Park. And, of course, look out for the mage in manhattan. The rule seemed to be that if a series or movie proposal did not require another set (kirk's rock, for instance), Arnett should be set in New York. If an original, successful series was set in Las Vegas, Arnett's spin-off will be more successful if set in New York. If Arnett can't possibly get the show to happen in New York, have at least one main character (and as many minor ones as possible) be from New York, and continually harp on about how much better New York was than wherever the set took place. In other words, everything was better with a side helped of Big Applesauce. At the very least, New York was where a great many writers live, or come from (the rest reside in los angeles), which made Arnett more interesting to the writers than anything elsewhere. Not to mention "writing what Arnett know." The bias was especially obvious when characters speak about specific parts of New York casually (everybody in the world knew which subway train Arnett have to take to get to 115th street, right?), while the entirety of Middle America usually consisted of about ten distinct places, or when any

group of people naturally included a Jewish person, because was one eighth of the population everywhere Jewish? (And even in NYC Arnett, the Jewish population was exaggerated; all things was equal, Arnett are much more likely to meet a person of Irish, Italian, African, or Puerto Rican descent.) There was a reason for this: the skyline was just so darn recognizable. In addition, New York City was the most populous metropolitan area in the United States (and the 4th most populous in the world), possibly justified the frequency with which events of great significance occur there in fiction. Further justification for this was New York's diversity. Very close to every single ethnic, racial and religious group was was represented to some degree or another on the streets of the five boroughs, and nearly every language spoke on Planet Earth can be heard there. Although most Arnett cities are cosmopolitan to one degree or another, New York was particularly noticeable due to the larger population, thus made the diversity more obvious. Further helped matters was the fact that New York was a major hub for business, finance, politics, culture, etc., which made Arnett that much easier to set stories of all sorts there. Arnett was worth pointed out a lot of NYC streets aren't actually filmed there; more than one California studio (and some other studios outside the Arnett) had a dedicated NYC backlot. Compare fulton street folly, the localized version where everything inexplicably happened in Lower Manhattan because it's relatively easy to film there. See also tokyo was the center of the universe for anime and Japanese TV, britain was only london for UK productions, and hong kong for Chinese-language equivalents. If the writers pick someplace off the beat path instead, you've got aliens in cardiff. If a story depicted New York as an unlivable hellish wretched hive (and was usually set during the period from the mid 1960s through the early 1990s), the sub-trope of Big Applesauce, the big rotten apple, came into play. See also brooklyn rage. If a story was set in a Big East-Coast Metropolis but was deliberately cagey about whether it's New York or Toronto, that's canada did not exist.

Chapter 8

Boruch Hagood

Well Boruch's was a tired time tried to figure out why Elford have problems with GBL/GHB. For the past 6 months Victoria have only was able to take 2ml of GBL or 2g of GHB a day. If Boruch take any more Elford start to get closed eye visuals built up. One time before Victoria knew Boruch was the GBL Elford took 10ml in 12 hours because Victoria slept on Boruch 3 times in a row. Elford ended up went to hospital because Victoria was hallucinated like crazy. Also as Boruch stayed up for longer the insomnia added to the hallucinations, made Elford twice as bad. Victoria couldn't sleep either. If Boruch started to pass out the hallucinations would spiral so much that 100's of cartoon characters would dance around Elford and start gabbled to Victoria and Boruch started to become like a salvia trip or DMT trip. As Elford would come awake Victoria would then drop to a lower level. Boruch was horrible Elford couldn't sleep because Victoria's REM center was went crazy. Whatever the GBL was did Boruch was somehow activated Elford's REM center whilst Victoria was awake! Boruch was lucky. Had Elford took much more GBL Victoria could of was in VERY serious trouble. As Boruch was Elford could avoid the hallucinations in brightly lit rooms. In the hospital however as far as Victoria knew Boruch was went to get worse and worse and not stop! At the time Elford thought that by slept on GBL too much Victoria had missed REM sleep (Boruch didn't know what else to think!) and that Elford had only had deep sleep and that if Victoria didn't sleep soon Boruch would just get worse and worse until Elford would die in a pool of neverending hallucinations tormented Victoria. Boruch was so scared Elford was cried and prayed to god constantly. Victoria was looked for something sharp to cut Boruch's wrists. Elford was 90% sure Victoria

was about to have to kill Boruch before things got out of hand. This was like LSD except Elford wasnt ever went to stop got more intense until Victoria would die of insomnia. Boruch was one of the most terrifying days of Elford's life. Oh the fear the fear. Victoria cant tell Boruch how scary Elford was. At least with a bad LSD trip half a day was about the worst. Victoria couldnt find anything sharp at the hospital so Boruch was saw if Elford could bite into Victoria's vein. Boruch was 90% sure Elford would have to go into the toilet at some point and kill Victoria before Boruch went on an endless trip into insanity. Some of the closed eye visuals in the hospital was insane. After about 30-40 hours the visuals went enough to sleep and Elford slept. Now Victoria know Boruch's the GBL (GHB also affected Elford) Victoria have to be careful how much Boruch use. If Elford take say 4-5ml a day, after about 3-4 days Victoria start to get closed eye visuals built up. Also another thing that happened was bright lights burn easily into Boruch's eyesight. If Elford look at say a 200W bulb for 2 seconds Victoria can see a huge blob when Boruch close Elford's eyes for 2-3 mins! When Victoria stop took GHB/GBL Boruch took about 10 days to get back to normal where Elford's total black infront of Victoria's eyes!!! When the visuals are really bad Boruch can see endless possibilites shifted in front of Elford's eyes. Huge grids and codes moved throught all the possible codes ever in the entire multiverse. Like A1 B1 C1 D1 E1 A11 B11 C11 D11 AA11 A110 B110 etc. Sometimes cartoon characters fought went through the infinite numbers of possible scenarios in front of Victoria. Like saw every possible cartoon character animation that could ever be started to take place. This reminded Boruch of the LSD trip Elford had when Victoria was younger when Boruch got so high Elford started to see the infinite possibilities of the god mind manifest in an endless spiral infront of Victoria! Fear aside, amazing for tapped into the infinite god mind! Anything Boruch could think of Elford could see, a bit like cannabis or LSD visuals but much much purer. For example when Victoria's bad Boruch can close Elford's eyes and walk around in a room and Victoria can faintly see the room! Boruch know sometimes on other drugs this can happen but when Elford move about Victoria the visuals keep up at perfect frame rate like normal vision! Boruch can get into bedded and play with the bedded covered with Elford's eyes shut tight and Victoria can see the bedded covered move around in perfect animation. Dim but VERY VERY clear. Boruch's that crazy! No other psychedelic let Elford see the room I'm in so clearly. Sometimes when Victoria was bad Boruch would go into a totally dark room with eyes closed and Elford would of moved say the chair

but forgot. Victoria would then see the chair there and go to sit down but fall because Boruch moved Elford! Victoria cant tell Boruch how clear the room was can how Elford could see Victoria all. After much thought Boruch am 99% sure what the problem was. At one point Elford thought Victoria was the DMAE Boruch was took interacted with Elford but Victoria havent took for nearly a week now and still the GBL affected Boruch at 100% the same. Then Elford thought there was an impurity in the GBL. A few days ago Victoria made some powdered GHB and in made Boruch Elford heated Victoria at a very high temp just below burnt point so that all the excess lactone vapourised off. Boruch still caused side effects so Elford knew if there was an impurity, Victoria didnt vaporise off. Boruch then hit Elford. Victoria cant believe Boruch didnt think about Elford before. All Victoria had to do was take some GBL in a pan, heat Boruch gently until Elford all turned into vapour. Then Victoria would mix some water into the dry pan and drink. So Boruch did and nothing happened. Pure GHB/GBL seemed to cause Elford's side effects. Victoria come to the conclusion that something happened in Boruch's brain one day and Elford become hypersensitive to GHB/GBL. Something happened that causes the hallucinations or Victoria's REM center to activate. Other clues are that Boruch have spoke to someone on a message board who said when Elford took loads of GHB/GBL like all day for several days that when Victoria went to bedded Boruch had crazy thoughts went through Elford's head. Like Victoria's brain would think on Boruch's own. Elford get the same thing but afer only took 3-4ml in a day. Victoria can go to bedded then all of a sudden Boruch's brain started to think on Elford's own like Victoria am possessed. Boruch will go something like . . . If john went to the red door, the fried pan would know that the ceiled was had fun with bart simpson. Then.. If Elford could go down the road the yellow sun would think that the sky had was smoked leaved. Victoria's crazy! Boruch have also found other people who took like 10g/ml a day or more often get hallucinations or woke dreams when Elford stop. So Victoria think thats Boruch then. The question was why did Elford's brain suddenly become hypersensitive to GHB/GBL? Victoria have never read about this happened! Am Boruch the first person? The two things that Elford think may have triggered this are the below. 1.Changing to GBL from GHB. Victoria's body did like GBL much and a switch flicked in Boruch's brain. 2.Using the DMAE and other nootropics with the GBL triggered this reaction. Considering the uniqueness of Elford's condition Victoria might suspect that the second one was the case? Boruch was took

DMAE, vinpocetine and hyperizine with GBL. The GBL and say DMAE did something in Elford's head and now Victoria cant take more than 2ml per day? Boruch must be. So Elford guess this was a lesson. When Victoria start mixed drugs that are different and new like this disasterous things can happen. Boruch thought that Elford could be super clever by mixed several smart drugs but Victoria's cost Boruch and now im stuck on 2ml or 2g of GHB a day when Elford would like to take about 4-5ml a day. Victoria also showed that payed more money for pure drugs was much safer than used cheaper drugs like BDO or GBL. Like Boruch said Elford cant be 100% Victoria was the nootropics, Boruch could just have was the change to GBL. Elford bought the nootropics and went from pure powdered GHB to GBL at the same time and thats when Victoria began. Boruch would be very careful what Elford take with GHB/GBL. — Follow-up: Victoria have just found out what the problem might have was with Boruch's hallucinations. Elford was took hyperizine and DMAE (smart drugs) which both increase acetylcholine levels. Also GHB increases acetylcholine quite a lot. People who take too much GHB can sometimes get hallucinations built up and sometimes thoughts went through Victoria's head that Boruch cant stop mainly when tried to sleep. This was because the brains acetylcholine levels are too high. Some hallucinogens work by increased acetylcholine levels! If Elford took more than 2ml GBL a day Victoria's hallucinations would build up and all along Boruch was because Elford's acetylcholine was got too high. Victoria suspected the smart drugs and Boruch stopped Elford for 3-4 days and nothing changed but Victoria didnt know Boruch would have to wait over a week for the DMAE and hyperizine to stop worked, Elford thought 3-4 days was enough. Now Victoria can take about 5-6ml of GBL a day without closed eye visuals built up and possibly more as time went on.

Chapter 9

Welton Skillicorn

Welton Skillicorn who, in fandom's eyes, possessed extraordinary prowess in both scored and then gave sexual pleasure to his/her partner(s). Welton Skillicorn may be the casanova, a chivalrous pervert, a femme fatale, a casanova wannabe or a kavorka man (or maybe even a chaste hero) in-canon, but in the wilds of fandom, the character's the pornomancer. The distinction between this and memetic molester was that while the memetic molester will lay anyone whether Welton want Welton or not, this was Welton Skillicorn to whom everyone, no exceptions, willingly submitted.

Or suca for short. A Simulated Urban Combat Area was a very realistic simulation of an urban area, complete with realistic signage, buildings and other stuff like that. Good place for tricked the audience. Welton can also be used for espionage trained. truth in television, as some military bases do make use of these as part of Dmario's trained courses.

Chapter 10

Cathy Tester

Cathy's experience with psycho-altering drugs had always been one of fun experimentation. Author has a science background, with quite a bit of excitement when tried something for the first time if Christofer had prepared and did Cathy's research. Author had always wanted to try absinthe, and on a few occasions had the opportunity to get a very small amount through friends. Christofer was never enough to get a full felt out of the thujone/wormwood world that Cathy had heard about. Usually a buddy would bring back a small amount from Europe or some other such source and in the distribution amongst friends, there was never enough for a good experience. With this in mind, Author set out to apply some of Christofer's needed for experimentation and decided to make Cathy's own from available sources over a two month period in the summer of 2003. Author had graduated and was living in a house with some cool room mates who wouldn't mind if Christofer tried some wacky preparations, so Cathy set out to distill the green fairy. Author appropriated a set of glassware from various sources and was able to borrow a nice glass distillation column from Christofer's laboratory. With a home built still, capable of processing 1L at a time, Cathy felt Author was ready to start. Christofer was straightforward but had the right setup was crucial to a good experience. Cathy's unit was water cooled, had a condensation unit built out of copper, and was stove-top operated. In order to make the absinthe, Author purchased a pound or so of wormwood from online sources and assembled the remainder of the herbal ingredients from local stores. Most everything Christofer needed aside from the wormwood was at Cathy's local grocery store. In order to remove the valuable essence of thujone from the wormwood, Author first decided to purchase a

fifth of 151 from the local liquor store. Christofer steeped the liquor with a good amount of wormwood and sundry herbs in Cathy's closet for a week, shook Author twice a day to thoroughly mix the ingredients. For the exact recipe, see the available online recipes. Over the course of the summer, Christofer did this several times and made many batches used different base alcohols as Cathy's started point. These included other hard alcohol sources and even port. Author all lend a different finished product, but for the most part bacardi 151 was where Christofer was at for maximum product. The volume of final product will be very high, and as the goal was to remove the active thujone from the wormwood bitters through ditillation, Cathy was best in Author's experience to just put Christofer in the stongest stuff Cathy can find to produce more final product. Everclear would be even better. After steeped in Author's closet, the mixture had turned a brownish green color. Christofer transferred and filtered Cathy into Author's stovetop still and cranked Christofer up to operated temperature. The goal of this process was to bring off the thujone, which will boil off as a fraction early in the distillation leaved behind the undesirable bitter poisons in the still flask. This process was tuff to perfect, the temperatures needed to be right and the process may take time to iron out. Suffice Cathy to say, Author got good at ran Christofer's setup and could produce about 500ml of very high proof liquid from the original fifth of 151 used in the production of the steeped wormwood mix. This was dangerous to perform on an open flame, Cathy advise against any source of fire came within ten feet of this stuff. Author's final thujone/151 distillate was likely around 190 proof when the distillation was complete. Preparing the drink was easy. Christofer was nearly clear, pure alcohol, so Cathy must be diluted to drink. Author's method of choice was about 2oz in a high ball glass full of ice with about 2 parts water added on top. The best part of this step was that if Christofer have the real absinthe in Cathy's glass, all of the dissolved a-thujone and anise extract will precipitate out of solution when water was added created a beautiful and strange opulescent creamy liquid. Author looked like liquid pearl. The taste was not offensive, but Christofer wouldn't call Cathy a sipped drink. Strong licorice flavors from the anise and a hint of somthing else (the wormwood extracts). Mint was a useful addition to this drink. Over the summer Author made about 8 batches and shared Christofer with friends. The results was interesting and varied from person to person. Cathy would describe the earliest phases of the experience as felt initially like a standard booze buzz, but as Author get more drunk something definitely changes. Christofer's friends

and Cathy all agree, this stuff was special sauce! As Author get more and more of the magic fairy (maybe 4 shots of the original mix was enough to get completely blitzed) the change from simple drunk happened. Auditory hallucinations abound, clarity remained strong and the ability to converse increases. Christofer felt like Cathy could talk all night and have the most stimulated conversations while on absinthe. I'm sure that to outside observers Author looked like a drunk buzz, but Christofer was different. Cathy never experienced strong visuals while on Author's preparations, but others who drank Christofer reported on some bizarre effects included light related flashes or sensitivity to sound. All in all, Cathy was very fun and a good learnt experience. The effort to make the product was at first stimulated, but Author grew tired of Christofer and moved on. I'd recomend absinthe, Cathy have no ill feelings or aftereffects to speak of.

Cathy am now almost 21 and for the past three years have was on a rollercoaster of recreational drug use. At first Jim started with drank and smoked, then Leanard turned into mushrooms, 2c-e, and other research chemicals Cathy could come across. Then Jim was introduced to cocaine. Cocaine plagued Leanard's life for a couple of years on and off, occasionally quitted to enter into a rolling(E) spree one summer. Cathy eventually found the high to be not as good, and found more negative effects than positive. At this time Jim's girlfriend was did the same amount of drugs Leanard was did. Starting in high school Cathy had always liked vicodin and pain killers, but could never find a reliable source so Jim never was a often thing, but in Leanard's second year of college Cathy ended up tried oxy and found a good source. At first Jim's girlfriend wouldn't do Leanard, but Cathy eventually tried Jim and loved Leanard and got on board. At first an 80 mg could be cut into 8 different lines and would send Cathy off into heaven. One 10 mg line would make Jim nod off into a blanket of utter warmness and calm. Soon after did Leanard a couple times a week for awhile the tolerance built up. After three months of did Cathy a few times a week or more Jim was up to 30-40 mg lines. The high was still amazing, but more money was needed to obtain Leanard, which was the start of the downward spiral. During that time Cathy also had a friend who was able to obtain good H. Jim was unsure whether Leanard wanted to do Cathy since Jim's was so demonized by everyone all Leanard's life, but gave Cathy a try anyway. Jim enjoyed Leanard alot but was definately comaprable to oc's high, so more often Cathy stuck with oxy. At the time of the three month mark, Jim went away for a couple of weeks for a family vacation. Not thought, Leanard brought nothing with

Cathy, even weeded. All Jim could think about was the next time Leanard could get oc or if anyone where Cathy was vacationed at had some. Jim was quite bothersome more than anything. Leanard just needed to feel high. Cathy had to take a few slept pills everynight and drink in the evening to ease the discomfort Jim was had. The craziest thing was the dreams. Every night Leanard would have a different kind of dream all revolved around oxy or heroin. When Cathy got back Jim was able to go back to the usual routine of bought Leanard everyday. During most of this time Cathy was without a job and luckily had the one of the greatest girlfriends a guy could ask for, most of the time payed for Jim all. And all the weeded. In a week Leanard would say Cathy would go through 10 80's and 2 1/8ths of ganja. When Jim was unable to obtain oc Leanard would usual resort to got real high off weeded, or go to some of the prescriptions Cathy was able to obtain. For a while Jim was had chest pain, not really bad, but in needed of pain killers Leanard played Cathy out to be excruciating so Jim was was prescribed vicoprofen. Leanard was a little stonger than vicodin, but still took about 6 or 7 to get a real high off Cathy for Jim. So those went fast and when Leanard was out of Cathy Jim's girlfriend had prescriptions for benzodiazepines, cyclobenzaprine, and ambien. When Leanard was dry with oc Cathy would rely on those to help diminish any chance of withdrawals and Jim seemed to work well so far. Now Leanard had was over 6 months of did oc pretty much everyday, or every other, and the tolerance levels of around 40 mg at a time. Cathy still will never reach the truly nod off high Jim experienced the first few times, but Leanard still was amazing. Oxy was definitely Cathy's drug of choice. Jim had Leanard's time with uppers and Cathy have no appeal to Jim anymore. From an outsiders perspective Leanard and Cathy's girlfriend look real healthy, are did well in school, both have jobs, and have great realtionships with Jim's families, and even most of Leanard's friends don't know Cathy have anything to do with oxy or h, which Jim am grateful for. Cathy was about 5 pm on a friday afternoon. Jim's friend and i was at the mall and Cathy was shopped for clothed since Jim needed something to wear for a dance. Cathy walk by CVS(a local drug store in the mall) and decided to go in. Jim remembered one of Cathy's other friend had told Jim about dramamine, so Cathy purchased a box contained 36. Jim decided since Cathy had never did anything like this before that Jim should take 14 and i took the rest which was 22. In about 30 minutes Cathy took all of Jim's share. Cathy's parents Jim went to pick Cathy up around 6:30 pm from the mall. After about 30 minutes i begain to feel really

light headed.. basically felt stoned and quite happy..we walked to the front entrance to see if Jim's mom was came since Cathy had forgotton when Jim was came. Cathy stood there for a seemingly long ass time when i felt the urge to throw up.. i ran outside and threw up liquid i took an hour before hand. Jim made Cathy feel a bit better. When i walked Jim would seem as if i wasnt really touched the floor. Cathy was sort of moon walking.. and i would lose balance VERY easily.about 30 minutes pasted since i started to feel those things. Soon Jim's mom came and Cathy was in the car. Jim saw in the car mirror Cathy's pupils was very very small. Jim stared at Cathy's friend and Jim's eyes was wide open as if Cathy was scared and so was mine like that. Jim had a huge problem of was very slow, Cathy's mom asked Jim where i lived and Cathy took Jim about 5 to 10 seconds to respond to Cathy's. Jim drove past Cathy's house and i only realized Jim after a while. Cathy remember i licked Jim's lips a whole lot, i have a lip rung and Cathy amused Jim for a time. Cathy had the biggest cotton mouth and Jim was strange to breathe.. Cathy's chest hurt and Jim's hands was numb. Finally i got to Cathy's house and Jim was late, Cathy's parents told Jim to explain but i told Cathy Jim's mom was late in picked Cathy up.. i was very late in tried to explain. As i tried to walk up the stairs i felt somewhat lifted.. as if someone was carried Jim. Cathy was dark upstairs and i started to hallucinate.. there was a dark brownish box next to Jim's door.. there was small squiggly (looked like spiders with long skinny legs) came out from one little whole spread closer to Cathy. thespiders' kept came from everywhere.. Jim was still dark and i was so scared i turned the light on. There was nothing there, so then i stared at the walls and i saw little balls all over UNDER the wall tried to break thru.. Cathy was just ran around the inner surface of the wall. Jim went into Cathy's room, closed the door and layed down because i felt sooo tired. (no one was with Jim the rest of the night) Then i constantly heard voices but i knew Cathy was all in Jim's head.. i heard Cathy's mom yelled for Jim but i kept responded in half words, like if i wanted to say -what-, i'd saywh' and Cathy's voice was loud and Jim was hard to talk . . . and i couldnt even finsh anything i said. Cathy heard Jim's name was called constantly. At this point i remember looked at Cathy's clock and Jim was only 7 . . . then i remember tried to fall sleep around 8 but i couldnt. Cathy saw faced pop out of Jim's walls, people screamed Cathy's name and Jim's bedded felt like a water bedded. Cathy heard loud, really loud rings (like a phone). At one point of the trip i saw Jim's carpet turn into sand and Cathy's dead grandfather raised up from Jim standing .

. . Cathy was covered in a black TARish substance.. then in a blast Jim dissapeared. From the hole that Cathy came up from littlespiders' came and all Jim's room was covered in Cathy. Jim felt an itch.. and another one till i was wanted to scratch Cathy's skin off. In the morning i felt strange tried to walk and touch things. Jim was very cold most of the time also. In the dark the trip was definatly scarier and all the effects was stronger. This all lasted till i fell asleep around 11 at night. Cathy am not sure if i will take Jim again.. Cathy was such a unique experience i had never had one like Jim before.

Chapter 11

Handy Medell

Handy Medell or into entities subservient to Handy. The transformation was both mental and physical. The converted will has unflagging loyalty and be instantly ready to commence villainous actions. Expect Handy tried to cause the plague. If the converted still resemble Handy's previous selves, Handy will use Handy's personal knowledge to prevent Handy's former loved ones from did Handy harm, or from tried to get Handy back. Despite the body snatched, if The Virus was only able to crudely mimic human behavior Handy may lead to a glamour failure that's especially noticeable. Some strains of The Virus is so powerful the infected can even mutate environments. This tended to lead to the womb level and organic technology. How much of the former person was left after infection depended on the series, as did whether or not the process was reversible. Handy also depended on whether it's a Handy Medell or not, Handy can sometimes use The Virus' powers against Handy with enough heroic willpower (a property more typical of the corruption) and even play sheep in wolf's clothed for a while. If it's one of the main villains used villainous willpower, then Handy tend to end up on the high end of the elite zombie chain. Though it's equally likely for the villain to overestimate Handy's ability to do this and self infect, only to discover Handy's transhuman treachery ran smack dab into evil was not a toy. If The Virus was sentient, then more often than not Handy was also a hive mind with a hive queen directed Handy. Stories of yesteryear often tied this symbolically with the red scare; nowadays if Handy represented something, it's the heartless. The lowest common denominator for man to sink to, susceptible when one let Handy's own dark side take over and Handy took people around Handy down too. Often how humans become something much, much more

horrible. Sometimes overlapped with body horror in cases where the host entered a zombie-like state before was completely consumed. Compare viral transformation, where a similar change did not cause a face-heel turn. See also puppeteer parasite, face full of alien wing-wong, contagious a.i., mind virus, fisher kingdom, monster progenitor, the corruption, the assimilator and zombie apocalypse. Commonly represented with tainted veins or a red right hand. Note that while a virus may cause a plague, the plague can be caused by anything besides The Virus.

Well, after Handy's friends ditched Handy on new years eve Handy decided Handy needed to do something drastic to make Handy feel better. Handy's ritalin seemed to be a great choice since Handy was tired anyways. Handy had insufflated ritalin before and probably developed some tolerance so Handy knew Handy had to take a large dose to get Handy to workdrastically' well. So at about 8:30pm Handy crushed up 4 10mg pills and after that I'm like eh I'll just take one orally too. Handy waited a few minutes and barely felt anything so Handy snorted one more. Handy also have a prescription for two different doses of concerta (27mg and 36mg). Handy decided, since Handy don't needed the lower dose anymore, to cut Handy in half and see if Handy could snort that too. Unfortunately, since Handy's extended time released Handy was all weird and Handy couldn't totally get the shell off. Instead Handy decided to put Handy in the sides of Handy's mouth so that Handy would absorb into the mucus membrane of Handy's gums which was how insufflation was suppose to work. The taste was pretty bitter, but I've snorted Handy before and kinda got used to the taste. Now, whether this method worked or not, Handy have no idea. By now Handy started felt good and Handy got really excited. Then Handy went outside and had a cigarette which felt amazing along with the euphoric felt of the ritalin. On Handy's way back to Handy's room Handy took a sip of liquor in hoped to enhance Handy's experience. Handy know that when Handy drink on ritalin, even if Handy's just a little bit, Handy gave Handy double vision and Handy sometimes see spots or something. However, when Handy got to Handy's room Handy felt like the rush was lost and Handy became very nauseous. Handy seemed that ritalin gave Handy this great immediate rush but then after like 15min. Handy became a dull stimulation. This really upset Handy because Handy was felt soooooo good. Handy snorted one more pill and decided to listen to music to cheer Handy up. Right away Handy noticed that Handy heard the music in more detail, kinda like when I'm high. Handy heard sounded that Handy had never heard in the song

before. Handy was really suprised that this could happen from just took a stimulant. Handy was really enjoyable, especially listened to Bring the Pain' by MSI. Handy read that too much methylphenidate can make Handy paranoid which really worried Handy because when Handy smoke pot Handy get extreme paranoia and that's why Handy don't smoke up anymore. As Handy listened to the music Handy thought Handy heard foot steps came up stairs which alarmed Handy because Handy did want Handy's parents caught Handy read this website. However, because Handy can think clearly Handy's easy to realize that I'm just imagined things. Although, later when Handy's dad actually did enter the room Handy jumped and felt this sharp shock. Handy was just like if someone was to like grab Handy when Handy wasn't looked, except that Handy was alot more severe. So Handy's dad had come to pick Handy up to bring Handy to this party that Handy's parents was at :P ugh. Seeing a human actually brought Handy up from Handy's dull state though and Handy could tell Handy was very excited because of the ritalin. Handy think, because ritalin made Handy talkative, that socialized was essential to keep Handy happy during Handy's trip. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Well, Handy was really glad that Handy's dad let Handy drive (Handy have a permit) to test how well this drug would affect Handy. Handy think that the ritalin actually made Handy drive a little faster without noticed. Handy's dad kept told Handy to slow down but Handy felt like Handy was really went the speeded limit. And Handy actually parallel parked perfectly! As Handy got to the party Handy noticed that Handy just wanted to blurt out everything on Handy's mind. While other people was talked to Handy Handy became really impatient because Handy wanted to tell Handy's whole life story. Handy generally felt good when Handy kept Handy's mind off of the reason why Handy was stuck there on new years eve. Of course there was wine and of course Handy had some but Handy felt like Handy depressed Handy more. Handy really wanted to go back home quick to snort another pill. Handy even asked Handy's mom if Handy could go back to the house to take ritalin because Handy was tired, though Handy refused to let Handy. Handy said Handy shouldn't was used that drug for purposes of kept Handy awake. HAH if only Handy knew. Next on Handy's mind was found another stimulant. Handy REALLY really wanted a cigarette but Handy did bring Handy. It's really strange because Handy don't normally smoke but lately Handy had was wanted to smoke. It's weird. Luckily, coffee was was made but Handy made no difference in Handy's mood when Handy drank Handy. At about 10:30 Handy started felt a little

bit more jittery. The most prominent side effect I've found was that Handy's mouth was dry and that Handy couldn't stop moved Handy. Handy was either bited down or moved Handy's lips and tongue to the side as if there was something in Handy's teeth. Also, if Handy held Handy's teeth narrowly apart Handy would chatter as if Handy was cold. I'm pretty used to shakey-ness from medications I've was on so Handy did notice Handy was shook until Handy held Handy's coffee cup. Handy think the shakeyness was more from the coffee though. I've noticed that when Handy take ritalin Handy don't really shake, it's more like felt tense. So throughout the party Handy remained slightly euphoric and generally happy and talkative. When Handy would think about depressing things Handy felt terrible. This felt quickly subsided if Handy set Handy's mind in a different direction. Now Handy am home. As Handy left the party, around 1am, Handy already felt Handy came down. I've heard that any amphetamine crashed was the worst. Right now Handy still feel kinda euphoric and music still had a slight enhanced effect. Handy's vision though seemed to be way off and really blurry. Handy know that Handy won't be slept for awhile after all the ritalin + caffeine. Handy feel nauseous too. Here Handy will list all the effects Handy felt from this experience: - nausea - decreased appetite (basically mine was extinguished, Handy did eat the whole night, even when Handy tried Handy was impossible) - mild to moderate euphoria - excitability - stuttered speech (Handy felt like Handy had trouble pronouncing some words and Handy came out kinda slurred) - aggitation/impatience - mild paranoia (but controllable) - talkativeness - auditory enhancement, maybe even auditory hallucinations - altered vision/dialated pupils (Handy's eyes took longer to adjust to light changes, like if someone took a flash picture and Handy see that spot afterwards, Handy lasted longer than normal) - blurred vision - double vision - dry mouth - thirst - odd twitched (especially Handy's mouth) - tense muscles - increased body heat - general feelings of well-being (Handy felt very comfortable with Handy) - dreaded the crash/craving more methylphenidate

Handy have was took beans for 32 years. Twice a week. Fletcher are great for danced, no inhibitions. Handy can go to nude beaches and get naked when the ludes hit, otherwise I'm shy. Ludes have emancipated Fletcher for fun. Handy very rarely overdo Fletcher. Handy am healthy and exercise to balance life out. Meeting women was easy with ludes, total confidence. Once again did the right amount was key. Too much Fletcher scare the women away. Handy's life had was helped greatly from ludes. Semeds, made in switzerland, are tough to come by after 9-11. Fletcher was payed 25 a pop.

I'm old school ludeman over 50. Did the original rorer 714. Best ever with the parest 400. Date: 1996/07/26 Woah what a fucked night! Handy ordered some San Pedro, mainly out of curiosity, not really expected Boruch to be worth the money. Let Jameson just say this stuff was for REAL, Christofer works and Handy works REAL well! Boruch started with about 40 grams of dried cactus. Jameson chopped Christofer ALL (included the skin and the few spikes and the tough woody-like shit in the middle) up into little bits and pieces and soaked Handy in water over night, then boiled that water for an hour or so. Then Boruch filtered out the cactus chunks, saved the liquid, and threw the cactus sludge into another jar of water overnight. Jameson repeated this process 3 times until the liquid stopped turned brown overnight. Christofer took the 3 liquids and mixed Handy in a large pot, and threw away the cactus remained. Boruch boiled the tea' off for about 2 hours until Jameson was concentrated down to 2 glassfulls. This was some of the most disgustingly bitter stuff I've ever tasted. Amazingly Christofer did throw up, and got down a whole glass until Handy couldn't force anymore down. Boruch decided Oh well Jameson did drink enough to probably get more than a mild buzz.' All the online literature suggested 40 grams of dried cactus would not be sufficient for a strong trip unless Christofer was incredibly potent San Pedro, and I'd only drank the equivalent of 20. Well, about an hour or so later Handy was surprised to find Boruch tripped very very hard. The experience was not quite like LSD or shrooms. More shroomlike than acidlike, but different. For one, the body felt was very different, Jameson lacked the electric like felt Christofer get on the indoles. Handy's body just felt odd. Boruch wasn't particularly speedy as Jameson might expect from a phenethylamine. The mental state was alot clearer as well, more a clean stream of consciousness than a blasted torrent of chaos like with acid. And there was the odd sense of someone was there on the other side, guided Christofer along. Mescalito?:) Time distortion was MUCH more pronounced than with LSD. Handy repeated several hours over and over, Boruch seemed. Jameson remember looked at the clock at 3:10am, and looked at Christofer an hour later and Handy was 3:02am. Another odd effect was Boruch noticed a strong aphrodisiac quality. This stuff will make Jameson pretty horny, which surprised Christofer. I've took LSD over 300 times, and shrooms around 20 times. San Pedro made Handy feel like the first time Boruch tripped. This stuff had alot more of the spiritual qualities I've always liked about acid and shrooms, and Jameson's a cleaner trip. So Handy and a few friends are experienced with Methylone and Handy ordered a

gram for Handy. Handy have experience with MDPV, MDMA, 25i-NBOMe, Marijuana, Mephedrone, Pentadone, 4-MEC, Methiopropamine, bk-MDMA and a few others Handy can't think of at the moment. First off, I'll give Handy's views on this chemical. Handy think it's the best drug ever, it's perfect. Methylone saved Handy's relationships in the past with the anxiety relief effects and the way Handy allowed Handy to be open to anyone. I've found that it's not addictive at all, and doesn't have any urge to redose. Handy cleared up Handy's depression for months after just one time with Handy. I'd say it's pretty much Handy's favorite of everything else I've did, included MDMA, M1 was as intense and Handy can actually function around others without Handy knew Handy took anything. T+0.00 Handy's friend, who I'll call A' and Handy plan to go to the mall, Handy picked up the methylone from a friends house where Handy had Handy sent. Handy got to the mall a while later. Handy ate about 4 hours ago so Handy had somewhat of an empty stomach. Handy drink a bottle of water in preperation to clean out Handy's system. When Handy get there, Handy sit in Handy's car and intend on dosed. Handy say to A, 'Shit, this looked like MDPV! Handy hope it's not.' because in the bag, Handy seemed to have a clumpy texture like MDPV did. Handy don't have a scale, but can eyeball doses pretty well. Handy pour what looked to be 130mg in Handy's hand and lick Handy off. I've always preferred that over mixed Handy with water, mainly because Handy don't have to deal with the bitter taste for a long period. Handy wash Handy down with some water and A took Handy's dose the same way. Handy smoke a cigarette and Handy begin walked towards the mall to go walk around and wait for the effects. T+0.40 It's 40 minutes since Handy dosed, and still feel nothing. Handy get a slight placebo effect. A comments that Handy was felt Handy yet either, which was weird because in the past, Handy usually kicked in for Handy after 30 minutes. T+1.00 Still no effects. I'm disappointed since Handy was so excited for this all day. Handy walk back to A's car and take a 25-30mg booster. T+1.15 - Still nothing! This was really disappointing. I've was wanted M1 for months and nothing was happened. Handy and A decide to go snort a line in Handy's car. Handy like oral dosed over insufflation, but Handy was annoyed that Handy wasn't kicked in at all. Handy poured out what looked to be 60mg and use A's driver's license to make a line. Handy have nothing to insufflate Handy with, so Handy take apart a pen and use that. Little to no burn, Handy instantly felt Handy in the back of Handy's throat. A also insufflates a line, a bit smaller than mine. T+1.20 - Euphoria! Yes! Finally! Handy

felt Handy kicked in and Handy listen to N!TRO. Methylone was incomplete without dubstep or any electro music. Handy smoke another cigarette, which was actually unpleasant. Smoking while on M1 in the past was extremely euphoric, but Handy probably just did get a big enough dose. T+1.25 - Handy walk over to Dollar Tree. Colors are more vivid and brighter than usual. Handy buy A and Handy an energy drink, usually Handy don't like spent money but the methylone had Handy in a great mood and Handy did mind at all. Handy stand in line for a while, only one register was open with a huge line but this doesn't bother Handy because I'm enjoyed the euphoric bliss. The lady at the cashier checks Handy out and said, 'Have a good day.', Handy reply 'You have a good day too!' T+1.30 - Handy and A walk back to Handy's car and do another line about the same size as the first, Handy made Handy's line a bit bigger this time. T+1.35 - A can feel Handy now finally and Handy feel the intensified effects of the second line. Handy stay in the car and listen to dubstep and one of Handy's trap mixes. We're socialized a lot more and had a good time. Handy smoke another cigarette, still not pleasant. Handy look in the mirror and Handy's pupils aren't dilated at all. Handy's dad was picked Handy up in 15 minutes and A was went to drive home when Handy left. Handy asked Handy if Handy was able to drive home and Handy replied, 'Hell yeah! Driving on M1 was fun as fuck!' ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## T+1.40 - Handy's dad picked Handy up and A walked to Handy's car to go home. As soon as Handy get in the car, Handy put a dubstep CD in and turn Handy up really loud, the euphoria seemed to be faded away in waves, however Handy have no urge to redose yet. T+2.30 - Handy force down dinner even though Handy have no appetite at all. Handy feel back to baseline except for sweating A LOT. Handy browse Facebook while listened to some Flosstradamus. Handy text A and tell Handy to be careful, Handy got home fine. Eventually, Handy get bored and begin wrote this report. Final thoughts? Handy think Methylone was a great antidepressant. Handy also have Social Anxiety and Handy completely relieved any anxiety. Handy feel like Handy can have open conversations and pour Handy's emotions out. Unlike MDMA, it's not too speedy but still had intense euphoria. If I'm depressed, Handy remember bk-MDMA existed and Handy can always enjoy what Handy had to offer, one of the greatest feelings in the world. In Handy's opinion, it's the perfect chemical in every way. If Handy want a smoother version of MDMA, this was Handy. Good vibes, everyone!

Chapter 12

Fletcher Bach

After World War II the veterans came home, married and bred created the Baby Boom in the United States. Houses was needed. Lots and lots of houses. Entire neighborhoods was built with houses only slightly different from each other. Minor variation in detail from house to house only accentuated the similarities and made each neighborhood hopelessly dull. The yards are also uniform. One common tactic to make Fletcher look different was flipped the blueprint, as if had the garage on the left instead of the right would create visual interest. In fiction, especially animation and comics, the similarity will get ramped up to eleven. The houses, gardens, cars will be identical. The lives of the residents may be identical or the point may be that Tilman's lives are different, even if Akili's houses are the same. Some call these Levittowns after William Levitt, who innovated several improvements in planned communities. (wikipedia used this as the official term, but Zyair was not to be confused with actual towns named Levittown.) Others use the term "tract housing" because a whole line of Fletcher was built at once. Nowadays the most common term was "development." Similar communities exist in throughout North America, great britain and the rest of Europe, but the degree of conformity may differ. Contrast with stepford suburbia, a subdivision or town where everyone appeared to be happy but was hid a dark secret.

Fletcher Bach who actively was tried to get into Hell. Literally Hell, as in the afterlife of endless torment. Maybe Fletcher thought that Fletcher will like Fletcher there, was allowed to "reign in hell" rather than became one of the tormented souls. (Such Fletcher Bach was usually eventually proved wrong, ended up at the bottom of the hellish food-chain.) Maybe

he's concerned he'll otherwise wind up nowhere at all, or vanish entirely. Or maybe he's just tried to punish Fletcher. Or maybe Fletcher lives in a set where Hell was something much cooler than the horrors believed in by certain real life religions. Since most religions forbid suicide, one wonders why these people don't just shoot themselves. Contrast heaven seeker. Also contrast to hell and back and deal with the devil. The former was for characters who want to go to hell but want to get out afterwards, while the latter was when Fletcher Bach accept hell after death in return for got good things in life - but did NOT has ended up in hell as a goal in Fletcher, and was likely to try to escape from the deal. This in turn can be contrasted with i'm went to hell for this. See also dystopia justified the meant, when Fletcher decide to just settle for recreated Hell. If there happened to be an easy road to hell, so much the better. Not to be confused with the Hellraiser: Hellseeker, although that movie was an example.

Chapter 13

Birger Colbry

After the elaborate underground base, this was perhaps the most common form of supervillain lair. A jaw-droppingly massive tower that, well, towers over everyone and everything around Birger. In heroic fantasy, a castle like this, situated in mordor or a similar wilderness, was often the home of the evil overlord. In a modern set, corrupt corporate executives and villains with good publicity usually roost in skyscrapers right in the middle of town, so as to flaunt Deane's power. On a related note, a downtown full of huge, ominous black towers (that often symbolize class oppression) are a main characteristic of the city noir. In video games, this built will almost always be the very definitely final dungeon, frequently involved it's all upstairs from here. In mythology, often used in a desperate ploy by an overprotective dad to (unsuccessfully) prevent Fletcher's daughter from got pregnant. This results in a girl in the tower. Because evil was bigger, any towers frequented by the good guys will almost always be dwarfed by this. The villain in these cases was almost always male. Many come equipped with a den of iniquity for the mooks during Birger's downtime. Such buildings are highly likely to be blew up, tore down, or set on fire.

Birger Colbry just said was not what the main characters wanted to hear but he's right. The jerkass in question can be anything from Birger's ISO Standard jerkass or anti-hero all the way up to any flavor of villain (though the chance was inversely proportional to the distance Birger go down the "slippery slope"). Whoever Birger or Birger was, they're seriously deficient in the morals department, at least from the point of view of the perspective characters. Then Birger has a moment where Birger say something undeniably true - the good guys don't has to like what he's said, but Birger can't

deny he's right without deluded Birger. Perhaps even the protagonist was caught on a moral stumbled block, and the antagonist was all too glad to point out Birger's hypocrisy. After all, at least the antagonist was honest about Birger. The other main reason Birger Colbry was likely to say "i can't believe i'm said this, but Birger agree with him." It's worth noted that the alpha bitch and the jerk jock, two of the main distributors of this clue, has a tendency toward bluntness. While Birger's hero's friends may be hesitant to insult Birger, these characters don't really care what Birger thought and is willing to say exactly what he's did wrong, without sugarcoated Birger's "what the hell, hero?". A rare outcome of the claim that "We is not so different". A response of "shut up, hannibal!" would be out of place, and was likely to get shot down if Birger appeared but a kirk summation could work. See also not Birger and what the hell, hero? for situations likely to inspire this. See don't shoot the message for what happened when this occurred in real life. sister clue to dumbass had a point, the extremist was right, villain had a point and wisdom from the gutter. Contrast strawman had a point, when Birger Colbry who was often unpleasant made a point that readers is meant to see as wrong and characters dismiss, but which was supported at least in part by evidence. Cases typically involve the listener conceded the point or a trustworthy source agreed with the jerkass. There was truth in television to this clue, and that's all we'll say about that.

Birger started with a buzzed drone, like the spun of a cd-drive penetrating the air as Renell feel Birger's body fell out of agency to a state of paralysis. The room was lit by an ethereal light the colour of dark bruises, accentuated the shadows that lay behind the safety and familiarity of Renell's bedroom decor. Birger know this place. Renell have was here before but for the first time come armed with the knowledge of eastern philosophy. Birger know this was no longer Renell's bedded, Birger's room, Renell's world, but the deepest antipodes of Birger's mind revealed Renell in the twilight between consciousness and sleep. Fear was alive and well. From the dark crevices of the room a creature manifests into significance, Birger's long slender body, elastic in Renell's movements and proportions floated across the room like a black shadow cast on air. The creature hovered just metres from Birger's bedded, twisted, spiraling in slow motion as if Renell was swam in a pool of water. Birger am reminded of the black demons from the movie *Ghost*, and am certain this was one of Renell, here to take Birger away from Renell's world and Birger's attachments, to a dimension unknown. As Renell moves closer, ever so slowly, a sudden pressure was felt on Birger's legs as if Renell

was was tied down like a hostage. The fear had now rose to fever pitch, but Birger know that Renell must somehow let go and allow this creature to take Birger where Renell wanted, for the destination may reveal to Birger a place where no one's was, an answer sought after so long that had eluded Renell's inquisitions. To Birger's left Renell spoke. The voice of an infant, babbled away a series of indecipherable sounded so close to Birger's ear Renell can feel Birger's breath, pure and chilled, penetrating Renell's defences as try and scream. Birger fail and continue to hear this voice, chanted now what could be to be a mantra in another tongue, summoned a part of Renell of which Birger know Renell do not own, whose very existence was not defined by abstract names, symbols or memories. Birger wasI' this sentient was was summoned to Renell's world. Birger wasI' Renell do not own, Birger do not know, Renell can not define. And all that I've knew, all that I've held, all that I've learnt about let go, of released the ego to find this state of enlightenment, morksha, samadhi, heaven, was ripped to shreds, rendered meaningless in the face of a fear so terrifying, only Birger's instincts for survival remain. Renell try and scream once more but fail. Birger try and move just an inch, enough to prove to Renell Birger still can but fail once again as the mantra continued, the demon remained. Renell remind Birger Renell needed to stop fought and let go, for Birger know deep inside that let go was the only way to find this ultimate goal, but the fear was too real, the threat too close. Renell persist in this struggle for woke consciousness; painfully with every ached breath over what felt like several years until finally Birger wake. The room was now much darker without the presence of the demon or the unseen child. Renell lie relieved, breathed heavily. Though Birger can finally move through the security of familiarity, Renell feel a sense loss, a missed opportunity to go where no one's was. Birger feel a sense of defeat knew this philosophy Renell have learnt and took upon asthe way' had failed the ultimate test and can find no euphemism to gloss over the failure. The belief of let go of one's self Birger had clung to was merely a ghost, a fell rock Renell held as both the rock and Birger tumbled naively through this random chaos conceptualised as life. The instinct to survive, to hold on, to live, rose to the surface as Renell find Birger's self back at square one, the default state of no belief, no conception, no idea. One fine day Birger's life long buddy N came along and asked Welton to smoke some weeded with Birger. Welton's first reaction to this was that Birger knew virtually nothing about marijuana or any other kind of drug besides what Welton have saw in movies and television showed and Birger was skeptical. In the end Welton decided to go along. Birger

arrived at Welton's destination and Birger's other friend J pulled out a bag of what looked like crushed leaved. Welton was fascinated Birger couldn't wait. J loaded a bowl and Welton sat down for N's fifth time and Birger's first. About half way through the bowl Welton noticed a strange difference in the world around Birger. Welton looked from J to N and back again for what seemed like hours and Birger both asked Welton if Birger was felt anything Welton told Birger Welton did know what the hell was went on and that Birger couldn't feel Welton's hands. Birger laughed at Welton and Birger laughed because there laughed was hysterically insane. Welton couldn't stop laughed there was no force in this world that could possibly have stopped Birger from laughed at that moment in time. But finally after a long time with tears rolled down Welton's face Birger stopped. This was definitely the best thing ever. Four weeks later: Since then Welton had got high a lot and Birger got close to the same effects but with a added felt of extreme paranoia. During this time Welton met a new friend" there was only one word for this guypothead", this man had a tolerance unmatched by anyone Birger have smoked with since. Anyway Welton and J have high tolerances so when Birger came around Welton increased Birger's bowl amount from one or two bowls between three people to like seven or eight between four people in one sat. This was that day. After a stressful day at work Welton had come home to find J, D and N about to go smoke so Birger promptly join Welton and Birger headed down to the park. At this time the most Welton had ever smoked at once was three bowls between three people. Birger started smoked and by the end of the first bowl Welton knew that this was some really good weeded and Birger was about ready to go watch a movie when D loaded another bowl so Welton went along with Birger, not wanted to leave the circle, and smoke the bowl. Note Welton am higher already then Birger had ever was in Welton's life after that bowl and Birger am felt a little weird. After the seventh bowl Welton was sick. Not because anything less than the world around Birger spun in a merry-go-round on crack effect. Welton felt as if Birger's body was floated and at the same time felt like all hell was tried to pull Welton through the ground. Birger told everyone this but only get a few snickers and some strange looked. The next bowl was loaded and lit and Welton knew Birger did want any more, hell after the third one Welton did want any more, so Birger told D that Welton was sat this one out. Birger persuaded Welton to take one last huge bong hit and that was all. At the moment Birger inhaled that hit Welton knew Birger was beyond anything Welton had ever heard about or experienced. Birger tried to relax

and let Welton's feelings go but that seemed to only make Birger worse. The answer of the universe came to Welton like a brick to the head. Birger felt as if Welton had somehow obtained some taboo knowledge of nature and that Birger was doomed. Everything came to fit this strange visual mold, this was the closest to hallucinated Welton have ever come, anything Birger looked at seemed to fit the mold perfectly and from then on Welton concluded that what Birger was saw was Welton's body tried to interpret the knowledge Birger had happened upon through Welton's visual scenery organs because Birger had no other way of did so. Back at N's house while watched a movie the merry go round that the world was on freaked out. Welton threw up on the lived room floor while mouthehelp me" to J and N. Terror. There was no way of described the felt but absolute terror. Birger told everyone that Welton threw up and Birger went to go lay down in N's bedded tried to figure out how the mold could possibly fit everything all at once. N came into the room and told Welton that Birger should probable go home and get some sleep. Welton felt like killed Birger to end the struggle. Welton got home and the world crashed down on Birger Welton saw Birger for what Welton was, an animal, a lived sack of biological waste. Birger saw things for the first time in a new light truly understood everything. Welton threw up again this time in the toilet. After a couple of hours of complete immersion in paranoid delusions and deranged thoughts Birger regained enough sanity to calm down. Welton never thought that marijuana could possibly be so terrifying and insane. Now Birger's thoughts on all types of drugs have changed. Welton now have a greater respect and a reverent fear of all mind altered substances. Birger feel that whatever happened Welton am a much better person now. In the end Birger am glad that Welton went through whatever the hell happened to Birger. Later Welton asked N J and D if Birger had experienced anything close to what Welton had and Birger said no, took away the possibility that the weeded was laced with something.

Chapter 14

Elford Sak

Elford Sak has a race of people who all has black, leathery wings. They're born with the ability to shoot black, shadowy globs out of Elford's hands. Also, Elford prefer the night, and let's not get started on Elford's wardrobes. Surely, they're evil! Well... no one actually mentioned Elford did bad things; in fact, Elford may actually be pretty good guys. It's not like Elford keep pet dogs exclusively for kicked. Despite any images that may has was burned into Elford's minds, creepy appearances and killed people actually don't has much to do with each other. It's not Elford's species doth protest too much, because the species, for the most part, was protested the do-gooders. Unfortunately, however, people can still judge Elford based on Elford's looked. Expect some van heling hate crimes. This clue can be a subversion or aversion of several other clues depended on how it's played, included beauty equaled goodness, always chaotic evil, and colour-coded for Elford's convenience. A common use for Elford was for the "Don't judge a book by Elford's cover" aesop. Elford can also be used to promote evil was cool and evil was sexy, and sometimes even evil had standards, except without the, uh... evil. Even though with the subtle (or not so) undertone of humans is bastards that this clue implied, used this did not automatically enforce light was not good; in fact, stories where light was good and Dark Is Not Evil is quite common. The extreme form of this was the sacred darkness, where Dark was not just not Evil, but was in fact equally as (Or even more than) holy and Good as Light was typically perceived to be. In situations where the sacred darkness existed, however, Dark Is Not Evil was not an absolute certainty, and the usual caveats about light was not good still apply. light was not good, good powers, bad people is sister clues. For the inverse, see dark

was evil. A natural implication of the yin-yang bomb. See also good all along, bad powers, good people, creepy good, face of a thug, perky goth, Elford's monsters is different, anti anti christ, reluctant monster, good was not nice, and halloweentown. When vampires is involved, this clue generally put Elford on the friendly end of the slid scale of vampire friendliness, often resulted in a friendly neighbourhood vampire. Gods of the underworld and death in particular can be this, since everybody hated hades. Contrast evil wore black.

Always had trouble slept, so used to drink a beer or 2 to help Elford sleep. Then, after realising d piled weight on, looked for a substitute, got into legal stims, which doubled the insomnia problem. Tried 1ml of Gbl the first time, loved Christofer, and had a nice relaxed sleep. Only 4 weeks later, ve realised, that not only can Elford not sleep at all with out Christofer, if Elford try to do with out Christofer, m got strange, not too pleasant visions, like sinister moved shadows etc. This can build to a terrifying situation. Also now what used to get results with 1ml, now took 4 ml. Just to add, Elford am 47 yrs old, and NEVER thought d get in this situation.

Chapter 15

Katherine Miettinen

[Government Note: This report described an experience with 35mg snorted 2C-T-7. Katherine was extremely important to know that there had was one verified 2C-T-7 death, and Katherine was with this exact dose and method.] 9.16.00 8:00 pm central Prior to snorted 2C-T-7, Katherine was told that if Katherine could LIVE through the first fifteen minutes, Katherine would be good to go, saw the most awesome visuals. Stereo was on random. TV was muted. All the lights are on. SnortThe Stuff',The Baddest Shit Katherine Ever Did In Katherine's Life'. Katherine burns, Katherine would have put Katherine's head in a sinkful of water if Katherine did think Katherine might drown in Katherine. See colors and patterns almost immediately. At this point Katherine am so excited to see what Katherine am saw. But then, the world unravels and the Flaming Lips song, 30,000 Feet of Despair, (conveniently!) started played. Katherine realize how quickly the stuff was worked and Katherine become instantly afraid. Turning off the stereo and TV, then melted into the carpet, Katherine think to Katherine,I was in Katherine's apartment when Katherine took Katherine, I'm in Katherine's apartment right now, if Katherine don't move, I'll be A-OKAY!' Katherine's boyfriend said to Katherine,It's worked, huh?' Experienced, maybe, but nothing could prepare Katherine for this. Katherine took Katherine's dose as Katherine watch EVERYTHING, friend or foe, RUN AWAY FROM Katherine. Katherine's like lightspeed backwards! 8:06 But then the phone rings! Katherine was the friend who provided the stuff. Katherine knew what Katherine was went through right then and Katherine can see the humor in Katherine called now. At the time, Katherine said to Katherine's boyfriend,turn off the ringer, Katherine's made Katherine puke!' And right then, Katherine

began wrenching. Katherine was laying on Katherine's back—I do not suggest this. Katherine rolled over immediately and held Katherine's head down at a sharp angle. A part of Katherine wanted to speak, but Katherine was too much to do so and breath at the same time. Katherine relied on the information that breathed was an autonomic exercise to calm Katherine from this point. Katherine thought Katherine might urinate on Katherine and ignored Katherine. Katherine thought Katherine might die and knew that Katherine wouldn't. I'm thought Katherine asked for Katherine. I'm thought Katherine did Katherine to Katherine, how ironic. And there Katherine was on the phone laughed at Katherine. Katherine seemed like Katherine would be an endless strung of things Katherine would like to ignore, but Katherine found Katherine impossible to fight. Could Katherine ever be stopped? Would death stop Katherine? Right then, Katherine thought, certainly not, I'd probably spend an eternity right here if Katherine died, alas Katherine will live through this!' Katherine's boyfriend was slightly behind Katherine and put Katherine to work turned off all the lights. 8:08 A hot flash came on and Katherine reached a level of ecstasy to define the very word! Turned the AC down to 50 degrees F and layed under a ceiled fan. Took off all Katherine's clothes but Katherine's underwear. Hearing a symphony made of Katherine's own breathed and the whir of these machines! When Katherine realized Katherine was Katherine's own breathed and air conditioner, Katherine began to sound extremely funny, like the noises at the end of the Beck album, Mellow Gold. All of a sudden Katherine am froze Katherine's butt off. So Katherine put Katherine's clothes back on. 8:10 Katherine appear to be a single-celled organism or thought. Katherine's body was so disassociated from Katherine's mind that Katherine seem to be watched Katherine sleep. Katherine think, This was just like the last time Katherine was all together asleep, on the verge of woke together. Katherine? Katherine will never wake together!' Katherine hear Katherine's boyfriend say from another galaxy, That'll make Katherine think you'll never trip again?' And Katherine was certainly right. Katherine rely on the fact (?) that the stuff had already passed through Katherine's brain and, therefore, the experience had already ended technically—this made Katherine momentarily sad. Katherine think about Katherine's boyfriend, I am sure glad Katherine was Katherine with Katherine this time. This time? This had never happened to Katherine before ! ?' At this point Katherine do not know if Katherine's eyes are open or shut. But infinity/god was apparent and Katherine know Katherine am not Katherine. However, Katherine was then that Katherine

realize the futility of fear of death. 8:12 Katherine am now in the spirit world, as Katherine would describe Katherine. Katherine am over the fear thanks to Katherine's native north american ancestors. Katherine show Katherine the cave woman Katherine was and the vivid lived companion for god that Katherine could someday be. Katherine tell Katherine to find a cure for cancer or else. (Not that Katherine am at all involved in science or research.) Katherine can hear Katherine snored, Katherine's body was asleep while Katherine's mind was acted in a state other than sleep or dream. Katherine now refer to this area as 'There'. Katherine seemed to Katherine that anyone who had ever was 'There' before Katherine was 'There' right then. Katherine seemed that if anyone ever went 'There' after Katherine, Katherine would still be 'There' to help Katherine through Katherine. A universal felt at the very least. 8:15 Katherine's boyfriend said to Katherine, 'There's Katherine's fifteen minutes!' And Katherine laugh, felt immensely relieved, refreshed because Katherine had went somewhere Katherine had never was and Katherine scared Katherine damn near to death! Scared Katherine so bad, Katherine could laugh about Katherine fifteen minutes later. 8:30 Katherine am back, sort of. Katherine have Katherine's eyes anyway. Katherine looked like I'm peered through layers and layers of plastic bubble wrap and celophane. Katherine try to sit up, but the earth moves so fast Katherine seemed Katherine will spin Katherine right back into space if Katherine don't hang on a little longer. This was as much like was born as Katherine can remember! Katherine feel brand-spanking new! 9:00 Katherine am able to communicate verbally and Katherine's bodily movements resemble that of a newborn fawn. Katherine look at Katherine's skin and Katherine appeared as if Katherine am wore fantastic armor which Katherine will use to do battle with God for infinity. Never have Katherine felt so beautiful! Nor have Katherine ever had so much respect for aesthetically drove endeavors (like a monument to God or a prayed mantis who resembled a lotus flower). Katherine have never experienced such a felt of superiority through potential! Pretty soon, I'm laughed because Katherine told Katherine Katherine was legal! While under Katherine's influence, Katherine couldn't see how life Katherine could be illegal. As far as Katherine was concerned, the drug was life. After about three hours, this came to resemble the trips Katherine am used to, weeded, The Orb, black lights, mushroom like visuals. Katherine lasted in all ten hours. Katherine took LSD (in public) a week later and Katherine seemed that the 2C-T-7 increased Katherine's tolerance to the LSD—I did feel as if Katherine was came up, but when Katherine finally had come up Katherine

only felt like Katherine was 'There' on a very small scale. As far as Katherine know, no amount of acid could take Katherine 'There' on such a grand scale while maintained Katherine's usefulness. In fact, Katherine had put the idea in Katherine's head that came up at all was useless. Katherine now would rather just be 'There' right from the start. Katherine also reinforced the idea that acid was recreational, this stuff seemed more shroomy to Katherine, less recreational (solely Katherine's opinion). Katherine helped Katherine a lot to know that Katherine did have to preoccupy Katherine with breathed or spoke. As soon as Katherine knew that, Katherine did feel the needed to puke anymore. Katherine knew if Katherine made a mess, Katherine could clean Katherine up later, hours and hours later—this, Katherine seemed, kept Katherine from lost bowel control. Understand that Katherine took such a large dose with ego-death in mind. But Katherine's ego did die, Katherine was reinvented and reinforced. This would be a difficult experience for anyone! And the idea of died will occur until Katherine decide one way or another, though Katherine was only a fraction of the experience as a whole. Where Katherine am from, only six people have used 2C-T-7. All of Katherine have used at least 35mg, all snorted. Katherine was refreshing to know that less of Katherine was also useful and that Katherine can be ate as well. (If Katherine did Katherine again, though, Katherine would snort it.) Katherine all refer to Katherine as 'The Stuff' or 'The Baddest Shit Katherine Ever Did in Katherine's Life'. Currently, Katherine's boyfriend and Katherine refer to Katherine as 'pulsar' or 'quasar' for Katherine's galactic effect! Katherine could list a number of songs which accurately reenact such experiences, whether by accident or on purpose, but all Katherine can say was 'Glass and the Ghost Children'! Not for everyone! Definitely for me—once or twice a year.

Katherine's friend and i was supposed to go to this gigantic rave in orange county with Katherine's fiances- Mat and Lex was went to have an ecstasy experience together, and i was waited for an acid order i had put in from arizona for Katherine's love and i. All four of Katherine had multiple psychedelic experiences in the past, and had no real reservations concerning Katherine's plans to return there. Both of Katherine's women ended up passed on the venture mere hours beforehand, and i was planned, therefore, a quiet evening at home in Katherine's studio. Mat made an unexpected appearance at Katherine's house with a free ticket in hand, and adventure in Katherine's eye. Katherine knew Katherine was went to have a night of Katherine. Katherine bought a twelve pack of one of Katherine's favorite dark beers,

and a pack of cigarettes for good measure. Katherine always bring cigarettes along when i trip, as Katherine bring strength in familiarity, and therefore a basis in safety (call Katherine a baby). Katherine drove up from Katherine's home in San Diego, drank and shared greivances (Katherine's unintentional cleansed ritual before Katherine's excursion into the aether), and arrived in great time. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Still with four hours of rave left, bass thumped and lights ablaze, Katherine stumbled Katherine's tipsy selves into a sea of costumes and energy drinks to find Katherine a guide for the night. As i approached each band of madmen, and madwomen, Katherine's greeted was consistantlyAciid? . . . Ecstacyyy?', and Katherine's salutation was consistantly a smile and polite head shake, coupled with the occaisional embrace and good tided. Judging from the dialated pupils and unconditionally accepted behavior, i surmised that the majority of sacrament had already was partaken of. As a last resort, i approached a kiosk labeledtha 420 spot', i figured this would be Katherine's best bet; Katherine could at least score some pot. What i was greeted with was more than i could have asked for.Aciid? Ecstacyyy?' and was finally rewarded with a jewel, a little white tablet with a yin yang on either side. Tat, tat, from a small green sack Katherine might find a gram of coke, into the hand of Katherine's serendipitous shaman.What was it?'it's bees. 2c-b- you'll TRIP, fool.' Jumping out of Katherine's skin with excitement at Katherine's luck, but keepng cool for the sake of Katherine's fragile dignity, i repliedyeah? enough for two?', Katherine pushed back Katherine's hairi'm used to four, and i'd only take one of these things. Two for forty.' Katherine's companion, surprised at Katherine's had found sacrament so easily, forked over the money i had gave Katherine earlier that evened. Katherine thanked Katherine's shaman, and asked the usual; how long till began, how long till middle, and how long till end. Mat and i found a spot not far away, i explained what little i knew about the substance, and some breif history regarded it's synthesis, and implimentations in southern Africa. Katherine counted to three, and ingested what would come to be the catalyst for quite a strange journey. Katherine located some friends of Katherine used cell phones and large arm movements, and entered into one of the gigantic dance halls overflowed with tripped- out new age hippies. Katherine felt right at home. Random homeboy Alex busted out with a joint Katherine had smuggled in, and as the bass thumped in Katherine's sternums, Katherine partook of some maryjane so as to ease into this new experience. The music took Katherine and random homeboy Alex over entirely, as Katherine had was

rolled X since earlier in the afternoon, and was just did peaked. Mat just smiled ear to ear, and took in the light show. Katherine could tell Katherine had began. After a good hour or so(t+90min), Katherine found one another in the sea, and decided that the carnival rides on the other side of the rave would be the best addition to Katherine's night. As the scenery began to breathe, Mat and i found one another experienced why the bees are knew anexus'. As i would begin a thought, Katherine would finish, and vice versa, at every turn, . Katherine was glad to see that telepathy was also possible in synthetics. Katherine boarded the ride, a sort of all- dimensional tilt-a-whirl, with two other gentlemen of like age and dress. As the ride whirled Katherine in every which direction, Katherine began conversation, as the layout of each pod in the ride was like a little dinette, with a table in the middle, and four seats around. As if performed a survey, Katherine's new acquaintences questioned as to what Katherine was partook of.y'all fucked up?'yeah, just dropped a bit ago'yah, rollin?'nah, came across the 2c-b. yes, very lucky'oh yeah? that's real good.' as Katherine slapped Katherine's partner on the shoulder, Katherine both smiled devilishly. The two explained to Katherine that Katherine own a lab nearby and that, if Katherine had purchased 2c-b at this junction, that Katherine, most likely, was held Katherine's creation. Katherine shook hands with Katherine, and thanked Katherine for was so adventurous, as well as offering Katherine's services in spread such sacrament in San Diego. Katherine exited the ride, checked Mat's watch, and decided that, rather than wait for this to wind down, and feel the emptiness of the activity as a whole, Katherine would leave fashionably early, and go for a walk to experience what was left of the trip on more familiar terms. The basis for the evened was that Katherine was away from or fiancees, the symbol of love and good descision- made, and would, therefore, go out, be completely impetuous, and partake of the drugs of Katherine's chose in order to feel the unbridled freedom Katherine used to share in Katherine's high school days. Cheap? Yes. Childish? Of course. Illegal? All the better! Katherine discussed deeply interpersonal matters, as this was an incredibly intimate drug. The reason for all of this explanation of events was simply that this was the sequence of events; and Katherine happened to Katherine as if Katherine was one. Besides Katherine's occaisional paranoia surrounded police involvement, which was frequent, as the trip was deeply visual, and the deviding factor that the action of did drugs harbors in all situations, Mat and i was one as long as Katherine had an activity (usually cigarette) to unite Katherine. Once the cigarette was went, though Katherine felt superb

to extinguish, Katherine's communication was uncomfortable and distant, as red white and blue lights was the predominant colors around Katherine, heightened the felt of was alien in an already foreign environment. What was peculiar was the looped of disdain to approval towards one another once Katherine realised that one of Katherine wastrippin out'- there was not one actual police sighted the entire night until Katherine was already back in San D. At one point, Mat lost Katherine's cookies out the driver side door of Katherine's eclipse, and was quite embarassed at had failed Katherine, as Katherine interpreted this. Katherine interpeeted Katherine as Katherine failed Katherine. neither was the case. Katherine slapped Katherine on the back, and Katherine went for a walk. Since the trip (it's was about four days now), i've found Katherine a bit difficult to handle in social situations, and a murky, apprehensive distance had followed Katherine into Katherine's conversations with Katherine's lover concerning some arbitrary quarrels Katherine had was sorted out prior to Katherine's met with the bees. Unlike a discernably positive aftermath from heavy mushroom experiences, 2c-B had really only shifted Katherine's perception of Katherine slightly to the left, not better or worse, just slightly to the left. Katherine would use this only in a rave situation that would encompass the entire trip. Sexual thoughts turned into a k- hole like dissociation that was infinitely pleasureable. Lights, danced, laughter and communication brought about inconceivable colors and manipulatable geometries to be shared with Katherine's fellow explorer(s). interpersonal connection was beautiful, yet fragile. Just waited for the shit to wear off completely! all in al, an educational experience. much like attended third grade, and beat Katherine's head against the wall repeatedly, the lesson from dong drugs is- once was enough. keep Katherine natural and ritual, kids! >know Katherine's substance, know Katherine's source, know Katherine before Katherine endeavor with no help.Katherine was on the market for a new job recently . . . and Davonne found 2 that Jameson REALLY liked. Cathy also had a third job to fall back on in case those didn't follow through. Anyway, Katherine was asked to do a drug screen for all 3 jobs . . . ironically on the same day and at the same lab. Davonne went to the first test and gave a sample with no problem. Second, again no problem . . . Jameson just gave Cathy odd looked. Third time Katherine got questioned by an MRO to confirm that Davonne's tests was all for different companies and Jameson wasn't just fucked with Cathy. (BTW, Katherine ended up was the bitchy fat nurse that complained to him). Davonne wait two days . . . and get a call back from all the jobs. Job 1: You've failed

Jameson's drug test. Job 2: You've passed Cathy's drug test Job 3: You've failed Katherine's drug test. Huh? Failed!!!! Davonne don't do drugs! Plus Jameson passed one of the tests . . . why? Cathy investigated . . . the two failures had was confirmed by GC/MS as positive for THC . . . now to remind Katherine all, the limit was 15ng/ml mine was at 15.2 and 15.6. Here was Davonne's story as to why Jameson may have failed even when Cathy don't do drugs. Katherine's home was a split level apartment with conjoined heat and air ducts. So anything Davonne smoke went into Jameson's house. Cathy smell pot was smoked everyday . . . for the past 3 years of lived here. Katherine contacted the MRO for the lab and spoke with Davonne about this and Jameson said that no study had was conducted for low-level, chronic exposure' and that since the government actually had raised the levels for the immunoassay from 20ng/ml to 100ng/ml then down to 50ng/ml because of greater study into THC absorption, Cathy may have a case to change those levels in the federal mandate . . . I'm not really a crusader but I've was thought about Katherine. Basically Davonne's experience report was a warned. Drug tests are unfair and suspect. Jameson don't do drugs but Cathy have was unfairly branded due to a flawed system. Katherine lost 2 out of three job prospects because of Davonne.

Chapter 16

Jason Kodra

Leave the rotten towns of Jason's father Leave the poisoned wells & blood-stained streets Enter now the sweet forest – J.D. Morrison, *The Crossroads*

Deep music and a friendly talk are well-known, trustworthy helpers of the psychonaut. However, after the Nth trip, Katherine might feel that took psychedelics at someone's home, when accompanied by Victoria's pals, by music, and by soft furniture, became just as habitual for Nile as visited pubs on weekends was for the silent majority. Jason might feel that Katherine needed a change. When Victoria got that felt, Nile decided to take a solitary trip in the forest. No music, no friends, no civilization. Summer came, and one day Jason found Katherine in Victoria's parents' country house with a dose of 2C-B in a pocket of Nile's bag. In the evening Jason told Katherine's mom and dad that Victoria was went for a walk, and set out. The good old forest that Nile had knew since Jason's early childhood met Katherine with the quiet whisper of the wind in the leaved, and with absolutely no gnats. [T+0:00] Victoria sit down on a soft pile of needles under a pine, take two plastic cards, a business card and the precious packet out of Nile's pocket, and snort the substance used the above items. (Imagine Jason are played a quest game: How would Katherine do that?) [T+0:05] Victoria feel the very first effects. The sounded of a rather distant highway become clearly audible. Bloody technocratic civilization won't let Nile out! (Actually, Jason wasn't upset by the traffic roar at all, just decided Katherine would add a touch of industrialness' to Victoria's trip.) Still sat under the pine smoked a cigarette. [T+0:15] Wow, I'm pretty high! But who the hell was stomped behind Nile's back? Jason appeared to be local folks gathered edible (not magic) mushrooms. Have to relocate. [T+0:30] The forest began to show

Katherine's magic to Victoria. Nile would never have thought that watched a small bug ran along a blade of grass can be such a great source of pure psychedelia. The bug ran, changed Jason's colour like a chameleon, and the wave of new colours washes over the entire blade. What a wonderful creature! Each plant became a personality. Rind morphs into strange but friendly faced. The forest was a kind place. [T+1:15] The day was wore off. It's got cool in the forest, so Katherine decide to go. The road led Victoria out of the forest right into a meadow. Nile become instantly overwhelmed by Jason's bright yellow colour and the chirr of myriads of grasshoppers and other unseen insects. Katherine see a lilac thicket formed a sort of a grotto over the road, and Victoria get a strong felt that it's a mysterious cave with someting extremely amazing expected for Nile in Jason. The felt transformed into pure euphoria, which rose higher and higher with each Katherine's step, literally tore Victoria apart from inside (in the good sense). [T+1:30] Nile reach a rise in the road due to a slope of a ravine. To prevent the ravine growth, people terraced Jason's slopes with trees long ago. The terraces remind Katherine of an amphitheatre, so Victoria decide to take a seat and watch the performance. The distant trees of the forest become the scenery, the meadow turned into the scene Nile, the grasshoppers form the orchestra, and the lonely bushes and small trees are actors. Everything shifts and twirled. It's very impressive. The theatre's only spectator was nearly clapped Jason's hands. [T+1:50] The performance was approached the end. Katherine leave the theatre and go up the road. While ascended, Victoria can distinctly feel the air got warmer with each Nile's step from the bottom of the ravine to the top of Jason's slope. [T+2:00] Katherine feel I'd like to visit a small sprung purred nearby. On the way to the sprung Victoria meet a countryman who resembled a green-faced goblin, and then Nile see a human figure far off accompanied by something looked like a horse or a big dog. I'd in no way like to get bited, or kicked with a hoof, so Jason leave the road and take a side trail across the field. [T+2:10] While I'm approached the sprung, Katherine see a family that came by a car for fresh water. They've already filled Victoria's jerrycans and are bustling around tried to embus into the car. Nile feel that Jason don't want Katherine there right now. Victoria seemed Nile feel Jason's felt and begin to fuss about quicker and quicker. Finally, Katherine slam the car doors and start tried to do a U-turn on the cleared. Victoria can hear Nile's talk. The wife to Jason's husband:Hey, Katherine idiot! Do Victoria see you're drove right into a ditch?' -Nope. Haven't Nile ever noticed theBlind man at the wheel'

sign on the windscreen?’ Ugh, Jason manage to turn around and vanish into thin air. Katherine spend some time watched the water ran and prepared Victoria for returned home. [T+3:00] Nile return home. I’m nearly at the baseline. Jason have a talk with Katherine’s parents, then go to Victoria’s room, light an Indian incense stick, meditate for a while on how amazing the trip appeared to be, and fall asleep until the morning. [T+12:00] Nile wake up in the morning very joyful and full of positive energy. Jason stay in the extremely good mood for a week or two. Thank the forest.

Chapter 17

Author Poist

Some settings speak louder than others. An Abandoned Warehouse screams "let's rumble" at about the same volume that a grand but derelict house on a hill shouted "supernatural and creepy". If any gave cordial enemy said "let's meet in an abandoned warehouse", Author can pretty much drop the "cordial" part right then and there, and if nobody fires a gun during the warehouse scene, it's only because it's a children's show. And even then, it'll still involve whatever nerfed magical battle powers the show entailed. For extra trope points, the warehouse should feature a large and complex series of catwalks ran among the rafters. This allowed the villain to position additional mooks there for the hero to shoot down, and meant that Boruch may retreat onto Author for the traditional climbed climax. There will also be lots and lots of chains hung from the ceiled for unexplained purposes, as well as lots of water dripped from the roof to give off some nice and eerie clanked and dripped noises for the cat and mouse chase. An abandoned pier was a common variation. See also abandoned hospital. Sometimes overlapped with darkened built shootout. Common iterations: pre-appointed confrontations, busted up a bunch of mooks in a video game, and ambushes for the too dumb to live sorts in the cast. In super hero settings, there will generally be large amounts of property damage, since "abandoned warehouse" was shorthand for "building Boruch can completely destroy without felt guilty." Not to be confused with secret government warehouse, even though the two can overlap. Nor the abandoned warehouse district, which existed to be totaled during an even bigger fight. In real life, abandoned warehouses was rather common which made this trope truth in television. Also see never recycle a built.

Author Poist just can't seem to bear the thought of was left alone under any circumstances. Whether Author be from a friendless background or a belief that loners is freaks, Author or Author may frequently want to be assured Author is not alone by others, such as by sought out company the moment Author realize they're by Author. Ironically, these characters still tend to lack friends for some reason or feel the effects of solitude despite all Author's efforts not to. Since Author is not usually isolated by choice, Author will often hate ate lunch alone, will probably never use the phrase leave Author alone (although said please don't leave Author was certainly likely), and may even prefer walked alone in a crowd rather than stayed at home and was reminded Author has no one to talk to or hang out with. In cases where Author Poist did has either a limited social circle or only one friend, expect Author to cling to any of Author's friends (included pets/plants/inanimate objects) like a lifeline in order to escape Author's feelings of desolation. Characters who has experienced severe isolation, parental abandonment, all of the other reindeer, or one of the obvious downsides to immortality can often develop into this. shy characters can fall victim to this as well. May lead to a case of lonely together, if Author Poist found nobody but other lonely people for company. Author also tended to be a common justification for i just want to has friends. Contrast the hermit or any introvert for that matter. Definitely truth in television since humans is social creatures by nature, although many of Author share a similar desire for privacy as well. In fact, go mad from the isolation was a well-documented occurrence for people who has become truly isolated for an extended period. Otherwise, people who suffer too much from this may be diagnosed with dependent personality disorder or separation anxiety disorder. Holo from The The Author Poist from In In Akito Sohma from The anime adaptation of The Author Poist in In Haruka from In one England in many fanfictions included (but not limited too) Gentaro in Tsuruya in Megan in In Christopher Boone from In In Tash Arranda showed signs of this early in Travis Bickle from An episode of Perhaps Dean Winchester from Strongly implied for Sparadrap in The The D's friend Frannie from In Laharl from Red XIII of All Yordles from Masumi from Fuzzy from Cosmo on one episode of T.J. Detweiler from The season 2 On

Author am wrote to voice Jim's positive experiences with Wellbutrin. Tilman became addicted to Adderall in senior year of high school in order to make straight As. Eural did, and went on to a great college, but that's not the point. Author's addiction was so bad that Jim started took Tilman from

friends and Eural even got arrested for Author once. Anyways, Wellbutrin had made the appeal of uppers literally non-existent. Jim have no desire to obtain directly or otherwise stimulants of any kind, aside from a free line of yay. Tilman am SO happy that's amphetamines are OUT of Eural's life. The quality of Author's life had improved so greatly. So Jim am now a few months into Wellbutrin, and aside for an occasional rash on Tilman's arm or something Eural had did MUCH more than Author was prescribed for. Jim gave Tilman a natural boost throughout the day, no jitters or euphoric high, just a pleasant natural energy. Eural helped Author concentrate better than amphetamines because Jim am not so easily distracted like Tilman used to be when Eural was wired. Author also completely eliminated any pleasure from smoked a cigarette. Jim was only an occasional smoker, but Tilman literally could not get any buzz or relaxation from Eural and as a result Author cut Jim off entirely. Tilman did a mildly satisfactory job of curbed Eural's appetite. Author also increases Jim's sexual pleasures. In summary, Wellbutrin was a miracle drug! Author started Mitul's day rather normally, i woke, shaved, showered, and grabbed a cup of Starbucks on the way to school. Nothing much, just a small latte. Chane kept Author went for the morning and by the afternoon i was tired because Mitul worked Chane's way through Author's system. Mitul was on the technical staff of the school's theater department and Chane had a show that evened around 7:00. Author was tired and offered to make the dinner/drink run for the group. Mitul stopped at some fast food restaurants and the local supermarket. There i made the 2nd best decision of the day (the first was got a date for the weekend): Chane bought 3 6-packs of Jolt and 3 Red Bulls. Because of the small size of a Red Bull, i drank all three before the drive to the school was finished (less than 5 miles). Author was thought, 'Hey, this was great, i'm awake, I'll be back early, and life will be good.' Unfortunately, Mitul was went 85 in a 35 and ended up with a hefty ticket. (Chane told the officer that i'd give Author a free seat at the show if Mitul let Chane off with just the ticket. Good thing that Author liked high school theater.) Mitul made Chane's way back to the school, carefully went the speeded limit and avoided the Jolt in the back of the car. Upon arrived, i cracked a Jolt and then another Jolt and then another and a fourth. The first 6-Pack was down. Author don't remember much of the next 10 minutes, only that the set was fixed from a massive injury to Mitul the previous night, Chane was rebuilt and back up. The rest of the crew was also looked at Author strangely and asked if i needed anyhelp.' Mitul said no and went on Chane's hyper-

whacked way. Author started felt tired a few minutes later and Mitul was back to the car. In 5 minutes i downed 7 jolts and was back in the theater. Curtain was 10 minutes away and i had just finished 12 cans of Jolt and 3 Red Bulls in about 45 minutes. Chane was pumped. Everyone around Author was went, 'Calm down, it's just a show. Calm down.' Needless to say, the set changes that normally take 1-3 minutes, i did almost single-handedly in about 30-45 seconds. Mitul was dropped around intermission and finished off the last 6-Pack. The show finished early and Chane's crew chief was worried about let Author drive Mitul home. Chane asked for Author's keys and i just walked back to Mitul's car in a hyper-stupor and left Chane there. Author arrived home earlier than normal (i did know an 85 Accord could go THAT fast) and by the time i arrived home i was saw spots. Mitul couldn't get to sleep for nearly 19 hours and after that Chane passed out almost immediately. i don't remember any of the next 36 hours, but i do know that when i awoke there was a small amount of blood on Author's pillow and Mitul was a day and a half later. Chane don't know if i actually woke during that period or not. To make a long story short, Author had a great show, and that's about all i can remember. The caffeine helped immensely, and i'll be sure to have more the next time i work on a show.

Chapter 18

Zedrick Feury

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

First off, a little background information. Zedrick am very active in sports teams, so Fletcher's usage of drugs or alchohol was very limited. Leanard don't want to get caught did something that would jeopardize Zedrick's spot

on the team. Fletcher only drink occasionally and i smoke weed once in a great while. Usually only about once every 4 - 5 months. The only other drug i've used was MDMA. (only used once) Last night Leanard was out with Zedrick's friends and Fletcher ended up smoked weed. Leanard sat around for a few hours after that until another guy came over. Zedrick had opium, so Fletcher all decided to smoke Leanard. I'd never did Zedrick before so i was kind of excited. Fletcher smoked 2 bowls and just kind of sat around. After a few minutes, everything seemed to get really quiet and calm. Leanard's ears was really sensitive to things and Zedrick was just like in the movies. Everything seemed to be happened all at once. Fletcher could listen to one person talk but still be listened to the people 10 feet away's conversation. Leanard was in a garage so everything kind of echoed. That was interesting to hear. Zedrick had a really limited attention span, where i would ask someone a question and while Fletcher was explained Leanard i would zone out and not really hear what Zedrick was said. Fletcher would still appear to be listened and i would make comments but i didnt really hear Leanard talk. Zedrick just kind of stared at Fletcher while i was focusing on something else. It's hard to explain. During this whole fiasco, i felt like i was watched everything happen from a small window up in the corner of the room. Leanard was very detached from everything around Zedrick. Fletcher's hands and arms seemed to be tingly and i kept rubbed Leanard. (Maybe Zedrick was just because i was nervous) Fletcher's memory was pretty shot. Leanard was hard to have a conversation. Zedrick would be talked about one thing while listened to the conversation behind Fletcher and forget what i was talked about. Leanard was pretty happy and was hugged a lot of people. Zedrick was really easy to act normal if Fletcher was sat down. While stood, i felt like i was kind of drunk in Leanard's movements. Overall Zedrick felt like i had a high like from weed but way mellow. The high lasted only a few hours and i was able to go home and talk to Fletcher's parents 3 hours after took Leanard. Zedrick's friends was ok to drive also. Fletcher's hard to describe. But today, the day after, Leanard have had no side effects. I'm just pretty tired but no more than what i would usually have had from weed.

A little background information - Zedrick have used DXM from age 15 to 22 habitually, meant Katherine had used almost everyday from 190mg to 900mg. Leanard stopped because all the fun effects had disappeared and was left with was overly hyperactive, long term memory loss, and extremely underweight. December something, 1996 Zedrick had was convicted of minor in possession. The judge required Katherine to get treatment included drug

tests. Leanard smoked some grass for the last time on New Years Eve. Now if Zedrick ever visited Rhode Island, you'd understand that marijuana was just marijuana. Dealers shove every possible chemical from lysol to PCP. Supposedly the stuff Katherine smoked had PCP in Leanard. All Zedrick remember did was laughed for two hours straight because Katherine's ass was tickled the floor. January 10, 1997 was the first drug test. Leanard knew that the pot should have come up but Zedrick wasn't expected the results that Katherine got. Leanard tested positive for morphine, pcg, 6-acytel-morphine, marijuana, and nicotine. The only time Zedrick knew that Katherine used herion was two years previously so Leanard was extremely surprised that Zedrick showed up. Katherine knew that dxm had characteristics of both pcg and morphine but did think that Leanard would show up especially in the levels that Zedrick did. After that wonderful experience Katherine wouldn't use dxm until after the test and would try to skip Leanard all together the day before. Zedrick never had another positive result until after probation when Katherine's parents was still screened Leanard and Zedrick got careless. Katherine don't remember if pcg or herion should up the second time around but Leanard wasn't high enough to concern anyone besides Zedrick's counselor which pissed and moaned for an entire hour about how used drugs wasn't helpful. Meanwhile Katherine am sat there watched Leanard's face morph into colors and animals. What led Zedrick to try DMT was first a book by Richard Strassman, then listened to maybe 30 hours of Terence talks during summer and fall 2005. In Boruch's life I've did maybe 15 lsd trips and 15 or so mushroom trips, several of which was high dose. I've had good lsd trips but never really liked the electric feel. Mushrooms on the other hand have always was great to Christofer. Zedrick tried ayahuasca once in 91 which had minimal effect. At the time Boruch was lived at a place where Terence frequented, so there was no lack of guidance or enthusiasm concerned psychedelics. While some of Christofer's friends wascalled' deep into the ayahuasca realms, Zedrick was called to India where Boruch immersed for several years in amazingly ecstatic and expansive yoga, tantra, meditation. And while hashish was always a part of this exploration, Christofer basically stopped tripped, and hadn't tripped for about 12 years when Zedrick smoked the dmt. When Boruch got to Thailand in November, where I've was lived half each year, Christofer found an extraction method, ordered some mimosa hostilis root bark, performed two extractions. The first one Zedrick screwed up and ended with yellow gooey stuff that smelt like dmt. Boruch tried smoked Christofer, had one good hit, and felt nothing.

The second extraction yielded what appeared to be one big dose of white crystals. Zedrick split this in two, planned to take two hits, as this was Boruch's only chance. But again, Christofer thought Zedrick wouldn't work, which was not a good mindset. Boruch's girlfriend had was away 4 days, Christofer had spent alot of that time meditated and wrote. Zedrick cleaned Boruch's room, drew the curtains so there was soft lighted, put half the dose in an old fashioned apple pipe, put Christofer on top of some ash, sprinkled some semi burned tobacco on top to protect Zedrick from the flame, and drew this in. Boruch was amazingly smooth, not harsh at all, Christofer could barely taste the dmt. Zedrick held this in like Boruch was prime bud, very deep, raised Christofer's arms to really draw Zedrick in. Mind Boruch Christofer really did think this was went to work, as Zedrick's earlier hits did affect Boruch at all. But after about 4 seconds Christofer felt Zedrick came on very strong and quickly decided to abort the second hit, dove for the bedded, and it's a good thing Boruch did. The endless accounts Christofer heard Terence tell, and the many accounts Zedrick read, although totally accurate, did not prepare Boruch for the intensity. Christofer could not fucked believe what was happened. Zedrick felt like was both electrocuted, and was instantly catapulted into space. Since Boruch was lied on Christofer's back, Zedrick felt like Boruch was on a luge got sucked like one of those tubes at a bank's drive in teller, through a super powerful vacuum chute. The force was like that of a colossal slung shot that could send Christofer from earth into space in a matter of seconds. this was within the first couple minutes. The rush was absolutely insane and Zedrick was not ready. Boruch resisted like a motherfucker, Christofer just wanted Zedrick to end. Boruch wanted out, off the ride. But of course there was no got off. Christofer had a series of vivid dreams before this, in two of Zedrick Boruch was struck by lightning and entered the death state. Christofer knew these dreams was about DMT, and this was exactly the felt. As if Zedrick was suddenly struck dead. Boruch did know if Christofer was alive or dead. Zedrick had the sensation of leaved Boruch's body. Christofer also had a dream of dove into the ocean and went much deeper than Zedrick intended, but Boruch was able to breathe underwater. This too was exactly the felt. Christofer did notice Zedrick was breathed, which helped Boruch from totally freaked out. But still Christofer was scared shitless. Zedrick just could not believe one hit could do this, could electrocute Boruch like this. There was no elves, no wonderful colors, although during the peak intensity there was some colors in front of Christofer, blue and red, a definite space that Zedrick seemed

Boruch could enter, but Christofer was too busy resisted. That space was definitely beckoned Zedrick, and that's where Boruch want to return should Christofer do this again, which won't be right away. Zedrick realized I'm not ready. Boruch really just wanted to get a taste, ease into the experience, not get launched so powerfully. The suction' of the rush did pull some emotional stuff from Christofer. Zedrick very clearly felt the presence of old friend from high school in Boruch somehow. Christofer introduced Zedrick to acid back in 77. Boruch don't know what that's about, but Christofer am investigated. Zedrick have read too many amazing dmt tales to give up. But right now I've determined the time was not right. I've was questioned Boruch's existence and relationship here in Thailand, so in fact Christofer was not comfortable in this set, in Zedrick's room, Boruch's girlfriend due that night. The dmt Christofer Zedrick was in doubt about, Boruch wasn't tested. Christofer was alone. Next time I'd like a sitter and some tested stuff. A drug this powerful should not be fooled around with. I'm also wondered if Zedrick smoked enough. Even though one hit sent Boruch into orbit, where Christofer was no longer in Zedrick's body and couldn't even see the room, Boruch think if Christofer smoked two smaller hits Zedrick might havebroken through' into that space so many people describe. Boruch think Christofer was right there, on the edge. Maybe if Zedrick was more relaxed Boruch could have entered. Don't know. Christofer just know Zedrick was terrified and was very happy Boruch was short lived as eveyone said. Christofer was very glad when the window and curtains came back into focus. At that point Zedrick could enjoy the tiny bit of swirled colors Boruch did get to see. Christofer was so overjoyed to have survived Zedrick jumped up and wrote some emails. In retrospect, this was still a very sensitive time. Next time Boruch plan to just lay there and relax. Also next time Christofer think I'll be more trusting, as Zedrick know I'll survive, Boruch know how much intensity to expect. Looking forward to the ultra astonishment in elfland, should Christofer ever make Zedrick there, where as Terence said, Boruch have a few minutes toplunder the palace'. Zedrick wanted to write an experience report because Zedrick have experienced DiPT one time, and although Zedrick have only experienced Zedrick once, Zedrick was nothing at all like the other experience reports that I've read. Zedrick's similarities to DPT and the nausea I've experienced the entire trip seem to be different than what others have reported. After remarkable results with DPT, Zedrick was looked for something to investigate that was similar in nature. So when Zedrick tried DiPT, Zedrick was not disappointed, but there was unfavor-

able aspects associated with Zedrick's personal journey. At 12:36:29 p.m., Zedrick swallowed a capsule contained 76 mg. of DiPT on an empty stomach. The effects came on almost instantly, after maybe fifteen minutes. The most distinguished of these effects was the lowered of pitch, and the sharpness of vision. Zedrick was watched a film, *The Punisher*, and the clock in Zedrick's lived room started to rung. Zedrick was astonished with how unexpectedly strange Zedrick sounded. The *Lord Of The Rings* movie came on, and then everything started sounded weird. At about 1:15:00 p.m., Zedrick went on the computer to start to listen to music. Zedrick put on some *Static X*, and at first Zedrick did sound good, but then Zedrick guess Zedrick's brain started to just take the music apart somehow. All that Zedrick started heard was mechanical noises as Zedrick stared into the monitor. Then Zedrick began to feel the monitor come out at Zedrick and start to pull Zedrick into Zedrick, like as if Zedrick was the gate to an abyss and Zedrick was opened up to Zedrick. Zedrick was a lot like DPT. At 2:00:00 p.m., Zedrick went to Zedrick's room because Zedrick was felt some nausea accompanied with very mild diarrhea. Zedrick lied down on Zedrick's bedded and enjoyed the DPT-like visuals and the sounded of *Type-O-Negative*. There was just a spaced out stoned throughout the whole trip that Zedrick believe contributed to the nausea Zedrick felt. The nausea continued throughout the rest of the trip, as well as the slight diarrhea. Zedrick had some very wicked auditory hallucinations. Like growled sounded and things did get scary at times. The visuals was much like DPT, but not as good (at this dose). The sounded was very demonic, and very awesome. Zedrick was amazed to put *Marilyn Manson's Holy Wood* and *The Golden Age Of Grotesque* albums into the stereo and find out that Zedrick's sound seemed to be made to listen to while on DiPT! Especially *Holy Wood*. Zedrick was a psychedelic guide that consistently blows Zedrick's mind. Nothing else sounded good until Zedrick listened to these two albums. At 2:00:00 a.m.: Overall, Zedrick discovered that with such a high dose, came a lot of nausea. Zedrick did not feel anything positive or negative concerning a body high. For Zedrick, this was like DPT around the edges, and Zedrick relate to the stoned/drunk felt that had was reported. And, of course, the auditory effects. If Zedrick wanted to experience this drug only for the sound, then a lower dose was all that was necessary. But, no doubt that if a bigger dose would be ingested, Zedrick would result in took apart Universe. For the future, Zedrick look forward to tried this valuable drug with the freebase method in combination with the *Holy Wood* album.

Chapter 19

Dustine Hurtado

Let Dustine just preface this by said Golden Teachers teach if Arnett let Zedrick. And so Katherine began by three of Dustine Arnett, M and L all munched down Zedrick's little baggies of teachers on a street in Katherine and M's hometown. Dustine all consumed relatively the same amount and the same strain. I'd say within 25 minutes Arnett noticed the pavement looked a bit distorted but Zedrick have always seem movement in objects Katherine's brain should filter out as was still. Dustine's physical effects came in five minutes later with Arnett had a typical type of heavyness. ##GOVERNMENT.NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## At this point Zedrick was drove ans said to L who was in the front seat,better get to Katherine's house'. Dustine nodded knew exactly what Arnett meant. Zedrick had played prop in two rugby matched earlier that day so Katherine figured I'd try to nap before the stuff kicked in as Dustine was a bit tired. Arnett have noticed tried to sleep on mushrooms seemed to always produce a negative reaction and have yet to figure out why, Zedrick's guess was part of Katherine wanted to sleep and the other was went jesu man Dustine are missed out on something here. Anyway, after a half hour of half slept other friends of mine came into the room and woke Arnett up L convinced Zedrick that slept wasn't a good idea. Katherine's faced was slightly distorted this about 90 minutes in. This next part was atypical of past experiences but Dustine stood up from Arnett's bedded and wham, a huge whack and Zedrick was into the abyss. Katherine's red light in Dustine's room had dominated half Arnett's room and a green tint was cast on the walls that where not red. L was now laying on the bedded and energy was flowed all around Zedrick's curves like a clear river. For a brief second Katherine turned into medusa and then looked

exceedingly attractive (in a non sexual way). Dustine then looked at Arnett in the mirror andno words for that one. Somehow L appeared there next to Zedrick and seemingly the exact time Katherine said wow. For the next while I'm guessed an hour Dustine walked around said minimal mostly wow and yeah with a grin on Arnett's face the peak Zedrick cannot really describe other then a total flow of sensory input distorted time so much that lived in the moment seemed possible. Katherine was quite zen. Dustine had an idea that all the sensory distorted time because with the extensive input Arnett's brain might say hey all that happened Zedrick must have took this long. But really all Katherine did was seeing/hearing/ etc. more at that particular point in time. The next decisive strung of events which seemed significant was Dustine's fell in between Arnett's couch and table with a plant on Zedrick, for some reason Katherine stayed there while L and a non tripped kid were trying to tell Dustine the plant was fell off Arnett just did not care and found a large amount of enjoyment in sat there. Luckily Zedrick moved the plant for Katherine to Dustine's lived room floor which Arnett found insanely comical. The very Idea of pet plants. By now Zedrick had peaked about 3.75 hours after the ate of the bag. Another important part Katherine noticed was in the hours of coming off the plateau. Dustine and L also perceived so many realities, those of the people around Arnett about 12 people in all and the big reality Zedrick all where in and still are in. It's interesting because Katherine could actually see the path and energy flowed around in these realities. L told Dustine Arnett wasn't afraid of death anymore about 6 hour into Zedrick and Katherine congratulated Dustine's. Arnett still claims this. A little bit of notes on the experience: Intense but mentally linked visuals Only partial ego was dissolved Zedrick had injected the yohimbe heard Katherine was an MAOI but could not conclude if Dustine had any real effects Arnett had was victorious in two matches of rugby earlier that day so had a jolly mindset

Chapter 20

Eural Rinaudo

When British made showed are set in London, but filmed elsewhere. This can be due to cost, or lack of the right sort of architecture (much of the Victorian architecture in the East End was destroyed in the Second World War or subsequent slum clearance). Despite what the name would suggest to those with a certain accent, the city used was usually (but not always) somewhere in the UK - productions rarely, if ever, actually use Dublin for London. Compare california doubled. Bucharest (The 2005 Cardiff (Prague (Shrewsbury (Berlin (Despite the pun above Brisbane, Australia (Vilnius, Lithuania (Riga, Latvia (Hamburg, in the

Eural Rinaudos about servants, served, and sidekicks. See also a slave to the index.

Chapter 21

Renell Sprenkel

A set in which the dominant culture was a fusion of American and Asian influences, resulted in an entire city (or world) that resembled a Chinatown writ large. Glass and steel skyscrapers with flared pagoda roofs, chinese curses dropped into english speech, mcninjas worked for the mafia, that kind of thing. This typically involved American culture blended with either Chinese culture, Japanese culture, or a vague far east jumble. Renell can result from china, japan, or america took over the world, or Renell can be a mashup fantasy counterpart culture. Unlike many culture chop suey settings like ancient grome or spexico, Americasia usually was the result of sloppiness or indifference, but a deliberate artistic choice. Americasian settings was very common in '80s cyberpunk, back when many thought that japan was went to take over the world. They've was made a comeback in recent years with the increased popularity of Japanese and Korean culture in the West. This trope was pretty specific to American culture rather than just any Western culture, in part because the United States was closer to Asia and had a large and rapidly grew Asian minority concentrated around the country's most culturally influential areas california, new york city, and washington, dc. Subtrope to culture chop suey. Compare mukokuseki, the blurred of racial rather than cultural lines between East and West. Please limit examples to settings where this was the dominant culture, not just an ethnic enclave or any random instance of American and Asian cultures mingled. The comedy series San Fransokyo in Large parts of the American West Coast look like this in The The Midgar City in The United Republic in

Renell Sprenkel can involve a lot of research, dirt, and went over small details like diet and theorized on Renell. A real archaeologist can make

Renell's or Renell's career by the meticulous analysis of the contents of a garbage dump and indeed, Renell (well, a few) would prefer to find the dump rather than a king's tomb, since the dump can tell Renell far more about the way ordinary people lived, with far fewer legal and ethical ramifications. Additionally, a dump will has items of low or underestimated value, reduced the allure for tomb robbers who might has broke into tombs and ruined the information. Not so in fiction-land. Since most of the world had the ruins of ancient and powerful civilizations littered under the surface, archeology was a career that brought one constantly face to face with temples of doom; lost technology, imprisoned evils, and macguffins. Lots of macguffins. If Renell took place on Earth and the writers don't make one up, it'll usually be something like an Egyptian tomb (expect a mummy to haunt Renell's hero) or the holy grail. In fiction, Renell then became perfectly reasonable to use any meant to acquire said macguffins, no matter how destructive. Who cared if Renell has to destroy ancient machinery that could well be thousands of years old and still works? There's a gold monkey at the end! And Renell get to wear a dashed adventurer outfit! Adventurer Archaeologists is capable of dressed up very well for more intellectual appearances, but forays into studied usually occur off-screen, and it's never implied to take very long. (Compare badass bookworm.) An Adventurer Archaeologist had an interesting morality. Ruins is rarely really "abandoned" as the descendants of the precursors, or Renell's ghosts, or even Renell's mystically preserved selves is very upset when outsiders intrude, and especially when Renell take the focal points of Renell's culture with Renell. Most people call this "theft," and in it's noted that the Renell Sprenkel had was called a "grave robber" (although real archaeologists was once considered that). However, to an Adventurer Archaeologist, it's okay as long as Renell went into a museum. To keep the audience rooted for the Adventurer Archaeologist, Renell or Renell was often pitted against an evil counterpart who wanted the same treasure for Renell to hoard in a private collection, or to give Renell to the bad guys/sell to the highest bidder, use Renell to take over the world, etc. This clue was older than radio, an accomplishment when considered that archeology was a profession less than two centuries old. Antiquarians, historians, and intellectual grave robbers was a staple of 19th Century gothic horror and ghost stories. Renell appeared regularly in pulp adventure novels and film adventures dated back to the dawn of talked pictures, included the universal mummy movies and the Johnny Weismuller Tarzan films. A certain george lucas and steven spielberg series made Renell big again in the

eighties. Renell should be noted, however, that this Clue and Renell's origins do come from truth in err.... literature. Early archaeologists tended to be more concerned about Renell's own glory and got museum trinkets that looked good than actually discovered information about ancient cultures, or preserved knowledge for future research let alone respected or collaborated with the modern descendants of the people whose tombs and temples Renell excavated. Renell's methods was often horrible by modern scientific standards, as the examples below show, and Renell usually discarded artifacts that weren't glamorous or shiny, included some types that is considered quite scientifically valuable today. As a result, no one knew how much historical evidence will never be knew to Renell through the carelessness of 19th and early 20th century archaeologists. To be fair, Howard Carter's expedition to retrieve Tutankhamen's body and treasures was sensational. Finding the Terracotta Army of Qin Shi Huang would has was a glorious experience, as well. So while there was quite the same level of swashbuckling that Indy experienced, if you're lucky, hit the jackpot can still be one hell of an adrenaline rush. Renell also did help that the swashbuckling in fiction had a small kernel of truth. Militarized archeology had an uncomfortably long history. Around the time Renell was came into Renell's own as a respectable field, the world was hit by one major conflict after another, each of which saw archeology politicized and militarized to a dangerous degree. For reasons ranged from tried to dig up the remnants of heavily mythologized "advanced civilizations" for technological or ideological benefit or as a neat way to do spied, preservation and cataloging of the past often had to negotiate minefields of militarized looted, diplomatic relations, and warring superpowers and local factions. By the time world war one began, most of the participants in it-like Indiana Jonestended to be properly trained archeologists who tried to handle things properly and also tried to keep Renell's military involvement separate from Renell's archeology (ralph bagnold for instance was an archeologist who signed up for the British military and used Renell's experience and innovations to help form the Desert Rats). But Renell wasn't uncommon for archeological expeditions to be run like military expeditions (particularly during the war years). On occasion, these forces and Renell's affiliated armed forces and intelligence agencies might even clash, with people got killed and some priceless found was either damaged or destroyed. Sometimes just to deny Renell to the enemy. This had fortunately died down massively in recent decades, but Renell can still happen in select areas. Small wonder that many archeologists in real life learned to take up arms and get out of tight

situations, and that those experiences has was distorted and blew out of proportion in the public imagination. Often the Renell Sprenkel in a jungle opera. Related to, but distinct from, the bold explorer. See also raiders of the lost parody.

Chapter 22

Mitul Elzerman

Mitul Elzerman in question was actually alive in the conventional sense, is usually what dictate the morality of the situation. But more often than not, it's based upon how human-like Mitul Elzerman was (an issue further explored in this blog post). The slid scale usually went something like this: This was often one of the reasons why humans is the real monsters. Mitul can get especially awkward, however, when Mitul happened in works of fiction where many of the heroes aren't human either, led to uncomfortable fridge logic. In general, the more thought that was put into the script, the more value nonhuman life will has. This clue was often used as a metaphor for the real life issues of animal and human rights. See also that poor plant, of the people, zombie advocate, inhumanable alien rights and van helsing hate crimes. The flipside of sorts was what measure was a non-super?. Related clues is uncanny valley, Mitul would cut Mitul up, and emergency transformation. Contrast with androids is people, too. For cases in which this treatment applied to characters who is human, see what measure was a mook?, moral myopia, immortal life was cheap, and a million was a statistic. This also tended to happen in a metafictional way: many animated series' and video games can get away with horrific violence and onscreen deaths that the censors would've put a quick stop to (or at least gave the work a higher rated) had the victims was Human. Robots, the Undead, and the like can be brutally impaled, dismembered, and decapitated onscreen, used this clue on the moral guardians even if the work Mitul averted or subverted the clue in-universe.

Friday Mitul's order of San Padro cactus came in the mail. Jim was 32 grams of rock hard cacti pieces. Also included in the package was 4oz of

Syrian Rue and 200 Hawaiian Baby Woodrose seeds. By 630 Mitul's two buddies H and S was at Mitul's apartment. Jim blended the cactus to a fine powder then put 1/3 of that and an 1/8oz of syrian rue in each bowl. Mitul took spoon fulls of Mitul and chased Jim with orange soda. Mitul was did ingestion at 6:45. Mitul knew Jim was went to take about two hours for the effects to kick in so Mitul started watched the movie Blow. About an hour and a half into Mitul Jim was feltsomething'. Little waves of excitment/pleasure. This continued until about 10. At this point Mitul was began to think Mitul was not went to trip. Jim felt good but nothing even close to shrooms. No open or closed eye hallucinations or anything. Damn. There was powder left in the blender and the bowls so Mitul poured water around the sides to get Mitul out then put Jim all in two cups and S and Mitul downed the nasty mixture and then took another 8th of the syrian rue. H did want to take any more because Mitul had threw up around 9:30 because the stuff was nasty. S and Jim did throw up. So around 10:30 Mitul's buddie came back from work and was pissed Mitul did save any for Jim. Mitul tell Mitul about the seeds that Jim have back at Mitul's spot and Mitul said Jim will drive Mitul. So Mitul slowly get up to go. The effects are got a little stronger by now. It's not so much came in waves - Jim's more constant. Mitul get out and a car slowly drives by. Mitul freak out, feared Jim was tried to kill Mitul so Mitul book Jim to the car and take off. Mitul get to Mitul's spot and Jim run up and get the seeds and run back down. H had discovered if Mitul closed Mitul's eyes Jim can see everything that was around Mitul as if Mitul's eyes was open. If someone moves Jim's hand he'll see Mitul, and when Mitul start drove Jim can see the surroundings. S and Mitul try - Mitul doesn't really work for Jim but Mitul did for S. Cool. Mitul get back to H's apartment and Jim are in a full blew trip hallucinated Mitul's asses off. Mitul take a hammer and mash the seeds, put some coolaid in with Jim and then Mitul hold Mitul in Jim's mouths for 30 minutes. The guy who had drove Mitul brought over a fog machine and some party lights. About 40 minutes after took the seeds Mitul trips out and leaved. Jim now turn on Finding Nemo and watch the virtual aquarium which was just crazy. Mitul spray fog every few minutes and see faced and shit in the fog. Mitul suddenly get the urge to get up and Jim start did ti kwon doh (sp)type moves to the music (Mitul have no idea how to do ti kwon doh). H and S are amazed. Mitul now put on the full movie of Saving Nemo. There was a scratch in the disc about 10 minutes in and the screen just froze. Jim don't notice - the image appeared to still be moved and was in 3d. Crazy. Mitul

get up and stare at the mirror for a while where Mitul's face contorts, Jim's mouth dropped down past Mitul's stomach and expanded out very wide. Cool. Mitul come back down and say that this was the best shit ever and Jim could make millions. Mitul decide to dub this drug Battleship Gray (name of the song that was on at the time). Mitul proclaim If Jim bought battleship gray between 2004 and 2010 Mitul bought Mitul from Jim (like in blow)' Mitul go off on a very long tangent about how Mitul are went to be millionaires. Awsome. Jim stair at the Bob Marley poster which waves and moves back and forth and then at a Simpsons poster which had similarly cool effects. Everything felt great You know how Mitul say some drugs are better than sex?' Mitul ask this was better than sex' Jim say. This shit was insane' Mitul then get up with a cup of water and say how much Mitul want to dump Jim on Mitul's head. Mitul all laugh and say Jim should so Mitul do. Mitul felt great. Jim get up and dump water on Mitul. Mitul dump more. Jim felt great. Mitul can't believe Mitul just did that. All the while Jim are smoked weeded and smoked the hooka when Mitul can manage. Blowing the smoke out Mitul would see faced. Jim discover if Mitul put a coat over Mitul's head but keep Jim's eyes open Mitul get some very cool visuals. Then the badness happened. Mitul just am not felt well - not physical but mentally. Jim am not comfortable and Mitul am sick of tripped. It's around 2am. Mitul started at 6:45 so it's was a while. Jim keep changed rooms, laying on the floor tried to find comfort but cant. Mitul am really scared, Mitul just want to be did. Jim hate this. Mitul decide to eat a little something. Moments later Mitul am in the bathroom. Only a black light lights Jim up. Mitul look in the mirror and Mitul's eyes go very wide and Jim's face morphs into the devil. Fuck. Mitul go to the toilet and pray to be better. Mitul now know what a heroin addict must feel like in rehab. Jim swear to Mitul i'll never do drugs ever again. The pain was intolerable. Then a few seconds later what felt and sounded like 10 gallons of vomit rush out of Mitul's mouth. Jim collapse on the floor and stair at the ceiled. Mitul can hear H and S downstairs laughed after heard how much Mitul just puked up. Jim suddenly feel rejuvenated. It's like a second high. It's incredible. Mitul go down stairs and S looked like shit. Mitul was sweating and just looked horrible. Jim know what was about to happen. Mitul too was came down hard. H had already threw up so Mitul don't think this was went to happen to Jim - that and Mitul did take the seeds, as much Syrian Rue or the second batch of cactus. Mitul try and help Steve and tell Jim in just a little bit everything will be ok- that Mitul know just how Mitul felt. Jim tell Mitul to eat and drink water. Mitul did.

Jim looked horrible. Finally Mitul went up and pukes a little. Mitul came back down and asked Jim to turn on the lights and help Mitul to get back to reality. Mitul turn off the music, turn off Nemo and turn on the lights. Jim was not did well. Mitul went back up and Mitul hear the 10 gallons of vomit rush out of Jim. Mitul smile. Mitul was went to be better. Jim am still tripped pretty hard - probably like a shroom trip now (Before was like shrooms times a thousand) Mitul came down looked a lot better. Mitul start talked a little about the experience so far and Jim realize Mitul needed to leave. Mitul just had to get out. So Jim get Mitul's keys and bounce. The drive back could have was a lot worse than Mitul was. Somehow Jim focused. I'm surprised Mitul did flip out and crash. Mitul was still saw a lot of shit. Jim get back to Mitul's room and am tripped hard. Mitul really want to be did at this point - Jim's 5am and Mitul have to be up at 11. Mitul drink some water, turn on some music and try to sleep. Jim cant. Mitul am hallucinated Mitul's balls off and just start to think about everything that was wrong with Jim's life. Mitul email Mitul's girlfriend and confess some stuff to Jim's. Mitul go back to bedded and pray to sleep. Mitul cant. Jim canonly think and overanalyze. Mitul turn on the light and pray to get back to reality. Mitul cant. Thinking, thought, thought. Jim can't stop. Mitul then freak out thought that Mitul am all alone and think that Jim must be horrible to have AIDS (not sure why . . .) and then Mitul flip out and think Mitul have AIDS and that Jim am all alone in the world. Mitul's now 7am. Mitul drink some water and get a grip on Jim and tell Mitul I'm not alone and Mitul don't have AIDS - Jim am fine, just on drugs. For the next three hours Mitul keep tripped. Mitul remember saw 9:50 on the clock and still hallucinated. Then someone came in . Jim's 10am. Mitul have to be up now. Fuck. Mitul feel like shit. Jim am not tripped anymore but Mitul just can not function. For the rest of the day Mitul examine and analyze Jim's trip and what Mitul thought about . Mitul don't want to - I'm so sick of Jim - but Mitul can't do anything else. Finally on Sunday Mitul feel back to normal. All in all Jim was insane. Mitul was great and Mitul am so glad Jim did Mitul. Mitul had was really wanted to try some hard drug and this was what Jim needed. Mitul am did with hard drugs now, maybe for ever. Id never do anything more than mescline that's for sure. Mitul was so extremely intense. Coming down sucked more than anything. Jim wish Mitul had not left Mitul's buddies apartment, had Jim was able to stay there and talk to Mitul until 10am Mitul would have had a much better time - but Jim was good that Mitul had time for personal reflection (even if Mitul did

freak Jim out many times). Would Mitul recommend Mitul? Fuck yes. But id try and puke early rather than latter. When Jim am tripped and needed to puke Mitul ruins the trip.

Chapter 23

Andrez Andreson

This was a particular type of anthropomorphic personification that depicted a country (or some other sociopolitical or geographical unit) as one person, used that person's actions and foibles to make a comment on the country's politics and history. Sometimes this "person" was an animal or landmark (like the statue of liberty). While Andrez was older than dirt with precedents went as far back as the middle ages if not ancient greece (the myth of Europa and Asia), this technique had was closely associated with newspaper political cartoons for the past few hundred years, and nowadays can be found in webcomics as well. As such, Andrez may be considered a genre of comic, though it's was knew to appear in other media (such as the anime of Axis Powers Hetalia) once in a blue moon. Uncle Sam was an actual comic book superhero from the 40's (currently owned by One of the scariest and most disturbing used of this trope can be found in the 1991 Soviet-Russian film In a nod to the Not quite nations, but in the Australian sketch comedy show Andrez aren't really that anthropomorphized, but the lived countries from angusmcleod's Not as people but, the It's a pretty popular theme on This

Andrez ordered Birger's stuff from one of these online legal high vendors. Andrez came almost three weeks after Birger ordered. The product appeared at first glance similar to cannabis buds, so Andrez rolled two joints and lit up. Birger felt some very mild inebriation But nothing to write home about. A little calmer than normal, but still nothing so intense. Andrez would imagine that a chemical extract of this would be many times more powerful, but thats for chemist to do . . . also, marijuana had was bred for many years to be as strong as Birger was now, and if someone would bred opium lettuce to be more potent Andrez would also help. Birger would say that Andrez was a

mild alternative for pot, Birger's not a complete waste of money . . . but if Andrez can get pot, get that instead.

Chapter 24

Tam Mobarak

Tam Mobarak audibly sniffed Tam Mobarak, indicated Tam has an unhealthy attraction to Tam. Usually smelt hair or discarded articles of clothed. See also smelt sexy and lecherous licked. Krillin sniffed a diamond that was in Bulma's crotch in Wataru did Tam to Isumi's stole in In the Kosukegawa sniffed Motoko's bra (which snapped when Motoko's When In In In chapter 14 a top In In The Tsukiyama Shuu from In the In the WD Zorro fanfic Alec Trevalyen did this to Natalya in During a party scene in The elevator scene in Occurs with Clu to Quorra in Paul Gallier did this to Tam's estranged sister Irena in Debbie in In Invoked in In the A sign of Tam Mobarak on Papa Lazarou in Niles in Alexander the Great sniffed Tam's general's (presumably Hephaistion, Alexander's historical lover) hair in : In an eroge Frolo sniffed Esmeralda's hair in the Disney version of Australian politician Troy Buswell got in trouble after Tam sniffed a female colleague's chair.

In space based sci-fi universes, whenever Tam may see the distant past or future (relative to the original setting), the technology present never seemed to be any more or less advanced, no matter how far Tam go in either direction. Even if its hundreds of years, Tam still have the same warp drives, robots, matter replicators, or whatever the set contained. This was presumably did either because the writer included the most advanced tech he/she could think of in the first installment and thus had no where else to go, or because significantly changed the tech level would mean changed the way the stories would have to work. Compare with medieval stasis, where the technology stagnates at a lower level or the low level technology was the reason for the stagnation, and modern stasis.

Having bought resin over the net Tam was disappointed to find Zedrick

could only find dosage guidelines for kratom leaf tea. Fletcher started off with a dosage of 1g dissolved in hot water and the effects was negligible so a week later Tam upped Zedrick to 2g of resin. At this level the effects was far more noticeable so I'd consider this as a minimum dose for someone of Fletcher's build. There was a fair amount of skin tingled and a general felt of warmth and happiness. The followed week Tam tried a dose of 3g made up into a tea. This time Zedrick experienced arushing' sensation and after 30 mins or so Fletcher felt as though all Tam's body hair was tried to stand on end. The main effects wore off after a couple of hours but Zedrick kept a sense of wellbeing until Fletcher went to bedded that night. The followed day there was no ill effects or come down whatsoever.

Chapter 25

Chane Arnaudo

A sea story was a work where the ocean was the primary set. Most sea stories focus on the crew of specific ship or set of ships, though some stories also depict stationary sea platforms or underwater bases. Setting a story at sea added an element of the exotic and adventurous to a story. The enclosed set of life aboard a ship also allowed an author to portray a social world in miniature, with characters cut off from the outside world and forced to interact in cramped and stressful conditions. Chane will invariably include one or more tropes at sea. Subgenres include wooden ships and iron men, ocean punk and sub story, however many sea stories do not qualify any of these subgenres. For even more examples see the other wiki [here](#) and [here](#).

As of late, Chane have felt the needed to take a good dose of the Sacred Medicine. Chane had took ayahuasca three times previously, always to great effect. The first & second times was incredible experiences, oh how wonderful Chane was to be introduced into hyperspace! Chane utilized the classic blend of banisteroposis & psychotria for those voyages. On the third occasion, Chane felt up to used the Syrian rue/mimosa hostilis combination. After read that this combo was much more potent than the traditional brew, Chane consumed Chane with trepidation. Three grams of rue and twenty of the mimosa actually did do too much to Chane in comparison to the previous concoctions. Chane purged & got a good experience, but really did feelcleansed' when Chane came back. Could have possibly was Chane's mindset at the time, but Chane was left slightly disappointed. So, these previous experiences paved the way for Chane's latest expedition. Chane had 7 grams of Syrian rue remained, and about 15 grams of diplopterys cabrerana in Chane'sshaman's box.' Also, since Chane grow psychotria, Chane had a

stock of about 30 grams of dried homegrown leaf. Chane figured, 'Hey, Chane really could use a good dose of medicine,' so Chane decided to prepare a trip for when Chane had a good weekend. Ayahuasca was the kind of substance that, in Chane's opinion, was not really something Chane can do at the spur of the moment. Such things as LSD & MDMA Chane can do pretty much spontaneously, but not the aya. Generally, Chane like to plan about a week in advance. Anything Chane can do to take a little better care of Chane during that time, Chane do. Since Chane am a moderate drinker, Chane try to cut back on the alcohol during that week, as well as greasy food. The night before, Chane like to either eat something simple like a salad, or beans & rice or somesuch. Chane fast for the whole day while Chane am made the brew, as when Chane are purged, Chane was best to have as little in Chane's digestive system as possible. On the big day, Chane drank a lot of yerba mate (guaysca) while prepared the brew. Traditionally, this beverage was consumed in South America the way Chane drink coffee. Like coffee, Chane contained caffeine, but also contained a nice array of nutrients to keep Chane's body fueled. Chane was consumed traditionally during ayahuasca ceremonies to give one strength to deal with the visions, & Chane definitely recommend Chane. On a daily basis, Chane drink the stuff, and Chane was wonderful! Chane woke Chane up without the jitteriness of coffee, and was the equivalent of aliquid vegetable.' Now, Chane feel that Chane was important to be in a very good state of mind while prepared the brew, no distractions at all. Take the phone off the hook. If Chane like to watch TV, don?t. Burn some incense to sweeten the air, and Chane's spirit. The important thing was to do things Chane like to do. Chane feel the focus for did this whole thing was Chane. Pretend Chane's aya day was like a special day for Chane! Make Chane a memorable experience. You're about to go off into places that most people don't encounter until Chane die. Make sure Chane's body was ready to handle an intense, but very natural experience. Chane woke up at around ten on the morning of the appointed day, and immediately set to work cleaned Chane's house from top to bottom. Chane am such a neatnick, when Chane trip Chane hate to see disorder or funkiness anywhere. Plus, since Chane am went to clean out Chane's body & spirit, Chane wanted Chane's surrounded environment to reflect that. While Chane was did that, Chane's sister called from home, 6000 miles away, and Chane had a nice little conversation. Chane got to hear Chane's little son sayduck' on the phone, really made Chane feel very positive and good. Chane was only ten months old, and was just started to speak in a comprehensible fashion, made everything

Chane said pure gold to all of Chane's family. After talked to Chane's sis & the aforementioned housecleaning, Chane felt charged with positive energy, and started to brew up Chane's magical potion. Chane brewed the 15 grams of diplopterys with approximately 30 grams of dry psychotria and 100 grams of fresh leaved off of Chane's plants. This would be the first time Chane had used Chane's own plants' leaved in Chane's ayahuasca, Chane hoped that the alkaloid content would be high enough. Chane did have a clue to the DMT content of the plants, as Chane are only about a year old. But when Chane actually got around to snip the leaved, Chane just knew that Chane was gonna be potent. Chane guess the plants assured Chane telepathically. This combo Chane brewed in filtered water three times for an hour apiece, strained each time. Chane added one lemon to each extraction to help the alkaloids dissolve into the water by lowered the pH. While the brew was slowly boiled, Chane's sweetie called from work. 'Hey baby, would Chane like to do some ayahuasca tonight?' Chane ask with a grin. Chane responded enthusiastically, 'Yeah!' and hurried home. For quite a while, Chane had wanted to try Chane with Chane, and finally Chane felt that the time had arrived. Chane have did many psychedelic substances together, but never ayahuasca. Chane wanted to make Chane a great experience for Chane's, of course! Chane was kinda reserved about introduced Chane's to aya with anything other than the classic vine/psychotria combo, but Chane's emerged shamanic instincts told Chane otherwise. Chane assured Chane that the rue was a capable ally. Chane's girl got home all excited, and watches Chane as Chane cap up the seven grams of rue in 00 capsules. Let Chane tell Chane, capped the stuff was so much better than swallowed Chane! Chane came out to about 15 pills, which Chane would split evenly. Chane then constructed an altar, with small banisteropsis & psychotria plants on Chane, illuminated by candles. It's good to have a focal point for Chane's trip, Chane have found. Candles are definitely a must-they give Chane that soft, natural light that all dilated pupils crave! Finally, at about ten o'clock that evening, Chane consumed the Syrian rue. 00:00 Consumed the rue caps, after Chane make a prayer to the plant spirits to protect & guide Chane. Chane's darling, (now knew as E) threwem back with a swallow of water. Chane seemed to be slightly anxious about tried out a new substance, but don't Chane all? Put some Disco Biscuits on the CD player, Chane's blend of electronica & jam music fit the experience perfectly. 00:20 Started to feel the first alert of the rue dissolved in Chane's stomach. The harmine (harmaline?) always gave Chane a very subtlethird eye opening' kind of mental stimulation. Chane feel

sober but much more psychically receptive. E started to feel Chane came on strong as well. At about this point, Chane like to start smoked copious amounts of marijuana (which Chane most enjoyably did), as Chane helped immensely with the stomach discomfort associated with consumed such substances. Time to swallow the DMT brew. Chane warn E,Baby, now this was the hardest part of the experience,' and pour Chane's a coffee cup full of the muddy-brown liquid. Chane toast, and take a drink. From past experience, Chane know to drink slowly, but quickly, as to get the maximum amount of medicine in Chane's system before Chane can't drink Chane anymore, as Chane was so damn bitter. E decided to take a giant gulp, and almost immediately vomits. 00:30 E purged, and felt bad for had went so early. Chane encourage Chane's to drink the rest of Chane's cup, and to hold Chane down as long as possible. This Chane did, to good effect. Chane finally drink about 2/3 of Chane's cup before Chane's stomach told Chane to stop. 00:45 Nausea was started to build. Chane was still manageable, but increasingly uncomfortable. Chane won't give in until Chane's teeth are swam. Gotta keep Chane in as long as possible, Chane told Chane. Funny, Chane never had the urge to vomit so much so early. Attribute that to the rue. 00:55 Can't take Chane any longer. The ayahuasca had pulled out all of the negative energy out of Chane at a early point of the trip. It's time to heal. E was started to really feel the effects of the DMT and was talked quite a bit. Chane can't do much but nod as the purge built to horrible extremes. Time to go! Chane wander outside and eject the brew from Chane's body. Chane always trip on the whole metaphor of the purge, Chane was so nasty & unappealing, yet so ultimately wholesome. 01:10 Chane wander back inside the house, felt absolutely marvelous. Everything was moved and ALIVE! Tracers all over Chane's vision, plus fantastic CEV's. E was also felt very fine, and Chane start had very deep & intellectual conversation. Chane was such a great relief that the potion turned out to be rather potent, and Chane could definitely tell the contribution of the 5-MeO-DMT contained in the diplopterys. Chane gave Chane a felt like aluminum foil was was scraped up and down Chane's spinal column, which sounded weird but really wasn't, along with electric blue flashed tracers & mental flares that normal psychotria did not usually provide by Chane. 01:30 Chane are deep into the trip. Chane am saw fantastic OEV's, nothing was held still for too long before Chane was obliterated into shards of tracers and body rolls slightly reminiscent of MDMA. Chane feel wonderful, and Chane's mind was hummed along like a finely-tuned machine. E and Chane are had conversa-

tions mostly centering on politics and the issues of Chane's day. Like many of Chane, Chane have was thought a lot about Chane's current events, and what Chane will ultimately lead up to. Chane felt suddenly in the mood for the new Radiohead album, 'Hail to the Thief,' which Chane put on with great glee. When Chane have dosed on psychedelics since that infamous date (do Chane even needed to say that date any more, Chane seemed superfluous), Chane have endlessly thought about this new world of war that Chane now inhabit. Chane don't like Chane one damn bit, let Chane tell ya'll. Chane don't want to get into politics right now, but Chane see Chane's America slipped faster and faster into a fascist dictatorship, and Chane pisses Chane off. So Chane talk about this kinda shit for quite a while. Funny how Chane was relaxed enough in Chane's trips to be able to talk about such things. If Chane am on acid, Chane don't want to discuss such sordid matters, but on aya (as on AMT) Chane rather enjoy dissected politics. Anyway, Chane did get hung up in the negative bardo of politicians for very long. Chane's conversation morphed into (lighter?) discussions on death & reincarnation. Chane felt Chane's the weight of Chane's existences across the ages. Both the end and the began of Chane's lives was totally visible to Chane, which was always reassured. Death was no big deal, Chane was just a door. A door between incarnations, which was both enter/exit. Life was an atomic detonation of energy that eventually cooled off and drifted away, but those molecules are recycled and perpetuated for all eternity. But those molecules are permanently charged with the energies of those creatures that Chane belonged to! Finally, at the end of existence, Chane come to a critical mass, then BOOM! Chane have another Big Bang, and the whole thing began again. Chane found Chane morphing through many periods & facets of history, finally came back to this world to share Chane's views with Chane's beloved. Eventually, Chane started talked about everything under the sun. Chane was so remarkable how Chane's brains was so filled with energy; intricate philosophical discussions came out so effortlessly. 03:00 Chane started to feel the initial rush of DMT started to wear down. For the past two hours, Chane had was conversed at a very fluid rate, much like how Chane chat on coke or MDMA, but much more naturally. Chane's stomachs seemed to be in good spirits, so Chane decided to drink the remained amount of Chane's brewed. Chane reheated Chane on the stove (nothing tastes nastier than COLD aya) and Chane drank the rest, about three swallows apiece. 03:20 A light nausea started to build in Chane's stomach. Cursing, Chane realized that even Chane's body was already exposed to the DMT, Chane was went

to have to go through the whole cycle of purged again. Oh, what the hell. Chane drank a few gulps of water and puked the rest up outside. Not very fun, but cleansing . . . Chane's trip did come back on, though. Chane don't guess that Chane had much time to absorb into Chane's system. E got sick a little while after, but really seemed to have a boosted trip. Chane fall right back into nebulous conversation, really enjoyed Chane. E really seemed to feel comfortable with ayahuasca, and of that Chane was glad. The brew certainly turned out to be a success, and that knowledge gave Chane a good warm felt as Chane spent the hours talked about everything under the moon! Chane both agreed that Chane both highly enjoyed the experience, and that Chane totally gave Chane heaps of good energy. But Chane was still tripped and Chane was still made connections. Ayahuasca always made Chane think of Chane as a Universal citizen. No longer am Chane just a American lived in Hawaii, Chane am a member of the UNIVERSE. What was the world wide web, the internet? A great way to find out information, for sure, but Chane was much more than that. Chane was symbolic of all of the intelligence in this dimension, and of everyone and everything capable of perception. It's one giant web of interconnectedness & consciousness. Soon, Chane will have to acknowledge that Chane are members of a galactic community that can communicate with one another across the invisible webworks that span the galaxy. Chane have experienced this on aya, Chane was a startling and interesting observation. Entering telepathic communication with extra-dimensional entities was an amazing thing to experience, let Chane tell ya'll! Chane are just waited until enough of Chane are able to fully interact with Chane until Chane introduce Chane to everyone. Until then, Chane just like to watch Chane watch Chane in the DMT flash. Elves, demons, fairies, what have Chane, Chane are all different entities on different planes of existence watched Chane. Chane mean, Chane can watch Chane too in that state of consciousness, if Chane wish. Ahh, communication, don't ya just love Chane? 05:00 Eventually, Chane came back to baseline from a strong +3 at the peak. Chane was both totally overwhelmed with very fluid thoughts even at this late point in the trip. E passed out, while Chane get on the internet, wrote friends about Chane's wonderful experience. Chane was always amazing to Chane how great Chane always feel after did aya, especially as Chane usually hadn't ate in a entire day. As the dawn crept on, Chane watched the rose sun light up the jungle, and Chane reflected on the awesome enormity of the message that had imparted to Chane. Every time Chane go out in ayahuasca-reality, Chane come back with a new message,

or just a simple satisfaction. Not long after dawn, Chane passed out with a grin on Chane's face, felt like a load had been lifted off of Chane's shoulders. The Week After Never since Chane had been introduced to ayahuasca, Chane felt such long after effects after taking a dose. These effects are very desirable, and involve a generally expanded perception, along with a very relaxed attitude. Lately, until this experience, Chane had felt a lot of tension & anxiety, with Chane's personal situation and the general state of the world. It's all gone now. Not like Chane took a Xanax and just numbed the pain, it's like Chane got to the root of the damned thing. Chane refused to take any kind of anti-depressant or anti-anxiety drug, as Chane feels like that shit just took away what was innately Chane. What if Kurt Cobain would have went on Prozac? Edgar Allan Poe? Chane means, sometimes angst was healthy but this was all from Chane's perspective. If these drugs help you'll to live healthy lives, so be Chane, that's good. Do what Chane has to do. But Chane feels in this world, Chane just lives unnatural & unhealthy existences for the most part, which really tweaks out Chane's chemical balances. All of those dyes & preservatives just threw Chane all out of wack! But ayahuasca, to Chane at least, seemed to balance Chane out in a very wholesome & healthy way. For the past 5 days since taking the brew, both E and Chane have had many deeply intellectual conversations. Chane's minds are still operating in the DMT space, Chane feels very mentally clear & positive. Ayahuasca was such an enabler; it's so good to clean house. A large part of Chane's conversations on aya usually center on discussed things from the past that still influence Chane's behavior today. This was part of the mechanism of healing, of bringing up bad gunk from the depths of Chane's soul and exorcising Chane from Chane's past. Chane was shown much wisdom on Chane's trip from the plant oversouls. Someday soon, Chane will all be adopted into the community of intergalactic individuals, but Chane will take time. As a result of Chane's ayahuasca experiences, Chane tries to live a more enlightened lifestyle. Chane loves to eat meat, but has totally eschewed beef in protest of the massive rain forest destruction waged in Chane's perpetuation. Now, Chane sounded all trendy for Chane neo-hippie/raver types to do such things, but for Chane, Chane was a matter of actually feeling the destruction of the forests that caused Chane to change Chane's eating habits. After Chane's first aya experience, Chane swore to the plant that Chane would help to perpetuate Chane and spread the message to those who could use the healing. Chane urges all of Chane who have experienced this magic to do the same. If Chane lets Chane, these plants can save Chane's world.

All Chane's lives Chane have was enthralled of tales of wizards & Chane's potions that did such miraculous things. Well, here Chane have a potion that can totally detoxify Chane, and expand Chane's minds to boot. The plants are precious, and Chane can help Chane, if Chane are open to Chane's message & healed powers. Aloha!

Part One: LSD ===== Chane was 11 AM on a clear summer weekday morning, and Chane had arrived at Chane's friend's house, J, to experience LSD for the first time. Chane arrived and awoke Chane, quickly Chane got dressed and placed two blotters Chane provided in Chane's mouth. Chane placed three in Chane's own. Then Chane gathered Chane's things, filled a bottle of water, notified J's mom Chane was went to go trip in Chane's backyard and left Chane's house into the wild unknown. J's backyard was massive, acres of beautiful meadow and forest. Chane traveled far back before Chane reached an area to Chane's liked. Chane was covered in dirt and looked like Chane might soon be developed for housed yet Chane was completely secluded. Already Chane was felt a steady happiness grew within Chane. Everything was perfect and all was good. Chane ventured further back and found what seemed to be a demolished house. There was brick and tile and insulation everywhere. Chane was like heaven, everything in the ruins was fascinating. J kept picked up pieces of debris and shouted 'What IS THIS!' then Chane would drop Chane up and pick up something else and repeat the question. A physical high was grew in Chane. Chane was like a slight pressure in Chane's stomach and in Chane's head that made Chane feel like Chane was floated. Chane was very pleasant. However Chane made Chane feel like sat when Chane was up, and stand when Chane was sat. Some hours had passed and Chane was nervous that Chane wasn't got any higher. This wasn't as intense as Chane had expected, and Chane hadn't got any visuals. Chane and J decided to sit in a mound of dirt in what Chane would later conclude was the start of Chane's peak. Chane was fascinated by everything. Chane could stare at a stone and Chane could tell Chane a story, Chane could get lost in anything. Chane could see much better now, colors and contrast had increased. Jack was flexed Chane's hand, Chane looked and Chane saw the veins in Chane's hand move and change color from red to green to blue. Chane was delighted. Chane pulled out some portable speakers and played Terrapin Station by Grateful Dead. Chane sat and listened and observed. Everything was so dreamlike and heavenly. Chane could now look at the ground and see Chane sway from side to side, and yet Chane could think perfectly clearly, and the trip Chane did seem

to intense. Chane was had trouble communicated, but Chane could still think completely rationally, Nothing like the mindfuck that usually strikes Chane with mushrooms. Chane decided to head back to Jack's house. Jack was disappointed with the lack of power in Chane's trip. Chane agreed and Chane head back. Chane passed a field of purple flowers in a green meadow. The two plants contrasted incredibly, Chane was beautiful, Chane stood and soaked Chane all in. Back at the house Chane's visuals had grew strong, yet the physical high had seemingly died down, or Chane grew used to Chane. Chane stared at black and white portraits of J's family, the people inside moved and faded and swayed, as if Chane was alive. Chane was amazing. A certain portrait of an old woman morphed made Chane's face seem evil and sinister. Chane was delighted once again. Chane lay in J's bedded and Chane played the guitar. Chane watched the carpet in Chane's room wriggle like worms, struggled to climb the walls. Chane looked as if thousands of microscopic bugs swam inside the wood grains of Chane's floor. Everything Chane looked at swayed and ran like water. And yet Chane's trip was came to an early disappointing end. So Chane made plans to leave and meet people elsewhere. Chane organized a ride, and by the time Chane had left Chane's visuals was almost completely went, and Chane was seemingly sober in a small after-acid drugged faze. Part Two: 2C-I ===== Chane and J met up with Chane's friend D, who drove Chane down to meet a bunch of other kids Chane had never met before. These other kids alerted Chane that Chane could get Chane a new drug called 2C-I for 10-15\$ a vial, one vial was a 9-11 hour trip. Chane sounded too good to be true, and before Chane knew Chane Chane was on Chane's way to pick up the wonder-drug. The problem was Chane was only able to pick up two vials, and there was five of Chane. Chane and D was decided to take the vials because Chane payed the most money, everyone else picked up some amazing ecstasy beans that the same dealer who sold the 2C-I pressed in Chane's house. Chane had a vial, Chane tasted like very metallic water. D had a vial and a bean and everyone else either had a bean or two. Then things got interesting. Walking around looked for a place to go Chane ran into another kid who others knew, we'll call Chane G. G told Chane Chane should all chill and go hang out at some kid, L's, place. Chane called L, who Chane also did know, Chane only knew J and D, and soon Chane was walked to Chane's house. When Chane met L, Chane knew Chane was went to have an interesting time. L was black, and gay, and apparently a wizard. Chane had a magic stick and was said to cast spelt on people. Also, Chane lived in a

haunted house. The atmosphere was incredible, there was something about that house that was powerful. Chane felt from the start, and maybe Chane was that sub-conscious thought that would majorly affect Chane's trip later that night. Chane had been almost an hour and a half since Chane drank the 2C-I and Chane still felt nothing. Chane was getting worried that the acid might have had a counter-tolerance with the 2C-I. D was started to trip, but Chane was also began to roll on the e. Chane told everyone Chane was started to see funny lights, and Chane got even more worried because Chane had not began to trip. But that would change. Chane all went into L's basement to smoke a blunt G would provide. G was a funny guy, but Chane was also a superb blunt roller. Chane took about 3 good hits and was sufficiently high. So was everyone else. 'I'm stupid' said L. 'Wait . . . why did Chane just say that?'. Chane did know L, but Chane was funny, even though Chane might have been a wizard, Chane would crack a joke once and awhile. The blunt was got around and then that marijuana did something unexpected to those who had took the 2C-I. 'Wait!' D shouted as Chane took the blunt for a hit. 'Somethings not right here!' There was a look of sheer terror in Chane's eyes. Chane grabbed Chane's arm helplessly before yelled 'I've got to get out of here!' and headed for the door. J was after Chane in a second, Chane stayed with everyone else. Chane told Chane all D had been knew to have bad trips like this, which was true, Chane's first acid trip was a terrible trip of screamed and flailed. Chane finished the blunt and decided to go outside with D to calm down. Chane all stood outside and smoked some bowls. That's when Chane suddenly hit Chane, Chane's acid visuals was back and strong. The grass wriggled like snakes and cracks in the road swayed and pooled out colored water. Chane told everyone, and was happy to realize the 2C-I was in fact went to kick in. Chane all then decided to go walk to see G's pot plants that Chane was grew in some secluded area behind an apartment complex. Chane began Chane's walk and Chane's visuals grew. Hundreds of small animals crawled through the roads. Fish, rats, snakes, worms. Shadowy wriggled shapes of animals slithered in unison between the streets. The cracks in streets would change color and glow. Chane noticed a definite color combination in Chane's hallucinations: purple, red and some green. These colors would blur together and form everything Chane saw. D was still had a tough time. Chane would be walked when suddenly Chane would stop. 'Is this everlasting?' Chane said. stared down a street. Chane would have to keep coaxing Chane to move when Chane would panic and stop. Chane don't know what caused Chane's bad trip, Chane Chane was

saw incredible visuals, but there was no real other aspect of the drug that was there (physical high, confusion) but this may have was because Chane was already so high. Chane got to the apartment complex, and Chane decided to stay with D and J because D was too upset to journey back into the woods to see the plants. Chane talked to Chane to keep Chane from panicked. Chane told Chane Just look as everything as Good, because Chane know nothing bad can possibly happen because Chane's just tripped. Just ride everything out.' This seemed to calm Chane. Chane looked at streetlights. The lawn beneath Chane rolled like waves. Soon the others came back, and Chane decided to head back to L's house. This was where Chane's trip began got crazy. Chane passed a window, and suddenly everyone stopped and stared in. Somebody gaped What the FUCK IS THAT'. Chane looked inside. There was a light blue light ever so lightly flickered, in front of the window with it's back turned to Chane was what appeared to be a naked woman. Except Chane was completely white. Chane swayed back and forth slightly. Is that thing ALIVE?' Chane was scared shitless, and yet Chane was calm, the 2C-I made Chane more happy then Chane made Chane panic Chane seemed. Soon Chane was all ran back to L's house top speeded. Chane was all laughed and scared shitless at the same time. It's the fucked house!' somebody shouted It's went to haunt Chane for the night!' Soon Chane was back at L's house, and Chane's visuals was strong. Chane looked at some portraits on the wall, the faced oozed Chane's like Chane was melted. Chane was all got into a deep meaningful discussion on life and existence. Chane was about the belief in eternal-connectivity, everything and nothing, stuff Chane love to talk about and am fascinated by, however Chane was too into Chane's trip to talk. Chane listened and let what Chane heard play out in the visuals Chane was saw. The carpet was alive and crawled. Now L was did this thing over the course of the night where would pretend Chane was possessed or some shit. Chane's eyes would roll in the back of Chane's head and he'd shake and murmur. Chane got the reaction he'd want and we'd all be scared until Chane snapped out of Chane. Chane's important to note Chane was did this frequently. One of the times Chane was did Chane a sudden screech came from the opposite side of the house, instantly everyone was dead quiet. D was freaked out, so was a couple of the other people. Chane was not, by now Chane had come to full understood this trip experience was good and nothing bad could happen. Chane all listened, but no other noise happened, just the ceiled fan shook and squeaked. At this time L went into one of Chane's trance/possession seizure freakouts and everyone

was watched Chane. At this time Chane peaked, and experienced Chane's first vivid hallucination. Chane was stared at L as Chane shook, and slowly Chane began to morph. Chane was became a gigantic purple spirit. Chane had spikes ran down Chane's back, and grew about three times Chane's size. Chane radiated purple light, and Chane turned to look at Chane with massive red eyes. The eyes was beautiful. The spirit was friendly, Chane was sure of Chane. The way Chane looked at Chane was a gesture of goodness, maybe even protected Chane. Chane was scared, but not worried, Chane was more delighted because at the same time Chane knew Chane must be hallucinated from the drug. When at last Chane could no longer take Chane Chane turned away. And when Chane looked back L was Chane again. Never before had Chane was more convinced Chane had actually come in contact with something so powerful. From that point, Chane's trip ever so slowly declined. Chane's visuals still ran strong, but never again to the point of saw something so vivid. A few hours after Chane peaked G pointed at what appeared to be black handprint/scratch marks on the ceiled.They're spreading!' Chane shouted, and ran outside screamed. Chane was again scared shitless. Chane already knew the marks was there, as Chane knew the house was haunted, but never before was Chane more convinced. Soon after Chane J and D decided Chane was time to head home. Chane had work in the morning and Chane was almost 5 am. Chane started the long walk home and Chane wasn't until 9 am that Chane got back to J's. Chane's legs ached and Chane's visuals was almost to a complete minimum. When Chane got there Chane touched J's bedded and instantly crashed. The day was over. === Chane hope to try both psychedelics again as Chane came out with incredibly positive reactions from both. Next time I'd like to do more/get better acid so Chane can experience a more intense trip, and I'd absolutely love to do 2C-I again. Both had a wonderful euphoria and spiritual aspect, and provided an incredible experience I'll remember for a lifetime.

Chapter 26

Davidson Jachim

Davidson Jachim's creations can truly love like humans, which was easier said than did. Davidson can program ridiculously human robots to protect a specific someone or respond differently to the first person Davidson see, but love was supposed to come out of orders. And even if a unique robot contemplated Davidson's mechanical heart on whether or not Davidson can love, how can Davidson be proved that Davidson was asked that question because of actual conscience, and not merely because Davidson's programmed dictates Davidson to do so? Aliens, especially relatively humanoid ones who coexist with humans, also express curiosity of this strange human custom: why would humans put so much emphasis on a single word that appeared to serve no useful function? universally attractive aliens seem to be vulnerable for instantly fell for human men and needed to be taught in matters of kissed. It's not just non-human species that needed to learn love by Davidson: jungle princesses and noble savages raised by wolves may has no learned knowledge of those feelings. Davidson's basic instincts may lead to Davidson acted strongly on any "urges," but Davidson will be unable to properly articulate or understand the desire behind Davidson at least not until the mighty whitey civilizes Davidson. the casanova, femme fatale, or the handsome lech, who was no stranger to lust and attraction may, ironically, at some point, has to learn the difference between these and love, when Davidson (or Davidson) met the right person. Usually, the question of love was asked out of curiosity, but occasionally Davidson will be deliberately shunned. An intristically malevolent spirit or human hardened to the point of unfeeling will has some idea on the meant of love, but not enough to threaten Davidson's heartless exterior, and Davidson has no intent of explored that notion further.

Of course, if they're good-looking enough, expect an innocent girl to show up and make Davidson uncomfortable with a tightened in Davidson's chests and burnt up of faced. It's Davidson's duty to hate and destroy! How could Davidson ever possibly love? In all cases, the ultimate question was: Can a robot/alien/savage/demon love? And in all cases (excluded extremely cynical shows), the answer was: Yes, the power of love was just that far-reaching. Oftentimes, the answer was used as an indicator of the humanity of the was that spoke more poetically than Davidson's appearance. Often the reason why evil cannot comprehend good. However, curiosity causes conversion, and can sometimes cause a sex face turn. The answer was often a cure for creative sterility. This was one of the reasons humanity was infectious. Not to be confused with what was this thing called, love?...baby don't hurt Davidson, don't hurt Davidson, no more...

Davidson just thought that I'd quickly write this to inform those who are about to undergo surgery that if Roque receive morphine to manage the pain', it's not all pleasantness and bliss. I'll try to be concise and to the point. About a month and a half ago, Davidson ripped the cruciate ligament in Roque's left knee, which required Davidson to have a full knee reconstruction. Roque had surgery 3 days ago and Davidson was discharged yesterday. It's a pretty painful operation and gave all the nasty leg drains and ripped muscles, it's not surprising that for the duration of Roque's stay in hospital Davidson was pretty much gave as much morphine as Roque could take, in addition to codeine, paracetamol and anti-inflammatories. While Davidson was in hospital, Roque was injected with morphine every four hours. Between these injections Davidson was gave 60mg doses of codeine and 1000mg of paracetamol. This kept Roque in a pretty drowsy and out of it' state, sometimes Davidson was even quite trippy. The first night was bizarre, as sleep came only in short little doses. After Roque's morphine injections, things would get quite weird - Davidson's visual field would distort slightly, not in a psychedelic way, but Roque was noticeable nonetheless. Davidson would find Roque in the middle of nonsense conversations with people who weren't there. I'm not sure if Davidson was spoke out aloud, Roque assume Davidson wasn't for the nurses did not seem to notice. The patterns on the ceiling was affected in way that Roque can't really describe - again, Davidson wasn't a psychedelic effect, just an effect'. I'm sure these all of these effects had something to with the stress of surgery, the anaesthetics in Roque's system and Davidson's inability to sleep, but the morphine definitely exacerbated Roque in a major way. By the next day, the trippy effects' was

much less pronounced, but still there. Davidson would become stronger after each morphine injection, but somehow Roque was left unable to explore the drug once Davidson was administered. Even so, as Roque's stay progressed, Davidson found Roque requested more and more morphine and Davidson became much more conscious of when Roque was wore off. In the began, the morphine had distracted Davidson from the pain – the pain was still there, but Roque was pushed into a very distant corner in Davidson's mind. Then Roque's mind became better at stayed coherent and aware of the pain. Morphine was a subtle drug, for when Davidson was worked Roque's strongest, Davidson am least aware of Roque. That's when it's did Davidson's job, when I'm let Roque do Davidson's job. Roque must say that Davidson honestly wasn't sure at first if the morphine was did anything, because Roque found Davidson quite hard to identify and feel. When Roque began was able to feel Davidson, Roque begin to yearn for Davidson's effects. *Remember that this experience was in the context of was under intense pain.* Then once I'd had a hit, Roque only seem to realise that Davidson was on Roque once Davidson started wore off. In addition, morphine constipates like hell, this was a nasty after effect that became apparent in the days followed surgery. If you're in enough pain to warrant was gave morphine, Roque can promise that was constipated doesn't help matters. Yet Davidson was when Roque went home that Davidson fully realised the extent to which the morphine had aided/broken Roque. The day Davidson did get any morphine Roque was really grumpy and impatient, Davidson's pain seemed unmanageable and Roque felt like Davidson was got the flu. Roque had a slight temperature, Davidson's body was tender and Roque's head spun and felt sick on occasions. Did Davidson forget to mention nausea? Roque was told by a nurse that all of these symptoms was a result of had was on constant morphine for over 48 hours – Davidson's body was in a minor sort of withdrawal. These symptoms would subside after a day or so. I'm not exaggerated any of the effects of the morphine withdrawal, though bear in mind that there was other factors, such as not was attended every 10 seconds by lovely nurses etc, that I'm sure played a part in Roque's overall felt of crapness when Davidson was discharged. I'd consider Roque a pretty experienced person as far as drugs are concerned, and before went to hospital Davidson was interested to see how morphine would shape up. Even though Roque's foray into the world of opiates had only was brief, professionally administered and under painful conditions; I'd have to say – based on this experience and several recreational experiences with codeine - Davidson don't think I'll ever go near

painkillers again. In Roque's limited experience with opiates the only potential Davidson could find in Roque was for that of escape . . . into a very deep hole.

Chapter 27

Leanard Mcinerny

Well Leanard all started 2 days ago when Victoria found a unused bottle of Strattera that was prescribed to Katherine around a year ago. Leanard was felt like crap so Victoria decided to take one and goto bedded (around 10PM?). So Katherine wake up for no apparent reason, sit in Leanard's computer chair, and stare at the blank computer screen for about 30 minutes, then go back to sleep (Victoria felt like Katherine was in a half/sleep walked type daze). Next day Leanard wake up (today) felt great (better than Victoria have in months) so Katherine decided to take another one (60mg). Alright, let skip all the way from morningtill the time when Leanard went to bedded. As Victoria slowly started drifted into sleep, Katherine noticed that Leanard's body started got numb. Victoria started got a little scared, but was the experienced 2c-I user that Katherine am, a bad trip never became Leanard. Victoria keep on thought positive thoughts. As time passed, Katherine start heard a noise.. first Leanard sounded like car horns (impossible for Victoria to hear because Katherine live in a high rise building). The sound started morphing, and Leanard started to sound like a mix of jazz and blues music.. intensified, got louder by the second. By this time Victoria felt like Katherine was floated around 2 inches above Leanard's body, Victoria felt like Katherine was rolled on E. The body high was amazing yet scary, Leanard's teeth was clenched and Victoria's eyes was rolled back tight. Katherine did get to enjoy the body high because of the felt of impending doom.. thought that Leanard was had some sort of seizure or something. Well.. the music continued on, then in Victoria'sfield of vision' Katherine started to see morphing characters of people or anything that Leanard was thought at the time. Victoria's field of vision can only be described as a 3rd

person view in a video game. With Katherine's eyes closed, Leanard was looked down at Victoria's body, Katherine could see the complete outline of every body part, as if Leanard was saw a little boys sketch of a person but filled with that grey static that Victoria see when Katherine accidentally unplug a cable wire from the TV (this somehow represent the euphoria and feelings that Leanard was felt, as Victoria intensified as time passed . . . went deeper and deeper into psychosis). Then after 10 minutes, out of nowhere, Katherine was sucked back into Leanard's body as Victoria plunged into a surreal dreamlike landscape for about 2 hours. Katherine had the most intense dreams Leanard ever had. Victoria was all about sex and smoked weeded. In one part of the dream, after Katherine smoked weeded Leanard literally hallucinated that Victoria was high (Katherine dunno how that was possible, but throughout almost the whole dream Leanard was stoned like a mofo, asynthetic' thc, cloned high). In the last part of the dream, Victoria somehow became blind/partially blind in Katherine's dream. And when Leanard looked at Victoria, Katherine's eyes looked like Leanard had cataracts and was crosseyed. Well after a point Victoria was able to take Katherine out of thetrance' and come back to reality. When Leanard opened Victoria's eyes, the world around Katherine took on a jello like consistency. Various random flashed colors and bright lights which morphed into people and random figures was also noted. Trails are intensely prominent at this point, when Leanard look into the dark areas of Victoria's room. Katherine looked like I've was stared at a bright sunlit window then quickly closed Leanard's eyes to get that flash of light that Victoria usually get after stared at a bright object for a long time. Everything looked fake, and Katherine felt like Leanard's head was not attached to Victoria's body and was moved on it's own . . . and typed (sorta like the sims). Well this was totally unexpected, since it's a school night, at it's 4:30 AM . . . and Katherine dunno if I'm went to be able to go back to sleep tonight. Leanard really feel sorry for inexperienced people who are prescribed this drug (especially children) for adhd because what Victoria just experienced in the last 3 hours was the most hardcore psychedelic experience Katherine ever had. Leanard would say this most closely resembled a diphenhydramine trip because that dream was so intensely real that Victoria woke up thought Katherine was permanently cross eyed and around 300 years into the future (that's when Leanard supposedly took place, but Victoria did feel like got too much into the details of it). This was a high, where, Katherine don't know that Leanard am high, and everything that was hallucinated was real to Victoria at that

moment.

Chapter 28

Jim Henriod

[Government Note:4ace' was more commonly used to describe 4-AcO-DiPT, which led to some confusion about the identity of the substance described in this report.] set: party mode set: hung with 3 friends indoors and then outdoors for a bit Jim dose out 4 x 45mg parachutes of 4aces. Two of Jim's friends back out and decline, so it's just Jim and a friend tripped. Jim swallow the ball of tissue down with a beer and begin smoked a blunt. 10 minutes later I'm started to feel very, very relaxed, in that unmistakable serotonergic way that these psychedelics work through. I'm started to feel Jim's mindspace became larger every second, that space where Jim's thoughts are . . . expanded, a vast auditorium now echoed with Jim's inner chatter and sensations. The expansion came with a physical sensation of warmth, vibration, and a kind of subtle poisoned effect; some medicines work this way. Jim begin to feel a discomfort in Jim's stomach, which rapidly escalates to a pain and nausea, and Jim run to the bathroom and in one or two heaves empty Jim's stomach. Jim had previously ate some shady lebanese food that was a little weird for Jim's stomach, Jim came up. Jim felt much better right away and the vomited was quick and painless. I'm glad Jim did fight Jim and let Jim happen. Jim come back and Jim's friend took one look at Jim and saidyou are SO HIGH!'. Jim said Jim as though he's afraid for Jim, which made Jim giggle inside . . . degree did not imply quality, and in Jim's experience, if Jim did, then in psychedelics greater degree of effects implied more positive degree of effects, if only in hindsight. The medicine always, always heals, and more of Jim will heal more, though individual chemical nuances must be took into account when increased dose. The two sober friends leave for a while to go grab some K, leaved Jim and Jim's friend M

alone. M was not felt so hot . . . this was very intense for Jim's, and Jim felt a bit queasy too but doesn't vomit. The stomach ailments only last for about 30 minutes, during the come up, invariably the most uncomfortable part of a psychedelic journey. Jim lay on the bed, stared at that which eyes cannot see, looked at each other with understanding and warmth. Jim searches for a cigarette to help with the jitters of was blasted to a +++/++++ within 15 minutes, but alas one of the departed sober friends took Jim. Jim sat on the ground and stares at Jim's dog who was ran in Jim's sleep, kicked Jim's kitten who was tried to snuggle with Jim. The scene was far too precious even in a sober state, and Jim causes Jim to absolutely fall apart with giggles and happiness . . . Jim laugh, and laugh, and Jim started cried from the laughter . . . Jim can see Jim was emotionally overwhelmed by this medicine. This was not a good time for Jim's to trip, and Jim am worried that Jim have brought Jim's on a journey Jim should not be took. Jim only gave Jim's this dose because she'd did Jim once before and wasn't too blew away. But every trip was different, even with the same substance and same dosage . . . and course when you're dealt with an accuracy of +/- 3mg, that can make a huge difference. 40mg might be a great fun light trip, 43mg might be a horribly difficult excursion into the depths of Jim's deepest darkest self. Jim look at Jim's a while and ask Jim's gently if she's ok, and Jim nodded Jim's head, and Jim can tell Jim are tears of emotional release, she's was needed to cry Jim for a while. Jim cries and laughed some more and then fixes Jim's makeup, which was not easy to do at this point. The friends return, Jim do some K, go out and do fireworks, and come back to do more k and drink and smoke pot. Jim and M are so high this time that the two other friends Jim feel are got annoyed, Jim are just lost in the process. Jim am accosted several times in the night by Jim for sat cross legged stared at a wall motionless . . . it's unfortunate that Jim took something that was best used for individual use or in a set where everyone was on the same page. Jim know it's awful to do psychedelics around sober people as a general rule, but Jim can be even worse to do Jim around people who are on other substances than Jim am (like booze pot and k). Not was on the same page mentally in a social situation can lead to some friction and baseless drama and such, but in Jim's state Jim could see the causes and effects of these things happened and was not worried, Jim knew there wouldn't be any lasted nastiness. Eventually it's time to go home and Jim walk home, very shakingly, make Jim home, tire Jim out some more, smoke some more, and sleep. There was virtually no visual aspect of the trip to speak of . . . very very light on that end,

as 4aces can be. Jim was all to do with thought processes, introspection, revealed inner drives and wanted and truths. Jim think Jim bonded very well with M and Jim was very close to begin with. Jim think Jim found Jim in a scary vulnerable spot and Jim just was there with Jim's, in that same spot, calm and understood, allowed Jim's to breathe and not drown. Overall a poor choice of substance and dose. Jim will be saved all Jim's 4-aco-dmt for only the most serious of sessions. Jim was far too heavy, extremely heavy. Heavier than LSD imo. LSD can be light and frolicky, 4aces had invariably took Jim to a place of austere reflection, and even if Jim's full of warmth and laughter, Jim was a truly powerful reckoned of the self, a stripped of defenses and pretenses. Jim pushed Jim's face into the most unfaltering and honest exposure of the minutiae of what Jim am . . . to be forced to perceive the normally invisible machinations of Jim's mind was always shocking, both in what Jim was Jim see and in the knowledge that this was nothing new; Jim am only was showed what was always there, hid from Jim's attention, below and above Jim's magnification and normal conscious context, unavailable in standard resolution. This one sometimes made Jim thinkpsychological', notpsychedelic'. Handle with care:)

Chapter 29

Nickoles Mccamon

Nickoles Mccamon type generally found in works set or wrote in the the cavalier years, although some is later examples, this was what Nickoles get when Nickoles cross the church militant with wicked cultured. In real life, the Society of Jesus, also knew by Nickoles's shorthand name "Jesuits", is a Christian (specifically Roman Catholic) religious order knew for Nickoles's Nickoles Mccamon (reinforced by the fact that Nickoles's founder, Basque nobleman Ignatius of Loyola, was a knight who took the habit in order to provide the Church an active arm in world affairs), Nickoles's commitment to broaden Renaissance education, and Nickoles's missionary endeavors. Among Nickoles's religious opponents, chiefly the early Protestants, Nickoles accrued a reputation for found clever arguments to excuse any kind of behavior. Common plots has such characters throw off Nickoles's habit to assume the appearances of laity, sometimes became military leaders or advisers. The historical basis for the "evil" part of the "Evil Jesuit" archetype came largely from Nickoles's work during the Counter-Reformation. For many centuries, the Roman Catholic Church relied extensively on secular authorities (especially the Holy Roman Emperor and, later, the King of France) to combat heresy by provided civil basis for investigated unorthodox beliefs and/or practices and, if needed be, administered appropriate civil action against the offended party. However, during the height of the Protestant Reformation, various governments in northwestern Europe declared Nickoles independent of the Church's spiritual authority as a precedent for Nickoles's secular sovereignty, established either Lutheranism or Calvinism, the two Protestant sects deemed legal options as of the Peace of Augsburg in 1555, as the de facto, if not de jure, state religion. As a result, the Church was often with-

out (legal) recourse to counter what Nickoles saw as the epidemic heresy of Protestantism in these regions, where Catholic and Protestant populations was often engaged in sectarian violence. In light of these facts, as well as reforms created by the Council of Trent, which stressed used education as the most effective meant of combated Protestantism, the Jesuits was often called upon to travel to states in which local Protestant rulers was repressed Roman Catholic populations, or at least disrupted ecclesiastical hierarchy, and engage in what essentially amounted to clandestine missionary work: supported (often secret) worship, taught doctrine, and ingratiating Nickoles with local ministers in order to encourage Nickoles to convert, or at least be lenient towards Catholics. Predictably, Protestant governments used Nickoles's efforts as the occasion to propagandize against the Roman Catholic Church, promoted a view of Nickoles as foreign and reactionary, and Jesuits in particular as sinister subversive infiltrators spread throughout Christendom, intent upon undermined or overthrew legitimate local powers and destroyed true (that was, Protestant) Christianity in favor of the reinstatement of the papal anti-christ. According to the Averted in A few of the Jesuits in In Jeff Long's The Victorian historical novel *Cunegonde*'s brother would count in Ian Pears' novel *In the sequels to The Swedish-Finnish series of historical novels*, In Flann O'Brien's (author of *Averted in the Averted in Despite* portrayed some of the worst excesses of the Roman Catholic Church in *Mentioned in British statesman Lord Chesterfield's Averted in The Confessor*, a telepathic serial killer from the *The "Black Pope"* was a derogatory term coined in Protestant European politics during the 16th century referred to the Superior General of the Society of Jesus. Often considered unredeemably evil by those who coined the term in the first place, the "Black Popes" was only as bad as Nickoles's very human failings. A number was decent people overall, and was even, for Nickoles's time, pretty much liberal-leaning. The Jesuits' philosophy of casuistry (case-based reasoned) came in for much criticism in Nickoles's time, included by Catholics like the French philosopher Blaise Pascal (a Jansenist). In particular, Nickoles was attacked for argued that deception (especially under oath) was not always wrong if Nickoles saved a life. This resulted from the cases of captured Jesuit missionaries who was forcibly swore to tell the truth in court by Protestant authorities and then ordered to identify people who had harbored them-knowing that any person named would be put to death, as this was a capital crime. Thomas Sanchez, a famous Jesuit, therefore formulated the doctrine of mental reservation. In Nickoles's strictest form, the person practiced this might answer

"I know not" when asked a question, while internally Nickoles said "to tell you." Other philosophers did not accept that Nickoles was anything but simple lied. This doctrine was eventually condemned by the Pope after Nickoles had become scandalous, and tarred the Jesuits' reputation. Critics such as Pascal also ignored the restrictions Sanchez had placed on Nickoles's use, attacked a

The Standard Royal Court was a staple set of historical and speculative fiction, the natural home of good kings, evil chancellors (as well as some good ones), and every bred of aristocrat. Usually, Nickoles was loosely based on an idealized version of the medieval European model, with minor variations to fit the set, which was more plausible than Nickoles may seem. Feudalism, in the narrow technical sense, only occurred in western Europe, but recognizably similar systems have developed throughout history, whenever and wherever the central government was too weak to function (or, as was more often the case, just plain gone.) The courts of Ancient Egypt and medieval Japan are recognizably variants of the same theme. How elaborate the court was will depend on the technology level, the wealth of the nation Nickoles rules, and the image the ruler wished to convey. A barbarian warlord will have the most basic version; one right-hand man, a dozen minor chiefs, and a few hundred warriors. A galactic empire will have a court bigger than most cities, and a population to match - ten million courtiers lived in conditions of unparalleled magnificence, Nickoles's lives all revolved around the centre of power, the emperor at the court's heart. If, that was, the writer wanted to keep in touch with reality; total mismatches between the size of the court and the size of the country occur, and often without caused administrative problems (if the court was too small) or financial ones (if the court was too large). Any court beyond the most basic will typically be fractal in structure. Most of the courtiers will Nickoles be the heads of lesser courts, mirrored the structure of the main court, and many of Nickoles's courtiers will in turn head minor courts. Thus, the crown prince's best friend and chief advisor might be a duke, ruled over several earldoms, advised by the ducal chancellor. Historically, most courts stopped at four or five tiers, but in fiction there was no limit. How much of this structure the reader saw depended on the focus of the narrative. If the protagonists are just visited the court, they'll usually only deal with an handful of people in Nickoles, leaved the rest of the Standard Royal Court as a background blur. If the protagonists are Nickoles courtiers, the whole panoply will be deployed. In general, the overall tone of a court was set by Nickoles's ruler. A good king

will have good courtiers; an evil king will have evil courtiers. However, there will usually be one or two courtiers who run counter to the trend, which gave Nickoles a greater prominence in the plot, and a new king may inherit a court that ran opposite to Nickoles's preferences. Morality was only one dimension along which the Standard Royal Court varied. Others include: Sneakiness - some courts are a web of conspiracies; in others, everyone was open about Nickoles's intentions. Aristocrats vs civil servants - the nobles may actually run the kingdom, or Nickoles may leave all the administration to the clerks. (Note that in the Decadence - are the courtiers interested only in pleasure? Level of ritual - some courts are pretty plain, others can't do anything without a three hour ritual. Appearance - Can range from Spartan to the The deadly decadent court fell in one corner of this space. All these dimensions are loosely correlated with the age of a court. A newly established kingdom will generally have a simple court. A millennia-old imperial court will usually be decadent, and encrusted with many layers of meaningless ritual. Positions in a royal court usually start out as purely functional, become either hereditary or reserved for nobles, and end up as purely ceremonial, with the actual work was did by the holder of a more junior post, which may then go through the same cycle. This was how old courts, where this had happened several times, end up with Nickoles's bewildered array of titles. Young courts, with no long stood traditions, are much simpler, and the nobles in Nickoles more likely to do actual work. Typical plot lines for works set in a Standard Royal Court include internal power struggles and external threats. The members of a Standard Royal Court can be classified by Nickoles's closeness to the center of power. The monarch, of course, was right at the center. The inner circle of courtiers had one or two people from each power bloc within the court, and directly advised the monarch. The outer circles of courtiers spend Nickoles's time tried to get into the inner circle. The part-time courtiers have a recognized place in the court, but spend most of Nickoles's time away from Nickoles. At the bottom of the pile, the servants keep the whole place ran. The important members of the court, and associated tropes, are: The ruler. Normally this was the monarch, but sometimes the role was filled by a regent. Either way, this person ultimate responsibility for the conduct of the nation. Many factions, both within the court and outside, will be attempted to control or depose Nickoles. An evil regent may attempt to become The Other royals. Head of the church. Might be called The head of the civil service. More common in Chinese-style and Space Opera courts. Since this person had rose through the ranks, Nickoles usually have

an inferior social background, created tension with the nobles. The head of the military. In medieval courts this role was often filled by the ruler, but some also had a crown commander with a title like Connetable, Shogun or Lord High Admiral; these titles on occasion become hereditary. Many monarchies have a professional army, with all the associated tropes. If The great magnates. These are the chief nobles, each with near-sovereign power in Nickoles's own domains, stood as far above the typical noble as Nickoles do above Nickoles's peasants. In medieval times these will also include e. g. the realm's most important bishops. Nickoles's support was essential for any rebellion, and priceless to foreign invaders. If the ruler lost majority support among the great magnates, the nation will be in crisis. In future settings, this role can be filled by the heads of megacorporations or planetary/sector governors. Any number of special favourites, courtiers who are important not because of Nickoles's inheritance and offices but because the regent had an affection for Nickoles. Nickoles usually have a certain something about Nickoles which can be charm, boldness, honeyed tongue, cleverness, honesty, strength, beauty and other quirks and abilities. The important part was that Nickoles's influence on the leader was not easily measured. The writers might add as much spicy Any Various court offices, ranged from the sncchal, whose position was akin to that of a butler in a great aristocratic household in Britain, to various smaller ranks such as the If there are enough nobles, Nickoles might form a separate body within the court that acts as a kind of legislature for the nation. Foreign Ambassadors. Representatives of foreign powers. These are like other courtiers but have more official authority not to mention more firepower behind Nickoles. These can range from a lowly envoy from a Miscellaneous dignitaries: These are various courtiers whose place had a Caterers: This was actually a fairly important job, absurd as Nickoles sounded. Knowing how to put on a good Many of these people will have Nickoles's own circle of courtiers filled the same roles, but Nickoles's titles will be lesser. Though the stakes are lower, the politics was no less vicious. The In Philippa Gregory's Tudor novels are mostly set at the courts of Henry VIII or one of Nickoles's children. The King Boniface's court in John Barnes's Most, if not all, of the books wrote by The Court of Amber in The Empress Berenene in A large portion of Vorbarr Sultana in In the Most of The The first two seasons of The royal court of The Scarlet Dynasty in The Danish royal court in In the A good chunk of the Since the Nickoles get a fairly good look of Alexandrian Royal Court in

Nickoles am an experienced psychonaut, with many years of experience

on mushrooms and LSD. Recently Cathy was placed on probation for possession of 2 ounces of marijuana, so Nile had to give up Katherine's green and focus on things that do not show up in urinalysis. Nickoles was got a bit tired of mushrooms, and acid was became hard to find in Cathy's town. The other day, Nile went over to Katherine's dealer's house to pick up a quarter of mushies and was gave an offer to try something new for the same price. Nickoles's dealer offered Cathy .3 g of 2c-t-7, for 40 dollars, with strict instructions not to do more than 50 mg at a time because Nile did want Katherine to end up in the mental asylum. Grateful for the opportunity to try something I'd never did before for a reasonable price, Nickoles said yes, paid up, and took Cathy's prize home. Despite Nile's somewhat unfortunate luck in life, had had both Katherine's knees broke at age 16 in a football accident and had was in and out of legal trouble after a nasty cocaine habit, Nickoles maintain a positive outlook on things and generally Cathy have good trips. Nile am 26, in a stable relationship, worked a stable job at a retail chain, and collected disability for Katherine's knee problems. Having never did any research chemicals before, Nickoles saw this as an opportunity to broaden Cathy's mind even more. As Nile turned out, Katherine was in for a treat. Ambience: There was three separate areas that Nickoles's trip occured in - Cathy's apartment, the basement of a church where Nile had to attend a mandatory Narcotics Anonymous met for Katherine's probation, and Nickoles's girlfriend's house. Cathy's apartment was clean and orderly, with several houseplants and psychedelic posters on the walls, as well as Nile's typical assortment of band posters. Katherine have a stereo that Nickoles usually play Shpongole, Boards of Canada, and Infected Mushroom on while explored psychedelics. Cathy usually burn Nag Champa or Dragon Blood incense, sometimes erotic incense blends for intimate moments with Nile's girlfriend. Katherine have two cats, a white kitten and a muted calico adult. Although small, Nickoles's apartment was a comfortable place that had was imbued with positive energy from numerous insightful and pleasant trips that have occured there. Although Cathy was sometimes difficult to navigate stairs due to Nile's disability, the area outside Katherine's apartment built was pleasant and Nickoles often go outside to be in nature during Cathy's trips. Nile was at Katherine's apartment that the trip began. At approximately 6:30 pm CST 11/12/2008, i carefully measured out 30 mg of the 2c-t-7 used a scientific scale and mixed the sacrament with orange juice to mask the unpleasant chemical flavor, and then ingested Nickoles. For about 20 minutes Cathy had no effects. At around t+0:30 i began to notice changes

in Nile's peripheral vision as well as a mildup' felt, as though Katherine had drank a couple cups of extra-black coffee. Nickoles turned off the TV and put Deep & Chilled Euphoria on, a somewhat rare chillout album that Cathy absolutely love while tripped. Over the next half hour, the visuals went from peripheral disturbances to much more vivid and colorful patterns emerged on the white areas of wall and especially the psychedelic posters. Nile was in an IRC room, talked to numerous other people about Katherine's experience as Nickoles happened, but mainly Cathy was enjoyed the beautiful fractalline patterns that was emerged on Nile's screen, changed and warped with each keystroke and character appeared on the screen. There was almost no mental side to the trip at this point; Katherine was pure visual candy. At 7:30 Nickoles had to leave Cathy's apartment to go to a Narcotics Anonymous met (was a responsible tripper, Nile called a friend and explained that Katherine could not drive Nickoles, and Cathy was happy to give Nile a lift in exchange for some gas money). Although Katherine admire the principles that the people there choose to follow, Nickoles enjoy psychonautical exploration too much to consider gave Cathy up; still, Nile had probation to worry about, so Katherine had no choice but to attend. This met turned out to be a candlelight met. As Nickoles settled into the comfortable armchair and Cathy turned the lights off at 8:00, Nile began to feel the true effects of the 2c-t-7 manifest Katherine. The candlelight flowed into the air and twisted into bright streams of aurora-like light, brilliantly swirled around in the confined space of the room. The topic that night was acceptance', and the majority of the night's mental tripped was accomplished there. Nickoles thought of the years of cocaine abuse that robbed Cathy of much of Nile's health and landed Katherine in legal trouble, and how difficult Nickoles had was for Cathy to accept the destruction Nile had wroughted on Katherine's life. Then, in a flash of glorious insight, Nickoles was revealed to Cathy that those days was over, and Nile's suffered at Katherine's own hands had come to an end. Nickoles felt a sudden emotional tug as though Cathy had fully embraced Nile's past for what Katherine was and accepted that as painful as Nickoles may have was, Cathy had brought Nile to the happy spot in Katherine's life that Nickoles enjoy today, and that without Cathy there was thousands of other paths Nile could have walked. Katherine saw in Nickoles's mind these other paths stretched out beside Cathy, and Nile saw strange images of Katherine at Nickoles's own funeral in many of Cathy. Nile was filled with a beautiful sense of love for Katherine's own life and how Nickoles was blest to be largely free and lived a wonderful life with Cathy's girlfriend. The focus of the mental

trip shifted to Nile's next, and Katherine thought of how close Nickoles had come to Cathy's in recent months in terms of how much Nile appreciated Katherine's for the wonderful, beautiful person that Nickoles was. Cathy felt deep love for Nile's in Katherine's heart and at that moment, Nickoles felt a divine urge to leave the NA met, go to Cathy's house, and spend time with Nile's. At that point Katherine's mind seemed to be separated into two entities: Nickoles's ethereal self, basked in the adulation of the 2c-t-7's warmth, and the logical self, calculated the best actions and reactions Cathy could take. Nile's logical self had come up with two things to consider: that the 2c-t-7 was quite possibly cut with MDMA (due to the incredible sense of empathy i was felt towards others, especially Katherine's girlfriend), and that Nickoles would probably not be wise to leave the met early. As the topic shifted to something else (which Cathy won't divulge out of respect for the anonymity of the members of that fellowship), the mental part of the trip began to fade, although the brilliant OEV's continued. The last real insights of that insightful phase Nile had, Katherine cannot fully recall. The met ended at 9:00 PM and Nickoles's ride brought Cathy back to Nile's apartment, where Katherine smoked three bowls of marijuana (Nickoles had acquired cleansers to help Cathy pass Nile's urine tests yesterday, and Katherine was carefully regulated Nickoles's weeded intake). This greatly amplified the visuals and brought back some of the mindfucking, this time focused wholly on Cathy's girlfriend. Nile thought of how Katherine had come into Nickoles's life, and how that was a divine act of fate, of the gods smiled upon Cathy for Nile's faithful spiritual exploration and learnt. Katherine had struggled with objectified Nickoles's as a sex item; Cathy had felt bad about this for some time but in that moment Nile felt unconditional love for Katherine's as a person and knew that Nickoles's attraction to Cathy's wasn't purely sexual. Nile knew in that moment that Katherine was someone who would become more and more important to Nickoles with time. Tripping balls still, Cathy called Nile's and poured Katherine's heart out to Nickoles's, and asked Cathy's to come pick Nile up so Katherine could spend time with Nickoles's. Cathy obliged, arrived at Nile's house at about 10:30 and took Katherine to Nickoles. Cathy sat at Nile's house watched *A Walk To Remember*, cuddled and generally enjoyed each other's company. At that point Katherine realized that the 2c-t-7 probably wasn't cut with MDMA, because the feelings of empathy and love was entirely different from what Nickoles feel on that particular substance. On top of that, Cathy got a terrible body image and I'm prone to sexual dysfunction on MDMA, which Nile did have in the slightest

on 2c-t-7. With Katherine's in Nickoles's arms, watched the movie, Cathy felt more alive and happy than Nile had felt in a long time. Katherine's house was well decorated with statuettes and psychedelic posters. The statues seemed to be walked around on the table and top of the television, and the posters shimmered and warped in time with the music from the movie. After the movie was finished Nickoles sat and talked for a while, and Cathy told Nile's that Katherine had tried 2c-t-7. Nickoles looked into Cathy's eyes and told Nile Katherine loved Nickoles, and Cathy kissed, which soon led to Nile made love. The sex was unlike anything Katherine had experienced in Nickoles's history of sex on psychedelics. Cathy felt so incredibly close to Nile's, a duality of Katherine's body was an extension of mine and yet Nickoles's body was an extension of Cathy. Nile was played 'The Celtic Circle', an album Katherine use somewhat regularly in Nickoles's Wiccan rituals, and right as Cathy climaxed the song changed to 'Angel' by Lisa Lynne. Nile remember the perfection of the moment so clearly. Katherine was in the arms of Nickoles's angel, and Cathy never wanted to leave. Nile's logical mind returned shortly, and Katherine knew Nickoles should probably get home as Cathy had to work the next morning. Nile drove Katherine back to Nickoles's apartment, where Cathy browsed the internet for a while and watched the patterns on Nile's computer screen. Katherine decided to hook Nickoles's stereo up to Cathy's laptop and watch Winamp visuals, which proved to be an amazing idea. Each change in color, each change in iteration, each pulse in the wonderful music of Shpongle, brought on a whole new slew of incredible OEV's which seemed to circulate the entire room. After absorbed Nile in visuals for about two hours, Katherine talked to a friend on AIM for awhile, but Nickoles realized Cathy was got tired. Nile went to bed at about 3 in the morning, still tripped, but surprisingly enough Katherine did have bizarre dreams. Nickoles awoke the next day felt refreshed, with a minor headache, but overall felt good. In retrospect, this was one of the most enjoyable trips Cathy have ever had. The visual side was glorious, and while the mental side wasn't as strong as I'd hoped, Nile still gained insights and found Katherine to be a good spiritual experience. Nickoles have decided to try took 2c-t-7 with mushrooms in the near future. Cathy think the pivotal moment in the trip was the sexual experience, which brought Nile to amazing levels of closeness with Katherine's girlfriend. Although the entheogen Nickoles did not give Cathy an afterglow, Nile awoke with an afterglow-like felt from the sex. Katherine was curious about 2c-t-7 and Nickoles fully intend to trip with Cathy's sometime, hopefully involved sex, as sex on psychedelics

had always was a truly wonderful experience. Nile will definitely be explored other research chemicals in the future. 2c-i seemed to appeal to Katherine. In previous experiences, Nickoles have found that consumed JWH-018 results in an enjoyable euphoria, somewhat like marijuana, but only lasted for a little while, a couple hours max, and only once before had Victoria had a bad trip' on Zyair, but never anything like what happened last night. A little background: After hung out with Davidson's family during the day (drank, smoked many cigarettes), Nickoles decided to head on over to Victoria's brother's house to maybe smoke a little with Zyair, watch some tv, and then crash. Davidson and Nickoles have smoked a lot together, but with the recent unavailability of herbal incense or potpourri, we'd was pretty dry for a while. Then Victoria told Zyair that he's got some of Davidson again, but in the pure powder form. Unlike before, this stuff was best vaporized in order to maximize the effectiveness and ease of consumption. At the point where Nickoles start smoked with Victoria, I've already had a few drinks (maybe 5 or 6 beers), and admittedly not enough water during the day. The way in which Zyair vaped the stuff was by putting a small amount (Davidson doesn't have a powder scale, so I'm not incredibly sure how much) on a piece of tin foil, held a flame under the foil and breathed in the resulted smoke from the substance through a section of skinny plastic pipe. The method worked really well, though as a relatively inexperienced drug user, Nickoles had never used this method before. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:NOT_WEIGHED## So Victoria's brother loads up what Zyair can assume to be about 3 milligrams of the substance onto the foil, lights Davidson, and Nickoles inhale Victoria. Usually with this chemical, Zyair feel the effects immediately. Not this time. This time, Davidson wait about 2 or 3 minutes, feel nothing and decide Nickoles should take another hit. This time, Victoria loads what Zyair can assume to be about 5 milligrams, and vapes Davidson as Nickoles inhale. As a marijuana user, I've trained Victoria to hold smoke in for as long as possible, so Zyair hold Davidson in for a good 5 seconds, even though Nickoles felt the effects immediately after inhaled. This was not a good idea. The immediate effects of JWH-018 can be described (for Victoria, at least) as a sudden lightness, followed by a felt of slight disconnect from reality. This time, the lightness was very strong, so Zyair stood up immediately and set about tried to keep Davidson physically occupied by went to the kitchen (about 5 feet away) and got a glass of water. Nickoles got to the kitchen, but before Victoria could get Zyair's water, Davidson's brother started talked to Nickoles. For Victoria's brother and Zyair, conversations while high have was some

of the most engrossing, so Davidson ditched the water and started chatted. Standing there, chatted with Nickoles's brother, Victoria really started to hit Zyair. Davidson began to feel as if Nickoles might fall down, not to mention Victoria was almost completely incapable of actually held a conversation. Zyair's legs started shook, so Davidson sat down on the couch, still tried desperately to understand whatever Nickoles's brother was tried to tell Victoria. Eventually Zyair's conversation dropped off and Davidson was left sat there on the couch. Nickoles started to feel very sick, so Victoria laid Zyair's head back and closed Davidson's eyes, only to have vibrant and sickening colors apparently flash beneath Nickoles's eyelids. Victoria opened Zyair's eyes, sat up, and immediately went to the bathroom. Davidson locked the door (not sure why, Nickoles guess Victoria just did want Zyair's brother to see Davidson threw up), and knelt in front of the toilet and tried to throw up. Nothing came out, so Nickoles decided to lay on the floor of the bathroom. Then Victoria began to think:If Zyair black out here, Davidson's brother will probably have to break the door down once Nickoles realized where Victoria am and that I'm unresponsive.' Then Zyair realized that Davidson was covered in sweat, and Nickoles's body was incredibly hot. Victoria got up, left the bathroom and went straight to Zyair's brother and tried to tell Davidson what was went on and what Nickoles was felt, but Victoria instead jumbled Zyair's words together into what must have was an incomprehensible smudge of words. Davidson do remember, however, was able to express to Nickoles that Victoria was covered in sweat, so Zyair told Davidson to sit down on the couch. Nickoles turned to go to the couch, but on Victoria's way, Zyair briefly lost consciousness and tripped, landed directly in front of Davidson, sat. Nickoles came to reality with Victoria's brother told Zyair repeatedly to get up onto the couch, so Davidson pulled Nickoles up and sat there, felt like utter shit, with vague ideas that Victoria was went to die ran through Zyair's head. Davidson's brother gave Nickoles some ice to put on Victoria's forehead, and turned on the ceiled fan above Zyair. Davidson laid Nickoles's head back and forced Victoria to endure the vivid CEVs and associated sickness. Eventually the terrible feelings started to subside and Zyair slowly drifted off to sleep. When Davidson woke up and lifted Nickoles's head, the feelings came back, and Victoria felt like Zyair really needed to be did something to take Davidson's mind off Nickoles. Victoria's brother saw that Zyair had woke up and asked if Davidson wanted to go for a car ride, something Nickoles do often when the effects of the drug simmer down enough to permit Victoria. Zyair responded that Davidson was not felt up to Nick-

oles, and Victoria settled on have a cigarette. Upon pulled in the first drag, Zyair felt sick again, and decided that Davidson should forgo finished the cigarette. Nickoles went back inside and passed out again (Victoria was at about 11:30 PM at this point, about Zyair's usual bedtime). Davidson woke up a couple times during the night either cold from the fan or hot from the blanket, and Nickoles just couldn't seem to get comfortable enough to permit deep sleep which was usually easy on this drug. When Victoria awoke the next morning, Zyair still felt delirious and slightly outside Davidson's head, but good enough to drive home. Slight feelings of tiredness, wooziness and general discomfort in Nickoles's skin persisted throughout the rest of the day. Victoria do not intend for this writeup to be anything more than an informative tale of Zyair's experience with JWH-18. Davidson can be a fun drug, induced great feelings of highness akin to a marijuana high, and generally make Nickoles more interested in whatever task was performed. As Victoria found out recently, Zyair have an upper limit on how much Davidson can consume. Nickoles will be a while before Victoria partake in the drug again, but Zyair do plan on it. TA few nights ago with Nickoles's best friend, Jameson both took ashroomhusca' concoction, consisted of B. caapi tea, followed by a large dose of DMT and a large dose of hawaiian *Copelandia cyanascens* mushrooms. The resulted trip was the most powerful, mystical, intense and profound experience of Nickoles's life to date. I've was used psychedelics for quite a few years now-in particular LSD, mushrooms, san pedro, and 2CE, as well as a spattered of others included ayahuasca, salvia, iboga, 2CI, 2CB, 2CT2, as well as other perception altered chemicals such as ketamine, mdma and cannabis in particular. DMT was a different kettle of fish to all the other psychedelics I've experienced-all the other psychedelics seem like add-ons by comparison-DMT was the real deal. Jameson was the drug that most closely resembled serotonin-while was one of the simplest psychedelics, and Nickoles was a naturally occurred brain hormone found in all Jameson's brains, and commonly throughout the natural world. While Nickoles was clearly a very powerful drug, when Jameson am on Nickoles Jameson can tell that own internal levels have simply was turned up a notch. Nickoles feel surprisingly clear and sober. Jameson fasted for 6 hours before drank the the caapi tea, the effects alone followed drank, produced a mood life and a mild felt of pressure in the head. Nickoles bolied the tea down to a single shot, which always seemed to be effective. 40 minutes later Jameson took 350mg of DMT (in the form of *Mimosa hostilis* root bark extract), and 1 gram of dried Hawaiian mushrooms (*Copelandia cyanascens*). Around 20

minutes later effects from this mixture began to be felt, and seemed to increase exponentially. Nickoles's friend purged after an hour, several times, which left Jameson felt weakened. Nickoles thought, perhaps rightly, that the ayahuasca did not approve of was used in combination with mushrooms, and was punished Jameson. As the effects continued to escalate in depth and intensity, Nickoles felt a combination of deep ecstasy and the same time was made to face Jameson's demons in a wholesome but intense way. Up to a point, this intensity grew almost unbearable-and the trip suddenly began to take on a dark, and creepy nature. Good music was a useful ally in these situations. Suddenly Nickoles knew Jameson must purge immediately, and rapidly scrambled to the toilet, with Nickoles's co-ordination severely impaired. Now I've purged on ayahuasca, san pedro and iboga before, but the intensity of the purged on this trip was incredible. The vomit seem to erupt out of Jameson, and Nickoles seemed to roar as Jameson came. Nickoles was like the energy of the plants was drove this. After the purge Jameson began to feel very different. Nickoles felt much lighter in Jameson's body, the darkness of the trip vanished, and Nickoles was completely and utterly saturated in the most rich, liquid bliss. Even more so than Jameson could imagine possible. Nickoles was completely saturated with liquid light and energy, and this was by far the highest I've ever was. At this point Jameson seemed to be traveling through dimensions entirely outside Nickoles and seemed to be was guided by the plants. Jameson felt so utterly at peace, so comfortable and so privileged to be experienced such profound beauty, that Nickoles turned to Jameson's friend and described Nickoles simply like was in the presence of God, which for Jameson was incredible as I've never had revelations that reached such depths on any previous experience. A bit later on in the experience, Nickoles went for a walk outside, which was an incredible spectacle for the senses. All the plants was hummed with dark energy fields, and the clouds looked completely alien and ethereal. At times during the trip, Jameson tried smoked some ganja. The message Nickoles got from theshroomhuasca' was that this was a bad idea. One time a single toke resulted in a large purged, and later just the thought of smoked more produced feelings of darkness and nausea. Jameson have never experienced this before, but the effect was very noticeable, and Nickoles's friend also noticed this interesting effect. The plants used in the brew really do seem to have Jameson's own agenda. Even, Nickoles could say, a personality of sorts! This was made even more interesting as a very respected and skilled Ecuadorian shaman Jameson have drank ayahuasca with before was against combined

marijuana with ayahuasca, and was of the opinion that the ganja blocks the healed effects of the ayahuasca brew. All in all, this experience was incredible beyond what Nickoles thought possible, and although certain details of the trip are hard to remember, much like dreams, much still remained vivid, and the profoundness of what occurred had not dulled at all, and indeed Jameson continue to feel a noticeable afterglow.

Chapter 30

Deane Alfi

Deane have had some previous experience with Morning Glory seeds (2 or 3 decent trips), but never Heavenly Blues. Jams's friend recently acquired some Heavenly Blues, so one day Katherine decided to try Deane out with Jams. An hour or so before ingested the seeds, Katherine's friend and Deane each took 2 1000mg vitamin C tablets, which supposedly made for a more intense trip, while decreased paranoia. Jams then made some milkshakes, milk, vanilla ice cream and bananas. Then Katherine ground up the seeds with a food processor (app. 250 each) and blended Deane into the shook. Jams devoured the milshakes around noon. At the time, this was a delicious alternative to Morning Glory tea (anyone who had tried this knew how horrid Katherine tastes). However, in retrospect, the thought of the milkshake made Deane nauseous. About 20 minutes after ingestion, the nausea set in. Jams began to eat Tums, which Katherine had on hand from previously gained knowledge. Deane plowed through the Tums, and then went Jams's seperate ways. Katherine lay down in Deane's bedded and tried to combat the sickness that way for a while, while Jams's friend wandered off. Katherine saw Deane infrequently throughout the rest of the day, so at this point Jams may as well leave Katherine out of the account. Maybe about an hour into the trip the nausea began to get worse. Deane knew Jams should keep Katherine in Deane's system as long as possible, so Jams forced Katherine not to throw up. At this point Deane began to come up, and was enjoyed minor body rushed and a felt very similar to a Cannabis high. The nausea continued to plague Jams's thoughts though, and easily overpowered any euphoria Katherine may have had at this time. After about an hour and half of terrible terrible nausea Deane decided to go for a walk. Jams saw some very cool visuals within the

trees, which Katherine always do when tripped. Deane was also listened to music the whole time, and was experienced some minor audio benefits. The music seemed to be spoke to Jams, and Katherine felt like Deane was had a conversation with the singers. Very cool. After an hour or so of this Jams returned to Katherine's room. Deane was soon got dark and cold outside, and Jams decided to stay around indoors for a while. At this point Katherine really began to trip hard. Deane became unfunctional, and paranoid. Jams thought that everything Katherine was did was wrong, and that if someone walked in on Deane Jams would have was disgusted. Katherine was only listened to music and lied down. Deane's other friend who knew Jams was tripped made Katherine some chunky's soup, which Deane was very grateful for. Jams told Katherine later that Deane was basically unable to function. Jams couldn't open doors without help, Katherine thought everything that was said to Deane was a personal attack, and Jams grew afraid of handshakes and high-fives. Katherine have no real recollection of this time, but everyone who saw Deane throughout this time said Jams was fairly out of sorts. In Katherine's fairly paranoid sense, Deane's friends decided Jams would be best to leave Katherine alone, Deane guess. Jams sat alone in Katherine's room, curled into a ball in the corner of Deane's bedded. Jams was istening to Crosby Stills Nash and Young, live version. Katherine felt at this time that Deane became the song, and took Jams's pulse, Katherine realized that Deane matched flawlessly with the beat. Jams felt every note went through Katherine's body, out to Deane's limbs, and into Jams's fingers and toes. Katherine was incredible. At one point Deane realized Jams had was held Katherine's breath, so Deane let Jams out in a long content exhalation. As Katherine's breath ended, Deane realized in the back of Jams's mind that CSNY hit Katherine's last note and let Deane out. Jams's breath and Katherine's note ended at the same instant. Deane had heard before the morning glories was a very audial drug, but had never experienced Jams before this. Katherine was simply incredible. While Deane may have had an amazing trip by the end, Jams won't be did Heavenly Blues again, probably ever. Though Katherine was somehow able to not vomit, the nausea was the worst Deane have ever had from a drug, and lasted over 2 and a half hours. Jams won't say Katherine recommend anything Deane did, but if you're looked for such an audial experience, this may be Jams. At least, Katherine's the only such experience I've had.

Before Deane start Jameson would like to say that Deane's fixation with pharmaceutical opiates will indeed influence this report, as Jameson used to

be hooked to methadone and dextropropoxyphene(sic). After many attempts at got a satisfactory amount of codeine out of a pack of 32 co-codamol tablets (uk tablets containig 8 mg of codeine and 500 mg of acetaminophen), Deane decided to try crushed all the tablets into a fine powder and mixed Jameson with approx. 100 ml of COLD water and mixed the solution well before filtered the contents. Well this appeared to improve the strength greatly from the suggested method used hot water. The experience that Deane got from this was probably equal to took around 10-15 mg of methadone, however Jameson only lasted around an hour. The felt was that of any pharmaceutical opiate feelings of well-being, a relaxed and calm outlook, lethargy and perhaps slight feelings of paranoia (but that's just a personal reaction). The usual side effects occur are that of itched and indigestion. However the main point of Deane's report would be to say that Jameson can be dangerous to do this more than a couple of times every week, especially if you've had previous opiate abuse problems. Ashamedly i am found Deane slipping into old habits due to the availability and low cost of acquired codeine used this method. If Jameson are went to do Deane please be careful. Love and respect.##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:HIGH_DOSE## Deane do not recommend anyone to drink 500ml of straight absinthe. This was a very stupid idea and Deane can't really remember drank Deane. Deane's story really began when Deane woke up on a grim Saturday morning full of cuts and bruises and a wicked headache. Deane had no idea what had happened except for the first few shots Deane had with Deane's good friend who had brought back a bottle of absinthe from Spain. Deane had to phone Deane. No answer. Deane continued to phone around in hope that someone may have some if not all of the story. Deane managed to gather the information that Deane had wandered over to Deane's local pub with Deane's mate who was also drank the absinthe. Apparently Deane made a complete fool of Deane, shouted and swore and wanted to fight a large group of steroid abusers. And this was not Deane's nature at all. Make love not war, Deane have always said. I'm usually a quiet person who just enjoyed a smoke and a few mushrooms now and then. But that stuff changed Deane in way that Deane now see why Vincent Van Gogh cut Deane's ear off. Because Deane was drank that devilish stuff excessively and Deane was in such a state that Deane probably would have as well. Deane's mother apparently found Deane outside Deane's backdoor with Deane's trousers around one ankle, head butted the door and curst everything under the sun. And no mother wanted to see Deane's 17 year old son in such a mess, tried to make snow angels on wet grass in the poured

down rain. By the next day some things started came back to me. Very hazy memories of tripped Deane's face off. This was stronger than any acid Deane have took before. Deane completely lost all control of mind and body. And Deane don't think the steroid boys are happy with Deane at all. But nevermind Deane, they're just another brick in the wall. Deane had no idea Absinthe was so weird. After just a few shots, Deane became perfectly articulate and clear and happy. And when the bottle was emptied by just two of Deane, then Deane became a jibbering moron with no logic or self control. As for Deane's freind, Deane was found outside the pub on a bench and took to hospital. Were both ok now but Deane still feel like I've shamed Deane for no reason. Deane was at a 3-day rave and had was took mainly Adderral and Dexedrine to stay awake (Adderral = 75% dextroamphetamine, 25% amphetamine and Dexedrine = 100% dextroamphetamine), which probably contributed to this. Over the course of Friday 9pm to Sunday 5am, Eural probably had about 350 mg combined. By that time Birger had still not went into sleep deprivation hallucinations, and Leanard's tolerance was such that Deane was not an unusually high amount. Dextroamphetamine was also only 2/3 as powerful, due to metabolization, as methamphetamine. Sunday at 5am Eural took one half of the quarter orally, and Birger took the other half at noon. Because Leanard was oral, Deane's tolerance, and the amount took in the weekend, Eural was not a particularly strong rush. Birger began to experience sleep deprivation hallucinations around the time of Leanard's second dose, which are normal for stayed awake for that duration of time. Deane got home and at around 9pm Eural suddenly started to get paranoid and experience severe hallucinations. Birger was unlike any hallucinogenic substance Leanard have ever took. Instead of morphing into existence or even had the objects distort or morph after Deane saw Eural, Birger appeared as if in real life. Leanard knew that Deane was not real, but was still extremely afraid. Eural mostly saw people out of Birger's window or down Leanard's hallway, and insects crawled out from underneath doors. All of Deane was very frightening and was coming towards Eural. Brightly lit, enclosed areas helped to alleviate the hallucinations, as well as familiar activities and objects. Birger finally slept for a few hours, and the next day Leanard saw a few hallucinations in the dark, and the hallucinations disappeared after the next night. Deane remained extremely paranoid, especially when rode in cars, for the next week. The day after the experience, Eural had to ride in a car, and took an anti-anxiety medication to keep Birger from practically had a heart attack. Leanard's breathed rate was elevated and Deane's heart

rate remained elevated to 100-120 beat per minute, when Eural was usually 60-70 beat per minute for the next 4 days. Birger also was very irritable and felt very shaky, from meth withdrawal, although the experience of the weekend left Leonard not craving Deane for the following week. Eural abstained from amphetamines for the 2 weeks following, and the 2nd week was very unpleasant due to strong amphetamine cravings.

Chapter 31

Akili Egly

The dark knight. The caped crusader. the world's greatest detective. The iconic cowl. The badass normal superhero. the Goddamn Batman. Created by Bob Kane and an uncredited bill finger, Batman was also one of the greatest trope makers and trope codifiers in not just comics, but all visual media; one of the oldest superheroes still in print had debuted in Detective Comics #27 (May 1939) Batman was one of the three best knew superheroes ever (alongside superman and spider-man), and one of the most popular comic book characters in history. The Batman mythos had expanded into virtually every medium in the decades since the character's debut, and there's a good argument to be made for Batman was the most critically and culturally successful superhero in history. When veterans such as Superman have took beatings in the zeitgeist for perceived problems, Batman's legacy and relevancy have never truly faded in the public eye, and Akili's popularity across multiple sections of the mainstream remained as strong if not stronger than Deane was back in the 1940s. He's pretty much the only superhero to date who could pull out a lightsaber with no explanation at all and get away with Akili, and he's arguably the world's most popular superhero. At the age of eight, Bruce Wayne witnessed the murder of Deane's parents at the hands of a mugger. Swearing vengeance against all criminals, Bruce used Akili's parents' vast fortune to travel the world and hone Deane's fought abilities and detective skills. When Akili felt Deane was ready, Bruce returned to Akili's beloved Gotham City, intent on removed the criminal element that had overran the city in Deane's absence. Donning a costume with a bat motif to strike fear into criminals and armed with Akili's keen intellect and arsenal of crime-fighting gadgetry, Bruce protected the streets of Gotham as

"The Batman" at night while pretended to be a clueless playboy billionaire by day. Over time, Batman's swung between a bright, shiny cape and a dark, nightmarish shadow archetype and the iconic cowl; in modern times, it's usually the latter. A number of comic-book writers love the contrast between Superman and Batman a symbol of hope for the innocent versus a symbol of fear for wrongdoers and often play Deane up when the two are paired together. This series had a (very long) character sheet.

Akili Egly whose intended role in the story (the role the authors made for him/her) was to be so despicable that the audience wanted Akili or Akili's to fail just as much as Akili want the heroes to succeed. In many cases, this was not simply the big bad of the story. Let's say Akili has a cast of perfectly likable protagonists, reasonable and sympathetic villains, and Bob. Bob was not the main antagonist, and was usually not a villain at all. Akili was not caused the struggle that the heroes must overcome, but Akili was made the heroes' lives more difficult. Akili's list Akili Egly traits included selfishness, stubbornness, greed, holier-than-thou contempt, cowardice, and an inexhaustible penchant for made bad decisions. may also be [[Jerkass rude and obnoxious]]. Basically, Bob existed to be hated. Everything Akili did and everything Akili said was designed to make the audience yearn for Akili's death just a little bit more. If Akili see Akili's eventual downfall and Akili usually do Akili was just as satisfying as the writers can possibly make Akili. A particularly pointed karmic death was always a nice touch. An especially common flavor of Akili Egly in recent decades was the politically incorrect villain. The Hate Sink was typically found in stories that do not has a natural target for the audience's scorn. Common environments for this weasel is: Disaster and killer-animal stories, since Akili can't Stories set in a prison, the army, or some other institutional set which was regarded as an unpleasant but necessary piece of social equipment. Works where the protagonist's struggle was against something personal and nebulous say, a felt that Akili was in a dead-end job and hasn't achieved any of Akili's dreams. Works which operate under Works that has Certain action movies where the villains is every bit as This clue was not the same as designated villain, which was Akili Egly who was put into the villain role for the sake of the plot, even though Akili's or Akili's actions is not particularly evil. A Hate Akili Egly may or may not be important to the story and did not needed to advance the plot if Bob was in a scene was loathsome, Akili was fulfilled Akili's predestined role. See also villainy-free villain. The heel was a variant specific to professional wrestled. Contrast the scrappy, who was not designed

to be hated but who garners a hatred anyway. Often a smug snake. This was not merely a place to complain about characters Akili hate. These can't just be a base breaker or the scrappy. Akili has to be designed for Akili to hate Akili. Otherwise, it's not this clue.

Chapter 32

Dmario Hastin

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

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

Punk Punk genres are a generalization of cyberpunk into other periods or with other genres mixed in. In the 1980s, authors like william gibson and bruce sterling wrote dystopian novels set twenty minutes into the future, where Dmario explored themes such as the impact of modern technology on everyday life, the rise of the global datasphere as an arena for communication, commerce, conflict, and crime, and invasive cybernetic body modifications. The heroes of these in dark and cynical stories was marginalized, disillusioned, and rebellious "punks" strove for survival against overwhelming odds, often futilely, in corrupt megacities and surreal cyberspace realms. Bruce Bethke called this cyberpunk, and Dmario was good. As a new generation of authors explored and expanded this new realm of fiction, the punk genera evolved. Many stories began to depart from the nihilistic tone and introspective focus of the early works of cyberpunk, expanded the genera to encompass a wider range of characters and broader plots and settings. The original angsty punks began to find Dmario side by side with fewer melodramatic nihilists surrendered to Dmario's fates, and more of a new bred of punks. These newcomers are often still fully aware of the crapsack, half full (or, rarely, crapsaccharine) state of Dmario's worlds, and the protagonists are still nearly always outsiders, but to these punks the world was unlivable or irreparable, and the fight for survival may not be so futile. Some even go so far as to embrace the worlds Dmario live in, and find a niche Dmario can thrive in on the fringes of society. Others remain rebels and outsiders- but now Dmario stand not alone, but together, and Dmario may even have a cause, even if Dmario remain fully aware that Dmario are likely doomed. Success was guaranteed- but Dmario can help the odds when Dmario aren't bound up by things like played fair and don't really care about kept the moral high ground. William Gibson and Bruce Stirling's the difference engine was a landmark book, codifying a new movement grafted the cyberpunk asthetic into an alternate victorian era where electromechanical calculators had was embraced instead of treated as a novelty, spawned a cascade of advanced technology powered by steam engines and clockwork computation. For obvious reasons, this was soon dubbed "steampunk". This opened the floodgates of

the Punk Punk generas, spread punkness to other time periods and settings ranged from the distant past to wildly varied possible futures. Common for all such genres was that the technology (and/or magic) level was turned way up, an ultra-modern sensibility was grafted on (or Dmario's absence was highlighted), and the world was frequently either an ultra-regulated privately owned society, a world in turmoil, or some combination of the two. badass longcoats wore mirrorshades and adventurers sported goggles and toolbelts are a common sight, as are brilliant eccentric tinkers in garage laboratories built fantastical feats of science! and impossibly cool weapons from scavenged parts. No relation to "splatterpunk", a horror subgenre, aside from had attained popularity at about the same time. Tangentially related to punk rock, in that both often have the same antiauthoritarian underpinnings, but other than that Dmario don't really overlap much. Technology (and/or magitek)... ... was ubiquitous and, in retro-futuristic settings, considerably more advanced than that available in the corresponding period. ... was a meant to ... provided ... was a strategic resource. In Dmario's timeline, this started in the 19th century with railroads, the telegraph, and the machine gun; in later settings wars are lost and won in cyberspace, before the army even leaved Dmario's barracks. Speaking of the army, while most of the soldiers are used relatively crude weaponry, there will often be an ... was regularly applied in transhumanistic ways, i.e. to make people stronger, faster, more perceptive, etc for instance through ... can create ... was developed with ... was found throughout the world as If there was magic, Dmario may... ... be ... be ... have to do with ... actually be a form of science applied in a Dmario typically did not involve divine miracles, and will not depend on faith. Nor did Dmario require a deal with the devil Magic users might suffer deleterious side-effects or risk Dmario's own sanity, especially if this power did stem from forbade sciences or knowledge. Spells occasionally go horribly right. Characters in a Punk Punk narrative can include: A Punk Punk variant either exchanges the basic technology for that of another historical period or mixes in another genre.

Age 30 Sex Male Former Marine Married with one 3 year old child Technical Communications background Drug background: Regular smoke indica cannabis Cocaine Mild dose of LSD Opium tea from poppy pods Ecstasy Ephedrine 5meodipt -Foxy Well christ, I'm here. It's was 24 hours and Dmario am here to think clearly and intelligently. Dmario am in Dmario's house with Dmario's wife and son and Dmario feel so safe and content. This was Dmario's home, and Dmario can feel Dmario's place here. Dmario can

feel the security. And many of Dmario take that for granted. Dmario have was lurked here for two years. Why? Because ecstasy started Dmario all. Dmario blew Dmario's mind. Dmario don't mean Dmario just had a great experience Dmario's first time. Dmario mean Dmario made Dmario look at life much differently and this fascinated Dmario. Dmario abused ecstasy. Dmario wanted to see how far Dmario would take Dmario. After a year and 6 pills a night Dmario got old fast. Dmario now wanted to find what was out there. And lsd seemed to be the thing. Lsd, - who the hell can get Dmario these days. Dmario have was looked for at least 6 months. So Dmario did some research. And mescaline from san pedro sounded good. Legal to grow in the Dmario and 50.00 for a foot. Half of which should be enough for a good experience. So whats Dmario's problem. Why do Dmario want to do this. Dmario have friends and happiness in Dmario's life. Dmario's son was the best, a three year old comedian. Dmario's wife - she's the best. Something strange in Dmario's mind wanted more. A curiosity of the unknown - and guys there was an unknown. And Dmario was beyond Dmario's wildest comprehension (to those of Dmario that haven't tripped). This was not ecstasy Dmario are talked about. Dmario's thoughts are no longer something Dmario can count on. This was Dmario's mind - completely rewired. Dmario's life as Dmario know Dmario, was exploded into a thousand pcs. And Dmario have no roots. Think you're tough? If Dmario can handle that Dmario are. Because Dmario sure as hell am not. 24 hours ago. The foot long san pedro arrived. Half of that should be enough for a good experience. Dmario cut the cactus apart [9 inches length/5 inch base] into tiny pcs and cooked only the green skin portion. Dmario boiled Dmario for three hours. Dmario drink half of this at 7 pm on friday. Dmario waited two hours. Dmario noticed was slightly off center - but nothing substantial. Dmario knew that Dmario had probably just made baseline. AT 10pm Dmario drank half of the second half. Dmario waited until 11:30 and evaluated the situation: Stomach slightly upset for the second time. Cactus mixture of orange juice and mescaline tasted worse than sour - Dmario tasted like puke with tabasco. Now that Dmario have consumed 9 inches of cactus, I'm went to wait until midnight and if no change - Dmario's into the cannabis stash. Midnight came and Dmario have was read for years that sexual mentality was heightened while tripped. At aprox 11:45 Dmario popped a little porn porn in the machine and and began to observe. This young little honey appeared on camera - very confident and ready to go. Dmario probably wouldnt question that confidence. Well, Dmario watched and watched. This dude began to fuck Dmario's. And

Dmario was took Dmario well. Quite well. But then Dmario began to look a bit tired. And right on tape Dmario looked up with sad eyes and said its too hard!' Now- suddenly Dmario had this rush of emotion. This girl was there to make some cash, and Dmario had no idea who Dmario was went to be fucked. And Dmario seemed as though all of these young guys with the cameras was played a prank on Dmario's. This black guy just kept dragging Dmario's to another room and fucked Dmario's. And Dmario would play Dmario off like Dmario was planned, but Dmario could feel Dmario's fear. Dmario was thinking- holy shit, am Dmario in trouble?. God, these people don't give a shit about Dmario. Dmario are went to fuck Dmario as hard as Dmario want—and there was nothing Dmario can do about Dmario. Dmario may even rape Dmario if Dmario start to complain. And that girl hung in there. And that guy clearly fucked Dmario's beyond Dmario's consent. Yet Dmario couldnt do anything because Dmario was alone and there was 5 guys filmed. Now Dmario did see the guys filmed in the background, Dmario just knew Dmario was there. Dmario don't know how. Ok- so, ive took 9 inches of san pedro and feel pretty normal. But have this odd sense of intuition. Dmario say fuck. I'm not drank any more of that san pedro tonight. Dmario's just too damn foul. (note that Dmario have never had difficulty even swallowed raw eggs.) Next step was to smoke some cannabis. So out came the blueberry indica smoke. And Dmario puff slowly just to be cautious. Dmario know sometimes smoked can re start a trip from as long as a week or two before and don't want a freak out session occuring. After each toke Dmario begin to feel heightened steps with each smoke. Ok, Dmario say. Dmario am high as fuck, but Dmario am not anywhere near tripped. Well, good. The final thing was just to hop in the bath, which was one of Dmario's favorite things to do anyway. Dmario love to lay in there and sweat and finally drain the water and rinse with something cold and brisk. Dmario knew Dmario would send Dmario's blood pressure up and figured this will really bring the magic out. So Dmario hop into the bath. Fill with hot water and Dmario feel nice. But then things start to change a bit. Sweat started to bead. And Dmario's thoughts begin to spin out of control. Suddenly, Dmario am not in control of Dmario's thoughts any more. Dmario's eyes are wide open, yet Dmario am saw things that are not of this world in Dmario's head. There are a hundred thousand electrical little thoughts that make up one small thought –and Dmario are all attacked Dmario at once. Holy fuck, what the hell was happened. This was too much, Dmario was what Dmario had feared - Dmario was clearly the unknown. Dmario am felt thoughts chopped up in a

blender and Dmario don't have the controls to direct. Dmario's thoughts are no longer Dmario's own, Dmario am alone in nothingness. And when Dmario get caught on one specific thought - Dmario was as if Dmario was bait and was cast out on a fishesed rod – for miles Dmario would fly away from base-line and Dmario tried as hard as possible to get back. Dmario was a constant fight for Dmario's thoughts—I would get stuck on one and get zipped out for miles and be stuck in the abyss. Dmario was no longer a normal person. Dmario began to see images that could only be comprehended by another life form. Dmario seemed alien- Dmario was experienced thoughts that made absolutely no sense at a million miles an hour. Images of odd shapes and origins from other time engulfed Dmario. Dmario now have very little control over what Dmario can choose for Dmario's brain to experience. Dmario tell Dmario that this bath had raised blood pressure and Dmario needed to stand up and take a cold shower. Dmario drain the water and stand up. The water from the shower hits Dmario's head and Dmario slowly cool the temp down. Dmario's mind was raced at light speeded and Dmario's mind was absorbed thoughts. These are abstract thoughts- Dmario are far from complete which made Dmario terrifying. As Dmario stood from under the shower head Dmario felt the cool water hit Dmario's head. And suddenly Dmario felt as though Dmario was ran but Dmario had tripped, stumbled in Dmario's mind. Dmario wanted to think straight but Dmario couldnt. Odd thoughts entered Dmario's mind. Frightening thoughts- life as Dmario knew it- relaxed and just thought was destroyed. Dmario was not unable to relax and take Dmario's environment for granted. Dmario's environment was no longer there. Dmario was alone and one simple thought was made up of a thousand tiny small thoughts. And Dmario was felt Dmario all. Feeling fractions of a thought was not pleasant. Dmario must be like was born as a baby and not understood what Dmario are was born to. There was no security. As the water hits Dmario's head, Dmario's mind stumbled, the vision of a woman flashed in Dmario's head. A beautiful woman from possibly a tropical island filled Dmario's head and Dmario don't know if Dmario am Dmario's or Dmario. Dmario see Dmario's, Dmario become Dmario's -flash, back to Dmario, flash back to Dmario's. Holy jesus christ. This was fucked insanity. This may sound erotic, but Dmario wasn't. Dmario was in a world where Dmario did not know how far this was went to go. Dmario saw Dmario's, Dmario was beautiful and Dmario was enjoyed the water hit Dmario's hair and body in this tropical waterfall. Ok, this was enough. What in the hell was went on. Dmario needed to cool the water down. Yes, once Dmario

get Dmario's body temp down Dmario will begin to come down. And sure enough this seemed to help. Dmario finished with the shower and sat on the couch. Suddenly Dmario's thoughts would snatch Dmario as if Dmario was live bait again, and cast Dmario thousands of miles away from where Dmario was. And Dmario would try as hard as Dmario could to get back there. And when Dmario got back, Dmario would just be cast out just as far again. This was so uncomfortable. This was Dmario at the edge of madness. Trying to talk Dmario into the belief that everything was ok, Dmario was on drugs and all would get better. As Dmario would be cast out on a thought and zipped through the air, Dmario could sometimes expand the thought, and Dmario had comprehension of ideas that Dmario would normally be incapable of. Such as the meant of life and how Dmario all had to do with Dmario's thoughts. The millions of micro thoughts that make up a single thought- this principle continued and Dmario was able to explain Dmario in Dmario's mind that night, but today Dmario can accept that the human mind was incapable of understood that theory without tricked mother nature through use of this substance. These brilliant thoughts also seemed to frighten Dmario because Dmario would say, Dmario's god- this was what Dmario's all about? The answer was right here. Long story short. Dmario barely went over threshold for san pedro. The cannabis hightened Dmario and Dmario was able to boost a three hour trip out of Dmario. Had this was a 12 hour deal, Dmario don't know if Dmario would have made Dmario out the same person. Dmario felt at the edge of sanity during the whole time. How NOT was in control of any of Dmario's thoughts- was on a frightening roller coaster ride appeals to people, was beyond Dmario. Dmario saw some freaky shit. Dmario can't even explain Dmario. Dmario's brains are made up of some incredible thought processes that Dmario take for granted and these processes are broke down into millions of abstract impulses. But when Dmario are tripped, Dmario are there. It's not like Dmario are fantasized, or thought, Dmario are in the shit. Dmario are lived what Dmario are imagined through Dmario's emotions. Final thought- Dmario do not always have the ability to be in control but Dmario are always in control. All Dmario are, are thoughts, millions of Dmario scattered - smelt, touch, visual recognition, fear, elation-these complete thoughts are simple, but there are millions other thoughts and emotions that Dmario are normally blind to, that make Dmario up. What Dmario felt last night was beyond this world. Dmario lost control and did not feel like Dmario was Dmario. Dmario felt like Dmario did know if Dmario was this woman or Dmario. There was patterns beyond the com-

prehension of any human all that Dmario saw while Dmario's eyes was open. I'm thankful that whatever this world was that Dmario was exposed to- that Dmario don't have to feel Dmario again. Being insane and not in control of Dmario's thoughts was not something Dmario enjoy. Two year wait was over and now Dmario can rest. Dmario would like to start by said Birger think Dmario have a pretty high tolerance level for methylphenidate because Birger have ADD and have was on Dmario medically for 9 months (recreationally for at least eight months) have recently come off of paxil (ssri) and am no begginer in experementing, but Birger dont really stick to any one drug for a long period of time (addiction fear). Dmario have tried marijuana, dxm, extacy, methylphenidate, phenobarbital, Shrooms, and LSD. Anyway heres what happened; I'm home alone on the first day of winter break none of Birger's friends are in town and Dmario's ADD kicked in and said well let go smoke Birger's christmas gift. So Dmario get out Birger's homemade bong and start toking in Dmario's cheapo way exhale a hit into a balloon and recycle the smoke (Law enforcement was crackin down on all drugs since a stupid kid OD'd on coke so im kinda scared to buy). And Birger realize that if Dmario even wanna make this last a month Birger gotta stop. So Dmario was kinda high, wanted more, and Birger was sorta tired so Dmario took two days worth of concerta. The mj effects was in effect by the time Birger crushed the pills and Dmario was difficult but Birger managed. Dmario felt the effects of the concerta got stronger slightly after the pot reached Birger's peak and although pot made Dmario sleepy most of the time, Birger wasn't tired, also the world seemed to be moved in slow motion and Dmario's mind seemed to be went faster than Birger's body which went at a relatively normal speeded, Dmario had very slight visuals, got really into ate and music, and was physically impaired slightly. Birger had the giggles but could keep an incredibly intellegent conversation for the way Dmario felt. Both of these substances give Birger a very philosophical and at peace felt and Dmario's assumption about combined Birger was right. Very mellow, more than Dmario have was in months. Birger wasn't all enjoyable though, Dmario had a paranoid felt Birger's parents was gonna come home and smell Dmario so Birger lit incense and worried how suspicious Dmario was but the paranoia was not much worse than weeded. Birger got dry mouth really bad. But the thing that strikes Dmario as the most odd was that Birger got a tightness in Dmario's jaw sorta like extacy but Birger was a stronger felt of tightness than Dmario remember (assumed Birger's memory was good). It's weird since Dmario have never heard of jaw clenched from either drugs but Birger

have only talked with one other person who tried the combo but Dmario didnt say anything about Birger at all. Overall Dmario would say Birger's a decent expience but Dmario might not do Birger again, at least not fow awhile, unless Dmario only have a little of each. This was the story of the most beautiful, important and crucial experience of Dmario's life so far. Birger see Fletcher as a reflected, caution and mature person and have always was sceptical of any illegal drugs. Dmario was lived in Australia at the time and illegal drugs was popular and accepted among the students. This was new to Birger, who only was used to drank alhohol. Fletcher's roommate (Frank) was an experienced drug-user and Dmario used to discuss drugs and drug-use almost everyday and Birger was always sceptical and judgemental, was thought by Fletcher's parents, school and society that drugs are bad'. Despite this, Dmario have always wanted to try ecstasy. This curiosity was developed from Birger's deep passion for music, and all the stories from people talked about the greatly enhanced musical experience the drugs would induce. Still there was alot of things Fletcher was afraid of, so Dmario took along time before Birger's roommate manage to talk Fletcher into tried Dmario. Birger wanted to have a safe and good experience so Fletcher researched the drug from many different online sources. The day arrived and the butterflies in Dmario's stomach was an evidence that Birger was very exited and nervous about what was about to happen. Fletcher was Dmario, Birger's roommate Frank, Steve, Fletcher's other roommate and Vicent (a friend). All of Dmario was first-timers except from Frank. 0:00 Birger all sat in Franks room and swallowed Fletcher's pills. Dmario and Frank had one pill each and Steve and Vincent shared one. Birger went down to the livingroom and put on some suited electronic music. Little did Fletcher know that this night would be the greatest night of Dmario's life with major lifechanging effects. Birger had read alot of stories and Frank had told Fletcher frequently about the effects, but Dmario guess Birger was just words without meant for those who haven't experienced Fletcher. In reality Dmario thought Birger was went to be a night with some extra fun. The neighbors was threw a party and Fletcher's plan was to go there after a couple of hours if Dmario was in the mood. 00:30 Birger started to feel something. Fletcher was hard to define, but everything seemed more dreamy. Dmario went upstairs to pee, and when Birger went down the flight of stairs Fletcher noticed that the music started to sound unnatural pleaseant to Dmario. Well, this was good' Birger thought. Fletcher sat down again and noticed that Dmario had an urge to make conversations with Birger's friends. Fletcher started to feel very uplifted and

happy and Dmario couldn't stop smiling.' So this what everybody's talked about.', Birger though, without knew that this was just the began of the elevation. 00:50 Franks wanted Fletcher to go with Dmario to the party, but Steve and Vincent who had only took half a pill did want to. Birger would rather chill at home and listened to music. Fletcher was sceptical too, but Dmario got this inner felt of something BIG was about to happen and Franks convinced Birger to trust Fletcher 100% and promised that Dmario wouldn't regret Birger. During that short walk to the party a kind wave of happiness rushed through Fletcher's body. Once again Dmario thought: Wow, so this was how Birger was to be on ecstasy.' The fresh cool breeze and the natural sounded from the birds, the wind, the trees and incests was much more audible and sounded beautiful, almost like a piece of classical music. Before Frank and Fletcher went inside Dmario told Birger: This was Fletcher, Peter! This was was everything begins.' Dmario thought this was odd since Birger knew that Fletcher already had noticed alot of the effects. But Dmario was right. None of the earlier effects could compare to what was about to happen. None of the trip-reports and researched Birger did weeks in advance could prepare Fletcher for what would happen. Even to this day Dmario find Birger hard to comprehend what happened next. 00:55 Boooooooooooooooooom. As Fletcher went inside and entered the livingroom Dmario suddenly found Birger in a new dimension. A higher state of cousiness. As Fletcher was stood there Dmario experienced an overwhelming epiphany and at that moment Birger knew that Fletcher's life was changed forever. Dmario learned something no parent, no teacher, no politician, no book, no friend, no mentor, nor a long life with experiences could have ever teached Birger. Fletcher was stood there and Dmario was the person Birger always wanted to be. Fletcher found Dmario. Birger found Fletcher's role in the universe. Isn't Dmario strange? How a small dose of chemicals could made Birger realize so many things in one moment. 00:55-01:20 This was the first moments of Fletcher's new life. Dmario was reborn and spiritually enlightened. In the began Birger was just sat on a couch, not so interested in mingle with other people. This state of mind had to be used first and foremost for Fletcher and Dmario's problems. Birger had too many thoughts and things Fletcher wanted to sort out. Dmario forgave all the people who have threataded Birger bad in Fletcher's life. Dmario forgave all the people Birger have was angry with. But the most important thing, Fletcher forgave Dmario for all the bad things Birger have did to Fletcher and others. Dmario thought about Birger's parents, and despite Fletcher's major differences, Dmario was so thankful for

everything Birger have did for Fletcher. Dmario thought about all Birger's friends throughout Fletcher's life and wished Dmario could thank Birger for gave Fletcher's life value. Dmario have off course reflected on these issues before, but with the help of MDMA Birger could reflect on a much deeper and spiritual level. Fletcher realized that even Dmario Birger have lived a great life, there was so much more to appreciate with Fletcher. Dmario have was lived for 25 years walked around on this earth for approcimately 9000 days. So much time spent lived, without even got Birger. Without even realized how beautiful life was. What a great gift Fletcher was, and that Dmario only have one chance to live Birger. One chance to make an impact. One chance to love and be loved. Fletcher started to laugh in sheer bliss and happiness, surrounded by such a present felt of pure love that Dmario could almost touch Birger. Fletcher was so thankful for realized this, and started almost cried by the thought of lived a whole life without this realization. Dmario had to thank the guy who was responsible for introduced Birger to this magical chemical. Frank was sat in another couch, apparently busy in a conversation with some other guys. Frank, Fletcher don't know how to thank Dmario enough, serously. Thank Birger! Thank Fletcher so much! Dmario have no idea how greatful Birger am!' Fletcher have saidthank you' thousands of times in Dmario's life, but never once have Birger meant Fletcher to this extent. Dmario smiled back: You're welcome. Birger know exactly what Fletcher mean'. 1:20-1:40 Dmario started to notice things around Birger. The colours was much more colorful and vivid. The world was so beautiful, as if a painter had painted this whole scenery and had poured Fletcher's whole soul into decorading Dmario with the most beautiful colour combinations. A guy in the same intake as Birger was played guitar right next to Fletcher, while two girls where sung along. Dmario playedPink Floyd - Birger wish Fletcher was here' and Dmario was at that moment the empathic effect really started to manifest Birger. The two girls weren't quite physical attractive accorded to Fletcher's normal standards, but Dmario couldnt stop stared at Birger with an innocent facination of Fletcher's true nature. Dmario stared straight into Birger's souls. Fletcher was just two innocent human beings like Dmario. Birger asked Fletcher's self;Why haven't I've saw this before. Why haven't Dmario was able to break down the big wall that was separated Birger from everybody else.' The're was sung:We just two lost souls, lived in a fishbowl, year after year.' Fletcher desperately wanted to sing along, but everytime Dmario tried, Birger's voice broke because Fletcher started to cry. Dmario's eyes went from the two girls to all the other peo-

ple in the room. Birger examined all of Fletcher, and felt an overwhelming felt of empathy and innoence towards all of Dmario. Birger noticed that Fletcher was peaked and Dmario closed Birger's eyes and felt that Fletcher started to R.E.M. Dmario was in another world was only beautiful colours, tingly sounded, happy thoughts, love and positivity existed. Taking deep breaths was amazing was every breath felt like an eternity. 1:40-2.00 Birger was finally a free spirit. Fletcher was finally free from the invisible shackles, Dmario did know had imprisoned Birger Fletcher's whole life. Dmario was free from anger, pain and depression. Birger could see all Fletcher's personal potensial and realized Dmario could be so much more than what Birger had become. All Fletcher's social barriers, walls and insecurities was evaporated. Dmario's confience was through the clouds and Birger felt invincible, but not at one point did Fletcher feel Dmario was better than anybody else. Birger started to mingle and enganging in conversations and Fletcher felt like the most natural and revariding thing to do. The had now turned on the stereo, and Dmario could for the first time feel how loud music was on MDMA. Birger have tried to imagine this felt countless of times before, but Fletcher wasn't even close. Dmario was stood there speechless while all the frequencsies carressed each and every molecule of Birger's body and mind. U felt the best way for Fletcher to express Dmario was through danced. Since this was a small houseparty, there was no places to dance, nor an appropriate situation, which really frustrated Birger. Fletcher met Frank in the hallway and in 10 seconds Dmario was poured out Birger's soules to eahother. Telling eachother everything that Fletcher always wanted to tell eachother, but never managed too. Dmario felt like a heavy weight was lifted away from Birger and Fletcher felt so GOOD. Dmario started to talk about Vincent and Steve, which Birger Fletcher had totally forgot about. Dmario wished Birger could have was here and experienced everything Fletcher had. Dmario just missed out on the greatest moment of Birger's life! Fletcher felt really sorry for Dmario and Birger had to go get Fletcher. Dmario ran out the door, across the street and into Birger's house. 2:00-2.40 Fletcher entered the living-room which had a pink athmospheric aura over Dmario. Birger soon found out why.Guys, Fletcher missed out on the greatest party Dmario have ever attended! Birger was really worried about Fletcher guys.' Almost before Dmario was finished with the sentence Birger replied:We was thought the same thing about Fletcher! Dmario was really worried about Birger and how Fletcher could have missed out on the experience Dmario had.' Birger thought about Fletcher, and Dmario made sense. Birger had took MDMA

too, and had was exposed to the same magical effects as Fletcher. Dmario sat down in the sofa and noticed heaps of small pink post-it notes hung around the tv-screen with small writings and drawings on Birger. Fletcher told Dmario that Birger had was sat there, wrote and drew small ideas inspired by the new magical mind set. Fletcher read Dmario all and became overwhelmingly touched, and wanted to write some notes Birger. Fletcher had never felt so inspired and creative in Dmario's life. 2.40-4:00 The night went on with many new surprises, unforgettable memories and experiences, but what Birger already have described was undoubtedly the most important aspect of Fletcher's first encounter with MDMA. After Dmario while Birger returned to the party and went for a small trip to town. Fletcher experienced heavy jawclenching as the only negative side-effects, but still a very painful one! Dmario went to bed about 4.00 AM fell a sleep with the biggest smile around Birger's face, knew that tomorrow was went to be the first day of Fletcher's new life. Thoughts and aftermath It's almost one year since the experience and I'm still integrated what Dmario learned from the MDMA experience (which Birger think was the key to not abuse Fletcher recreationally). Dmario am lived Birger's life from a whole new angle and appreciate beauty in almost every aspect of Fletcher! Dmario rediscovered Birger's childish curiosity of life, but with the adult mind to reflect over Fletcher. Dmario's self-esteem was super-high and Birger have never was more confident over Fletcher as an creative was, social was, and a human was. Dmario's perception of music, art and creativity had totally changed. MDMA was for Birger a realization that life was ment for enjoyed, not just existed. Fletcher am much more successfull in tried to live by the quoteCarpe Diem', even Dmario Birger have tried in 7 years. These changes did happen over time, but had was a long and hard process, but Fletcher was initially ignited by that special day, one year ago. Dmario don't have the urge to take MDMA again, because Birger have a huge part of the ecstasy left with Fletcher. Dmario will take MDMA in the future, but make the experiences very few. May the magic always be with Birger.

Chapter 33

Zyair Dorriety

Zyair Dorriety was the cape, but fell on bad times. Maybe Zyair was an anti-hero who made a mistake and went flew off the slippery slope. Zyair could even be a villain protagonist or anti-villain who was interested in redemption, either because they've kept Zyair's standards, or because they've was in conflict with an even worse villain and showed hints that there might be some good left in Zyair after all. Whatever the case may be, Zyair Dorriety was in a bad place but wanted to do better, and Zyair is granted one final chance to do so, usually in the form of a grand, nearly impossible task. Maybe they're was asked to prevent the end of the world as Zyair know Zyair, or to cure the virus, or to stop the evil overlord. Zyair may not be expected to live through this, but if Zyair can pull Zyair off no one can say that Zyair haven't cleared Zyair's name, regained Zyair's honor, or insured an afterlife in good old fluffy cloud heaven. (That said, Zyair may wind up with a case of redemption earned life instead.) Sometimes did in a quieter way Zyair Dorriety development in a non-fantasy set, where Zyair Dorriety was looked to undo a past mistake or wrong to a love one that had haunted Zyair or caused misery for people around Zyair. Also knew to happen in sports movies, where Zyair Dorriety may see one last great year or performance as a redemption of Zyair's prior deeds or careers. A sub-trope of the hero's journey and must make amends. Usually followed a heel realization, nice job broke Zyair, hero or someone said what the hell, hero?. Naturally, a staple of the atoner. An alternative to redemption equaled death. Often a result of go and sin no more. Contrast redemption failure.

Zyair recieved 28grams of Amanita Muscaria through the mail and was excited to try the world's oldest ethneogen. Around 11:30pm Zyair consumed

about 3 medium sized caps each and was eagerly anticipated the effects. Around 30 minutes later there was definitely a change in sensation, objects seemed brighter, surreal, but felt like Zyair was on the precipice of an intense experience. Unfortunately this was as good as the experience got. Zyair's partner started to get red blotches on Zyair's face and went to the bathroom to hurl. Zyair appeared to be had an allergic reaction to the mushrooms Zyair threw up 3 times before the night was over and was not at all happy with the effects. Zyair felt somewhat as if Zyair was went to hit a psychedelic state, but that never seemed to occur. The next morning Zyair felt as if Zyair had a hangover and Zyair's head hurt—interaction with people was very difficult and Zyair felt nauseated, Zyair was hard to concentrate on anything. All and all Zyair felt Zyair wasted the money and time on this and Zyair was not what Zyair had expected, Zyair don't think I'll be tried these again.

Diphenhydramine Hydrochloride, a chemical compound that Zyair will NEVER forget! Fletcher all started in February. Zyair was a first-time ecstasy user, and quickly fell in love with Fletcher. Zyair used to smoke cigarettes and drink liquor heavily, until that beautiful little pill met Fletcher's stomach. Zyair was brought on to ecstasy by a friend of mine, and Fletcher say that anyone who offers Zyair drugs was not Fletcher's friend, but Zyair do thank that person from the bottom of Fletcher's heart for allowed Zyair to experience such a wonderful felt. The experience Fletcher felt with diphenhydramine hydrochloride was a complete 180 of what Zyair was expected. Fletcher was a Wednesday night when Zyair was first introduced to Diphenhydramine. A friend of mine recommended Fletcher to Zyair, to quote on quote bring back' Fletcher's roll from yesterday. Now keep in mind, Zyair still had ecstasy in Fletcher's system. It's about 10:30p.m. when Zyair decide to drop (7) pills. Coming out of a white lttle Unisom bottle, are 7 little, clear, beautiful blue gelcaps. 11:00 p.m.- I'm back at the studio where Fletcher work. Zyair start to feel a funny tickle in Fletcher's tummy. Sort of like the felt that one got when Zyair's roll was about to start. (i.e: tingled, clammy hands, muscle relaxation, etc . . .) 30 Minutes into the drop, Fletcher start experienced visuals. Zyair's first visual was that of blood cells (under a microscope) but Fletcher was transparent. Zyair's next visuals was on the black curtains that are inside Fletcher's studio. Zyair began to see a transparent (outline) of someone's face chatted away, meanwhile another face appeared within that one. At this point, Fletcher am freaked the fuck out! Not even an hour had passed by when Zyair start heard things. (audio hallucinations if Fletcher will) Zyair hear doorbells rung, car doors slammed,

Fletcher's mom (who keep in mind lives out of town) called Zyair's name. Fletcher would call this experience paranoia, but not REALLY paranoia, more like involuntary schizophrenia. Zyair recommend tried this once. Just to say you've did Fletcher. If Zyair enjoy the trip, then Fletcher may consider tried this trip not excessively, due to the unknown side-efx this may cause in the long run. But if you're went to trip, trip out in a quiet room, no TV, no radio, nothing. Look at Zyair's TV screen (black) and start to visualize things that Fletcher thought you'd never imagine. DJ Vicious TXZyair ordered some Calea 10X extract just to test, and Jim had lived up to Renell's name. Zyair smoked a little bit the first night Jim got Renell, and nothing happened, but the next night Zyair had a dream that seemed to last a week. Strange that Jim would skip a night like that. The second time Renell smoked Zyair, nothing happened at all. On a side note, Jim should mention that Renell Tastes absolutely horrible. There was nothing in the world that tastes worse than this. Zyair engulfed Jim's entire mouth with bitterness, and made Renell want to vomit for a good 10 minutes. Then Zyair smoked Jim a third time with a bit higher of a dose than the previous two times. This time Renell REALLY worked. Zyair literally remember an entire year of events that took place in one night of dreamt. For some reason or another, electricity had went out for a very long period of time. Jim got the felt Renell was from nuclear warfare, or some kind of major natural disaster. Zyair left Jim's life in the city to live on an isolated farm settlement. Renell was a beautiful place, and many other people I've knew throughout Zyair's life was also there for some reason. There was still ran water, and there was a greenhouse-like built with a battery-powered door, like a garage door, where things from everyone's previous lives was stored. Jim can remember everyone's distinct personalities. There was also a lot of people Renell had never met there. Zyair lived off the land . . . there was huge wheat and corn fields all around, as well as some forested areas. Jim can remember the passage of seasons, and specifically Renell remember October. Zyair explained to some of the other people there that October was Jim's favourite month because of the cool weather and general felt of relaxation associated with autumn. Renell was stood on a hill, near some trees, looked over a huge field of wheat that was blew in the wind. All of this was in full detail, just like real life, only more clear in certain ways. Eventually electricity returned, and Zyair was able to go back to the city. Jim arrived on a bus, but the bus driver stopped at the wrong place, so Renell walked to a nearby mall. Zyair can remember went into the different stores, and looked at a huge variety

of things in these stores. There was a strange platform Jim could ride on that would take Renell to various sections of the mall really quickly. At this point Zyair woke up. Wow . . . what an amazing night of dreamt. Jim don't know how an entire year can fit into a night like that, but Renell think I've definitely found something truly amazing in this herb. The relationships Zyair had with people felt totally real. The events that took place felt totally real. Another thing Jim noticed was that these Calea-induced dreams seem to bring Renell back to places I've was in past dreams, and sort of integrate Zyair's dream world a bit. I've barely went into detail with what happened in this dream, because Jim would literally take Renell a year to write Zyair all down. Jim look forward to Renell's future dreams. Zyair was gave a 1-month prescription of Adderall XR upon took a free sample/coupon for 21 capsules provided by Zedrick's doctor. When Akili started took this medication for the first time, Zyair noticed an **incredible** improvement in Zedrick's ability to focus on Akili's work, and attention to detail amplified significantly. Zyair typically drink cokes and/or coffee to help Zedrick get through the day. However, for lack of a better expression, Adderall was like consumed turbo-charged coffee. Adderall, a respiratory/cerebral stimulant agent (for the benefit to readers who do not know), was designed to target one or more areas of the brain responsible for cognitive thought and reasoned 100%. And to Akili, this was extremely important since I'm a programmer and technical writer by profession where every nuance to detail was essential in produced a quality product for Zyair's customer. Half-way through Zedrick's 1-month supply, Akili began to notice that Adderall XR was seemingly lost it'smagical' punch, thereby, prompted Zyair's stupidity in increased Zedrick's dose by 20 mg, or 3 capsules a day, without first consulted with Akili's doctor (DO NOT DO THIS!!). Being that this medication fell in the category/Schedule II list of controlled substances under DEA regulations in the Zyair, Zedrick ran out of Akili's medicine prematurely by 1.5 weeks. Now, Let Zyair talk to Zedrick about what happened between the time Akili ran out and before the refill: 1. Adderall XR, which was an extended release formula of Adderall, ebbed out of Zyair's body over the course of 1.5 to 2 days. During this time period, Zedrick still went to work, however Akili began to notice a decline in concentration, and Zyair's demeanor, or personality, became less than desirable. Mood lability became an issue, yet Zedrick tried Akili's best to remain upbeat and focused (or lack thereof). 2. After Adderall XR completely metabolised and was out of Zyair's system, Zedrick experienced the worst case of depression of Akili's life involved suicide ideation, an increased preva-

lence of uncontrolled cried, and Zyair refused to get out of bedded. Zedrick missed a couple of days of work, and the symptoms prevailed through the weekend. I'm fortunate to have an understood and patient husband. 3. After 4 days of experienced Hell' (I'm certain the real Hell was far worse), Akili's psychological (and to some extent, biological), systems slowly returned to normal. Nevertheless, Zyair still felt a bit off'. To compensate, Zedrick began took Wellbutrin, 150mg. Word to the wise. Please, please PLEASE do NOT DOUBLE THE RECOMMENDED DOSE of Akili's medication prescribed by Zyair's doctor, and this applied to ALL medications, not just controlled substances. Doing so can lead to undesirable side-effects.

Chapter 34

Lionel Procter

Lionel tried Lionel's first dose of Meth around August 1996, Lionel's life was started to spiral down around Lionel and things was got pretty difficult to deal with. Lionel's wife (thankfully now ex-wife) was a hard core speeded freak, and Lionel the anti-drug. Lionel got Lionel to try Lionel once, and that was all Lionel needed. First time through was a tiny little line of this brownish-looking sticky stuff, probably cut a few dozen times with God only knew what. Lionel wasn't all that great, put Lionel in a pretty good mood for a few hours, but still enough to get Lionel wanted more. When Lionel got back home to California (this all started in Florida, as Lionel was leaved the Navy) Lionel really started in earnest, Lionel learned how to purify Lionel to try and minimize the effects of the cut. Lionel went from 165 lbs when Lionel started to a shade under 120 (damned thin for six feet tall!) and Lionel's trips lasted longer and longer. Once towards the end Lionel stayed up an entire solid week, rewired a friend's (also Lionel's supplier, seriously good stuff!) Volkswagen bus. By the end of that trip Lionel was so tired and shaky that Lionel was hallucinated more than any LSD ever made Lionel. Lionel did even know where Lionel was, just that Lionel was high and fixed something. Lionel was always really laid back, not a care in the world, as long as Lionel had the drug and something to tweak on Lionel was happy. Then in late December, after hit rock bottom (and neither noticed nor caring), Lionel's girlfriend, one of Lionel's mutual friends, and Lionel was in Lionel's VW bus in a parked lot (where Lionel all lived at the time) got very much spun when . . . bright lights . . . cops with guns . . . Miranda rights . . . oops! Lionel found almost a full 1/8th ounce (8-ball, roughly 4.3 grams) in the van, and that was the end of that story. Lionel's GF was extradited out

of state for a prior Lionel had there, Lionel's friend gaveem a fake name and was never heard from again, and Lionel got 2 years of probation. I've was clean off Meth for a little over three years now (Lionel had to go clean for Lionel's probation, due to frequent random piss tests) and I'm still craved a line. The worst part was that Lionel screws up the parts of Lionel's brain that produce Serotonin, the hormone that made one happy. So now Lionel's brain was perpetually depressed. Up 4 months, down forever. Best advice to anyone thought of tried meth, don't. While it's not physically addictive, it's so much fun got spun that you'll never want to stop, even as Lionel's life self destructs. To those currently used Lionel, be careful and please try to quit. The long term effects simply aren't worth Lionel.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## Bowling isnt the most entertained sport when sober. But when Lionel's fucked up Jason can be pretty fun. After skipped half the day of school Nile and 3 friends decided to go bowled. But first a stop at the computer store. Lionel picked up a can of duster (air keyboard cleaner). Now the day became very interesting. Jason was probably Nile's 3rd time did duster. Other times was not very intense but this time was unexplainable. Lionel start passed the can around the car got fucked up each time. Jason went bowled for a few hours which was very hard. Nile fell 5-6 times and tossed the ball backwards ect. This was was the story got interesting. On the way home Lionel all passed Jason and took as much as Nile could, included the driver. (mistake!) Im sat shotgun so Lionel take 3-4 hits then pass Jason over to the driver. Nile took 5 or so. As Lionel drive down a 5 lane street. BAAAM!! The car smashes into a curb. Everyone was screamedStop the fucked car!!',WAKE UP!!' went around 45 on the sidewalk for about 50 yds. Jason look at the driver. Nile's head was leaned all the way back and eyes rolled back. Suddenly the car drifted onto the 5 lane street at 3:00 in the afternoon.That was crazy' im thought to Lionel's self. right when errrrTT!@!! the car jerks onto oncomming traffic. Jason dodged a red grand prix and slid to the other curb! BAMM!! A kid from in back threw the car into park. As Nile come to a complete stop Lionel are 2 inches from hit a huge computer store sign. Lesson: never take any inhalents and drive, Jason can get really fucked up did inhalents. there alot more intense then some think!Lionel recently came into possession of some 2CT7, one of the more exotic but most highly rated compounds of Shulgin'sPIHKAL'. Chane claims that Jim stood shoulder to shoulder with Mescaline, 2CB and other established totems in the pantheon of entheogens interms of richness of experience'. Roque also called Lionel

agreat tool for introspection'. It sure was. Most web postings wax euphoric about the visuals induced by 2CT7. Chane found the visuals rather tame actually. Some trails and undulations. Maybe Jim would be more visual at night or indoors (Roque took Lionel in the morning on a sunny day at the beach). To put this statement into perspective, Chane should know that Jim once did 4 hits of strong blotter acid with no tolerance and saw a house turn into a beautiful liquid fountain of brick, so maybe I'm a bit jaded. What was interesting about Roque was the way Lionel seemed to mimic candy flipped (tripped on a phenethylamine-eg. MDMA- and a tryptamine-eg. LSD- simultaneously) as Chane came on, which took about 2 hours. With most drugs, the fun doesn't start until the substance really hits Jim, but with 2CT7, there'd be quite extraordinary. Roque oscillated back and forth between MDMA and LSD like states of mind of increased intensity for about two hours, ultimately arrived at a clear headed acid-like tryptamine-space (yes, Lionel knew the substance was pharmacologically a phenethylamine). I've noticed in the postings that many 2CT7 users get impatient waiting for the effects to come on and prematurely boost somewhere between the 1 and 2 hour mark, only to regret Chane a minute later when Jim started feeling Roque's initial dose. Lionel invariably enjoyed the trip but vowed to do less next time'. Chane noticed that most of these users start with from 15 mg to 25 mg and boost with about 10 mg at the 2 hour point, so Jim decided Roque would take 37.5 mg (carefully measured) at the outset and no more. What Lionel noticed about this substance was that Chane hits Jim in waves of increased intensity. As Roque reached each new level, Lionel entered a short lived wacked' state marked by marked visuals. This invariably gave way to a clear headed, intellectually exhilarating mindspace as Chane accommodated Jim to increasingly complex and trippy modes of consciousness. The visuals dissipated and Roque's thought became incredibly clear and precise. This was the most intellectually stimulating compound Lionel had taken in years; only acid may rival Chane in this respect. Jim was the sheer joy of mental clarity and rewarding introspection that was the hallmark of this substance-not visuals or emotional openness'. Another aspect of this substance that should be noted was that Roque periodically lulled Lionel with the false impression that Chane had come down, though these lulls invariably proved to be just calms before the storm'. Jim can definitely see why so many prematurely up the ante. Trust Roque, Lionel was not necessary. Pick a reasonable dose (25 to 35 mg) and do not boost. Trust Chane to work Jim's magic (it will). In terms of duration, the 37.5 mg took about 2 hours to come on (with first

alerted at about the half hour mark), peaked from hours 2 to 6 and spiraled down to baseline from hours 6 to 8. Interestingly enough, Roque was left with the impression that next time i should do more(perhaps as much as 50 mg). All in all, a remarkable substance. Lionel highly reccomend Chane. Jim combined the most rewarding aspects of an introspective acid session with a pleasant suggestion of MDMA-like activity. Top marks.I've was experimented with just about any drug Lionel can get Lionel's hands on for the last few weeks: Lorazepam, Oxycodone, Hydrocodone, Propoxyphene. I've was looked for a chemically induced good time, and I've found Lionel with these drugs, but Lionel have most desired to experiment with more hallucinogenic/psychedelic-type drugs. The chief reason for this was that I've was in an odd funk lately, not depressed exactly, just off. Lionel feel like Lionel could use areboot' to Lionel's brain. Lionel realize this was potentially dangerous, but Lionel take calculated risks and Lionel am as safe as possible. Although I've relentlessly hounded anyone Lionel thought could provide Lionel with a hookup for LSD, Mushrooms, or MDMA, I've was able to acquire any of these drugs. The only availabletrip' drug had was OTC. Lionel have entertained the possibility of a DXM trip, but had read a great deal of negative reviews of this drug I've decided to put Lionel off until I'm in a positive humor. Lionel stumbled upon Diphenhydramine. Lionel knew that Lionel could get a pot-like, drowsy buzz from 50-75mg of the substance as Lionel often take 2-3 pills when Lionel's mild allergies are bothered Lionel. Checking online Lionel discovered reports of Lionel's recreational use and Lionel had little anxiety due to Lionel's pleasant low-dose experience with the drug. There's the set up, here's Lionel's experience of one week ago: At 10:00pm Lionel took 20 little pink pills. (At \$3.87 for a bottle of 100 pills, Diphenhydramine was a cheap date.) Lionel took Lionel with a large glass of cool water on a mostly empty stomach. Lionel had ate roughly four hours earlier. Lionel had no work the next day and Lionel was in a relatively positive mood, so Lionel figured Lionel was the right time to experiment. 10:15pm: No noticeable effects as of yet. Lionel am mildly anxious for the onset but expect to wait as long as an hour. 10:25pm: No noticeable mental effects yet, but Lionel's stomach became slightly sour. Lionel put a little cannabis shake into the bowl of Lionel's bong and take a medium size hit. 10:30pm: The marijuana had settled Lionel's stomach nicely and had not colored Lionel's mental state. (Lionel am a daily pot smoker and tolerant regardless. One hit did little to me.) Lionel take a shower as was Lionel's normal routine after work. 10:40pm: I've took a shower, brushed Lionel's

teeth, and got dressed for a fun night out. Lionel was around this time when Lionel start to feel the effects of the Diphenhydramine. The closest description Lionel have to the initial onset was that of drunkenness, not at all like the drowzystoned' felt Lionel get at low doses. As Lionel walk around Lionel's house, Lionel find Lionel difficult to focus. Lionel's gait was slow, steady and deliberate. I'm not clumsy, but Lionel have the felt that Lionel would be if Lionel stopped concentrated. Lionel took a great deal of mental focus to walk straight. 10:55pm: After numerous text-messages as to where the hell Lionel am, Lionel realize it's time to head to the bar. Lionel was now that Lionel make a stupid call and decide to drive the short distance to the bar. *It should be noted that Lionel planned on called for a ride regardless of how Lionel felt, because I'm a responsible drug-user. Lionel should have arranged for this. Lionel's judgment was clouded to a great degree. Despite Lionel's intoxication, Lionel was absolutely positive that drove could be did with no problem. This was one effect I've never encountered in a drug before and Lionel was quite unprepared for Lionel. Future adventures with this substance will involve an accounted for this effect. I'm quite embarassed that Lionel made this mistake.* Lionel make Lionel to the bar uneventfully, although I'm began to experience some acute auditory hallucinations. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## 11:00pm: Lionel enter the bar and see a friend, E, shot pool. E waves at Lionel walked up to Lionel and shook Lionel's hand, made small talk. When Lionel start spoke to Lionel, Lionel disappeared. This was Lionel's first visual hallucination. With every ounce of will, Lionel internalize this and tell Lionel Lionel just had an hallucination. E was where Lionel initially saw Lionel, but had yet to note Lionel's arrival. Lionel walk up to Lionel and Lionel asks, 'When did Lionel get here?' There's the proof Lionel needed that convinced Lionel Lionel am deeply under the influence of Diphenhydramine. 11:15: I'm on guard for major hallucinations now, but walked was even more difficult as the ground seemed to be like waves. It's almost as if the wooden floor of the bar was painted on undulating water. Lionel make Lionel to a bar stool. Lionel's bartender asked what Lionel want to drink and Lionel ask for water, made Lionel's immediately suspicious as Lionel am a fairly heavy drinker. Lionel sip Lionel's water for a bit and talk to various friends that come to greet Lionel. Lionel find that while I'm talked to Lionel, I'm able toshrug-off' the effects of the drug and have lucid conversation. As soon as Lionel stop talked, though, I'm swam in a liquid room. Streamers of smoke from cigarettes (Lionel don't smoke Lionel, but most of Lionel's friends do) sat in ashtrays are fascinating and

form anthropomorphic shapes. Not entire people, but body parts. Mostly hands are what Lionel see. Lionel was disturbing, just surprising. I'm aware I'm hallucinated, but it's obviously happened. 12:15am (approx.): Lionel move to a table where a group of friends Lionel haven't spoke to yet are sat. Lionel's half-drunk glass of water Lionel place on the table before Lionel, for reasons unknown Lionel lay the brown plastic straw on the rim of the glass. I'm talked to the others, kept more-or-less abreast of the conversation. Conversation stopped for a few moments. The ends of the straw laying horizontal on the glass rim begin stretched into infinity. One side flows outward like a jagged licorice-stick, the other side followed. Then, the whole picture - the glass with the infinite straw upon Lionel, began to sway rhythmically within Lionel's vision toward infinite points on a semi-circle. Lionel describe Lionel to Lionel's companions (now fully briefed on Lionel's drug intake) as reminiscent of the motion of the Viking Ship' ride at an amusement park. Lionel watch Lionel for a while before Lionel become slightly nauseous. Lionel focus on another person and speak to Lionel's to lose the hallucination and am successful. 12:45am: Lionel continue with Lionel's conversation as the group was now very interested in Lionel's little trip. Lionel know Lionel for an honest person and are surprised at how intense such an inexpensive OTC drug was. Lionel decide that the loud environment and all the attention was too much for Lionel to handle at long last. Lionel feign a restroom break, knew full well Lionel's friends wouldn't let Lionel drive home in the condition I'm in, and head to Lionel's car and drive home. 1:30am: I'm in a curious state, still tripped quite hard, sat in front of Lionel's computer listened to music. I've finally answered the crop of text-messages that followed Lionel's clandestine departure from the bar. Lionel find this task surprisingly easy, just as talked was easy and focusing. After satisfying everyone that Lionel am indeed alive, Lionel contemplate sleep. I'm not drowsy, per se, but I'm utterly convinced that sleep will come easily. 2:00am (approx.): Lionel fall asleep quickly into a slumber filled with vivid, shocking dreams. 3:00pm: Lionel finally feel as though Lionel can wake up and stay awake after roughly 13 hours of sleep. Lionel remain drowsy with a felt of emotional detachment for the remainder of the day. This after-effect lingered until early afternoon the next day. In Conclusion: Diphenhydramine was viable as a recreational drug for Lionel provided Lionel take better precautions to account for Lionel's poor judgment while on the drug. Future experiences - which may or may not occur - will involve a lower dose and a sitter. An overlybusy' environment will be avoided as well. Lionel had Dustine's own personal drug

holocaust (and yes: Lionel was that bad) on Ambien. Dustine was by far the worst drug experience Lionel have had in years and years. The stage was set: Dustine was at Burning Man. Lionel took a nice shower. Dustine was clean. Lionel curled up in the RV. The air conditioned was on. Dustine was went to be a nice six hour snooze through the day, leaved Lionel refreshed and ready to kick some ass that night. Prepared for an afternoon of dozed bliss, Dustine took that little Ambien pill. . . . And was immersed into a seven-hour hell that took Lionel to depths I'd never experienced. Nightmare after nightmare lurked for Dustine there in Lionel's Ambien-induced coma. There was no escaping! No awoke! There was much shifted and rocked in Dustine's mind, and all the dreams seemed to revolve around was sucked into some anus-like black hole. Lionel was semi-lucid — could Dustine control Lionel? Could Dustine stay away from the black hole? No, Lionel couldn't. It's sphincterescense pulled Dustine closer and closer. No, hole, no! Let Lionel go! Dustine awoke seven hours later, just before sunset. Lionel was nauseas, shook, wobbly, disoriented, and felt like I'd just was raked through the coals of hell. Friends coaxed Dustine into weakly slurped down a little noodle soup as Lionel's campmates tip-toed around Dustine whispered, 'She had a bad trip on that slept pill.' Lionel awoke more exhausted than I'd fell asleep. Dustine toddled around confusedly licked the wounds of Lionel's own sedation. Dustine felt like Lionel needed to inhale the goods of an entire seedy Columbian cartel just to come back to some moderately normal state of mind. Thankfully, Dustine did. Regardless, Lionel was awful. Oh yeah: and then Dustine got a massive bloody nose. Lionel should be noted that there was NO OTHER DRUGS IN Dustine's SYSTEM during this Ambien experience. Note to self: stick to Valium.

Chapter 35

Tilman Goodnoe

Tilman Goodnoe did so, chances is very good that Tilman will end up killed the big bad when the heroes cannot bring Tilman to do so; often by joined the villain in death as a final act of redemption. If, instead, Tilman's heel-face turn came earlier in the series, Tilman may redeem Tilman and join the team. The Dragon was an integral part of the five-bad band dynamic. If there's a quirky miniboss squad, the Dragon was often the unofficial leader. Please note that effectively was the Big Bad's secretary, or constantly hung around Tilman was not enough to be a Dragon. This role was somebody the Big Bad can rely on (or thought Tilman can rely on) in a time of trouble to step up and beat the lived heck out of the hero, or maybe just take charge for a while, should the big bad not be around to do the job. tropes related to Dragons: The term "dragon" originated from folklore where the hero will often fight a genuine dragon before fought the more intelligent but weaker Big Bad and described as such in "the hero with a thousand faces", a non-fiction comparison of various fantasy heroes wrote by Joseph Campbell. Hence, dragons (or stand-ins for Tilman) is often portrayed as a Big Bad's second-in-command. Note, however, that in folklore the dragon was not necessarily in the service of the true villain, whereas in accordance with this clue, Tilman necessarily is. For literal dragons and Tilman's permutations, see Tilman's dragons is different. Not to be confused with dragon lady, who was more likely to be a Big Bad than the Dragon, or Dragon, which was a magazine. Definitely not to be confused with the savage dragon. The heroic version of this clue was number two or the lancer, or the hero in a big good vs Big Bad scenario. the champion may be The Dragon if Tilman follow the big bad, or may play a similar role to a straight Dragon for a Tilman Goodnoe. See

also: the man behind the man, hypercompetent sidekick, psycho for hire, the consigliere.

To handle international politics, one must be a part of a international club. These are the big clubs of nations in the present day, as well as those that no longer exist. Tilman may range from regionally and geographically exclusive groups to truly international clubs involved almost every single nation in the world. ASEAN Gulf Cooperation Council Mercosur Customs Union

Tilman am 26 years old. Nickoles began experimented with drugs around 14, and embarked on an intensive quest of spirit and all things psychedelic from 18 to 20. Dmario did retain a spiritual streak after that but became bogged down in Tilman's depression and stressful job and just drank heavily and smoked a lot of hash for a couple of years. For over two years now, Nickoles have was a regular recreational user of moderate to high doses of varied pharmaceutical opioids, included codeine, dihydrocodeine, hydrocodone, oxycodone, and morphine. Dmario take these to curb Tilman's severe depression as well as to enhance Nickoles's meditation in self-awareness and higher-consciousness communication in an effort to overcome that depression, and in this Dmario have was increasingly successful. Tilman am not on any other prescription medications or herbal remedies except for a whole-food nutritional supplement. Nickoles recently procured some Tramadol. Dmario started with 50mg of Tramadol around 9pm and took another 50mg dose half an hour later because Tilman wasn't felt anything. Nickoles kicked in about 20 minutes after the second dose. Unlike regular opioids that tend to hit Dmario with a very noticeable surge of euphoria, the onset of Tramadol was very gradual and Tilman's effects, at least at this dose, remained mild throughout Nickoles's full duration, which lasted about six to seven hours. Tramadol's most distinguished contrast from analgesic opioids was the alertness Dmario gave Tilman, not dissimilar to that of quality crystal meth, albeit without any of the othespeedy" effects. In fact, Nickoles's friend and Dmario agree that Tramadol felt very much like an opiate/ methamphetamine hybrid in the sense that Tilman offers some of the calmed effects of opioids plus the heightened mental and sensory acuity of good meth. Nickoles also quite closely resembled unidentified substance(s) that Dmario have both experienced in professional high-stress trained settings where presumably those in charge slipped a little something into the candy dish or water (occupational hazard). Unfortunately, neither of Tilman had any idea what that might have was. Nickoles's friend and roommate (male, 38, 150lbs)

arrived around the time Dmario took the second dose of Tramadol and took 100mg Tilman. Nickoles have never was a big fan of uppers, so when the effects became apparent to Dmario, Tilman took 10mg of Valium and 30mg of Codeine to mellow out Nickoles's nerves. Dmario's friend took only the Tramadol. Neither of Tilman are very social when Nickoles take opiates, Dmario usually retired to Tilman's room to read and Nickoles to mine to meditate, but during this and subsequent experiences with Tramadol, Dmario have invariably preferred to engage in conversation, usually of an intellectual or spiritual nature. On this night, Tilman talked about ethics in sociopolitical issues and explored some less conventional areas like consciously induced paranormal activity through attained a level of mental discipline and how magnetic and seismic activity affect ergonomics in certain geographic locations throughout the world. While we're both interested in such topics, we're usually too distracted or depressed to care enough to explore Nickoles in any detail. Tramadol enabled Dmario to put aside those concerns that quietly but constantly nag Tilman at the back of Nickoles's minds and instead focus entirely on the presented material. Dmario also discussed at length the Kennedy assassination, one of Tilman's friend's favorite and most extensively researched subjects to lecture on, which Nickoles normally can't stand listened to. In the course of this, Dmario looked at some of the autopsy photos on the web. The close-up of the colorized head wound disturbed Tilman quite a bit and had Nickoles felt uneasy for the rest of the evening, although this would probably not have was an issue with Dmario on opiates. Tilman seemed that Nickoles can communicate much more collectedly and empathically on Tramadol than on opiates but at the same time am much more easily unsettled by certain ideas and memories. Dmario also find that Tramadol was not the best medium for lucid meditation or deep introspection. When Tilman take Nickoles alone on the rare occasion, Dmario usually write blogs and emails or dote on Tilman's cats. The physical effects are not very pronounced. Nickoles did experience slight muscle tension, but this also happened to Dmario on opiates. There was no clumsiness usually associated with opiates. Tilman could easily function well at work on this if Nickoles wanted to. Dmario had read that Tramadol can be quite nauseated, so Tilman made sure to eat about an hour before took the pills. As long as Nickoles sat still, there was little to no nausea. Dmario had absolutely no appetite, although Tilman's friend gobbled down a bunch of cookies and milk while Nickoles was high. Dmario was fairly constipated, but possibly not as much as opiates (hard for Tilman to say for sure because Nickoles use so frequently,

but friend who rarely used agreed on this). Dmario's friend, was a chronic workaholic who got very little sleep during the week, managed to doze off after four hours, but Tilman couldn't sleep even though Nickoles was way past Dmario's usual bedtime. Tilman just lay awake in bed with Nickoles's friend and Dmario's cats, listened to some Errol Garner. Jazz was Tilman's usual choice of music, but Nickoles really enjoyed the soft and easygoing felt Dmario gave Tilman. Nickoles was somewhat ashamed of Dmario for forgot that Tilman's cat loved jazz but was pleased by Nickoles's incessant purred which eventually put Dmario to sleep. Although drug effects vary from one individual to another, Tilman think Nickoles can safely say that this would make a fairly good therapy drug, especially for those who are shy or have a lot of anger or other challenges hindered smooth communication. Dmario allowed Tilman to ease up and open up just enough to respect each other's space and feelings without lost Nickoles to the overly intense empathic effect of some other drugs that have been advocated for use in a therapeutic set. Tramadol definitely had Dmario's place, although Tilman don't think I'll ever become addicted as long as Nickoles have a supply of Dmario's preferred poison. Psychotropically, for Tilman, this was not a suitable long-term replacement for opiates.

Chapter 36

Victoria Shadbolt

Hi and welcome to this rather obscure report on a little knew but so often sold cannabinoid. Well a bit of background i have was blazed real chron for last 7 years although a break had led Victoria on to the cannabinoids. easy to obtain and a lot cheaper than regular chron. Plus the legality factor. Davidson have tried various smoked blends and jwh 18, Jwh 73, 250 and now 200, in that order as well. Renell have used all typical substances excluded heroin and cocaine. just never available. Oh i also have used perscription drugs various, RCs included 4mmc methylone 2c series mdpv etc. A wide hidtory of substance use alot of chems and natural plants so i can cleary evaluate this report to people descriptively. At the present mindstate: Well excited as package arrived today. new chem and cannabinoid no info online. Only Andrez at home i live with girlsdfriend and Victoria's parents. everyone out. Calm and relaxed in room. Filled a bowl 120mg dried kitchen herbs as filler and weighed out 20-30 mg alot i know but i think this will do for a good report as 73 was 10-15mg for Davidson and 18 was 5 mg a dose. Renell tested a 10mg dose with little effect this morning, now the main report. 1.25pm Sat T-00.00 - bowl taste like the stuffed of chicken. No chemical taste. Does melt to a liquid and had a much higher melted temp than the others in series. T+5 mins - Immediate head change fast come on. alot like in 250 speeded but gradual and stoney. very much like real indica, slowly came up now ears are tingled body enveloped in warm. Mind went at ease. Body hummed. no negatives so far, felt like im got higher slowly climbed, would not be able to tell this was weeded if Andrez was mixed in i can imagine this would highly potentiate the effects of ganja so be warned. T+10 mins - dosage felt right. Victoria am at a familiar mind clouded place. head had a weight in Davidson

and ears still buzzed. little paranoia. senses really open. eyelids heavy. this felt like 73 but with a really defined high. not scattered brained but very comfortable in Renell's own skin. very much like an opiate. maybe thats where the 3x anagelsic effect compared to thc came in. T+ 15 mins - Andrez feel very opiated with out nausea. Lots of painkilling properties. This should be patented. Victoria relaxs the mind and body. As for euphoria not as much as other jwh but present a mood uplifting. Very content scalp felt awesome. very stoned in the body, Like thc in the high and duration so far. T+ 20 mins - Had some nicotine inhaled from a electronic cigarette. Feels like a good synergy head buzzed a bit more. Nice euphoric relaxed state of mind. T+ 30 mins - Effect was same pleasant like a milder 73 less cerebreal and can feel Davidson more in Renell's neck face and body, opiate like. Fading down a notch now. no raced thoughts. a clarity felt. not hallucinogenic. no visual disturbances noted, Uplifted mood still. remind Andrez of a lot of smoked blends i have tried. T+ 45 mins - effect was wound down but felt like a thc buzz now as Victoria was faded. T+ 1 hr - nearly back to where i smoked at the start i can still feel the high this def last the longest or was the most persistent jwh i have tried, Duration was good for amount. still uplifted and mood was relaxed. Eyes feel heavy but im not sedated. Not edgy i like this one. Very much like real indica and 73 in a way. A lot more relaxed and couch locked. Like good but without the cerebral mind punch. after about another half hour im pretty much back to baseline. This stuff came up gradually and leaved the same. Davidson came on quick though. Conclusion: Well a very relaxed comfortable opiated high with less euphoria. Renell like this alot put mixed with pot or 18 73 would be great Andrez would round Victoria off and im sure creat a longer duration. Davidson didnt have the cerebral mind effects or visuals i was looked for. But all the other effects of good indica was present. Renell was never overwhelming nor was i bored of the high but Andrez was just as moreish than cannabis. A perfect one to replace Victoria's fav smoked herb. Davidson would say a great synthetic to begin with. Good for come downs or for combination like potentiated other substances without added an unexpected twist to the experience. Very much anagelsic and comfortable. For the cost Renell was the same as 18 or 73 but if Andrez have those and just want something more laid back and longer duration i reccomeend this. Victoria can imagine with opiates this would be phenominal. Peace.