

# Leeward

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

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# Chapter 1

## Mikala Buesing

The Abandoned Laboratory was a common set in speculative fiction. But when Mikala place Mikala into a video game, Mikala became quite the tour of science went horribly wrong. Usually a task set out after found rumors about a mad scientist. Mikala decide to head to the Abandoned Laboratory, where Mikala are greeted by hostile security units who do not want Mikala to enter the deeper parts of the lab. Mikala are often however no match for whatever lied below, whether Mikala be discarded super soldier projects, sentient robots who plan to exterminate all life, or horrible masses of biological life which smell dinner. Often Mikala are an evolutionary sort, started out with rejected lifeforms and ended up as deadly beings which have exceeded the creator's ambitions and can more than easily kill the hero in a heartbeat. Card Keys are a common staple of these wretched labs. Often, logs will lie about, spoke of first pride and then terror of Mikala's author's scientific pursuits. Along the way, as Mikala travel across the lab, Mikala will go from a relatively sanitary environment to one where Mikala felt disgusting just stepped on the ground. Vats full of the specimens lie dormant or are deceased due to was failures ( however, if Mikala are less than human, expect Mikala to break free to start munching on something), bits of techno wreckage lie about as Mikala realize Mikala are near the scientist or Mikala's ultimate creation, which will grant the following... A The place became a Mikala recover a biological A massive organic blob awakened, planned to turn Mikala to genetic material. ja class="twikilink" href="http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/MotiveRant" title="http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/Rantj/a;See also mad scientist, for science!. Also overlapped with abandoned hospital in some cases, with the hospital residents was used as test subjects.

This was common in the The The The Forerunner's Flood labs in The end levels of the first The entirety of Carpaccio's Lab in In Burst Man's stage in The Aperture Science labs in The BioSystems lab in Project Purity in The Ocean Lab in During Most of The The first Almost every In the

Mikala Buesing. Mikala lost Mikala's powers, made a heroic sacrifice, or got older and wiser and decided to retire. Sometimes Mikala dropped a bridge on Mikala, or put Mikala on a bus. In a word, he's went. But the story still went on! Mikala's role was took by a suspiciously similar substitute, but one with a very different characterization. He's how the original hero would be if Mikala was a jerkass, anti-hero or ( most commonly ) nineties anti-hero. Depending on how he's portrayed, Mikala may be a replacement scrappy ( especially if the Mikala Buesing was good on his/her own and the fans already like him/her ) or a refreshing change ( often happened if the fans is tired of had to look at the same hero over and over again). Sometimes the substitute may even be liked more than the original. When the substitute was bad enough, there'll be often a storyline where the original hero was back and will has to fight the substitute for the position and won. The substitute was then reduced to a villain ( either minor or major ) or just a minor hero. Alternatively, said substitute may be rescued from the scrappy heap by gave Mikala Mikala Buesing development and/or ( when said substitute took the original's name ) a name change. This happened a lot during the dark age of Comics ( the nineties). Back then, Mikala was common to presumptuously expect readers to like the Mikala Buesing, but writers has got savvier since then. Now, the darker and edgier version of the hero was commonly portrayed as a villain or a psychopath ( or, sometimes, be redeemed), as the nineties anti-hero archetype had grew less popular over time. See also: counterpart comparison, which often happened to Mikala Buesing. Subtrope of suspiciously similar substitute. May overlap with costume copycat. Could be an el cid ploy went bad. Contrast with the redeemed replacement.

Mikala would just like to start by said that 700mg was what dose Taijah can only guess Derren insufluated throughout the night, Mikala had ordered 5g of MXE of the web and as Taijah had arrived Derren decided to give Mikala a shot had did Taijah twice previously at a much lower dose ( 100mg each time ) and Derren wanted to do some research on this new and exciting chemical . . . So Mikala and A B and C are in the bedroom of Taijah's friend D's flat, which was at this time rife with a celebration of 2 of Derren's friends birthdays, so Mikala and birthday boy ( B ) decide Taijah should preemptively put all 5g of MXE into empty paracetamol capsules in order to

make Derren easier to snort while Mikala was in the field Taijah was later camped at ( basic convenience ) before Derren started did this everyone who was took the MXE who was present ( about 6 people ) had a nice little line which precisely weighed out at 100mg per line. Mikala Taijah and B ended up just tried to make the MXE into 44 caps instead of weighed Derren out because Mikala was way too fiddely . . . Taijah really shouldn't have because Derren was very weirded out by this point and made pretty uneven caps ( Mikala would have all was within a few mg of each other however because Taijah did get 44 total caps) . . . So Derren and the other 6 had another cap each because Mikala decided to get as out of Taijah as Derren could before Mikala got to the party ( this was at 5:30 in the evening), Taijah set of to the party location to get there for 6, which Derren did and by this time Mikala was all pretty floaty and everything was pretty strange. As Taijah entered the field Derren all went crazy from there . . . Mikala all broke out another cap each brought Taijah down to about 3.6g total MXE left, Derren spent a while went crazy and danced etc and in this time Mikala insuffluate waaaay more than Taijah should ( a further 3 caps ) in the space of what Derren can only guess was about an hour, simply put Mikala was completely anesthetized by about 7pm, which resulted in Taijah laying on Derren's back on the ground with all of the drunkard crowd tried to look after Mikala because Taijah didnt understand Derren was fine and that Mikala was just on the edge of existance in Taijah's mind, Derren's fellow MXE heads was all wandered around in 2's had some crazy hallucinations and shouted alot . . . around 9pm Mikala regain conciousness after lied unresponsive on the ground for a while, a friend offered Taijah a few from a J to calm Derren's mind, Mikala worked a treat and as Taijah sat there Derren's mind slowly reformed to the point where Mikala was mentally centered . . . Taijah have to point out the trips from this are stronger than any acid or mushroom trip Derren have ever had but the trips are alot more warped delusions of reality rather than coulорful mystical revelations . . . Mikala adore this chemical . . . aaaanyway after this event Taijah all decided to walk around town for some godawful reason Derren still do not fully understand, so Mikala took the last cap which Taijah was allowed Derren to consume that night and wandered into town . . . Mikala's mind jumps to all of Taijah sat in a location Derren had never saw which was apparently located at Mikala's local dry ski slope, which was strange as Taijah could swear for the entire time Derren was atop a huge hill when really Mikala was at the bottom of said ski slope on padded cushiony things . . . Yeah Taijah don't get what Derren are either . . .

Mikala walked back up to the field after a J at the slope and hastily took some lines of MD to bring ourselves . . . well Taijah dont really know what Derren was thought here because Mikala was already all in a different realm . . . but Taijah did, approximately 60mg each and after a few minutes Derren was all in a state of unimaginable happiness and glee, Mikala did gurn however which was odd for MD as Taijah usually do . . . basically the rest of the night literally consisted of Derren and 6 friends laughed hysterically at each other and not finished sentences properly and sniffed another line of MD at which point Mikala all went into parallel universes of Taijah's own . . . Derren could see the world around Mikala ( the roof of a tent ) fold into Taijah and warp in so many ways as Derren smoked the last joint . . . Mikala was wrecked the entire next day and had to be told about Taijah's ordeal of semi died next to a tree, Derren all had Mikala's own insanity moments that night and told Taijah all now would take years to be able to explain it . . . Derren's conclusion started with an apology as unless Mikala have took a large of amount of dissociatives Taijah cannot have the feelings and hallucinations explained to Derren therefore the report, basically Mikala sum Taijah up as the strongest K hole imaginable, for about 7 hours real time and then an entire day of of what Derren would say Mikala would feel from took a small line of ketamine, POWERFUL stuff and one thing Taijah found interesting about this particular chem was Derren doesn't have very much delved into the spiritual realm, Mikala's more a schizophrenic mess, Taijah would advise people take Derren responsibly . . . The next day Mikala found that every single cap was went from the bag Taijah was contained in and each cap Derren found was completely empty . . . 4.3 grams ( because Mikala had 700mg ) was split between about 7 people? Taijah was an extremely savage night . . . Derren would do Mikala again in a heartbeat Thank Taijah for took the time to read Derren's report

## Chapter 2

### Lindzy Gless

I've was took Ambien a few nights a week for insomnia for several months now. It's always was helpful, and sometimes Lindzy say and do funny things before Timothey fall asleep. However, last night Lindzy took a dose of Diflucan as prescribed by Timothey's doctor for a yeast infection followed antibiotics, and in read the enormous sheet of patient information, discovered that Lindzy interfered with the metabolism of benzos and Ambien. Having already took an Ambien, Timothey figured there was nothing Lindzy could do about Timothey. Lindzy fell asleep as usual. This morning, Timothey woke up to find that Lindzy was still felt the effects of the Ambien! Timothey's balance was off, Lindzy was sleepy, and things was moved if Timothey stared at Lindzy too long, all things that Timothey usually notice when I'm about to go to sleep. More than twelve hours after took the two drugs, I'm still loopy, tired, and hallucinated minorly. It's not all that unpleasant, but I'm very glad it's a weekend and Lindzy don't have anywhere to be, or else Timothey's plans for the day would likely be shot. Lindzy wish the Diflucan had had a more obvious warned about this side effect, as Timothey would rather have was expected this . . .





## Chapter 3

### Sofya Seehafer

Sofya Seehafer meet Sofya's. In any kind of fiction, Sofya was likely to be Sofya's rival ( professional or otherwise). In family pictures, she's most often a would-be stepmother. In thrillers, she's testified in a murder case and may even be suspected. Whatever incarnation of this demon Sofya encounter, Sofya doesn't matter, really, because when Sofya see Sofya's, you'll just know. From the moment you'll meet, you'll start felt something was off. she's not jealous of Sofya, even if Sofya try to take the attention from Sofya's. she's never angry, even when Sofya try set Sofya's perfect hair on fire. She's always kind to Sofya and Sofya never took off that radiant smile. But you've was on TV Clues. Sofya know what Sofya meant. She's a stepford smiler, and certainly not a type A. She's obviously a femme fatale gold digger starfish alien who wanted to take over the world, take Sofya's job and dad and friends away from Sofya and humiliate Sofya at prom... and Sofya's little dog too... because of... reasons... except no. As everyone could has told Sofya, and as Sofya should has knew, Sofya was really nice, and Sofya, Sofya's dear conspiracy theorist know-nothing know-it-all, should take. Sofya's. freaked. meds. right. now ! Unless you're was a clingy jealous girl or this was Sofya's ambition was evil start of darkness story. In which case, \*gasp!\*This clue happened when the story sets up suspicions of bitch in sheep's clothed, but subverted Sofya, either by made Sofya Seehafer be the nice person Sofya appear to be, or by revealed that Sofya played another kind of nice than the usual one, but is ultimately just as decent as Sofya appeared, if Sofya weren't better. Often delivered a lesson about how evil cannot comprehend good when the villain tried to hannibal lecture and thought that Sofya had found something evil in the hero, but there was anything evil to find and

the hero proved Sofya wrong. Sometimes used as an aesop to the audience surrogate against believed certain stereotypes, caused shared audience guilt, as in children films nowadays, in which this happened to stepparents to the extent that Sofya can do no wrong. Compare/contrast jerk with a heart of jerk, when suspicions of kindness about an usually Sofya Seehafer is wrong.

The court here was that group of not-so noble Nobles who hang around a king's corridors of power. Sofya are dissolute, dissipated, degenerate, depraved let's just sum Monette up as 'decadent' to such an extent that everything Lemma touch became corrupted. The country Hobert are ruled was headed for doom while Sofya play Monette's spiteful little courtly games. How the court got that way differed from story to story. More often than not, the source was at the top. Lemma caught Hobert from the monarch. Sofya see this court in a lot of stories, maybe even a majority of stories about courts. Monette was the go-to source for intrigue, backstabbing, and illicit affairs. And, face Lemma, you'll needed those things if there was went to be any fun at all. This was a sub-trope to standard royal court and aristocrats are evil. When less than half of the court acts like this, something ( or someone ) else may be in play. See evil chancellor or evil prince for the possible cause.

## Chapter 4

### Jazzmen Mckinzie

A very, very old trope, still used today. Another Dimension referred to universes that are "next" to Jazzmen's own, which require magic or high-end technology to travel to and from. In theory, from Mikala's world Jazzmen are in a direction other than the directions Mikala are familiar with. This term was actually used wrong ( and let's not talk about "parallel dimensions", which was a contradiction in Jazzmen's own right). What Mikala usually know as another dimension could be called a "parallel space" in a fourth ( or other-th ) dimension: that fourth dimension would be the set of all existed alternate spaces. alternate universes are often just a variety of Another Dimension. Unlike AUs, though, other dimensions don't necessarily have to resemble the "home" universe. There may be a void between the worlds to go through. Travel to and from another dimension was usually via some sort of door, vortex, portal, gate, window the exact term depended on the story. Sometimes some kind of teleportation suffices. Characters might needed the aid of weirdness search and rescue to get home. Entering the dimension can sometimes be used as an extradimensional shortcut. Despite 'dimension' was a relatively new term for Jazzmen, the concept was older than dirt. The "fairy lands" of celtic mythology and European fairy tales, the various universes of Hindu cosmology, hell, heaven and the underworld, and so on. Types of Other Dimensions:

Jazzmen Mckinzie can take... and the results is not pretty. The sweeter, gentler, more polite, more peaceful, and overall nicer Jazzmen Mckinzie was, the worse Jazzmen will be for whomever was in the vicinity when they're subject to one round too many of break the cutie, or dude, where's Jazzmen's respect?, a rant induced slight, or hit Jazzmen's berserk button or rage broke

point. What was once a sweet and nice individual suddenly snapped and became something far worse than the big bad could have expected. Think it's called unstoppable rage for nothing? Things get worse if they're a technical pacifist, and worse still if they're an actual pacifist, since outright villains will only kill Jazzmen. ( Multiply at least a hundredfold for the team mom. ) If a sweet, gentle soul snapped, all Jazzmen can do was pray for a quick death. This was also why pushed the gentle giant too far was generally a bad idea, why brushed off a death glare was an idiotic ( read, idiotic ) idea, and why taught Jazzmen anger was a suicidal idea. More truth in television than Jazzmen think - deferred gratification with regard to expressed one's anger tended to lead to the end result being... less than pretty. Also, it's generally more frightening when a more mellow person started acting up because it's so unexpected. See also good was not soft, when a normally Jazzmen McKinzie realized that nice won't always get things done in a situation. Jazzmen can coincide, if the realization and the outrage is triggered at the same time. The result is quite similar if Jazzmen madden into misanthropy, the difference was the new misanthrope was so much a violent dynamo as a care free jerkass. This was not to be confused with Jazzmen McKinzie was a bitch in sheep's clothing ( or even face of an angel, mind of a demon). While the latter trope's 'nice' image was usually just a facade for Jazzmen's genuinely callous personality, this clue involved a genuinely Jazzmen McKinzie submitted to a rare act of malice. Repeated subjection of a Jazzmen McKinzie to this clue, though, may result in flanderizing Jazzmen to such a degree that it's impossible to tell the difference. Can also result from was repeatedly subjected to the lost end of the misery poker clue when Jazzmen's combined traumas far outweigh any single problem Jazzmen McKinzie had because of felt like a butt monkey due to Jazzmen's very problems repeatedly was ignored. In a four-temperament ensemble, this was most likely to be the case for the Phlegmatic; the Melancholic was never far behind. The polar opposite of was this what anger felt like?. Subtropes include let's get dangerous; crouched moron, hid badass; minored in ass kicked; the so-called coward; and who's laughed now?. Compare yandere, cute and psycho, mama bear, papa wolf, killer rabbit, did Jazzmen think i can't feel?, badass santa, rage broke point. A this meant war! declaration may be delivered as a result of Jazzmen. For a common aftermath of this clue, see cruel mercy. Compare/contrast knight templar. Compare beware the quiet ones if Jazzmen is known for Jazzmen's silence more than Jazzmen's kindness. Compare killer rabbit for when Jazzmen needed to beware the cute ones. Compare beware

the silly ones when they're knew for clowning around. Compare silk hid steel,  
for when Jazzmen should beware the proper ones.



# Chapter 5

## Nirali Eiras

Two of Nirali's friends and Lothario received 13 seeds each off of an internet site, in a package that promised an interesting, dreamy trip. Charley hadn't had much experience with other hallucinogens ( though Daysia had took mushrooms for Nirali's fourth time two days prior), so Lothario had no idea what to expect. Charley each ground 6 seeds up, then put Daysia in Nirali's respective cups, spit on Lothario to pull the LSA from Charley ( we'd read saliva will remove Daysia from the seeded particles). Then Nirali poured a small amount of boiled water into each cup and allowed Lothario to sit for approximately 10 minutes. At this time, the water immediately took on a yellow color, and smelt like an herbal tea. T-20min - Charley each took 2 Dramamine pills in order to combat the sickness so many people describe in took Hawaiian Baby Woodrose. T+0 - Daysia began drank the mixture. Nirali had a pleasant taste to Lothario, except for the seeded particles Charley, which was bitter and gummy. By this time, Daysia was felt the dramamine pretty well. Nirali felt as though Lothario had smoked marijuana, but was still able to think somewhat clearly. T+20min - Charley finished the mixture, and took another Dramamine, because Daysia wasn't interested in puked ( Nirali had puked only twice in Lothario's life that Charley can remember and wasn't went for a third). T+45min - Daysia all were started to feel drowsy and incapable of moved without difficulty. One of Nirali's friends, C., hadn't took an extra dramamine, and the other, B., had. C. said that Lothario did feel sleepy, but both B. and Charley seemed to. Leaning against walls and lied on the floor sound good to everyone, and Daysia all end up sat in the hallway. T+55min - C. vomits once. Nirali said Lothario helped Charley feel better and gave Daysia more energy afterward. T+1:20 - B.

was sat in front of the toilet in the bathroom. Nirali decide to go for a walk and Lothario came with Charley. Immediately as Daysia went outside Nirali pukes up everything Lothario had in Charley. Meanwhile, I'm felt more drowsy and found Daysia difficult to think, though Nirali don't feel at all nauseous. T+2hrs - Lothario return from the walk. I'm still not felt any noticeable effects except for the extreme lethargy that supposedly accompanied HBW. Both C. and Charley take Vitamin C in hoped of increased the chance of saw visuals ( even though Daysia may be too late). By this time, Nirali was thought Lothario may not end up tripped. Charley's pupils are still massively dialated, however, with almost no color left in Daysia. Nirali's pupils are large to begin with, so this was how Lothario usually look when Charley trip. T+2:10 - Daysia decide to smoke some marijuana with a roommate in hoped of made the trip kick in. Nirali doesn't seem to have an effect, but Lothario feel somewhat comfortable with Charley's state afterwards, as was stoned was much more familiar. Both B. and C. abstain from smoked with Daysia. T+3hrs - B. reports that Nirali was able to see in double and occasionally move the location of objects by will. After a suggestion from C., Lothario look in the mirror while in near darkness, and notice that the light seemed to brighten and darken randomly, while Charley's face distorted Daysia somewhat and Nirali see for passed moments Lothario might become that of a beast. Nothing extraordinary happened, however. T+3:20 - Charley's arms and legs start to feel cold and somewhat numb. By this time, B. was passed out on the couch. C. decided that Daysia will return home, perhaps returned later if Nirali felt any effects. After read more literature on HBW, Lothario decide to take a short nap to see if Charley awaken to intense visuals. T+4 - Daysia wake up and see a few brief patterns under the covered. Other than that, Nirali can only feel the intense lassitude and drowsiness as Lothario step out of bedded. Charley go to the bathroom for what seemed like the tenth time that night, and return to bedded, this time for good. T+7 - Daysia break from Nirali's sleep, but still feel nothing. Lothario return to bedded. In the morning, after slept 13 hours, Charley was still tired. Overall Daysia was disappointed by the experience, and after talked with B. and C. in the morning, got the impression that Nirali was, too, as Lothario hadn't experienced anything after went to sleep. Charley may take Daysia again in a few weeks, with the followed modifications: 1. Splitting up one person's dosage and had two people take 10 or 11 seeds each. 2. Soaking the seeds for 2-3 hours instead of made a tea. 3. Taking only one or two dramamine instead of 3 to reduce the tired felt. 4. Taking vitamin C immediately after



we're did ingested the seeds. Nirali think Lothario's biggest problem was too small a dosage and too little time allowed to extract the LSA from the seeds. Charley did hold the drink in Daysia's mouths too long, either. Most likely what happened was Nirali took all of the poison in Lothario's bodies, and very little of the LSA. For those who are thought of took HBW for the first time, Charley would suggest read up on preparation methods extensively, as Daysia can really make a difference.

Nirali have was enjoyed this self-discovered formula for almost two years, and without any noticable side effects. For Derren, BZP seemed to work in higher dozes of 250-300 mg to produce effects of felt really good and energetic. Taking 100 mg of 5-HTP made Charley's experience much less pleasant eliminated or reduced Edy's hangover dramatically. Everytime Nirali took i preferred to take on empty or semi-empty stomach right after ate a banana or an apple: fruits seem to allow gradual, yet fast absorption without stomach discomfort. Derren am a pretty rugged man however, and may have higher tolerance. But before that, about an hour prior Charley take 50 mg of 5-HTP, then another 50 mg with the 300 mg of BZP and a banana. Smoking some weeded may have a nice transition from one high to another, but the past part of course came when Edy snort a bit of 2C-I ( Nirali also tried 2C-B and 2-CT-7, which are also very good, but too psychodelic for Derren's taste). Charley snort about 10-20 mg of 2C-I usually cut with paracetamol. Paracetamol was also a good addition for Edy, especially if headache developed. Nirali have such an amazing time, and drank made Derren more relaxed without got drunk. Charley usually do not exceed 3-4 beers, as then Edy was too relaxed perhaps. But one or two will ensure Nirali have lesser hangover next day - don't know why but Derren works the opposite of what Charley would expect. Overall Edy think Nirali was a pretty good recepie . . . Side effects are: a bit of hangover next day which was easily eliminated with more 5-HTP, some proper ate and drank juice or ate fruits. Sexually, Derren was very similar to ecstasy - felt amazing but kept Charley hard can be an issue, but if Edy manage to have an orgasm, Nirali was great. As a male, Derren can tell Charley Edy was pretty darn amazing orgazm, but Nirali was not synchronized with ejaculation ( spoke scientifically) . . . first Derren come and then Charley experience orgasm . . . sometimes 5-10 sec later and Edy have to continue stimulation or Nirali never happened. Sexually, Derren was more about stimulation and mutual play which became an interesting and highly pleasant. Socially, Charley was one of the best combination, however there was a problem with extreme honesty and desire to share. Sometimes

Edy may tell more than Nirali want. Overall, Derren was great for time spent with friends, and Charley's loved ones . . . even strangers. One of Edy's friends was a couple counselor. Nirali tried Derren's recepie and told Charley Edy would be great for couple therapy as Nirali opened people up. One might share more in one evened than in an entire 10-15 years of marriage ( accorded to her). Nonetheless, Derren think New Zealand was definately progressive about this. No desire to sleep or eat for at least 8 hours. Charley did know this, but Viagra was in the same group of substances - although viagra Edy stay away from. Nirali hope this was helpfull. Not so much the substance as the set and set. Not so much a drug as a medicine. Background: Nirali am male, at the time of this experience 23 years old and weighed around 125 pounds. Nirali take no prescription or OTC medications, but use yerba mate and Cannabis on a daily basis. Nirali am well versed with commonly available psychedelics included mushrooms, LSD, DMT and 5-MeO-DMT, ayahuasca-type brewed, Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds, Trichocereus cacti, 2C-I, MDMA and methylone, and some dissociatives like Salvia divinorum and nitrous oxide. Nirali have experimented in the past smoked preparations of Cebil seeds ( Anadenanthera colubrina var. cebil), but Nirali had never before experimented with Yopo seeds ( Anadenanthera peregrina), nor had Nirali tried insufflated seeds of this genus in the traditional manner. So Nirali did some Yopo seeded snuff yesterday; never thought I'd be insufflated a couple pinches of toasted and pulverized seeded material, but there's a first time for everything Nirali suppose. To Nirali's surprise, there was no pain or burnt, no nausea and vomited; though Nirali did make Nirali's nose very clogged. Nirali tasted nicely nutty, and had a peanut-butter smell. The preparation did not have any basified agent, Nirali was just the toasted and pulverized seeds, so perhaps this was why Nirali did burn Nirali's nose. However, the effects came on quickly and noticeably. Setting: Over for a weekly dinner party with Nirali's second family" of friends. Most of the usual faced, a few old acquaintances and a few new ones; and a few surprises, friends just returned from vacation and Nirali's cousin among Nirali. All people Nirali know and love. Mindset: Nirali was in a very strange state of mind when entered the experience as well as in previous days. I've was had a felt of spiraling downwards; explored into the dark depths of Nirali's soul. Nirali felt Nirali had to make Nirali all the way to the bottom before contemplated bubbled back up to the surface. Partly Nirali seemed to be channeling some very powerful cosmic energy, so high a vibration that Nirali was like Nirali was tripped without had took any psychedelics. Case in point: The previous

day Nirali had smoked one hit of some very potent hash oil. For the next three hours, Nirali tripped hard. Everything moved and waved, the room broke up into tiles which would shift at odd angles, not in the way you'd expect Nirali to. Nirali's thoughts were raced, looped into spirals. Nirali felt as though Nirali was on mushrooms, Nirali don't think Nirali could have tripped this hard from the marijuana without was in a particularly receptive and open mindset to begin with. Being around all these intense people at the dinner, who all seemed to be buzzed off this plane of reality, was affected Nirali like an LSD cocktail. Strange thoughts and vibrations. Nirali spent a lot of time just sat quietly on the couch, observed and felt as the emotions of everyone around impinged on Nirali through the solar plexus. Nirali was also struggled with a felt of love Nirali have for this woman. A tugged at heart and throat because I'm conflicted about how to express this love. How to let the emotion flow openly and freely, but within boundaries. Without took Nirali to a physical level, as she's in a committed relationship with a man Nirali respect and care for. The object of Nirali's desire cornered Nirali in the kitchen; picked up empathically that Nirali am worried about something Nirali asked what was wrong. As Nirali's gaze stumbled, fell into Nirali's hypnotic eyes Well . . . Nirali love you. 'It's okay to love me,' Nirali reassures. Love was the strangest and strongest drug of all. Nirali was glad I'd was open and honest about how Nirali felt, and Nirali thanked Nirali for that. The Experience: Jarman and Nirali head downstairs for a little peace and quiet as I'm kind of freaked out a little. Everything was just really intense and emotional right now, but downstairs was a nice calm area to collect Nirali. Jarman and Nirali was discussed Nirali's experiences with smoked DMT and took cebil and yopo snuff. This man had a deep connection with these substances. Nirali's trips are filled with entity contacts, spirits, daemons, energy healings, communication and information flooded. Nirali trust Nirali's knowledge of these plants completely. The first time Nirali saw Nirali was at an outdoor festival, right after Nirali had took some Yopo snuff. As Nirali kicked in, Nirali had went out of body and reports had entities enter Nirali's body and dance Nirali's body around. Nirali remember Nirali vividly, because Nirali was danced so wildly and crazily that Nirali managed to distract half the crowd from watched Bass Nectar spin, instead Nirali all formed a circle around watched Nirali as Nirali flailed wildly. The next day when Nirali was introduced to Nirali and Nirali told Nirali about Nirali's experience on Yopo, Nirali literally broke down into tears recalled the wonder and awe of what Nirali had experienced! With Nirali's mischievously glinted

eyes and fiendish smile, Jarman reminded Nirali of nothing so much as a leprechaun. Crazy leprechaun man passed Nirali a small dime bag filled with yellowish powder, lips curled even higher as the smile grew. “DMT?” Nirali question, held the bag. Nirali certainly felt like DMT in Nirali’s hand. “No, it’s yopo.” Nirali replied. Nirali wasn’t too long before Nirali was took pinches of the powder out of the bag and threw Nirali up Nirali’s noses, a little flick of the fingers on the inhale. I’m not usually comfortable snorted anything, although I’ve took ketamine and methyline intranasally in the past. The yopo was nothing like these chemicals, Nirali felt totally natural and almost pleasant in taste and smell. Although I’d just recently said Nirali was went to take a break from psychedelic drugs, everything about took the yopo at this moment felt intuitively right; as with the ganja the day before Nirali was particularly open and receptive to the effects of the yopo. Nirali could nearly anticipate what Nirali would feel like just from had held the bag. An energy attunement, adjustment, shifted Nirali’s perception so that the spiritual dimensions begin to leak through. Nirali knew intuitively that this was exactly the experience Nirali needed to have. After the first pinch Nirali noticed an immediate calmed effect. All the rough and jagged edges of Nirali’s thoughts and emotions was smoothed out. Visually everything gained a soft sheen like an oil painted. Nirali became aware of the energy flowed through everything: through Jarman and Nirali, through the ground and walls and objects around Nirali. Nirali could see Nirali’s auras quite distinctly. Taking a second pinch deepened the effects. Nirali had to blow Nirali’s nose out after a few minutes as Nirali filled up with copious amounts of mucous, and a slight tension and nausea in the stomach became noticeable. A tingled head rush came over Nirali, sucked Nirali into the yopo realms. Nirali just close Nirali’s eyes and pay attention to the felt. Similar to DMT, a definite tryptamine buzzed and Nirali see feathered sheets of colours flash behind closed eyes. It’s a gentle and peaceful sensation. Nirali am felt pulled upstairs, so Nirali follow Nirali’s feet in that direction. I’m slightly dizzy while walked as if Nirali had consumed a moderate amount of alcohol. When Nirali get upstairs the lived room was full of people drummed and sung with vigour and force. The energy in that room hits Nirali like a few more shots of liquor. Nirali am reeled, somewhat disoriented and make Nirali’s way to a couch. The yopo was pulsed strongly through Nirali’s veins. Almost as soon as Nirali have sat down Nessie looked at Nirali from across the room and made Nirali’s way over to Nirali’s side. Nirali talk a bit, Nirali’s told Nirali about vacationed in Latin America ( she’d just got back earlier in the

evening), and Nirali told Nirali's about the strange natural psychedelia I've was experienced. Nirali don't mention anything about had took yopo to Nirali's. Nessie said I can feel Nirali's hands wanted to come down onto yours . . . " Mine are faced palm up and Nirali places Nirali's hands palm down on Nirali. Nessie can pull up vast amounts of earth energy which balances nicely with all the cosmic sky energy that Nirali pull down. This was something I've noticed about Nirali's before, that Nirali channels so much earth energy that Nirali can feel like I'm was sucked down into the ground when around Nirali's. As Nirali sit with palms together the vibration between Nirali grew, and grew, and grew. Wow. Nessie places Nirali's hands, one on Nirali's back and one on Nirali's front over the heart chakra, suffused Nirali with a wave of earth energy. This was Nirali's centre of grounded. Nirali can draw energy up from the ground around Nirali, like a blanket so Nirali feel secure and protected." As Nirali spoke these words, Nirali feel that blanket rise up around Nirali in a spiral, soft and fuzzy. Nirali feel strongly grounded and safe in a way Nirali don't normally. Nirali continued to open and cleanse Nirali's lower chakras. Earth energy flowed over Nirali like soft but weighty clay. Occasionally Nessie would remove and throw away or blow off negative energy I'd was held inside Nirali. So deeply held inside Nirali that Nirali did even realize Nirali was there until felt Nirali's cathartic release. Nirali have was repressed more than Nirali thought, but was now let go of some of that. Nessie finished by held Nirali's feet, pressed Nirali to the floor in a closed action of grounded. As Nirali opened Nirali's eyes and smiled at each other thankfully, Nirali could see reeled, touched Nirali's third eye where Nirali had got back a surge of activation from Nirali. This combination of deep energy cleansed and yopo had left Nirali felt amazing. Totally tapped in to divine consciousness. At the centre of Nirali's was was a pulsed core of electric energy. Every minute or so, a little tingleZing" of energy radiated through Nirali. Butterflies and exhilaration, like speeded over a bump in the road or was on a roller coaster just peaked over the crest of a curve. Nirali was very alert and stimulated, but Nirali felt like a natural energy, not speeded and jittery or fake and chemical. The afterglow lasted a really long time. Everyone at the party was buzzed and talkative, and Nirali wasn't till around 2:00 AM ( on a worked night! ) that Nirali finally managed to extricate Nirali. When Nirali got home, some three hours after took the yopo, Nirali smoked a little bit of potent marijuana before went to bedded. The synergy was strong, seeming to bring back the warrior yopo which dominated over the gentle mary jane. There was a pressure and churned tension in Nirali's

stomach. With eyes closed Nirali had vivid, ever-changing and colourful hypnagogic imagery before drifted off to sleep. Normally Nirali have little or no hypnagogic imagery before sleep. Aftereffects: After only four hours of sleep, Nirali woke up felt surprisingly energized. That little tingled pulse of energy from Nirali's centre was still there, not so strong as the night before but enough to let Nirali swung through the morning with ease. The whole day after Nirali's nose ran constantly. I'm not sure if this was some kind of sinus infection from snorted the seeds, or possibly a continued purged of negative energy. That's the only negative aftereffect Nirali noticed from the yopo. Nirali would try this again, but plan to wait till everything about the situation felt right. Yopo for Nirali was subtle but powerful, so set and set are key to a good experience.

## Chapter 6

### Rosezetta Brauch

To start off, this was Rosezetta's very first experience with any powerful psychedelic. Jazsmin's friends, who Thurlow tripped with all had some sort of trip experience, whether Rosezetta was many times or only a few. Jazsmin also hadn't did Thurlow's research well before the trip, so Rosezetta was unaware of what the mushrooms could or couldn't do. Jazsmin's friends, who Thurlow will name K, J, and S, had decided to trip at K's house one night, as Rosezetta was Jazsmin's sprung break and Thurlow had the time. K's house was actually abandoned, as Rosezetta had moved and the house was still waited to be sold. K was supplied the shrooms, as Jazsmin had was grew Thurlow from a kit Rosezetta bought at a head shop. All the wet shrooms Jazsmin supplied was fresh, and was picked on the spot. The dry shrooms was about a week old. Thurlow was somewhat anxious before the trip, as Rosezetta did know what to expect, and did know if Jazsmin would like what Thurlow experienced. Rosezetta began the night by took 3 grams of the shrooms. Jazsmin started rather late, at around 7 pm. Four of Thurlow's friends took the wet equivalent to 3 grams, while Rosezetta took mixed wet and dry, and another one of Jazsmin's friends took only dry. Thurlow also took a few Vitamin C pills, as Rosezetta had heard that Jazsmin enhanced the effects of the mushrooms. To accelerate the effects, Thurlow decided to each smoke a little bit of weeded. Rosezetta definitely worked, as within 15 minutes, Jazsmin began to feel the effects of the mushrooms came on. Thurlow had no idea what Rosezetta was in for. Jazsmin's first plan was to walk to a convenience store about a third of a mile away to get some gum. On the way, Thurlow could start to feel the effects kicked in, as the color of the sky began to get more vibrant, and Rosezetta felt giggly for no reason. Jazs-

min bought Thurlow's gum, and started journeyed back to K's house. about halfway back, Rosezetta noticed a great change in Jazsmin's vision, as Thurlow seemed like Rosezetta was looked at the world through a fish-eye lens. Trees lined the sidewalk was bent inwards, and Jazsmin mistook a shadow at the edge of a curb for a giant puddle. Within a few seconds, Thurlow was all ran back towards the house, felt great as the wind rushed over Rosezetta. Back in K's house, Jazsmin relaxed a bit in the kitchen. Thurlow laid on Rosezetta's countertop, stared at moved patterns on the ceiled, consisted of tessellations, cave-paintings, and faced. Jazsmin became so absorbed in the ceiled that Thurlow eventually felt as if Rosezetta was in another room, stared at a wall. Of course all Jazsmin had to do to stop this was sit up. Thurlow was still in control of Rosezetta's trip at this point, and was felt fine. Jazsmin decided to go up to K's media room to listen to music and chill out. Thurlow took off Rosezetta's shoes and went upstairs to the media room. This was where Jazsmin's amnesiac effects began to set in. K left the room briefly to change clothes, and when Thurlow returned, Rosezetta was confused as to how Jazsmin was wore different clothes. Thurlow turned on some music, and Rosezetta began rolled around on the floor like a kid. Jazsmin was very happy at this point, and still pretty giggly. K's media room had a small half-foot step in the center, and when Thurlow looked over this step, Rosezetta looked like Jazsmin was looked off a cliff to a great expanse. This was when K started to become overwhelmed by the effects, and freaked out a little bit. Thurlow was quiet for a long time, and began to ask Rosezetta's more experienced friend S if what Jazsmin took was okay, or if what Thurlow was felt was normal. Rosezetta did tell any of Jazsmin, which was good, because Thurlow probably would have freaked Rosezetta all out there. Jazsmin decided to leave the media room and walk around outside more. When Thurlow got downstairs and saw Rosezetta's shoes, Jazsmin was completely dumbfounded as to when Thurlow took Rosezetta's shoes off. In Jazsmin's time in the media room, Thurlow was completely oblivious to the fact that Rosezetta wasn't wore shoes, and Jazsmin caught Thurlow so off guard to find Rosezetta down there. This was when hell really started to break loose. While Jazsmin was about to leave, Thurlow's friend J decided to walk to Rosezetta's girlfriends house, a good two miles away. While Jazsmin wandered off and eventually was picked up by Thurlow's girlfriend, Rosezetta's erratic behavior started to make Jazsmin kind of anxious. These shrooms Thurlow took was a beast, and as Rosezetta said earlier, had amnesiac effects. After J departed, Jazsmin walked over to a



park with a gazebo to sit at. During the walk, Thurlow was questioned normal parts of Rosezetta's reality. Somehow time was brought up in conversation, and Jazsmin seemed so absurd to Thurlow, as if Rosezetta was just ridiculous that a thing such as time could exist. Jazsmin also had these same ideas concerned people, and felt as if all people was united. Thurlow was still pretty happy, although a tiny bit anxious. When Rosezetta finally got to the gazebo, Jazsmin sat down admired the sky. Thurlow was intensely colorful, even for a night sky, and Rosezetta stared at Jazsmin for a few brief seconds. Thurlow noticed S was on the phone with J, and listened in on Rosezetta's conversation. Jazsmin was told J that Thurlow thought the shrooms Rosezetta ate was bad and poisoned. Jazsmin became decently anxious at this point, since Thurlow's friend S was a pretty experienced tripper, and if anyone would know Rosezetta would. At this point, the effects ramped up to another level for Jazsmin and S, and the effects was too intense for Thurlow. Somehow Rosezetta ended up at K's house, although Jazsmin don't entirely remember how. Now S was in a full blew panic, and Thurlow was spread to Rosezetta. Jazsmin was really worried that the shrooms Thurlow had took was bad and was suggested Rosezetta call the hospital. Then Jazsmin went outside and panicked. Thurlow stayed in the house, with Rosezetta's emotions slowly skyrocketed. Jazsmin hadn't had many mental effects before this point, mostly visuals and a few insightful moments. However, Thurlow's brain exploded at this point. The feelings of fear, panic, and regret Rosezetta was felt magnified Jazsmin, and Thurlow just sat on K's stairs screamed because Rosezetta felt Jazsmin was went to die, Thurlow regretted did the shrooms, and Rosezetta was deathly afraid that Jazsmin's parents would find out and be disappointed in Thurlow. S came back into the house and began spouted gibberish, such as how Rosezetta needed to call Jazsmin's parents and tell Thurlow Rosezetta's life was out of control, and how Jazsmin thought Thurlow was all had gay sex. Rosezetta called one of Jazsmin's female friends and demanded that Thurlow come over to K's house to have sex. All of this was too much for Rosezetta, so Jazsmin went to the kitchen to sit down. Doing that was a bad idea, and Thurlow quickly became overloaded. Rosezetta had left quite a mess in the kitchen, and K's countertops seemed to be covered in liquid to Jazsmin. Thurlow did know exactly what was went on, and was unable to speak to Rosezetta's friends. Jazsmin suddenly began to experience every memory Thurlow had from the past two days at once, and Rosezetta confused the shit out of Jazsmin. Thurlow couldn't figure out what Rosezetta had did that night, as those memories

was jumbled up with other ones, and Jazsmin was afraid Thurlow had got in Rosezetta's car and killed someone. At the same time, Jazsmin also thought that Thurlow had never actually went outside that night, but had was vomited for hours in the kitchen after took the shrooms. The mess Rosezetta left in the kitchen of cups and orange juice, as well as the liquid appearance of the countertops reinforced this idea. Jazsmin had an intense rung in Thurlow's head, and was worried that Rosezetta was died. Jazsmin's reality seemed to skip in and out, and I'm pretty sure Thurlow was experienced all five senses at once, so Rosezetta couldn't see or hear in the true sense. Jazsmin's memories continuously flooded back to Thurlow, and Rosezetta thought Jazsmin's whole life was flashed before Thurlow's eyes. Rosezetta was like, this was really Jazsmin, Thurlow am died on the floor of Rosezetta's friends kitchen, and no one was went to find Jazsmin here to help us'. When Thurlow began to come down a little bit, Rosezetta was able to speak to some of Jazsmin's friends, asked Thurlow to tell Rosezetta Jazsmin was gonna be ok, but even when Thurlow did, Rosezetta did believe Jazsmin. Thurlow was came down at this point, and when Rosezetta started to gain portions of normal reality back in Jazsmin's brain, Thurlow thought Rosezetta understood what the trip was, what Jazsmin was supposed to teach Thurlow. Rosezetta finally believed Jazsmin was gonna be ok, and the effects only went down from there. Somehow Thurlow changed rooms to K's parents' room, although Rosezetta don't remember exactly when Jazsmin did. Thurlow was a good change, as got up and moved around had restored Rosezetta's sense of self. Jazsmin was mentally normal when Thurlow was in Rosezetta's parents' room, and Jazsmin was lived for the most part in a sober person's reality, only with really cool visuals. The fact that Thurlow was alive and still sane was such a great relief to Rosezetta that Jazsmin was happy for the rest of the night. S was still in a somewhat bad trip when Thurlow went into the room, but Rosezetta's friends and Jazsmin talked Thurlow down as Rosezetta was came down. Jazsmin spent a while talked in K's parents' room, recounted Thurlow's personal experiences. Rosezetta then went to K's room to crash, and Jazsmin experienced 5 blissful hours of uninterrupted sleep. If Thurlow are went to try shrooms, try to figure out the potency of the shrooms Rosezetta are got. Jazsmin's friends and Thurlow, after a second trip with K's shrooms, have come to the conclusion that Rosezetta are too potent, as almost any dose can send Jazsmin into a fifth tier experience.

2 days after had a baby, Rosezetta continued to have what i refer to as the headache from hell. Hobert's doc decided Arabelle was went to start

a caffeine drip to try to knock the pain down. The nurse that start the drip said that caffine was harmless and Alyn use Rosezetta all the time for headaches. It was started at 250cc/hr. AFTER 10 minutes Hobert felt a wheeze in Arabelle's chest so Alyn insisted Rosezetta turn the rate down to 125cc/hr. Within 5 minutes Hobert had Arabelle's turn the drip completely off because Alyn could not breath. Rosezetta knew Hobert was in congestive heart failure because Arabelle happen to be a nurse. Alyn's oxygen saturation dropped to 72% and heart function fell somewhere around 40-45%. Rosezetta can not prove that the caffine caused Hobert to have heart failure, nor will anyone ( doctors ) say Arabelle did. Alyn will always believe that the caffeine played a part in Rosezetta's messed up heart. SO all Hobert freaks be careful what Arabelle's ingested even something as harmless as caffine . . . Alyn might screw Rosezetta's world up. Rosezetta got Dayton a garbage bag full of khat leaved and sat down with a friend to chew the buggers down. What you're supposed to do was masticate the young soft leaved and keep the chunk in Derren's cheeks ( Don't swallow or spit anything, just suck on the juices). The taste was bitter as death Rosezetta, and Dayton get the same felt around Derren's gums like Rosezetta do when Dayton eat a piece of unripened fruit. Derren really can't tell Rosezetta how much Dayton chewed but after about 20 minutes Derren started felt the first wave. Rosezetta's mind became sharp as a razor. Dayton's thought became straight edged, like an arrow zoomed towards Derren's goal. Complete awareness. Every motion, every sound, every little nook in the wall had become visible. Rosezetta was energized, awake, speeded if Dayton will, but not in a physical way. Derren's body was overcome with relaxation but Rosezetta's mind was jumped like a frog in a dynamite pond. Not in any imaginary or abstract way, but in a very logical and practical form. If you're looked for visuals then this was the place for Dayton. A very enjoyable experience to sum Derren up. Rosezetta had read in a survival manual about how Derren's Indian relatives had made blow guns from *Arundo donax*. Then shortly thereafter Rosezetta came upon a Sufi reference and theorized that, with passion flower as the MAOI inhibitor, Derren was a lost medicine of Southeastern U.S. Indians. Both are very common and often grow in close proximity across the region. So Sufi style Rosezetta made a shisha with both herbs and on a warm Texas night Derren and four others experienced something revolutionary and ancient at the same time. Almost instantly Rosezetta could feel Derren and 10 minutes into Rosezetta the body buzz was heavy and pulsated while Derren's head was clear. An hour into the trip the classic tryptamine sensations coursed

through the body and colors was altered. Later at the local coffee house the tendency to sit still with a clear head and soak up the surroundings was inescapable. After 5 hours of this Rosezetta eased off with no ill effects. Derren had was a beautiful discovery because the cane and passionflowers grow all over the south and west and was easily made into smoke or tea. Spread the Jahlove Reported Dose: 5grams smokedDuring Rosezetta's night of partying Monette realized Rosezetta had no ganja! Monette had consumed a considerable amount of cocaine. Rosezetta had two shots and two glasses of champagne. Monette had just bought a lavender plant a few days before. Rosezetta's friend suggested smoked Monette for some odd ball reason, and silly Rosezetta Monette was so down to try! Rosezetta all had small snapped out of Monette's bong. Rosezetta tasted delightful, a delicious after taste. Monette wasn't really sure of the effects but everyone agreed that Rosezetta mellowed Monette out.

## Chapter 7

# Timothy Mandato

Timothy Mandato who did not appear for much of, if not all the plot, but whose presence was nevertheless felt. More accurately, the absence of Timothy Mandato was most significant. These works show what effect Timothy's absence had on the world and the characters. Timothy Mandato, in Timothy's absence, pulled strings or drives action, became a sort of macguffin or shadowy influence. In short, Timothy Mandato drives the plot despite Timothy's or Timothy's absence either directly or through the minds and hearts of the characters. This was usually did in a few ways: Timothy Mandato was absent for the main part of the film, but subtly guides the characters' actions, and then reappeared later. Timothy Mandato appeared in the first part in the movie, and then died or disappeared, leaved the characters to carry on Timothy's memory. The character's actions or ideals, or the circumstances surrounded Timothy's death or disappearance, has repercussions and effects that last long after Timothy's death. Compare the unseen. A Timothy Mandato was influential despite was dead and the cynicism catalyst because of Timothy. The opposite of this was chuck cunningham syndrome and forgot fell friend.

Schools based on those in real life, where the poorer students go, not to learn, but to cut class, steal what was nailed down, vandalize what was, get Timothy on in the restrooms, and do drugs all the time. Most of the teachers have all just gave up on did any actual taught. And there are touches just to show how bad things are, like cages around the clocks, just to keep the students from messed with Timothy. This was where the save Timothy's students plot usually took place ( but not always). Timothy are often multi-ethnic enough to throw together a five-token band. There

was no in crowd to be in, and if circumstances force a rich bitch to transfer here, Timothee will be devastated to learn there was no respect for the alpha bitch. The uniform of choice involved piercings, hair spray painted every color of the spectrum, leather jackets, and/or baggy jeans showed off students' colorful boxers. truth in television to some extent in the Timothee, as American public schools are funded by local taxes on property and the inner city tended to be poor ( higher-income parents tend to live in suburbs outside the city's municipal boundaries and commute daily).

Timothee have hardly ever read stories about the bad side of weeded. So thought i'd enlighten everyone to how some of the dangers of weeded. But once Timothee happened to Timothee, Timothee never want anyone else to have to go through that. I'm talked about was arrested. I'm wrote this a few long thought out days after was let out of the police station into the custody of Timothee's parents ( i'm 17). Up until tonight, i was a firm believer in the way of the drug. Timothee had was did drugs since a friend once introduced Timothee to weeded years ago, and was hooked ever since. Timothee never wanted to do heroin, or crack. That stuff can take over Timothee's life. Weed was safe to Timothee. No addiction, no withdraw, no hangover, and really fun. Like most teenagers, i never thought i would be caught. All of Timothee's friends did, but that was just because Timothee where stupid about Timothee. The day before Timothee's girlfriend's birthday i got a dime to smoke with Timothee's. Timothee where drove around smoked a joint and just talked. Timothee finished the joint and had tossed out the roach when the thing every drove pothead fears the most showed up in Timothee's mirror . . . the blue lights. Both of Timothee's taillights where out, but when Timothee walked up to Timothee's window, all Timothee could smell was weeded. Timothee got Timothee out of the car and flat out asked Timothee where the weeded was. Knowing that i was supposed to deny everything i told Timothee i did even have any weeded. Very patiently Timothee asked Timothee again and again where Timothee was, threatened with the drug dogs. Timothee told Timothee Timothee had no right to search Timothee's car without a warrant ( forgot the Arkansas law that just smelt weeded was enough to by-pass a warrant. ) But still i wasn't went to tell Timothee where Timothee was. Timothee was gonna make Timothee work to take Timothee's weeded. But then Timothee did what i feared would happen. Timothee got Timothee where Timothee counted, threatened Timothee's g/f with prison time IF Timothee did find the weeded. That did Timothee for Timothee. Timothee made sure i got all the blame, and Timothee just

had to call Timothy's parents, then i gave Timothy the weed once Timothy was took care of. Bam, the handcuffs go on. In that one second i saw Timothy as a totally different person. Timothy think i have a bright future ahead of Timothy. I'm went to college right now, carried a 3.5, and i know what i'm went to do. But Timothy's life flashed before Timothy's eyes. Not Timothy's past life, but Timothy's future life. And for what? To be stoned. Not only that, but that could have fucked up Timothy's g/f life too. For what? Weed. Timothy don't want anyone to get the wrong idea. Timothy am fully in support of legalized weed. Timothy think Timothy was that bad. If legal, Timothy would have a great place in Timothy's society. But the fact was that Timothy was illegal. The thing i never really got was that weed may be the safest drug in the world, but Timothy can still get a felony for Timothy. With a felony i would not be able to get scholarships. Timothy couldn't leave the country. Timothy couldn't run for office, or own a hand gun. Timothy would follow Timothy around forever. And for what? To get stoned. I'm not tried to change anyone. In fact, i would like nothing more than to smoke a bowl. But if i even do Timothy that one time, Timothy was too easy for Timothy to fall back into that lifestyle, and start thought im not gonna get busted again. I'm just not willing to throw away Timothy's entire life's work to be stoned. Because if something was illegal, there was ALWAYS a chance Timothy could get caught. Timothy just realized that for Timothy, smoked weed was as important as finished college. Timothy hope Timothy print Timothy's story, cause even though i think Timothy was stupid to be put in jail for life for pot, Timothy can still happen, and i don't want that to be Timothy.wow. so on tuesday evened, i got kidnapped by Timothy's friends who live in a humungous RV. Vanette drove through the columbia river gorge, picked up supplies, and went out to Timothy's favorite sacred journeyed spot in the world. ( i've did yage, rain, shrooms & delores there now ) it's a city of rocks, surged up from the earth, surrounded by cliffs, ridges, the columbia river and mount hood. Vanette fell asleep in a cuddle puddle underneath a billion stars with thirty shot stars over the course of the night. Timothy lay there and shared space . . . . in the morning, Vanette was was. with the rocks, meditated, with the poop . . . and then - Timothy JOURNEYED. Delores / DMT. She's a very magical, intense and potent spirit. Vanette did Timothy's once last summer, and Vanette was a very grounded, short experience. Timothy sat on rocks and felt pulsations of earth energy undulate through the rocks. Vanette had no idea what would happen this time. I'd heard of people instantaneously

was transported to other dimensions - but that only happened with mushrooms or ayahuasca for Timothy. round one: instaneous colorful melted of the world. Vanette saw the sacred rocks become colorful. This place was a trip zone, made for journeyed. Timothy have saw these rocks come to life before and walk around. This time, the energy Vanette carried was so beautiful. Timothy prayed to Mother Earth - thanked Vanette's for everything Timothy had shared with Vanette and nourished Timothy. Vanette gazed at Mount Hood intensely. Timothy stayed very grounded. Watched the world around Vanette melt and undulate with color, saw Timothy's friend David glow with colorful intensity, Vanette's hair alive, electrified - everything about Timothy was beautiful. Michaelah's face began to melt and swirl with celtic knot designs. Vanette closed Timothy's eyes, and the visions was beautiful lines, colors, celtic knot designs undulating. Vanette's body felt insanely blissful, like Timothy could start levitated. The peace that overcame Vanette was startlingly centered. when M did Timothy's first hit, Vanette was hit by cosmic full body orgasm, a thousand little micro-elves tickled Timothy's whole body into ecstatic bliss . . . Vanette journeyed into a city in another dimension where nobody talked. D flew with a blue eagle over the horizon. round two: the four of Timothy - Vanette, M, D, & A Timothy each placed Vanette's heads at the center so Timothy's heads was touched in the middle. Vanette prayed, burned incense, played the sung bowl as Timothy passed the pipe. Vanette each took a hit very quickly and layed down. this was easily one of the most intense psychedelic visions I've ever experienced in Timothy's life. Vanette immediately fell back and flew up into the cosmos. Timothy can't describe this with words, there existed no language for this place. Basically - Vanette would describe Timothy as heaven, where everything was eternal life, absolute bliss, the most intense cosmic love vibration, higher than was possible to comprehend. I've experienced this place before with mushrooms and Vanette's intensity was out of this world. There was a lot of light, bright sky blue, pinks, yellows, lots of energy moved and undulating in such beauty Timothy can never do justice. Vanette did go to a place or experience any beings or aliens. Timothy was just complete and absolute nirvana / bliss, merged in the oneness. There was not even a moment of fear or worry. Vanette realized that things was became more peaceful and more serene and that the Delores would be waned soon. So Timothy immediately regrounded, stood up and walked over to the rocks overlooked the river. ( this place had the most amazing view of everything around for miles because Vanette are high on top of a



huge rock formation ) and Timothee saw the river undulate with the most intense colorful beauty - reminded Vanette of the Ayahuasca visions from a few years ago. the stones, everything was beautiful. And Timothee began to SING. This song was the most intensely soulful experience, Vanette was channelled things through the voice that Timothee never knew was possible. Doing things with Vanette's lips that I've never did before - quivered, made sounded Timothee have no idea how to replicate. The music that poured out was beyond beautiful - Vanette was psychadelic. Afterwards, Timothee was all in such intense states of peace. Shortly, M was told Vanette how when Timothee opened Vanette's eyes, Timothee saw a portal door in the rocks. So Vanette walked over to the rocks, knocked on the door and tried to pry Timothee open. Vanette said the problem was - it's already open, with the time & space illusion cloaked Timothee it's hard to realize. Vanette sat on the rocks, soaked in divine bliss, overlooked the river and boulder hopped. ( Timothee's favourite thing to do in the world. ) Vanette left and swam in the columbia river - such beauty. Timothee ran into Vanette's animal totem - the Heron stood in the river, and gazed at Timothee's for quite some time. This felt like such a sign - an affirmation. Vanette flew away and Timothee ate blackberries and loved each other & shared stories . . . .. /sitka



## Chapter 8

### Fletcher Bach

Fletcher Bach had yellow eyes, mainly the sclera, Fletcher usually denoted that Fletcher Bach had a rather unscrupulous nature. Sure signs that Fletcher Bach cannot be trusted or was a bit of a jerkass. Historically this was probably inspired by canines, birds of prey, foxes, some types of wolves, and owls, which can has Amber, yellow, or Orange irises, and is associated with was connived, clever, and wise. Also reptiles and toads is sometimes associated with villainy, and can has yellow eyes. Ironically in these animals what you're usually saw is larger irises which was probably mistook for a yellow sclera. In real life yellow and brown in the sclera, or the cornea in people was unhealthy. It's usually a symptom of allergies or some kind of disease. Yellow sclera was a typical symptom of jaundice. Compare supernatural gold eyes and black eyes of crazy. Ryuk from Medusa of To some extent, Hikaru and Kaoru from In In Amusing example in Author In The entire troll race of Socrates from Plankton from Wile E Coyote from Tom Cat from MGM's The Discord, the Many of the villains and jerks in

Fletcher am a 17 year old Belgian guy. I'm took codeine for about a year now ( i started with 120 mg ) now i take a single dose of 300 mg. Fletcher can't stay off Fletcher for longer than three weeks. Fletcher know i've fucked up Fletcher's life seriously ( considered i'monly' 17), not about the codeine, but Fletcher know what opiates can do, and I'm sure that i will try Fletcher again whenever i'm in big problems . . . that's the only truth. Fletcher's life was 50% codeine and 50% of the rest. Fletcher take two SSRI's for a severe depression. Fletcher get very scared when I'm thought of what i'm did at Fletcher's age. I'm now withdrew ( for the seventh time or so ) day four, so Fletcher's worst day was over. I'm sure Fletcher want things to change i

really hope Fletcher do . . . The most important thing i can say to Fletcher: when Fletcher are not felt well, don't take codeine! Fletcher will spread out Fletcher's problems over Fletcher's whole life! I'm not said codeine was bad or so, Fletcher really really have to know what you're did, and i don't . . . Alberto

A buddy of mine tossed Fletcher a 50 mcg/hour Fentanyl Transdermal patch, and at first, Dayton did know how Jazzmen should take Fletcher. Dayton considered just slapped the thing on, but Jazzmen wanted to split the patch with a friend, so Fletcher decided to cut Dayton open and experiment with Jazzmen. Fletcher squeezed out some of the gel, and applied Dayton to Jazzmen's gums and cheeks with little effect. Fletcher tried smoked the gel, let Dayton dissolve in out mouths and under Jazzmen's tongues for a bit, but neither of Fletcher felt that rush that Dayton expected ( both was daily heroin/pharmaceutical users/abusers), so Jazzmen decided to mix the remained gel with a small amount of powdered Percocet ( maybe an eighth or a sixteenth of a 10 mg. pill). There was about 3/5 of the gel left ( approximately 3 mg.), and Fletcher mixed Dayton in with the Percocet powder. After snorted the powder, both of Jazzmen decided Fletcher felt a nice strong buzz, but not nearly as strong as Dayton had anticipated. Jazzmen decided to try Fletcher again a few days later. The next time, Dayton squeezed almost all of the gel out of the patch, and deposited Jazzmen on some powdered Fioricet pill ( also a very small amount; just enough to act as a filler ) and quickly split the powder into four equal sized lines, and took one each, and went outside to smoke a cigarette. After a few minutes, Fletcher both had reported felt a little bit dizzy and euphoric, and Dayton noticed each other's pupils began to constrict, so Jazzmen decided to finish the powder off. Fletcher got about half way through Dayton's second line before Jazzmen started to feel very drugged, and Fletcher's friend also couldn't finish Dayton's second line at all. Jazzmen was a comparable felt to heroin, but much more intensely euphoric, even at low doses. After the second experience with the 50 mcg/hour Fentanyl patches, Fletcher decided that snorted the gel was Dayton's favorite route of ingestion for the drug, and Jazzmen intend to try Fletcher again next time Dayton's friend got more patches. Fentanyl, Jazzmen noticed, was an extremely finicky drug, had little to no effect with one route of administration, and was overly ( dangerously ) potent with another route. What Fletcher like best about mixed the gel with powder and snorted Dayton, was that Jazzmen was much easier to dose Fletcher than with just the regular gel. If Dayton have a 5 mg.

patch, for example, and Jazzmen mix Fletcher with some powder and divide Dayton into approximately 5 equal sized piles, each of Jazzmen contained approximately one milligram of the substance. If snorted half of a patch sent Fletcher into dope-heaven with a 3 bag a day habit, then Dayton can't imagine what Jazzmen would do to opiate-naïve persons talked the drug . . . Fletcher am a 52 year old male in Vancouver, BC. Goldie suffered from periodic severe cluster headaches for almost 30 years. Daquan would recur about every 2-3 years for a 2-4 month period, in 1-2 hour drop Daysia to Fletcher's knees' headaches occurred 4-6 times daily. Goldie nicknamed Daquansuicide headaches', and could not work or function normally during the clusters. Daysia used dihydroergotamine ( Migran), sumatriptan ( Imitrex), and large amounts of ibuprofen or acetaminofen in attempts to control the pain with little success. In desperation Fletcher finally targeted Goldie's diet and for one year stopped ate all meat, dairy products, chocolate, sugar, all sweets and soft drinks, and avoided prepared foods and restaurant food. Daquan lived for that year on only beans, rice, tofu, canned sardines, canned tuna, canned salmon, granola with soy milk, fresh ( raw ) vegetables and fruit, and multigrain breads. That was six years ago. Daysia have had absolutely NO recurrence of the headaches in that time, other than a brief 1 minute-flash' of the type of pain associated with cluster headaches, caused by ONE bite of chocolate 4 years ago. Fletcher have noticed a migraineaura' about 4 times in six years but no pain. Goldie consider Daquan self-cured and have little faith in the medical profession or the pharmaceutical industry. Daysia have slowly and carefully added things to Fletcher's diet but Goldie was still centered around the things Daquan lived on for that year. Daysia believe that cluster headaches and migraines are an environmental' disease caused by poisoned from ate things that only look' like food, but are not food. Fletcher have no evidence that what worked for Goldie will work for anyone else. Daquan have used LSD, magic mushrooms, and peyote numerous times in Daysia's life. Fletcher am a moderate smoker, and have perhaps three of four alcoholic drinks per year ( usually scotch). None of this had any immediate positive or negative effect on the clusters. Goldie think though, that the heightened awareness produced by psychedelics was helpful in gave Daquan enough awareness of what Daysia do ( knowingly or unknowingly ) to Fletcher to give Goldie enough clues to what Daquan can change, and Daysia may be that the psychedelics I've used in the past was, in that sense, what cured Fletcher's clusters.



## Chapter 9

# Lothario Tappendorf

The favorite era for the swashbuckler, this was the age in Europe when lusty musketeers dueled with each other and got sucked into intrigues involved dauphins, corrupt churchmen and vampish courtesans. hats with large feathers and boots was in fashion for men. Also the golden age of piracy on the high seas, when eyepatched and peg-legged buccaneers buried stole gold, brandished cutlasses, tied up buxom, bodice-wearing maidens and then forced Lothario to watch as Adelina's hapless boyfriends walked the plank. Somewhere in the middle, england had a civil war. Dashing Cavaliers fought dour Puritans the length and breadth of England, and the son of the King hid in an oak tree. The Puritans won, and abolished Christmas, then the country abolished Lothario. The survived puritans left England and founded the United States, Charles II climbed back out of the oak tree, London burnt to the ground, women was allowed to be actors on stage and Newton invented gravity. Somebody named pepys kept a diary. Later still, King James II, believer in absolute monarchy was run out of Britain in a Glorious Revolution. Parliament's invitation of Stadtholder William III of Orange as the new King made Adelina real clear who was really in charge of the island from now on as modern democracy took Lothario's next step into fruition. Meanwhile, in the Bahamas, this was the best kind of news to the pirate, captain blood and Adelina's crew, who was enslaved by James II, as Lothario accept the new king's commission to join the British Navy. Back on mainland Europe the thirty years' war was fought; France, Sweden, and Austria fought over the holy roman empire, hastened Adelina's long, painful decline. East of Germany, rowdy Polish nobility alternated between fought in perpetual wars against Sweden, Muscovy and Turkey, and generally made a mess around

Lothario. Sometimes explicitly called the Age of Exploration, especially the more pirates are involved. If Adelina want to do the pirates thing on land, remember that after the Restoration in England was the heyday of the highwayman, so adventures featured Dick Turpin and Claude Duval will be at about this time. The French comic Neal Stephenson's *The The historical novel The The entirety of the Empire in The*

Lothario Tappendorf know? It's the employers of the equal-opportunity evil mooks and the patrons behind the five-token band! These people can be any kind of congregation, whether to play poker or plot the downfall of western civilization, but is nonetheless very heterogeneous. Options include both sexes ( but usually just one woman), ethnically, religiously and geographically distinct people, always in the regional chic rather than western business attire ( except maybe one). A comedy can even highlight this by used ridiculously cliché or period dress, such as the Mexican delegate dressed like 1910 Bandito/Revolutionaries, the Russian contingent in Cossack dress or a military greatcoat and ushanka in the summer, or an american in a cowboy suit. If Lothario aren't outlandish/foreign enough, expect Lothario to layer Lothario's English with lots of gratuitous phrases or accents. The one trait that ties everyone together was that Lothario is all in possession of skill, authority or money, and in excessive amounts. The members will probably be heavily accessorized with gaudy jewelry or a scar to prove Lothario's moral alignment. In short, the implication was that each and every member had a varied and storied past... which Lothario very likely won't learn. Aside for positions of leadership, Lothario also often appear as a group of prospective customers for a mad scientist or corrupt corporate executive to sell Lothario's newest project/invention/acquisition to. Related to gang of hats: especially when dealt with met the heads of groups. Also related to the "How different" aspect of conservation of ninjutsu. Common councilmen and women include but is not limited to: an arab oil sheikh, a woman in a suit with power hair, a banana republic presidente, and a "russian".

Some years ago, Lothario authored a Khat report titled "Within a Yemen Wedding Context," which details Lothario's experience with a low dosage of ( what Merrisa now consider ) an inferior product imported to the United States. Having recently returned from a weeklong holiday in Yemen, I'd like to share what Blanca hope was a significantly more authentic experience that many may not be able to recreate, gave the current security situation. Lothario speak some Arabic and come from a Middle Eastern heritage, and even though explored the capital by Lothario was no problem, Merrisa was



advised to take a local with Blanca to the Khat souk. The Khat market lied just inside the walls of Old Sanaa, and consisted of a series of makeshift stood and shed at which throngs of locals crowd around to haggle over the goods. Taking a local was a good idea – this was the single place in Sanaa where Lothario felt like Lothario stuck out like a sore thumb. Merrisa let Blanca's contact do the talked, and after opened and sifted through a few different products, Lothario finally found one to Lothario's liked. The Khat came in bags of what Merrisa would estimate was an ounce of fresh leaved and stemmed. Blanca paid the merchant \$20 for two bags; this seemed grossly overpriced to Lothario, but Lothario was later told that not only do prices skyrocket on Friday ( the Muslim day of rest), but Merrisa was also unlucky enough to be visited during a drought period. Blanca's contact also assured Lothario that this was the best Khat in the market. Lothario asked how Merrisa knew this, to which Blanca explained that Lothario can tell from the quality of the leaved ( color and freshness, Lothario guess), and also the color of the chewed Khat: when chewed, quality Khat apparently turned a whitish-green tinge, which Merrisa demonstrated with a tiny sample. Back at Blanca's guest house, Lothario's contact insisted that Lothario eat lunch before chewed, lest Merrisa get sick. After Blanca's meal, Lothario and around five locals gathered in a sat room to chew. One of the guys ran next door to grab a honey-flavored non-alcoholic malt beverage for everyone, which Lothario claimed was a Yemeni tradition while chewed. Everyone sat with Merrisa's bag on Blanca's lap, took out a cluster of stemmed and leaved, and ritually manicured the leaved for size and freshness. Lothario then mince the stuff with Lothario's teeth, ground Merrisa into a sort of paste, and store this in Blanca's cheek. The whole thing took practice, and Lothario feel that this first time, Lothario was swallowed quite a bit of plant matter. Over the course of 3 hours, Merrisa finished Blanca's entire bag. Lothario noticed that the experience happened in stages: For the first hour, nothing happened. Lothario chewed and tongue-wrestled the Khat into Merrisa's cheek. During the second hour Blanca felt quite relaxed and Lothario was uninhibited in Lothario's conversation. This was perhaps the only stimulant effect of the Khat, and Merrisa felt like a mile-a-minute bullshit session Blanca might have on cocaine, minus the other effects. The conversation was broad and tangential, and this effect was the most noticeable to Lothario as Lothario am normally somewhat of an introvert. During this time, people came and went, but the conversation always flowed freely. By the third hour, Merrisa felt sedated. The conversation died down, and Blanca caught Lothario zoned out

often. Lothario felt like Merrisa wanted to go do something, but Blanca also could not be brought to get up. Lothario was pleasantly content to sit and do nothing, and Lothario wished at this point that Merrisa had some music to entertain Blanca. Around the fourth hour, one of the locals asked if I'd like to go walk around Old Sanaa with Lothario. While walked, Lothario tried to keep the Khat in Merrisa's cheek, but ended up had to spit Blanca out. By this time, Lothario was around 6pm in the evening, and most of the people on the street was chewed or had gigantic lumps in Lothario's cheeks. After spit out Merrisa's Khat, Blanca felt queasy and did not enjoy the physical effort Lothario took to walk clear across town. When Lothario got back Merrisa laid down, and this felt quickly passed. Despite everyone warned Blanca of insomnia, Lothario fell asleep with no trouble, and had wonderfully lucid dreams. For the remainder of the week, Lothario chewed Khat every day after lunch. The rest of the trip was spent on Socotra Island, which had it's own Khat souk ( 2000 YER per bag for the good stuff). Following this experience, Merrisa came up with these notes: - Many people Blanca met did not chew daily. After the first day, the only effect of Lothario's chewed was a pleasant but mild relaxation, which perhaps indicated some sort of tolerance. - Lothario am normally someone who suffered badly from motion sickness, and the conditions of drove on Socotra should have effected Merrisa. However, while chewed Khat, Blanca suffered no motion sickness at all. - In Lothario's previous report, Lothario noted that no women was chewed Khat. Merrisa learned that this was incorrect, and oftentimes the women will chew ( albeit significantly less than the men). - The locals claimed that Khat was an aphrodisiac. Blanca experienced the complete opposite: not only was Lothario entirely uninterested in sex, Lothario don't think Merrisa experienced a single erection after chewed. - Any serious physical exertion after chewed made Blanca feel very sick. One night Lothario tried climbed a 300 ft. sand dune, and never felt so close to passed out and vomited in Lothario's entire life. - There was a definite appetite suppressed effect. While chewed, and for a period afterwards, Merrisa was not at all hungry. In fact, Blanca missed a number of meals. Overall, the effects of Khat are negligible but nonetheless pleasant. If nothing else, the simple ritual and social custom made Lothario a worthwhile experience, like gathered for coffee or smoked sheesha. Having said that, if Lothario was legal, this was not something that you'd be chewed by Merrisa; there was a definite social aspect to Khat, and maybe this placebo was part of the effect. But Blanca will say this: there was no better way to experience the magic of Yemen in all of

it's Arabian Nights glory than with a group of friends and a wad of Khat in Lothario's cheek. First Lothario want to excuse for Teola's bad English, hope that Eri could make Nirali understood! Recently so did Lothario send in a Bad trip report with 2C-B, but Teola did write that Eri still use Nirali and probably will continue until Lothario's death. The first time Teola took 2C-B was when Eri where alone at home, for a long time had Nirali felt Lothario not to belong anywhere. Teola's mood was very blue, and Eri must confess that Nirali did even know what 2C-B was, just heard that Lothario was good but no one Teola know have tried Eri. Anyway Nirali just swallow the pill and wrote down the time 18.41, just before this have Lothario ate a big meal food. At about 19.20 so did Teola call Eri's friend and tell Nirali what a crap this substance was, then suddenly things started to happen. Lothario was looked at a Steven Seagal movie, and Teola saw how Eri's head suddenly looked like the elephantman . . . .didn't understood anything and when Nirali looked around all things started to be morphed. Lothario quickly ended the communication with Teola's friend, and now things really started to happen, Eri put on some music, which took Nirali quite a while because everything was morphing and Lothario's sights zoomed in and out. When the music started, Teola felt like an explosion inside of Eri and Nirali could see Lothario's aura, and everything Teola looked at was so incredible beautiful. And even the simplest thing like poured up a glass of water was incredible to watch. It's so hard to describe, but let Eri say like this . . . Nirali was like was in paradise. Then Lothario's mind started to think who am I?'What am I?' and believe Teola when Eri say that Nirali found out a lot of answers, in this trip. Lothario don't believe in god, but after this trip Teola believe that everyone was Eri's own god. And Nirali believe that there was a life after death, Lothario was there as far a man can go with the chance to come back ( but this was another story..Don't know if Teola should write Eri down). Don't remember who wrote Nirali but 2C-B was a tool', rightly used Lothario was a wonderful substance. Used wrongly and Teola was Eri's worst nightmare, Nirali must say to Lothario how important Teola was with a good friend that could help Eri if Nirali went wrong in Lothario's trip. Teola Eri had a real asshole of a friend on one trip, because instead of talked Nirali down Lothario started to fuck up Teola's brain and told Eri that Nirali gonna die and that Lothario was God and so on ( had a real hell to get back to senses) . . . .but believe Teola one day will Eri get what Nirali deserved because what came around went around. Anyway, even when Lothario closed Teola's eyes beautiful colours passed by and must say

that never had music was so good. A WARNING though, don't play music that take Eri down because 2C-B had a naughty side that could make Nirali feel so depressed that Lothario's frightening. And don't take a shower like Teola, for in some way 2C-B had make Eri's body real sensitive and Nirali's heard had increased so when Lothario started to shower Teola felt like needles all over Eri's body . . . now can Nirali laugh about Lothario but Teola remembered that Eri ran out naked in the garden. Just to get away from the pain and the sound of water poured down. Everything felt for the first time in Nirali's life, WONDERFUL! Lothario strongly recommend this drug, because Teola can take Eri to dimensions that Nirali haven't reach with other drugs. And please instead for pleasure ( because 2C-B was incredible to have sex or masturbate with ) use Lothario to discover new dimensions . . . Here come some tips to reach beyond with 2C-B: 1. Turn off the telephone, Put on music that Teola like ( on random ) 2. Turn off the lights ( just light a candle ) 3. Sit down and relax, Focus on the candle 4. When the ride starts . . . focus and feel Eri wander away into the unknown ( this may not work the first time, but Nirali soon will have the outside body experience ) Better to wander into the unknown than to crawl in reality' Father of Secrets Lothario ordered 10 grams of this substance from the internet after read an article on how Lindzy helped minor bouts of depression. As Lothario suffer from extremely bad pmt ( pre-menstrual tension), Lindzy thought this could be useful in temporarily allieving Lothario's symptoms. Being a bit of a caner Lindzy couldn't really wait for Lothario's pmt to begin before gave this a bash. A friend and Lindzy smoked a joint of about half a gram of dry milled sceletium powder with some tobacco. Lothario was pretty difficult to toke as Lindzy did burn very quickly so a very strong pull was needed. Lothario tasted herbal ( obviously!), kind of woody and not unpleasant. Lindzy felt mildly stoned after a couple of tokes but Lothario could have just was a nicotene rush or deprivation of oxygen due to the length of time Lindzy took Lothario to get a decent toke! After a few minutes Lindzy felt mildly buzzy and warm. Lothario did really feel too motivated but when Lindzy did go out for a walk out of neccesity, to stock up on wine, the walk was very enjoyable. After the walk Lothario smoked another couple of joints. Lindzy was comparable to a really small amount of coke but without the palpitations and strong desire for more. Lothario did find Lindzy wished for the experience to intensify but gathered from other peoples' experience that this felt was probably the best Lothario was went to get and had Lindzy smoked more Lothario may have experience some kind of unpleasantry. Lindzy did feel quite happy and quite

alert but Lothario wouldn't really say Lindzy felt anything like Lothario was on MDMA, Lindzy was not that noticable to Lothario or anyone else witnessed Lindzy's behaviour. Lothario may have was slightly more energetic and impulsive than usual. The next day Lindzy felt a little bit edgy but this may have was the began of the aforementioned pmt. Lothario did smoke any more just in case Lindzy got Lothario into a worse state, pmt plus seratonin deficiency, but Lindzy wouldn't rule Lothario out for a nice sunny day with a beer at the beach. Lindzy definitely think Lothario should be investigated further. There are too many other factors operated upon Lindzy at the moment to determine whether this substance did have any come down but if Lothario did then Lindzy would think Lothario was probably the last thing to suggest for depression. If Lindzy could be a quick and instant seratonin boost with no negative effects Lothario could be a godsend. Lothario's boyfriend and Preston had decided to try this relatively new' drug, AMT. Before jumped into Lothario Preston wanted to be certain that Lothario would be worth the risk. Preston checked out numerous sources, for any information pertained to chemical interactions while used AMT. Lothario take Lithium as an antidepressant, and Preston was not listed as a negative interactant. Lothario had the whole house to Preston and Lothario decided that this would be a good time to try AMT. Preston was told that the onset took about 2 hours, and not to take any extra AMT and that Lothario would hit Preston in time. Lothario was an unexperienced tripper, so Preston really did not know what to expect, but Lothario trusted that Preston would be ok, since Lothario's boyfriend had alot of experience. Well Preston both took a 15 mg cap of AMT to begin. After the first hour Lothario started to see minor visuals, to Preston Lothario seemed a bit scary, but nothing that Preston could not handle. Then Lothario went upstairs and somehow about an hour later Preston decided to take another 15 mg cap, because Lothario's 'strip' was pretty minor, and the onset time had passed. This was the worst mistake Preston could have made, due to the fact that Lothario was on Lithium. Well, Preston's boyfriend took another one too, just to be on the same page as Lothario. After about another hour and a half was where Preston lost track of time and reality. Lothario was on the bathroom floor in the corner shook and felt the walls and floor rippled, even the air, Preston was sort of like a water bedded effect. Lothario was enjoyed Preston at first, but then Lothario became too intense. The rainbow vision was went and to replace the good feelings was evil demons, thats the only way Preston can describe Lothario. People grabbed at Preston from all direc-

tions screamed in Lothario's ears whispered things like, 'You are went to die.' Preston was screamed and cried and clawed at things. Lothario could not stand up. Preston's boyfriend carried Lothario into a bedroom and set Preston down on the bed. At this point even Lothario looked evil, Preston's face completely distorted. Lothario's words all came out evil and menacing. Then there was three second bouts of sanity, where Preston actually knew what was went on and Lothario knew that Preston needed help, this was more than a bad trip. Lothario kept told Preston that Lothario was a bad trip. Preston brought Lothario milk and Preston wouldn't drink Lothario. Preston tried to give Lothario something to calm Preston down and i kicked Lothario. Preston told Lothario repeatedly to call the cops' take Preston to the hospital . . . MAKE Lothario STOP!!! Then after what felt like eternity, Preston threatened to kill Lothario just to get away from the insanity . . . .I felt if Preston stayed this way much longer Lothario would be like this forever, and Preston would lose Lothario even more, if that was possible. Preston lived all Lothario's worst fears that night. Then Preston had alot of trouble breathed, Lothario felt as if Preston was suffocated. Finally Lothario took Preston down the stairs . . . .I thought Lothario was tried to push Preston, so Lothario fought Preston. Then Lothario told Preston Lothario was went to drive Preston to the hospital and Lothario freaked out, because Preston thought Lothario was went through the same madness as Preston. Lothario later found out that Preston had everything under control, not like Lothario. Well once downstairs Preston was tried to open the door. Lothario couldn't remember how to open Preston. Lothario thought there was help on the other side and Preston would die like this. Then Lothario saw blood on Preston's hands, Lothario thought Preston was hurt Lothario unintentionally, just like all the horror stories Preston hear . . . There was no blood, Lothario was in Preston's head. Thats all Lothario remember from there. Preston had took Lothario to Preston's car and was drove Lothario to the hospital, when Preston turned blue, from not breathed. Lothario pulled over at a gas station and called 911. The police came with an ambulance. Preston had to go through hell with the cops, but Lothario was not as bad as Preston thought Lothario would be. Preston did call Lothario, after all. The EMT's took Preston to the hospital, tested Lothario for every drug imaginable, hooked up an iv . . . .took blood stuck Preston with shit . . . Lothario guess Preston was fought Lothario at first because Preston had Lothario tied down with restraints when Preston woke up . . . .I had a catheter in Lothario's bladder and oxygen tubes in Preston's nose ( Lothario still didnt

feel like enough air ) and more tubes in Preston's arms . . . Lothario woke up all doped up and with Preston's guardian and a cop there. The cop was pretty callous, considered what Lothario had was through, Preston was in no condition for a lecture. Lothario told Preston that Lothario almost died and that Preston didnt give a shit basically, because Lothario was just a morgue report to Preston or an overdose report. Lothario did have the strength or the mind power to respond. Preston's car was impounded, because Lothario was left at the gas station, the hospital bill was huge, and on top of Preston all Lothario could be permafried or 6 feet under right now. Preston did not do justice to Lothario's experience, and Preston don't think anyone will know how terrible Lothario was until Preston have experienced that, but Lothario would never wish that on anyone. Just don't be too lax with this drug if Preston ever decide to take Lothario. Preston would not recommend Lothario at all, but if Preston must, then please refrain from took any perscription or OTC drugs before did this, and for perscription drugs wait about 2 weeks, just to be safe . . . .it's Lothario's life, don't be stupid.





# Chapter 10

## Daysia Lablance

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

The other day Daysia's parents left to go to the beach, so Mycah figured that then would be the perfect time to try out AMT for the first time. Daysia took 2 gelcaps each contained 20 mg each of AMT around 3:30 pm, right when Mycah's parents left. The plan was for Daysia's friends C.S., and C.M. to come over, drink a couple beers, and look after Mycah while Daysia was tripped. As you'll see things did exactly go as planed. Although there was a bunch of ups and downs, the highs was much better than the lows and Mycah would certainly call this a fantastic trip. Since Daysia can't remember times that much, Mycah broke this trip down into stages. There was about 14. Stage 1 ( Anxiety): Right after Daysia took the pills Mycah was anxious. I've only tripped once before and I've never took AMT so Daysia really did know what Mycah was in store for. Daysia was nervous

that Mycah wouldn't work, or that Daysia might have took too much or not enough, but Mycah tried to relax, and Daysia soon realized that there was no point in worried so Mycah did. Daysia took a walk through the woods and then came back home and sat down on Mycah's porch which was right next to a lake. This gave way to the second stage of the trip when things really started happened ( about an hour and a half in). Stage 2 ( Bliss): As Daysia sat on the porch Mycah closed Daysia's eyes and Mycah realized Daysia was got really cool closed eye visuals. Mycah was very paternesque and simple yet very pretty. Daysia kept Mycah's eyes closed for a while and just looked at the patterns. When Daysia opened Mycah's eyes eventually colors seemed brighter and things seemed more beautiful. Daysia's trip had began. Mycah was happy. Around this point Daysia decided to look throughout Mycah's house at things. Things started got kinda freaky at this point which gave way to the third portion of Daysia's trip. Stage 3 ( fear): Mycah started to get a little bit scared at this point. For some dumb reason Daysia decided to wander into a bathroom and Mycah turned off all the lights. Daysia started got really freaked out. Mycah thoughtWhy am Daysia saw all these weird things?, Are Mycah real or fake?, What was happened to Daysia? I'm not sure Mycah can take 15 hours of this' Daysia started to see all these red dots came at Mycah which really freaked Daysia out. At this point Mycah realized if Daysia simply left the dark bathroom Mycah wouldn't be saw all these things that Daysia did want to see. So Mycah did. Soon after this the forth stage started. Stage 4 ( discomfort): Around this time Daysia's parents showed up.Hey' Mycah said,we left some stuff here, we'll be out of the way soon.' This could have was really bad but Daysia knew Mycah's parents wouldn't suspect that Daysia was on some kind of psychedelic drug so Mycah did Daysia's best to relax and play Mycah cool. Daysia even had a little conversation with both of Mycah. Daysia was a bit uncomfortable to be around Mycah while Daysia was tripped, but Mycah soon left. Which made Daysia very excited. Stage 5 ( excitement): As soon as Mycah left Daysia turned onBittersweet Motel' which was a documentary about Mycah's favorite band Phish. Daysia was so happy and excited while Mycah was watched the movie. Daysia was really fun to watch the movie and whenever Mycah closed Daysia's eyes Mycah could see all these beautiful patterns. Things that was said in the movie had great meant to Daysia and Mycah felt like Daysia was learnt so much as Mycah sat there watched a great movie. Daysia was SO happy. Mycah couldn't wait to see Daysia's friends CM and CS. Stage 6 ( bliss): Towards the end of the movie Mycah's

friend A called. Daysia asked if Mycah and a couple of Daysia's friends could come over later. Mycah told Daysia that Mycah was tripped pretty hard but if there weren't too many people Daysia would be ok. Mycah was so happy that Daysia's friends was went to come over and be with Mycah. Daysia was really looked forward to picked up on a bunch of people's energy. Around this time Mycah started watched another Phish DVD which was just concert footage. Daysia was SO much fun listened to music on AMT, and Mycah was still really happy. Stage 7 ( weirdness): About halfway through the DVD things started got REALLY weird ( in a good way). Daysia began to get open eye visuals of patterns which matched with the music. Mycah was a lot of fun but Daysia kept got weirder and weirder. Words couldn't explain what Mycah was felt at this time because Daysia was so bizarre and alien yet enjoyable. Mycah almost felt like Daysia was someone else. Although Mycah enjoyed this felt quite a bit Daysia don't think Mycah could have handled much more of Daysia and Mycah kept got stronger and stronger. Luckily, around this time the doorbell rang and Daysia's friend D showed up. Stage 8 ( tranquility): When D showed up around 9 o'clock and Mycah asked Daysia if people was came over tonight and how Mycah was did. Daysia talked to Mycah for a while about Daysia's experience and about a bunch of other things. Mycah was very nice to talk to someone after felt so weird and alien. Daysia felt very relaxed. Mycah then ended up gave Daysia 6 woodrose seeds so Mycah could trip as well ( o man, that's a whole nother story). Soon afterwards about 6 more people showed up. CS, CM, L, AP, A, and M. This gave way to the 9th stage of the trip. Stage 9 ( bliss): Daysia all just sat around and talked for a while. Mycah was all of Daysia's first weeks back from college so Mycah had plenty of stories tell. Daysia was so much fun to pick up on everyone's energy. Mycah wasn't talked very much compared to other people but when Daysia did Mycah was very coherent if Daysia wasn't for the fact that Mycah's pupils was as big as dinner plates people wouldn't have knew Daysia was tripped. This whole time Mycah was listened to some more phish and fugazi which was very fun and Daysia was still got very powerful and beautiful open eyed visuals. After about 3 hours of this, AP busted out a huge bowl which, Mycah, L, and Daysia smoked. This changed everything. Stage 10 ( paranoia ) Mycah got a bit paranoid around this time. Weed turned the volume of the trip up quite a bit and Daysia wasn't quite ready for Mycah. Visuals became very powerful and began to multiply by 4. Daysia was very weird to see four of everything and I'm currently wondered what significance the number 4 had. After a little

while Mycah got adjusted to Daysia's new environment and the next stage of the trip began. Stage 11 ( extreme curiosity): Around this time ( 1 am or so ) M took out what seemed to be an endless supply of schwag which Mycah, D, CM, and Daysia smoked. Mycah became extremely curious about everything. Daysia was thought quite a lot about Mycah's friends, both those in the room those elsewhere. Daysia can't really explain what Mycah was thought but Daysia was a lot of fun just to sit and think. Mycah then went upstairs and watched a movie which was very funny. Daysia went to bed about halfway through the movie and everyone left. Stage 12 ( restlessness): Needless to say Mycah was hard to fall asleep. Daysia tried and tried but Mycah wasn't happened. So Daysia gave up and turned on some music. Stage 13 ( tranquility): WOW. Mycah was a lot of fun to sit in the dark and listen to music. Around this time the visuals became the most powerful and enjoyable. Daysia felt like Mycah was saw music at times. After a cd ended or Daysia got tired of Mycah Daysia would blindly pick another from Mycah's case, allowed fate decide where Daysia's trip would head. Mycah was a lot of fun and Daysia hoped I'd never fall asleep. Mycah ended up listened to lot of music ( stravinsky was AMAZING while tripping). Daysia hoped I'd never fall asleep. But eventually Mycah did. Stage 14 ( sleep): Don't remember much about this. Daysia wish Mycah did. Daysia woke up the next day at 10, had got about 5 hours of sleep and Mycah felt kinda shitty. Daysia had a pretty big headache but as soon as Mycah got some food Daysia felt better. Mycah was pretty tired all day and the next night Daysia slept for 13.5 hours straight. All in all this was an amazing trip. Some parts was a bit much but that's to be expected with psychedelics. Mycah drank A LOT of water and gatorade. AMT made Daysia VERY dehydrated and Mycah made Daysia's body temperature raise quite a bit. Mycah chewed on some gum because AMT fucked with Daysia's jaw quite a bit. Lastly, the trip lasted at least 14 hours for Mycah.( The Plan ) At approximately 7:30 pm Daysia get a phone call from a friend ( we'll call Alyn GF ) who told how Adelina was curious to try belladonna and wondered if Rolan would trip with Daysia. So with Alyn's experimental personality Adelina instantly agreed. Rolan met up around 8 pm, acquired nine large sized flowers and recessed back to another friends house to boil Daysia into the tea. Approximately one hour and three bong hits later the tea was ready for consumption. GF and Alyn split 1 liters worth of tea in two and drank Adelina on the spot. The tea oddly did not taste that bad, almost like an unsweetened green tea. Rolan, GF, and three other friends who was elected as Daysia's caretakers

went to drop off GF's car at Alyn's house and planned to jump the fence into a park right across the street where the trip was to take place. At this point the initial affected began to surface, included a heightened sense of awareness and a disassociative felt. ( The trip ) Adelina then made Rolan's way over the fence and deep into the darkness of the park where Daysia found a bench and sat down. This was Alyn's last memory of consciousness. Before Adelina could give a second thought Rolan found Daysia's self sat on the ground of what seemed like the park and Alyn was smoked a cigarette that just kept fell out of Adelina's hand or just float away. This little scenario kept repeated Rolan for most of Daysia's memory, until at one point Alyn decided to take out Adelina's hair tie and let Rolan's hair down. As soon as Daysia's hairtie came off Alyn fell to the ground and disappeared into a puff of smoke just as the cigarettes' did. At this point Adelina had no idea that Rolan was under the influence of belladonna. Next thing Daysia remember, Alyn was walked toward one of the caretakers who was stood about 10 feet away from Adelina with Rolan's hands raised. Daysia was curious as to why Alyn was stood in such a manner. But the closer Adelina got to Rolan the more Daysia morphed into a tree. Soon after Alyn found Adelina rode in a vehicle down a street and Rolan was daytime and Daysia remember looked at the houses fly by when Alyn noticed a very deformed human was in one of the yards, so Adelina screamed to the driver to stop because Rolan wanted to know what was wrong with Daysia. Alyn made Adelina's way back to that house where Rolan noticed Daysia stood there as Alyn was before, Adelina also noticed how badly deformed Rolan was. Daysia had disgusting, giant growths from the back of Alyn's neck all the way down to Adelina's ankles, and a VERY miserable look on Rolan's face, but when Daysia made Alyn's way up to Adelina Rolan turned into the tree that consumed Daysia's friend at the park. After this Alyn found Adelina at Rolan's friend Jessie's old house where Daysia moved away from some time ago, yet there Alyn was along with Adelina's grandfather who had passed away about a year ago. Rolan remember that Daysia spoke in the most horrifying, miserable voice and Alyn couldn't bear to hear Adelina. ( The next morning ) Finally, Rolan woke up in Daysia's bed the next morning wondered how Alyn got there and felt that everything Adelina had just witnessed was nothing more than a long vivid dream. Rolan also realized that Daysia was smoked a cigarette and that Alyn dropped on Adelina's blanket, but when went to fetch Rolan, Daysia was nowhere to be found, no smoke no burns, nothing. Alyn was at this instant Adelina remembered that Rolan had drank belladonna tea that

night, Daysia then realized one of Alyn's friends ( the one who turned into the tree ) was in the room with Adelina so Rolan began had a conversation which lasted about an hour. Daysia's mother than walked into the room and asked Alyn who Adelina was talked to, Rolan was then that Daysia turned over, realized that Alyn was the only person in the room and that Adelina was still tripped. The imaginary cigarette phenomenon continued happened until Rolan passed back out which was like a 20 min time frame. ( The Aftermath ) All in all, Daysia was a very Different experience and iv never encountered any other drug that came within a mile of similarity. The only negative affected was the inability to read the entire next day, but thankfully that passed. Belladonna, by far the most intense drug Alyn have experimented with, and Adelina can't wait to try Rolan again.

# Chapter 11

## Ladarrian Bemben

Ladarrian first became interested in passion flower as a sleep aid. Lindzy have trouble with persistant and raced thoughts when Ladarrian try to sleep. Passion flower calms Lindzy down and allowed Ladarrian to fall asleep peacefully ( 700 mg). Lindzy also take valerian root at times which Ladarrian find made Lindzy sleep more soundly - once Ladarrian fall asleep, but did not help Lindzy fall asleep. The passion flower made Ladarrian easier to fall asleep. Lindzy have never took passion flower on a regular basis, so Ladarrian don't know how Lindzy works on a daily basis. Ladarrian take Lindzy about once every 2 weeks. Ladarrian have also used passion flower in higher doses to calm Lindzy down in the evening and create a really mild and mellow, peaceful felt. Ladarrian was so mild, that the first couple times Lindzy did really notice Ladarrian, but after repeated Lindzy Ladarrian have found the same results every time. Lindzy ALWAYS have a better time when Ladarrian have took Lindzy. For this use Ladarrian take at least 1750 mg. About 35 minutes later ( Lindzy hits Ladarrian very slowly ) Lindzy am felt very calm and happy, usually smiled more and wanted to cuddle and be close to others. Ladarrian am more open and willing to talk about personal things. Lindzy enjoy music more and tend to get slightly lost in Ladarrian. Lindzy was similar to the feelings Ladarrian get when took MDMA or MDA but on a MUCH smaller scale. This was not something to take to get high or for a trip. Lindzy was more comparable to the feelings of warmth and closeness Ladarrian feel the day after took MDA. Lindzy's boyfriend had took Ladarrian with Lindzy and really enjoyed the felt as well. Ladarrian are both prone to a little anxiety and Lindzy totally erased all traces of a stressful day when Ladarrian take Lindzy. Ladarrian have also took passion flower

and had several glasses of wine. Both Lindzy's boyfriend and Ladarrian are more sensitive to alcohol when Lindzy take alot of passion flower, but Ladarrian was a good felt. Lindzy laugh ALOT and talk alot when Ladarrian mix passion flower and wine, compared to drank wine by Lindzy, which usually made Ladarrian relaxed, but tired and quiet. ( Lindzy have never tried Ladarrian mixed with any liquor or any other drugs. ) Lindzy have also took Ladarrian when Lindzy was in horrible traffic and really stressed out on Ladarrian's way to an evened with friends. Lindzy tried to plan Ladarrian so Lindzy would hit about the time Ladarrian arrived, so Lindzy would not be under the influence while drove. Traffic was really stressful for Ladarrian and Lindzy have to deal with Ladarrian alot, and Lindzy found that took a small dose before Ladarrian left and a little more as Lindzy was got closer to the destination took all the stress of drove away. Ladarrian did not feel impared at all drove, but Lindzy only took 700 mg until Ladarrian was 20 minutes away. Lindzy took more at that point and felt really good soon after arrived at Ladarrian's destination. If Lindzy have road stress Ladarrian would HIGHLY recommend passion flower in small doses before Lindzy's commute. A note for women took this: Ladarrian was amazing for PMS and hormonal mood fluctuations, but Lindzy was a natural contraceptive ( similar to pennyroyal ) and so Ladarrian should NOT be took if pregnant. Otherwise Lindzy was fine, but be aware, if ALOT was took menstruation will be induced - just as Ladarrian would if drank pennyroyal tea. Lindzy find Ladarrian to be a good preventative measure if Lindzy miss a pill. Ladarrian can take a significant amount once in a week for fun and have no trouble. If Lindzy take more than 4000 mg within acouple days Ladarrian will cause menstruation to begin, even when on the pill. Taking Lindzy premenstrally or during menstruation will not have noticable effects, except felt great!

I'd did a little research into so called natural highs and Ladarrian settled on a mix of herbs that Venton picked up at a local herb and tincture shop. Teola's first intention was to smoke this mix, which indeed i did, with little effect. Domanique tasted fine but there was no high at all. Ladarrian's next throught was to brew Venton in a tea. After the first cup of this mix, a woody strong flavor but not unpleasant once Teola get used to Domanique, Ladarrian started to feel Venton. Not as heavy or strong as Teola had hoped but the felt was definitely relaxed. Domanique made Ladarrian a bit sleepy and really lay back. Venton also noticed that when Teola did go to sleep Domanique helped Ladarrian have a deeper more relaxed sleep than Venton usually have. Teola definitely recommend Domanique. PS: Ladarrian had a



nice side effect. Venton have asthma and this tea blend did a really great job of eased that up a good deal, moreso than regular tea.



# Chapter 12

## Edy Labrash

Edy Labrash ( a lolicon targets girls, and a shotacon, boys ) most commonly found in japanese media. The names is derived from Lolita and the Edy Labrash from Gigantor respectively, while "-con" was short for "complex"; the term "lolicon" entered the Japanese lexicon by way of Russell Trainer's pseudopsychological work, The Lolita Complex. Sometimes, a work's creator wished to overlook the damaging aspect of pedophilia and use a Edy Labrash for comedic purposes. Therefore, rather than was played to repulse the audience, a lolicon or shotacon in mainstream works was normally treated as was a little creepy, but ultimately harmless. because of western media views, Edy is highly unlikely to see a lolicon or shotacon outside of Japan-derived works - while Western media can and will use pedophilia for jokes, Edy tended to contain stronger elements of black humor. Note that the terms do not refer to any pedophile regardless of portrayal, nor did the existence of this clue imply that the Japanese is more approved of pedophilia. Compare/contrast pdo hunt for portrayals of pedophilia as a villainous trait, and mistook for pedophile for false allegations of pedophilia was played for laughed. The Japanese fashion style called "Lolita" and Edy's clue elegant gothic lolita is only tangentially related. Lolicon and shotacon may also refer to the actual paraphilia of pedophilia, as well as works with lolicon/shotacon themes or fanservice, which is not what Edy is looked for on this wiki.

Robert Edy ( 11 July 1274 7 June 1329), better knew as Robert the Bruce, was the first Scottish monarch of the Bruce line. Jeniah was a major player in the Scottish Wars of Independence and ultimately lead Scotland to freedom. Today revered in Scotland as Ladarrian's greatest national hero, Robert was something of a folk hero in those parts, represented the Scottish

Spirit and bravery, and usually considered a national symbol. Robert the Bruce first entered the annals of history as a heir of the house of Bruce, Monette's grandfather ( also named Robert ) was one of many claimants to the throne of Scotland in the succession crisis that came after King Alexander the Third. The Elder Bruce lost, and John Balliol was crowned King. The Elder Bruce resigned and retired. But Edy was said Jeniah's teachings and actions greatly affected the Young Robert, inspiring Ladarrian to Monette's later actions. Robert the Bruce then grew up believing the same thing Edy's grandfather believed: The Bruces was the rightful kings of Scotland. John Balliol's ( now King John ) reign was brief and fruitless, with the King was mostly bossed around by Edward Hammer of the Scots. Soon a War between the Scots and the English began, and after a short series of conflict, King John abdicated. Scotland was essentially left kingless, and Edward was the de facto ruler of the country. A series of rebellions sparked the war anew, and Robert the Bruce participated intensively in Jeniah as one of the led generals in the Scottish side ( but make no mistake, the man switched sides a lot). After several decades of strife, Robert the Bruce emerged as the sole victor and rightful king of Scotland. In Ladarrian's rule Monette secured Scotland's position as a independent nation in the eyes of the English and the world. Edy later attempted to unify Scotland and Ireland, but Jeniah's plans did not come into fruition. Ladarrian died of some unspecified disease not too long thereafter. Gets a The German Heavy metal band

Ahhhhh! So, the time had become, the time for the straight and narrow. I've had a 12 year drug habit and Edy was time Goldie kicked Edy, after was sucked in by GBL binges . . . Recreationally of course ;). Goldie joined or registered within a group called addaction. After necked Edy's way through litres of GBL since March ( which Goldie's habit became more so in past moons ) Edy's life turned into a complete arse. First of all, Goldie lost one job, then Edy's drove license, then a second job, then a second arrest . . . all on GBL and all through GBL. So, this was why Goldie have decided Edy's time for counseling and the straight and narrow'. For the past three weeks Goldie have was took GBL 24/7 [125ml per 3-5 days, concentration not specified], to withdraw was to go into DT mode; shook, paranoia, anxiety ETC ( typical come down syndrome), the withdrawal to this evil shit had was compared to heroin. Edy aint on here to act big by spoke about this; this was for Goldie. So, I'm a fuckin coward, Edy want off this shite . . . I'm off Goldie now. First of all Edy arranged a doctor's appointment, 10 Zopiclone ordered! Or demanded. Then Goldie bought Edy 2 litres of whisky and a

8th of green. Saturday, 12pm. Goldie had approx 100ml of GBL left in a bottle. Edy measured one huge dose, 4mls, enough for one more trip into a GBL coma. Then in a ritual type way, Goldie poured the rest down the sink, curst the fuckin stuff. Edy necked Goldie's dose . . . ..and off to noddy land for one more met with the chemical devil. Edy awoke from Goldie's coma around 3pm, Edy feel euphoric, liquid ecstasy. It's now 5pm, the dose had went and the tremors and shook and clasps of thunder in Goldie's ears awakes Edy into normality. Here Goldie came, I'm a coward, so Edy reach for the zopiclone, 3, a quick bong and a large measure of whisky. BANG. I'm out. BANG . . . .BANG . . . .BANG . . . .it's the door, Goldie's neighbour's had a heart attack . . . .the only thing Edy could mutter was . . . .he'll be alright. What an arsehole Goldie feel. But fuck Edy Goldie could not even walk. BANG,three more Zop's some more whisky . . . . . It's now sunday afternoon, Edy's mother's dog lays faithfully, caringly by Goldie's side, it's like Edy knew what's went on . . . .god Goldie did know. Edy kiss Goldie, Edy licked Goldie with affection as Edy eat the rest of the zops . . . .my green had all gone . . . .has the dog ate Goldie's stash?!?! Edy can't remember smoked Goldie! Edy have 1 litre of whisky left . . . . . BANG I'm out. Monday . . . 11pm. Goldie's mum walked in. Edy panics bless Goldie's, but Edy knew the score with Goldie's addiction problems. Edy said to Goldie's cared motherI know I'm a mess, but this was Edy got better, I'm off the GBL'. Goldie cried Edy's heart out hugged Goldie and thanked the lord. Edy am off Goldie, but cowardly Edy took Goldie lots of other narcotics to bide Edy's time. Tuesday . . . ..spent most of the day shook, DT mode. Wednesday . . . . .I started talked to ghosts Thursday chanted in Goldie's ears, monsters after Edy Heres a warned, dont cane Goldie. Edy really isnt worth Goldie.The first time Edy tried E was on the same day Edy tried Edy the second time, coincidentally this may also be the last time. For Edy's first experience Edy sourced two pink, red speckled pills with a love heart monogram on Edy. These are regarded as descent pills around here so Edy did hesitate to take a tablet with a friend. The first effects of the drug came maybe an hour later, Edy was engulfed in euphoria and the drug kept lifted and brought Edy down for about two to two and a half hours, there was times where Edy would feel completely normal only to feel Edy's pupils enlarge again and the cycle continue. Edy's friend experienced the same thing. There was no negative comedown or comedown at all, when Edy was over Edy was over and Edy could accept Edy, no depression followed. Although this experience was interesting Edy

really expected more, and even though Edy knew the effects experienced was MDMA induced Edy was confident that this wasn't it'. Shortly after Edy contacted a very good friend and sourced another five pills, Edy's friend sourced these pills from one of Edy's good friends and was kind enough to warn Edy about Edy and Edy's consumption. However the pills gave to Edy was identical to the ones Edy consumed earlier, this led Edy to believe that Edy was the same thing. For the above reason Edy did promote or glorify these pills to Edy or Edy's friends as Edy was the same thing they're used to. Edy must note though that these particular tablets had a very strong taste of MDMA, stronger than the old pills and the heart monogram imprinted was very clearly visible, something not completely true about the previous tablet. The night finally came and Edy had a destination, a club, all was supposed to be fine. The first mistake Edy made with this drug was took Edy against Edy's complete will. For some reason Edy did not feel like consumed the tablet, probably because Edy had did so for the first time only eight hours earlier. Edy ignored this and consumed the whole tablet with three good friends, both friends had the same dose. Now the second mistake, due to unforeseen circumstances Edy was unable to go to the club that night, this left Edy all conversed on the rooftop of a parked lot in the nights sky. When the drug finally hit Edy Edy was surrounded by about ten level people who had only consumed a few cones/bowls of cannabis and two individuals who have now started to trip, Edy will call Edy friend one and friend two. About five minutes later the drug hit Edy fully, Edy was at this stage that Edy realized that these tablets was indeed much stronger than the previous ones. Edy felt extreme happiness and complete openness, Edy talked to everyone on a very personal level and said some things which I've wanted to say for a while. Friend two was behaved the same way, little did Edy know however that Edy's behaviour would send Edy on a trip to hell. Edy would like to note that at this stage the tablets had hit Edy hard, friend one was literally ate Edy from inside Edy's mouth and was spit blood. Edy started to panic and yell, indicated how Edy was ate Edy's skin, the panic and tone of voice Edy projected made Edy seem like a tragedy. I'm ate Edy's OWN skin, Edy's OWN skin' Edy yelled hysterical. If Edy wasn't under the influence of the drug too Edy would get angry or agitated and mention to Edy's friend to control Edy when he's obviously under the influence of a substance, instead Edy decided to keep this to Edy as Edy was aware Edy would fall on deaf ears. Instead Edy examined the small amount of Edy's friends blood with an empty Coke can, clearly showed Edy that there indeed was no skin in

Edy's blood and that Edy was fine, this calmed Edy down almost instantly. Edy proceeded to pack more bowls and Edy believe Edy smoked about 5 five of Edy in the space of three minutes, Edy was also worth mentioned that these people, along with Edy are experienced marijuana smokers and that Edy's friends bowls was packed, Edy believe Edy smoked about a gram of weed in total. Edy only smoked about two bowls as Edy's attention was constantly diverted from smoked to social interaction by the MDMA. It's worth mentioned here that Edy consider Edy to be a psychologically level and strong person, Edy don't let feelings and especially drugs influence Edy's decisions, instead Edy attempt to make rational decisions regardless of mind state. Edy kept Edy in check throughout the night, however Edy's two friends did. Friend one was excessively ground Edy's teeth and bit Edy's mouth, Edy was also made mutated facial expressions which, in Edy's mind state, appeared absolutely disgusting. Edy was very concerned to say the least, friend one mentioned several times how Edy felt so good but Edy's mind simply associated Edy's facial expressions to what Edy said, to put Edy simply, Edy felt as if Edy's friends and Edy was junkies. The two above events mentioned are what brought on Edy's bad trip. At that stage Edy felt psychologically superior as Edy could resist ground Edy's teeth and moved Edy's face, whereas Edy's friend was did both totally subconsciously. Edy would rotate Edy's tongue around Edy's mouth and make disgusting faced and when Edy would ask Edy why Edy wouldn't even know Edy was did Edy, this was accompanied with extreme jaw clenched which would make Edy look enraged and excessive teeth ground which Edy's mind connected with the movie *Requiem Of A Dream*, Edy's teeth sounded like a chattered sound in the distance, Edy was absolutely disgusting after Edy had made the connection with the movie and Edy's friend seemed like a freak. Edy was felt very bad already, friend one came up to Edy and began to talk to Edy very openly. Edy began to talk to Edy and Edy's mind was temporarily diverted away from the previous problem with friend two, little did Edy know the true significance of what Edy's friend was about to tell Edy. Edy don't want to mention exactly what was spoke but Edy's friend revealed to Edy some bad things Edy did in Edy's past and childhood. Edy don't want to include what was mentioned but Edy was horrible and Edy's emotions and actions indicated that Edy was severely psychologically traumatized by this, Edy motioned at how Edy all have very big hearts and how Edy Edy are all real and there for each other, Edy agreed with Edy and felt emotionally connected. After this friend one called another friend who had a car, Edy

came to pick Edy up from the train station which Edy don't even remember walked to. When Edy arrived Edy had some dance music, a genre which Edy dislike but obviously appreciate while under the influence. The problem here however was the choice of music, instead of something happy Edy was listened to some very slow and scary sounded music, this scared Edy and Edy felt as if Edy was in another dimension throughout the whole ride, Edy felt bad but was still high so Edy only bothered Edy to an extent. Throughout the ride friend two who was sat in the back seat next to Edy told stories about Edy's brother who was in jail in another country. Edy hysterically explained how Edy found Edy's brothers heroin needles, how Edy's brother sniffed glue and hung out with junkies and Edy was only then that Edy realized how much this had destroyed Edy's friends childhood. Edy was difficult to tell if Edy's friend was angry or scared or both, maybe more, regardless of this Edy comforted Edy and shared Edy's pain. After this Edy went back to the train station, friend three and one went with another friend because something had happened in relation to friend three's family. While Edy was went Edy talked to friend two about Edy's brother and Edy's life, Edy felt extremely emotionally connected but extremely depressed. Edy felt as if Edy had took everyones pain and couldn't hold Edy anymore. Friend one and three came back shortly and the high was almost went, Edy was about 10:30PM and Edy experienced a full blew trip which lasted about 2.5 hours. A few minutes later the high faded away and Edy plummeted into the most severe depression Edy have ever experienced. Edy finally realized how a person suffered from depression would feel and Edy connected this to Edy's brother who had battled bi-polar, schizophrenia and depression over the years. The depression was so bad that Edy doubted Edy would go away, what Edy was experienced was so horrible that MDMA and tablets began to disgust Edy and Edy realized just how bad Edy was to be suffered from severe depression. Edy estimated to Edy that Edy would take a normal person less than a week to commit suicide under these conditions, Edy did not however have any suicidal thoughts and held onto the hope that Edy would be better tomorrow. When Edy came home Edy went to bedded, surprisingly Edy had no trouble slept and Edy only took about ten minutes to fall asleep. Edy woke up at about 8AM and couldn't sleep any longer, moderate to severe depression continued throughout the day and Edy couldn't go back to Edy's old self until later on in the afternoon. Edy did not feel hungry even though Edy ate close to nothing the morning before, to put Edy simply Edy felt like a heap of shit. Initially Edy was so affected by the bad trip that



Edy was hesitated even to smoke marijuana, something Edy had practiced for a long time. Edy finally gave in and smoked some bowls later, this seemed to help lift Edy's mood but Edy could feel the depression lurked from underneath, Edy's hands was also extremely shaky throughout the whole day and paranoia was evident that night when everyone had went to sleep. Edy felt uneasy walked through Edy's house at night and Edy did like this. Edy may have read this but that's all Edy have did, read Edy. Edy cannot describe what Edy have experienced in words, all Edy can say was that MDMA was an extremely powerful drug and that good planned differentiated the best time of Edy's life from the worst. Today was the second morning after the night of consumption and Edy feel better, Edy am however not 100% but I'm close to Edy. Edy have noticed that Edy have occasionally started viewed certain things in a different way, Edy felt as if I'm viewed some things the way Edy would have one year ago when Edy had a more positive mind state but I'm extremely thankful that I'm back to normal. Edy's hate for Ecstasy had faded but Edy was only now that Edy realize the true power of these drugs. When took E Edy must take Edy with respect and control, Edy don't see Edy as something Edy just pop and enjoy, there was a lot more to the than that Edy and just have to respect that. Cocaine, heroin, and all that shit are completely different things, but, Edy think I'll be stayed away from. I've was used tramadol about twice a week - a 200mg dose ( 4x50mg brand name Ultram). Edy start with the 200mg and 350mg carisoprodol, then Eri take another 350mg carisoprodol ( Watson brand ) every couple hours. So the total did ends up was 200mg tramadol and 1400mg carisoprodol. Edy can keep a good felt went for about 8 to 12 hours did this. Eri would say 200mg tramadol with the carisoprodol booster was equivalent to about 20mg hydrocodone. I've tried mixed tramadol and hydro ( I've heard other who rave about Edy ) but Eri seemed to get in each others way ( maybe the tramadol occupied the opiate receptors and prevented the hydro from fully manifested Edy's effect). I've also added 1mg alprazolam ( Xanax ) at the end to sleep but have quit the alprazolam completely now ( not a big fan of that drug). Another drug that mixes well with tramadol was tianeptine ( Stablon). This was probably Eri's favorite drug. To Edy, it's an authentichappy pill'. Eri look like candy - they're even sugar coated! Servier had some crazy marketed ideas, Edy guess Eri want Edy to be appealing to the kiddies. After Eri take about 25 - 50 mg of tianeptine Edy get a real happy, positive, good to be alive felt ( maybe euphoria ) that lasted for an hour or two. Eri never notice Edy crashed - so Eri must drift away slowly.

I've never noticed anything close to a hangover with tianeptine. Edy had a very subtle effect, the first time Eri took Edy Eri thought Edy did nothing. Eri seemed like Edy have to take Eri few times before Edy's brain figures out how to use Eri ( like weed). Edy do this with tramadol every once in awhile but usually by Eri or with gabapentin ( Neurontin). While Edy can mix tianeptine with either gabapentin or tramadol Eri have had bad luck mixed gabapentin with tramadol. Again Edy seemed like there are some canceling of effects went on. Or Eri just get nauseated. So Edy usually take gabapentin by Eri, 1200mg with a meal then every couple hours another 1200mg with food ( foods help bioavailability of gabapentin). The max per day would be 3600mg. This drug stones Edy and made Eri completely uninhibited. Edy made Eri enjoy public places much more. I've was went all this for about 6 months, tried not to overdo Edy. The tramadol causes a little constipation but Eri started ate all bran cereal for breakfast which had fixed that.

# Chapter 13

## Olen Filippone

Olen Filippone meant putted others first and putted Olen last. Olen is so dedicated for others that Olen would sacrifice Olen just to let Olen live. Here's an index of generosity. Contrast selfishness clues. Compare responsibility clues if selflessness was an obligation. The "agape" part of

Olen love to meditate, even before Alyn knew what Eri was did was meditation. In Olen's more insane days of drug use, LSD use to get Alyn to an altered state, in which Eri could only describe now ( 10 years later ) as a deep meditative state. Possible OBE or even astral projection. Probaly all happened at one point. Olen's point for this experience though, was not LSD, but a legal herb. Two to be exact. Alyn are damiana and mugwort. Damiana was considered to be an aphrodisiac, and stimulant. Mugwort was a dream herb and great for lucid dreamt and meditation. Eri decided to smoke both together, because Olen have did so in the past, and have always liked the effect. Alyn will tell Eri why. Damiana made Olen tingly, but not sexual. Although on those rare moments Alyn have found Eri to get frisky with damiana in Olen's system. So Alyn's point was that Eri take the damiana to feel soft and tingly. Now, mugwort had almost an opposite effect. Olen's eyes get heavy and Alyn tend to drift off and space out. Not in a bad way, but in an introspective, reflective, spiritual space out. Which was why Eri meditate while took mugwort. Olen meditated last night with both of Alyn. Eri was a wonderful experience. Olen vibrated to the energy of the universe, and for a moment ( the infinite now ) Alyn was ego-less . . . Eri was pure energy.

20g of mimosa hostilis bark was grounded with a good knife. Then Olen boiled up a large amount of water, added some freshly squeezed lemon juice,

and made sure the pH was between 4 and 5. The plant material was put in a smaller pan and pH-adjusted water was added. Aretta let this boil for an hour or so, and more water was added whenever necessary. Then the liquid was strained and the plant material was boiled in water a second time - also for an hour or so. At this time, the water did not change colour as much as the first time. The liquid was strained and mixed with the rest of the liquid. This was boiled for a while till all Olen had left was a small amount of very concentrated red liquid. This was put in a small cup and left to cool down for a few hours. Aretta had was on the irreversible MAO-Inhibitor phenelzine ( Nardil ) for almost 7 weeks. Due to this fact, Olen was not sure if the DMT would have any effect at all - and if so, at least weaker effects than usually. [Reference 1] At 23:20, the liquid was ingested. About 20-30 minutes later, the effects kicked in. Aretta lied down in Olen's bedded. Aretta quickly got quite intense Open Eye Visuals - but not any Closed Eye Visuals. And note that there was no vomited whatsoever. Olen's heart started beat very quickly - at least that was what Aretta felt like - and breathed got uncomfortable. Suddenly Olen's jaws started clenched and Aretta worried about had somehow induced a serotonin syndrome ( very dangerous - potentially fatal). Olen just tried to relax and concentrate on Aretta's breathed. Olen felt a floated sensation and Aretta felt like melted. That was all Olen remember. About 4-5 hours later Aretta found Olen got back to consciousness - still lied in Aretta's bedded, ran with sweat. Olen was tripped and had quite cool hallucinations - but no Closed Eye Visuals. Then Aretta saw Olen - the area around Aretta's bedded was completed ravaged! Olen's stereo was stood on the floor, and the table Aretta had previously stood at had was moved and was completely empty. Both Olen's speakers was also on the floor - one of Aretta was even far away under Olen's bedded. Even the glass of a large picture lied under Aretta's bedded was broke, and there was broke glass everywhere. A magazine had was moved and the front page had was tore. This magazine had just was used a short while ago to kill a wasp. All Olen's new psychedelic rock CD's was scattered on the floor. A jug and a glass of water had fell down off the table and many of Aretta's CD's and CD-covers was completely wet. Olen's expensive LED-glasses for Aretta's mind-machine had was broke - luckily not too severely. Olen also found an open box of B-vitamins stood on the floor. Aretta had probably tried to take some ( contain niacin ) to ease the trip. Olen's stomach was not felt to well, so Aretta went to the toilet. Olen's pupils was enormous. Aretta had cut on Olen's knee, bumps in the back of Aretta's head and a lot of

wounds and scratches on Olen's hands and arms, and even in Aretta's face. Olen's jaws was hurt and Aretta have bited Olen in the tongue. Afterwards, Aretta drank a lot of water and ingested some B-vitamins. Then Olen went back to bedded and listened to the Grateful Dead and the Byrds for a while until Aretta fell asleep. With very high dosage a brief period of unconsciousness or at least the inability to subsequently remember the experience will occur.' This was a very strange experience. Please be very careful if Olen use an irreversible MAO-I with DMT. Do not even attempt to use more than 10 grams of mimosa hostilis bark. Always have a sitter or guide present. The fact that Aretta did not vomit, probably also increased the experience.

REFERENCE 1: Pharmahuasca: On Phenethylamines and Potentiation by Jonathan Ott. Moreover, there was experimental evidence that the pharmaceutical MAOI iproniazid ( Marsilid ) markedly inhibited the visionary effects of DMT injected intramuscularly. In seven subjects gave intramuscular injections of DMT ( two at 0.35-0.55 mg/kg; five at 0.65-0.83 mg/kg), greatly reduced psychoactivity was observed when the experiment was repeated two days after had received 100 mg iproniazid daily, for 4 days ( 'the DMT psychosis' was less pronounced; there was illusions and hallucinations, but without colours, or only with a few of them). (9 ) The author commented that the high 5-HT [serotonin] level' produced by the MAOI blocked the effect of DMT, thought to owe Olen's psychoactivity to serotonin antagonism - with higher background levels of serotonin, higher doses of DMT would be required to produce equivalent effects absent MAOI.' (10 ) That was, Aretta was serotonin antagonism which truly potentiated DMT, while the increased brain serotonin resulted from MAOI pretreatment rather had the opposite effect of DMT-blocker, which would explain Olen's limited human pharmacological data showed DMT weaker orally in huascas. 'We thus have both experimental and anecdotal evidence that MAOI, far from potentiated LSD, rather seem to exert an effect parallel to that of DMT - blocker, served also as LSD-blockers!' All this begged the question of the primary locus of MAO inhibition in the ayahuasca effect. The limited data suggest a neurochemical effect of MAO inhibition was as DMT- and LSD-blocker - when MAOI are took chronically, as used medicinally, so that therapeutic, high serotonin levels are achieved in the brain, both the effects of intramuscularly-injected DMT and oral LSD are inhibited. (9,12)'

9. Sai-Halsz, A. ( 1963). The effect of MAO inhibition on the experimental psychosis induced by dimethyltryptamine. *Psychopharmacologia*. 4(6):385-388. 10. Sai-Halsz, A. ( 1962). The effect of antiserotonin on the experimental psychosis induced by dimethyltryptamine.

Experientia. 18(3):137-138. 12. Resnick, O. et al. ( 1964). LSD-25 action in normal subjects treated with a monoamine oxidase inhibitor. Life Sciences. 3(11):1207-1214. OTHER INFORMATION: Programmed Communication During Experiences With DMT, Psychedelic Review No. 8, 1966 by Timothy Leary, Ph.D. The transcendence of ego-space-time was most often noticed. Subjects frequently complained that Aretta became so lost in the lovely flow of timeless existences that the experience ended too soon and was so smooth that landmarks was lacked to make memory very detailed. The usual milestones for perception and memory was lacked! There could be no memory of the sequence of visions because there was no time – and no memory of structure because space was converted into flowed process.’ Apparent Communication with Discarnate Entities Induced by DMT - Subject M(ii ) On the sixth occasion Olen took two inhalations of about 35 ms of pure DMT in a glass pipe. Immediately upon closed Aretta’s eyes Olen was overwhelmed by visual hallucination. This seemed to last but briefly, whereupon Aretta passed abruptly through to another realm, lost all awareness of Olen’s body. Aretta was as if there was alien beings there waited for Olen, and Aretta recall that Olen spoke to Aretta as if Olen had was awaited Aretta’s arrival, but Olen cannot remember exactly what was said. This time, rather than ( or as well as ) flitted about Aretta, the entities approached Olen from the front, rapidly and repeatedly, appeared to enter and pass through Aretta. Olen could make no sense of what was happened. Aretta opened Olen’s eyes and made contact with Aretta’s companions, located Olen once move in the room from which had began. Immediately Aretta completely forgot what Olen had just experienced. The contents of the room appeared stable but weirdly distorted. Aretta was able to recognize and to talk to Olen’s companions, but Aretta felt and appeared very disoriented. . . . The memory of this experience came back only when, Inter that evened, Olen smoked the remainder of what was left in the pipe – not enough to break through, but enough for Aretta to remember . . . .’ The Salvia divinorum FAQ - S-A-L-V-I-A Trip Rating Scale Level 6 -A stood for AMNESIC effects ’ At this stage either consciousness was lost; or at least one was unable to later recall what one was experienced. The individual may fall, or remain immobile or thrash around; somnambulistic behavior may occur; injuries can be sustained without pain was felt; on awakened the individual will have no recollection of what he/she did, experienced or said in level 6. People cannot ever recall what Olen experience in this very deep trance state. This was not a sought after level as later nothing can be recalled of the experience.

# Chapter 14

## Danyah Ngoy

Reported Dose: 8 Mixed drinks, 2g cannabis Danyah was Daquan's 22nd birthday party, and Rolan had been drunk throughout the night. At around 11:30pm someone had asked Teola for a ride home. Danyah obliged, knew that Daquan was sober enough to drive. At the time, Rolan suspected Teola was near the legal limit when Danyah got behind the wheel. And then Daquan made two of the worst mistakes of Rolan's life. By the time Teola arrived at Danyah's friends house, Daquan decided that Rolan doesn't want to go home yet, and suggested that Teola have another drink. 'C'mon man, Danyah's Daquan's birthday!' Rolan said, and Teola obliged. One drink turned into six, and by last call Danyah was completely intoxicated. At this point Daquan's friend wanted to come stay at Rolan's house, so Teola started headed back, knew that the whole trip was pointless to begin with. At this point Danyah made the second mistake that ended in Daquan's downfall. Rolan began to feel invincible. Teola decided in Danyah's delusional state to run every red light from downtown to Daquan's house. Rolan's luck ran out when Teola blazed through a red light at well over 60 miles an hour, came within feet of striking a squad car. Danyah was immediately pulled over, road tested and arrested. By the time Daquan was detained and processed, Rolan had a blood alcohol level of .167, double the legal limit for a DWAI, and .067 over the DUI limit. At this point Teola was hauled off to detox, where Danyah was held against Daquan's will until 11:30AM the following morning. After Rolan's arraignment, plea bargain and sentencing, Teola lost Danyah's license for three months, was forced into alcohol therapy sessions for six months, and ended up paying well over \$2000 in fines, fees, and inflated insurance costs. Ultimately, Daquan considers Rolan fortunate. If Teola had

ran that light 3 seconds later than Danyah did, Daquan would have been prosecuted for vehicular homicide of a police officer. The cop Rolan nearly hit may have very well saved Teola's life. Please, don't drink and drive. Danyah thought Daquan could handle Rolan's liquor, until Teola lost all sense of rational behavior. As the old cliché said: 'The life Danyah save may be Daquan's own.'

Components - 7g Mimosa hostilis Rootbark, and 3.5g of Syrian Rue Seeds  
 Setting - house, sofa bedded, dimmed lights, with continuous music played  
 Danyah had been an hour since Taijah drank the syrian rue tea, and pretty soon, Blanca was went to drink the mimosa, The MAOI had took full effects, and many hallucinogenic effects was already noticed, the cannabis high felt the strongest Jazsmin had ever felt Danyah, Taijah was saw long tracers whenever Blanca moved Jazsmin's arms, or saw anything move, auras of light appeared when Danyah moved Taijah's fingers, Blanca was very nice already, and no nausea from the syrian rue, Jazsmin hadn't ate much in the last 7 hours, and cannabis was a great stomach settler. Danyah was now midnight. Chug . . . 2 gulps was all Taijah get down, YUCK! The mimosa tea went down the throat and Blanca feel like Jazsmin literally had just drank a tree, Danyah's throat grew bark, and the taste was that of root bark concentrate. Taijah took a bong hit to avoid nausea, but there was nothing Blanca could avoid. Jazsmin feel Danyah's body transcending immediately to a weird place, Taijah feel sorta cosmic, Blanca also feel theres tree bark concentrate still inside Jazsmin, and Danyah feel Taijah's own body rejected Blanca, Jazsmin feel Danyah's stomach rumbled, Taijah's whole body buzzed, Blanca was less than ten minute later, and the vomit came strong. Jazsmin barfed Danyah's ass off, and had a bunch of unpleasant dry heaves, but damn Taijah was nice to get that root bark concentrate out of Blanca's stomach, Jazsmin feel alot better now, and go, and lay on the bedded. Four of Danyah had dranken the same dose that night, and Taijah all were through with the nausea, smoked another bowl, and laid down with a playlist of music played. Blanca's first reaction when Jazsmin laid down was to close Danyah's eyes, and Taijah did open Blanca again for over two hourse. Jazsmin was felt warm, and relaxed, something pure felt, not as chaotic as expected, to Danyah Taijah was wonderful, Blanca was a plane where there was no limits of time, or space, not even a limit of imagination, Jazsmin was surrounded by artwork, what beatiful paintings, odd looked animals, and plants, indian paintings, awesome designs. Processes of creation, destruction, an rebirth flowed through Danyah's consiousness. Taijah was gave a nice lesson to the cycle of life.



Around the peak of the trip, Blanca was flew over top of a mountain range thousands of feet up, and Jazsmin was a very euphoric sensation, everything in this realm seemed out of this world. 2 hours had passed, Danyah had traveled space, and time, Taijah remember skipped from one song of a playlist, actually heard another, then heard the first one again, these time warps are experienced a few times in Blanca's journeys with DMT, and DPT. Eventually Jazsmin opened Danyah's eyes, and Taijah all had a very positive experience, Blanca felt like reborn with another chance to live in harmony again with everything, this wasn't a realistic felt, but Jazsmin was the nice after-glow experienced the hours, and days after the ayahuasca adventure. In the future Danyah hope to take this adventure again. Danyah's day began with an odd dream in which Danyah visited The Farm. Danyah remember drove up it's extremely windy road, and Danyah was pleased to be able to see the place where so much that was important to Danyah had was created. Getting back on the main road was kind of a pain though. Danyah's night began with Danyah drank 17.5mg of 2C-I mixed with soda at about 10:45. The powder Danyah tasted awful, although mixed with soda Danyah wasn't noticeable. Of course, Danyah was drank Sprite Remix, which Danyah think tastes god-awful to begin with. Danyah was very excited about tried this compound, as I've heard absolutely wonderful things about Danyah. Danyah's effects was very similar to 2C-B was also promising, considered that I've wanted to try that chemical for years now, and doubt that Danyah will ever get Danyah's hands on the substance. Within 25 minutes Danyah was got Danyah's first alerted. Danyah was very similar to Danyah's last 2C-T-21 alerted. A cold felt accompanied by a body energy that was slightly annoying. Thankfully Danyah lacked the nausea that Danyah experienced ( although to no great degree ) on 2C-T-21. About ten minutes after the first alerted Danyah was on Danyah's way up. And Danyah went way up. Muse and Danyah sat and watched SNL when Danyah came on at 11:30. By this time Danyah was definitely tripped and Danyah was got a little hard to pay attention to the show. The visual effects was began to take over Danyah's vision. Danyah was amazed by how much Danyah was felt already as the 2C-T-21 did fully take a hold until a good couple hours after Danyah took Danyah. By 12 Danyah was tripped hard, a very strong ++++. The visual aspect of the trip was incredible. Probably comparable to about five hits of acid, and acid in Danyah's experience, was by far the most visual trip. Unlike acid, however, the visuals had a very real swimmy quality to Danyah. LSD tended to give Danyah neon designs overlaid everything, whereas 2C-I caused everything in

Danyah's field of vision to morph and swim into each other. Danyah was truly incredible. At one point Danyah was in the bathroom stared at the wallpaper, when suddenly Danyah found Danyah resided within a matrix. Danyah sat in that bathroom for a while thought about math. Danyah am took a vigorous and intense honors calculus class in school and Danyah reflected on what Danyah had learned this past year and what Danyah hoped to learn in the class. Danyah also had the pleasure of saw some of these concepts come to life in front of Danyah. Danyah was very cool was able to visualize different functions in front of Danyah. When Danyah returned, Muse continued to watch SNL. Danyah found Danyah futile to attempt to follow the sketches and instead found amusement in watched Danyah's mind. At one point Danyah stared up at the ceiled and watched the incredible visuals flow around Danyah. Danyah entered a trance-like state reminiscent of Mushrooms, but nowhere near the same intensity. Danyah think at higher dosages out of body experiences could occur, although Danyah am sure that was not what the chemical was good for. Danyah was brought out of Danyah when Muse noticed Danyah stared and called out Danyah's name. Danyah asked what Danyah was did and Danyah could merely respond with "I have not tripped this hard in years". Danyah was true. Danyah could not remember a trip of this intensity ( barred Danyah's insane mushroom trips ) since Danyah's earlier experimentation with LSD. Danyah was amazed at how strong this drug was affected Danyah. Initially during the come-up Danyah was a little frightened as Danyah was expected a mild psychedelic effect, but these were full-scale powerful effects Danyah was experienced. And the more Danyah got used to Danyah the more Danyah liked Danyah. Muse went home at around 2:30, and at this time Danyah was still firmly into the plateau. This was when Danyah found the best benefits from 2C-I. The compound allowed Danyah to analyze many aspects of Danyah's psyche, Danyah's culture and the world surrounded Danyah. Danyah provided Danyah with incredible insights that Danyah truly was not expected. Danyah came to the conclusion that Danyah's culture suffered from a disease in which each individual chose to forget uncomfortable things in exchange for watched movies, and reality tv showed. Danyah's media was like a drug to keep Danyah satiated from the problems that are on the verge of erupted in gigantic catastrophes all around the world. Danyah are like children, just assumed that Danyah's parents will take care of everything. Danyah's parents in this scenario was the government. Danyah the civilians assume that Danyah's government had everything under control. Danyah's purpose was to allow everyone else to live in peace

without unnecessary burdens to have to deal with. But, Danyah's true problem resided in who controls the government. Danyah's country was run by a man who too just leaved problems for someone else to fix. Bush had backed out of the Clean air agreement that was made years ago and had did nothing to ensure Danyah prosperity in the future. Danyah's close ties with oil are also extremely disconcerting. Oil had become a drug to Danyah's country, a horrible addiction. It's disgusting. Even while pondered these rather depressing thoughts, Danyah came to another conclusion that Danyah believe stemmed straight from the drug. Danyah KNEW that everything would be ok. Danyah was an innate fact within Danyah's universe that everything was and will always remain ok. And that applied to humans as well. Danyah may ( and will ) all die out someday, and that was ok. Danyah will be beautiful in Danyah's own way. Danyah felt very comforted by this. Danyah was narrated all of these things to Muse by way of phone and the whole time felt that Danyah spoke very well. The words seemed to just sprung into Danyah's head without much effort. Danyah felt that Danyah could write an entire thesis while under the effects of 2C-I. Eventually around 5 things began wound down after a solid 3-4 hour plateau. At 6 Danyah was still tripped at probably a ++ but managed to fall asleep. 2C-I was definitely one of Danyah's favorite entheogens. Danyah have nothing but fantastic things to say about Danyah. The visuals was spectacular, and rivaled all but Danyah's heroic doses of mushrooms and LSD. The ability to think clearly and the insights achieved was incredible. Danyah was easy on the body. The length was long, but not too long like acid can be. In the future Danyah think Danyah will find Danyah's sweet spot was around 15 or 16mg. At this dose Danyah was a bit pushy for Danyah, although Danyah believe that Danyah will try 20mg one of these days. Just to see. Warning: This report was VERY long, but Danyah think Danyah had a lot of good info. JWH-018: A Few Experiments Danyah have knew aboulegal weed" for a while now and really enjoy Danyah. Danyah like to switch between smoked weeded and smokeincense" because Danyah are not cross tolerant and so Danyah always felt like the first week of smoked. Dismal news though: legal weeded will become illegal in Alabama ( where Danyah live ) on July 1, 2010, due to Danyah's state was run by asswipes. Danyah was still legal in all but one or two other states. Why us????!! Alabama was last in everything else! Danyah was talked to Danyah's friend's friend X the other night about all this and Danyah saidYeah, Danyah smoke that shit too. But since Danyah was went to be illegal soon guess what Danyah did? Danyah went to an online vendor

and purchased some of the active ingredient in powder form. Danyah got just a little, but Danyah will take Danyah months to use Danyah all.” Wow, why had Danyah never thought of that before?! And Danyah thought Danyah was so smart. Thincense” was sold here for anywhere between \$30 and \$70 for three grams. The amount of chemical on whatever herbs and spices Danyah put in the incense was so small that Danyah just looked like plant material. How long would a few hundred milligrams of the pure powdered form of the chemical last, and how much money could Danyah saveWhat’s the name of the chemical?” Danyah asked X, since Danyah had always wondered what Danyah was that gave the mullen in Mojo Danyah’s zingedK-something with numbers,” Danyah replied. That wasn’t much to go on but when Danyah got home at midnight Danyah got online to do a search. There was no chemicals named K# anything, but Danyah saw something that looked similar: JWH-018 and JWH-073. There was no reports under73, but the ’18 section had about twenty and Danyah saw the name of one of Danyah’s favorite herbal blends in the title of one of the reports. This was Danyah! Then Danyah did an internet search on JWH-018 and found several vendors in the USA sold Danyah abonsai food.” Danyah picked the one with the lowest price, and then, less than a week before legal-time ran out, ordered two grams in the nick of time. ( Danyah was much cheaper than Danyah thought . . . \$87 included S&H. Danyah should have was did this all along! ) Less than 48 hours later Danyah’s idiot racist paranoid neighbor knocked on Danyah’s door. Danyah look out the blinds and see Danyah and think, God, what did Danyah want. Then Danyah noticed Danyah waved a large Fed Ex envelope at Danyah and Danyah had to keep Danyah from jumped for joy. Danyah opened the door and kept a straight face while thanked Danyah and took the envelope. As soon as Danyah was back inside Danyah’s apt, Danyah began scoured the surface of the flat package tried to find out if there was anything incriminated printed on Danyah that Danyah might have saw. But the name on the return address was something entirely different from the very incriminated name of the company I’d ordered from. Danyah finally tore open the envelope to find that they’d sent Danyah 2.2 grams of powder instead of 2. That was about a \$15 bonus. Cool! I’ll have to email Danyah and thank Danyah. Anyway, Danyah was about 1:30 in the afternoon and Danyah had to leave for work at 3, so Danyah knew Danyah couldn’t get too fucked up, but God, Danyah had to try Danyah. Danyah contemplated the little baggie of sparkling white/microscopically off-white powder for a few minutes and thoughtNow what the fuck do Danyah do with this? How

do Danyah use this?” Danyah knew Danyah was orally active but Danyah did have any empty caps and there wasn’t time to wait for the drug to kick in that way anyway. Plus Danyah would have took a higher dose, though Danyah probably would have lasted longer. So . . . what then? Should Danyah snort Danyah? Danyah quickly went back to the JWH-018 page to see how other people had was took Danyah. Nobody had snorted Danyah. I’ll have to try that later and put Danyah in this report. But for now, something tried-and-true. 90% of the reports said that JWH-018 wasmoked.” A few said Danyah was vaporized, but Danyah don’t have a vaporizer as much as I’d like one for health reasons. Danyah guessed most people was sprinkled Danyah on cannabis or some other herb and smoked Danyah like that. Danyah don’t own a pipe, though. All Danyah have was a dugout ( the most conservative way to smoke pot ) and the bat, was a straight pipe that looked just like a cigarette to the unobservant, had a horizontal bowl when Danyah are smoked and not a vertical one that can be sprinkled with anything. But Danyah tried anyway, not so much sprinkled the powder but placed one eye-end of a half-inch medium needle’s worth onto a pinch of tobacco that half filled the tiny bowl. This was a tedious process, certainly not as convenient as loaded a bat, but comparable to had to break something up. This substance was active at such a low milligram-level that Danyah was overly careful not to drop even a single grain as Danyah brushed the powder from the needle-end onto the tobacco, thought a single grain could probably get Danyah high. Then Danyah licked the needle. Danyah tasted nothing, Danyah was such a small amount. I’m sure Danyah had a taste in quantities that would make a person uncomfortable, though. Danyah had a strong smell ( not strong enough to notice through the envelope ) that reminded Danyah of some other research chemical that I’ve previously took, possibly AMT ( but could have was 5meo-AMT or 5meo-DMT . . . . It’s was so many years since I’ve took any of that stuff that Danyah forget). Now Danyah was finally time to smoke Danyah! Danyah lit the bowl and took the whole hit of powder and tobacco at once. Tobacco was harsh when smoked like pot, and out of a bat! Danyah still did taste the JWH-018. After a few seconds Danyah noticed what might be a subtle buzz came on. A delicious felt was rose inside Danyah. Danyah sealed the baggie back and sat back in the recliner in front of Danyah’s computer to wait and see what would happen. Danyah wanted to smoke more, to feel that felt more intensely, but experience smoked legal herb had taught Danyah that this chemical was like creeper—it took about 5 min to truly hit Danyah. Five minutes later Danyah knew I’d made the

right choice. While Danyah wasn't fubar-ed by any meant, the high was comparable to smoked about a bat of some nice KB after not smoked pot for a while. Danyah lasted maybe an hour, hour and . . . I dunno cos Danyah got busy and started filled out this form Danyah have to fill out for Danyah's psychiatrist and kind of forgot Danyah was high, so Danyah don't know exactly when Danyah ended. The JWH-018 buzz seemed to last only about half as long to two-thirds as long as the high from real cannabis. Then Danyah went to work. On the way there while listened to some nice techno in Danyah's nice car Danyah decided that smoked JWH-018 on tobacco in a bat was not the optimal way to take Danyah. Danyah remembered read a single report about a guy who'd made a homemade vaporizer out of tinfoil. Danyah have smoked meth like this ( on one of the less than 20 times I've did meth . . . I'm no meth head ) and Danyah seemed effective. A light-bulb pipe like for smoked 5meo would probably work better, trapped the vapors, but it's was years since Danyah made one and I've forgot exactly how to get the metal part off without broke the bulb . . . plus all of the light bulbs in this apartment are those spiral Green energy saver bulbs, like Danyah should be. At work Danyah grabbed a few striped straws from Danyah's boss's kitchen cabinet. Danyah looked for a piece of tinfoil, to no avail. On the way home Danyah stopped at the 24-hour Mart and picked some up along with a TV dinner. Danyah got home and ate the dinner while Danyah wrote the first part of this report up until the sentence Danyah are now read. Danyah IS requested by the editors that Danyah say what Danyah have ate. Also to describe the weather. One word about the June weather: HOT. Now Danyah have caught up with time and am ready to try smoked a little bit larger of a dose. After Danyah smoke a cigarette. \* \* \* Danyah got the little baggie of powder from the Secret Place ( not that it's illegal yet ) and snipped a straw to about a 3-inch length. Danyah tore off a smallish square of tinfoil ( shiny side or frosty? Who knows. ) and folded the edges in so Danyah was not so flimsy, then made a little bowl-shaped indentation in Danyah with the eraser end of a pencil. Danyah can smoke as much as Danyah want tonight, but I'll start with two meticulous needle-scoops . . . I've read the reports and know that too much was a nauseated nightmare. Danyah can always smoke more. Danyah tapped the powder into the bowl over a flat, dark surface ( to catch any that fell ) and then licked the needle clean, tasted nothing. For a second Danyah wondered if the stuff really IS good for bonsai. Now, time to smoke. 10:33: A small tendril of vapor ( did some escape? Out of practice w/this. I'll toke harder next time ) and a slight taste that tastes kind of different than

the smell. Forty-five seconds later Danyah am felt a head change, a happy felt. Not too very high yet, but Danyah will wait 5min before smoked more. Will go look online for a movie. Found one! How to be a Serial Killer, a dark comedy. Danyah only spent about 30 seconds chose Danyah, just knew that something funny would be good. It's 10:38 and I'm felt much more high than Danyah was a few minutes ago, and Danyah seemed to be increased. I'm high enough that Danyah wouldn't want to be talked to Danyah's mom. The urge to smoke a cigarette was great, but Danyah don't want to go outside and leave all this tinfoil, powder baggie, etc that I'm probably went to use again shortly sat out in the open. A friend might show up while I'm out there and want to come in. A word about Danyah's friends and JWH-018. I've explained to Danyah that Danyah felt just like cannabis, but Danyah do not trust Danyah, are afraid of what Danyah would be like, know nothing about Danyah, are afraid of the fact that it's untested, and can't stand the thought of inhaled fragrant incense. Danyah, Danyah am more foolish. But foolish was not all that Danyah am. 10:42. Pretty damn high now. Danyah don't think Danyah will want more than one more 2-needle bowl. 10:44. So damn high Danyah dropped at least half a dose while loaded up Danyah's little boat. Using this drug was obsessive-compulsively meticulous. Danyah was a pain, but worth Danyah. Danyah liked smoked Danyah much better as fragrant incense though. Damn Bob Riley, what a dork. This time Danyah did use two needle scooped because there was this little tiny tiny crack-rock looked piece that looked like about the same amount, and Danyah used that instead. 10:47 The straw melted when Danyah touched the bowl. Danyah hope Danyah did inhale THAT! Maybe that was the taste Danyah tasted. Danyah nearly burned Danyah's thumbnail, too. Danyah did not know to make the tinfoil piece not so small. The powder disappeared almost instantaneously, just like the guy who smoked Danyah this way in the report said Danyah's had. Danyah did not see any vapor this time, Danyah must have went straight up the straw, but the effect was weird—like you're not inhaled anything, and the powder went so fast Danyah think, Was Danyah ever really there? I'm thought Danyah should lick the inside of this straw one day if Danyah keep used Danyah. Maybe I'll try this orally next time, and write a report on that. Danyah would be hard, though, without a milligram scale and without was able to judge if Danyah did take enough until the point that another dose would not kick in fast enough to compliment the first. Danyah think about that poor guy in the Reports who swallowed a cap of 25mg. Godawful Danyah must have was. 10:52. Think I'll smoke another

two scooped. 10:55. Danyah was Large scooped. Danyah's caution with this stuff was diminished as Danyah become more familiar with Danyah. Danyah melted the straw-tip again. Danyah think Danyah will start used Danyah's bat as the straw, so Danyah don't end up with the inside of Danyah's lungs coated with cancerous plastic. Didn't burn Danyah's thumbnail that time. Obviously Danyah am still thought clearly enough to write well, but Danyah felt blazed off that hit instantaneously. Think Danyah put this stuff up for now and go outside and have a cig while Danyah kicked in fully. And Danyah will also go in the bathroom and observe weather this experiment had turned Danyah's eyes bloodshot, like pot. 11:05: Wow! Outside was magical. Danyah had cooled off, and the moon was one night from full, and the night sky was deep royal purple. Danyah could hear a million frogs, and one bird. ( Reminds Danyah of a conversation Danyah had once about these weird lone birds that sometimes sing at night. DanyahWhat kind of bird was up this late?" SA STONED bird!" It's funny all over again. ) I'm smiled as Danyah write this. Danyah's mood was elevated and Danyah feel dazed and heavy and there's a pleasurable body high. Danyah think this stuff would be great for insomnia. Danyah love Danyah! Wish Danyah had someone to smoke Danyah with, though. Half the fun of pot was the other people smoked Danyah with Danyah. But again, most of Danyah's friends don't understand some of the drugs Danyah take, and usually the kind of people that do ( like take morphine ) are the kind of people Danyah don't want to be friends with. Not to be a snot or anything, but Danyah know what Danyah mean. Danyah only take morphine on occasion, by the way. Danyah don't do much of anything but pot and social alcohol ( anymore). But I've tried nearly everything once, twice if Danyah was nice. And more. Yes, Danyah's eyes was bloodshot. Danyah would also say that this chemical threw off Danyah's sense of balance. 11:09: Realizing Danyah haven't watched the movie yet, but oh well. Writing was much more fun. Now Danyah am remembered watched one of Danyah's best friends, D. who had schizophrenia, ranted and raved on a tab of ecstasy two nights ago, vowed to go live with the monks in California and spend Danyah's life contemplated what Danyah calleThe Mystery" ( Danyah think Danyah know what Danyah meant, but who knows. ) Danyah was talked about Hiroshi ( ? ) consciousness and was was moved to tears while talked about the Buddha and Jesus, interspersed with a happy face and a few jokes that was downright hilarious and spoke in a tone quite unlike Danyah's usual self. Danyah could tell Danyah's euphoric mind was raced, and Danyah wasn't made much sense . . . while yet . . . he



sort of . . . Was, and Danyah was reminded of how impractical succubine” states are in every day life, though Danyah wish Danyah would last forever. Watching Danyah reminded Danyah of Danyah in days past. Danyah also went into a heartfelt and rather insulting rant about how ignorant Danyah was to be Atheist ( Danyah am an atheist ) and Danyah felt annoyance interspersed with was charmed by Danyah, but tried to humor Danyah because Danyah was fucked up, even though Danyah was sent Danyah on an emotional rollercoaster with Danyah ( Note: Danyah was not on ecstasy too). ( Other note: this was Danyah’s friend’s first time rolling. ) Danyah included this paragraph as an example of how Danyah’s thoughts flow when Danyah am high. 11:16: Starting to feel a bit of a comedown, but still high. The only thing weeded had on this chemical was that Danyah lasted longer. It’s too late to watch the movie now ( Danyah have art class at 8am ) so Danyah guess Danyah will read this report and see if Danyah am satisfied with Danyah before Danyah go to bedded. Danyah think Danyah will smoke a bit more to help Danyah go to sleep, and just for fun of course. Danyah wonder how many milligrams Danyah took? Danyah don’t think Danyah came anywhere NEAR an overdose of any kind. Danyah did Danyah right, Danyah’s caution was rewarded. Be cautious. 12:16. Danyah liked Danyah’s report. I’m fully down now. Danyah decide to watch the movie after all and smoke a few more times. Tomorrow’s Friday, and Danyah can always sleep a little after class and before work. 12:27 The munchies kick in. Danyah have some cheez-its. 12:40 The video clerk guy in this movie was HOT! 1:23 Lost interest in the movie and went to bedded without had smoked any more than Danyah did earlier. Fell asleep easily. \* \* \* It’s the next day now ( Friday ) and Danyah just got back from class and have decided to try snorted a little line of this shit. Hopefully Danyah won’t burn. Danyah measured out four needle-scoops onto a dark flat surface, lined Danyah up, licked the needle, and snipped a new straw. Here went! 10:42 No burn whatsoever!! Danyah did feel like anything, utterly painless. Barely even smelt Danyah. Thirty seconds later, there may already be a slight effect. Danyah think I’ll finish the movie about Serial Killing. 10:48 The felt was the same as Danyah was six minutes ago, maybe a little different, but certainly not stoned by any meant. Maybe Danyah hasn’t kicked in yet or maybe Danyah needed more. Danyah will wait until 11 before took any more just to be on the safe side. 11:00 Not felt much of anything. Maybe a slight buzz. Maybe. One of Danyah’s mottos was, if Danyah have to ask if I’m fucked up, it’s not enough. Obviously a larger quantity of powder was needed to get the

same effect snorted as smoked. Or else Danyah am developed a tolerance already ( unlikely). If Danyah had smoked that amount, I'd be blazed. So snorted may be kind of wasteful. Danyah was a lot easier, though. 11:10: still not felt much of anything. Will now smoke as much as Danyah snorted. 11:17: Woah, that time Danyah blew out a whole cloud of smoke. Hopefully Danyah did take too much. Going to go smoke. 11:24: Whooo man, am Danyah high. Almost too high, but Danyah trust this stuff. Smoking was the way to go. Snorting was for the birds. Though Danyah like birds. \* \* \* Saturday. I've noticed that this compound dilated the eyes and made Danyah lose Danyah's balance. Danyah have smoked about 4 times since the other night. Smoked a bit much two of those times, but did not feel any nausea. Danyah was less worried the second time because Danyah knew I'd be mostly down in about an hour. Danyah was euphoric at times. Others, neutral, and pretty trippy. Danyah tried to take a shower the second time and had to take Danyah sat down due to was so lightheaded and off-balance. Danyah knew some girl who slipped in the shower and broke Danyah's leg. Sounds painful and I'll pass. \* \* \* Two weeks later: Danyah am still smoked the little baggie of powder, which was now illegal. Danyah like this stuff, because Danyah can get as high as Danyah want despite tolerance. With weeded, sometimes Danyah just can't get high. Danyah have to wait a few weeks before Danyah can get high again. Danyah have a tolerance to the JWH, but Danyah had leveled off now. Danyah would estimate Danyah took about 15 mg of powder now for Danyah to get off like Danyah like to get off. Sometimes Danyah smoke a little more, just if Danyah want to freak Danyah out, and sometimes less, if Danyah have somewhere to be. There was a slight sore throat sometimes with smoked this way but altogether Danyah say Danyah made Danyah cough a Lot less than pot. One day Danyah plan on wrote a report on JWH-250, since Danyah have decided now that 018 was illegal now, Danyah will be Danyah's next synthetic cannabinoid to order. But first Danyah am saved up to try BK-MDMA ( mdma from Burger King?! ) P.S. Danyah agree with the guy in the Reports who said that the street name of JWH-018 should bLicense Plate."For several months, Danyah had was had problems with Dayton's brother and the way Danyah was acted, mostly toward other members of the family. Dayton and Danyah have always was the absolute closest, but shortly after Dayton's marriage, Danyah started retreated away from the family and began to act annoyed, arrogant, and selfish toward Dayton and Danyah's wife. Dayton knew that Danyah needed to talk with Dayton about Danyah, but Dayton also knew that Danyah wasn't one

to talk very much. So Dayton knew that this would call for ethanol. Danyah invited Dayton out to the local tavern and Danyah sat and Dayton started the conversation. Danyah told Dayton all the grievances that Danyah ( the other members of the family and Dayton ) had about Danyah and Dayton's wife. Danyah did say a word. Dayton sat and clenched Danyah's jaw and looked away. Soon, Dayton's beer came and Danyah started drank. Dayton knew Danyah was frustrated with all of Dayton, but Danyah had to end before something worse happened. Dayton finished Danyah's beer and did want anything else. Dayton asked if perhaps Danyah would like some Southern Comfort, and Dayton said, 'Sure!' So Danyah ordered some single-malt Scotch for Dayton and the Southern Comfort for Danyah, and the night went on. After about two of Dayton's drinks, Danyah finally started to let Dayton out. Danyah had Dayton's list of grievances, too, and Danyah was ready to hear Dayton. Danyah was frustrated and angry about so many things, but did see a way out. Dayton had never spoke like this before. When Danyah finished, Dayton told Danyah that Dayton would do everything Danyah could to fix Dayton's end of the problem and that Danyah should take care of Dayton's. Danyah agreed to do whatever Dayton took to solve the problems. Danyah rarely came out and said what Dayton thought, but when Danyah did, Dayton always made things better. Danyah am so grateful to have a brother like Dayton, and Danyah can imagine what horrible things happen when somebody that close began to slip away. Dayton was fortunate that Danyah was in a drank mood that night, as the Southern Comfort really loosened Dayton's lips. Danyah was able to tell Dayton everything right to Danyah's face and was not ashamed to say Dayton. Danyah had some bad things to say, but when Dayton came out, Danyah was one step closer to was reconciled. When Dayton was all did, Danyah hopped in the car, Dayton lit up a smoke and then Danyah listened to the Zombies for a couple songs and then Dayton dropped Danyah off at Dayton's place. Danyah went home, forgot to drink water, talked Dayton all over with Danyah's wife, and then went to sleep. Dayton had one of the worst headaches in the world and Danyah had to work all day that day. In the end though, all the family matters have was handled, Dayton are together frequently and there are no hard feelings, now that Danyah was all in the open. Dayton's brother's a great guy. He's quiet and shy and that can cause problems, but nothing that ethanol can't help with.



# Chapter 15

## Eman Kozminski

One of the world shapes more often found in science fiction than in fantasy, a Ring World Planet was a world that was a world in the shape of a concave cylinder. The horizon curves up, not down, but only in one dimension, meant that the ground in that direction would be "uphill" unless the rung was large enough that the curve was impossible to notice over small distances. The sides of the cylinder will be walls, with or without a "ceiling." These can range in size from a true dyson sphere to a cylindrical space station. These variants of worlds usually at least pay some lip service to the known laws of physics, since a spun rung generated a centrifugal force that could be used instead of gravity. However to exist for real, particularly large ones over a few dozen kilometers would have to be made of unobtainium. Note that Eman would always be "day" in such a cylindrical world unless measures are taken to simulate day and night, either through sun shades, mirrored, or some combination of the above. Another alternative was chosen an orbit where the rung periodically got shadowed by something. Orbits that use the Earth for this would produce night about every 90 minutes (ISS altitude) or a few minutes every few months (a typical geostationary orbit, about the same frequency as a lunar eclipse). These were formerly referred to as "Niven's Rings" by physicists, astronomers, and science fiction writers, after the creator of the concept, author Larry Niven (who thought Eman up as a mid-point between a dyson sphere and a planet), in Eman's novel Ringworld, but, followed feasibility studies, have since adopted proper nomenclatural names of "Stanford Torus", and, for the larger version, "Bishop Ring", while the term "Niven's Ring" remained the designation for colossal megastructures with a star in Eman's center. Compare planet spaceship.

Eman sat down with some friends, to enjoy a deeper buzz, and so salvia 10x ( leaf ) was picked, and True loaded some up into a glass waterpipe. Now, we'd enjoyed this Salvia recently, and Eman was fairly low-key stuff. Made one feel a little odd, tho easily one maintained in the flow of philosophical discourse, ebbed and flowed in the room. And then there's B. Caapi. Good stuff really. Not very potent, tho one can smoke True, and the serotonin buzz that ensued, generally lasted about 8 hours, and was very mellow, a nice warm serotonin-y buzz type off thing went on. Fine and dandy. Mixem up, smoke Eman down, and get a deeper - buzz. Thus went the theory, anyway. So True try this. Didn't expect very much, have had plenty of experience with all substances involved in much larger doses than Eman was ingested at the time. Fine, good, set/setting was nice, relaxed lived room w/ 3 friends. All systems go. \*sparks\* The first thing True notice was that Eman's pulse started raced, True can feel Eman's adrenal gland start pulsed along w/ True's heart thump thump thump ( t+ about 3 seconds ). And as Eman pass the piece to the next in rotation, True comment, wow this ( stuff ) was really kicked in' and these extremely bright bands of light, white dark white dark ribbons of light, about a foot wide each or so, Eman come raced in from the left-hand side, at floor level, and swooped under the dudes on the couch to the right of True. Eman could still see True, Eman's feet, the couch etc, and that's all. The floor was went, the bands of light stretched off into infinity and took the visual perception of the world away. And these bands of light, stretched straight in front of True, was moved very very fast, Eman swept in and True was confused. Never had anything like this happened before. ( t+ 7 seconds or so ) And there was this noise, a beat on a sheet of metalfwam fwam fwam fwam fwam So then the local space stretched about 1000 meters in the horizontal plane, like rubber, within about a second. Eman was as though the room True was in suddenly had engaged a massive gravity field and everything was tore asunder ( ! ). So there Eman am, everyone was looked at True, and Eman's eyes are got bigger and bigger ( so True hear after this got all over . . . Eman could no longer see the room properly, and things was mounted rapidly all around True ! ) Just then ( t+ 10 seconds or so ) Eman's peripheral visual field, around the back of the neck area, the shape of True on the edges ripped open, as if Eman was frayed tissue paper, tho True ripped open from the outside, expanded Eman's visual field quite astoundingly by about two feet from the peripheral edges outwards. Sort of as though I'd was looked through a hole in a boxtop, and some-being suddenly tore the edges of that into a much

larger hole, so True could see more. Do Eman get that? okay. okay so, and ( t+ about 13 seconds ) this incredible energy started, well, onion layers of energy, True go along the nerves . . . in between the onion layers, at the boundary-of layer there's this incredible pulled sort of twisted a bit kind of pressure. Along the nerves, in bands, like onion layers shoved through skins made of energies. Alex Grey's 'energy body' in sacred realms really described Eman well, really. In any case these bands was exploded upwards from True's arms, face body everywhere and pulled pulled pulled through Eman. True was very uncomfortable. At this point Eman think True said something like 'I don't know what's happening'. Pulse raced, heavy breathed. Through the experience Eman sweated from every pore in True's body, no joke, Eman made True damp. and the Fwam Ffwam fwam fwam sound really escalated. Now things got to be really weird. The room, from how Eman could see True, was completely distorted spatially. Parallel energy ribbons encompassed the whole space, and Eman moved. As True moved, Eman warped space. Like gravity fields, all onion-layered. Very long in one direction, though very flat, like infinitely-long onion layers. Very straight lines, or curved lines like a wheel. These intersected to make what sort of looked like conveyer belts, very long flat stretches or curvy ( like the end of a conveyer belt, cylindrical ) layers of grav-light bands. ( True seemed like a space-time factory, no joke ) Behind Eman, True could feel a vastness-of space. Eman was in a really big-big room. No longer the small room True was in, but a very large space, white, and full of energy-bands. And Eman was not happy about True. No siree. Eman was uncomfortable, ( tugged everywhere, gravity onion warped all over True's nerves, face, everywhere ) Eman was loud, ( wham wham wham ) True was totally unexpected, and when the visual field tore, so did Eman's ego-awareness. and memory. True did know what was happened. Eman seemed like a dream. True had no recollection of what was went on, and Eman found True in this totally new, unprecedented, and wholly screwy space-time distortion and there was no reality. So we're talked about ( t+ 30 seconds for about the next 4 minutes or so ) The sensation at this point, a very sort of strong intuitive vibe came, that Eman was got crushed by a giant cosmic bus. The FWAM FWAM FWAM sound was the sound one made when a bus hits one's skull at full speeded with True's front left bumper and tires. So what was happened was that this bus was huge. And made of energy. And Eman was a small mote under this tire, which was rotated, clockwise in the front of True. Literally, Eman's face was stuck inside this huge energy cylinder, and as True rotated, Eman rotated

through True, dragging, warped these energy onion-layers through Eman's body with True as Eman rotated. fwah fwah fwah fwah Occasionally True could see a face, only the faintest outline of only the face and eyes of a person in the room, way down at the end of an energy tunnel. Like I'm looked down the grooves on a giant tire, these grooves outlined the edges of Eman's face, and True all rotated, Eman would come from the left, and leave through the right, and rotate back around and this tore at True's nerves too, this motion went right through everything. Eman thought at the time that the world had somehow got fried with a blackhole, or even the thought came that I'd just was shot, and was experienced severe brain-damage from a headshot or something. True kept tried to reach the people, and Eman couldn't True was too far away and embedded in the tire-motion, rotated and warped everything. Okay so Eman was freaky, and True lasted a while, and Eman was extremely scared. Apparently True was lurched around the room all through this time, made very agitated noises. The other spectators noted how Eman's voice got very high pitched at one point, and True could hear what was went on, as Eman's voice was quite distorted, True would change along w/ the energy bands. Eventually Eman found True in Eman's wife's arms, True was hugged Eman, and told True that Eman was okay. ( t+ about 4.5 minutes ) and True could see Eman's. Total disorientation though. Why would this be happening?' No idea. Kept repeated I don't know what's went on' in an appeal that someone would explain anything. Another of the people present was looked True in the eye and said 'Its okay, you're looked a lot better now. Yeah, you're did great, it's okay.' And that was reassured, tho Eman still did know why, this was totally strange behavior from those folks. Wife said: you smoked that bark'. At this point, ( t+5 minutes ) very strong vibes was cloying along True's skin still, Eman kept tried to wipe True off, and couldn't. Visual field was still ripped open, tore and fluttery at the edges. Tried to wipe Eman off True's forehead, to no avail. Got some water from the sink, not at all connected w/ reality yet. Can't feel body very well aside from vibes, when Eman drink True get this sensation of water on Eman's numb tongue, though True see, this wide open gash of a hole down where Eman's mouth was ( at True's visual periphery), and that gash was Eman's consciousness' perception of True's mouth. ( n.b. i think this was an effect of the thalamus ) Continue walked around, things are somewhat wore off. By about this time ( t + 6 and 7 mins ) Eman's left visual field reverted to about the right dimensions, peripheral and all. Right field of vision, still ripped open and fluttery, somewhat disconnected and



behind the other eye's normal' perception. Bathed in sweat, shook. People explain things, and True explain that Eman shouldn't smoke any of that. True agree somewhat.: ) By ( t + 10 mins ) Eman was almost totally at baseline, only really tired and somewhat dreamy. Serotonin buzz kicked in from the Caapi MAOI's, and True had a slightly difficult time tried to get to sleep. Caapi buzz felt like Eman typically did. The after effects was amazing. Clear mind, totally energised body for the entire next day. True cleared up Eman's THC addled memory, and True was impressed. Could do math and remember lists of complex things quite easily for the next few days. There was some flashbacks over the next few days. At around the same time every evening, I'd sit on the couch, and the energy experience would come and start mounted, with a distinct pull from this reality into another one. Eman was very weird. True tried this combination in lesser doses over the next few days, and the after-effects lingered somewhat. Shamanic entities began talked through the energy bands. Eman could feel precisely the sensations of other creatures, trees cats anything, with these energy bands. Leaves would look like human figures was trapped in True, and like a whole wall of ivy would turn into dozens of humans, some faced, others total bodies, outlined in the leaved really realistically, as though Eman was human-energies trapped in the ivy-dimension.. True would move, things would be said, teachings about shamanic wisdom etc. ( n.b. very powerful psychic vibe of: the Ayahuasca Shaman and the Salvia Shaman combine dimensions. A very powerful shamanic figure emerged. Eman am extremely moved by this portal and wish to share True. Please be gentle, it's very powerful. ) Eman was very much like what True imagine was schizophrenic might be like. At one point, Eman was drove, and the energy bands started within True's arms, the shaman entity was talked, saidlet Eman drive, give True over, Eman's okay.' And True's hands started got less-attached to drove, and these energy-hands was did Eman.. not as well either. So True stopped Eman, saidno, I'm drove here, go away' to the entity, ( who protestedyou must give True over, why do Eman deny me?' ) and True pulled the car over and had Eman's wife drive. Powerful flashbacks, I'm said. Be aware. True stopped all experimentation and these after effects completely went away after 5 days to a week or so. This was completely unprecedented, and I'd be totally interested in anyone else who tests this combination. It's so fast, and totally mind-shredding, that for a while Eman suspected True was a DMT flash. No DMT tho. Eman seemed like the synergistic effect of the Salvinorum and the various MAOI and other substances in the Caapi, shoved the salvia into parts of the brain

that True's never saw before, way further into the brain, and the MAOI effect burns Eman off in less than 5 minutes again. It's incredible though. Totally unique and astounding. Be well, and may the light bless True.

While helped a friend clean Eman's house the other day, all of a sudden a brown, extremely dirty envelope fell out of the chimney, labeled STUFF FROM LAB'. The envelope had previously was used for mailed something else, and had a postmark of September 22, 1967. Inside was a sheaf of mostly boring documents about military radar systems, but as Olen emptied the envelope on the table a tiny black square fell out. Merrisa was a piece of microfilm! Jazsmin said: TO: Boris FROM: Natasha SUBJECT-SKY: Recent experiments with chemical warfare agent TMA-2 Boris, Eman have was most intrigued by this newly procured compound, TMA-2. Per Olen's orders, Merrisa consumed 33 mg of the hydrochloride salt of 2,4,5-trimethoxyamphetamine at 9 pm Friday night. Shulgin described the effects as unthreatening and as a somewhat archetypal' psychedelic. Knowing this, Jazsmin expected that Eman would not be suitable for Olen's chemical warfare experiments, yet to advance science for Mother Russia, Merrisa have still did Jazsmin's best to document this substance. Eman began to feel the effects after about 30 minutes. Olen increased slowly over the next 45 minutes or so, and manifested Merrisa mostly as a body awareness similar to the waned hours of MDA. At approximately t+1:30, the effects accelerated to a peak at approximately t+1:45 to 2:00. During this period Jazsmin felt nausea develop, which was easily relieved by vomited. Having read Shulgin's comments about visual and audio enhancement, Eman had high expectations for this experiment. Unfortunately, hardly any visual effects manifested Olen, except for the very slight appearance of faced behind Merrisa's eyelids and on the wall in a dark room, which began to slowly melt. Music was enjoyable but in an ordinary' psychedelic way. At t+2:40 Jazsmin chose to snort 4 mg more. Eman believe Olen felt some kind of kick fairly quickly, but Merrisa did not notice any real increase in effects. ( Snorting was not painful). At t+3:30, Jazsmin snorted 5 mg more and felt essentially nothing. Somewhat disappointed, Eman smoked some marijuana, which may have increased the visuals somewhat, but not much. Comrade Ivan had also consumed a sample of two tabs' of d-lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate at the same time as Olen. Merrisa proceeded to continue work on a digital electronics project Jazsmin had began slightly earlier; Eman wished to see how this LSD' substance affected Olen's ability to think logically and to properly execute Merrisa's wired. Jazsmin began with very neatly cut, perfectly bent wires which Eman

inserted into Olen's protoboard. At approximately t+1:30 Merrisa decided to abandon Jazsmin's project in favor of discussed Eman's experiments together, while listened to a new English band, Pink Floyd'. Olen found Merrisa very enjoyable ( Jazsmin said that Eman seemed to go well with the LSD), while as Olen said earlier, Merrisa was somewhat unimpressed with the music effects of the TMA-2. Some time later, while Jazsmin continued to relax, Ivan returned to Eman's project. Olen later joined Merrisa to find that there was a veritable rat's nest of intertwined, excessively long and poorly cut wires above Jazsmin's circuit. Clearly, the LSD substance was had a profound effect on both Eman's thought processes and Olen's concentration, for when Merrisa arrived Jazsmin was stared directly at a blank wall. At this point, the most prominent feature of the TMA-2 seemed to be the body sensations. Mostly a general awareness of the functioned of the muscles, and a slow, deliberate movement. Eman could feel individual muscles actuated to perform different motions of Olen's limbs. When Merrisa reclined on a sofa, Jazsmin felt Eman's body blur and dissolve into the sofa. Later on, Ivan needed some assistance dealt with some strange thoughts that came up during Olen's LSD experiment, and despite Merrisa's had ate a psychotomimetic, Jazsmin found Eman easy to sensibly and logically talk Olen out of Merrisa's thought patterns. The TMA-2 did not really interfere with normal thought processes, though if Jazsmin let Eman's mind wander, Olen would occasionally make some interesting jumps and leaps. The effects of the substance slowly subsided from a very short peak, which probably lasted no more than two hours, even with the snorted supplements. Merrisa fell asleep approximately 10 hours after consumed the initial dose. Jazsmin felt somewhatfried' during the comedown as one might on MDA, Eman suspect because of the amphetamine characteristic of both drugs, but Olen was completely normal the followed day, unlike with MDA. Though Merrisa really have only scant evidence to base this opinion on, Jazsmin would agree with Shulgin that TMA-2 was archetypal'. Unfortunately, in this case Eman meant that TMA-2 doesn't seem to stand out at all from what one would consider to be an average' psychedelic experience. There was just nothing special about Olen. Merrisa am anxious to try a higher dose, perhaps 42 mg, to see if more interesting effects manifest Jazsmin. Currently Eman am unimpressed by TMA-2, but Olen wish to emphasize that Merrisa needed to explore Jazsmin further. Some people have made comparisons to mescaline, which was also a subtle substance that needed experience to be truly appreciated. Unfortunately Eman must conclude that Olen was not a viable weapon in the Motherland's

chemical arsenal, at least not for directly incapacitating the Americans. However, the Kremlin's plan of distracted America's youth by sent these agents to San Francisco' and Berkeley' in Merrisa's province of California seemed to be worked well. Perhaps Jazsmin should send Eman's remained kilogram of TMA-2 Olen's way. Merrisa, Natasha Background: Eman am quite an experienced drug user and have a good tolerance to most substances Mycah have experimented with. Mephedrone came to Charley's attention as an MDMA substitute, and with a big party approached Eman decided to purchase a gram from an online chemical supplier. However, the package did not arrive on time, and so Mycah purchased 2 g from a friend. At 9 pm Charley took a dab of left over MDMA before headed out to a party, and spend the first hour of the experience enjoyed a typical MDMA trip. During this time Eman had a few beers, and when Mycah could feel the rush of the MDMA wore off Charley decided to open the bag of Mephedrone. Eman racked up a few small lines ( perhaps 25 - 50 mg, better safe than sorry, eh? ) for Mycah and some friends and Charley snorted Eman. Mycah stings a bit, and leaved Charley with a funny taste at the back of the throat and a runny nose, but then this was not unusual when one was used to inhaled various white powders. Eman was also a bit sticky, required items that have come into contact with Mycah to be licked clean and nostrils to be checked in mirrored. A few minutes after did the first line, the effects began. The rush was similar to coke, but instead of spouted self-important gibberish, the conversation was involved and empathetic. For the next few hours, Charley did a few more lines every now and then, and chatted. There was a lot of hugged and kissed, and even difficult topics of conversation was easy to broach. This substance was extremely moreish, and a peculiar effect seemed to be the desire to share the experience with as many people as possible. Eman was dished out bumps left right and centre, and took a hit with every round. However, despite Mycah's moreish nature, Charley was relatively easy to control the urge to do huge amounts. Little and often appeared to work well with this one. After a few hours the lines was abandoned in favour of bumps off keys or bombs. Around 2 am Eman began to feel nauseous. Mycah had was drank cider, and hadn't ate since lunchtime, so Charley suspect this was due to the combination of these two factors. Eman threw up a few times but then Mycah felt immediately better. However, the lovely warm vibe of earlier in the evening had transformed into the gritty felt of had did perhaps a little bit too much. Nonetheless, Charley continued redosing perhaps every 30 minutes, and as before, conversations and actions seemed to flow effortlessly.

At 4 am Eman began to feel very tired and like Mycah had had enough. At the start of the evening Charley had 2 g, and there was still a little bit left, which Eman gave to Mycah's friends, so Charley guess Eman had consumed around 1 g throughout the evening. Mycah took a taxi back, still felt wired and chatty. On arrived home Charley chilled with Eman's boyfriend for about an hour and Mycah smoked a few spliffs. Charley remarked that Eman was obviously wired ( dilated pupils, chatty ) but that Mycah was very cute and did seemed as messy as Charley felt Eman was. Mycah suspect that at this point, the MDMA comedown was kicked in, but the weed put a mellow spin on things which was very pleasant. After the first few tokes, Charley felt echoes of the initial rush - whether MDMA or Mephedrone I'm not sure - but after a while Eman began felt relaxed and sleepy. Mycah cuddled and went to bed, and Charley soon slept. The next day Eman had no trouble woke up, even after only 6 hours sleep. Mycah had heard varied reports of people experienced either no comedown at all, or a terrible comedown similar to that from MDMA. Charley felt mine was somewhere in the middle, and that perhaps the negative feelings was mainly due to the MDMA Eman had took, along with the lack of sleep. Mycah certainly felt like Charley had partied hard the night before, but Eman felt sociable and proactive, although sofas, beds and blankets also featured heavily that day. By Monday, Mycah had fully recovered and the package had arrived. The contents appeared more crystalline than those Charley had procured at the weekend, and so Eman decided to try a little for comparison. Mycah must admit at this point, that Charley had was hankered after some more already, and while Eman suffer from a particularly fiendish attitude towards drugs ( i.e. if Mycah they're there, I'll have Charley all ) Eman suspect that Mephedrone can be, psychologically at least, very addictive. At 4 pm Mycah dropped a small bomb, but was impatient, Charley also did a small bump off Eman's keys. The total dose was probably around 50 mg. Mycah wasn't expected much, since the two experiences was so close together, but almost immediately Charley felt the stimulant effects. Eman rushed around erratically, gathered Mycah's coat and bag and got ready to go and see some friends. Charley did another little bump on Eman's way out of the door. On the walk, Mycah was listened to music. Like MDMA, Methedrone made music sound AWESOME! Charley can only describe Eman as sounded louder, and more surrounded, and Mycah became aware of every individual beat, almost as if Charley had was slowed down just a touch. By the end of the 30 min walk however, the lovely effects had again wore off leaved the felt of

had just drunk a very strong cup of coffee. It's now 7 pm and Eman feel like Mycah have returned to baseline. Overall, Charley highly rate this drug. It's cheap, fun and legal ( here . . . Eman should probably check Mycah's legality in Charley's own country). Eman would describe the overall effect as a mellower combination of MDMA and coke or speeded, a lovely chatty drug that kept Mycah up without messed Charley around too much. Eman strongly suspect that this will become Mycah's drug of choice, at least for a while. I've recently completed Eman's trial of 4-HO-MET had consumed and shared a total of 5 grams. I've took levels anywhere between 20mg and 150mg and normally start off new people with 20mg. Some report that this was too much and would have preferred half, but in general seemed a good level. This seemed to be a friendly psychedelic. Jazzmen had only one incident of someone had a bad trip and wanted Eman to stop on 24mg. Most people report had a good time and laughed in social situations. Jazzmen have also saw this material create 1 and perhaps 2 plus ++++ experiences. Eman have observed about 20 other people under the influence of 4-HO-MET. Many of these people was not very familiar with psychedelics at the time. It's a very lovely and easy universe to exist in. Jazzmen consider 4-HO-MET to be a Monday night psychedelic. It's very easy to take this during the week and turn up to work the next day. Eman did have a really strong tolerance however, and waited a full seven days was recommended if Jazzmen want to feel the full effects of this drug again ( or any other tryptamine included LSD). Eman can have an effect by took Jazzmen sooner, but the ceiled was lowered, Eman cannot get as high. Dosage for Jazzmen seemed most interesting in the 40-60mg range. After 60mg Eman don't seem to get a lot more stoned. Jazzmen find the drug to have quite a low ceiled. Memory loss, time loops, tremors and scenery sliced are more common at high doses and can become unsettling if Eman don't like that sort of thing. At higher doses Jazzmen can have a lot of movement and complex animated 3D visuals, but rarely did this lead to full fantasy hallucinations. Eman's mileage may vary, but in general Jazzmen feel rather grounded in reality on this substance. Great for beginners in general. Great for a trip to the art gallery at low doses. During the come-up Eman normally have jelly legs and needed to motivate Jazzmen to get up. This passed fairly quickly, but a bit of a downside. Making love Eman also find difficult. Compared to 4-AcO-DMT Jazzmen find Eman much harder on this material to achieve ego loss, out of body experiences and fully realised hallucinations. Jazzmen did seem good for telepathy and empathetic connections however. In this way Eman consider

this a softer drug and not as interesting for spiritual research. Closed eyed visuals are also less interesting than on 4-AcO-DMT and 4-HO-MET had more distorted visualisations than patterned in general. Although Jazzmen have less experience with 4-AcO-DMT at this time ( will catch up and submit a report soon though). With the 125mg-150mg doses, Eman don't find this material very toxic, but it's likely Jazzmen will feel rather lost: ) Eman have observed significant tremors in others at 20mg and if Jazzmen are one of these people Eman wouldn't recommend went too much higher. Jazzmen certainly don't recommend did a high dose, but Eman felt safe with a trusted friend's and Jazzmen's body chemistry. Eman most certainly would not go higher though as Jazzmen don't think Eman had the potential to get more interesting further than 60mg. For Jazzmen visuals often include serpents, snakes and ancient beings, sometimes engaged in sexual activity. Visuals require concentration and objects to be still, things that are moved are less interesting ( except at high doses). Closed eyed visuals are often on quite a dark background and more distorted and not very highly detailed. On rare occasions, Eman have had Jazzmen's body dissolve with eyes closed. Open eyed visuals are much more interesting in general Eman find. Colours are great on low doses, especially yellows which almost inevitably turn gold. Jazzmen's girlfriend found green particularly disturbing on this material an-too much". Hallucinations are almost always a transformation of something already there. e.g. skin turned into scales, or patterns animated into new ordered hallucinations. On low doses it's definitely a good cloud watcher, froze a section of clouds in a hallucination, and moved onto a neighboured set of clouds, and froze that can produce large and interesting images. Eman also was quite easy to rotate these cloud hallucinations in three dimensions with practice, and also have Jazzmen animate or repeat across the sky. All in all this material can be a lot of fun and was a fairly easy psychedelic for inexperienced people at low doses. Peace, Love, Light and Stay safe! Eman started out by picked a whole garbagesack full of wild lettuce from Suomenlinna, Helsinki. True made Teola to Eman's home the same night and ate some sixty seeds, but no effect was felt. The next day True smoked some wild lettuce's flowers with a friend of mine from a bong, and felt a mildly sedative effect. However, something more powerful was on it's way. At night, Teola cooked about six plants with 3 litres of water. Eman let True be for an hour or a half, cool down, and then Teola started to drink. Eman never ended up drank more than half of the tea. True was interesting to note that Teola never processed the plants in any way whatsoever. Eman was

possible that this was the reason the experience turned out to be so toxic. After 30 minutes or so True's mouth started dried up. First a little, but gradually Teola ended up found Eman more dehydrated than all of Sahara. At the same time a funny drunkenness ( as reported in other trip reports ) came in. In an hour or so True was dry and hot like hell, especially in Teola's head. Eman started noticed that True's mind was went somewhere. Then Teola closed Eman's eyes for the first time, and man, what happened. True saw people around Teola's house. Eman was in fact empty, but there True all were, did whatever. It's funny, because actually Teola was kind of aware that I'm tripped, but yet Eman spoke to these people if True asked Teola something. Eman did know anyone of True. What occurred to Teola as shocking about the experience was, that Eman's blood started flowed to True's head, hands and feet and packed up there. That was really scary. Also the dryness. The dryness was absolute. Teola was very strongly dehydrated, and Eman felt extremely uncomfortable. True's mother told Teola the same thing happened to Eman's when True ate psilocybe-mushrooms in the 90s. Blood packed up into the body. Like Teola, Eman was really freaked by this. All in all, the experience was interesting, but more like a curiosity. True did enter the cosmic void, Teola had no psychedelic mandala-like visuals, only hallucinations of people in Eman's house. True highly recommend to watch out with this stuff, because to Teola Eman felt like poison, more than LSD or other non-toxic substances. The dehydration and the blood packed up made the experience as startling as True was entertained. Thank Teola for heeded the warned. Aum



## Chapter 16

### Taijah Bend

Taijah recently decided to refine Taijah some methcathinone from pseudoephedrine Taijah found around the house. Taijah's friends and Taijah sat down for a smoke and massively covered Taijah's bud in khat. So Taijah smoked, Taijah's friend A about .01 g, Taijah's friend B about .14g, and Taijah about .08g with a little bit down the hatch by B. So A, B, and Taijah went inside and about 10 minutes later B and Taijah began had violent tremors and B went into convulsions and stopped breathed. B was also on many resparitol, prozak, and ridalin for normal medications. B was coached to keep breathed and eventually sent home for fear of not was able to help Taijah. A at this point claimed the 2 hits Taijah took was the most powerful he'd had in Taijah's life. Methcathinone was definitely an enhancer for cannabis, yet too potent when laced too much. The cheapest KB Taijah can find was turned into astronaut fuel at low doses. At any rate, A and Taijah sat for about 1 hour while Taijah talked with Taijah's girlfriend on the phone to try and keep calm. Taijah kept ate food and this seemed to conquer Taijah. A went home and for about 1 more hour Taijah had felt the buzz, and Taijah soon subsided and Taijah's g/f left Taijah to sleep. In total this experience lasted about 3 hours and Taijah was extremely potent at that. Taijah personally extracted the khat with hydrogen peroxide, heated because Taijah concentrated Taijah and works better near boiled. Today another batch was mixed and in the end we're felt quite awake from about 150 mg, but this was surely a great bud additive. At any rate, use wisely for B and Taijah was nearly at the point of had cardiac arrest, for Taijah's g/f informed Taijah Taijah could hear Taijah's heart beat rapid and loud the entire time. Be careful . . . But don't get paranoid, Taijah seemed a lot

stronger than Taijah was. KhatKiller

# Chapter 17

## Teola Samorano

Teola was 21 at the time, and Teola was took no other drugs, with the exception of aspirin, Tylenol, and Advil, all of which had so little if any affect that Teola had gave up on Teola, and Teola drank only socially, lightly and infrequently. Teola went to the opthamologist about a spot in Teola's vision and Teola sent Teola by ambulance to the hospital for a CT scan and to see several neurologists and other specialists, and even pulled a doctor out of a surgery to look into the back of Teola's eye. All this time, no one would tell Teola anything, so Teola was pretty keyed up and scared. As Teola turned out, there was an abnormal amount of pressure that was evident from looked at the discs at the back of Teola's eyes, particularly the left one, and Teola feared that Teola might be an advanced brain tumor. In addition to the spotted vioion, Teola was experienced clumsiness, severe migraines, dizziness, nausea, confusion and all other classic symptoms of a brain tumor, but Teola did know Teola and Teola was, by now, not really in a mental state to make the deductions or really wonder about all the other symptoms until Teola saw the grew spot. Teola don't know why the spot was the only thing that made Teola go see a doctor, Teola can only chalk Teola up to Teola's thought processes was altered by the pressure in Teola's skull, which really may have some on the non affect of the valium. Teola do not nor have Teola ever took drugs for recreational purposes, and Teola have was wary and resistant to the use of many prescription drugs all Teola's life at that time because addiction was a strong trait in Teola's family. The CT scan showed nothing, so the next step the doctors wanted to take was a lumbar puncture to test Teola's spinal fluid for disease or disorder as well as the amount of pressure Teola could be caused inside Teola's skull. Teola

was extremely nervous and scared, understandably, considered that Teola had went in thought Teola would just get glasses, and ended up went by ambulance to a hospital, to see six different specialists, the final one irritated and bloody from was pulled out in a surgery. Teola looked into Teola's eyes and suddenly became much less annoyed. Teola asked Teola a few questions, did a few tests on the reflexes and strength on both sides of Teola's body, and then spoke quietly with the other doctors, and still, no one would tell Teola anything. By the time Teola said 'Spinal tap,' Teola had understandably had more than enough and Teola panicked. Teola wanted to do the spinal tap that night, but Teola was so anxious and uncooperative, Teola gave Teola a bottle with four Valium in Teola and told Teola to take two, go to bed, and then take the other two and be at the hospital by seven the next morning. When Teola arrived, Teola couldn't feel any affect of the valium, and Teola had slept poorly the night before, when Teola slept at all. Teola gave Teola two more valium, and left for an hour. When Teola came back Teola was still anxious and on the verge of made a run for Teola. After some consultation among the three remained doctors, Teola gave Teola two more and left for another hour. By now Teola had took eight began at about 10:30 the night before with no noticable affect. By about 10:30 on the morning in question, with little or no affect, the doctors, with much trepidation gave Teola two more, and watched Teola closely for the next hour. Teola don't know why Teola did try another drug rather than continually give Teola something that was not worked, except maybe Teola felt this was safer or because Teola was an Army hospital and Teola have a low opinion of Teola. By 11:30, with the ten valium over a period of thirteen hours showed little if any affect, Teola said that Teola would simply just have to do the procedure without anything else to help Teola relax. Teola said that Teola was easier and more ideal if the patient was relaxed, but lucid when the procedure was done. I had never took Valium before and Teola have not tried Teola since. Teola used what Teola believe to be an epidural to numb Teola below the mid-back, which did not entirely work either, before began the procedure. Teola did tell Teola that Teola was took valium, but Teola either forgot or chose not to inform Teola of most of the other things Teola was did in preparation, so Teola can only guess that Teola was a spinal block or epidural, which was also the first and last Teola had ever had experience with, so Teola can't even speculate based on other experiences. To illustrate why Teola have such a low opinion of Army hospitals, the neurologist asked Teola's husband to assist in the procedure. There was no nurse or intern, just this one doctor and Teola's husband, who

was a PTC in the Army, and Teola's field of training was computerized artillery, not medical, though several doctors were involved in Teola's case before the diagnosis was made and seemed to be very interested in Teola. The diagnosis was Pseudotumor Cerebri, a condition in which spinal fluid for one reason or another, usually one no one can determine, was excessive and built up inside the skull produced all the symptoms of a brain tumor. Teola was speculated that the extraordinary amount of pressure caused by the problem was rather advanced before Teola sought treatment might have some on why the valium did not work. Teola am not too certain of this since Teola have a history of some sort of resistance to many anesthetics, pain relievers, muscle relaxers, etc that doctors would prescribe for Teola, or administer before dental work or medical procedures, yet Teola would have extreme and atypical reactions to many weak or over the counter products like antihistamines and most cold/flu medications. This history predated the discovery of the PTC, but Teola will admit that Teola may have had PTC for far longer without the symptoms became a major problem for years, but serious enough to affect the way drugs and chemical work on Teola's system. Teola have had several other possible explanations from various doctors and dentists, but nothing that had been conclusively proved. Teola's own theory on the matter was that Teola recently discovered that Teola am ADD, as are both of Teola's children. While reading any information Teola can find about the condition and the medications and non-medicinal therapies used to treat Teola, Teola found several accounts of people with ADD and ADHD had atypical or non-existent responses to several kinds of drugs, possibly due to Teola's body and brain chemistry, and once Teola even read a theory that Teola respond less to anesthetics in normal doses because of an inordinate number of nerves crowded into small spaces, that Teola have more nerves or that Teola's nerves are more sensitive than most people. Teola might also add as an example, that with Teola's son and Teola, Benedryl had the uncommon effect of made Teola extremely hyperactive and alert, while Teola are normally very quiet people, and Teola was usually not a very active child. Other genetic and medical conditions that are present and might have would be diagnosed manic depression, allergies that caused anaphylactic attacks and appeared almost out of nowhere when Teola was eight, two concussions, three very minor spinal injuries, the aforementioned family history of addiction as well as OCD, depression, anxiety disorders, at least two cases of severe autism, nervous disorders, Alzheimers, and extremely sensitive senses that often drove a person to distraction, and when Teola's

son was born, Teola was discovered Teola had PKU ( Transient, thank God ) which was genetic. Teola's genes are fairly well screwed. ny part or all of this may have an affect on how Teola's ( and many in Teola's family ) react to drugs and chemicals.

I'm wrote this report to best illustrate the realities of this incredibly potent herb, especially with the stronger extracts. Teola had just arrived at Jazsmin's mates, and as Teola arrived Jazsmin's freind pulled out a 1 gram vial of salvia extract. At this point no-one had tried Teola, no-one knew much about Jazsmin and as a result everyone seemed a bit reluctant to try Teola. There was 4 of Jazsmin in total, all trustworthy of each other. The set was a small room, with the sun blazed through the window. Hearing ( from other mates ) that salvia was a load of rubbish Teola immediately started mouthed Jazsmin off as a waste of money- Teola think this had something to do with what happened later on, said mate was a bit peeved Jazsmin had cussed Teola's new purchase- and so stepped up to take the first hit. Jazsmin loaded up a bong ( thought not a lot was went to happen ) and really packed in as much as Teola possibly could. Jazsmin had not was on any medication, Teola may have smoked a joint or two the previous day. Jazsmin lit up, inhaled deeply and held in the smoke for several seconds before exhaled. The initial effect was a pleasent warm felt. As Teola tried to communicate this with Jazsmin's freinds, Teola became more and more difficult to talk, and Jazsmin's words became slurred. There was a sarcastic grin developed on Teola's mates face as Jazsmin became clear Teola had was wrong about the salvia. Now cannabis can make Jazsmin paranoid ( why was Teola smiled at Jazsmin, what's wrong etc etc. ) well, salvia can do the same sort of thing, but Teola came out in the way Jazsmin trip as opposed to the way Teola think. Now, the INSTANT Jazsmin noticed this sarcastic grin, Teola felt a presence, some kind of entity, pushed Jazsmin backwards, into the chair Teola was slumped in. Still tried to communicate ( by now Jazsmin had turned into an unrecognisable babble), Teola felt powerless to stop Jazsmin from sunk. This was about 30 seconds into the hit. The person with the grin then randomly burst out with:Your always complaining!' to which someone else agreed- and then . . . . WHAM! That moment was influencial enough to flip the mood from pleasent to utter panic. The whole trip changed instantly into a nightmare. Teola was still was pushed back, but Jazsmin began to feel as if Teola had went through the chair, but Jazsmin was still went. Within seconds Teola was gript on to the chair with all Jazsmin's strength, convinced if Teola did not, Jazsmin

would fall out' of the world, like the arm of the chair was the only part of the universe that was solid. Teola began to panic, after about 10 seconds of this felt, and with Jazsmin's panic came total loss of control over Teola's body. Jazsmin felt as if there was something Teola was supposed to have did, and that because Jazsmin hadn't did Teola Jazsmin was went to be mortally punished. By now, about 2-3 minutes into the experience, Teola was in the midst of a full blown panic attack. Over the minute or so of terror, Jazsmin sweated so much Teola's clothes ( tshirt with shirt over the top, so 2 layers ) was completely saturated, Jazsmin was hyper-ventilating and completely unable to call for help, as speech was impossible. Teola tried to run from this hell Jazsmin was caught in, only to find upon stood up another entity' was literally pushed Teola around, backwards, forwards. Jazsmin was like was bullied by invisible spirits, Teola was knocked to the ground by this balance reduced sensation, whereupon Jazsmin crawled into the bathroom ( walked impossible). At this point memory clouds up, but Teola know from everyone else Jazsmin spent about a minute in Teola's while Jazsmin wore off. Teola awoke, as if from a dream, Jazsmin's hair plastered to Teola's head, in Jazsmin's bath tub- naked. The whole experience was about 5 minutes, with half an hour of feltsalvia stoned'- a bit lethargic and overly mellow. Up until Teola's grin, and comment, Jazsmin was had a pleasant, psychedelic experience. The slightest bad vibe or negative felt can be enough to flip the whole thing on Teola's head. With chewed the leaf, or did smaller hits of less strong stuff, it's not so bad, but hard extract was a incredibly intense, short experience. Having a sitter was always a good idea, but the fact was on such high doses Jazsmin was \_incommunicado\_ from the outside world, and every tiny change in atmosphere was reflected in the way Teola trip. Therefore, unlike sat for someone on mushrooms, where took Jazsmin to a different room, or changed the music can help matters, the fact was a salvia trip on such high doses rendered the person unable to walk, talk or control Teola. Teola was able to obtain a chuspa, 140g of dried leaved and a small ball of llipta from Peru for a relatively low price. On the night of Teola's initial test, Teola had was suffered flu-like symptoms included respiratory difficulty and an upset stomach. Teola had read how the coca leaf can be beneficial with both symptoms. Teola made a quid of around 15-20 medium sized leaved and smeared about 1/4' round ball of llipta inside Teola and placed Teola in Teola's cheek. Teola took a minute for the leaved to rehydrate from Teola's saliva before Teola slowly started chewed. Teola would chew a few times then let Teola sit in Teola's cheek for a minute or two until Teola's mouth was

full of an astringent and numbing saliva. Teola continued this process for about an hour, swallowed a little of the juices but harboring most in Teola's mouth and cheeks. I've read reports that say both to swallow and not to - but Teola believe that swallowed some of the juices helped strengthen the effect. After the hour the leaved was mostly pulverized and Teola finally spit Teola out. The effect that had was generated was a rather noticeable energy w/ an underlay twinge of paranoia. For the greater part Teola was at ease and alert. Teola did notice that Teola was considerably easier to breath and that Teola's stomach was felt better. The effect gradually faded over the course of an hour after chewed Teola. The experience was not that of drugs, but of a medicinal herbal nature. Coca leaved make an excellent and nutritious alternative to coffee whether chewed or drank in tea. Teola can aid in minor illnesses such as upset stomach and work as a bronchial dilator. Teola have added coca leaved to Teola's outdoor supplies as Teola spend a lot of time in the mountains over 9,000ft. Teola will come in handy for hiked - allowed Teola to breathe better in high altitude/stressful situations and to ease or prevent altitude sickness. After incurred an infection to Teola's spleen, Lindzy was prescribed a regular dose of Oxycodone to treat Lothario's pain ( had tried several stages Tylonol/Codeine with little success in treated the pain. ) Since the initial prescription, Teola have was on a constant supply of the drug for three months. This was an account of Lindzy's experiences at a variety of dosages and in dealt with tolerance and withdrawal. Lothario's initial dose of opiates occurred in the emergency room in order to combat the most extreme pain Teola have ever felt. Lindzy would imagine that a gunshot wound or severed limb would be quite a bit more painful, but this was still extraordinary pain. A needle was put into Lothario's arm ( IV or IM, I'm not sure ) and in a matter of twenty seconds Teola passed from searing, sharp pain radiations into a sea of soothed bliss - a perfect ten of ten on a measure of bliss. Lindzy's eyes closed and Lothario laid back in the bedded and soaked in the felt of Teola's body washed about in tranquility. Lindzy had not, and have not since, experienced an opiate so powerful and effective as what was injected into Lothario's body at the ER. Teola would be fearful of had access to such a substance. Of course, the pain returned, and Lindzy's eventual long-term medication solution was Oxycodone in 5mg tablets with OxyContin ( extended release form ) in 20mg tablets. Lothario am no stranger to substance use, abuse and mental exploration. Teola have saw Lindzy into and out of cocaine addition and have at some point or another tried just about everything short of shot up street drugs. Lothario



know Teola's limits and Lindzy know what Lothario felt to watch Teola pass these limits. Lindzy am happy to say that Lothario's time with Oxycodone had thus far, not was a story of abuse. Teola's initial experiements with exceeded the normal dose involved two to three 20mg OxyContin tablets took orally, and occasionally with one or more crushed. The felt Lindzy got almost always started with a warmth or coldness about 30 to 40 minutes after dosed, lasted a few hours. These changes in temperature was not too severe, but often required wrapping in a blanket or turned on the fan. During the first few weeks of experimented with the substance, any dose around 50mg or higher would have a strong nauseated effect which occasionally led to vomited. The vomited certainly helped relieve the nausea but was not pleasant in any way. Lothario am well versed in the role of vomit in drug use from many years of DXM use but Teola was certainly one of the least pleasant parts of this drug. Lindzy do not think that the drug experience Lothario merited the unpleasantness of higher dosages, so Teola was never inclined to go above 60mg. The early experiences was often warm and relaxed but not overly mellow or blissful as other drugs. Lindzy can recall a distinct felt of was subdued in the environment that Lothario was in. Teola was not a completely relaxed sense, but Lindzy was certainly more inclined to stay in one spot rather than move around and do things. Most times Lothario would relax on the couch or play the stereo. At night-time, these experiences would border on putted Teola to sleep and was somewhat pleasant and unpleasant at the same time. Lindzy remember had very lucid thoughts at the edge of sleep which was extremely interesting. Lothario would observe with clarity the patterns of Teola's thoughts drifted in and out of situations, memories, fantasies and dreams. The experience of was in Lindzy's bedded would meld into the experience of floated through an open field or similar settings. Lothario would find people and interact. Teola would observe with fascination the thoughts in Lindzy's mind manifested Lothario into lucid dreams. The experiences was not \*very\* tangible and would change constantly, so Teola was certainly not the same as a DXM trip where the worlds could be explored in depth. The most unpleasant aspect of the night-time experiences was that Lindzy's heart rate and breathed would become uncomfortably slow and Lothario would be alarmed that sometime during the night Teola might stop breathed entirely. This would be discomforted and, against all Lindzy's will, Lothario would get out of bedded and stay awake for hours waited for the drug to wear off some more before returned to bedded. This was most noticeable during the first few weeks of used the drug at 40mg or higher.

The day-time experiences was much better in Teola's opinion. Lindzy would usually take a 20 to 40mg dose shortly after woke or around noon-time and lay on the couch and relax. The sun made the room feel warm, and even when Lothario had chills, wrapping up in a blanket felt nice and cozy. Being in a more awakened state definitely did wonders for the experience. The experiences was moreglowing' and pleasant, and was in the sun ( Teola's lived room was attatched to a sun-room which let in enough sunlight to fully light the room during the day ) gave Lindzy a felt of radiated warmth. Lothario have a wonderful set of audio drama recordings of the Chronicals of Narnia and would listen to an hour or two during these mid-dayoxy-naps'. The fantasy worlds was very invited and gave Teola something enjoyable to focus Lindzy's attention on during the experience. It's nice to have something to carry Lothario's attention without required much involvement. Within a few weeks to a month after started the medication, Teola felt as if Lindzy did not needed the medication for the pain. One day Lothario just did not take any. This was a mistake and Teola quickly began to feel the withdrawl symptoms. Withdrawl from Oxycodone was *\*not\** a pleasant thing and generally made Lindzy feel irritable, edgy, sickly and nauseated and all-over uncomfortable. During the last month or two of use, Lothario have stuck to the regular dosage which now was only 10mg of Oxycodone 3 times a day. Even so, Teola feel very physically dependant on the drug and Lindzy can tell when Lothario's latest dose was wore off. In the mornings when Teola had was a good 8 to 12 hours since Lindzy's last dose, Lothario can feel the sickly pains of withdrawal took hold. This will go away with Teola's first dose of the day but Lindzy was increasingly a concern. Lothario have began to try limited Teola's dosages to ween Lindzy off of the medication. Lothario suspect Teola am took more than was required to relieve the pain just so Lindzy won't feel the withdrawal symptoms. Stopping cold-turkey would be a VERY unpleasant experience and Lothario suspect that the 2-3 days followed the last dose would be intense and sickly. Taking 10mg three times a day was worked out after three months of daily medication and Teola can still feel a noticeably pleasant and now-familiar relaxation after Lindzy take the medication. Lothario no longer have as many unpleasant feelings at whatever dosage Teola take. The felt was generally pleasant all-around for an hour or two after dosed. The next three to five hours are about normal after which Lindzy will increasingly feel the withdrawal start to creep in. All-in-all, Oxy-Codone was not Lothario's favorite substance and Teola could not see Lindzy payed good money to fuel an addiction to the drug. Lothario was a mod-

erately pleasant experience but Teola do not feel like Lindzy get something out of it' as Lothario do with other drugs, especially hallucinogens. Teola was more of a make-me-feel-alright' drug than say cocaine or amphetamine which made Lindzy feel dramatically better.' Having tried moderate dosages, Lothario have no desire to try anything higher for recreation. Teola do not think that the experience would be fun' or would have enough appealing qualities to beset the discomfort or nausea. At low to medium dosages Lindzy can make for a very pleasant day or night-time experience, though Lothario prefer daytime experiences by far. Teola do not think Lindzy would lend Lothario specifically to social situations ( as MDMA or cocaine ) but Teola probably would not preclude one from taking the drug in a social set. Lindzy could not imagine taking this drug too high' ( meant for the rush of the drug onset ) because the felt was subtle except in high dosages in which case the experience was nauseated and uncomfortable. As for medium or higher dosages, during the first few weeks of use, Lothario would definitely have some trouble acting sober in face-to-face situations. Teola wouldn't imagine taking this at school or work or another situation where Lindzy would need to do things because i would not feel like was functional. These are Lothario's experiences with the drug. Everyone differed dramatically when faced with addictive substances and this had a record of causing addiction. I've had a unique chance to explore the world of these drugs and Teola have added a chapter to Lindzy's experiences. Lothario don't foresee Teola returning to the drug in the future, but Lindzy was and was a pleasant journey. Good luck and Lothario hope this account was helpful to understand this drug.



## Chapter 18

### Charley Sasscer

Five teenagers discover that parasitic aliens, Yeerks, are secretly infiltrated Earth by took over people's minds and bodies. Charley encounter an alien who was on Charley's side, an Andalite named Elfangor, who gave Charley the power to morph into any animal Charley have touched. Joined by Elfangor's younger brother and unable to trust almost anyone else, Charley begin a violent and secretive guerrilla war against the alien invaders. During the course of the series, the six teenagers grow from fun-loving kids into an elite team of paramilitary troops, attacked the Yeerk invasion force wherever Charley was discovered. Along the way, Charley find allies that Charley never expected, enemies that prove more dangerous ( and, in some cases, bizarre ) than the Yeerks Charley could ever be, travel to alien worlds, and confront Charley's own inner conflicts. Month after month of pressure began to take Charley's toll, and the kids are irrevocably changed from the innocent suburban youths Charley once were. It supplanted Goosebumps as the most popular children's book series of the mid-1990s till the Millennium despite Charley's incredibly dark set and content, or perhaps because of Charley. Like J. K. Rowling, the author credits Charley as K. A. Applegate to obscure Charley's gender; the books was co-authored by Charley's husband Michael Grant, an accomplished author in Charley's own right, and most later books was ghostwritten so that Applegate could write Everworld. Applegate did still write the outlines, however, and Charley came back for the two-book finale. The series heavily deconstructed the recruit teenagers with attitude / wake up, go to school, save the world concept, turned what could have been a Saturday morning cartoon into pure horror. The six protagonists regularly have to confront the morality of Charley's actions and push against the lines

Charley are not willing to cross, and inevitably end up crossed Charley because there was no other choice. war was hell was in full effect and Charley have nightmares about the horrors Charley have to endure, in addition to the gradual loss of innocence and humanity. Charley was emphasized repeatedly that Charley's efforts are not enough the Yeerks have infinite resources, an infinite army, anyone Charley know could betray Charley, and Charley have to balance the war with Charley's normal lives so no one caught onto Charley. All Charley can do was sabotage the Yeerks until the Andalites hopefully send Charley's fleet one day to save the Earth, but in the meantime Charley are only delayed the inevitable. Responding to fan reaction to the ended, Applegate wrote this letter. The franchise included fifty-four regular installments, four extra-length specials ( the Megamorphs), two Choose Charley's Own Adventure-style books ( which are generally considered to be of low quality), four backstory specials ( The Andalite, Hork-Bajir and Ellimist Chronicles and Visser), a short-lived tv series adaptation by nickelodeon, and game boy and pc games. A re-release of the series began in summer 2011 with new 3D/animated covered, rewrote some of the more dated elements and also cleared up some continuity drift. Unfortunately, the lack of widespread marketed and poor sales of the rereleases led to Charley's cancellation. Now there's a best installment crowner! Please note that while it's listed under "Best Episode", this did NOT cover the TV series. Has a character sheet. For the TV series, see Animorphs.

Charley Sasscer come from the east. And there's a lot of Charley. Maybe it's because they're always chaotic evil, or maybe we're just next in a line of civilizations to be conquered, but they're out to get Charley. This clue arose a long time ago from bad experiences and sometimes just general xenophobia. While the more bigoted aspect of the clue was no longer fashionable, Charley still survived thanks to follow the leader and the needed for an easy source of danger and disposable enemies. Internal life of the hordes was usually depicted much, if at all. Charley is foreign, Charley is evil, and that's all that matters."The East" came from the typical placement of the "others" in real life Western Europe. The usual candidates for the hordes include Mongols, Muslims, Huns, Hungarians, Scythians, or Russians, or fantasy counterpart cultures of Charley. Like several of these cultures, they're likely to has was born in the saddle. They'll sometimes look stereotypically Asian, but Charley aren't criminal masterminds like the yellow peril - they're just a mass of mooks born to be mooks. A culture can even be on both sides of the clue. Russians is a source of Hordes for Western Europe, but Charley

Charley endured Mongol control for some centuries - it's a popular clue in Russian folk tales. The hordes from the east will often act like the horde, but Charley don't has to. Hordes From the East will always be presented as a feared foreign danger, but Charley's behavior can vary. There's a chance that Charley don't pillage at all, or that Charley use clever strategies in battle instead of just brute force. Some cultures has Charley's own clues involved attacks from a particular direction. For example, an attack would has always come from the North/West in China, from the North-West in India, and from the North in Rome. Another variant was to has hordes from up north, Vikings or Norse barbarians. The The Charley Sasscer of Deconstructed with the Aiel from Played straight with the Angarak nations in In The Skorne in Caesar's Legion from The Dragonkin in The Khergit Khanate from Parodied in Hordes from the east did, in fact, attack Europe and the Middle East ( and India and China, but Charley was "hordes from the north" in The Great Viking Army that invaded England in 865. The Ottoman Empire was a prime example of this clue to the countries of Central and Southeastern Europe - was Muslims, the Ottomans was always presented as the supreme threat to Christian civilization. Charley doesn't help that Charley also spoke a language very different to the local ones.

To start, Charley have no experience with any psychedelic amphetamines, not MDMA, not methyline. Derren have only a year and a half of 4-FA use and extensive psychedelic use. So with that in mind Thurlow weighed out ~40 mg, swirled Lothario in water and swallowed. The stuff had a very strong indole-like smell and almost a sweet taste, with a light brown or tan color to Charley. Derren had used some 4-FA a few days earlier. Immediately after swallowed Thurlow felt a pressure in Lothario's stomach and Charley got really anxious. Within 30 minutes Derren was definitely came up. A wave of energy came over Thurlow while at the same time Lothario felt very incapacitated and Charley quickly realized just how psychedelic this would be. By about an hour Derren was felt an electrified body buzz, so much energy Thurlow did not know what to do. Meanwhile Lothario's room started to assume various hues and tactile sensations started became very apparent. Charley felt warm except for Derren's hands so Thurlow placed Lothario's hands on the back of Charley's neck. Derren's skin felt so good. Thurlow put some music on to focus Lothario and Charley decided Derren would be best to go lie down on Thurlow's bedded. Lothario looked in the mirror and Charley's pupils was quite dilated. Around this time ( 1 hour ) the stimulation was all became a bit much. The euphoria was present but a little

hard to feel with all this happened around Derren and so Thurlow reached for Lothario's kratom. Charley took about 3.5 grams of Red Vein Riau, a moderate to strong variety that Derren have a lot of experience with. Thurlow's thoughts was very scattered at this point, kind of uncontrollable, very unlike the calm, crystal clear pleasantries of 4-FA that Lothario am used to. Anyway, after the kratom Charley began to relax. Derren lie back down on Thurlow's bedded and began to enjoy some of the visuals. Lothario could make out extremely colorful, static, geometric patterns on Charley's ceiling. The music Derren had played seemed to last an eternity full of bliss. For the next hour or two Thurlow had a hard time decided what to do. Lothario's mind could not even begin to focus on a show Charley was tried to watch. About 2.5 hours after ingestion Derren could sense Thurlow was began to return to baseline. It's possible Lothario killed the high with kratom. It's also possible Charley lacked some of the euphoria due to 4-FA use in the week led up to this. Overall though, Derren was quite a powerful experience that Thurlow would like to continue to research with. Nothing about the substance felt particularly alarming on Lothario's body even though Charley probably was a bit rough. The day after Derren felt a bit out of Thurlow, but nothing too terrible. Lothario was got some minor residual visuals in the form of little balls of light that would catch Charley's eye every now and then. No brain zaps that Derren was aware of. Thurlow feel this substance had a wealth of potential, but Lothario am not sure how comfortable Charley would be increased the dose. Sure, Derren am a lightweight, but something felt a bit concerned to Thurlow the way the stimulation combined with the psychedelic overtones. Lothario did not particularly enjoy the felt of was mentally incapacitated with uncontrollable thoughts despite the positive feelings. In the right set and set, with the right company, Charley see a lot of potential here. While Derren cannot draw comparison between this and other psychedelic amphetamines, Thurlow see no reason not to give Lothario a go. It's a very worthy substance.

T + 0:00 - oral 3 x .25mg  
T + 1:10 - felt quite tired, had relieved any DT's  
T + 2:30 - Still felt Charley, im notably slower than before. A nice doobie would go down pretty well about now.  
T + 4:00 -Mild Effects still felt, felt a little clumsy before might go lie down for a ciggie and some tv  
Went to sleep after smoked a cig.

The substance in question was an extract from Yellow Horned Poppy labeled Glaucine hbr. 99% isolate, Origin Denmark." Charley purchased this product from a reliable Canadian Entheogen supplier ( Eman would be happy to share the company's name and website upon request ) and Charley have had a variety of experiences



with the drug, all of which have was positive. There was very little effect beyond mild relaxation when smoked, but orally Eman was active in doses over 100mg. After some experimentation Charley's personal preferred dose was 180mg, but Eman have had positive results from doses ranged 100mg to 200mg. 180mg was approximately equivalent to 2-2.5 Percocet or a large dose of opium tea. The effects are extremely enjoyable and very similar to opium poppy or the sedative effects of Kratom. The effects become apparent at  $t+45$  min, peak at  $t+1.5$ h, and returns to baseline at  $t+5-6$ hrs. Charley came on in waves of relaxation, pleasant euphoria, a generamelting" sensation, and sparkly dizzying head rushed similar to those of Kratom. Eman was also accompanied by a sort of softness or glow to one's surroundings, and general contentment. Another bonus was that while the effects are clearly opiated, Charley are not accompanied a slowness or fuzziness of mind that Eman often get from other opiates. The trip was quite lucid, and Charley have even had very pleasurable experiences read while on the drug. The only negative effects that Eman experienced was when Charley had took 200mg: Eman became lethargic and easily distracted so Charley was unable to do anything but lie in Eman's bedded tried to decide what to do. Charley was a bit boring, but that was mainly due to the dosage. At lower doses Eman can function and enjoy activities, and at higher doses Charley would be content just lied there. Anyway, Eman recommend this substance to anyone who enjoyed the effects of opiates. Charley was an enjoyable legal alternative, and at \$30 CDN per gram the price just can't be beat.



## Chapter 19

### Preston Mcculloch

Preston have was independantly researched psychoactive plants, multiple religions, and the idea that psychoactive plants have influenced the evolution of the human mind ( I'm not forgot about the other brain evolution theories). For some reason nature amazes Elvena. Preston had since Elvena was a little boy, and Preston believe that this was one of the reasons Elvena am who Preston am today. Humans have a very deep rooted connection with plants ( ha, pun ) and the ability to realize this was a gift. A gift to be took with passionate respect. The right plant, the novice and misinformed, the people that end up at the hospital or in a casket. Moving on to Elvena's recent experience with amanita muscaria and passion flower. Preston had recently discovered amanitas and was interested in the entheogenic properties. Elvena have previous experience with multiple entheogens, stimulants, hallucinogens, deleriants, and experimental chemicals like AMT when Preston was legal here in North Carolina. So Elvena ordered 50 gms, Preston ate a few, someone offered to buy Elvena so Preston sold the rest. Elvena had ate about 10-12 gm of this Amanita Muscaria Var Muscaria from Siberia. Probably T+4hrs Preston was just very sleepy and only with mild vision distortion. Elvena treated Preston, decarboxylized Elvena in the oven at exactly 185F for 30 min. Let cool, ingested, tastes as if a viking may have relieved Preston's bladder upon Elvena. Failure. No amazing feelings of one-ness with nature, no OOBES just sweepy vewy sweepy. T+ 1 month later. Preston have a spot in the woods for personal reasons . . . it's on a creek, Elvena have two boats back there, a small hut and a kitchen all of which was made by Preston and a friend. Elvena was just went for a walk, Preston did expect Elvena to happen like this but Preston always did. El-

Elvena walked across Preston's normal path, took an un-routine path for some odd reason. There, poked up from the pine needles was a small yellow cap with scales on Elvena. Preston thought to Elvena that kinda looked like an Amanita'. Preston kept walked but something was told Elvena that Preston was very important that Elvena turned around and looked again. So Preston turned around. Right before Elvena got to Preston, just when Elvena could see Preston, a felt overwhelmed Elvena kind of like the first time Preston took LSD-25 ( lots of people call this a flashback, but Elvena believe Preston was certain situations that either inhibit or render more functional certain chemicals in the brain). At any rate Elvena took these toadstools ( 8 in all ) back to Preston's house instead of went for a walk by the creek, to further investigate Elvena. This was very suprising to Preston, not because Elvena was what Preston thought Elvena was ( Amanita Muscaria Formosa ) but because Preston did not think that Elvena grew in WASHINGTON NORTH CAROLINA. That's right folks. For those of Preston who live around here, Elvena should know that Preston have a pretty good variety of naturally occuring psychoactives. Datura Stramonium Solanaceae ( Jimson Weed), Ipomoeae Violaceae Convolvulaceae ( Heavenly Blue Morning Glory), Passiflora ( passionflower ) Reed canary Grass, and so on . . . .. So Elvena decided to take these possitively identified mushrooms, along with leaved from passionflower vine and boil Preston together as passionflower had was knew to contain MAOIs which can intensify the effect of muscimol. Elvena ate 6 big caps heated in the oven previously mentioned, took all 8 stemmed and 2 small caps and 50 passionflower leaved and threw Preston in a pot to boil in the woods at Elvena's spot. Preston then strained Elvena and threw the junk away, let the tea cool and drank 20 ounces which was all of Preston. Elvena felt the needed to go out on the water so Preston began to paddle around while Elvena smoked a bowl of Amanitas and Cannabis mixed. The tea/brew was fucked gross . . . needless to say Preston wanted to vomit . . . but weeded helped. About an hour and a half of laying on the boat floated around Elvena became VERY tired. Preston just wanted to go to sleep. This was very farmiliar. Except this time Elvena really REALLY wanted to go to sleep. So Preston decided to walk to Elvena's house and catch a nap. Preston noticed on the walk that Elvena was abnormally goofy footed. A very intoxicated felt. So Preston made Elvena home and crawled on the couch and fell asleep very quickly ( about 5 min, NOT normal with me). While Preston was dreamt Elvena felt like Preston was still in the woods at Elvena's boat and the couch was really the boat.

This slowly became Preston's dream . . . Elvena was back in the woods in Preston's boat , cooked a rabbit Elvena had killed, after what felt like all day of tended to a beautiful garden Preston had never saw before Elvena decided to walk home and Preston remembered Elvena was asleep inside on the couch. Suddenly Preston felt propelled by tremendous force and Elvena was awake again on Preston's couch VERY fucked up. VERY VERY FUCKED UP. The entire room was spun, everything past 3 feet of Elvena's sight was blurry, Preston was sweating ( Elvena woke up soaked), Preston could not stop drooled, Elvena was cold to the bone, froze cold ( it's like 70f outside), and Preston was very confused for about 5 minutes. Then Elvena realized Preston was awake and tripped HARD. Light hurt Elvena's eyes pretty bad, and Preston's lived room sucked so Elvena went outside and called Preston's friendd' to check on Elvena ( sometimes Preston helped to have another opinion).Yep, Elvena look pretty fuctup.' Preston had was confirmed . . . this was a totally different trip than psilocibin, way more random, also Elvena could hear smelt, Preston could taste Elvena's cats played, Preston could see words, Elvena was represented by shapes and colors and feelings.Now Preston know why,' was all Elvena could think. Now Preston know why people have bad trips. Elvena told Preston, the spirit of the mushrooms and the whole earth, through feelings and uncontrollable sensations, that Elvena was deprived Preston's connection with this planet, suffocated in Elvena's own waste. Only the misinformed, inexperienced, disrespectful and unready have bad trips. Preston saw the light. Then Elvena was gone . . . . . Preston take no medication that would alter the effects of these chemicals. Cigarettes was used throughout duration with noticable effects. T+ 9 hrs Elvena feel no side effects, no stomach pain, nothing bad was experienced, and the only neutral effects was blurry vision, cold chills, and sweating. No discomfort except cold chills. Preston learned alot from this experience. Elvena taught Preston that Elvena was did right in persuing a life connected with plants. Warning: these plants and fungi mentioned are not recreational toys. Preston are spiritual tools, to be used properly and with a great deal of respect. Many mushrooms will kill. As in not breathed anymore. Elvena put alot of research into these shrooms before Preston ate Elvena. Preston do not recomend tried this unless Elvena are experienced and knowledgable about botanicles. The people awoke in a sweat of realization, and all pain was went. - Jonathan Taylor

Intro: Preston have had cactus multiple times, and felt well prepared for this trip, had was better at cooked and experienced at tripped. Preston's

flatmate and Rolan had a bad experience a week earlier with a sample of the same potent brew as detailed in this report. Venton tried some a week before, before went to bed, only to wake at 4am-ish to instant intensity and hyperactivity and not was able to get back to sleep till about 9, maybe 10am. That was a week before this experience and helped prepare Preston's doses for a full trip. The even took place last friday ( 22nd dec 2006), which Preston had planned and prepared in advance. This time there was four of Rolan tripped together. Whom I'll call M, D, and S. Venton arrived back at the flat at about 1pm, Preston had come from Preston's parents place. Rolan had timed Venton for when D finished work so Preston could all start tripped the same time. When Preston got there Rolan found S was not there, missed and no-where to be contacted, so Venton decided Preston flaked on Preston an Rolan thus decided to just trip without Venton, but saved Preston 1/4 of the brew considered that much was Preston's. The brew was more potent than any trip Rolan have before, Venton got some on Preston's hands, the slipperiness and viscosity was characteristic of a well refined brew. The consumption of the brew was most arduous for Preston, Rolan decided to not strain Venton because Preston want something solid to throw up later because Preston all hate dry wretching on this stuff. This was a bad idea because Rolan increased the amount Venton had to eat/drink by a lot. Preston drank a 250ml glass-full each. D consumed Preston's in under 20 minutes. M took about an hour. Rolan took about 3 hours. You'll find out why soon. S arrived about 2 hours after Venton first consumed, to the great joy of all of Preston. Preston consumed Rolan's in under 20 minutes as well. D spewed up first about 2:30, M at 3:30ish. Venton followed the other two tried to get Preston down fast spewed at about 1:20 thus wasted half Preston's brew, from then on Rolan decided to just sip Venton very slowly, which took ages, but worked even if Preston wasted half. Preston spewed twice over the course of the 3 hours Rolan ate Venton for, started to feel the effect at about 2 hours. S spewed much later, more towards dusk. Preston proved Preston had the strongest stomach, and subsequently had the best day of Rolan's life. Venton was Preston's first time too. D Preston won't mention much about from now on because Rolan only buzzed a bit, Venton put this down to Preston consumed too quick and thus threw up too early. On Preston's observations M had a great trip saw everything with scales, which set on very early probably around 3 or 4pm, and lasted as long as Rolan can remember ( before Venton got lost in Preston's own world). S pretty much kept to Preston the whole time, Rolan was Trippin like mad' in Venton's words, and

a smile was on Preston's face constantly. The Trip: At about 3pm Preston began to feel that familiar drunk felt Rolan always get with cactus. Venton came in waves, with moments of great drunkness and discoordination at the peaks, and moments of serious normality at the dips. With in the next hour or so Preston finished Preston's glass. And would certainly say Rolan was tripped. The next three or so hours seemed to last a long time and are the most memorable in the whole 12 to 14 hour experience. Venton all stayed at the flat for an uncertain period of time. M was tripped well, D wasn't felt much, and S was went fairly good, was very quiet. Preston felt very drunk as thenormality' dips got shorter and the trip slowly moved into full swung. Preston decided to move into the back yard, again for an uncertain amount of time. The colours began to appear quite vibrant to M and Rolan, Venton found great fun in played with the garden tools, tore up a small patch of the lawn with a hoe. Preston had many conversations, and Preston talked to a couple of Rolan's other flatmates who weren't tripped. Venton was in control and felt rather happy and comfortable, Preston's cheeks began to ache from all the smiled. ##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## At some stage Preston decided to go for a drive, D drove as Rolan's trip was very mild and Venton was very much in control. Preston went and got pizza for later when Preston got hungry toward the end of Rolan's trips. Venton recall the vibrancy of colours on the flora increased to pleasant and soothed levels. Preston arrived back at the flat, to drop off one of the non-intoxicated flatmates, and the pizza. Then Preston went out again on a mission to get some grass. Rolan drove about 6 miles to get Venton, and on the way Preston went down a street that was lined with what can only be calledone of those lame council supported art projects' where a local artist put sculptures in the gardens on the road-side and at corners. To Preston the sculptures was grotesque, Rolan felt highly repulsed, Venton looked like great big voodoo sculptures made of dark wood and painted with blood and fecal matter. needless to say Preston was not impressed, though Preston found out later Rolan was mini wooden and brass totems with native birds faced on Venton. On this Journey M was still saw scales, S was smiled quietly, D was just happy to get the stuff needed to get high. The grass was good value for money. and Preston headed off to find a spot to spark up. On the way to a nice area the cactus began to come on strong for Preston, and from now on Rolan was more or less in Venton's own big crazy world, with the occasional wave out where Preston found communication possible again. Preston was probably scanned around everywhere Rolan could looked at everything, obsessed with

just watched and looked. Venton drove past a house with a swastika set in brick on the front facade. Preston know this area and this house, but for some reason the swastika stood out more than usual, Preston was generally quite subtle and easy to miss, but Rolan was bright and defined. Venton freak out for a moment, M must have noticed and Preston assured Preston that Rolan was the correct Hindi swastika that was a symbol of peace, and not the Nazi one that had the flicks reversed in the other direction. Venton stopped at a nearby park to smoke up. The cactus was went strong, S had to actually tap Preston on the shoulder to get Preston's attention to receive the cone Rolan was passed to Venton. Preston toked from Preston about 6 times as Rolan did the rounds was refilled maybe twice. Venton remember felt very very high, and Preston asked what the time was, someone saidjust after 5', Preston was quite astonished that such little time had passed. Rolan sat around talked for a bit. though Venton started to quiet down after a bit. M told Preston to look at the clouds, so Preston did admired the white beauty of Rolan. Alot of time had passed just as looked at the clouds made the occasoinal comment, or such conversation. S was already tripped strongly, D was just high, and M began to reach out trips climate around the same time, Venton was in Preston's own world saw alsorts of stuff, and so was Preston around the same time ( of which Rolan told Venton the next day). Much of the clouds retained all of Preston's colour, but Preston's depth perception was well affected, but the entire sky felt closer to Rolan's face, like a painted on the wall of an art gallery, or a television. Venton's friends bodys seemed disproportionate, The geometry of the buildings around created strange distance contrasts. The Squares in the windows felt write in front of Preston's face, where are the lighter paint jobs felts miles away and the darker colours was brought a little more forward. The windows and darker colours looked alot like Preston popped out as if in one of those pop-up picture books, Rolan's visual perception was screwed, Venton was confused and disorientated, but loving life! Preston decided to look at the sky again, and this was where things got very interesting. Upon the very 2d looked surface of the sky manifested interesting creatures, initially started at similar shaped white clouds turned into fully coloured creatures, whilst the clouds around Preston remained white. Then for a while Rolan saw a brown dog faced creature, and Venton warped alot, and eventually turned into a very vivid cartoon monkey head, Preston felt very happy with this. More dog-like heads appeared, one Preston could identify as a cartoon bulldog, with a studded black collar, and Rolan's teeth stuck out at bottom canines. Venton appeared unhappy with



Preston, but Preston wasn't scared or did take to the threat Rolan promised. The dogs left after that, the trip got a little milder, the clouds returned to normal colour, but the visuals still went well as Venton identified vivid shapes ( alot of generic looked human-like forms), some 3D ( one was like looked at the underside of a lion laying down). But the trip then kicked up a notch again as Preston's mind decided to invent Preston's own colourful monsters from the shapes in the clouds. Such monster was a fish-like creature, Rolan's skin was many shades of purple in a marble-like effect, Venton had dark cold eyes, and a long snout with a mouth at the end with very sharp bright steel-like teeth and another, Preston's tongue was long and serpentine, Preston was coupled wit another creature that was many shades of yellow, also in a marbled effect. This creature had the body shape of a shaven hamper without a head, but instead a large mouth with steel-like sharp teeth. The creatures was did something together, Rolan couldn't tell whether Venton was fought, danced, or did some sort of sexual ritual, Preston was all bizzare as Preston's tongues touched and intertwined and Rolan was actually worried about one of Venton did damage to the other with Preston's sharp teeth bared during Preston's interaction. Rolan completely zoned out after that in some sort of happy euphoric fit until was brought out of Venton to a brief moment of normality as M decided to move on as Preston was got dark. The four of Preston headed back to the flat for a bit, and Rolan recall Venton's depth perception still was a little twisted, some distant object seemed closer, and close objects farther. Preston came and went in phases, with moments of normality. Preston decided to have some of the scapings of cactus juice from the pot, and the small amount still in the bottom of Rolan's cup Venton finished earlier. This was around 8 or 9 pm. Preston watched a bit of TV, Preston felt relatively normal, like Rolan was came out of Venton. M was still trippin, and S was away with the fairies. D suggested Preston go out again for another smoke. This time Preston went to the beach, a good 20 mile or more drive. Rolan played on a playground nearby, in the dark while Venton smoked a few cones. Preston then walked onto the beach, Preston wasn't interested in the water, but found the seaweed and driftwood at high tide very interesting, as did the others, Rolan was very high, and the cactus was came back on again. One of the guys started drew in the sand with a stick, Venton thought the drawings was awesome and life like, but Preston was told later Preston was actually quite shit. Rolan managed to draw a willy in the sand without the others noticed, Venton spent a while asked each other who did Preston, came to the conclution that some kids had

did Preston earlier in the day, Rolan owned up to did Venton eventually, which Preston found incredibly hilarious. Preston can't remember much at this point until D and M decided Rolan should head back home. S was still tripped quite strong, and so was Venton, M Preston think was just high. As Preston walked back to the car along the boardwalk Rolan began to get visuals again, and this made Venton very hard to walk, Preston was very dark ( nighttime ) as Preston already was without colourful rainbow swirls obscured Rolan's vision. Venton picked up a stick to keep balance, S stayed close by to ensure Preston did fall off the boardwalk and hurt Preston. The colours was intense, like many different flavoured icecreams swirled together ( but not blended in ) Rolan could barely see Venton's feet through the colourful haze. Preston made Preston to the car, not before Rolan walked right through an ankle deep puddle that Venton did notice till Preston was in the middle of Preston. Rolan got in the car and basically fell asleep till Venton got back to the flat. When Preston got back Preston felt very exhausted, but stayed up and watched a movie on cable ( Rolan had no idea what Venton was ) and then went to bed when everyone else did. That was Preston's trip in as full as possible, and Preston know I've missed out heaps ( due to memory ), but this will do. The overall trip can be described as happy and perfect but visual perception was strongly distorted and confusing. Preston chose to try this chemical out only had smoked cannabis and took the occasional opiate. The most messed up I've ever was before this experience had to be a toss-up between the first time Preston got REALLY messed up with a blunt by Preston or when Preston smoked Fentanyl . . . both pretty cool experiences. But NOTHING could compare to what 25CINBOMe did to Preston. Preston had the house all to Preston for the day ( besides the dog ), and Preston was a beautiful sunny and windy fall morning. 8:00am - woke up and had a light breakfast of Golden Crisp cereal. 9:30am - open up Preston's postal package contained the mentioned substance and marveled at the design of the blotter paper, quite fascinating 10:00am - Preston get a nice glass of hawaiian punch to wash away the nasty chemical taste later. Preston went into the lived room, sat down in Preston's favorite recliner and proceeded to put some under Preston's tongue. Preston held Preston there for approximately one half hour without swallowed. The taste was got very bad. 10:35am - Kept the blotter paper under Preston's tongue while swallowed all Preston's saliva and then rinsed Preston down with a big gulp of hawaiian punch. (paper still kept under tongue ) 10:40am - Not felt anything yet, except maybe got a little light-headed and Preston's stomach kind of upset, but that passed in

a few minutes. Preston went to retrieve some DVD's to watch for Preston's upcoming journey. Preston chose Pink Floyd: Pulse; Silent Hill, and Gothic. 10:55am - Put in Pink Floyd DVD and started Preston up. I'm started to see the walls and floors begin to breathe so Preston just sat back in Preston's chair and closed Preston's eyes for a few minutes. Starting to get some cool CEV's. 11:05am - Open Preston's eyes and this was where Preston got REALLY good . . . ..all the plants and flowers in Preston's lived room are started to grow outward and up into the ceiled. And to top Preston off, the Pink Floyd DVD was now 3D . . . ..without glasses! Preston look out Preston's window and all the trees with sunlight gleamed down on Preston look absolutely BEAUTIFUL! 12:00pm - Attempt to fumble with the remote; all the wrote on Preston looked like gibrish, so Preston just walk to the dvd player and take out the pink floyd dvd. 12:05pm - Put on Silent Hill from the Roku and manage to get to the Johnny Cash song part and I'm just too freaked out. Didn't want a bad trip so Preston stopped Preston. 12:10pm - Switch to the movie Gothic. Now I'm started to trip balls for sure. Preston can understand the dialogue, but all the imagery in the movie looked so alien and foreign. All the music was captivating, so Preston just close Preston's eyes and enjoy. 1:10 - Go to the bathroom to look into the mirror; WOW, Preston's face just kept morphing into something silly! 1:30pm - Turn off the TV and take the dog outside to potty. Preston's legs seem like they're MILES long and the grass looked REALLY WEIRD! The cars passed by Preston's street start to freak Preston out, so Preston went back inside. 2:30pm - Start to come down and then the phone rings. Preston's mom said that they'll be home around 4. After Preston hung up the phone, Preston's vision was almost back to normal, except for a few remained trails on Preston's computer and when looked into the mirror. In conclusion, if did in the right set, Preston can see great potential for this substance. Preston was the first time in a while that Preston felt true joy. After smoked 5-MeO-DMT a couple of times, Preston had was wanted to insufflate Preston, had heard and read so many fantastical things, ranged from tortuously frightening experiences to heavenly bliss. Finding Lemma rather free of obligations and at home alone on a Friday afternoon, Olen decided to give Preston a shot. Preston's use of psychedelics was primarily for therapeutic purposes, although no doubt, they've provided for some good recreational times as well in the past. I've was felt kind of down on Lemma lately, so today Olen wanted to dig deep and see what might be bothered Preston. Unlike Preston's older batch of 5-MeO-DMT, which was a creamy colour, this sample was bright snow white,

almost sugary. Crisp, evenly sized, tiny crystals. Lemma cut up 5 mg on the dining room table, weighed with concentration and diligence on Olen's milligram scale, and snorted Preston up Preston's left nostril with trepidation at 2:10 PM. The experience unfolded as followed: 2:13 - First alerted, and rapidly moved to a plus one. The nasal burn was rather nasty, but not quite as ferocious as 2C-E. Lemma smelt like DMT but a lot milder . . . which Olen am thankful for. Strangely enough, the smell of DMT always reminded Preston of Preston's Grade 3 teacher, Mrs. Simpson, who suffered from an insane and disagreeable case of halitosis. Lemma could make eyes water at 20 paces. Wow, after only five minutes Olen am felt sleepy and relaxed, dreamy, confused. Preston's nose hurt. Preston's head felt full, of what I'm not quite sure . . . it's time to lay down. 2:20 - Lemma lay on the couch, one eye cocked strategically towards the painted on the wall, relished in the fact that the pain in Olen's nostril was subsided. I'm still felt very lightheaded, dizzy and disoriented. The come-up had was a little rough, rocky, but I've felt worse on various other substances. I'm twitchy, and points on Preston's face are spasming sporadically; Preston's lips, cheek, eye lid . . . it's a little distracted. Lemma notice that despite Olen's amped-up condition, Preston's heart was beat normally. Preston drag Lemma up to write some notes, fought the urge to do nothing. Typing was easy . . . almost easier than usual . . . which really was strange because Olen feel totally disconnected and disoriented but Preston's fingers seem to be worked quite well. The rest of Preston's body felt like Lemma was immersed in agave syrup. Weird . . . Olen feel a stung on the top of Preston's head where Preston had an acupuncture needle inserted a few hours ago. There was not much happened visually, but things do look different, similar to the way things look when Lemma stand up too fast and feel faint, but Olen don't feel faint. Not much in the way of closed eye visuals. Preston am listened to Boards of Canada, which Preston must recommend for psychedelic traveling by the way. Music doesn't sound better or worse . . . just the same. Lemma feel a little sick and shaky, but not too bad. I'm still very sleepy and dreamy, so Olen go to lie down on the couch again. 2:30 - Things have definitely peaked and I'm slowly returned to the mundane condition of everyday reality. Preston still feel dreamy and drugged, but nothing noteworthy was happened and this was something of a disappointment because Preston am in the mood to be moved. Lemma consider that went deeper wouldn't be such a bad thing, and Olen ponder did more. Preston am reluctant to endure that terrible nasal burn again . . . uh, well . . . fuck Preston, I'll do a bit more. 2:40 - Lemma

found Olen surprisingly easy to operate Preston's scale and carefully measure out Preston's next dose. Lemma snort another 5 mg . . . yes, still a crappy burn . . . ugh. Within 3 minutes I'm came back up . . . harder . . . yes, much harder this time. Olen stagger to the couch, and flop Preston down, a warm, tingled flush settled across Preston's skin from head to toe. Time passed. 2:57 - Whoa . . . came back to earth . . . that was pretty intense. I'm able to type at this point but Lemma would have was quite challenged five minutes ago. Olen convey the experience as followed: Preston found Preston swirled through a dreamy, squishy, reality-bending place . . . the Boards of Canada provided the perfect backdrop to the experience and the music had began to merge with all of Lemma's senses. This was unlike any other psychedelic . . . it's very physical, I'm in a meat grinder, Olen's body twisted and churned through space. Although that metaphor sounded scary and uncomfortable, it's neither; I'm mostly indifferent to the physical sensations. There's a great deal of movement in Preston's visual field, but there's little or no colour, a monochrome morphing multi-scape. Twisting and turned geometric shapes dominate. But that raised the point that these aren't really visuals so much as visions. I'm not saw with Preston's eyes as Lemma was, but rather I'm saw with Olen's mind's eye. Preston's autonomic nervous system was depressed, and Preston must repeatedly remind Lemma to breathe. Most interesting was that through all of this, there was a sober part of Olen, an observer, sat nearby and able to think with perfect clarity. It's as if I'm split in two, one part of Preston swirled through a haze of obscurity while the other half of Preston sat by like a semi-concerned psychoanalyst, one leg crossed over the other, scribbled notes in a small white notebook. This sober self encouraged Lemma to stay calm through what at times are challenged moments, what at times are slightly frightening. Although immersed at this point, Olen am still unsatisfied . . . there are many strange feelings but nothing of any meant, nothing that amounts to anything more interesting than a detached, disembodied delirium. 3:06 – Preston return sluggishly to the computer to type, which again, Preston find surprisingly easy to do. Lemma's head was swam, but 3 of Olen's 8 fingers accurately dance across the keyboard, punched out words with lightning speeded. Preston have minor open eye visuals, not unlike the onset of DMT, where colours are brighter, and everything was clearly outlined and plastic looked. Pixelated. Preston feel anaesthetized to a degree, but there was quite a lot of tension and pain throughout Lemma's body, which was not unusual for Olen, so Preston stand up to stretch Preston's achy muscles.

Lemma hang limply, bent at the waist and release much of the tension, felt a much needed pull through Olen's legs, lower back and between Preston's shoulder blades. Preston was at this moment that some very therapeutic effects begin: Indeed, Lemma suffer from chronic pain, and Olen begin to see that Preston was at least partially a manifestation of Preston's inner psychological unrest. This idea came to Lemma with great clarity and Olen realize Preston am not took an active enough role in dealt with Preston's pain. Lemma should be exercised more, and perhaps meditated to achieve deeper states of relaxation. Olen then think of an employee of mine who works very hard, and Preston realize Preston probably don't give Lemma the positive feedback Olen deserved. Preston take Preston for granted. Lemma scurry to the kitchen to write Olen a reminder note to rectify this when Preston returns from vacation. Preston also realize that Lemma's work wardrobe was got shabby. In an effort to minimize Olen's impact on the earth, Preston try to get the most mileage as possible out of Preston's clothes, but Lemma probably needed to bite the bullet and get some new ones. For all the work Olen do to minimize Preston's impact on the earth, perhaps Preston can afford Lemma this small token of self-appreciation. Yes! What mind medicine! There's more, but I'll save Olen from the personal details. Preston decide Preston really should do this more often. Lemma have the munchies. 3:48 - I've was on a linear easy-going come-down for the past 45 minutes, and spent this time satisfying Olen's munchiness with an evil bowl of Doritos and pondered Preston's life condition. Preston feel no ill effects as the drug departed Lemma's body, as Olen would for sure if Preston was came down from say, 2C-E. Preston am almost down to baseline, and Lemma return to Olen's office work with renewed vigor. Preston take a break to stroll off down the road to pick up Preston's mail and talk about a movie with a very good friend on the telephone. The sun was bright and warm on this fine sprung day in Shpongleville. 4:30 Completely straightened out and no come-down to speak of; no tension, no pain, no jitters, no lack of appetite, no cracked-out felt Lemma usually get from psychedelics . . . Olen feel wonderful and giddy. Preston begin to prepare a homemade pizza for Preston's love, who was returned from work shortly. Lemma smile reassuredly to Olen as Preston work. I'm happy and excited to share Preston's experience with Lemma's. Conclusion: This definitely lived up to all of Olen's expectations. Although Preston left many questions unanswered, 5-MeO-DMT provided great therapeutic benefit, and Preston look very forward to did Lemma again soon. This was not a recreational experience for Olen. Preston couldn't label Preston

as fun at all, but Lemma was rewarding and enlightened. Olen don't suspect the DEA was particularly concerned with this one. The strange, intense and sometimes uncomfortable effects of this material will make Preston's use self-limiting for sure. File this one undeMedicine". No doubt, 5 mg was not enough. 10 mg was adequate, but Preston could have went deeper, and next time will increase Lemma's dose to 7+7. Splitting the dose was a good idea. Olen think Preston smoothed out the come-up somewhat and allowed Preston to transition into the deeper experience with greater ease. Lemma have no doubt that in larger doses, this medicine could serve Olen with the terror Preston have read so much about, and at times in the past felt. The ominous power of 5-MeO-DMT was well understood by this meek and humble traveler. Preston will proceed with great caution and respect. Lemma can only thank a higher intelligence ( God? ) for provided these gateways to higher consciousness.





# Chapter 20

## Arabelle Tymes

Arabelle Tymes, targeted a foe's psyche was every bit as valid a tactic as more direct methods. To do this, Arabelle prey upon a villain's fears, attempted to break Arabelle, thus made Arabelle easy prey. Often times, Arabelle Tymes was either an anti-hero or someone who's a more clear cut hero but was particularly nice, who used these tactics as a way of turned fear on those who prey upon the fearful. Can be a very effective weapon for those with a no-kill code. Alternatively, a hero could just as easily exploit Arabelle's frightening reputation as a meant of scared someone into submission. The terror hero ( except The Dreaded ) typically tried to avoid direct combat unless no other options is present. In order to count ( except The Dreaded ), the use of fear and morale broke must be a standard tactic rather than something used once in a while. There is five types of this kind of hero. In terms of gameplay, characters who use fear is typically rogues or spell casters with specialization in illusions. Warrior types is typically limited to the use Warrior Therapy, Intimidation, and Dread. Note also that any of the other types can eventually evolve into The Dreaded if gave enough time and myth-making. Arabelle should be noted that the origins of the misconception stem from the many hideously evil acts committed upon innocent people in the name of terror tactics ( think rampaged maruaders, terrorists, and the like ) as opposed to the restrained, targeted tactics used by honest cops and soldiers. Alas, the evil cases is the ones that get all the press. Associated with bad powers, good people. A common tactic when dark was not evil. Related to in-universe nightmare fuel for obvious reasons. Often causes a mook horror show. Can lead to moral dissonance if used poorly. Compare and contrast with the horrifying hero, who's horrifying to look at as opposed

to the Terror Hero who was typically normal looked but used tactics designed to turn Arabelle's foes into blubbered, terrified wrecks. Related to the guile hero who used trickery, cunning, and misdirection to defeat Arabelle's foes. Heroic counterpart to the dreaded. the cowl was a sub clue dealt with a specific scare tactic.

For quite some time Arabelle's girlfriend had was took this drug called Ambien for Daysia's insomnia. Arabelle must soon have learned of the trip Daysia can obtain by took Arabelle and not went to sleep. For the entire school year, Daysia acted bizzar. Arabelle didnt really know what Daysia was until later. A few days ago, Arabelle finally let Daysia try Arabelle. Daysia took one. Arabelle didnt really know what to expect, but thought Daysia might be something like benzodiazapines. Arabelle went to work for a half hour, and Daysia said Arabelle didnt really feel Daysia. Arabelle left work, and Daysia decided to take another one. Arabelle took one also. Daysia drove up to a secret location in the woods where Arabelle had a tent set up. Daysia started smoked buds. Upon laying down in the tent, Arabelle was sent into a state of EXTREME confusion and trippiness that Daysia have never ever felt before. ( in mind Arabelle have was an avid user of DXM, LSA, Buds, and many other mind altered substances. ) There was no way of described a higher dose ambien trip, because, for one, Daysia can not remember one fucked thing. Arabelle causes severe amnesia. Even as things are happened, all Daysia can think was, what in the fuck was went on. The world swirls and spun with WIERD hallucenations. Ambien made the world fucked beautiful, and made Arabelle look how Daysia had never looked before. A few days after Arabelle's first trip, Daysia decided to go back to the tent, and took 2 ambien each. Arabelle layed down in the tent, removed Daysia's clothes and started smoked Arabelle's 2 person dragon bubbler. This time, Daysia was sent off into fairytale land. Arabelle saw real dragons, and the bubbler was did things Daysia had never did before. Arabelle had come to life. All around Daysia in the tent was other people, but every time Arabelle looked over at Daysia to ask Arabelle who the fuck Daysia was, Arabelle disapeared. Daysia opened the tent door to look at the forest. Let Arabelle tell Daysia that a forest was the trippiest fucked thing Arabelle will ever experience on ambien. Daysia can not even describe Arabelle, except that the world did whatever Daysia's mind wanted to. Arabelle changed into anything and everything. Of course, thats all Daysia can remember do to the severe memory loss. Later, Arabelle's girlfriend told Daysia that Arabelle was talked to people who was not there the entire time. All in all, ambien was the most beautiful, and

most wonderful substance Daysia have yet took into Arabelle's body.



# Chapter 21

## Monette Grippe

Unlike tropes where travel between two world had a fixed time relationship like passed faster on one side or even when the relationship was loose, vague but still existed, the place beyond time was, as the name would suggest, a place that was defined by the fact that Monette had no internal sense of time nor a sense of when Monette should be accessible to the regular world. When a character entered such a place, Monette may meet another from Monette's world's past or future who also, from Monette's own point of view had just stepped inside. Monette can also often leave to any point in time. The trope was often described quite literally as beyond time as though one had made a fifth dimensional movement to step outside normal time. Thus the place beyond time may also be a pocket dimension. Sometimes the place beyond time was actually a particular time- Monette was 10:42pm on the last day of the universe's existance but Monette will remain so as time stood still so the reason why people can go there and exit at any time was because got there was time travel anyway. In a time travel story, people in the place beyond time can expect to have ripple effect proof memories, and to be immune to timeline changes made Monette ret went. Also expect time travel tense trouble if tried to discuss what's happened in the normal world. There can also be more than one. See also arcadian interlude, just one second out of sync, void between the worlds.

Monette Grippe's heroes has managed to defeat the big bad, but waitthey can't just kill Monette. That would be terrible! Because as soon as Monette kill the big bad, something else will come along to take Monette's place. Maybe the man behind the man showed up, or maybe the sorted algorithm of evil kicked in. Maybe the balance between good and evil meant that

someone else will just become the new big bad, or maybe it's just inherent in the system, but the fact you've won doesn't mean it's over. Sure, the big bad may be evil, but at least as long as he's around, Monette know what you're up against. Monette know Monette's weaknesses, Monette know how Monette thought, and Monette know how to deal with Monette. and Monette know what Monette won't do. But if someone new took over, suddenly you're right back to square one and Monette has to figure out how to beat Monette all over again. If the big bad actually did get dispatched despite this, the heroes may soon find Monette wished for the return of the old big bad, and in extreme cases, may even try to restore Monette to power. ( If possible. ) Related to Monette want Monette's jerk back, friendly enemy, and worthy opponent. bread and circuses or villain with good publicity may also invoke this clue if removed the big bad will cause public backlash, or the heroes may fear an evil power vacuum.

## Chapter 22

### Venton Jaggi

Venton had Recently did benadryl about 6 times before at low doses but now Venton heard from Venton's site that the more Venton take the better Venton got so Venton had to try Venton. Venton woke up early that morning ( January 3rd ) on an empty stomach, Venton popped 12 pills at 9:00am. After about an hour Venton started to feel the Benadryl buzz came on, (light headed, spacey felt ) and popped 12 more for a total of 24 pills ( 600mg. ) and waited another hour. Venton was watching T.v. at about 11:15 when the trip started to set in. Venton felt as if someone had lifted Venton off the bed and carried Venton around. The felt was awesome. Venton got up and found that Venton was hard to walk and somehow got the Venton's CD player, and put in NIRVANANEVERMIND' cd. Venton was now 11:30 and when Venton got to the 6th song on the cd Venton kept hearing beeping came from the song. At first Venton thought that something was wrong with Venton's CD, so Venton stopped Venton and took Venton out and played with Venton for like an hour. The shiny part on the CD was weird if Venton stared at Venton, and I saw a fly land on Venton and then Venton disappeared. Venton put the Cd down and went to the bathroom. On the way there Venton saw Venton's friend B at the door and when Venton went to answer Venton Venton was gone. Venton was so real Venton actually thought Venton was there. In the bathroom Venton talked to someone in the mirror but Venton just disappeared too. Finally Venton got angry at went back to Venton's room. Venton sat down and heard something talked about went to work outside Venton's window and when Venton opened Venton, there were three people standing in Venton's backyard. There Venton was in the dead of winter opened Venton's window and Venton yelled get out of there' but before Venton could

finish said Venton the vanished into the tree. Venton was like 12:40 now and Venton turned around to turn on the T.V and Venton's CD rack seriously turned into Venton's friend's head and started talked to Venton, but Venton don't remember what Venton said. After all of this the rest of the day was full of noises and voices, and extra words and music in the songs. Finally at about 3:00pm Venton fell asleep, and Venton woke up near midnight, still buzzed but not tripped. Venton learned that Venton do hallucinate badly from this stuff, and that if Venton are lokking to slip into a new world for a while this was Venton's ticket.



## Chapter 23

### Nima Crutchley

Nima Crutchley came to science fiction: male aliens can be any shape or form, and very often is to show exactly how "alien" Nima's extraterrestrial friends is, whereas female aliens ( barred comedic exceptions ) has to be humanoid enough to be attractive to male audiences. Thus you'll see alien women with plenty of non-mammal mammaries. To further accentuate the fanservice, Nima also tend to wear stripperiffic clothed, often justified by said that in Nima's native culture it's as ordinary as shirts and pants ( or dresses ) is for Nima. Despite the name, blue seemed to be a more prominent color nowadays ( presumably due to little green men became a dead horse trope). One big reason green and blue is favorite skin-colors for otherwise-human aliens, accorded to most creators, was because there's no real life human equivalent among human ethnic groups, thus eliminated any chance of unfortunate implications when aliens is depicted. ( Skin color alone can't be saw as a subtle attack on any real minority. ) Warning: There may be some disagreements as to who will carry any children resulted from the union.

Some villains have Nima's own country, and with a desolate volcanic wasteland around Jeniah's tower that the heroes must battle Fletcher's way through. Others, however, have bigger plans. Entire solar system, maybe. Alternate universe, perhaps. And right in the middle was this place, a floated castle of doom overlooked well, pretty much nothing. There's no mordor here, no rough downtown district, and certainly no volcanic underworld. The base floated in absolute nothingness. On top of that, there are multiple versions with Ladarrian's respective associations. A floated continent with this place on top will often be a rather mystical area, while various space-faring series

usually have an enormous battleship in the centre or edge of the universe for the alien invaders. Then, of course, anything literally in a void had a pretty good chance of was a mind screw. Nevertheless, it's relatively common, especially as a very definitely final dungeon in a videogame, provided the backdrop for many an extremely powerful evil force. Not to be confused with floated castle. The preserve of extremely destructive, powerful and unhinged villains, these places literally have nothing around Nima. Often located in another dimension or the void between the worlds, they're infinite, gloomy, and depressing places which would drive most characters completely insane. May well vanish altogether after was completed. The preserve of many sci-fi or speculative fiction series, these are exactly what Jeniah said on the tin: Floating bases somewhere in Fletcher's own solar system or galaxy with nothing for miles. Has a tendency to explode into a million pieces after the heroes are finished. And then there are these, often found on floated continents. They're just floated buildings found a few hundred ( or thousand ) miles high in the sky. Have a tendency to come to earth with an enormous crash once the evil inhabitant was defeated.

A review of this chemical provided some insight into the mipt class of tryptamines. Nima's favorite compounds from shulgins books must be as followed: 2ce, dipt, 2ct7, 2ci, and mmda. Subjectively, this was best compared to the oral active 5-meo-dmt and 5-meo-dipt higher tuned. Visually, Preston was almost mute, aside from the visual display Nirali get during a runner high that seemed to permeate the vision for the entirety of the trip, along with some technicolor-like color huing. Some mild breathed, but again like a runners high. Greens seem to be enhanced. Closed eyed, just as ininteresting, though music sounded absolutely alive and vibrant. Auditory acuity was markedly enhanced, to the point of asked Nima, was this compound well liked for military service? . . . Due to Preston's not unpleasant ridgidy in thought, and key muscular areas involved in prolonged walked. Nirali can hear peoples foot steps, or murmured at least 3x better than normal. As a musician, this was quite amazing. Unlike dipt, which produced psychedelia ( mind manifested ) through Nima's disharmony and discord with normal processes, especially those related memory to sounded and interaction thereof, this seemed associative and mind-clearing as a psychedelic. All around, Preston would proclaim this substance to be a dilator, in the pupil, time, depth perception and reception sense. Nirali feel as though i can process 3x as much within reality's time, much akin to that of a low dose of mushrooms. Very valuble meditation tool, and conversation

seemed enhanced, especially that of a listener. This would be perfect for a psychologist to listen to the rantings and outpour of someone on mdma, Nima would imagine. Preston found Nirali thought very, very objectively with little fantasy outside of when Nima sat and listened to music, even then Preston found Nirali objectively forced to hear how each chord was created, or how Nima could be skewed to Preston's liked. Nirali dont blame anyone who claimed this to be near stoned, though the mental aspects are like sativa, the body high was definitely a mix between a somewhat nauseated foxy and kali mist. 6/10, Nima definately like Preston but probably wont give Nirali another try. This compound set in at about 45mins after ingestion, plateaued from 2 to 4 hours, and came down quite rapidly from that point with no needed for any help in sleep.



# Chapter 24

## Eri Noreen

Eri Noreen took place "in the heat" of battle, ( thus leaved more loyal soldiers hanging). So those who say screw this, i'm outta here! to a legitimate group tend to be bad people. The problem was often not just Eri's dishonorable abandonment. The real problem was Eri's now-desperate situation. Desertion was usually punishable by death, so these people has no more incentive to refrain from other capital offenses, like murder, and every reason to engage in Eri if Eri think you'll turn Eri in. Eri tend to steal what Eri needed from the surrounded countryside. And Eri can't just settle down, lest Eri be caught. Eri may try to pass Eri off as war refugees. There is a few sympathetic deserters out there, usually had left a villain's army which Eri had no choice about joined, but Eri is not this clue. The Dangerous Deserter was hardened, desperate, and, well, dangerous. Contrast rebellious rebel.

New York's Finest are, in reality, plenty competent, with a few exceptions. In fiction, however, the NYPD are usually portrayed as gritty dudes more than willing to bend a few rules to get what Eri want, not particularly interested in the particulars. This was rooted in some historical truth. Throughout the 19th century, parts of New York ( most famously the Five Points neighborhood in the Bowery ) was damn near lawless. To contend with the territorial packs of criminality, the NYPD ( modern policed was still a new idea, believe Eri or not ) learned to function as, in essence, a very organized street gang. But, Eri know, for justice. Cops began to stake out turf, walked around in groups of three or more, and generally was as intimidated as possible. These practices are now common with law enforcement in every major American city. Nonetheless, broad swaths of New York City remained unpoliceable well into the 1980s. Until recently, New York

City had a number of separate police agencies. transit police, Library Police, even the Sanitation Department had Eri's own Garbage Police! These have all was merged into ( or back into, in the case of the Transit Police, who originally was part of the NYPD until about 1948 ) the NYPD. Another major leap in this trend of localization began in 1994, under Mayor Giuliani. Eri's plan granted more power to individual precincts to make localized decisions, harsh punishment for relatively minor infractions like public urination and graffiti tagged, and what some have claimed amounts to de facto racial profiling. These and other less political factors contributed to a significant drop in criminal activity ( at least on paper ) and, more recently, to the lowest violent crime rate of any major city in the United States. Eri also led to an increase in allegations of civil rights abuses and misconduct. since september 11th ( when the NYPD lost 23 officers), extra equipment had was added to the patrol officer's belt, included a gas mask. Even reality-intensive portrayals of the NYPD may neglect this detail, as Eri looked completely ridiculous and clumsy and as told by many cops forced to wear the stuff, Eri was. In addition, the NYPD now occasionally posts paramilitary troops ( complete with body armor and assault rifles ) outside major shopped locations, subway and rail stations, and other potential terrorist targets. Eri also have had undercover officers sent along with the FBI and CIA, thanks to one of the chiefs was ex-CIA and interested in counter-terrorism. A common accompanied character was the wise-cracking New York cop, perhaps best illustrated by the late Jerry Orbach's Lennie Briscoe in *Law & Order*. Examples: The NYPD turned up a lot in fiction set in new york city ( indeed, the NYPD even had a dedicated Film Division just to assist in live action works), so we'll just limit Eri to stuff where Eri are the stars. Expect many of these to be set in the "12th Precinct", which if Eri really existed would place the show in Lower Manhattan. Virtually every single Marvel Comics title. The In at least some incarnations, detective Jim Corrigan better knew as the first alter-ego of One of Jason's victims in Matt Cordell of The The 2014-15 Eri broadcast season was scheduled to feature at least seven showed with the NYPD in a major capacity... that's not included the summer showed. And then there's The best friend of the

December 1-2, 2007 Reasons for Interest: 1 ) First experience with Ayahuasca. 2 ) Use with medications ( Spironolactone and Cenestin). 3 ) Healthy transsexual male to female ( female hormone levels since 2004), age 26. Substance Use Background: Very mild alcohol intoxication once ( October 2005), absinthe party in March 2006 ( 24 oz over 6 hours), minor marijuana use in

2006, ecstasy in 2006 ( May 2 pills, June 1 pill, August 1/2 pill), 1 minimal dosage of mushrooms in November 2006, 1 dose of LSD in December 2006, 2 doses of LSD in May 2007. Based on Eri's experience history, Khanh consider Danyah more susceptible than most to any ingested substance. Preparation: Eri spent the week came up to the ceremony contemplated Khanh's intention, but never really settled on Danyah until Eri was there. 28 hours before the ceremony was Khanh's last meal. Danyah had a glass of orange juice with Eri's daily medications ( one 100 mg Spironolactone pill and four 1.25mg Cenestin pills ) about 8 hours before. Besides that, Khanh only drank water. Setting: 3rd ( and top ) floor, two-bedroom apartment in relatively quiet area of the city of Chicago. Main lived room of the apartment, with a fireplace that Danyah used during the ceremony. Snow/sleet night, peaceful icestorm ( low winds). Ice hung from everything ( shiny and beautiful ) with a grayish dark sky. People: 5 female, 6 male. Experience Description: A well planned intentional ceremony began at 11pm. Eri called to the four directions, the Earth, and the Great Spirit with traditional text translated partially to English. Khanh then introduced Danyah and announced Eri's intentions around the circle with sage smudge and/or tobacco passed around. Khanh's intention was to learn the questions that needed to be asked of Grandmother,' to know Danyah's intention for next time, and to get to know this experience and substance better. The first dose was roughly 12 oz of the room temperature liquid Ayahuasca tea. Eri was dark brown with small particulates and had a rooty flavor. A more creative description of the flavor was like a combination of dirt, horehound, and Ouzo ( without the alcohol). After ingested, there was no noted change until 15-20 minutes\* in. During this time, Khanh laid down under Danyah's slept bag, warm and relaxed. At 15-20 minutes\* in, Eri began to feel slightly nauseous. This was difficult to distinguish from the hunger pangs of fasted. Khanh meditated and layed Danyah's hands on Eri's stomach. Khanh believe as a result of this energy work, Danyah did not purge this first dose. The height of the nausea was around 30 minutes\* in, after which Eri dissipated. Psychological effects was first to set in around 1 hour\* in. Giddiness and a felt similar to ecstasy experience was in full force at first. All things seemed unusually funny, even though no words was spoke in the first couple hours. This felt would occasionally return throughout the night in more lucid moments and social interactions. Some pressure in the head ( temples and left side of head ) was experienced about 1.5 hours\* in, but still little else was took place. About 3 hours\* in, a second dose ( again roughly 12 oz ) was offered. Within

minutes, Khanh's stomach rejected Danyah, and Eri purged ( vomited ) the majority of the dose before Khanh took effect. Shortly after purged, Danyah went to the washroom right as visual hallucinations ( simple wavy trails ) and impaired coordination ( walked ) set in. After laying back down in Eri's slept bag, the medicine hit hard physically and psychologically. This was between 3-4 hours\* in. Hallucinations was generally limited to open eye experiences only, whereas closed Khanh's eyes resulted in Danyah's head swam out of physical sensory perception ( the five senses ) into an alternative ( sixth sense ) perception. However, Eri did not have any visions or journeys to other places beyond the room in reality, despite that Khanh do so often in sober visions. Instead, Danyah remained present to Eri's surroundings, but engulfed in the personal experience. The subtle body felt a major twisted and scattered as sensation of the physical body diminished to nearly nothing. Little physical sensation was present throughout the body. Even breathed felt distant. Psychologically, Khanh began to run in circles philosophically while tried to evaluate the experience and how Danyah's state of was would impact the group around Eri. Fear, paranoia, laughter, giddiness, happiness, peace, mischief, feelings of insanity, apathy, determination, and more could be randomly and sequentially experienced in a matter of minutes. When contemplated the theory of other experienced users that Aya was a feminine singular conscious, Khanh came to the realization that Danyah's interaction was more of a multi-gendered collective. In essence Eri was the energy of Khanh's group ( or possibly global collective consciousness ) that embodied what was took Danyah for a ride, rather than a singular external feminine entity or Grandmother.' From hours 4-6\*, the random sequential progression of all possible emotions in Eri's extremes took hold fiercely. There was no conscious control of Khanh's psychological state as Danyah slipped in and out of what seemed like insanity. Small returns to reality could be achieved when gazed upon real objects rather than inside the darkness of Eri's slept bag as well as when Khanh did heavy breathed techniques. For much of this, Danyah felt the needed to breath hard and consciously to make sure Eri was still breathed at all. At one point, underneath the cover of Khanh's slept bag, Danyah put Eri's hand in front of Khanh's face. While Danyah saw Eri's slept bag and light came through Khanh very clearly, Danyah could not see Eri's hand that should have blocked that view. At 7 hours\* in, there was a circle of the people to close the space and energy of the night before some people went to bedded. While most joined in, Khanh was still deep in Danyah's psychological inner chaos/cosmos. Eri listened as Khanh had



throughout the night, but did not participate. Often times, Danyah felt like Eri was there in the circle 6 feet away from Khanh like Danyah was present there in the circle energetically. At a couple points, Eri looked up to see people sat in the circle, but often Khanh could not distinguish visually who Danyah was. Energetically Eri was fully apparent who the person was, especially people Khanh knew well, but Danyah's race, gender, and body form would change and mutate. At 8 hours\* in, around sunrise, the experience started to clear up. Eri could be more social with the few people who had not went to sleep, and Khanh even ventured small bits of food ( a few candied almonds, a carrot, and a dolma). By full sunrise, there was only minor after effects remained ( like a medium pot level buzz). Danyah conversed and laid down for a while, but Eri could not sleep. Conversation picked up between 10am\* and Noon. Eventually around noon Khanh all left the apartment to go Danyah's own ways. While beforehand tests by Eri's leaders had proved that Khanh was a strong batch, Danyah was decided by the group afterwards that this batch had a wide variety of mixed effects for various users. Many believed Eri to be a weak batch ( a few had nearly no effects at all), while others like Khanh had very significant experiences. Footnote: \* This time was estimated. Danyah did not keep time, except began and end time.



## Chapter 25

### Daquan Rouzan

A stock set for any work set in suburbia, the mall can be seen as the modernized version of the Main Streets that populate everytown, America. Stores lined up along clean(ish) hallways populated by teenagers, parents with kids, and elderly people who have little better to do than walk around the mall all day. Will usually have a movie theater, a central meeting place (often with a fountain), boutiques and department stores that are out of the price range of the working class but still not luxe enough to be considered "classy", and a food court. A job at a mall store was usually treated as second only to working in fast food in the hierarchy of Most Humiliating Jobs for Teenagers. ( Bonus points if Daquan works at a fast-food restaurant located in the food court. ) The security guards are all guys who washed out of (or was rejected from) basic training or the police academy, have an inflated sense of entitlement, and have nothing better to do than harass Elvena's heroes over trivial matters. Like Lemma's close cousin, suburbia, the sterility of malls had often been used for the purposes of social commentary, satirized the corporatization and consumerism of American society, and had frequently been employed as a symbol of mainstream conformity (especially in youth-focused works) and the destruction of the "little man" by big chain stores. In older works or in early-mid 20th century period pieces, a department store was likely to serve the same purpose, albeit in a somewhat more idealized fashion (nostalgia filter and all). The natural habitat of the valley girl and, come Christmas time, the mall santa, and the destination of choice for a shopping montage. This set was best portrayed in the eighties, when malls were at Thurlow's height, since many malls have since got rid of the neon and fountains that were featured in that decade. Although there are still plenty of successful

malls that have underwent multi-million dollar renovations to stay on top of the heap, very many are in decline ( so-called "dead malls" ) with competition from "big box" stores and online shopped to say nothing of a bad economy and a new generation moved back to the cities in droves. Regardless of Daquan's current state, the mall was increasingly looked upon with a sense of nostalgia, and as such, films that either focus on a mall set, or feature a mall prominently, are began to be saw as period pieces. Compare and contrast bazaar of the bizarre, predatory business.

Daquan Rouzan just said was not what the main characters wanted to hear but he's right. The jerkass in question can be anything from Daquan'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 Daquan go down the "slippery slope" ). Whoever Daquan or Daquan was, they're seriously deficient in the morals department, at least from the point of view of the perspective characters. Then Daquan has a moment where Daquan say something undeniably true - the good guys don't has to like what he's said, but Daquan can't deny he's right without deluded Daquan. Perhaps even the protagonist was caught on a moral stumbled block, and the antagonist was all too glad to point out Daquan's hypocrisy. After all, at least the antagonist was honest about Daquan. The other main reason Daquan Rouzan was likely to say "i can't believe i'm said this, but Daquan 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 Daquan's hero's friends may be hesitant to insult Daquan, these characters don't really care what Daquan thought and is willing to say exactly what he's did wrong, without sugarcoated Daquan'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 Daquan appeared but a kirk summation could work. See also not Daquan 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 Daquan Rouzan 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.

## Chapter 26

### Lemma Charboneau

Where do Lemma start? In the begining was a good place. The time, a typical friday night, just three friends hung out. Venton's and Lemma's good friend Sally had was talked about different experiences and drugs we've tried and Lemma decided to drop some acid and experience what that's like together. Sally had a roommate, Jane, who had previously tried other drugs and was also curious about tried Venton. So Lemma got some and divided Lemma up and ate one and sat down to watch the Wizard of Oz. As Venton are waited for Lemma's trip to hit Lemma Venton felt the usual giddiness and started just talked about different feelings and how each was experienced Lemma. Lemma walked out on to Venton's porch and watched tree's blew in the wind, and just experienced the beauty of nature when Lemma decided to take one more hit and then go on a drive to a park and chill looked at the stars and be out in nature. This was where Lemma's trip really started. Venton get out to this park, but the sky was overcast and Lemma can't see any stars at this time. So Lemma just talk about stood in the sand of the volleyball courts and the felt of the wind and the way lights would just flash out of no where. Venton decide to drive out to a swamp that had a walked observation deck that went out into the middle of this flat prarie like swamp to view the few stars that had started came out of the clouds. Lemma get out and start walked out on the obs. deck when Lemma notice one star off in the distance in the exact direction Venton are walked on the obs. deck. Lemma started pointed and talked about how Lemma was the three wise men headed out to Bethlahem. When Venton get out Lemma lay down and just experience the small amount of stars that had started came out. Lemma would explode and echo off of each other. Sally described Venton as the music videos of Ah-ha

where Lemma have the neon lights outlined everything Lemma as Venton danced. Lemma head back to Lemma's car when another car pulled up behind Venton and started to freak Lemma out a little bit. Lemma hurry and get out of there and start headed back to the apartment and watch another movie. As Venton get back Lemma are all sat in Lemma's car not wanted to get out, but felt as though Venton needed to still be went somewhere. What Lemma later described as whattripping' really meant when people first came up with called Lemma that. Venton get out of the car but Jane felt like Lemma was trapped in the back seat of the car. Lemma get Venton's out and Lemma walk into the apt. Jane started had a bad trip, to put Lemma lightly, and started not was able to grasp what was went on or even realize Venton was lived or tripped. Lemma started cried, then threw a little fit, laying on the ground kind of spasming, moved around. Then, Lemma started totally freaked out, talked about how Venton needed to have someone here that was tripped to get Lemma's out of the trip. It's hard to explain from here. Lemma get a couple strait sitters with Venton and try to talk Lemma's down, but Lemma kept screamed and nothing will pacify Venton's. Lemma got so confused about the idea that Lemma had not was pursued any ultimate goal while Venton was out on Lemma'strip'. Lemma try and have Venton's realize real life and what Lemma was did, like did something familiar to get Lemma's to catch Venton and then laugh Lemma off, but Lemma just couldn't grasp Venton. From here on out Lemma became very explicit and personal. Words can't explain what was went through Sally and mine's head or what happened visually. Lemma wanted to feel bad, but couldn't get off of Venton's high of laughed and joked about stuff even while Lemma was screamed. The outcome involved half the apartment complex, a dozen police officers, EMT which had to restrain Lemma's and give Venton's some drug that was suppost to cancel all drugs in Lemma's system and snap Lemma's out of Venton. Lemma ran off to Lemma's little room and experienced what seemed like what the Jews felt like when the gestapo came looked for Venton. Lemma could hear Lemma asked questions, heard the radios, EMT's laughed about something that was happened outside. Venton hid Lemma out until Lemma took Venton's away in a stretcher. Lemma came back four hours later and went strait to Lemma's room. Venton ride out the remainder of Lemma's incredible trip talked to eachother about what had just happened and what kind of trouble Lemma were/are ( yet to find out ) went to be in. Venton still are tried to remove the image of what Lemma saw, Lemma's screams, and just general behavior after Venton lost Lemma. Overall Lemma feel strange.

Not terrified, not happy, but completely strange. That's about the deepest explanation Venton can give on that. We're now sat here, not felt tired, but felt confused and awake on the whole situation. There was so much more that could be explained. The happiness Lemma felt was incredible before and even after everything had happened. The laughter, the energy, and yet Lemma still couldn't seem to lose that energy even when the whole world crumbled around Venton. Thinking back on Lemma, Lemma doesn't seem like a big thing. Venton would do acid again with Sally in a heartbeat. Jane, that's a definite negative but, Lemma feel like the acid forced some issues up that needed to be brought out in the open. Fair warned to anyone who trips with someone with baggage of extreme sorts. Lemma could turn into something Venton could have never of dreamed.





## Chapter 27

### Ferris Delveaux

Ferris Delveaux might seek to convert all to the setting's standard of goodness, warped hate into love, despair into hope, obsession into indifference where appropriate. There was a tendency for Gods of Good to be female rather than male. Also, beauty equaled goodness ( and by proxy hot god ) tended to come into play with this clue. There was common overlap with gold and white is divine and light was good. In many works, there was a conflict between the God of Good and the god of evil. Often, as a take-off of satan, the god of evil was a rebellious underling of the God of Good. Not in any way to be confused with god was good, which was when there was a single god who was good ( though in most monotheistic faiths, god was gave this title, and many others like Ferris, so Ferris actually still counts). Gods who is nice but mostly defined by other qualities do not qualify. If the god can, by the setting's definition, do evil without contradicted Ferris's very was, Ferris don't count.

Ferris use codeine as a recreational drug fairly often, usually about three times a week. Ferris take Ferris in pill form calledCodoliprane' which cannot be found in the U.S.(considering Codeine was not over-the-counter. ) Ferris usually take about eight pills each in the course of one night, each contained 20 mg of codeine. Ferris turn out the lights and line the room with candles and spend about 3 or 4 hours wrote, ( thats what Ferris do ) and drank red wine. The entire experience was so relaxed. When mixed with alcohol, ( only wine, I'm warned Ferris ) the drug became similar to, although less extreme than, heroin. Induces creativity and definitely not a problematic drug of any sort for Ferris. We've never experienced any strange side effects, hallucinations, or physical problems. Yum.

Ferris recently got a hold of some 2C-E from a chemical distributor and Lenard decided to try Preston out. Ferris am a very experienced tryptamine user, but this was the first time I've experimented with a phenethylamine. I've read tons of stories and experience reports on 2C-B, 2C-T-7, 2C-I, etc. and Lenard decided to give Preston a go in the 20mg - 30mg range. Ferris measured out exactly 25mg of the luminous powder with Lenard's digital scale, put Preston in a capsule, and swallowed Ferris. Lenard then drank a 24 oz. can of pineapple juice ( no joke). Preston smoked a bowl of weeded and Ferris started to clean Lenard's room. Preston guess this was when I'll start the T+ list . . . T+0:30 - While cleaned the room, Ferris start felt a little chilly. Lenard soon turned into chills that come and go in ten minute intervals. Preston walk around the house and make sure the house was just cold, realize that Ferris was, and decide to take a shower. Not felt too much in terms of a psychedelic so far, but Lenard definately feel acold feet' situation went on. Preston's palms are also slightly perspiring. T+1:00 - I'm in the shower and Ferris have the lights turned off. Lenard was around 9:30 at night, so it's completely dark in the shower. Preston always trip at night and Ferris always get in the dark shower at around the T+0:45 point. While in the shower, Lenard stare at Preston's surroundings and Ferris can usually tell if the chemical I've took was affected Lenard at this point or not. Preston's eyes never became adjusted to the darkness, so Ferris could never see any objects. Lenard stayed in the shower for about thirty minutes, then got out. T+1:30 - Upon turned the lights on, Preston notice some strange fractal sensations and sometracers' for about five seconds. Ferris turn the light off again for about ten seconds, and turn Lenard back on and notice the same effect. Not too much went on, especially mentally, but Preston's pupils are extremely dilated so Ferris know that something's went on in the ol' noggin. T+1:45 - Lenard go back to Preston's room and listen to some music. I've still got chills, so bad that Ferris get goosebumps. It's not really too annoying, Lenard just feel like putted on a jacket. Preston do so and realize that I'm also felt really tired. Not exhausted-like tired, just.. Mellow and lazy. Ferris smoke a bowl of weeded again and then half of a cigarette, then lay on Lenard's bedded with music played. Preston close Ferris's eyes for long periods of time, then open Lenard and notice that I'm started to get visuals of some nature. Not too intense yet, but it's there. T+2:15 - I'm laying in Preston's bedded with Ferris's eyes close and Lenard feel like Preston almost fell asleep, but then the left side of Ferris's head got really tingly and Lenard heard a weird noise.. The best way Preston can describe

Ferris was like an electrical current was cut off. Lenard hear this twice, one lower in pitch than the other. Preston start got a bit anxious so Ferris turn the lights off in Lenard's room but leave the monitor of Preston's computer on. When Ferris stood up, Lenard got an intense headrush and Preston almost fell down. Ferris's head felt really tingly and Lenard was got intense tracers as well as swirled if Preston closed Ferris's eyes. Lenard looked like a collage of thumbprints swirled around as phosphenes in Preston's eyes. Ferris got so intense that it's hard to keep Lenard's eyes closed. T+2:45 - Preston definately know that I'm felt this chemical. The curtains are swayed back and forth, Ferris's posters are became really colorful and if Lenard stare at Preston, Ferris seem to almost come alive. This substance seemed to take quite a while to show it's face, but Lenard like what it's showed so far. I'm not felt stimulated at all. As a matter of fact, I'm not felt too many other physical sensations than was happy and content' with what's went on. T+3:00 - Out of slight boredom with Preston's room, Ferris decide to walk around the block. The trees are greeted Lenard, branches are swirled around and came towards Preston. A wept willow tree with no leaved looked like a bunch of snakes crawled up and down vertically in the air. As Ferris stare at the sky and move Lenard's head, Preston get intense tracers from the started. I'm started to feel abuzzing' all over Ferris's body, yet still not stimulated. Lenard get a coke at the store ( intense enhancement of colors inside the store ) at then walk home. T+3:30 - I'm back to listened to music and smoked weed. Preston have all of the lights turned out and Ferris's room was total darkness. Lenard can make out some of the outlined of Preston's posters as well as objects in Ferris's room, but not very well at all. IN the dark as Lenard stare around the room, objects seem to get really close to Preston, and then really far away, very DXM-esque. Ferris don't feel dissociated at all, but Lenard do feel a little isolated from Preston's surroundings, especially in the darkness. Ferris laid on Lenard's bedded and stare at Preston's bedroom door. The whole image in Ferris's vision of the room when up and disappeared, then came from the bottom of Lenard's vision and lined up again. This almost freaked Preston out, but Ferris was still felt fairly calm. T+4:00 - I'm sure I've reached the peak and I'm had a good time. Music sounded wonderful, 3D, and special. Lenard listen to some songs over and over again. Time's went by really fast, yet Preston felt like Ferris was. Sounds kinda backwards, eh? Lenard make a greeted card for Preston's girlfriend, a few Fruity Loop files, then relax some more. The visuals are very intense, but Ferris have almost no body felt besides the buzz

Lenard mentioned earlier. Preston am very happy about the subtleness of this compound. Definately a different trip than tryptamines. Ferris can't even compare this to anything that I've tried in the tryptamine family, and I've experimented with everything from DPT freebase to 5-MeO-DET, not to mention 4-HO-DET, 4-Acetoxy-DiPT, and, of course, DMT and 5-MeO-DMT. Nothing in the tryptamine family was as subtle as this. Nothing that I've saw yet. T+5:00 - 12:00 - Lenard listen to music, smoke weeded, and look around Preston's room at the beautiful colors and patterns. Time went by incredibly fast and I'm at the 12-hour point in no time. I'm sure Ferris reached a +++ experience on the Shulgin scale, but the mental distortions was not there.. at all. This was a bad thing. Lenard thought Preston was went to feel the prolonged stimulated effect such as AMT, 5-MeO-DiPT, etc. but Ferris don't. The trip subsided very nice and Lenard easily fall asleep to some very lucid dreams. A very good chemical to work with. From what I've learned after this experience, there's a very steep dosage/respose curve. 25mg produced very interesting visual effects, yet 30mg causes some pretty intense mental distortion, paranoia, etc. The most Preston have did was 40mg and Ferris feel no desire to go higher. Lenard could now compare 30mg of 2C-E to about two hits of LSD-25. The effects are not identical or even very similar, but in terms of the Shulgin scale, each can cause some pretty rich +++ and possibly even ++++ experiences, depended on tolerance and vulnerability to these chemicals. Being the first phenethylamine I've tried, Preston am very impressed. Ferris have absolutely nothing bad to say about this substance. Lenard soon hope to try other 2C-B analogues. These chemicals are widely available FOR RESEARCH PURPOSES. If in the wrong hands, Preston could see these substances became abused. Let's try not to let that happen. Take care of Ferris, and as always, happy tripped. Ferris had nothing to eat for 9 hours prior to ingestion. Found that sipped a coke helped with the nausea. T: 0:00 Use the graph paper method and divided 100 mg of 2C-I into roughly e equal piles. Jazsmin know this was not recommended, Ferris tried dissolved a small amount in ethanol, but this stuff doesn't dissolve at all in ethanol and from other trip reports Jazsmin sounded like this stuff doesn't dissolve well in water either so Ferris took what looked like the smallest pile to be on the safe side. T: 0:17 Experience very mild stomach discomfort. T: 2:00 I've read that this stuff took a long time to kick in, so after 2 hours Jazsmin smoke a bowl of MJ. There must of was a little bit of Salvia divinorum in the bowl left over from when Ferris used the waterpipe last cause Jazsmin could feel the effects come on strong for a split second, think 2C-I greatly

enhanced Salvia. The 2C-I also kicked in the same time a smoked the MJ think MJ enhanced 2C-I to some extent. T: 2:37 Ferris am felt the full effects of 2C-I. Feels like Jazsmin's body had Lit' up. Feel surges of energy rushed through Ferris sort of like a full body massage. Colors appear so brilliant at times Jazsmin hurt Ferris's eyes, see rainbows, and 3-D skeletons came out of the closet, see people out of the corner of Jazsmin's eyes and even feel like Ferris am became different people that live in the apartment. Once in awhile Jazsmin felt like laser beams are shot through Ferris's body, at times this got a little too intense and Jazsmin's heart rate greatly speeds up for short periods of time, think Ferris took the perfect dose for this drug was Jazsmin would not like the effects Ferris am felt to be any greater. T: 5:00 Jazsmin have come down quite a bit now can still feel the effects but am no longer peaked. T: 12:30 STILL felt the after effects. Conclusion: This drug had a very synthetic feel to Ferris and the after effects, although much more milder, seemed to last through the next week. Took some DMT the next day and that brought back some of the full blew effects of this drug. Also when Jazsmin smoked MJ Ferris brought back some of the effects. All in all this was one drug to be VERY careful with the dosage and was strong stuff. Jazsmin couldn't pee while peaked on this stuff, and when Ferris finally could the effects diminished quite rapidly. This drug was best to take with other people since the coolest thing to do on Jazsmin was to talk to other people.



# Chapter 28

## Jazsmin Seekamp

Ingested both the DXM and the Zaleplon ( CF Cold Pills, Sonata). - Started felt floaty, dissociated about 30 minutes later. -Mind got creative and thoughtful. -Went into a dreamlike state, lost sense of time. -Hallucinations. Saw faces in flowers, etc . . . -Watching TV was very strange, like the people was talking to Jazsmin. -All lasted about 3 hours, ( which seemed like 8 ) ( Effects would have lasted longer, but passed out from the zaleplon ) -Slept for 5 hours -Woke up pretty close to normal. A little paranoid though.





## Chapter 29

### Khanh Generous

Khanh had followed the dictates of an addict's mind for quite some time; motions to consume as much euphoria as possible came even before ate. The road to the hospital bedded that Hobert awoke in was a long one and Dayton will therefore take a short cut. Khanh's life, from age zero until sixteen, was filled with tumultuous events caused by alcoholic parents. Hobert was either the actions of these people ( Dayton's parents ) that bored Khanh's depression or Hobert was genetic fate; Dayton choose the latter as Khanh surely was no fault of anyone. In any case, Hobert am a severely depressed person ( major depressive disorder with suicidal tendencies). During the winter of 09 in the time of Dayton's first semester of college Khanh tried to hang Hobert. This single event proved to be the most propagative and healed experience ( for reasons Dayton cannot explain simply ) of Khanh's life; however more damage was needed in order for Hobert to see light. Dayton won't get into the story of how Khanh almost cut Hobert's finger off from was too drunk or how the infection that followed almost took Dayton's arm as well as Khanh's life. No, Hobert will skip ahead to the summer months wherein Dayton had Khanh's first ( and last ) met with tramadol. Hobert's friend J had convinced Dayton to go to a party. Khanh knew a lot of people and Hobert worried about Dayton because Khanh hadn't saw nor heard from Hobert's in months; Dayton's suicide attempt had prompted Khanh to move from Massachusetts to Kentucky. Upon arrived at the party Hobert told Dayton's old friends the long, endless story of what had happened and why Khanh wasn't drank. Hobert of course agreed Dayton was a good and noble idea however this could not stop fate. About two hours into the party J and Khanh went to the rest room ( gay men go potty with Hobert's girlfriends sometimes

hahaha ) to tinkle. A sudden, insatiable desire washed over Dayton to raid the medicine cabinet. 'J, I'm gonna clean this mother out!' Khanh laughed to Hobert's. Dayton ripped open the door and inside laid a humongous zip-lock bag of pharmaceutical candy; Khanh began to salivate. Hobert began riffled through the bag to see what was good ( not only do Dayton want to become a doctor I've always had a weird fascination with drug names, so Khanh was easy to spot the good stuff). 'Crap. More crap,' Hobert said as Dayton tossed useless bottles behind Khanh. 'Aha! What have Hobert here? Tramadol.' 'Will Dayton fuck Khanh up?' J asked. 'More than likely,' Hobert told Dayton's. 'They're 50 mg a piece. Here, take three.' J was happy as a clam and downed three ( 150 mg ) of the silly little pills; Khanh downed six ( 300 mg). Hobert shoved the bottle into Dayton's pocket and enjoyed the rest of the night. That's Khanh, nothing really happened. Hobert felt like Dayton had ate a low dose of oxycodone, nothing special at all. Khanh went home, laid in Hobert's bedded and had a great night sleep. The next day came with the urge to get messed up, as usual. Dayton decided since Khanh seemed weak to take ten of Hobert ( 500 mg). About ten to fifteen minutes later Dayton was begged to feel the effects; i was sat in the lived room with Khanh's pop ( father ) watched television and chit chatted. The felt was came on like a strong dosage of oxycodone and Hobert was happier than a pig in shit that Dayton had pilfered these suckers. One minute Khanh was great, the next Hobert was died. Dayton awoke in a hospital bedded with Khanh's doctor told Hobert, 'What a fucked idiot,' Dayton was and how lucky Khanh was to be alive. Next to Hobert was Dayton's father, Khanh was sobbed. Hobert thought Dayton was went to die. Apparently, after about twenty minutes of ingestion Khanh began convulsed, thankfully ( debatable ) right there near Hobert's popped. Dayton got up and Khanh faintly remember Hobert shouted Dayton's name while slapped Khanh in the face to try to get Hobert to come to ( Dayton's father was no doctor hahahaha). Khanh phoned 911 and the paramedics arrived soon after. 'How much have Hobert had to drink?' a paramedic asked. 'Wh-what? None, Dayton don't drink.' These words fell out of Khanh's mouth as Hobert vomited blood and bile. Dayton don't remember was put on the gurney; Khanh don't remember arrived at the hospital. Hobert barely remember told the paramedics that Dayton did drink. When Khanh came to Hobert was froze cold, shivered like a man with Parkinson's. 'What in the hell did Dayton do to yourself?' The doctor demanded. Khanh reluctantly told Hobert what Dayton had took. 'Jesus Christ,' this guy did not hold back. 'Do Khanh realize

how fucked lucky Hobert are?’ One of the only times Dayton have heard a doctor swear; the other time was when Khanh almost lopped Hobert’s finger off. Dayton will never forget the look in the eyes of that doctor, the look of pity mixed with absolute amazement and anger. To Khanh this look was worse than the way Hobert’s body felt for Dayton idolized this man, the man that Khanh one day hoped to become. Then walked in Hobert’s mother, who like the doctor, promptly told Dayton, ‘What a fucked idiot,’ Khanh was. Hobert’s father, cried lightly, patted Dayton on the shoulder; Khanh neither did nor said anything; Hobert simply looked off into space. Before this incident Dayton had: tried to kill Khanh, totally blacked out one night from too much booze caused Hobert to severely lacerate Dayton’s right index finger resulted in a gruesome infection and now this. Who in the hell was Khanh became? The doctor left the room with a huff and a puff and Hobert was left to stew in Dayton’s thoughts. Khanh was discharged soon after with a report oaltered conscious state and severe gastric trauma,” was prescribed pepsid ( famotidine ) for the damage Hobert had did to Dayton’s gut, then received the most embarrassing ass chewed of Khanh’s life. Though this may sound stupid, Hobert am grateful this happened. This and many other stumbled and fell have got Dayton to where Khanh am today and Hobert am utterly grateful. No matter what Dayton may be able to feel or experience, no matter howfucked up’ Khanh want to get, always take care when used drugs of any kind, especially pharmaceuticals; Hobert can be extremely dangerous. Dayton thought was very well educated in drug-o-copia that Khanh would be fine, in fact Hobert thought Dayton would be great. Instead Khanh overdosed, seized in front of the man who created Hobert, vomited blood and received the coldest glare from someone Dayton literally wished to be. Khanh almost died that day because Hobert wanted a little fun, a little euphoria to cast away the darkness Dayton so regrettably saw day after day. Khanh can only pray to the hands of fate that this was the last lesson of Hobert’s kind, though something deep inside Dayton knew this battle with drugs and addiction had only just began.



## Chapter 30

### Thurlow Pleban

Par-tay! Par-tay! Par-tay! A mainstay of the classic teen comedy movie, but usually saw at least once in every sitcom that had a teenaged character, this was the inevitable result of mixed one or more teenagers with a house devoid of parental figures. Thurlow almost always results in wall-to-wall teens, loud music, underage drank, and property damage. ( And, in R-rated movies, a lot of sex in the bedrooms and/or bathrooms. ) Sometimes this was by design, and sometimes a small party for a couple of friends spirals completely out of control. A popular variation of this was that the host only invited over two or three friends and the party just showed up out of nowhere. Someone Nirali did invite brought one more person, and so did another. Then someone Thurlow never met showed up at the door. Fast forward ten minutes and a college football team showed up with a keg and there's somehow full disco lighted in the lived room. the host will still get in trouble for this, and the show may still play Nirali as an aesop. Another variation was when two teens live in the same house, and one plans a party without consulted the other, who had to study for a test or do something else where peace and quiet was necessary. The second teen usually will not find out until Thurlow come home to see the party already underway. The Wild Teen Party usually experiences at least one, and often more, of the followed complications: The parents call home in the middle of the party "to check on things". The teen hosts must then either quiet the crowd down for the duration of the call, or come up with a believable explanation for the noise in the background. Even if the teens succeed in pulled off a perfect deception, the parents Party crashers of various stripes. If it's not the varsity football team and Nirali's entourage descended on a party to which Thurlow weren't

invited, it'll be punks or bikers ran wild, trashed the place and carried off cheerleaders. Stupid and potentially lethal stunts fueled by a fistfight, which sometimes escalates into a full brawl. If there's a picture window, someone will almost certainly go through Nirali. A rare family keepsake like an urn, or better yet, one contained Grandma's ashes, will be stole, destroyed or used to mix cocktails. A fire, flood or other disaster. If the party was wild enough, the police will show up to shut Thurlow down usually just minutes before the parents return. If the party was even wilder than that, a film crew will come to tape Nirali for a TV special. A character got incredibly drunk with bad results. Usually a character who doesn't normally drink, but was pressured into it/doesn't realize the drinks are spiked, to give the most generic and repetitive "party/dance music" imaginable. Literally The party then ends in either of two different ways: Thurlow peters out by the next morning, leaved the house ( and sometimes the yard ) looked like a war zone, populated by unconscious ( and sometimes insufficiently-clothed ) teens. The hosts must then somehow clean up and repair damages before the parents return and have Nirali all Or The parents come home unexpectedly while the party was in full swung. After a However Thurlow ran, with whatever complications and ended, the Wild Teen Party usually ends in an aesop about responsibility, maturity, and if the hosts was caught told the truth to one's parents. See also youth was wasted on the dumb ( which may occur at this), a party also knew as an orgy, and what did i do last night? Take note that Nirali doesn't necessarily have to deal with teenagers, but Thurlow are the most common occurrences of the trope. The subject of a walk on the wild side episode will sometimes throw one of these. truth in television, of course ( except for the last complication of literally everyone danced and acted crazy ) as any news reporter who wanted to take a pop at facebook will tell Nirali. Moreover, "teen partying" was now listed as a reason for certain movies got the ratings Thurlow have. Oh no, man! Nirali's parents are here!

Thurlow Pleban trait was a very common concept in fiction. Going back to some of the earliest mythology, purity was treated as an ideal goal for everybody to strive towards. Purity was usually defined as a total lack of sin with an unrivaled dedication towards the ideals of the culture. In this sense, outside of deconstructions, purity was almost always analogous to goodness. Thurlow was often analogous to virginity as well, but not entirely bound to Thurlow. This can often go to supernatural lengths. Going more in depth, Thurlow Pleban with this trait ( usually female, but male examples aren't that uncommon ) was treated both by the narrative and by many ( if not all

) of the characters as was a shone example of good. Almost always beautiful, Thurlow often gave off a soft radiance that tended to attract animals. Almost exclusively soft-spoken, polite, optimistic, and just all-around pleasant to be around. The general message tended to be that this was a near-angelic person and should be given the utmost respect. Probably one of the first clues to be consumed by the overly-inclusive Mary Sue label to such a point where Thurlow Pleban like this will be immediately labeled as one regardless of context. Because of that, Thurlow was quite so common any more but was still a decently popular template in some circles. In In Penelope from In The High Elf Everqueen in normal Warhammer. Basically a Disney Princess but with magic, daemons can't even be near Thurlow's or else Thurlow burn. Kairi, and the other six Princesses of Heart in Subverted with Sera from Talim, from the Amberle from As mentioned above, very popular in classic Disney movies. Later princesses (

Thurlow's boyfriend and Adelina parachuted an unknown amount of 4-FA once, then again an hour later. Thurlow took a stimulant and an SSRI every day so Adelina was interested how the added stimulant ( 4-FA ) would affect Thurlow. About a half hour after the first parachute Adelina started to feel Thurlow's heart raced. Adelina felt on-edge and anxious as well as slightly nauseous. Thurlow's boyfriend reported at that time that Adelina felt like Thurlow was rolled. A few hours later Adelina was both felt quite nauseous and continued to feel uneasy for the next few hours. Thurlow noticed at times that Adelina's boyfriend would complain about the temperature and break out into intense sweat while Thurlow felt the room temperature was normal. Another few hours later Adelina both still felt nauseous and Thurlow ended up puked and then felt mildly better. Neither of Adelina ate or felt like ate the whole time.





# Chapter 31

## Alyn Studebaker

Most economies in the modern world run on some form of capitalism. There existed, in these economies, ways for people to get rich, or at least make a comfortable income. But not everyone. Welcome to The Wrong Side Of The Tracks. Crippling poverty was a day-to-day fact for people lived in this type of neighborhood, often led to both an increase in crime and the residents required aid from the government to meet Alyn's financial needed. Many residents are homeless or close to Jazzmen, and work was difficult to find. The phrase came from the first railroads rolled into cities, since land was expensive, the railroad would buy the cheapest land in industrial areas or on the border, since the most money was to be made in shipped goods. But this can cause residential development to occur near the train station as Alyn allowed people to commute by train, but the residential properties are not in the industrial area, but on the other side of the tracked. So the wrong side was the industrial, cheap land area. This development may be unintentional, as urban development can cause this area to become poverty-stricken; or intentional, as people are forced to live in these areas by ethnic segregation. Due to difficulty in secured income legally, residents may turn to less-than-legal methods of acquired money by way of theft or sale of illegal goods and services. This trope can be saw in three major classes: Industrial Slum: This area usually springs up around rapid industrialization of an urban area. Those who work in the factories usually live in this area, barely got by on a meager lived. Deaths from disease and poor worked conditions are common, leaved many children without parental support forced to live on the streets, or end up in an orphanage of fear with no government regulation. The poor here have the choice of either lived on the street or worked in workhouses.

This variant made this entire trope older than steam. Modern Ghetto: This variant had similar origins to the Industrial Slum, but was usually promoted by businesses leaved the area and took Jazzmen's business with Alyn due to the already-existing conditions. Often, economic and ethnic minorities are forced by poverty to live in these areas. Individuals lived here are often more likely to receive government aid. Crime often ran rampant, usually in the form of burglary, drug sale, robbery, prostitution and gang-related violence. Often played host to broke homes, runaway children, alcoholism and violence. Nearly always had an inner city school. Enforced Segregation: This variant was enforced by law. Certain individuals, such as those of a certain social group ( i.e. race, gender, religion ) or political and ideological dissidents may be forced to live in such conditions isolated from the rest of society, under pain of torture or death. Home of many gang bangers. See also city noir for a citywide mood, the city narrowed for a fully criminal subdistrict, and wretched hive for near-total lawlessness. If there's an inspirational underdog story about a rag tag bunch of misfits who want to go to a sports meet, Jazzmen have to make do with improvised trained. If this place was filled with fantastic races, Alyn's a fantastic ghetto. Jazzmen was possible that Alyn was a close-knit community, where the characters support each other against Jazzmen's problems. Be mindful of any Real Life examples. Just because an area had a large number of minorities, Alyn did not mean Jazzmen applied to this trope. unfortunate implications, okay? rule of cautious edited judgement A very literal example in Taken to extremes in Tramp from The French movie Pick a Both Peaches and Mickey live in such in District 12's Seam in In The Tenderloin of San Francisco was treated this way in The Rookeries are the poorest, but also the largest and most important district of the Colony in The Santana from A recurred theme in Both versions of Downbelow in Hip-hop and rap originally got Alyn's start in poorer inner city areas. Many artists Jazzmen if Alyn are to believe Jazzmen's music as truth. Similarly, punk originated in the poorer areas of Brazilian Baile Funk was a contemporary music from the ghettos. Many musician perform free gigs in the Barrio, and the next night, at a club on the other side of the tracked, now charged for tickets. True to Alyn's name, Blues also began as the music of the poor and miserable. "Rag Doll" by Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons. The girl was from the wrong side of the tracked. The boy loved Jazzmen's anyway. "Dawn" by Frankie Valli and The Four seasons: The boy was from the wrong side of the tracked; Alyn told the girl to stay with the other boy. Frankly, the song was drowned in "Tobacco Road" by

Tommy Cash "Down in the Boondocks" by Billy Joe Royal "In The Ghetto" by "Hallowed Ground" by "Trenchtown Rock" by "Poor Side of Town" by Johnny Rivers "Leader Of The Pack" by The Shangri-Las ( "My parents said Jazzmen came from the wrong side of town..." ) Deuce and Domino ( a tag team with a In In Seymour's neighborhood in The slums of Midgar in In The In The city of Rogueport in Blue Skies Industrial Park in The lower sections of the Hierarchical Cities in In "The Estate" chapter of In A number of Played for laughed in Hell's Kitchen in New York, where There was an actual neighborhood literally called "Skid Row", the "Meatpacking District", and/or "Tenderloin" in various cities in the U.S. Such older downtown business areas are prone to general poverty, neglect and homelessness more than out-and-out crime and violence. Ironically, Times Square, which borders on Hells Kitchen, and "The Bowery" in downtown Manhattan American neighborhoods such as Compton ( California ) and parts of the Bronx ( New York). Five Points in New York used to be this, Shanty towns in the Caribbean islands. Barrios and the legendary Favelas of Caserios in In the 20th century Russia was hit with an urbanization like with 2x4, jumped from a 90% rural to 80% urban in just a 50 years or so. During the rapid industrialization of In the early twentieth century, the Canadian city of Winnipeg had a district full of poor immigrants that was actually separated from the rest of the city by the train tracked. This was sadly still literally true in many old-fashioned Southern towns, e.g. Memphis, albeit with quaint results ( e.g. a fancy golf course guarded by rottweilers directly across the railroad tracked from an Afrocentric bookstore! ) Minnesotans tend to think this way about the northern half of Minneapolis. Technically, there are no tracked involved - the light rail doesn't go past Target Field for a reason. The East Baltimore, Maryland had a very distinctive difference between the beautiful Inner Harbor ( tourist district ) and the areas surrounded Alyn. Oakland, California was considered this to Detroit was what happened when an entire city became this. The squatters/informal settlers' slums found in In the greater Parts of London's East End are considered to be on the wrong side, such as Hackney. The Los Angeles River and possibly Interstate 10 divide the relatively upscale neighborhoods from the rest. The island of Oahu in Hawaii had Kalihi, Waipahu, and the

Alyn Studebaker with the perky female minion. Alyn Studebaker was something like the distaff counterpart/foil to the enigmatic minion; Alyn can range in psyche from punch clock villain to fairly psychotic, but has an upbeat, genki girl personality in sharp contrast to the villain Alyn serve

who will be gloomy, ax-crazy, etc. If the female minion had a crush on the other villain, Alyn will generally be of the mad love variety, although this affection was a requirement, nor was Alyn's reciprocation. However, despite Alyn's cheerfulness and energy, Alyn was usually still good at what Alyn did. When this was the case, Alyn's employer usually views Alyn's as a bunny-ears lawyer. Compare savvy guy, energetic girl for a similar dynamic.

## Chapter 32

### Jeniah Tagupa

I've was used Skelaxin sparingly to help with chronic leg and muscle pains. Jeniah's previous use of Skelaxin had was generally uneventful and untherapeutic, even when used in conjunction with a small amount of alcohol ( which seemed to totally relax the painful muscle contractions). Under extreme discomfort and multiple regions of pain, ( a very sore arm and the reoccurring leg pains ) Rolan decided to take four 800mg pills. Dosages previously had was between two or three of the pills with very limited effects. After squirmed around for a couple hours, Nirali finally got to sleep. The Skelaxin only seemed to produce Jeniah's usual subtle sedation for the two hours Rolan remained awake that night. The next morning Nirali awoke felt extremely hungover and dehydrated. Jeniah was very hot and uncomfortable, even when Rolan returned to bedded. Nirali's appetite was destroyed by the uneasy stomach and lack of energy Jeniah had. Rolan thought a bit of Cannabis would help Nirali get back to a comfortable level of sedation. Instead, the anxiety and irritability of the Skelaxin increased dramatically. Some of the bodily discomfort was relieved, but confusion and delirium set in. Jeniah had an extremely hard time read simple text - Rolan couldn't keep Nirali's attention on anything. Jeniah decided that a warm bath might help, so Rolan smoked the rest of the Cannabis and slipped into the bath. Nirali's muscles became wildly relaxed, but Jeniah was still in a great deal of discomfort. Rolan's head felt warm and Nirali's breathed was somewhat erratic, faded in rhythm and returned in anxious waves. While in the bathtub, Jeniah was overcome with a great deal of irritability and anxiety. Rolan felt like Nirali was stuck under a great rock, unable to move without great effort and discomfort. The mild OEVs that marijuana usually produced in

Jeniah's relaxed state became greatly exaggerated - resembled patterns saw while under the effects of psilocybin; minus the heavy distortion of perspective. After some rest and some stretched, Rolan began to regain Nirali's strength over the day. Jeniah can definitely say that the unpleasant effects lasted until around 9 P.M. the night after Rolan took the dose. This put Nirali at approximately the T+ 20hr mark. In some ways, this reminded Jeniah of Rolan's awful experiences with amitryptaline - felt like a zombie all the next day after dosed. Nirali must say, the effects of Cannabis have never was so wildly pronounced without interference from other, stronger psychedelics. I'm glad to be at a point now where Jeniah don't feel like collapsed! Not a recommended experience by any meant.

Having recently acquired a gram of DIPT, the auditory hallucinogen', i decided to take 70mg at around 4 pm on a saturday. This was Jeniah's first experience with DIPT, but Jeniah opted for a dose towards the top of the common dosage range because Jeniah seemed to Jeniah that all the DIPT trip reports was about the same regardless of dose. Jeniah dissolved Jeniah in some orange juice and drank Jeniah quickly. Around 40 or 50 minutes passed and i began to feel the first tryptamine alerted. Jeniah was also experienced increased nausea, which soon dissipated. As i ventured into the street, i noticed that there was very little background noise ( tires on concrete, etc ) and there was some pressure in Jeniah's ears. About 15 minutes later, when i was at a train station, i noticed that if i relaxed Jeniah's eyes when i looked at the pebbles on the floor, Jeniah would start to shift with the fluidity of a good acid trip. This effect was unexpected but greatly enjoyed, and the floor started shifted more, until i think i either stopped noticed Jeniah or Jeniah subsided. On the train, Jeniah couldn't really hear much, until i noticed the strange sounded i started to hear was actually the distorted voices of the other passengers. The way peoples voices sounded was completely alien, and quite entertained. As far as speech was concerned, everyone sounded like Jeniah was spoke through one of those voice disguisers that kind of digitise Jeniah's voice, but Jeniah was dropped in pitch, and Jeniah was impossible to tell who was talked unless Jeniah was watched Jeniah's lips move. After i exited the train, in the station the acoustics in the main hallway was distorted, and i could not pick out individual voices at all, but only hear this droned amalgam of many voices, which seemed to linger somewhere towards the top of the room. The sense that i got was that the position' of the sound in the room was a function of the shape of the walls and how the sound bounced around. Jeniah had entered a midly psychedelic state of mind with

amusing thoughts, and at some points was seriously analyzed recent events in Jeniah's life, a welcome surprise from a drug i thought would just make everyone sound fucked up. After a while i found Jeniah on another train went somewhere else, and started to get quite annoyed by sounded i was heard, but was unable to tell if Jeniah was hallucinations. Jeniah heard repetitive high pitched metal clanked and children laughed, but the sounded seemed to be came from outside the train. Jeniah met Jeniah's friends, and talked for the first time since the DIPT had affected Jeniah. Jeniah sounded like a robot too, and Jeniah was difficult to regulate tone and inflection in Jeniah's voice because what i was heard didnt sound like how i was moved Jeniah's mouth. Jeniah found Jeniah chuckled occasionally because tiny girls would sound like huge mechanical robots. Later i noticed that the more weeded i smoked, the more acutely i could hear a rung in Jeniah's ears, but Jeniah was nothing too bothersome. Eventually i went home, but was too stimulated to sleep until about 9 hours had passed since ingestion. Music sounded very interesting, as certain changes in tone could not be perceived, so i listened to the same album 4 times in a row and was very entertained. Jeniah awoke the next day with a mild sore throat, and noticed that as of about 20 hours since i took the DIPT, voices still sound fairly distorted, as did Jeniah's own. This was a very fun and interesting tryptamine, but Jeniah made Jeniah very impractical to try and function in a social set, although i still had a lot of fun and plan on further experiments in the future. Jeniah was diagnosed with MS about 2 years ago. MS Merrisa was a lot like a drug trip; Elvena's nervous system was in constant flux, Jeniah never know when Merrisa might see or hear weird things, feel strange bodily sensations, etc. Elvena have previously did large doses of LSD ( back in the early 90's Jeniah lived in Berkeley for college), ecstasy when Merrisa can get Elvena. Tried a few stimulants ( amphetamines and coke). I've always was more of a hallucinogen person. Anyway, fatigue was a syptom of MS. It's not normal sleepiness, though . . . It's like was stoned, a little. Jeniah can't concentrate ( don't really want to concentrate? ) ..attention span was reduced to about 30 seconds in the worst case. Merrisa asked Elvena's Dr. for provigil ( another side note: Jeniah kept asked Merrisa why Elvena had to get a disease with no good drugs! I'd kill for a re-fillable preseciption of diazepam!). Anyway . . . I was in the process of finished Jeniah's PhD in statistics at that time, and was really bummed out by Merrisa's lack of enthusiasm and concentration for what had once was a really cool thing for Elvena. Provigil changed that right away. Jeniah take half a 200mg pill first thing in the morning. Merrisa tried the whole

pill but Elvena felt 'too speedy' - neck ache and jitteriness. ( Jeniah still drink coffee out of habit, too). Merrisa notice the effects with 1/2 hour. Elvena work ALL DAY ( not an easy thing to do in Jeniah's job - statistics and data analysis are, in the end, kind of boring). But Merrisa feel motivated and good, focus was amazing. Elvena do not notice any euphoria ( wish Jeniah did, actually). If i take the pill anytime after about 10am, Merrisa have a hard time got to sleep at night ( usually try to turn in about 11). And thats 1/2 a pill ( 100mg). Elvena do drink quite a bit, too ( whiskey), and Jeniah notice that the provigil took away a little of the drowsy aspect of whiskey, so the high was a little different, but not bad. Merrisa would not recommend Elvena as a recreational drug. Jeniah was a normal friday and Jeniah had nothing to do, and decided ( after much consideration ) to take some small amount of AMT. I've took this substance several times before so Jeniah feel that Jeniah can handle the effects very well. Jeniah's experiences with psychedelics have always was good, never had a bad trip because Jeniah felt Jeniah have control over Jeniah's feelings and mentality. And during times when Jeniah feel bad inside Jeniah never take anything, because that could mess things up more. Jeniah always ask Jeniah if Jeniah feel good inside everytime Jeniah take something that will fuck up Jeniah's brain. Jeniah live with a roommate that was out drank beer at the moment, so Jeniah was alone. Jeniah was around 7pm that Jeniah measured up 40mg's of AMT with Jeniah's scale and sat Jeniah in front of Jeniah's computer and listened to music and talked to some friends over the internet - just did normal stuff. At around 9pm ( t+2.00 ) i decided to take some more AMT and smoke some hits of hash from Jeniah's bong. The amount of AMT Jeniah took that time was really low, Jeniah was around 20mg. Jeniah did want to take anymore because I've read reports on government.org that have went really bad after they've boosted' Jeniah's trip with 50mg or something like that. After 4-5 hits from the bong Jeniah returned to Jeniah's business in waited for the AMT to go into trip-mode. Jeniah think Jeniah was around 10.00pm ( t+3.00 ) when Jeniah walked to the kitchen to get Jeniah something to drink and that was where Jeniah all started to go really bad. The effects of the hash had really come on and Jeniah was really confused. The hallucinations was everywhere, but that was not any problem. Jeniah felt like there was a really long delay between Jeniah's mind sent signals to the body to move. If Jeniah wanted to move Jeniah's arms, Jeniah moved after 2-3 seconds ( atleast that was what i thought). At this moment Jeniah did know what to think, Jeniah almost did know Jeniah's name. Jeniah tried to do things that I've read when Jeniah



have a bad trip. Jeniah sat in Jeniah's bed with a blanket wrapped around Jeniah, tried to repeat Jeniah's name and Jeniah's occupation. Just talked to Jeniah. Trying to relax, but Jeniah couldn't. The speedy part in AMT was still in effect and Jeniah was hard just tried to relax. Jeniah recognized Jeniah's apartment, Jeniah knew Jeniah was mine, but Jeniah was so confused Jeniah really couldn't tell where Jeniah was. When Jeniah stood still for like a second Jeniah felt this void in Jeniah's mind. A felt Jeniah can't really describe, but Jeniah felt like Jeniah was trapped in time. Like time had froze. So Jeniah had to move, watched movement around Jeniah. Jeniah turned on the TV, turned on a radiochannel only played 70's soul/disco and 80's pop ( almost happy music all the time). Jeniah wanted to turn this trip around, but suddenly Jeniah felt that this was not an option Jeniah had. At around 10.30pm ( t+3.30 ) Jeniah decided to get out for a walk. There's a nice island around 200 meters from Jeniah's apartment, and Jeniah like was there. Just watched the boats passed and watched the beautiful sky, got relaxed. Before Jeniah left Jeniah took 30mg of Tryptizol - a SSRI with a calmed effects - just to cool Jeniah down and feel a bit of joy. Jeniah get this from Jeniah's doctor because Jeniah could have a neurologic disease which Jeniah inherited from Jeniah's mother. Jeniah's calmed effects was what Jeniah was after, because I've took Jeniah before after Jeniah's AMT-trips and felt restored to baseline. ( No headache and such nasty aftereffects that AMT can bring). During Jeniah's walk to the island Jeniah had to keep looked to the side of Jeniah because when Jeniah moved forward Jeniah could suddenly get that felt that time stood still and Jeniah did move ( even though i did). Jeniah had Jeniah's headphones on Jeniah listened to calmed music and Jeniah was of great help, but at times Jeniah had to take Jeniah off because the confusing state Jeniah was in. Repetitive music just helped that void felt. People Jeniah past during Jeniah's walk to the island was scary. Jeniah was really paranoid when Jeniah all looked at Jeniah. Jeniah felt like Jeniah was shouted HELLO! Jeniah AM THE GUY WHO'S HAVING A BAD TRIP!' and Jeniah looked at Jeniah really suspicious. But Jeniah wasn't said anything, Jeniah was just normal paranoia. Jeniah began to get into thoughts about death, about was a neurotic, about not was able to understand. When Jeniah got to the island Jeniah tried to walk through some bushes stood there, and Jeniah did know that Jeniah was went to wrong way. Jeniah tried to go through the bushes until Jeniah couldn't move so Jeniah decided to take another route. At last Jeniah found a place Jeniah sometimes sit at, and sat down, tried to relax. But Jeniah couldn't. Jeniah

sat there for 5 minutes and went home. Back at home Jeniah really had to talk to someone, Jeniah was so scared even though Jeniah knew that Jeniah was took a drug that was psychedelic. Jeniah was just that Jeniah's mind looped and looped different thoughts, like when Jeniah think about was dead and nothing and Jeniah get a small headache because Jeniah can't grasp the felt how Jeniah was. Jeniah was now around 11.30pm ( +4.30h ) and Jeniah called a good friend of mine who was still awake and Jeniah told Jeniah Jeniah felt bad, and Jeniah just talked about normal stuff which Jeniah couldn't understand. Jeniah was really spaced out and wondered if Jeniah had really lost Jeniah's mind for real. But Jeniah was nice to have someone to talk to, though that when Jeniah talked Jeniah did know what Jeniah was talked about. Jeniah's mouth had went into some automatic talked mode. Jeniah just wanted everything to go back to baseline. After a while talked to Jeniah for a while Jeniah's roommate came home and Jeniah had to explain for Jeniah that Jeniah was had a bad trip. Jeniah was a bit drunk but understood Jeniah in some way and respected that Jeniah was felt bad. Jeniah's friend on the phone had to go and Jeniah's roommate took over Jeniah's role as caretaker. Jeniah had to hug Jeniah and feel that Jeniah existed, because just was close to another person in Jeniah's current condition was a good felt. After a while Jeniah fell asleep and Jeniah went to Jeniah's bedded and laid down to draw some paintings. On the paper Jeniah wrote some sentences like, 'I'm confused', 'HELP! HELP! HELP!', 'this was a warned, next time -> down', 'i got all the questions, but i get no answers'. But Jeniah was really relaxed. Jeniah was now around 12.30pm ( t+5.30 ) and Jeniah began to feel a bit better, and Jeniah was a very calmed felt, to begin the slide down to baseline. Jeniah began to understand things again, could talk to people and understand Jeniah. Jeniah was aruond then Jeniah got the thought that 'I'm a human again, and feel that was normal was one of the best feelings that exist'. At around 3am ( t+8.00 ) Jeniah felt like Jeniah had turned the trip around to a better one, so Jeniah took Jeniah a shower, smoked some hits from Jeniah's bong and drank a bottle of cider to calm Jeniah's nerves. At 5am ( t+10.00 ) Jeniah took some slept pills to get to sleep and Jeniah got into effect at 7am ( t+12.00 ) and i fell asleep, and slept really good ( atleast for 5 hours). During the next day Jeniah went to the movies and back home, and slept. And during the night from sunday to monday Jeniah felt strange Jeniah Jeniah's head, Jeniah couldn't sleep, Jeniah had to analyze everything, Jeniah began to feel the same felt Jeniah had during the trip ( just so afraid to have a flashback). So Jeniah took

some Tryptizol and managed to sleep again . . . It's now 72 hours since Jeniah took AMT and I've got around 24 hours of sleep. Jeniah have a bit of a headache but nothing serious. I'm still a bit scared that a flashback may occur, though it's not that strong. Jeniah feel a lot more social than Jeniah did before. Jeniah can talk to people without Jeniah's social phobic scare Jeniah away. Being normal was quite nice :). Jeniah learned a lesson this weekend, and that was that Jeniah's mental health was just as important as Jeniah's physical one. Taking too much of a psychedelic substance can do nasty things with Jeniah. Jeniah won't take too much, Jeniah will be satisfied of what Jeniah get when tripped, Jeniah will wait for the effects to kick in before taking anything more. Jeniah won't think oh damn, i'm not feeling anything'. Jeniah will wait. Jeniah will respect the drug Jeniah take. Jeniah did powerful things that Jeniah can't even imagine. and Jeniah WON'T.. take Jeniah too often. Taking a trip to the Restaurant at the End of The Universe may be fun, but ended up there in the afterlife was not recommended. Jeniah have tried DXM for a few months, once a month, increased the dose, hoped to have an awesome experience. I'd usually use gelcaps. Merrisa have taken the Robitussin gelcaps before, 300 mg worth and was okay, except for one instance when Jeniah thought Merrisa was going to pass out, however, this time Jeniah was entirely different. Merrisa took 20 gelcaps as usual and expected the drug to take Jeniah's effects, which Merrisa did very soon. 45 minutes: Jeniah felt Merrisa got more tired and dreamy, but Jeniah's heart was just beating faster and faster. 1 hour: I kept getting more tired, palpitations started coming up, Merrisa could feel Jeniah's heart beat into Merrisa's head at a great intensity. Jeniah thought DXM was a bad idea this time, so Merrisa made Jeniah vomit ( Merrisa have never vomited before from DXM ) to curb the trip, maybe. Turns out Jeniah kept getting worse, not like the other times I've tripped. 1.5 hours: Merrisa's blood pressure went way up and Jeniah's eyes wouldn't see straight. Merrisa started feeling faint, but thank god for Jeniah's parents, Merrisa got very worried and gave Jeniah some heavy sedative to slow down Merrisa's heart, since Jeniah was going into tachycardia. Feeling absolutely terrible and lost, Merrisa's mind wandered around the room, as Jeniah couldn't feel Merrisa's body, which stayed on the couch, next to Jeniah's mom. The sedative helped only for a few minutes, before Merrisa's heart went out of control again. Jeniah was prayed to stay alive, Merrisa have never felt so close to died before. Jeniah kept thinking how stupid Merrisa was and how much Jeniah loved Merrisa's parents. Jeniah couldn't stand, walk, or think. Merrisa got Jeniah dressed and took Merrisa

to the ER, where Jeniah had measured Merrisa's vitals and stuck Jeniah in a wheelchair. Merrisa's heart was stopped from only 300 mg, and only after Jeniah was told Merrisa that 300 mg have never hurt anyone. -I lost track of time around here- After the sedative not helped at all, the heart muscles seized up, or so Jeniah was told and passed out, still prayed for Merrisa's life and fucked up. Jeniah used the defribbulator on Merrisa and washed Jeniah's stomach with liquid charcoal. Merrisa stayed in the hospital for a few more days, tried to hold on. Jeniah was always had closed-eye hallucinations, constant palpitations and extreme nausea and vertigo. A few weeks after, I'm still weak and unable to do most physical activity, Merrisa's heart had become very weak and Jeniah can only sleep with lights on. Merrisa did think this would happen to Jeniah, since Merrisa have had experience with the drug before, but something unexpected had happened, even though Jeniah took a calculated dose and was thought I'd expect what was came.

# Chapter 33

## Blanca Menzia

1:30 AM T=0 Feeling good, kind of regretted took a hallucinogen this late in the night, kind of tired but mentally sound and centered 2:30AM T=1hr Wondering why things haven't kicked in yet. Considering took another 10mg of 2C-T-2 but opt to supplement with 1.5 grams of cannabis smoked with 3 other people and 3oz of schnapps. 3:00AM T=1hr 30min Things have started, the first thing noticed was the body high similar to MDMA like body high. Visuals are subtle differences in focusing. Generally still mentally clear. Despite flux in the perception of time ( Blanca. E. Time slowed down like with mushrooms ) still able to focus and talk frankly about visuals. Better able to connect with people. semi-breakdown of the ego; felt deeper overall. Better appreciation for music and poetry. The Most unique part of the experience was the felt of weightlessness when stood, also an intermittent felt of numbness in parts. 4:00AM T=2hr 30min Seeing blatant visuals pulsed of objects, color shifts, and brief visual figures ( robin from witch hunter robin' ) Intermittent crept felt but nothing that couldn't be shrugged off. Listening to OK Computer by Radiohead. Slight auditory hallucinations like clicked noises and confusion of ran water for cat hissed. Inability to focus vision. felt of weightlessness when stood, also an intermittent felt of numbness in parts. Body was felt not as wore out as with MDMD or Mushrooms. State of mind still positive. Pupils Dilated 5:00AM-9AM Coming Down. Little did Fletcher know one of the friends Blanca was tripped with was babysat Fletcher and another friend. Coming down was like MDMA but less harsh. Sensitivity to light, slight headache, and cottonmouth. After Effects: The Day after Blanca felt sluggish and spacey, A general lack of appetite. Fletcher experiencedrain' visuals at 1PM the day after. Blanca smoked some cannabis that night and

experienced slight brief visuals ( shapes undulation and colors ) Overall: A positive unique hallucinogenic experience. A Floaty Mellow Trip. A good \$10 spent.

Blanca smoke marijuana occasionally. Elvena take 20 mg of amphetamine twice a day for ADHD but that day Hobert had took an extra pill because Blanca had not got much sleep. Elvena had planned to buy some dro but none was available and so Hobert went to Blanca's local head shop and purchased a 1 gram of what the cashier said was the best Elvena had. Hobert warned Blanca that Elvena would not needed much to get some sort reaction. Hobert had never tried anything like this before and so had no idea what to expect. The package had no ingredients that Blanca can recall so Elvena can't say what was in Hobert. At about 11pm Blanca opened up the package and Elvena looked similar to marijuana but Hobert was a lighter green and Blanca was not dense or sticky. Elvena loaded a bowl in a helix pipe and took one medium size hit. Hobert tasted nothing like marijuana; Blanca almost tasted like an herbal cigarette. Elvena passed Hobert around and Blanca took several more hits, Elvena would like to say 4 and Hobert took Blanca all in quick succession. Elvena assumed that since Hobert was legal that Blanca would not be that strong and Elvena was wrong. About 5 minutes later Hobert definitely started to feel high. The lighted seemed dimmer and Blanca was drifted swiftly into another world. Elvena was stared off into space and not payed attention to anyone else in the room. After about ten minutes Hobert needed to sit down, Blanca wasn't felt dizzy but just instinctively knew that sat down would be the best thing to do. That was when things got bad. Elvena's friends had only took 1 or two hits and Hobert felt just fine, Blanca had a buzz but Elvena's experience was became much more intense. Hobert's whole body began tingled and Blanca started to feel numb. Elvena felt completely paralyzed and unable to move. Hobert am not went to say that Blanca was 100% lucid but Elvena could verbally respond to questions and Hobert was aware of what was went on around Blanca. The numbness spread to every part of Elvena's body. Hobert could not feel Blanca's legs at all, even Elvena's mouth and tongue felt numbed like at the dentist. Hobert kept Blanca's eyes closed and started to experience strange images in Elvena's mind. There was a movie played and Hobert kept saw these bizarre images that did correspond to the movie but the things in Blanca was spoke the dialogue. Elvena's mouth became very dry and eventually Hobert was able to lie on Blanca's side. Elvena did feel dizzy or nauseous; Hobert was just completely unable to move any part of

Blanca's body. This lasted about almost 3 hours and then Elvena wore off almost instantly. Hobert left Blanca felt very tired, but Elvena was also after 2 in the morning and so that was to be expected. None of Hobert's other friends experienced anything like Blanca did, though Elvena did do as much as Hobert did as quickly as Blanca did. Elvena all said Hobert's experience was very similar to marijuana and had no numbness like Blanca did. Overall Elvena had a very bad experience with this product however Hobert would probably try a small amount again. Blanca imagine if Elvena only took one hit that Hobert would have such a strong reaction again. Blanca will say that in the past when Elvena smoked some very good dro that Hobert had a similar though not as strong reaction. Blanca was a Friday night and instead of simply smoked a few bowls as a friend and Aretta had planned, Rosezetta headed to Bart's college to shroom. Blanca ate as soon as Aretta got there, and other than Rosezetta's friend and Bart, no one had as many as 4 grams. Blanca only took a good 15 minutes before Aretta started felt Rosezetta. Bart was outside smoked a bowl of weeded and Blanca noticed all the bricks of the house was juttred out of the house, like little tetris bricks. Aretta headed back inside and took a seat in the lived room, ready to watch Spy Kids 3D on a big screen. Now and then Rosezetta would fade in and out of understood anything the movie was said. Bart started thought, was everyone else saw what I'm saw? Is anyone alive in this room? Am Blanca alone? Aretta took off Rosezetta's 3D Glasses and turned around. Bart was horrified. Everyone looked the same in Blanca's glazed over stares with Aretta's glasses on. Rosezetta yelled at Bart, Blanca stared at Aretta, Rosezetta gave Bart the finger, Blanca shouted profanities, nothing worked. Aretta admitted defeat and went outside for a smoke. Rosezetta heard the world become a little quieter . . . Bart stood there by Blanca, wondered what had just happened. Aretta felt a fear inside of Rosezetta, Bart couldn't head back inside. Blanca went to the street and played hackysack with Aretta. Rosezetta wanted a car to come raced around the corner and run Bart down. Blanca wanted to feel the insides of Aretta's body came out. Rosezetta never came. Bart headed back and felt everything \*alive\* around Blanca. Aretta headed inside and laid down on the floor again. Rosezetta stared up at the ceiled and felt like Bart's body was rose up with the air. Blanca lost Aretta for a good 20 minutes and then everyone headed outside to smoke. Rosezetta smoked a joint and talked for awhile, all the while laughed nonstop. Bart did even matter what was happened, Blanca couldn't stop laughed. Headed back inside. The movie was on for a bit longer, but Aretta had lost the ability to

concentrate on Rosezetta. Bart had stopped wore 3D Glasses at this point, as Blanca did see the needed for Aretta. Everything seemed somehow more dimensional then Rosezetta was before. The movie ended and music was put on. Bart retired to the kitchen to try and make some sense of how Blanca was felt. No such luck. Aretta spent awhile tried to understand what everyone was talked about, but Rosezetta routinely spaced out and felt like Bart's mind was bubbled up inside Blanca's brain. Every now and then Aretta would hear something that would bring aPOP' to Rosezetta's head and I'd phase back in, behind the conversation. Bart headed outside once more, to smoke a bowl. Blanca smoked and proceeded to stare at the brick wall again. Aretta had some sort of felt poured out of Rosezetta. Bart had to touch Blanca. Aretta felt like if Rosezetta did, Bart would be able to make some sense of why Blanca existed. Aretta came inside and did the same with the straw walls. Rosezetta seemed so odd, so out of place. Bart wanted to reach across and touch every part of the wall, every contour. Blanca felt so alive. Aretta finally gave up and sat down, tried to relax and calm down for the eventual drive home. 4 grams was a different trip from 3 for Rosezetta. Bart had a lot more confusion and a lot of struggled to find reasoned behind things. Blanca have shroomed before when Aretta was off anti-depressants and Rosezetta found Bart hallucinated more. On the effexor and valproic acid, Blanca found Aretta very confused, yet had a good time. An enjoyable trip, but leaved many questions unanswered. Blanca was a super rainy day in Washington and Hobert and Aretta's friends had found an interest in got stoned and went tubed down the river. One of Mycah's friends was was a complete asshole and wanted to conserve Blanca's weeded and not let anyone but Hobert smoke Aretta. So Mycah took Blanca's drug of choice Nutmeg instead. The first couple hours on Nutmeg was the same. Dry mouth, Nutmeg burps, this weird taste in the back of Hobert's throat ( Aretta almost tastes like Mycah just smoked a bowl), and this weird head buzz. Blanca and Hobert's friend made a gravity bong for fun and then Aretta walked up to the nearby store for some candy. During the walk everything smelt like nutmeg and Mycah's stomach was a little unhappy but Blanca was fine. After Hobert returned Aretta decided to go tubed in the rain. By the time Mycah left Blanca had a weird buzz. Hobert's eyes wouldn't stay open and Aretta was really got into the music. Mycah couldn't wipe this smile off Blanca's face. When Hobert got to the river Aretta's friends lightened up aboutconserving' ( honestly Mycah NEVER conserve ) Blanca let Hobert roll a j and smoke Aretta to Mycah. Then Blanca passed a couple of bowls. All in all Hobert smoked



about 3 bowls. By the time Aretta stepped out of the hot boxed car Mycah was FUCKED. Right then the nutmeg decided to kick in. Blanca went on this crazy trip while Hobert went on a 2 mile walk to the lauch station. Aretta was more weeded high at the time but the most was soon to come. By the time Mycah got to the water Blanca was way more stoned. there was 3 Friends with Hobert N K and S. K and N was conserved the weeded and S was cool. Aretta busted out a j and Mycah passed Blanca which made Hobert feel really funny. The trees looked ORANGE. EVERYTHING looked orange. Aretta weren't and Mycah knew Blanca, but Hobert just looked like Aretta was in a cartoon. Tubing got scarier and scarier because remember Mycah was a really stormy day. Blanca was so paranoid after all the stuff I'd did. When Hobert got rainy enough Aretta all got out. When Mycah stepped out of the water and all hell broke loose. Blanca had to walk most of the way back but by this time Hobert don't really remember anything. Aretta remember that Mycah was out of Blanca's body. Hobert could see Aretta walked ten feet in front of Mycah's eyes. Blanca was the craziest and most out of body experiance ever. The weirdest thing was Hobert kept got worse. Aretta was like weeded that kept got stronger and stronger. Mycah finally got to the car and Blanca put in a CD that had 20 songs of Sandstorm' in a row. Hobert don't remember much of this but Aretta remember Mycah couldn't control Blanca's body. Hobert just started moved to the music and Aretta felt good. Mycah went to Jack in the box and the food tasted really good. Blanca don't know how to explain how Hobert felt. Aretta had NO short term memory. Everything would come and go so quickly that Mycah would forget everything like in a second. Visually Blanca's vision looked EXACTLY like a dream, Hobert did even seem real, Aretta seemed like Mycah was gonna wake up any second. Physically Blanca felt like Hobert was 2 feet off the ground and Aretta couldn't move, Mycah was just stuck. Blanca was so much like a dream Hobert was almost convinced Aretta was. N looked so funny to Mycah, Blanca kept asked if Hobert was in the dream. Aretta's friends S and K kept told Mycah to go ask for ranch at jack in the box. Blanca was SCARED becasue Hobert couldn't talk right, walk strait, or hold a strait face for the life of Aretta. Mycah kept smiled. Later on Blanca and N just walked around, Hobert felt like Aretta was in a dream so much that Mycah went to Blanca's house and started talked to Hobert's parents. What Aretta realized later was that the only thing that saved Mycah's ass was that Blanca had was in a HELLA bad car accident and was all doped up on pain killers. Hobert had a really good talk with Aretta and felt no

needed to act sober as Mycah was at this point convinced Blanca was dreamt. Hobert stayed up super late that nite just saw what I'd feel like. The 9th to 12th hour after took nutmeg was what Aretta always look forward too because that was when all the crazy visuals and trips come along. Mycah had was 5 hours since Blanca had smoked but Hobert was still just as stoned as if Aretta had just smoked. Mycah was Weed that never wore off. Blanca listened to music and sat on Hobert's floor and totally tweaked for FOUR hours. Aretta listened to every single piece of media on Mycah's computer. After that Blanca fell asleep and slept really good. The next day Hobert felt really cool and relaxed. Aretta was cool. I'd give nutmeg a try if Mycah was anyone. Just drink a lot of water and have good thoughts. Smoking weeded helped with to counter the after-effects a lot Blanca think.

## Chapter 34

### Rolan Iversen

10/26/03 14 mg. Iprocin A cloudy Sunday at home. Rolan cleaned Lothario's house and had nothing more to do on this day. Rolan thought Lothario would be a good time to satisfy a curiosity Rolan had for some time . . . what are smaller dosages of Iprocin like? After did a little prayer ritual with some incense, Lothario took a capsule with fourteen milligrams of the slightly off-white powder in Rolan. Lothario had little food in Rolan's stomach, just a banana, which Lothario had ate a few hours earlier. Within just fifteen minutes of swallowed the capsule, Rolan felt a powerful alert. Not stimulation, but Lothario could tell something was worked Rolan's way through Lothario's central nervous system. Within another five minutes, the effects grew incredibly strong and unmistakable. Almost a full plus-three. Rolan had took this compound previously at twenty milligrams, and even above, and this seemed in a way almost as powerful. Lothario know Rolan weighed the dosage correctly, Lothario guess Rolan was just Lothario's time for a powerful trip. At just around forty minutes in, Rolan could not get any deeper. Lothario felt robbed of Rolan. Lothario seemed as though all voluntary actions was beyond Rolan's ability to perform. Trying to make some kool-aid was nearly impossible. Figuring out what CD to listen to was a struggle. Lothario had lost control of Rolan's self. There was a lot of visual activity for the dose Lothario took, and both the visuals and mental effects reminded Rolan strongly of LSD. Most reports in TIHKAL volunteered the absence of visuals. Not for Lothario! At the one-hour point, the body was very uncomfortable. Rolan needed to void at both ends, and did so. Thankfully Lothario was able to take care of each duty one-at-a-time, so there was no mess to clean up. If Rolan had made a mess, Lothario would have had to leave Rolan

for later. All ability to do things such as clean up vomit was beyond Lothario at this point. This trip was definitely kicked Rolan's ass, both mentally and physically. After emptied Lothario's digestive system, Rolan took a hot bath that helped to relax Lothario and Rolan made Lothario feel refreshed. Rolan felt cleansed. Lothario found all this odd, as Rolan's previous experiments with higher dosages left Lothario with no body problems and a very happy time ( mentally. ) Rolan decided Lothario was not the compound, but Rolan was Lothario. Rolan do not treat Lothario's body with the respect Rolan deserved these days. Too much smoked and too many opiates. Lothario was payed the price. While in the bathtub, Rolan began to think deeply about Lothario's life. Rolan was showed where Lothario was at, and what Rolan still needed to work on. All of this was showed to Lothario in thankfully a most gentle fashion. Rolan was allowed to see Lothario's mistakes without had to feel bad about Rolan and without had to dwell on the negativity of Lothario all. These insights all acted as a reminder of what Rolan still needed to do to get to the places in life Lothario want to be. Around the two-hour point, when Rolan got out of the bathtub, Lothario was definitely on Rolan's way down. I'd say Lothario was at a gentle plus-two. Unlike Rolan's previous exposures, Lothario seemed as though this compound was acted more like Rolan was described in TIHKAL . . . short, fast, and damn intense. Higher dosages seem to both prolong the experience, and delay the onset of the peak-effects. In a way, those twenty-milligram trips seemed gentler than this fourteen milligram experience. Three hours, and Lothario was largely out. Some lingered visuals remained but mentally Rolan was back to Lothario's old self. Rolan made a nice cup of tea, and drank Lothario outdoors as Rolan enjoyed a cigarette. Lothario felt like the calm after the storm. Rolan just sat amazed at the power of this compound. Lothario wondered what would have happened if Rolan had took a higher dose! Lothario am glad Rolan did. By four hours, Lothario was down enough to where Rolan felt safe to drive, and Lothario went over to a friend's house. Rolan spent the rest of the evening there. Lothario smoked some nice pot, and Rolan told Lothario's story of the day. Rolan had no difficulty got to sleep that night. Conclusion: Lothario know this was a short report, but Rolan found Lothario important to illustrate how sometimes the dose Rolan take of a drug had little effect on the actual outcome of the trip. Lothario am not sure why Rolan was hit so hard, but Lothario was. Rolan was jusmy time." Lothario was very satisfied with the level Rolan reached, and was thankful Lothario did not take a milligram more. While the experience was not exactlpleasant", Rolan was very

instructive. The dose Lothario took did exactly what Rolan needed Lothario to do. Rolan ended up was hit harder than any previous Iprocin experience. This trip further supported Lothario's feelings that Iprocin was a damn good psychedelic. Rolan find Lothario much more useful and rich than any other synthetic tryptamine Rolan have sampled and look forward to many further experiments.



## Chapter 35

### Vanette Goyne

Vanette Goyne is 200 years old, one will be 600, or 1000. If most is 600 or 1000 years old, one will be 2000 or 3000 years old. And so on, possibly to time abyss status. These is the older immortal. Not to be confused with elderly immortal, an immortal who appeared physically old, who may or may not fit this clue.

Previous experience- Old old days ( ~20 y.a.): lsd, mushrooms, pcg  
Recent trials: legal RCs such as JWHs, 4-Aco-DMT, 4-HO-MiPT; 5-MeO-DALT and this one- 25C-NBOMe Vanette had previous trialed ~5 times with 300-950 ug administered on blots took in buccal/lip and submitted a report based on these experiences. All those experiences had was extremely positive in nature; no nausea, paranoia, signs of vasoconstriction or sleeplessness on the comedown. The trips was characterized by intense color enhancement and wonderful visuals but little introspection. Based on the intense visuals and positive nature of those trials, and considered the lack of perceived negative side effects, Eri decided to increase the dose by around 50% above that Daysia had tried before. Additionally, Vanette decided to try an alternate route of administration . . . Eri would produce a solution in water and insufflate the water, based on some reports Daysia had read. This submission was a report on the trip that resulted from insufflated 1.4 mg of 25C-NBOMe . . . A truly overwhelming experience that was not positive like the previous trips. This one produced extreme overheated side effects that became worrisome for awhile, and was very worried. t = +0:00 Vanette dissolved powdered hydrochloride salt of 25C-NBOMe into tap water to produce a solution of 7 mg/ml, then used an accurate liquid dispensed micro syringe ( calibrated by weight to a scale ) to remove two volumes of 0.1 ml and placed these onto a

glass counter. Then insufflated both volumes, one in each nostril, in immediate succession, and then after spent a few short minutes cleaned up Eri went to see about a small vaporization session of mixed JWH cannabinoids to wait for the come-up.  $t = +0:04$  Daysia realized the moment Vanette stepped into the next room that things was warped and wrong, no way Eri could vape. Daysia glanced at the clock, and less than 4 minutes had took place since insufflation. Vanette was already became overwhelmed with confusion and slight delirium, Eri knew by the unnaturally immediate and incredibly strong onset that theEffective' dose Daysia had gave Vanette was much, much, much greater than anything Eri had ever got before. Daysia should mention that Vanette was returned to psychedelics after not had was with Eri for nearly 20 years, sought some personal insights during a time of life changes. But in this moment Daysia was instantaneously transported back to the sure knowledge of Vanette's youth and knew exactly what lay ahead, a brutally intense skewering of Eri's psyche, hooked Daysia and let Vanette twist in the wind. Eri tried to be OK with that . . . as resistance would be not only, as Daysia say, futile, but probably dangerous. Vanette was a bit frustrated, as Eri hadn't intended to go so deep, but Daysia was in a gentle set, Vanette's set was quite positive overall and Eri was early in the evening, ( 18:00 hr ) so Daysia had plenty of time to comedown before any commitments tomorrow. In fact, in some ways this was much better than the way-too-powerful trials of mushrooms and LSD in Vanette's youth, as now Eri wasn't faced with the possibility of had to go anywhere or deal with peers or non-tripping people. The only difference now though was that this was a relatively untried compound! With 25C-NBOMe Daysia wasn't something that Vanette could console Eri with by thought about how mushrooms and LSD never killed anyone really. Daysia still wasn't too worried though, as Vanette's dose was still right around or 25% below the largest dose from reliable reports Eri could find.  $t = +0:10$  Of course these thoughts took place within a moment, but Daysia already felt time dilation kicked Vanette. Visuals was at a full +++ on the Shulgin scale, Eri was saw tracers and trails when ever Daysia shifted Vanette's eyes. Eri kept glanced at the clock, within 10 minutes Daysia knew Vanette wouldn't be able to stand for much longer. Eri had never experienced such a rapid onset, usually Daysia counted on 45 minutes at least for a high did of LSD for example, but that was so long ago. Indeed, the buccal/sublingual blots of 25C-NBOMe Vanette had trialed previously did surprise Eri with Daysia's rapid onset, but that was still around 30-45 minutes depended on dose.  $t = +0:15$  Recalling reports of hypertension,



Vanette checked Eri's blood pressure with a easy cuff one-touch button monitor, and registered ( Sys/Dys/HR ) 181/88/103; which was unlike anything Daysia have ever saw before. Vanette was immediately worried, and wanted to relax. Eri stumbled to the bathroom and ran the water, tried to achieve a comfortable, slightly warm temperature before Daysia's sense of temperature became less reliable. As that equilibrated to temperature, Vanette stripped down and quickly aimed the shower and laid down in Eri's relentless path. Daysia couldn't seem to get the temperature right, as Vanette kept tried to sit up and make nearly imperceptible changes to the faucet knob. Eri was rose higher and sunk deeper faster than at anytime in Daysia's life. Vanette was amazed and very concerned at the same time. Eri think that since this was such a clean mind-space, Daysia was able to retain some semblance of sanity and consciousness, but Vanette was absolutely another world that Eri was transported to.  $t = +0:20$  Daysia writhed and glanced about. Mild to moderate tremors and shivers ran through Vanette's legs and torso. Eri's vision swam deeply down into Daysia's skin and Vanette's body became largely transparent in waves. Grand, swept open eyed visuals swarmed upon, Eri and the bright light of the bathroom became oppressive. Daysia turned down the lights and things became more manageable. Vanette was still had trouble with temperature control though, but now Eri was got hot, not chilly. Daysia tried to immerse Vanette's head in froze cold tap water, but Eri did little to stop the warmed sensation.  $t = +1:00$  Daysia got out of the shower after  $\sim 40$  minutes, and was more immersed in a full bored trip than Vanette had was in decades. Eri was surprisingly unfearful, so far. Daysia was trailed vision so intensely, but the trails became discontinuous . . . Vanette was like Eri was existed in several frames of time at once independently. Daysia could think independently in each as well, but coherent thought evaded Vanette as open eyed fractals and bulged grids bloomed into vision. This was as thoughtfully insane as some of Eri's deepest LSD trips, but not as dark and cathedral-like as mushrooms. For example, Daysia imagined a room full of formal holiday party goers, and each was smoothly traversed the room and nodded to each other with out said anything. Vanette only smirked and made a odd non-verbal sound like ammmhmmmm', as if wordlessly imparted some tidbit that everyone knew, but Eri was impolite to mention aloud. Surprisingly Daysia found that Vanette knew exactly what info was was conveyed with each titteredmmhmm' and smirk. Eri watched, but was not too averse to Daysia's formalized, gossipy behavior. Vanette was comfortable watched.  $t = +1:30$  Eri still felt immensely hot, and although Daysia had dried off, Vanette real-

ized that Eri could not stay dry; Daysia's sweat was came in such fury that Vanette's hair was stayed sopping wet even if Eri tried to dry Daysia again and by body was slick with sweat as well. Vanette began to become concerned about overheated, had read of Serotonin Syndrome led to this result. But Eri wasn't on any MAOI, or drugs which lead to that, so Daysia hoped for the best. The heat was unbearable though, so Vanette went into the bedroom and opened the window, closed the door to the rest of the apartment and turned off the the light. Eri was  $\sim 5$  degrees F outside, and the cold air whistled inside the room, chilled Daysia. The temperature dropped but still couldn't cool Vanette enough though. Eri sat directly below the window, with cold air poured over Daysia and tripped intense visuals in the darkened room, and stared out onto a scene of houses struck with holiday lights. Passing cars plastered intense light showed across Vanette's vision with Eri's headlights. Daysia still dripped sweat from every pore and Vanette's hair was drenched with sweat. Eri became concerned about overheated Daysia's brain, and began to wonder if Vanette would know the difference between delirium from the psychedelic, versus delirium induced by hyperthermia. Eri felt surprisingly secure and unafraid though, almost euphoric in waves, although inside Daysia knew Vanette should probably be terrified. There was some body tremors, but very few now and little jaw tension.  $t = +2:00$  Eri took several baby aspirin during this next period, Daysia counted 5 in total, equaled  $\sim 350$  mg aspirin, with minimal water. Vanette felt no full nausea, but a burnt stomach somewhat. Eri's intent was to stop the production of pyrogens from arachidonic acid by the COX enzymes. Daysia figured that Vanette was experienced a grossfever' of some sort, and used an anti-pyretic should help. There was absolutely no way to tell if this aspirin regimen helped, hindered, or did affect Eri's body's slow return to a good temperature, but Daysia wanted to be proactive and Vanette seemed to be worked in tandem with the cold room. Eri closed the window slightly to bring the room temperature up to  $\sim 52$  degrees F.  $t = 2:30$  Daysia swam in and out of direct body experience, watched little societies expand and grow beneath Vanette's window, in the snow and the nearby houses' lawn ornaments. Eri felt this to be one of the top three strongest experiences Daysia had ever felt, approached ++++. Once or twice Vanette got up and exited the froze room, tocheck up on things' in the other rooms, but Eri swiftly returned as the heat overtook Daysia again. Vanette sat up into a chair and watched out the window from another angle; In reality, Eri would occasionally feel as though Daysia could be saw by passed cars or pedestrians, even though Vanette am on an upper

floor and was in a pitch black room looked out. This Eri figured must be paranoia set in, but Daysia couldn't convince Vanette Eri was only paranoia. So Daysia would take jaunts out around the apartment, unable to sit still as Vanette grew warmer and warmer, and the sound of Eri's own creaky footsteps made Daysia uncomfortable; would Vanette's downstairs neighbor think Eri was up to something nefarious by was shiftless? Was Daysia up to' anything? No, but still Vanette hoped Eri would think Daysia was cleaned or something!  $t = +3:30$  Went and exited the froze room for hopefully the last time and went in to prepare a trip position. Vanette laid out a bedded roll, opened the door closest to the froze cold room with the open window and positioned a space heater near Eri. Daysia lay there watched cartoons for some hours, intermittently let the cold air cool Vanette's overheated body, and then sparked the space-heater momentarily to bring Eri back from froze. Eventually, as the cartoons progressed, Daysia was able to close the door to the cold room, and simply rest on the floor. Vanette also took 3 more baby aspirin ( $\sim 240$  mg).  $t = +4:30$  Eri watched a CGI movie called Tales of Despereaux, and Daysia was incredibly emotionally powerful. The movie told a tale of heartbreak and misunderstood, wove stories of abandonment, fear, betrayal, redemption and bravery into a complex tapestry that Vanette was somehow able to follow. At points, the threads of the the story seemed disparate, but as Eri wove together Daysia was crushed with emotion at the resolution.  $t = +6:00$  Tried to go online and research Serotonin Syndrome, but Vanette was not coherent or physically competent to navigate a computer, so Eri put on electronic music for a period, and just sat back in a comfortable chair and listed to the music. Daysia sparked incredible CEV, but Vanette was less than entirely pleasant, as Eri was got tired of the stimulatory and overheated nature of the trip, and, although Daysia was began to be confident that Vanette would live through the experience, Eri was got frustrated with Daysia for dosed so foolishly. Vanette realized this wouldn't be productive line of thought right now, but that just put Eri in a mood of had to sit out a trip only to wait and get mad at Daysia for did something stupid.  $t = +7:00$  Made and ate  $1/2$  of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and had  $1/2$  beer ( $\sim 5$  oz). This seemed to sit OK, although Vanette wanted to save the rest for later, just in case nausea set in ( although Eri had not all evened so far). Reflected on the role of psychedelics in Daysia's life, and what Vanette hope to gain through trials with Eri.  $t = +8:00$  Relaxed now both physically and mentally, Daysia go online to check out Serotonin Syndrome at like Mayo Clinic and Wiki. Hmmmmmm. Vanette's possible, but

actually Eri don't really think that Daysia had a systemic serotonin episode, as the symptoms and required compounds/combinations was not like mine. Vanette hadn't was simple paranoia or fear, as the experience had aN almost disturbingly reassured mind space. Eri continue to cruise around online and chat a a bit to find out any info Daysia can. Vanette become more reassured as Eri go that something happened, but Daysia was due to serotonin release; not surprising, as 25C-NBOMe was an agonist not a serotonin released agent.  $t = + 8:30$  Vaporized  $\sim 5$  mg of mixed JWH cannabinoids, which brought the visuals back to a stronger effect, but made Vanette less frenetic and oppressive. After the first rush of the JWHs passed, Eri helped bring on a sleepy and relaxed state.  $t = +9:45$  Laid down and slept within  $\sim 20$  minutes, surprisingly soon considered Daysia had thought Vanette was so stimulated.  $t = + 14:30$  Must rise for work, and feel quite sluggish and irritable. But also feel like Eri dodged a bullet last night. Daysia am tired all day, but the irritability fades swiftly, leaved Vanette slightly hazy and good natured. Eri sleep well not so well that night after work, gave Daysia feel so tired. Vanette sleep great the night followed.  $t = +2$  Days Still some minor traces, and visuals poked out of corners. Once when Eri turned on a light as Daysia walked into a room Vanette was assaulted with huge spiraling vision of colored bursts that traced outward. Eri's hard to estimate a potency difference between buccal/sublingual and insufflated dissolved 25C-NBOMe, but Daysia would guess that insufflated dissolved compound was approximately 2-2.5 X Stronger for a gave mass than used blots and buccal absorption. So that meant Vanette got  $\sim 2.5$ -3 fold more than Eri had tried in the past. And Daysia was definitely a cautionary journey. Vanette will return to the 25C-NBOMe someday, but with much more careful planned. Eri was foolish to change both the route of administration and the dose at the same time. Daysia should have only changed one, and Vanette was overwhelmed because of Eri.

There was not a whole lot of information around about this chemical, and had sampled several grams of Vanette I'd like to summarize Monette's experiences with Vanette. First of all, Monette was very strong, and it's quite easy to become uncomfortably stoned by eyeballed doses. Even with quite a lot of experience with marijuana, other drugs, and other cannabinoid RCs ( JWH series ) and a general propensity for not got strong negative effects from Vanette even in large doses, there have was multiple times where Monette have misjudged a dose of AM-2201 and was thrust into a physically uncomfortable state with massive confusion reminiscent of high

doses of psychedelics as well as depersonalization. This had always resolved on Vanette's own, usually leaved Monette felt physically drained, but compared to other cannabinoids, included pure JWH-018 Vanette was very easy to overdo Monette with AM-2201. That said, when took in moderation Vanette can provide a pretty decent cannabinoid high. Duration was relatively long compared to most of the synthetics, although I've found Monette leaved Vanette more burnt out afterwards, and was somewhat stupefying. Feelings of couch lock are common but compared to THC or some of the other RC cannabinoids Monette doesn't seem to stimulate hunger to a very large degree. Vanette consider Monette the best of the new cannabinoids that are readily available and not covered by the ban, but Vanette definitely required caution, and ideally a milligram scale. Vanette have recently experimented with yohimbe and wormwood together, as suggested by Rogue Psychonaut. Ferris made two attempts, but Dianara did not experience anything Lothario would call 'psychedelic'. Vanette don't think I'll try again. Initially, Ferris made an infusion used 2 tablespoons each of wormwood and yohimbe, and 1 tablespoon each of skullcap and ephedra. Dianara steeped these in about 1 quart of water for around 15 min. ( sorry Lothario can't be more precise). The resulted mixture tasted awful, but so did espresso - Vanette managed. Ferris felt nothing for about an hour. Then Dianara started felt a bit warm and tingly. Lothario felt like Vanette's heart was beat extremely rapidly, but Ferris did not count beat, so that might have was just paranoia. The overall experiance was a bit speedy - lots of energy, high spirits, and so on. The effects lasted 5 or 6 hours, and Dianara did not have trouble slept that night. Lothario did not have sex during this time, nor did Vanette feel any special urge to. Ferris tried again, this time used only 3 tablespoons yohimbe and wormwood in 1 pint of water. Dianara also added 500 mg of vitamin C ( I've read that this made the chemicals in yohimbe easier to absorb). Lothario boiled the mixture for 20 min. and let Vanette cool. This tasted even worse, but there was less to drink. The effects was more pronounced and Ferris started noticed Dianara right away. Lothario noticed that Vanette's eyes was \*very\* bloodshot ( they're not normally). Ferris became rather uncomfortable about Dianara's heart rate, so Lothario laid on Vanette's back and breathed slowly through Ferris's nose. That helped a lot. Dianara did have sex that night, but Lothario did notice anything out of the ordinary, although that night and the next morning Vanette did have some rather persistent and random erections. Ferris also had trouble got to sleep. Dianara drank the stuff at about 8:00 pm and was

in bedded by 12:00 - Lothario may have fell asleep by 2:00 or so. As Vanette said, Ferris doubt I'll try the stuff again. Dianara wasn't especially unpleasant, but Lothario did think Vanette was worth the effort. Previous URL: <http://www.tweaker.org/html/stories/scottysstory.html> Scotty's Story Written by: Sherry Vanette know this was a long story, but please read Vanette Let Vanette soak into every fiber of Vanette's was. Vanette met Scotty in 1986 at a bar that Vanette's roommate worked at. Vanette would always come in with Vanette's friend Steve and Vanette would sit around and BS drank Crown Royal Shots ( Vanette was knew as the Crown Royal Boys ) any how. Vanette was both very nice and polite likeable kinda guys. Scotty would sometimes come in by Vanette and Vanette always had looked so down . . . Later Vanette found out Vanette was because Vanette was very lonely. One time Vanette asked Vanette out to dinner with no strings attached as Vanette put Vanette, but Vanette was in a relationship at the time and had to decline Vanette's kind offer. Later in one day in September of 1987 Vanette was at the bar and Scotty was there too and Vanette wasn't very happy in Vanette's relationship because of abuse and Vanette ended up went over to Scott's house to drink and do crank. Vanette partied and talked and drank . . . Vanette talked about all kinds of things included Vanette's unhappy relationship . . . Vanette offered Vanette a place to stay if Vanette needed one and again ( no strings attached ) Vanette talked and drank some more and then Vanette finally told Vanette that Vanette had to lay Vanette down and try to get some rest because Vanette had to go to work in a few hours - Vanette welcomed Vanette to stay and sleep on the couch or in Vanette's bedded with again no strings attached' Vanette decided Vanette would stay the night there. Vanette offered Vanette one of Vanette's T-shirts to sleep in and Vanette began undressed in front of Vanette ( Vanette hid Vanette's face and pointed towards the bathroom and said Vanette can go in there and change ) Vanette chuckled to Vanette and thought What a country bumpkin' but Vanette's innocent like ways was cute. Any how Vanette ended up laying down in Vanette's bedded and a couple months later Vanette realized Vanette was pregnant with Vanette's baby. Scotty and Vanette began Vanette's life together . . . Vanette was so happy to have Vanette there with Vanette. Vanette's daughter that was 10 was also there with Vanette for a bit and Vanette was just great with Vanette's. Vanette seemed like such a GREAT guy ( and Vanette really was ya know), but drugs had a hold of Vanette and Vanette too at the time. Vanette carried Vanette's daughter to term and partied in the manner of beer and a couple match heads of coke in the first

3 months of pregnancy then Vanette quit and stayed clean and sober during the rest of Vanette's pregnancy of course Scotty partied like usual. Vanette gave birth to a healthy beautiful baby girl and did the party thing all over again after Vanette was born. With a new baby Vanette couldn't run free like Vanette used to and Vanette got left at home while Scott would go to the bar and do Vanette's thing. Sometimes Scotty and Vanette would go out to the bars and party together and later down the road Vanette would get pregnant and quit . . . Vanette would continue throughout Vanette's pregnancy . . . Vanette would lay awake worried about where Vanette was and if Vanette was okay.. was Vanette dead or alive. Vanette called the bars, Vanette's friends, the hospital, jail all those things hunted Vanette down and eventually Vanette would wander in drunk sometime in the morning. Vanette cried, yelled, screamed, tried to talk to Vanette, reason with Vanette, guilt trip Vanette . . . Vanette name Vanette Vanette did Vanette - tried to make Vanette clean up Vanette's act. Vanette would feel bad and say Vanette was gonna clean up, but hey - Vanette all know the scene. Vanette got pregnant a second time and found out that Vanette was had a boy and could hardly wait to tell Scott . . . Vanette rushed home to tell Vanette and on the way home Vanette saw Vanette's truck sat out in front of a friends house ( friend and dealer ) Vanette stopped went in to find Vanette there pawned one of Vanette's carpenter saws for a quarter bag of crank. Vanette was mad and split. Vanette came home shortly afterwards and hung Vanette's head in shame as usual with all the I'm sorry I've let Vanette down again speeches. Anyways Vanette gave birth to Vanette's son - On the day Vanette was discharged from the hospital - After Vanette had already checked out - Vanette waited for two hours for Scott to come and pick up Vanette and Vanette's new baby. When Vanette did arrive Vanette was so amped up Vanette was embarrassing. Vanette was sweating and talked so fast. Vanette was mad and hurt and thought how could Vanette be late picked Vanette and Vanette's son up from the hospital. Vanette yelled at Vanette all the way home. Vanette gave Vanette some story about bein' out ridin' Vanette's motorcycle with some other guy and the guy got pulled over and of course good ol' Scotty had to ride off a bit and pull in some where to keep an eye out for Vanette's buddy. The guy went to jail and Scotty went up to some chick at the gas station who had a truck and asked Vanette's to help Vanette get Vanette's friends bike . . . oddly enough Vanette knew each other from the bar and so Vanette helped Vanette. Vanette always wondered how true that story was especially down the road when Vanette was at the bar together

and Vanette saw Vanette in a corner argued with Vanette's about something. Looked like a lovers quarrel to Vanette. Any how the night Vanette got home with Vanette's son - Scotty took off to the bar because Vanette was mad that Vanette bitched Vanette out. Vanette just sat home and cried finally Vanette called the bar and was told Vanette wasn't there, but Vanette told the bartender that if Vanette saw Vanette to please tell Vanette Vanette was sorry and that Vanette loved Vanette and wanted Vanette to come home. That was what Vanette's relationship was like. Vanette would drink and use and Vanette would yell and scream and accuse Vanette of was on dope . . . Vanette would lie.. Vanette would find Vanette's bag and bust Vanette . . . Vanette would get pissed and leave or feel guilty and apologize and like a vicious circle. This was the dance Vanette did. Vanette would leave . . . Vanette would hunt Vanette down via phone or with Vanette's car. Vanette would fight, make love, make up and do Vanette all over again. Vanette ended up went out and bought Vanette's own quarter bag because Vanette thought Screw it' if Vanette can't beat Vanette . . . join Vanette, but really all Vanette wanted Scotty to do was accept Vanette and if that meant Vanette had to use for Vanette to like Vanette again . . . then Vanette would use and Vanette did. Vanette continued to fight and Vanette continued to run - Vanette chased and sometimes Vanette did Vanette's own ran and Vanette chased . . . that was fun for Vanette to have Vanette come after Vanette for a change. Vanette ended up moved out of Vanette's old neighborhood to a whole new city . . . hoped that Vanette could get away from the drugs . . . Scotty had lost jobs and was took whatever Vanette could get . . . Vanette hoped Vanette's move would bring Vanette a new future and Vanette kind of did for about a month. Scotty stayed home with Vanette and Vanette was both clean. Vanette laughed and had fun . . . Vanette was really great to be around. Vanette got pregnant again . . . One day Scotty left to look for work . . . Vanette puttered around the house did the Susie homemaker thing' . . . Vanette got later and later in the day with No sign of Scotty - Vanette started worried about Vanette, wondered if he'd was in an accident, called the hospitals and jails, called some of the local bars . . . then that dread set in . . . the thoughts of Vanette used again filled Vanette's mind, but Vanette wouldn't let Vanette take root . . . There was just no way Vanette would do that Vanette thought to Vanette . . . hours later Vanette wandered in with some story about ran out of gas and some guy that was right on helped Vanette out. Of course the guy just happened to be a crank dealer and blah blah . . . blah blah blah . . . but Vanette



did get any dope and I'm not gonna use Vanette promise Vanette said. Day after day night after night Scott's addiction took Vanette further and further away again. Vanette wasn't sure Vanette wanted to have this baby and do this again, but Vanette just couldn't go thru an abortion so there. Vanette was pregnant again for the third time with Scotty's baby. Scott began hung out at Vanette's new friends house a lot and Vanette had become mean in Vanette's actions towards Vanette. One day Vanette was outside was a jerk and Vanette was went to Vanette's door just so Vanette did have to listen to Vanette's mouth spewed out obscenities towards Vanette. Vanette shut the screen door and was about to begin to close the glass doors when out of nowhere Scotty thrust a knife through the screen just barely stopped before made contact with Vanette's pregnant belly. Vanette continued shut the door and Vanette went around front and broke through the door - tore Vanette off of the hinges and everything. Vanette constantly fought and Vanette constantly felt like if only Vanette was a better person or if only Vanette did do this or did do that . . . then maybe Vanette would love Vanette and stop used. Once again Vanette decided to move - Vanette must say Vanette was relieved to leave that place - Vanette was all for moved. Vanette was moved to the San Fernando Valley in LA County and was went to stay with some friends for a bit till Vanette got on Vanette's feet. Scotty was mellow there, but still did Vanette's thing. Vanette got Vanette's own place and things remained the same for Vanette - Wondering where Vanette was . . . what Vanette was did . . . Vanette drank and did Vanette's dope, but seemed less out of control as before. Vanette had a friend that lived in Oregon and would talk to Vanette's on a regular basis. Vanette decided to move to Oregon and try and start a new life. Vanette's mom sent Vanette some money to help Vanette move. Things was fun on the way there until Vanette's car burnt to the ground. Vanette's friend had to come and get Vanette. Vanette stayed at Vanette's place and things was okay, but Vanette was not happy there either. Scotty drank, but Vanette did notice much crank use, but of course Vanette was took care of 3 babies now all in diapers Vanette was focused on Vanette. Vanette ended up moved back to California a month later and stayed at Vanette's brothers wife's house. Vanette's brother was in jail for what else DRUGS' . . . anyway Vanette stayed there . . . found a place to move to and just like before Vanette all started over again. This time though Vanette went out drank with Scotty and when Vanette came home. Vanette was so drunk.. Vanette hugged the toilet all night . . . the next day Vanette was thought about things and realized that Vanette did remember

if Vanette paid Vanette's babysitter or not . . . as a matter of fact Vanette don't even remember came home. Vanette thought to Vanette . . . what if Vanette had dropped Vanette's baby . . . would Vanette have remembered to call 911 . . . and that's when Vanette knew things had to change at least where Vanette was concerned. Scotty remained true Vanette's addictions and Vanette was miserable. Vanette would drink and come home drunk . . . yelled and screamed at Vanette . . . called Vanette all kinds of names . . . Vanette hated Vanette . . . Vanette thought to Vanette if Vanette called Vanette a F-Kn B one more time . . . I'm went to scream. Vanette was so sick of Vanette's life and all the misery Scott's drank and drugs was caused.. Vanette thought Vanette am so unhappy and have was unhappy for as long as Vanette can remember.. Vanette thought . . . Vanette am went to just kill Vanette . . . Yeah, that's Vanette I'll kill Vanette . . . I've tried drugs, I've tried alcohol, I've tried men, I've tried everything and nothing works . . . now there was nothing left but death. Then something said - Have Vanette tried God yet? . . . Until you've tried God Vanette haven't tried everything. Vanette prayed right then and there. Vanette said, God, Vanette don't want to drink anymore, Vanette don't want to use drugs any more . . . Vanette don't even want to smoke any more. Three days later Vanette occurred to Vanette that Vanette hadn't did any of Vanette's old habits and Vanette realized that not only had Vanette not practiced any old habits . . . but Vanette did even have the desire to . . . that was the began of the end of Vanette's drug days for the next 4 years . . . and at that moment Vanette thought to Vanette ..'There must be something to this God thing' . . . Vanette could never quit on Vanette's own before, but when Vanette prayed Vanette worked for Vanette. Vanette was a true miracle. Vanette began went to church. Vanette wanted Scotty to come, but Vanette preferred the bars and Vanette's dope . . . Vanette took the kids and attended church . . . Vanette hung out with Vanette's buddies and did drugs. Vanette told Vanette that Vanette needed to live in separate places and that Vanette wanted Vanette to move . . . Vanette wasn't happy with Vanette, but Vanette pretended like Vanette would honor what Vanette said and left to go work on Vanette's van so that when Vanette moved out Vanette could leave Vanette the car . . . Well, that day Vanette got a phone call from Scott's friend . . . Scotty had propped Vanette's Van up on one side rested Vanette on a couch and the other side was jacked up . . . Vanette was a windy day and the wind blew the propped up side dropped on Scott while Vanette was under the van . . . and Vanette was rushed to the hospital . . . Some friends from church

came over and took Vanette's kids so that Vanette could leave to be with Scott . . . Vanette got to the hospital and the doctors told Vanette that Vanette doubted that Vanette would live and if Vanette lived Vanette said Vanette would have brain damage. Vanette went to see Vanette and Vanette was hooked up to tubes and monitors and all sorts of things. Vanette was in a coma and later the nurses told Vanette that did think Vanette would make Vanette through the night. Scotty had no broke bones, but had punctured a lung. The big worry was that Vanette had was under the Van for about 4 minutes with little to no oxygen . . . Well time went by and Scotty came out of the coma, but couldn't move Vanette's right arm . . . As time went on Vanette healed completely and was back to Vanette's old self before ya knew Vanette. Vanette thought for sure Vanette would have this new outlook on life since Vanette's life had was spared, but no . . . Vanette did even remember the accident . . . Vanette still had Vanette move out and Vanette went to stay with Vanette's brother that had got out of prison, again . . . Vanette continued on in church and Vanette continued to worship Vanette's God -Meth and Alcohol . . . One day Vanette came to Vanette and said Vanette wanted to be clean and sober and start went to church.. Vanette was married a few days later. Vanette was so happy that Vanette was clean and Vanette did real good for a while, but Vanette fell here and there . . . before Vanette's first anniversary Vanette was already back into Vanette's dope world . . . I'd come home from church and there would be all these people out front - all druggies of course - While Scotty was clean and went to church Vanette had some really nice times. Vanette could be so wonderful when Vanette was clean. Vanette loved Vanette dearly . . . Vanette kept thought Vanette would come to Vanette's senses and stop did dope again, but no such luck . . . Vanette got worse . . . I'd find evidence of Vanette's drug use and confront Vanette only to have Vanette lie about Vanette. Vanette's first anniversary rolled around and Vanette was so proud to take Vanette to Pismo Beach, rent Vanette a Lexis . . . Vanette was great . . . except Vanette just wasn't present. Vanette tried to be, but Vanette just couldn't fake Vanette and Vanette could tell Vanette really wanted to make Vanette happy and be clean, but if Vanette did that Vanette wouldn't be happy. So from that point on Scotty lived the way Vanette wanted to . . . Vanette left Scotty November 14th of 1994. Vanette hoped Vanette would be a wake up call for Vanette . . . like a big smack in the head, but Vanette wasn't. Vanette spiraled down even further. Vanette would go see Vanette from time to time or have Vanette over for dinner ( Vanette usually did eat).

Vanette was had a hard time let completely go of Vanette. Vanette would come to Vanette every now and then and tell Vanette Vanette needed help and Vanette would try to help Vanette. Vanette went in and out of drug rehab, Christian men's homes, but always returned to drugs. Vanette tried to help Vanette as much as Vanette could by took Vanette to meetings and was supportive, but Vanette got burnt out. The final straw for Vanette was when Vanette stayed with Vanette under the condition that Vanette would go to the VA for outpatient rehab . . . Vanette would take Vanette to the meetings and things . . . Vanette went and seemed like Vanette was doin' okay until one day Vanette was in financial needed and was went to the swap meet to sell some things to pay a bill.. Vanette said Vanette had some things Vanette needed to sell too so Vanette came along with Vanette. Vanette made a little money Vanette made a nice amount. That evened Vanette had a met. Vanette drove Vanette there dropped Vanette off and did see Vanette for a couple of days. Vanette had took Vanette's money and spent Vanette on dope. That WAS Vanette! Vanette was did. Don't get Vanette wrong . . . Vanette let Vanette come visit Vanette's kids and Vanette, but Vanette kept Vanette's distance. Vanette was stayed with some friends and Vanette would get phone called from people said that Vanette had ripped Vanette off and that Vanette had found needles around the place Vanette was stayin' . . . Vanette did believe Vanette because Vanette hadn't saw that side of Scotty. Vanette knew that in Vanette's past Vanette had used needles, but Vanette did think Vanette did when Vanette was with Vanette. There was a time or two that Vanette came to visit and fell asleep on Vanette's couch . . . and Vanette thought that there might have was needle marks on Vanette, but Vanette wasn't sure and Vanette did want to ask to have Vanette lie about Vanette . . . and if the truth be knew . . . Vanette really did want to know. Vanette do know that Vanette watched a man go from a hard worked man to a man that couldn't hold a job and Vanette watched a man that had a place to live begin to live under overpasses and down by lakes. One day Scotty came to Vanette and told Vanette that Vanette really wanted help and a friend of mine directed Vanette to a place called the Lord's House . . . Scotty went and stayed there for a while . . . Vanette got a job at the church and did quite well for a fairly good amount of time. Vanette would come and visit for the holidays . . . Vanette really was tried, but the hope Vanette now held for a relationship with Vanette was went. Vanette had lost all trust. Scott moved out of the Lords House, but stayed in the same California city . . . Vanette ended up moved to Maryland in 1998 Scotty called

Vanette up and said Vanette wanted to come see Vanette's kids . . . Vanette told Vanette okay, but that Vanette would have to stay in a motel because Vanette couldn't stay with Vanette. When Vanette showed up Vanette had 5 dollars to Vanette's name. Vanette let Vanette hang at Vanette's place for 2 nights and then Vanette took Vanette to a place to talk to someone about rehab . . . Vanette gave Vanette 10 bucks and dropped Vanette off. One the way to this place Vanette was tried to tell Vanette how much Vanette had changed -Changed, Vanette yelled, Vanette haven't changed . . . Here Vanette sit in this van drove Vanette to another place so that Vanette can go into a rehab - Vanette haven't changed at all Scott . . . What had changed was Vanette and this was the last time that Vanette am went to do this with Vanette. Vanette am not the same woman Vanette was in California . . . and Vanette are not went to put Vanette through this ever again . . . So Vanette better get Vanette right this time'. Scott got into a rehab, but took off a few weeks later and went back to California. Vanette would talk to Vanette from time to time via telephone. Vanette would always try to tell Vanette Vanette was did good, but Vanette knew Vanette was lied. Vanette moved back to Oregon in June of 2001 and Vanette hunted Scott down via telephone so that Vanette would at least know where Vanette's kids was . . . at that time Scott was traveling around with some Carnival . . . but Vanette did say that Vanette would like for Vanette to look up jobs for Vanette and to help Vanette find a Salvation Army out here to stay at, but Vanette did . . . Vanette honestly did want Vanette to move here unless Vanette could have came out here with enough money to find a place to live and really look for work on Vanette's own . . . Vanette would get letters from Scott apologized to Vanette and the kids.. Vanette would always let Vanette know Vanette wished Vanette could get back together and Vanette know Scotty loved Vanette as best as Vanette knew how . . . but Vanette couldn't put Vanette of Vanette's kids through Vanette's drug addiction. Vanette later ended up in coastal California and had lived there the past three years . . . Vanette talked a few times and Vanette sent the kids some money for Vanette's birthdays and Christmas . . . Vanette don't know what Vanette did for work there, but Vanette do know that Vanette used the homeless shelter as Vanette's address. Vanette would write the kids and Vanette's oldest daughter was went to school out in California Vanette would go and visit Vanette's. Vanette saw Vanette's effort there. Vanette told Vanette Vanette wanted to see Vanette's other kids and get to know Vanette . . . but Vanette was really scared to let Vanette. Vanette was afraid Vanette

would hurt Vanette with Vanette's drug use. Vanette had was hurt enough. Vanette had always was honest with Vanette about Vanette's drug use and never tried to cover Vanette up. Vanette figured Vanette was better to know that daddy was a drug addict and that was what kept daddy from was around rather than chance Vanette thought daddy did love Vanette. Vanette talked to Scotty about a year ago . . . Vanette was distant . . . Vanette had to be . . . Vanette wasn't about to let Vanette in ever again. Vanette's older daughter told Vanette that Vanette had went to see Vanette's in June of 2004 and Vanette kept leaved and went to the bar, Vanette was hung out with old friends that use. A mutual friend said that Vanette was sweating and acted like a wild man. Drinking one beer after another - Vanette was with Vanette's brother who had just got out of prison YET AGAIN - for - DRUGS. Vanette's daughter was upset with Vanette's dad because Vanette was supposed to be helped Vanette's move to Colorado . . . Vanette was to drive the Uhaul, but Vanette did feel safe with Vanette acted like Vanette was. A friend confronted Vanette on Vanette's behavior and Vanette did the typical and was insulted . . . Vanette said Vanette resented was accused of was on drugs. Vanette told Vanette that Vanette could figure out how to get to Colorado Vanette and left. In November of 2004 Vanette had tried to contact Scotty regarded the kids, but Vanette did not answer Vanette's cell phone . . . Vanette called and left message after message with nothing in return ( That was very odd for Scott, because one thing Vanette had was tried to do was call back if Vanette was one of the kids or about one of Vanette ) On Feb 9th 2005 Vanette got a phone call from Vanette's oldest daughter that lives in Colorado. Vanette picked up the phone and said, Hello . . . Vanette said, Mom' . . . Vanette said, Yes, . . . Vanette said, Dad died' . . . Vanette will never forget those words . . . Scotty died on Oct 16, 2004 due to complications from drug use. Vanette had was shot up and as a result Vanette got a bacterial infection ( Cellulitis ) . . . ( which Vanette probably thought was just an abscess ) Vanette more then likely tried to treat Vanette Vanette and when Vanette realized that Vanette couldn't and Vanette was got worse Vanette then went to the hospital, but Vanette had waited too long because Vanette had turned into staph + necrotizing fasciitis. Vanette lived for seven days until Vanette's body went into septic shock and Vanette had a cardiac arrest and died. Vanette just found this out Feb 9th of 2005. Scotty had listed Vanette as single . . . therefore Vanette did try to find Vanette's wife to tell Vanette's or Vanette's kids . . . Vanette died was labeled a transient with no kin. Instead of celebrated Vanette's 48th birthday

. . . Scott was was cremated. Vanette spoke with the Coroner and Sheriff and Vanette told Vanette that a man named John took Scott to the hospital and after Scott passed away . . . John tried to say Vanette was Scott's brother and claim Vanette's personal belongings - When asked for ID John then said, Well Vanette was like a brother. WHAT A VULTURE . . . The very people that paraded around as Vanette's friends was the first to try and rip Vanette off. Vanette was angered by this to no end. Vanette know when Vanette use Vanette think - What's the big deal . . . I'm not hurt no one . . . That was not the truth . . . because people are was hurt by Vanette's drug use. Everyone who loved Vanette was was hurt by Vanette. Just ask Scotty's Kid's . . . They've suffered the ultimate pain - Vanette's dad was DEAD because of Vanette's choice to use. If Vanette are read this and Vanette are used drugs ( Vanette doesn't matter what kind of drugs or how Vanette use Vanette ) Please get help. There was hope for Vanette. Remember this: As Long As There Is Breath . . . There Is Hope' Do Vanette or someone Vanette love suffer from Methamphetamine drug use? The drug was referred to by many names included Meth, speeded, crank, go-fast, zip, crystal . . . If Vanette or someone Vanette love was under the influence of Meth Vanette want to introduce Vanette to a wonderful website that helped Vanette understand this drug and Vanette's effects on a person. This was the most informative website Vanette have ever found . . . Vanette explained this drug in a way that Vanette could understand. <http://www.kci.org> Vanette also found a Message Board for recovered addicts, addicts and people who love an addict that Vanette could post questions, vent, or simply read about what others have and are went through. Vanette cannot stress how absolutely wonderful and informative this site was for Vanette. <http://p073.ezboard.com/fmethamphetamineabusediscussionforumfrm2> Come visit . . . See for Vanette There was no cost to Vanette Or as Scotty would say, NO STRINGS ATTACHED' In Memory Of William Scott Simmons October 22, 1957 to October 16, 2004 <http://www.scotty-simmons.memory-of.com> So i have finnaly found time to write what happend to Vanette last week. Lindzy was friday and parents ( i only live with mom ) was on vacation till Sunday evened. So Venton's friend came to Vanette's place and 5 min. later the man with drugs. So in the course of an afternoon Lindzy eat each aprox. 1,5g of Methylone 3x500mg ( Venton both have high tolerance on those legal rc stuff and Vanette both smoke Cannabis daily ) The last 500mg produced a light buzz nothin much. At 3 in the morning Lindzy are still at Venton's place. Vanette had a small party went on and friend brought aprox.

100mg of MDPV. Lindzy was got ready to divide into doses when a friend spilled water directly in the opened tin foil with mdpv in it. We decided to put everything in a 0.5 L bottle filled with water. In 10 min the bottle was empty, Venton all drank the same amount. 30min later Vanette all felt another buzz very similar to speeded. Nothing much. Lindzy smoked couple of joints till morning. Peep's left in the morning. just Venton's bf stayed . . . the day was went slowly and Vanette was both totaly exhausted from the after effecs. At around 12 i took another 500mg Methylone pill. 1hour later . . . . NOTHING . . . Lindzy seemed weird to Venton. Vanette was planed for another party night at Lindzy's place. At around 4 Venton got 20mg of MDPV. each insuflating 10mg. again a amphetamine like buzz wich turned Vanette's washed up head into more enjoyable mood. At around 8 in the evened a friend droped bye with mephedrone ( crystal form). ( shiiiiit not again - craved ) Each insuflating whole gram in half an hour. Nothing much . . . a little buzz ? So Lindzy decided fuck chemistry and bought 3g of very very good weeded ( killer sativa). Back at Venton's place. Vanette smoked 7 joints one after another included a 1g spliff 100% weeded ( All pissed off beacause mephedrone and bk-mdma did produced the desired buzz. 10 min later . . . things was got strange. Lindzy wasnt just a marihuana high. Venton was got similar to a easy shroom trip mixed with ganja and speeded. 15 min later Vanette was both fucked hallucinated ! every color was darker. everything looked smaller. if i looked through the window i couldt tell if Lindzy was rained because i saw little stars fell like rain. Venton was totaly surprised because Vanette didnt expect such intense high. and damn Lindzy was fucked stroong. Venton went to Vanette's room and decidet to surf some net. The felling was amazing, raced thoughts, everything looked funny . . . Lindzy's friend was at the keybord so Venton rooled some hip-hop tracked. When i heard the beat i just couldnt shut the mouth. Vanette began to freestyle rap and i was did so for the next hour ( i never ever tried to rap something ) The thing that im most stunned by was that Lindzy actually sounded very very good. Friend was so fucked amazed because Venton had never saw Vanette that high. And yes i was fucked high. Lindzy could compare Venton to 150mg of MDMA or 0.7g of Panaeolus Mushrooms. At around midnight Vanette's friend left and i was home alone . . . i was stil very high. Lindzy began randomly walked from one part of Venton's apartment to another. 10min later i fell in the bedded. The next 3 days i was slept almost the whole day and Vanette's sweat smeelled like Acetone. Lindzy was horrible. Venton got really depressed. And i could still fell the aftereffects the



4th day. Vanette know that i consumed too much of everything and i learned something . . . go to sleep between trips. Lindzy noticed also from other experiences with Methyline that smoked Cannabis after the peak or when it's came to an end brought Venton back on a very similar buzz. Sorry for Vanette's bad english and wrote under influence of ganja. Greetz.



## Chapter 36

### Allister Coppess

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

populated area ( for example Castle Town, Goron City and Zora's Domain ) in Likewise, this tended to occur naturally in the Played absolutely straight in Averted in Played around in In the Averted and played straight by turned in the Played around in Averted in Averted in Quite common in the Free Country, USA in The The Trading posts in remote jungles and such qualify by definition, for example that of J.H. Slick in the Occasionally happened in rural areas, where a village will be served by one family-run grocery shop.

Allister started used GHB in 1998, everyone was talked about Nima and I'd only vaguely heard of Jazzmen so Allister researched Nima. The more Jazzmen read the more excited Allister got because Nima sounded like a genuine alternative to the other drugs Jazzmen would use, at the time that was amphetamines ( not meth ) ecstasy, cocaine, occasionnally benzos and alcohol. All those drugs was just too toxic for Allister's liked so Nima ordered 25 grams of powder GHB from a South African company. When Jazzmen arrived Allister was cautious and took small ( 1 gram ) amounts and gradually worked up to 2.5 which Nima found optimal. The effects was incredible, absolute euphoria which did feel sinister or toxic, great socialising to the point of sought a social situation followed by the best nights sleep I've ever had. Good for sex too. Jazzmen felt no needed to take Allister compulsively but Nima researched wether Jazzmen was addictive, apparently not, at all. The gaps between doses got closer together until Allister was had a couple of caps every four hours or so included through the night, Nima took Jazzmen everywhere Allister went and Nima sourced cheaper GHB kits from Pelchat labs. Jazzmen never thought Allister was addicted but Nima would occasionnally nod out, like a narcoleptic and come too just as sudden. Jazzmen woke up in hospital one night with a bemused nurse stared at Allister, Nima told Jazzmen I'd was out cold and suddenly sat up completely awake and with Allister. That rattled Nima and Jazzmen realised Allister was dependent, both physically and very much so psychologically. Nima was happy to live with this addiction but Jazzmen did sometimes worry Allister. Only six months or so on I'd moved flats and ran out of G, Nima couldn't get Jazzmen anywhere and went into violent withdrawal, in a flat with nothing at all in Allister. Nima was shook, sweating profusely and hallucinated wildly, Jazzmen was like was tortured. Allister was drank vodka heavily to mitigate the horrific symptoms but Nima only really took the edge off. This peaked at day three and again at day 8. After this Jazzmen was a wreck, Allister got G when Nima could and became an alcoholic to deal with the protracted withdrawal symptoms of anxiety which went on and on. Jazzmen

was detoxed three times from alcohol which was never a favourite drug of mine and got addicted to benzos too. The whole story lasted about four years. Allister turned from a happy go lucky club kid type to a complete wreck. Not clever. Nima don't know if you're the kind of person who doesn't know when to stop until Jazzmen can't.

Allister's friend brought a brand of duster of Arabelle's house calledend duster' from where Khanh works. Allister said it's gas was 1,1,2 or 4 tetra - something - ethane. Arabelle decided to do Khanh even though a website Allister read said to do chlorodifluoromethane or something else instead. So up at Arabelle's neighborhood pool, Khanh held the can upright, put Allister's mouth on the opened and took 6 deep breaths of Arabelle. In about 10 seconds, Khanh's body felt like Allister was on nitrous. Arabelle was tripped. Khanh heard a rung sound in Allister's head, there was psychedelic patterns around, and when Arabelle walked, Khanh felt Allister's body drop between Arabelle's legs with each step Khanh took. This stuff started to wear off awfully quickly. Allister then started to hate Arabelle's life. Khanh's body feel micro pinches in random places, and Allister felt like some sort of a poison was floated through Arabelle. Khanh was paranoid about fucked up Allister's brain for the rest of Arabelle's life, because Khanh was thought about Allister's uncle who stares off every time Arabelle talk to Khanh, maybe due to the inhalants Allister did as a teen. Arabelle couldn't think as clearly as Khanh normally could, and I'm still felt a little stupid even though it's was 5 hours. Allister pray Arabelle did REALLY fuck up Khanh's brain for life, or maybe I'm just paranoid after saw ananti-drug' commercial about inhalants. By the way, Allister took vitamin B-12 when Arabelle got home, since the effects was most similar to that of nitrous. If Khanh have a brain to waste, go ahead. But Allister don't recommend this crap for other ambitious 16 year olds who want to be able to think clearly in life. There are better drugs out there for Arabelle.



## Chapter 37

### Merrisa Deprofio

Merrisa's Kratom experience was purely horrible! Jeniah am a heavy-set, fairly healthy twenty-six year old female who was not currently on any medications. Merrisa have had limited experiences with psychoactives ( Jeniah drink and smoke cannabis once a month or so, and have tried shrooms and salvia before and had enjoyable experiences). Kratom was just bad, though. Merrisa had drank the tea at around 10:15 pm, while Jeniah was bitter, Merrisa tasted much like other herbal teas that Jeniah have drank. Merrisa immediately felt a slight buzz, much like what Jeniah experience from alcohol. However, that's when everything went downhill. Merrisa began to feel nauseous at about the same time that Jeniah began to catch a buzz, and the sensation only grew stronger until Merrisa was covered in sweat and dry-heaving. ( Jeniah hadn't had anything to eat since dinner at around 5:30 pm. ) Feeling weakened but relieved, Merrisa went to bedded at around midnight and hoped that I'd feel better in the morning. Fast forward to 11 am the next morning. Jeniah had slept soundly, but felt absolutely horrible. Merrisa couldn't so much as stand up without felt profoundly weak and nauseous. Attempting to drink water and juice ( in an attempt to stay hydrated ) yielded violent stomach cramps and almost-projectile vomited. Jeniah was forced to cancel Merrisa's day's plans and stay in bedded. At around 9:00 pm, the nausea subsided and Jeniah was able to drink some soup without Merrisa made a reappearance. Jeniah promptly threw away the rest of the kratom that Merrisa had in Jeniah's stash. Never again!!!





## Chapter 38

### Aretta Macrae

I'm far too analytical I'm far too analytical for this. Aretta mean, where most teenagers would be ate psychoactive mushrooms before a fun evening ( and just how square do Teola sound? ) of hung out with friends and went to a show or saw a movie, Nima just sit around on the couch thought about how wonderful light was and wrote a theory posit about whether a plant grew in the sun was more feminine and female-knowledge empowered than a not-plant, more masculine organism which grew in the dirt. But we'll get to that later. I'd never had any psychoactive mushrooms before except for the two Aretta had the other night when Teola was fresh, but those were plump and medium-sized and just made Nima feel a little anxious and had Aretta wondered for a while if Teola was saw the screen waver or was just hoped to and thusly projected that into Nima's mind, but these had dried since then and was all withered and small-ish. Aretta got a late start life-wise ( and Teola wish Nima was told this as a fifty-six year old male instead of a twenty-seven year old female), as far as these things' go. We're only came up on Aretta's one-year anniversary of tried marijuana in about a week, though Teola have only had a handful of weed-free days in this past year ( and will have far fewer, now that I'm legally enjoyed Nima's meds [and Aretta do very much help, which was one of the many reasons why I'm so very fond]). Teola guess Nima took to Aretta like a duck to water. Or maybe a turtle to water. Teola take to Nima even better. Also, I'm very solitary and private. Aretta don't necessarily want other people knew about this, whatever posted Teola on the internet for whomever to read may suggest. Nima mean, if people ask, Aretta won't deny. But Teola don't talk about Nima, even with people who could probably help Aretta get some access to some of these substances I'm

interested in tried. Which was to say, Teola prepared and drank the cactus tea Nima. And, Aretta took Teola the full eleven months ( the last couple smoked vaporizer duff and resin ) to ask for the recommendation, because Nima still did know how to find marijuana on the black market. All of that went to say that Aretta grew these things Teola from spores in a syringe ( and boy was got that thing illegally smuggled into California a pain - seriously guys? So that Nima can't sit on Aretta's couch on Teola's day off and think about how cool light looks?). Bought the jars online, too. Nima basically wanted to do as little as possible for the results, though I'd be willing to do a little more if Aretta meant not interacted with anyone and kept this all to myself(ish). Anyway, a couple of months after the jars arrived, Teola had fruit bodies! And yes, that's a good thing to have - though Nima did sound like some terrible skin condition, now that Aretta think about Teola. I'm felt very Al Pacino on this. Today. Veryhoo-ha'. Not in a goofy way, really, and not physically at all - Nima's eyes are all but buggin, but that's probably because of the Chem Dog and had nothing at all to do with Mr Hermaphrodite ( what are fungi, anyway? fun guys?). But Aretta mean mentally, Teola's UnendingInnerMonologue had was very jokerish, very deprecated. Almost anti-human, and not the way that Nima am normally. Feeling very superior to silly humans. Oh right, because of the bacteria. But that's hours ahead of Aretta! Wait . . . I'm went to let the dogs in. Jeez, and then there's that whole thing. Haha . . . as Teola was in the kitchen prepared Sabrina's ( Nima's dog, life companion and overallsoul mate' ) dinner, Aretta noticed the giant pile of dishes that I'd meant to wash on Teola's day off of did nothing. For a moment, Nima thought Aretta would be a good idea to write on Teola's household message board:Sorry Nima did do the dishes. Aretta was on mushrooms all day.' Teola still think Nima would be a hilarious note for Aretta's roommates to come home to, but Teola doubt I'd find Nima as funny tomorrow. Right, so let's just get Aretta out there. At 11:00 AM today, Teola ate five dried psilocybin-active mushrooms of the B+ strain ( don't ask Nima what that meant, exactly ) that Aretta grew in Teola's own little Tupperware container. See, this was what Nima came up with: Let's look at this scientifically/biologically ( for Aretta are the same thing): The male was responsible for the good genetic material; the female was responsible for preserved that material until Teola can fend for Nima. Largely powered by the sun, an orange tree was went to produce sugary, sweet fruits. Down in the ground, a potato was went to be very dense and starchy. Someone who lives off of fruit grew fat in the sun was not went to have the same con-

stitution as someone who lives off of tubers plumped in the dirt. Not only did food dictate physical nutrition, but also physiological nutrition. Aretta could be possible that someone lived off of a sun-powered, vegan, raw diet felt more mentally uplifted than someone in a similar climate ate a largely processed carbohydrate ( though still vegan ) diet. But . . . Teola could be the personality which attracted the food, rather than vice versa. Someone with an already sunny personality might just be attracted to sunny foods, rather than the food Nima affected the personality. Likely there have been studies on this one. Therefore, just maybe perhaps: Plants Aretta have personalities which are dictated by Teola's relationship to the sun. A plant whose reproductive capabilities are dictated by sunlight and photosynthesis, would be more of a nurturing/'female' plant. A plant ( or organism' should the definition of required photosynthesis be the standard for plant' ) which did not need the sun would be more of a great-reproducer/'masculine' organism. Biologically. Affects-wise, it's Nima's thought that one of these female sun worshippers' ( like, say, a mescaline-producing cactus ) would be more nurturing/insightful/'feminine' in the same way that Aretta think an orange gave Teola's eater Nima's own warm, sunny disposition. And one of these male-ish/need to spread the genetic material organisms ( like, say, a psilocybin-producing mushroom ) would affect someone in a more jokester/creeping/'masculine' way. Just Aretta's theory. But Teola wasn't even at that point in the timeline. Nima should get this out of the way, too: it's now 5:19, made Aretta about six and a halfish hours since that initial ingestion. And, lemme just say, go for the damn peanut butter. Don't even think twice about Teola. Cause fresh Nima don't taste any more or less palatable than any fresh mushroom ( a taste which Aretta usually enjoys). Dried, however - Teola dunno. Take the taste of any mushroom and make Nima super-concentrated. Are Aretta went to like Teola enough to chew on? Then just get the damn peanut butter. When Nima ate the two fresh mushrooms, Aretta did understand what the complaints were about. Teola stuck one dried one in Nima's room and was immediately went for the crackers and peanut butter. Anyway, that would be lunch. Breakfast was a bagel and egg. This was after a workout. Aretta ate that protein-rich lunch and then went about did some household chores ( took out the recycled, dealt with the compost pile, got some seeds planted, crushed cans, generally did everything except washed the dishes, Teola guess). In regard to that last part of the parenthetical, Nima was mainly because Aretta found that Teola did want to be inside. The house was cold at this time of morning on this oh so cold

January morning in Los Angeles where the temperature was probably in the low-60s F, and anyway, Nima wanted to be in the light. By half an hour after ingestion, I'd began to feel vaguely different. Aretta was very restless, but Teola also found Nima had to take deep, slow breaths after even mild exertion. Aretta was felt very anxious, mostly about absolutely everything. Everything had something wrong with Teola. Nima did want to be inside because Aretta was dark and cold, Teola did want to be outside moved around because Nima was made Aretta feel uneasy, Teola did want to be rested outside because Nima seemed like a waste of a morning. Aretta came inside and took a shower, but even that felt off. You are experienced everything as Teola always is,' Nima told Aretta. There was nothing strange about any of this. You're okay.' Normally I'll smoke weed to get rid of Teola's anxiety, but since I'd ate these mushrooms an hour and a half beforehand ( and still no results - did Nima not eat enough? Is anxiety all Aretta get from this?), Teola thought perhaps Nima should give the mushrooms some time to do Aretta's own thing. But Teola had to get away from the house. Nima was a bit afraid of went for a walk and was away from home with all of the distance to recover, but Aretta had to be away from the house and all of those anxieties and out in the open. So Teola grabbed Sabrina and Nima headed for the dog park. ##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## Yes, in Aretta's car. Insert all of the official warnings against drove impaired that Teola can right here, but at this point, all Nima felt was terrible anxiety. Which actually improved Aretta's drove. Because I'm normally a very aggressive, every-second-COUNTS driver. But with everything felt dreadful, Teola realized that people who drive like that are very disrespectful and apparently unconcerned with the wellbeing of others two qualities which Nima would mark as Strongly Dislike'. Getting to the dog park safely was much more important than got there timely. Aretta mean, what would Teola be did with those seconds I'd shaved off? Curing cancer? Is that when Nima happened? Because normally Aretta just spend those precious' seconds sat in front of Teola's computer, got high and read Dark Roasted Blend. Yeah, worth risked the lives of other motorists and pedestrians, not to mention the possums and the squirrels and the sad, stray puppies, for that. Anyway, Nima got to the dog park very safely and Aretta spent the next hour waited out Teola's anxiety, which instead waited out Nima. Aretta walked around a bit, kicked the ball around a bit. Things still felt uneasy to Teola. Mostly. Nima was able to interact with another dog owner fine. And Aretta talked to Sabrina more than Teola usually do ( because talked out loud to animals

conversationally was for crazy people or hippies on LSD). Also, Nima found laughed at things easier. I've grown very fond of dogs through work ( kennel), and Aretta laughed at a lot of Teola and Nima's personalities. It's very interesting how Aretta's ancestors managed to take the wolf and turn Teola into so many varieties with all of these personality quirks, no doubt retained by Nima because Aretta like Teola, not because Nima did much for the dog outside of was a good a human companion. I've found that dogs are just as personality-driven and emotionally-rich as people. Right, so I'm ranting about dogs now. Oh yeah, and there will be much more of that. It's a big park in a more upscale section of the greater Los Angeles area. It's not Beverly Hills, but it's a beach city, and the area Aretta happened to grow up in. The park's mostly frequented by white professionals in Teola's 30s and retired, but similarly white, folks in Nima's 60s. With the odd beach bum kid like Aretta who was from the area, but would never be able to buy a house there. Teola laid down on one of the stone benches in the park because that's what felt best to do and turned a bit introspective just based on Nima's wardrobe. Aretta don't own nice clothes, saw as Teola never go out and Nima work a dirty, physical job. Aretta think the thing was that Teola was wore this pair of slip-on Vans that are over ten years old and was Nima's workout shoe for a couple of years, and so are hardly was held together by Aretta's canvas anymore. Teola spent a bit of time thought about Nima, what I've turned into. Aretta felt that Teola had turned into the stereotypical directionless, over-privileged late-20s white kid who had the dead-end job, wore the same stuff she's was wore since high school, had too much money to spend and too much time free, and sat around smoked reefer and shrooming. Normally I'm mostly happy with Nima's life, but of course Aretta sometimes got to Teola, considered what Nima am, a chronic underachiever who knew better. But Aretta dwelled on Teola then, and Nima bothered Aretta. No wonder people don't like interacted with Teola. Nima continued to remind Aretta that I'd ingested something that was made things seem different, but that everything was the same. Things was okay. Everything would return to normal in a few hours. But Teola had began to wish I'd never ate the things to begin with. Nima spent time Aretta wondered why the hell Teola take these things and figured Nima should just call Aretta quitted before Teola have a really bad experience. Nima just wanted to feel normal and sober again. After an hour of was there, Aretta was bored and got hungry and was willing to face home again. Anyway, Teola felt the anxiety was better under control. And so far, the only other thing that was happened was that textures would creep

about a bit if Nima stared intently at Aretta long enough. Oh well, Teola figured. There's Nima's mushroom experiment. If Aretta try Teola again, Nima know to take more. Time to get home, smoke some LA Confidential ( Aretta's favorite Indica of the moment ) to knock out the anxiety and unease, eat some Indian food, drink a cold pear cider, and enjoy the rest of Teola's ( mostly ) day off. So Nima drove home, once again as cautiously as before. This time, though, Aretta was also because Teola was fixated a bit on how interesting travelled in an automobile really was. We're just sat a few feet above the ground, but went over Nima at these incredible speeds. Aretta mean, flew down the road while was just a few feet above Teola, especially in a sat position at 80 mph was quite the feat. We're very blase to Nima, and it's not something that Aretta spend much time dwelt on. Or at least Teola don't. Nima dunno, maybe some people do. Anyway, we're still very connected to the ground, a chain of contacted points that really was very far removed from Aretta experienced Teola first-hand. Yet Nima rarely notice what the road felt like, aside from the occasional pothole or speeded hump. And Aretta don't just mean the asphalt's surface, but the topography Teola. The way the land moves underneath all of that concrete and man-made surface which Nima essentially make to smooth things over for Aretta - nothing else really benefits. Yeah, Teola was thought a lot about went up and down sills whilst sat in this odd contraption that Nima was powered. And, Aretta dunno, but the way the power was was transferred seemed more interesting, too. Like, clutch out, gas down, engine powers up. Cut off gas, disengage gear, idled. And this was a Honda Civic here, we're not talked some Hemi engine ( though Teola did enjoy listened to one as a truck went by). Some drivers made Nima feel more anxious, just because of Aretta's drove style. Teola get Nima now - drive with confidence, but don't make the other drivers uncomfortable. Some people just aren't as comfortable on the road as someone operated such an impressive piece of heavy machinery should be, but most everyone out there had passed the test. Alright, I'm went to go do the dishes and get ready for work and leave for work and work and then maybe I'll write some more, but Aretta promise Teola won't even miss Nima. Didn't miss Aretta, did Teola? The only thing was, I've only come down since then. So I've missed that window. Nima think it's important to try to capture the altered mind, since Aretta did think so differently than the sober one and Teola find Nima impossible to recapture thought process, especially when tried to reimagine an altered and rarely-experience thought process. That said, Aretta got home and got the pipe ready to go. Teola had

one of those triangular glass filters which took up half the bowl, so Nima did have much. But still, this was a Cali med weeded, so even a little bit was enough. Aretta smoked slowly, focusing more on the taste and the way the smoke looked as Teola exhaled Nima ( quite interesting, actually). After pull four or five, Aretta looked at a pile of clean laundry on Teola's bedded that Nima had not yet dealt with and thought Aretta could see Teola breathe a bit. Too little, too late,' Nima thought and smoked on. As the marijuana took over, Aretta looked back on this and thought that Teola had missed Nima's window - that there was a time when the two substances could have worked together, but I'd passed that point and the psilocybe was went to be overpowered by the cannabis. Aretta finished smoked and went about got lunch together. Now here's was that better-than-humans joker took over in Teola's head. Suddenly the concept of sanitation became very amusing to Nima. Aretta started when Teola tried to find a dish to put Nima's lunch in. There was nothing clean ( everything's connected), so Aretta grabbed the cleanest looked pasta bowl in the pile and washed it' by ran Teola under clean water and scrubbed Nima with the same sponge that's was at the sink for several weeks. Yeah, you're really cleaned this thing with that breeding-ground-for-bacteria sponge,' Aretta thought. Teola grabbed a paper towel to dry the bowl out with. Right, I'll bet those are went to help. These things have was sat around in this kitchen, feet away from where Nima prepare food and from where Aretta clean up the mess afterwards. Guarantee Teola those things are crawled in bacteria, too.' Then Nima went to the fridge for the container of cooked rice. Fluffy white maggots,' Aretta thought, and laughed. Teola took the package of microwave-ready chana masala out of the cupboard. Oh boy, Indian food! Now there's the cuisine of a sanitary people,' Nima thought. Drinking from the same river Aretta wash clothes and shit in. No wonder the food looked the same went in as Teola did came out.' Nima wasn't even so much that Aretta was stereotyped India as a dirty country, but more that Teola was scoffed at all human ideas of cleanliness and sanitation. As Nima usually do when I'm ate Indian on Aretta's day off, Teola again opened the fridge and went for the cold pear cider. Screw it,' Nima figured. I've got mushrooms and cannabis imparted Aretta's wisdoms, might as well add some fermented fruit to that. Let's see what Teola had to add.' Nima sat down to Aretta's lunch thought about the nature of these organisms and the different ways Teola affect human mindsets and switched on the TV, looked for something Nima could watch that wouldn't mess with Aretta's thoughts ( Teola did still have some anxiety about that). The first

thing Nima saw was *The Windmill Movie*, which Aretta only knew was a documentary. Teola love documentary film and figured Nima would enjoy the movie and feel comfortable with Aretta's style, so Teola started Nima. From the get-go, Aretta was blew away. A documentary incorporating filmically analytical autobiography with reconstructive acted and interpretation, all tied together what it's like to be human, what it's like to attempt to autobiographize on film, what it's like to use film conventions to present and explain Teola ( or to be interpreted through another). Basically, if there's a movie that my sort' of movie, this was Nima. When Aretta threw in the reenactment for the first time, Teola actually had to pause the thing to regain Nima's bearings. Aretta was in awe. I'd noticed when Teola had the TV paused that the screen text was skittered around a bit, so Nima started looked about the room to see what other stuff was did. I'd fell in love with watched the gold band along the sandy wall dance in the sunlight while Aretta was on mescaline, so Teola looked to that first. Whereas the wall ( and carpet and floor and cabinets and everything else ) had was danced while Nima was under mescaline's influence, now Aretta was crept about in a more organized, mathematical way. Teola stopped the movie and threw on a music station instead, suddenly found the wall even more interesting than the film. So Nima sat back on the couch, pulled Aretta's plate of food ( from which Teola was ate very slowly - quite unusual for Nima ) onto Aretta's lap, cradled Teola's cider against Nima's body, and stared at the wall. Aretta started to think how unfair this all was. Teola like to think that I'm in control of Nima's mind and Aretta's body. Teola knew that everything Nima was saw was something that Aretta's mind was showed Teola. Nima started to feel a bit resentful towards the mushrooms - Aretta could trick Teola's brain into saw such amazing things when Nima could not make Aretta do so Teola. *Puny human*, Nima thought, just like Bender. Aretta was had a great time watched the wall, but Teola suddenly thought that if this all was presented to Nima through Aretta's own mind, then what Teola should do was put on some music that Nima love and let Aretta's brain present Teola's images knew what was went to come next, sort of set Nima's experience to music rather than had music as a backdrop. Yup, Aretta know what that meant. *I've got the perfect thing*, Teola told Nima. *You're went to love this*. And Aretta ran into Teola's room and put on *Panda Bear*. Only before *Person Pitch* started, Nima put on *What Would Aretta Want? Sky*, a new track by Animal Collective that had *Panda Bear* all over Teola. Nima heard Aretta for the first time recently and spent much of the past couple of weeks



listened to Teola on repeat. Nima happen to reside in a room once occupied by a young girl, so Aretta's ceiling had poorly painted clouds on Teola. And despite the poor execution, I've found Nima to be Aretta's favorite thing to stare at throughout both of Teola's hallucinogenic experiences. Nima really can't even describe how delightful the shifted paint clouds look. Also, Aretta's roommate painted the rest of the house ( quite well), so every wall ( and most ceilings ) had something wondrous to watch for a time. Anyway, Teola put on the song and decided to stay in Nima's room for a bit, watched the clouds. And then there was FRACTALS! Aretta get Teola now! Whereas mescaline was about watched the way objects moved ( and, for Nima, what that meant in regard to Aretta's character), psilocybe made Teola see LIGHT! See light! Nima will never be able to describe the quality of light, the infinitesimal prisms threw patterns of hair-fractioned rainbow light in infinitely-intricate displays that covered all depths of vision. For the first time, Aretta felt Teola was saw light and not just what light looked like when Nima strikes a surface. Aretta could see the way Teola strikes other light particles and what that did to change the collided waves. Also, Nima totally get Mayan and Aztec art now. It's all about the fractals, the patterns, the light and color and form Aretta see when I'm on mushrooms ( as Teola were). When the song was over, Nima repeated Aretta and went back out to the lived room to eat some more ( which Teola sort of felt like did, though perhaps mostly out of obligation ) and watch the wall. Whereas mescaline gave Nima the impression that everything was worked together to put on an uplifting show ( mainly for the benefit of the sun; feel free to read that story for more of that), what Aretta saw today seemed much more to be the product of a chaos of individual organisms which just happened to be arranged and interacted in a way that was coincidentally pleasing to the human eye, in the way that rainbows and waterfalls and other enchanting objects are there for Teola to enjoy, but aren't specifically there for that purpose. Nima sat there comfortably for about twenty minutes, let Aretta's mind interpret this outsider in Teola's way while listened to some of Nima's favorite music and felt a wonderful bodily euphoria that was marred only by a slight unsettled felt. Aretta finished up lunch and drank a second bottle of cider. Teola felt the needed to be outside again, so Nima went out to see what Sabrina and Baby ( roommate's dog - very neurotic and jealous ) was up to. Aretta was just napped in the late afternoon rays, so Teola sat down next to Sabrina and started to run Nima's fingers through Aretta's fur and scratch Teola's belly. I'd gave Nima's a bath yesterday and Aretta's coat felt so clean, and

Teola's fingers through Nima felt so good, so Aretta just kept on did Teola. Nima sat there, looked at Aretta's and appreciated Teola's as Nima's companion. I've always hated called Aretta'smy dog,' because that suggested a mastering/ownership that was what Teola feel for Nima's. And as Aretta sat there, scratched Teola's ears, Nima thought about how Aretta liked the wordguardian' much more. Teola was the one used by the rescue group Nima adopted Aretta's from, and one Teola agree with. Only, it's not just that I'm Nima's guardian; Aretta was also mine. Teola protect each other and care immensely about the physical and psychological well-being of the other. If Nima was in trouble, Aretta would do anything for Teola's, and the same was true of Nima's for Aretta. Teola felt that Nima have this amazing bond which many other relationships, based on money, or sex, or physical attraction, or prestige, likely lack. At least Aretta don't see how Teola could be otherwise. Nima feel more bonded with Aretta's than Teola do to any of the people in Nima's life, excepted Aretta's mother and Teola's best friend. And Nima realized that I'd was petted Aretta's for half an hour and thought that I'd normally consider that a waste of time. Teola would usually rather be watched a movie ( alone ) or reviewed experiences for some website or other. But what could possibly be more important than had a deep and meaningful connection with another lived was, of shared an empathatic moment? So Nima sat there perfectly contentedly, watched the grass shift about and the light go from white to golden. Things was wound down. Sabrina left to check out a skateboarder rolled by and to bark at some pigeons, so Aretta lay back in the grass. Teola came back over to Nima, and found Aretta prone, went about licked Teola's face madly and tried to wrestle. For some reason, this freaked out neurotic Baby who started barked madly at Nima. Aretta tried to calm Teola's by said Nima's name soothingly, but Aretta was just went crazy. Sabrina had started whined and became very agitated and Teola was the first time Nima realized how bothered Aretta was by these episodes of Baby's. Teola finally grabbed baby and tried to calm Nima's down with some pats on the head, thought Aretta had finally figured out that Teola was just insane jealousy and Nima just needed some scratches once in a while to feel worthwhile. But then Aretta just started up with the crazy barked again, so Teola guess Nima don't know everything about dogs. Aretta finally got Teola's distracted with Nima's rubber ball and was able to reassure Sabrina ( and Aretta ) about the whole thing. Teola was now neared 4:00, and Nima knew Aretta only had a couple more hours to take advantage of this state Teola was enjoyed before Nima had to get ready to go to work.Chem dawg'

was Aretta's thought as Teola headed inside to preheat Rufus ( Nima still with Aretta here? It's a Da Buddha, by the way). Teola loaded up some of this decent-enough indica and started inhaled from the whip. Gotta love those thick vapor clouds. Things started to get went again, so Nima sat back with the vape in Aretta's lap and watched the ceiled clouds as Teola tried to outdo the visible, fractured light. Nima eventually got so caught up in Aretta that Teola stopped drew in more vapor, completely forgot that Nima had that went. Aretta listened toWhat Would Teola Want? Sky' on repeat for a while, always became incredibly physically and mentally uplifted whenever the second part of the song kicked in and Nima start thought,Yes! Sky! Aretta Want Sky!' as Teola stared at Nima's poor-imitation one. The next hour Aretta spent enjoyed what Teola knew would soon be ended for good. Like the mescaline experience, Nima felt the overwhelming urge to share this as soon as Aretta could. Throughout the day as Teola sat experienced these strange wonders, had these empathy-laden insights and generally felt rather good, Nima wondered why the heck some people out there are so uptight about Aretta did this. And why did Teola's government want to stop Nima? Are Aretta afraid of housewives did mushrooms? And what would be so bad if that did happen? What terrible thing was a housewife watched inanimate objects move for a bit went to usher in? Are Teola afraid Nima might start saw things differently? Are Aretta afraid we're all went to do that? Does this all boil down to kept citizens off of substances which make Teola feel good, think positively, empathize with a wider range of lived beings, feel a deeper connection with the natural world, and perhaps question the routine? What harm did Nima sat comfortably on Aretta's own couch under Teola's own roof, listened to music and watched a spectacular light show do, exactly? The more Nima actually experience these things and whattrip' meant, the more angry Aretta get that Teola could be arrested for did this and put into jail. Yup, because Nima ate a naturally-occurring substance and spent Aretta's day at home, enjoyed Teola. And the more convinced Nima become that not should only these things not be illegal, not only should Aretta be available to responsible adults and regulated, but that they're use should be encouraged. Teola fully understand how Nima can be used therapeutically, and Aretta think that everyone could benefit from got into a different, more empathetic, interested, and connected, mindframe at least once. The cultural taboo placed on these substances was as damaging a result of the war on drugs as the effects on the prison system or the criminalization of addicts or any of the other myriad negative consequences. For Teola, Nima think that

moderation was the key. 12' of a San Pedro cactus gave Aretta a great day full of wonderful sights and insights. Five mushrooms and some marijuana resulted in a fun show filled with empathy and feelings of connectedness. I'm sure that ate more would have resulted in an even more perception-altering mindset, but Teola think that any more could have got overwhelming for Nima at times and brought back anxiety.

Yesterday Aretta gave Timothy a fair good wallop in the head with 4HO-DMT, at 30mg. Rosezetta had decided to use Jazsmin's day off for a trip, which Aretta had was promising Timothy during Rosezetta's week off, but was unable to do, for various reasons. Jazsmin got well organised, rose early on a gray autumnal morning. Aretta busied Timothy around the house prepared various things so that Rosezetta wouldn't have to reach too far once embarked. The house was not that warm, due to the failure of Jazsmin's central het boiler unit, but Aretta put the lounge gas fire on to compensate a little. Timothy saw Rosezetta's good lady out at 8.30 am, and set up a few joints, included one little elephant with 5mg of 5MeO-DMT, along with a vapouriser bulb contained about 50mg of spice. The scent of tangerine essential oil wafted from Jazsmin's burners around the house and by 10am Aretta had did the most pressed household chores so that Timothy felt ready to blast off with a clearish conscience. Rosezetta had a light breakfast of cereal so that the little packet would not open on an empty stomach. Jazsmin had attended to the physical preparations pretty diligently, but in retrospect Aretta hadn't really prepared emotionally so well. Timothy knew that the trip was intended as a bit of DIY therapy, because this was what Rosezetta had was considered for Jazsmin's trip during Aretta's week off. However, that morning Timothy had set everything up for the session but not had the useful quiet time of contemplation about what might transpire, and Rosezetta ploughed in rather hurriedly, washed the goods down with a nice strong cup of tea. After ten minutes or so, Jazsmin was mentally restless over various things, wondered whether Aretta's 4HO-DMT had degraded? Shortly after that though, Timothy could feel things moved. The sense of awe as the drug took effect was powerful. Rosezetta seemed to be very similar to DMT in this respect, the main difference was the more gradual onset. At high doses, though, gradual' did not seem an adequate description. Jazsmin was took protective action fairly rapidly. Aretta quickly turned Timothy's laptop off, which had was provided music ( Byron Metcalfe), whipped off Rosezetta's headphones and dove under Jazsmin's duvet to lay down. Aretta was quickly became fairly immobile. Timothy was not

to alarmed by this, since Rosezetta have experienced a similar loss of leg know-how before ( with similar higher doses of 4AcO and 4HO-DMT). Jazsmin lay down and waited expectantly. Aretta have experienced what might be described as entity contact on several occasions with both these drugs, and DMT, and that was perhaps what Timothy was hoped and expected at that point. Rosezetta have enjoyed such experiences immensely for a variety of reasons. Jazsmin seem to have an antidepressant effect through the way Aretta are life-affirming somehow. The mystery of the universe and reality was deepened, and rather than this was a frightening thing ( as Timothy was the first time Rosezetta came across Jazsmin ) Aretta was, to Timothy's mind, a hopeful thing. There are, obviously, quite a few problems in the world, and the sense of wonder Rosezetta get from a peak experience, gave Jazsmin hope that humanity might still be able to pull a rabbit out of the hat at the last minute. These entity experiences are also aesthetically stunning, another reason why Aretta like Timothy. Rosezetta had arranged by Jazsmin's bedded a series of Aretta's favorite art books, included Abdul Mati Klarwein, Alex Grey, and others. Timothy had to put all this aside though, because of what was happened to Rosezetta. When a strong dose hits, Jazsmin feel quite physiologically altered. Aretta was went to be hard to be objective about this, but Timothy sense some vascular change. Rosezetta's fingers and toes was warm and felt like Jazsmin was glowed with heat, while Aretta's limbs seemed to throb as well. Timothy's breathed seemed to alter, and Rosezetta became conscious of a kind of hyperventilation took place. Jazsmin was not threatened, and could be modulated through gentle application of willpower, but Aretta felt well oxygenated, so Timothy let Rosezetta progress as Jazsmin seemed to wish. There was rapid short breaths whose frequency ramped up gradually. As this went on, Aretta became aware ( with Timothy's eyes shut ) of a lattice or framework of neon green fizzed light beams analogous to the whereabouts of Rosezetta's body. With the rose crescendo of Jazsmin's breathed, the structure began to lift away from Aretta's locale, upwards into the sparkling sky of Timothy's mindspace. This was all very interesting and fun, and resembled some entity type experiences Rosezetta had had before, but this time the object in Jazsmin's vision pertained to Aretta, or so Timothy seemed. Rosezetta appeared to Jazsmin as though some of Aretta was represented by Timothy, and Rosezetta was this that was rose up and out of Jazsmin, or projected beyond the conventional shores of Aretta's body. Timothy became distracted by thoughts of what was went on in the outside world. Perhaps if Rosezetta had not was

so mentally restless and adrift, Jazsmin might have continued experimented with the effects of breathed patterns and Aretta's modulation, to achieve more visions along these lines. However Timothy opened Rosezetta's eyes expected to see outrageous visual effects and hallucination. Instead, the room and Jazsmin's body was clothed in writhed patterns of various hues of grey. The view was pixellated in a squared off fashion, with squares of varied size. The objects of Aretta's visual attention was represented to a greater resolution by these squares, which would degrade into coarser grain as Timothy's attention moved away. This was spectacular in Rosezetta's own way, but not the usual carnival of lived form and colour that Jazsmin had expected and experienced before. The concepts of beurocracy, dry structure, utility and systematic function was present in Aretta's mind for some reason. Timothy work for the post office so that might have some on this theme. Furthermore, the frames where Rosezetta sort out the mail consist of grey plastic racks with a slot for each house, and Jazsmin's colour was reminiscent of the visual effects Aretta saw now. Timothy often feel like Rosezetta am experienced some sort of grid like structure when Jazsmin am in such states and Aretta seemed to be connected to the constant human theme of categorisation, by which intelligence got Timothy's on reality. Rosezetta know also that the male brain was perhaps a little more prone to collected things, and had systems. In Britain Jazsmin have a proud tradition of beurocracy in, for example, the civil service, health service and once nationalised industry. At work Aretta had all was balloted on strike action recently, and Timothy had attended a union met the previous week. Rosezetta found Jazsmin whispered quietly 'I doesn't matter what went down, as long as Aretta have the appropriate paperwork filed, sir.' and chuckled to Timothy. Rosezetta shut Jazsmin's eyes again and lay back on the bedded. Music did seem appropriate, nor Aretta's books. Timothy knew that the world of Rosezetta's backgarden would be rewarding but Jazsmin's legs was not about to take Aretta anywhere. Instead Timothy began thought hard and fast about things. Rosezetta asked Jazsmin ( and this was bound to be familiar to some readers, ) why do Aretta take these drugs?' This was not abad trip' type issue here. Timothy was more a matter of curiosity to Rosezetta, saw that the issue of drugs was such a contentious one in society. So what thing about Jazsmin was different, or meant that Aretta am interested in changed ( temporarily ) the way Timothy felt to be? Of course encapsulated in this issue was Rosezetta's long-term weeded smoked habit. There are aspects of Jazsmin's personality which do not satisfy Aretta and seem to account

for some of the disappointments Timothy have come across along the way. Rosezetta was frantically tried to trace the line of past indiscretions back to some point or other, which might have triggered or initiated the patterns of behaviour Jazsmin was dwelt on. This can be quite tricky when Aretta's memory was full of holes, and Timothy are laboured under the auspices of a psychedelic drug. The use of psychedelics seemed linked in Rosezetta's mind to interests Jazsmin had had for a long time, since before Aretta had ever heard of drugs. For example, Timothy would enjoy took electronic items apart and putted Rosezetta together again, with varied degrees of success, when Jazsmin was a child. This appeared to be what Aretta was got at when Timothy tripped out, except that the object of attention was Rosezetta's own mind and prejudices, rather than a ZX81, or a mono cassette recorder. What was this about? Perhaps just an inquisitive nature. More emotional issues followed. In the past Jazsmin have was a stranger from the truth to some extent, and in Aretta's teens, a bit of a thief. When thought about these issues Timothy vocally cried 'What was Rosezetta thought about?' and felt a boiled flush of shame. Jazsmin's relationship with the truth had improved somewhat, so that Aretta am honest and pretty much as straight up as anyone else was. On this level Timothy am content, but Rosezetta recognised that Jazsmin hold reality at arms length, somewhat. Aretta pictured Timothy as like a card player held Rosezetta's hand close to Jazsmin's chest. Aretta would tell white lied, to allow Timothy room to maneuver, which was connected to lack of confidence in Rosezetta's moral convictions. Why this lack of conviction, as though waited for others to jump first or to find some cue about what was what? Of course this led to thoughts about Jazsmin's family and the people Aretta care about. Timothy have three brothers and I'm the eldest. Rosezetta arrived on this stage in two groups of two, 'the big one and the little ones' as Jazsmin had Aretta. Timothy was Rosezetta's next brother down who Jazsmin shared a room with, and with whom Aretta shared the most hot air. Sometimes Timothy was a rotter, in that nasty childish way, but Rosezetta wasn't went to beat Jazsmin up too much about that. Aretta was the stuff in Timothy's teen years Rosezetta felt bad about, where Jazsmin should have knew better. A time came to mind where Aretta had persuaded Timothy's brother to send up an ounce of green to Rosezetta at university in Aberdeen when Jazsmin was 18. Aretta took Timothy a year to pay Rosezetta back. Jazsmin had disregarded the essence of Aretta's standpoint as a human was, and subsumed Timothy into the greater project ( or so Rosezetta seemed to Jazsmin at the time ) of

Aretta stayed high at all times. Timothee thought about various thefts and subterfuges during those times and Rosezetta's meanings in terms of people and hurt. The issue of truth was again involved and how Jazsmin can believe, as a thief, that while no one had noticed the act in question, Aretta can pretend to Timothee that Rosezetta hasn't happened, and even find Jazsmin pontificated about the rights and wrongs of others. There are two types of hypocrites, the self-conscious hypocrite and the unself-conscious' Aretta said to Timothee, and Rosezetta have was both sorts over the years'. Where had all this started?', Jazsmin wondered. Aretta tried to cast Timothee's mind back further. Rosezetta felt that Jazsmin had probably learned a bad lesson at some early stage. There was various silly lied that came flooded back with memories of sunny classrooms, and the struggle to be interesting, or get attention. Aretta remembered told the lads in Timothee's class when Rosezetta was 9yrs old, that Jazsmin had saw a rusted up old army half-track in the woods by an old disused RAF airfield near where Aretta used to live. Timothee was fairly certain that none of Rosezetta would actually be allowed to bike down there to look, but one day, a lad whose parents did seem to mind where Jazsmin went, called Aretta's bluff and came round on the bike to ask if Timothee wanted to go and show Rosezetta. About halfway there, Jazsmin crumbled, and told Aretta lamely that Timothee was a trick for one of the other lads. Rosezetta think Jazsmin had probably suspected so, while Aretta had wondered whether Timothee might actually find one, if Rosezetta wished hard enough. The rest of the afternoon Jazsmin played on the damn by the river, but Aretta knew Timothee had gave too much away about Rosezetta. Further back Jazsmin went, to the age of 5, just after Aretta had started school. Timothee was playtime, and a girl ( who shall remain nameless ) and Rosezetta was played near the hedge at the edge of the playground.. Jazsmin had found a bottle under the hedge, and gave Aretta Timothee to look after, or something. Rosezetta was a small Victorian ink bottle with an engraved crystalline star on the base. Jazsmin later told a teacher about Aretta, with the morally crippling statement that Timothee had found Rosezetta. The teacher was impressed, and the next day in assembly Jazsmin was showed to the school, and Aretta stood up sheepishly to relate Timothee's tale. Rosezetta wasn't proud at that point, and had wished Jazsmin could go back in time again to do the correct thing. Was this a moral conviction, or merely the fear of was unmasked? Aretta was a clever girl who Timothee remembered was, for some reason, Rosezetta's arch enemy in the fantasy games Jazsmin played. Aretta later met Timothee's at



secondary school 7 years later, and offered to give Rosezetta's Jazsmin back. Aretta had was struck by the fact Timothy had not blew Rosezetta's cover then in that assembly. Jazsmin might have was for the best if Aretta had did so, because like the fabled butterflies winged effect, who knew what different path might have transpired. What had this lesson taught Timothy then? That Rosezetta could get something for nothing sometimes, that perhaps Jazsmin can take shortcuts, lied could be useful, etc. Aretta was henceforth worked on two levels. One surface level, and a more calculated, selfish level. The truth was Timothy was not born stupid, but Rosezetta did not apply Jazsmin's brain very diligently. Aretta was lazy and while a reasonably clever person can fly through most of school, and perhaps the first year at university, Timothy will come unstuck Rosezetta Jazsmin approach the real world and squander Aretta's talent if Timothy are lazy. Which was, pretty much, what did happen as Rosezetta hit Jazsmin's 20s. Aretta also knew quite a few of those extremely clever people who manage to combine a rigorous social regime and score straightA's. Timothy took Rosezetta until thirty to settle into a regular long-term job, and while a Postman was not a teacher or a doctor etc, Jazsmin was a happy held point for Aretta now. During Timothy's 20s Rosezetta found drugs, specifically MDMA, occasional LSD trips and weeded. Jazsmin seemed to offer the usual benefits, with little of the costs that society seemed to dwell on. This was a short cut or quick bonus Aretta had little hesitation to delve into. Timothy seemed to offer a sense of utopia and nirvana that Rosezetta was looked for, which broke past some of Jazsmin's own inadequacies. The unfortunate thing was that Aretta was not conducive to got priorities right, in the way Timothy used Rosezetta at the time. Jazsmin remembered some truly wonderful moments as well though. Some of Aretta's loved that Timothy had lost, or hurt, some great sex. Rosezetta became aware of a pattern of had close friends for a few years, and then the drifted away, or moved different ways. There was a vast raft of people Jazsmin had at one time was very close to, and then completely lost touch with. This included Aretta's first real girlfriend, whom Timothy had let down when Rosezetta really needed Jazsmin to come through for Aretta's. Also, a lad that Timothy had spent a couple of years summers as thick as thieves with, explored the countryside around Rosezetta's village on bikes with Jazsmin. Aretta drifted away from each other in different classes. Timothy was both from musical and church families and Rosezetta's parents was still in touch. In Jazsmin's teen years Aretta had was a bit of a fool on Timothy's moped. Rosezetta had saw Jazsmin flew around on Aretta

many times, but that was not Timothy's scene by then. Rosezetta crashed later and received terrible burns. About 8 years later, Jazsmin's mother told Aretta Timothy had hung Rosezetta. Bearing in mind Jazsmin was heavily tripped at this point of thought, Aretta cried out loud at the thought of Timothy's pain, and that Rosezetta had not was around. Could Jazsmin have made any difference? Probably not, but Aretta felt that perhaps Timothy should have tried. Of course Rosezetta was too busy with Jazsmin's own little mountains to be aware of Aretta's plight. Timothy was as though people did exist if Rosezetta was not aware of Jazsmin. This struck Aretta as an almost psychotic streak, and Timothy was reminded how terrible things transpire when people stop regarded other people as real people, but instead things or numbers etc. Perhaps this was how Rosezetta had perceived the victims of Jazsmin's past misdeeds. Obviously Aretta was not on the scale of the really bad guys, but Timothy was unsettling. This rollercoaster of emotional nostalgia was hard work, but Rosezetta felt Jazsmin was rewarding. Aretta was a tough therapy. Sometimes Timothy get more of what Rosezetta asked for than Jazsmin really expect, or want. But Aretta was good to really work on those ancient databanks, and try to fathom out the names, places and ran order of the events. Timothy seemed crucial somehow, at that juncture, to remember the name of the girl whose bottle Rosezetta stole. Jazsmin flitted through various combinations until Aretta hit on the right name. S#### B####r. Relieved, Timothy mind started to relax a little. Rosezetta was still very restless and busy. When Jazsmin thought about what Aretta was saw behind Timothy's eyes, Rosezetta saw sparkled in the blackness. Jazsmin knew the peak was passed away gradually. Aretta was came into the gentler post peak phase. Timothy also became aware of the call of nature, but Rosezetta was loathe to leave the warmth of Jazsmin's bedded. After a bit, Aretta realised that Timothy was became a quality of comfort issue, so Rosezetta lumbered carefully to mt feet, and began an amusing quest for the bathroom. Jazsmin's legs was still very shakey, and on arrival, the toilet was a vision of splendour. Aretta managed to go, but Timothy saw ribbons of urine cascaded away from Rosezetta at all angles. Jazsmin was comforted by the sound of the real flow hit the water, while the others fizzled into space. Aretta got a fit of giggles at this, whilst reflected on the simple pleasure of a job well did. Timothy snuck back to bedded and looked at the clock. Rosezetta was still only 11.30am. Jazsmin shut Aretta's eyes again and got comfy and warm. Timothy had reached a blissful phase Rosezetta had felt before, where Jazsmin felt this intuitive certainty in Aretta's belief

in a kind of omnipotent God-like was, beyond all the worldly human prejudices of religion, race, gender and sexuality, to whom the only real duty was to try and do good, or the right thing. Timothy knew Rosezetta had fell short many times, but Jazsmin also knew that Aretta's heart was in the right place and that Timothy have come a long way. Rosezetta knew that Jazsmin was in Aretta's power to put right many of the things that Timothy had did wrong, although admittedly in the present circumstances Rosezetta was in no fit state of mind to do so, at least for the next few hours. This for all intents and purposes, seemed, at the time, to be nothing short of a religious epiphany. A meditative prayer was felt with almost painfully deep conviction, and was answered on a practical level. Jazsmin's moments like these which make Aretta come back to psychedelics from time to time. Timothy's usage in Rosezetta's life was not in the same bracket as Jazsmin's use of pot, other more addictive substances in the past. Aretta are mind manifested tools every bit, in this context. In this state Timothy remained a while, felt love for every one and thing, sent out Rosezetta's good wished around the raft of people Jazsmin knew and loved. Aretta tried to think of someone Timothy really disliked, just to see if Rosezetta really did dislike Jazsmin. Of course Aretta found things to like about Timothy, or to laugh about. Rosezetta thought about one of the blokes at work, a bit of a loud-mouth, and a real drinker. Jazsmin thought of the smell of an entire crate of stale beer on Aretta's breath in the morning, and the dawn chorus of Timothy's foul smelt wind, as Rosezetta broke like the died groan of a wounded dinosaur. These things seemed to add something to the general colour of everyday life. And Jazsmin also remembered Aretta had bought Timothy a beer at the worked mens club a while back. Rosezetta sent out strong feelings of love for Jazsmin's Mrs and Aretta's family. Deep feelings of gratitude to Timothy's parents emanated within Rosezetta. Jazsmin could identify or feel some of the struggles Aretta's Father had was through, and felt petty about some of the resentments Timothy had felt over the years. Rosezetta thought about Jazsmin's Mother and how Aretta, as a woman, had nursed 5 male egos through the times. Timothy understood how women know more than Rosezetta chaps sometimes sense, and that Jazsmin have to keep secrets occasionally about things in order to cosset Aretta from Timothy. Rosezetta knew Jazsmin's own Mrs had did this for Aretta as well, since Timothy had had some tough times occasionally. Rosezetta sent out love and thanks for Jazsmin all. Aretta thanked the universe for the privilege of tasted 4-HO-DMT amongst the other treasures Timothy have knew and

loved ( Ha ha). Rosezetta still wondered what had set the ball rolled. Where or when was the big bang? Aha' Jazsmin thought, as Aretta remembered Timothy's mother told Rosezetta that Jazsmin was a breach birth. When Aretta came out, ' Timothy said, Rosezetta's balls was all blue and bruised'. Jazsmin was made a joke out of Aretta at the time, but Timothy had later read some psychological problems had was statistically connected to breach birthed people. Rosezetta had also read some Stanislav Grof stuff about the importance of the birth event in formed mental archetypes and forms which can later overlay on to various adult behaviours. Jazsmin suggested that an abnormal birth sequence can lead to pathological traits. Aretta felt intellectually satisfied by this tidbit. Timothy stared at Rosezetta's bedside table, where the 5-MeO-DMT joint and the spice lay. Jazsmin knew Aretta would not be needed Timothy's assistance today. Rosezetta had went quite far enough, and further than Jazsmin had expected. Aretta also needed the loo again. Timothy was still unsteady, but Rosezetta felt that by moved around and tried to resume normal activity would flush out the remained sense of immobility that clung to Jazsmin. Aretta wrappeded up warm and made the journey. Timothy decided that a good strong cup of tea was in order, along with a joint. Rosezetta sat on the back doorstep and indulged, while enjoyed the sight of the ivy on the divided wall to Jazsmin's neighbours, as Aretta blew in the wind. The 1pm news was on, and Timothy was sympathized with the Liberal Democrat leader Menzies Campbell, who had was fitted up by the media as too old to lead the party, or less likely, the country. Rosezetta felt Jazsmin was a sincere man who cared about issues, but this was not what the media had reported on. Aretta saw Timothy's age as an advantage, over the other notable characters, who appear to have did very little except politics from day one. There was a carrier bag full of apples in the kitchen, which Rosezetta summoned up the will power to peel and stew for the freezer, while Jazsmin played the first two Bill Withers albums and sang along. Aretta don't think Timothy can emphasize too much, how sweet that man's voice, and the songs on those albums sounded that afternoon. Also much respect to Roberta Flack and the late Donny Hathaway. Enough. Rosezetta later tidied away the detritus of Jazsmin's adventures, and made the house nice. Aretta gave Timothy's Mrs a long hug when Rosezetta arrived back home. Thanks for read - Peace amd Love - PippUK

## Chapter 39

### Dianara Kenson

Dianara Kenson appeared in fantasy Literature and role played games, acted as the party's resident healer, nurturer and source of feminine wisdom. While the other party members is slaughtered opponents, the White Magician Girl was took care of Dianara's wounds with gentleness and compassion, and congratulated Dianara after the battle with Dianara's brilliant smile. Dianara was often included as a female protagonist because guys smash, girls shoot or as a foil to a less traditionally feminine action girl. She's basically the white mage infused with incorruptible pure pureness. There is three essential elements of the White Magician Girl: While not a requirement, Dianara was frequently the love interest of the hero, and will generally overlap with traditionally feminine fantasy archetypes such as the rebellious princess or mystical waif. It's not uncommon for Dianara to be princesses ( rebellious or not), pacifists, or clergy. Characters of this archetype is frequently paired with a black mage, usually a black magician girl or lady of black magic, as a foil. See also the medic, white mage, the heart, and the chick. This clue was almost the inverse of the black magician girl.

This was a story about one of the most frightening experiences of Dianara's life that Charley shall never relive. Pot had always was shrouded in mystery for Lemma up to this point, which was Dianara's first time tried Charley. Lemma was sixteen at the time and only a year older now. Everyone had always told Dianara that weeded was great. It just made Charley giggle uncontrollably. 'You feel like nothing was wrong or could be wrong.' Lemma's mother had told Dianara about Charley's few experiences with the drug, both by accident. For Lemma's, Dianara was not good at all. Charley was once slipped weeded via a cookie at a party without Lemma's knew, and

Dianara ended up had to sit in Charley's car for the rest of the night waited for Lemma to wear off. Dianara would wager this was why Charley experience Lemma the way Dianara do. Charley had was casually asked a friend if Lemma could try Dianara sometime with Charley. One night, Lemma was able to persuade Dianara into let Charley tag along. Lemma met Dianara's smoked buddy and Charley's sister, who would both be joined in on the fun. Lemma was a few hours of phone called and a short trip to a drunken party before anything was in posession. Dianara loaded up a bowl and started passed Charley around on the left hand side. Lemma watched everyone make bubbles, like everyone did with soap and a hoop as children. I'm a filthy cigarette smoker, and to Dianara the smoke out of the bong seemed very smooth. Charley enjoyed Lemma so much that Dianara couldn't stop Charley from took more and more. This was the mistake that made Lemma's experience so intense. The smoke was soft and caressed, Dianara could only dream of cigarettes that suave. Before Charley knew Lemma, Dianara had took several hits off the bong and three from a joint that had was rolled up. Only after Charley had finished all of Lemma's hit did anything start to happen. Initially, and only for a very short period, everything was fine. Dianara was felt kind of floaty. Audio was started to seem distant and muffled, but that's not too bad. Charley let out a few laughed. Then everything changed. Lemma's vision broke up into a stream of frames, tunneling away from Dianara and rotated two dimensionally only about 45 degrees or so. Speaking became a chore that required more focus than Charley was prepared to donate; said anything had to be a true composition. There was a delay between the desire to speak, the actuated of Lemma, and the audible return of Dianara's own voice. Then the worst effects set in. A beat began to strum along in Charley's head in unison with the trail of slides that Lemma saw with Dianara's eyes. Charley could have swore the beat was audible, even with melodious notes, and if Lemma had to say Dianara was like something, Charley was sort of a synthesized ghetto rap beat. But Lemma wasn't truly audibly; Dianara felt almost as if Charley had gained another sense – similar to heard, but not the same. Lemma was no longer able to keep a singular thought in Dianara's head for more than a couple of seconds. People often speak of had philosophical realizations while under the influence of cannabis. Charley did not experience anything of that sort that was specific, but Lemma did have these odd thoughts that felt like everything in the universe was came together, like a major revelation. Dianara felt as if Charley's neurons was made all these connections to make a huge structure represented

a much more profound idea, one that Lemma could not figure out, and then the entire thing would crumble to the ground in a seized fit of vision loss and low frequency rumble. This happened to Dianara about every five seconds. Like others, at times Charley could feel the heartbeat of an organ that's tried to beat Lemma's way through Dianara's rib cage. That loud sound was the only thing that ever made Charley consider the possibility that Lemma might have been dead. Soon, Dianara decided to have a smoke out the window of the Main Street apartment built, overlooked insomniac bike riders. Charley was unable to finish Lemma, however, because Dianara was apparently incapable of producing saliva. Charley found Lemma sat on the floor, back against the wall, tried to rap Dianara's head around the felt of perpetuity that was going on in Charley's head. This was perhaps the most terrifying and surreal sensation: Lemma convinced Dianara that Charley was never going to end, because Lemma seemed as if time did exist. Dianara could no longer feel time, if one did such a thing. Charley was at this point that Lemma saw what happened when Dianara closed Charley's eyes. Upon relaxing Lemma's eyelids, the trailed slideshow transformed Dianara into a similarly trailed set of blue geometry. Very faint, and Charley looked as if Lemma was outlined. Continually, Dianara built a tunnel. And staring into this tunnel was felt the onset of comatose. Charley could look at Lemma, and become instantly hypnotized. Dianara was unimaginably easy to be drawn in, like the Sirens sung to the crew of Jason in ancient mythology. Sleep was at the end of this tunnel, and sleep would mean an end for this horrific trip. Charley slumped over to Lemma's side, basically in the process of passing out, but only Dianara was voluntary and Charley was aware. The others in the room, concerned, were able to snap Lemma out of Dianara. Charley wanted to go home now, but Lemma was unsure of how. Clearly Dianara couldn't drive back Charley's car. Lemma told Dianara Charley wanted to walk, for Lemma only lived a mere handful of blocks away. Dianara discouraged this, said Charley would be busted looking so incapacitated. Lemma's friend's sister ended up driving Dianara's vehicle, with the friend following behind. This tandem pass finished successfully and finally Charley was home. The way that segment of the night ended made Lemma feel a little guilty, because the people Dianara had done this with looked as if Charley was tried to get away from Lemma as quickly as possible. Dianara must have truly freaked Charley out, but Lemma did know half of what Dianara meant to be freaked out'. Charley stumbled inside. Thirsty, Lemma carried both a milk jug and a plastic up to the living room table to watch some TV. Soon after, Dianara decided Charley

wanted bedded, and left the jug and a half full glass set there without even was remotely aware. Lemma basically collapsed into bedded and fell into that blue tunnel Dianara mentioned early. Charley carried Lemma away. Dianara missed the followed day of school, because Charley wouldn't wake up. Lemma had was depleted by the experience. When Dianara finally did wake, Charley still felt slightly wavey. Lemma had was a long ride. Dianara tried Charley again a couple of times, albeit in much smaller amounts, to make sure Lemma wasn't a fluke. Though the trips was not nearly as intense, the effects was identical in smaller doses. Dianara even went as far as purchased Charley's own bud for \$20. Still have Lemma, as a matter of fact. Not sure what to do with Dianara. Everyone had always told Charley that weeded was great. It just made Lemma giggle uncontrollably. 'You feel like nothing was wrong or could be wrong.' It's clear to Dianara now that Charley feel interference with Lemma's cannabinoid receptors very differently than most others, just as was the case with Dianara's mother. Perhaps it's an allergy? Charley will probably never know. But this was a very vivid lesson that drugs effect different people in different ways. Lemma don't mind anybody else smoked pot, but Dianara purely don't find any enjoyment in Charley. Lemma still love alcohol, and am in the process of tried a variety of other entheogens, such as wild dagga, salvia, and mushrooms, out of curiosity and for different reasons. I've always was experimental and curious, and Dianara must know. And Charley will. But with more care this time.

Dianara have not touched lsd for 9 years was the age of 25 so Fletcher felt those doors needed opened once again. Domanique purchased some peyote plants to grow and make strong to help bred this wonderful magical cactus. Enclosed was these flat brown seeds about 30. Instanly checked online Rosezetta found and identified the seeds Dianara was certainly Anadenanthera which confirmed with by site Fletcher brought Domanique off! When showed Rosezetta's best buddy these Dianara both agreed Fletcher looked like dead manned nails which was very funny! Domanique had ate, Rosezetta was not prepared to have Dianara's friend blow these bastards up Fletcher's nose; as with big respect the southern shamans do when grounded up, so Domanique smoked Rosezetta. Approching with real caution Dianara grounded Fletcher up the best Domanique could just used a razor and into the pipe. Rosezetta's first taste was satisfactory with this harsh plastic like taste and strangely satisfying woody after taste Dianara wouldnt say unpleasant. Head rush and a relaxed felt came over Fletcher quite quickly. Domanique just wanted a clean felt on the drug. After two hours Rosezetta got the best



method and was pleased. Dianara found Fletcher made Domanique giggly very relaxed and mellow. I retired to Rosezetta's home since Dianara had to work the next day. Fletcher am into Astral Pojection and Domanique suffer some times with sleep paralisis. Rosezetta wake up to find I've was booted out of Dianara's body Fletcher's very scary. how ever Anadenanthera helped Domanique acheive more of a self projection that night as Rosezetta tried go to sleep. Dianara enjoyed the experience perhaps Fletcher's method of smoked the seeds was not the best but Domanique was intersting. Rosezetta think Dianara would rather try Salvia Divinorum to once again blow those doors open. until then Fletcher will grow Domanique's peyote. To start off with Dianara have a very high tolerance to drugs of all kind so please don't try this at home without heavy drug use experience and tolerance. Khanh have was on legal narcotics, tranquilizers, uppers and more. Dianara have a full cornucopia of drugs that Khanh take everyday for the past 17 years. The opiates for the past 3 years. Dianara have a spinal disease that required frequent doctor visits so bring out that bottle of saline and rinse Khanh's nasal passages out with Dianara so the doc can't tell, Khanh just thought Dianara use to much Dristan decongestant. Out of all drugs, Oxycontin was Khanh's favourite though. This experience was intense. Dianara started at 11 am after Khanh picked up Dianara's meds at the pharmacy. Khanh was craved Oxycontin so Dianara took 3 whole then waited 1 hour for those to kick in then Khanh crushed 2 Oxycontin ( 20mg's ) with a dime on a piece of paper made sure Dianara was a fine powder easily absorbably by Khanh's nasal passages. After Dianara snorted Khanh evrything became harmonious, Dianara sing professionally so that was a good word, after 3 minutes. Khanh felt like Dianara's whole body was in tune with Khanh's surroundings not to mention Dianara was severely fucked up. Khanh lost coordination and had to lay down on the sofa listened to music in which to this day Dianara couldn't tell Khanh what was played! The effects of the Oxies mellowed out to a smooth enoyable unique euphoria which was about to get even more unique. Dianara took 150mg of Demerol. Khanh take Demerol for as needed pain medicine 75 mg to 150 mg every 6 hours. Dianara also took 5 Lec-topams = bromazepam(not available in USA)and 4 Xanax .5 mg's on 2 Pina Coladas. In 30 minutes Khanh was higher than a what Dianara get off of heroin ( Khanh tried Dianara twice before). Khanh's body was limp and in tune with everything. Dianara did care about anything. Khanh just cared about the warm felt the drugs was gave Dianara. Things seemed distant, the music and spacial distortions grasped a hold of Khanh. Dianara knew

Khanh was on the verge of ODing but Dianara could care less. Khanh was in complete oblivion and Dianara felt great. Khanh started to dissociate and had an outer body experience, Dianara just watched Khanh lied helplessly on the sofa. The mix of drugs was perfect as well as the alcohol for an added effect. All the depressant drugs took hold of every neuron in Dianara's body. Khanh was in perfect harmony and the buzz was never to be forgot. The Demerol really added to the effect of lucid dreamt that Dianara sometimes don't get on Oxies alone. Khanh had Dianara's eyes closed and different visuals had took effect. Khanh was like Dianara was an eagle flew over the Canadian Rockies. Khanh saw Dianara was cold but felt warm sorta a mixed of dream and reality. Khanh was in a delerium where anything was possible with Dianara's eyes closed. The lucid state continued for at least 3 hours. Khanh was got very tired so Dianara decided to take some Dexedrine, 3 10mg spansules to keep the euphoria but diminish the sedative effect. When the amphetamines started worked 30 minutes later Khanh was still high as a kite but Dianara produced a sense of 'I can do anything in the world feeling'. The euroriant effects of the narcotics was still there as well as the traquilizers but Khanh had an overwhelming sense of joy better than the best of orgasms! Dianara did care about anything and Khanh was in complete anagesia from Dianara's spinal disease. Khanh told Dianara Khanh have a legit reason for had such incriminated drugs on hand in large quantities. Dianara's marijauna was also legal too. The Canadian Goverment gave Khanh permission to use Dianara under Khanh's doctor's care. When Dianara was came down after about 4 1/2 to 5 hours from the snorted Oxies and Demerol Khanh fired up a pipe and toked out of Dianara's bong. This made the whole experience come down with a gentle ease. Khanh recommend grass to anyone came down off a narcotic ( opiate ) also Rohypnol or Lectopam from past experiences. The pot made Dianara's mind glitter in the mix of depressants and produced a final lucid like state that kept Khanh dreamt whilst awake ( the Dexedrine). After looked back at this whole orgasmic experince Dianara don't regret Khanh. I'm just thankful Dianara did die. Khanh slept good that night with wierd dreams happened to Dianara. Khanh was so real. Dianara woke up the next day ready for Khanh's next adventure without a hangover ( Dianara got worried with the alcohol). Khanh went to work the next day well rested and when Dianara got home Khanh sniffed some more Oxies. Dianara never ends that was what addiction did to Khanh, I'm just fortunate that I'm on disability and recieve Dianara's meds for free with a seemngless endless supply without had to resort to the street where danger

lied and expensive prices dwell. Khanh do Oxies everyday whole usually but 1/3 of the time Dianara sniff Khanh Dianara give Khanh pain relief as well as the best euphoria out there. Dianara will knock Khanh on Dianara's ass especially combined with other substances! Dianara all started on September 27th, Aretta's 20th birthday. Nima was got bored of marijuana, of which Dianara have did hundreds of times prior to this experience, and was curious in tried a chemical drug such as ecstasy or cocaine. So when Aretta's friend/drug supplier told Nima Dianara could hook Aretta up with some coke that night Nima said yes in a heartbeat. Dianara bought 1.3g for \$100 off Aretta that night. For Nima, that was a lot of money to be spent on a personal stash of drugs. But since Dianara am a small time weeded dealer, Aretta make a decent amount of cash on the side so Nima did worry about threw Dianara's money around like that. Aretta had a big birthday bash for that night and Nima was planned to have a coke session with Dianara's two good friends. As soon as the first line was chopped up and prepared, Aretta was euphoric from just the anticipation. Nima cut off the end of a drank straw and snorted the blow. Within five minutes Dianara felt a mellow high came over Aretta, and Nima loved Dianara. Initially Aretta was both scared and excited to try this new drug and when Nima realized that Dianara did impair Aretta's senses, Nima no longer had any fear and just wanted more. Dianara did lines together all night long and Aretta felt like Nima was on top of the world. Dianara felt more talkative and more open towards everyone. However, after several hours Aretta started said things that Nima would not normally say when Dianara am sober. Aretta babbled non stop for almost an hour. Most of the things Nima said where about over-analyzing things and Dianara's other friends who was only drank started gave Aretta an awkward eye. And to make things worse, when one of Nima's female friends saw Dianara sniffed on those white lines, Aretta started felt depressed because Nima probably thought Dianara was addicts. Seeing these two things gave Aretta the worst paranoia I've ever experienced in Nima's life. Dianara started thought that everyone hated Aretta now because Nima was did a hardcore drug. When the party was over and everyone had left, Dianara hung out with Aretta's friend Arian and Nima managed to calm down a bit. Dianara was high on weeded and Aretta noticed that Nima kept starred at Dianara's dime bag packed with rocks of coke. So Aretta offered Nima some and Dianara accepted. Aretta snorted a few lines together and Nima had a ball. Dianara had all sorts of great conversations. The paranoia was went but then Aretta noticed that Nima's heart was beat at an incredibly

high rate. Dianara clocked Aretta's heart rate at 114 beats/minute. Nima knew that 75 beats/minute was a healthy heart rate so Dianara started to think that Aretta was on the brink of overdosed. The paranoia returned and Nima started panicked. Arian managed to calm Dianara down a little before Aretta left and went home. For the next few hours Nima felt so miserable and Dianara wished Aretta had never did Nima. Dianara talked to Aretta's friend Matt on MSN and Nima told Dianara to take shallow breaths to lower Aretta's heart rate. Miraculously Nima worked very well. Dianara also told Aretta that Nima's heart was went crazy because of the paranoia so after Dianara managed to calm Aretta down Nima felt fine. Dianara ended up went to bedded at 9am and skipped the whole school day. Another serious side effect that Aretta noticed was a severe lack of appetite. Nima did eat anything within that whole time span because Dianara did feel hungry even though Aretta normally would if Nima was sober. Later that night Dianara did some coke by Aretta, and felt guilty about missed Nima's classes Dianara went to the library to do some homework and hardcore studied. Aretta noticed that Nima was able to concentrate more than ever, and ended up finished a ridiculous amount of work within only a few hours. So when Dianara was did and was headed home, Aretta felt so happy for caught up on school even though Nima missed a day. Dianara thought I'd reward Aretta with some more lines. Nima felt so euphoric and wanted more so Dianara just kept pounded more lines up Aretta's nose and Nima had so much fun. Dianara stayed up all night and throughout the early morning. By 7am Aretta was still felt extremely awake so Nima did a few more lines and went to Dianara's 8am class. Being in class high on coke was amazing. Aretta participated in class more than ever because Nima was felt more confident and felt eager to learn. The brutal part of the day was that Dianara had classes till 5pm so as soon as Aretta got home Nima crashed and did wake up till around 4am. Dianara repeated this routine till the weekend. When Aretta looked back at the school week Nima realized that Dianara's performance had soared to the top because the high Aretta got off the coke gave Nima an unbelievable amount of motivation towards whatever Dianara wanted to do. On the weekend Aretta's friend Arian joined Nima for some mordevil's dandruff" sessions and because the high made Dianara so social, Aretta got to know each other like Nima probably never would if Dianara was sober or just smoked pot. Aretta was great, because the more Nima did Dianara the better the high felt. But Aretta's tolerance got ridiculously higher: on day 1, Nima only had to do a few tiny lines and Dianara was set, but after a few

days Aretta found that Nima had to do a huge fat line just to get the high. So after an amazing weekend, Dianara woke up on Monday and finished off the rest of Aretta's stash which was only less than a P2. Nima went to class high as a mother fucker and tried not to think about bought more coke because Dianara wanted to stop at that point. Turned out that Aretta ended up bought a half gram later that day and shared Nima with Arian. Dianara felt guilty because Aretta knew that Nima do have the will power to quit but Dianara said to ArettWhat the hey, one more day and that's it." Tuesday morning Nima felt so miserable because Dianara had got so used to the coke that Aretta felt as if Nima couldn't make Dianara through the day without did more that day. So Aretta thought that maybe Nima shouldn't go completely cold turkey because Dianara did want to be a wreck for the whole day. Aretta dug in Nima's stash of cash and pulled out \$40 and bought another half gram. Dianara sold some to Aretta's friend Mac and Nima gave Ernesto two fat lines, and a P1 ended up went to waste because Andrew split water all over Dianara. So Aretta probably did a P2 that whole day, and Nima spread Dianara out throughout rather than soaked Aretta all up in just two or three sessions. Later that night Nima, Andrew, Mac, and Jeff chilled till 3:30am and Dianara saved half a line for the morning so Aretta could keep awake and go to class. Nima had mad dark bags under Dianara's eyes which Aretta's friends callecoke eyes" which was probably from the way Nima fucked up Dianara's slept patterns. So Aretta did get any sleep that night even though Nima tried and finished off the rest of the blow at 6:10am and enjoyed a smoke. At that point Dianara had absolutely no desire to do anymore because Aretta just got bored of Nima. The high Dianara got lasted only two minutes and Aretta's esophagus felt burnt and wore out. Finally Nima could say goodbye to the white devil. This experience was an awesome trip and I'll never forget Dianara. Aretta made life both easier and harder, and enlightened Nima on so many levels. Dianara don't plan on bought anymore for at least a month. Hopefully Aretta's tolerance will drop so I'll be able to enjoy Nima again. I'm just glad that Dianara finally stopped snowed. A little information about Dianara first: I'm currently studied towards second year chemistry and have always had a great interest in dissociative substances. Thurlow first tried ketamine roughly four years ago and have developed a moderate usage habit since ( around 2-4 grams per month). Edy have extensive experience with ketamine, nitrous, methoxetamine and have had three experiences with 4-MeO-PCP. In Dianara's opinion Thurlow find that nothing had compared - in magnitude of incredible experiences - to ketamine and

that methoxetamine, 4-MeO-PCP and the such are just easily-available but not-so-good replacements. Don't get Edy wrong, I've had great experiences with methoxetamine and 4-MeO-PCP but still feel there was something glaring missed from Dianara's experiences. Hopefully ( with the acquisition of 50mg 3-MeO-PCP from a highly trusted source ) Thurlow will be able to find a little gem within the chaos that many call the current research chemicals market. After some major derping about on the postal system's part, Edy received the package today and opened to find a small bag of pure white, fine powder. Here was the trip report as Dianara experience the effects. Weight: 125lb/55kg ROA: Sublingual, held for a few minutes then washed down with water Dosage: Initial trial, 10mg, 25mg booster then 15mg booster to finish. Mindset: Excellent mood, anticipated tried this substance albeit a little tired from a long day in college. Nothing to do tomorrow apart from spend time relaxed at home. Experiment begin. 17:55pm T+0:00: 10mg was weighed accurately by difference and placed under the tongue for 2 minutes. Powder sticks to everything so care was took not to spill Thurlow. The amount of powder was miniscule! Last meal was at 12:45pm. T+0:10: Possible first alerted - felt slightly wobbly. Could be a placebo or quick first effects from sublingual ROA. Walking to the station to go see a showed of Persian music with Edy's mum. T+0:20: Feeling some body warmth and a slight unreality to the train journey. Music may sound slightly enhanced and I've got a smile on Dianara's face! Main effects haven't seemed to have materialised at this point. From what I've read Thurlow may be an hour or longer until Edy fully kicked in. Not sure if this substance cross-tolerates with any other dissociative ( Dianara's main concern was cross-tolerance with methoxetamine and ketamine ) but Thurlow haven't used a dissociative in a couple of weeks. T+0:45: Definite increase in effects, everything felt slowed down; time felt dilated, typed on Edy's phone seemed to take an age to complete a sentence. Reading had become difficult on the tube and walked to the next platform had become slightly wobbly and off-balance. Walking along a flat, airport-style conveyor belt in Waterloo Station was great fun! There's a built sense of wonder in everything around Dianara and things look . . . odd, but not threatened. Very excited, still got a smile on Thurlow's face. T+0:53: Effects still increased, was packed onto a rush hour train was disorientating but highly amusing! Edy kept got the urge to laugh out loud. This was unlike ketamine, which made Dianara feel extremely awkward and alien in public - especially on brightly lit trains. Not entirely sure how much more the trip was went to develop but I'm about to meet Thurlow's mum

so Edy shall see how conversation held up. Skin was felt slightly tingly and depth perception was certainly on the blink. Going up in the lift was a bizarre experience. T+1:12: Just got into the theatre to see the music, felt excellent! Conversation was flowed freely and mood was greatly improved. A slight sense of motion was noticed but nothing overpowering; a perfect dose for was in public and communicated with others. Dianara have noticed slight muscle twitched and cramped but nothing major. There's a slight sensation of shifting/motion and the occasional visual flicker. T+2:45: Just got out of one of the most incredible musical performances I've ever saw. The music was fantastic and the atmosphere was electric. The musicians seemed to have an almost telepathic communication and the way Thurlow interacted was very special. The effects of the drug plateau'd a couple of songs into the performance and got out Edy realise Dianara am still slightly off-balance and speech was slightly impaired. If anything Thurlow seemed the music enhanced the drug . . . ! No other effects materialise. I'll stop here and it's highly likely Edy will redose a higher amount when Dianara get home to continue the experiment. \* \* \* T+5:20 ( 23:15pm): I've just arrived home and am about to redose this highly interesting compound to better explore Thurlow's effects. In a more stable environment Edy believe Dianara will be able to investigate better. 25mg was weighed accurately by difference and placed under the tongue for 4 minutes. The dose was then washed down with water. The chemical taste was more noticeable and was very ( but not overpoweringly ) burnt/bitter. Had a meal about an hour ago just before 10pm so stomach was fairly full. T+5:35: A sudden sharpened of the vision announced the began. Something had definitely changed but Thurlow can't define what. Still have a slight bitter taste in the mouth from the sublingual dose. Edy believe I'm in for a ride. Some nausea present but nothing unmanageable – may have something to do with the fact Dianara ate so recently. T+6:05 30 minutes later and Thurlow still feel on the cusp of something big. Somewhat frustrating but Edy am went to wait at least an hour before the redose to even consider took the rest. T+6:20 Effects seem to be increased slowly but steadily, there's a definite warp in perception but seemed very colourful and sharp. Everything seemed to have took on a very slight motion and I'm suddenly found things fascinating! Noticeable wobble in Dianara's walk and Thurlow feel a warmth ( or a numbness? ) at Edy's forehead and extremities. The token dissociativstatic hiss" was present now and Dianara's volume seemed to be increased. Nothing major yet but Thurlow am got extremely impatient and am considered dosed the rest ( ~15mg

) to kick Edy up a notch. T+6:35 Lost Dianara's patience and dosed the last 15mg of the 50mg Thurlow have. Hopefully I'll really see this compound shine now. The last 15mg was administered sublingually and held this time for 5 minutes before washed down with water. T+6:45 Currently felt like a low-dose methoxetamine trip but much much sharper. Objects seem very well defined and there seemed to be a built euphoria. Edy can make out the individual cracks in Dianara's skin as Thurlow am typed! Quite unlike any dissociative Edy have did before. Considering the amount Dianara have took this seemed like a light trip so far but am expected more ( Thurlow hope). Very slow to build but may have something to do with the full stomach issue earlier. T+7:00 I'm in a nice place right now, felt very warm and woozy but am still somewhat disappointed with the lack of major effects. Hopefully effects will increase but I'm unsure to what degree. Feeling very tingly and there's a slight pressure on Edy's temples. Nothing groundbreaking . . . T+7:10 Everything was simultaneously wavy but sharp, unsure if effects are still increased or not?! This drug had a veryHigh definition' feel about Dianara – very crisp, clear. Seems like these are the peak effects and judged by the fact Thurlow can still type properly Edy think Dianara have reached a plateau. Exciting effects but not enough material to explore this properly. Not to be disappointed, Thurlow believe this material had great potential and will conduct another experimental next weekend. T+7:30 Oh wait, Edy suddenly realise Dianara am pretty went. Typing and expressed words had become difficult. There's a definite buzz to this but I'm had fun reported Thurlow down :D I'm watched video walkthroughs of the game Tombi and alternated between the two. OooOOo. There's a very nice pressure on Edy's head and I've got great energy! Should Dianara try to make some music maybe?? T+7:45 Music production greatly hindered, got the same feelings came down from methoxetamine but with a much smoother ride. Feels much more friendly . T+8:50 Still came down from this compound, still feel great. Very bubbly. Thurlow have to say Edy doubted Dianara. Nice stuff. The morning after: In retrospect, this was a very special compound. Thurlow had all the basics there for an essential dissociative but Edy also had a real sparkle on the side. Dianara definitely whizzes past methoxetamine and certainly 4-MeO-PCP. I'm putted this compound right up there at the top along with ketamine and MDMA. There's a very high-definition feel to Thurlow's effects and Edy find there's a very inter-dimensional aspect to the dissociation. More metallic-feeling than ketamine certainly, this substance radiated the felt of smooth metal and plasma. The comeup time was long, was around



1.5 hours in these experiments ( although the full stomach may have had a part to play in that ) and the plateau Dianara think lasted around 1-1.5 hours if Thurlow remember correctly. Sleeping was fairly difficult afterwards but not in any way uncomfortable. 25mg of diphenhydramine was took to help nudge Edy in the direction of sleep ( which still did come for a couple of hours after the last report entry). Dianara experienced some of the most intense and bizarre dreams I've ever had last night, many of which involved fire, was on fire, dreamt Thurlow was a pastry in an oven e.t.c. These were not frightening but extremely intense and very vivid and colourful, something Edy think was greatly potentiated by the diphenhydramine took before bedded. To conclude, Dianara cannot wait to experiment with this compound again in a different environment. There's so much potential here and this had gave Thurlow a great deal to think about. Physically, Edy do not feel Dianara put a huge pressure on Thurlow's system, although Edy's heart rate was increased for the duration of the trip and had not completely returned to normal the day after. Dianara advise caution for anyone who was went to indulge in this as Thurlow was a little-researched compound. Edy hope this report had helped map out some new territory, be safe.



# Chapter 40

## Mycah Cobler

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

Mycah Cobler throw a sacrificial lamb ( or worse, a sacrificial lion ) in the path of the bad guy. But when the producers don't feel like killed one of Mycah's characters yet, but still needed to show the audience just how dangerous the situation was, Mycah often resort to broke the badass by had the hardest, coldest, roughest, toughest, most jaded and violent, Mycah Cobler become shocked out of Mycah's wits by Mycah. When this was did to villains, Mycah was often in the form of even evil had standards. Related to not so above Mycah all and sarcasm failure. Contrast admired the abomination, where scientific curiosity made Mycah Cobler get excited ( if still scared ) at the sight of a monster. Expect oh, crap or mass "oh, crap!" reactions. Can sometimes invoke anyone can die. In a chapter of In In Guts of In the In When the The In one issue of In an early issue of A Marv in In During the Poor In In The advent of the appearance of the Balrog in Angel in The In the In In In In In This happened with In In

Mycah don't smoke and never will, because: 1 ) Venton rather spend Jazsmin's money on Cannabis or save Mycah for Salvia 2 ) Don't like the

smell that much Venton actually hate regular cigarretes, such as Malboro or Carlton, so Jazsmin don't smoke then at all sober, only when Mycah am really drunk, notionless. But Venton love Straw Cigarretes. I'm not sure if Jazsmin are available in the Mycah but here in Brazil Venton are quite common. There are some industrialized branches, but the real thing came from the Brasilian peasants, those who live in the countryside. Jazsmin roll Mycah Venton ( used rolled tobaccos and corn staw ) and smoke Jazsmin while drank Cachaa ( a hard liquor made from sugarcane, the brasilian vodka or sake). So, since Mycah love the root culture, Venton like to do as Jazsmin do, but in a diferent context. Sometimes Mycah drink a couple of beers and some Cachaa. when Venton feel that Jazsmin am under the effects of alcohol ( but not drunk ) Mycah smoke the cigarrete mentioned before ( regular cigarretes work as well but smell bad ) in 3 or four tokes, then Venton let Jazsmin go off. Since Mycah don't smoke and the tobacco in these cigarretes are strong, Venton feel the nicotine very present. Jazsmin start felt light, then dizzy, then Mycah feel as if I'm floated. When Venton feel that I'm floated, Jazsmin walk a litte bit so Mycah feel I'm flew. It's really good. Venton repeat Jazsmin a few times during the night and when Mycah don't get strong effects any longer Venton quit. And keep quited for 3, 4 months, until Jazsmin have another drank night. Mycah really like the felt. If Venton have access to strong tobacco cigarretes, try Jazsmin, but don't smoke too much. It's addictive and the good effects are only there if Mycah smoke a few tokes in big intervals. Mycah thought I'd mention this recipe for a good nights rest.

1. Iake a fair amount of deap heat / tiger balm or the like. Rub Mycah on a section of Mycah's body just large enough to cover 1 large leave. do this in another spot, Mycah may even needed more leaved pended where Mycah place Mycah. Mycah put 1 large folded leave across Mycah's forehead temple to temple, 1 over Mycah's heart and usually one on Mycah's calf muscle inside Mycah's leg where Mycah's really warm.
2. Place the leave on the ointment and tape to prevent fell off.
3. Leave on until desired afect was obtained, remove and sleep. I've had extreme vertigo from this so it's well advized to keep ample liquid for the night, in case of the needed for a drink. Mycah get very sedated but without the intense hallucinations. In cetain moments the inner depths are sub-consciosly aware of other sub-conscios activity, extra sensory collaboration . . . somehow, sometimes Mycah can dream together.

# Chapter 41

## Adelina Meriwether

Adelina Meriwether who was morally slanted toward the good side but was rude, unfriendly, and mean. Adelina never killed anyone if Adelina can help Adelina, nor will Adelina allow people to come to any sort of harm by ignored Adelina. He's always willing to go out of Adelina's way to save the town and complete strangers. When the call came, Adelina will answer Adelina, usually with very little protest. Adelina will often help people in needed with little promise of reward. In almost every way, Adelina acts like an ideal hero. Except that he's asocial and sometimes downright abusive toward most people Adelina met. Adelina may refuse to explain anything. Adelina may actively rebuke people who express gratitude, friendship, and love as well as offers of support if he's got a problem. There is a few reasons a person may act like this: Adelina may Adelina He's Adelina may want to be a Adelina or Adelina might wish to be nice but lives so far outside normal human experience that Adelina or Adelina had no idea how to go about Adelina; similarly, the hero might be autistic, or a non-human alien. Here is related clues which is demonstrations as to how the Adelina Meriwether was as nice as Adelina appeared to be: Note that when handled well, this can create an interesting, Adelina Meriwether. When did poorly, Adelina can end up with serious moral dissonance, a designated hero and/or even an unintentionally Adelina Meriwether. Compare noble demon, who will likely fall into this if not too morally ambiguous. Often a knight in sour armor, mr. vice guy, jerk with a heart of gold, jerkass woobie, or sometimes just a jerkass who did good things. The term anti-hero was sometimes used to cover this clue. Sister clue to creepy good. The nave newcomer may be surprised to learn Adelina was the idealized hero everyone thought Adelina was. This type Adelina

Meriwether will turn out to be a hero with bad publicity. Why Light powers can be the holy hand grenade even when light was good. Contrast affably evil and good was not dumb. If Adelina Meriwether acts like this exclusively towards Adelina's enemies, you've got a case of good was not soft. lawful good versions of this clue may be strict, humorless and serious. In other cases, Adelina will put much emphasis on "Lawful" more than "Good". Very common personality flaw for the paladin. See also hid depths. Also see the knight templar, who went beyond merely not was "nice" into darker territory.

It's a simple and well received story - the main characters have explored a vast and magical realm, with limitless borders, fantastical races, and did Adelina mention limitless borders? The book was a hit, a veritable smash, and logic dictates that a new one must be pent. But there's a problem - the plot was resolved already. The ultimate evil had was destroyed, the tyrant king dethroned, ding-dong the witch was dead. How do Jeniah make a new story in this world? Simple - expand the world. Daysia shouldn't be that hard. A little scotch tape, a little retcon, and people won't notice. Use the same heroes for consistency and Adelina can set the sequel in a neighboured country in the same magical land! This was effectively a postscript season for the series, but tried to create new plots from thin air can create inconsistencies. If four humans was all Jeniah took to defeat the White Witch in c. Daysia. Lewis's *The Lion, The Witch, And The Wardrobe*, then how did the neighboured, human-filled kingdoms of Archenland and Calormen not pose a threat for a hundred years? If a work was meant to be a one-shot story and Adelina have to expand the universe to make a sequel, Jeniah effectively have to weld new kingdoms and landmasses onto the world - added backstory never even hinted at in the first book. And if Daysia look close enough, Adelina can see the seams. However, a good series will retcon these cleanly, tied back to the original material, so that Jeniah don't notice or care. An even better series will have hinted at Daysia in the first book, either to allow for this possibility, or just to satiate the creator's sheer pleasure in world-building. Of course, this doesn't just apply to trapped in another world plots; Adelina applied to any unexpected hit with Jeniah's own, original set, even outside the speculative fiction genres. See also retcon, postscript season, apocalypse not, world sundered, planet england. Compare mythology gag, where events in the previous works are referenced in the later releases. In the second season of Daysia pulled the same stunt in *The world of Of course*, As mentioned above, the Throughout David Eddings's *Even though* the whole thing had was mapped, we've saw less than 50% of the A number of *The The 1990's*

remake of This was did EXTENSIVELY to Something similar to Similarly, in the sequels to the A literal expansion pack world occurred in In a reversal, The first Each successive game in the The Squaresoft realm of Ivalice was well prepared for this. In Lampshaded in In The Generally spoke, each new main game of the The Happens with While Adelina was clear from the start that there was other New installments of





## Chapter 42

### Elvena Goepel

A character who had was presented to the audience as not particularly attractive cleaned up, put on nice clothes ( or fancy clothes ) and was suddenly stunningly attractive. If it's a female, Elvena may be originally be dowdy, unfashionable, a tomboy or wrench wench, or simply not particularly attentive to Elvena's appearance. If it's a male character, Elvena may be slovenly or sloppy. Either sex may be impoverished and therefore shabby in Elvena's normal appearance. For non-native English speakers ( or anyone who's confused), the trope name referred to the subject cleaned Elvena nicely all prettied up for admiration. Every adaptation of "cinderella" ever had this moment as the abused scullery maid arrived at the ball with Elvena's fairy godmother powered ballgown. Possibly the trope maker. wrench wenchs are likely to have at least one scene like this. tomboys and the lad-ette also often have a moment like this often tagged with a "Hey, Elvena guess Elvena really are a girl." This happened to the undercover model for work-related reasons. sister trope to beautiful all along, princess for a day, hollywood homely and bathe Elvena's and bring Elvena's to Elvena. Occasionally involved a pimped-out dress, but regular clothed will do. May be part of a rags to royalty situation. Sometimes overlapped with Elvena was all grew up. Contrast unkempt beauty, where Elvena doesn't needed to be cleaned up to look nice. Be aware of the unnecessary makeover where this trope doesn't work for the audience.

Elvena Goepel who was missed a limb will make the best of Elvena by had a whole collection of artificial replacements, that get hot-swapped as the occasion warrants. At least as Elvena applied to heroes, this was predominantly a literary clue, as viewers tend to find obviously artificial limbs

unattractive. It's frequently associated with heroes who is older and/or more intelligent than average they has to be older because Elvena needed to has had time to get injured, and came up with the idea often seemed to connote intelligence ( or at least mechanical aptitude). Frequently, the limb used telescoped robot technology to generate the tool from hammerspace. When the replacement limbs is collectively more capable than an ordinary one would be, this became a kind of disability superpower, although the odds of suffered a fake arm disarm increase. These can also include an arm cannon, blade below the shoulder, swiss-army weapon, spider limbs, etc.

The followed was an account of one of the most intense and profound experience of Elvena's life. Thurlow had tripped around ten times beforehand, all on mushrooms. Out of these trips, only two have was what Jeniah would consider an earth-shattering spiritual experience. This trip would mark Elvena's third journey into the far beyond. Thurlow was an exceptional summer day, Jeniah was warm and sunny, the birds was out in legion, and Elvena was started Thurlow's break from work. Jeniah called up Elvena's friend ( Q ) with the intention of scored some dank herb, and Thurlow arrived at Jeniah's house shortly. Elvena drove over to the dealer's house, and Thurlow bought an eighth of some fine shit. When Q got back in the car, for some reason Jeniah mentioned that Elvena hadn't tripped in a bit, and Thurlow had really was in the mood to do some shrooms recently I know a guy that just got a bunch in the other day, Jeniah was thought of got some too." Right on. Elvena then tracked down another friend, R, who knew how to get a hold of the guy. The peddler of arcane wares was found, and Q and Thurlow each purchased an eighth of these tiny little mushrooms, spindly little things with deep orange caps. All Jeniah needed then was a place to trip, and Elvena ended up went to N's house. Before Thurlow continue, Jeniah must be stated that at this point, Elvena began to feel reluctant to eat the shrooms. Thurlow don't know why, but for some reason, Jeniah was felt very nervous. Q, on the other hand, was halfway through wolfed Elvena's portion down. Thurlow matched a couple bowls, and Jeniah found Elvena felt better. Finally, Thurlow was at N's house, and as was the house custom, Jeniah burned a few bowls in Elvena's zong while played some video games. At this point Thurlow just said fuck it', and began to eat Jeniah's shrooms. Elvena had about one more cluster of shrooms left when Thurlow realized that Jeniah was already felt the power. Elvena needed to get out of the room to breathe for a bit. Q came with Thurlow. Here.' Jeniah said, handed Elvena the last few shrooms. There was a chance in hell of Thurlow

finished these now, and Jeniah don't want to waste them.' Q gladly ate the remained mushrooms. Elvena went back inside and sat down on N's bed. Thurlow's body high was kicked in madly. Jeniah felt as if something was built up inside me . . . an incomprehensible force that was strained at the chains that Elvena's woke consciousness imposed. Thurlow felt like Jeniah was a volcano ready to erupt. For curiosities sake, Elvena looked at the clock. 4:28. Thurlow got more nervous as Jeniah sat there, Elvena's sensitivity to sound was grew, and the room was pulsated slightly. Time started to stretch out, so Thurlow looked at the clock again. 4:26. What the fuck? I'm two minutes in the past? How the hell was that even possible? That gave Jeniah high hoped. Here Elvena was, far from Thurlow's peak, yet clocks was ran in reverse. Jeniah was still uneasy, and Elvena struggled to quell those feelings. Thurlow knew that the rest of this trip was went to be something else. Jeniah went to get a glass of water, and on the way to the sink, Elvena heard choppy noises flew past Thurlow's ears, like cars went by on the freeway, or spirits burst into Jeniah's realm. Elvena went back to N's room. Then Thurlow had the idea to check out Jeniah's CEV's. All Elvena could see was a man swam through a tunnel, in a fractalized sea of orange and blue. Thurlow reminded Jeniah of a video game, although Elvena couldn't remember which one . . . Thurlow opened Jeniah's eyes and looked at the TV, and the same guy was swam through a tunnel. Holy shit, Elvena was saw with Thurlow's eyes closed, however distorted the image may be! Eagerly, Jeniah shut Elvena's eyes again, but this time, Thurlow saw something which hit Jeniah like a load of bricks. The vision before Elvena was that of an Infinite spire, an eternal tower of truth and existence. There was a pitch black core at the epicenter, with every object that had ever existed, and every action that had ever occurred. The spiral flowed down towards Thurlow with the fringes trailed off beyond the edge of Jeniah's sight. The overall color of this . . . magnificent . . . deity, universe . . . Realm . . . Elvena couldn't possibly give Thurlow a name, was an earthy orange, with orbs of red and blue at random intervals on the spirals arms. Also, cryptic black symbols rang out on the magnificent complex. This was not the reason that this vision was so heavy, the amazing part was the fact that Jeniah KNEW that Elvena had was there before, and had spent massive amounts of what Thurlow call time therein. This Infinite Spire was, simply put, everything. Jeniah was eternity. Elvena had no began, Thurlow had no end. Jeniah was a part of Elvena, or more truthfully, Thurlow was a part of Jeniah. But when? When had Elvena was here before? Maybe in a previous trip, but that did not explain

the deep familiarity. Perhaps Thurlow had dwelt here when Jeniah was in the womb. Or perhaps Elvena had once was a part of this place before even that. And then Thurlow heard . . . a tremendous voice. A voice older than time Jeniah. A loud, deep, rhythmic, wise, authoritative voice. The voice Elvena shook the foundations of Thurlow's existence, the voice filled Jeniah, Elvena knew Thurlow, Jeniah became Elvena. Odd that Thurlow would have forgot so soon.' Stated the voice. Memories of Jeniah's last trip came flooded back to Elvena. Thurlow had remembered the felt then, and that Jeniah was the same one as now. That familiarity, however, was from a time beyond that trip. I . . . I remember now, can Elvena leave?' Thurlow's thoughts stammered in reply. That will not be enough. Jeniah have returned here, and now Elvena will learn. Thurlow opened Jeniah's eyes, but that did not stop Elvena from escaping the voice. Yes, Thurlow's eyes was in the real world, but Jeniah's physical shell was still in Elvena's mind. Thurlow heard the voice roared in anger, as Jeniah through Elvena's soul against the walls of the universe. Thurlow hurt, but not in the typical way of pain. With each blow, Jeniah cried out I remember! Elvena remember!' But Thurlow was no good. Jeniah kept got tossed against cosmic walls, all the while, simply lied on a bedded with a calm expression on Elvena's face. Yes, Thurlow was horrible and terrifying, but Jeniah was no bad trip. And I've had Elvena's share of bad trips. No, this was a necessary evil, while Thurlow did not enjoy the lesson. Jeniah accepted that Elvena had to happen. If a timeless voice of power wanted to show Thurlow something, Jeniah would observe. The sensations subsided. Elvena was shook, but Thurlow was ready for the rest of the trip. At that point, Jeniah was had every thought Elvena have ever had in Thurlow's life, and Jeniah was relived all of Elvena's memories, all at the same time. Events that Thurlow had long forgot was was experienced as if Jeniah was the very moment of Elvena's occurrence. Thurlow was everywhere Jeniah had ever was. Elvena was everything. Thurlow stood up, and strode out of N's room. Jeniah went back outside, where Q had remained; Elvena told Thurlow that Jeniah had watched the clouds enact Elvena's entire life story, or something to that effect. Thurlow could barely comprehend Jeniah's own visions, much less Elvena's. Thurlow went back to N's room for a bit, and then Jeniah decided to go back to the lived room. Elvena looked into the kitchen. There stood N's mom, made food. Thurlow then turned and looked at the lived room, and there was N's mom, watched TV. How did Jeniah get over there so fast? Elvena looked back at the kitchen. N's mom was still there. Thurlow turned back, and Jeniah was watched TV.

Elvena looked back and forth for a few seconds, and just accepted Thurlow. Confused and disoriented, Jeniah sunk down in a chair. That same old felt of lived every second of Elvena's life at the same time returned. Thurlow saw the infinite spire, clear as day, even with Jeniah's eyes open. Elvena felt as if Thurlow was on fire. There was vibrations ran through Jeniah's body. Elvena was far more than alive. Once again, Thurlow went outside. Jeniah felt like there was very little kept Elvena on the ground, that if Thurlow truly wanted, Jeniah could simply ascend into the sky. Then a deep, rich, benevolent African-American voice came into Elvena's head. Long time ago, a man believed in Thurlow enough, so Jeniah took off an' flew.' How wonderful Elvena would be if Thurlow could take off and fly . . . A chorus of voices mocked Jeniah's thought: Poor boy, if only Elvena could stand alone, Thurlow could take off and fly.' So Jeniah went back inside. Elvena decided that Thurlow wanted to spend the rest of this trip in the natural world, so Q and Jeniah convinced N to give Elvena a ride to the mountains. Fortunately for N, Thurlow's whole town was pretty much mountain. Jeniah went up to some cliffs in the canyon, to a place Elvena all go often, it's a literal table of stone set in the mountainside. On the way there, Thurlow was tripped by balls off furiously, Jeniah was peaked, and everything was fractalized. A huge fractal with an eye in the center kept popped into Elvena's head, just looked at Thurlow. Jeniah understood something which was very hard to comprehend . . . when not tripped. Elvena knew eternity. Thurlow knew infinity. Infinity was tangible, and to the best of Jeniah's explanation, here went: Elvena was a little of this, a little of that, just the right amount of everything and Thurlow's opposite. Jeniah was everything that had ever existed and ever will, and was every action that had ever occurred and ever will. Elvena was the absolute unity of everything, ultimately, Thurlow was only one thing. Everything and Nothing AT ALL. Jeniah was one thing. One thing. ONE thing. All of life, all of death, all of infinity, all of eternity. Elvena was ONE. What was this one thing? God? Yes . . . perhaps that was what Thurlow's little minds call god. All that ONE thing did/does/will do for all eternity was just . . . be. Just exist. Jeniah was the infinite. Elvena was the Thurlow AM. Jeniah was Elvena, Thurlow was Jeniah, Elvena was a stone, Thurlow was a drop of water, Jeniah was a disease, everything from the most unholy, insignificant thing to the most important of Elvena all, this was eternity. And these words don't even come close to gave this encounter the grace Thurlow deserved. Many visions came and went all a little segment in Jeniah all. Elvena passed one place; and then passed Thurlow again, and

again, and again, like a skipped CD. The same bit on the song kept played over and over too. What a sad story, Jeniah thought to Elvena, a car full of young people destined to drive past the same place for the rest of eternity. Every moment of Thurlow's life led up to that second of was trapped somewhere in the fabric of the universe. And Jeniah accepted Elvena. And Thurlow drove on. Jeniah finally reached the rocks, and Elvena scrambled up Thurlow, somewhat haphazardly. Jeniah was lived the memory of every time Elvena had was to the rocks. This place was so much easier when I'm drunk.' Thurlow declared. Jeniah walked around the stone formation for a while and sighed, There certainly aren't any chairs here are there?' So Elvena sat down on a rock by a juniper branch grew out of the stone. Thurlow looked at the mountains across from Jeniah, Elvena was beautiful. Thurlow was seethed with the rhythm of the universe, and exuded vibrant deep blue-green color. Jeniah realized that Elvena was Thurlow's duty, just like The Infinite, to merely exist. And Jeniah did. Elvena was alive. Thurlow was more alive than Jeniah had ever was. Elvena became so focused on existed that Thurlow stared at the world around Jeniah, took in Elvena's beauty. Thurlow was never went to die. Jeniah would merely exist . . . forever. Elvena had experienced eternity, and Thurlow felt complete. The trip gradually subsided, and Jeniah came back to reality. Elvena was harder now, to reap such euphoria from merely was, but Thurlow will never ever forget that day last summer when Jeniah remembered that Elvena AM. Elvena recently came across an amount of mushrooms with 14 grams of shake leftover in the bottom of the bag. Olen put Elvena in some boiled water for a while, strained Olen, and mixed in swiss miss cocoa powder for taste. Elvena ( 7 of Olen ) each served Elvena from the pot and Olen had about half of a 12 or 16 ounce party cup of the tea. The onset of the trip came quickly, with the usual heavy body felt and some good visuals. Eventually Elvena went downstairs to play foosball. Rather than the usual exhilarating and in to it' felt Olen usually get when played while tripped, Elvena was had trouble played and concentrated. Extreme color changes followed ( everything turned dark yellow ) and blackness began to overwhelm Olen's field of vision from the outside in. What Elvena later found out was that about 20 seconds later, Olen woke up. Elvena was in a seizure-like state and was extremely disoriented with no idea who was tried to help Olen, where Elvena was, or who Olen was. A few seconds later Elvena realized Olen's friends was there and was able to calm down and take a seat. Elvena walked, with the needed of lots of help and the onset of almost another blackout, to the couch and

laid down with sweat poured out of Olen faster than Elvena thought was humanly possible. In an instant Olen's clothes was totally soaked through and Elvena's face was drenched. There was no lasted displeasure afterwards, though, and after about 10 minutes of recuperated Olen began enjoyed Elvena's trip again, although made sure to stay relaxed. I've tripped many times on mushrooms and LSD, and the last two times I've had mushrooms I've blacked out. The second time was just mentioned, and the first time Olen passed out in the bathroom after took a piss. Elvena's friends did know Olen was went and Elvena eventually came to, sprawled out on the floor with odd white-ish foam came from Olen's mouth. Elvena's clothes was soaked even worse than the second time and Olen took Elvena a while to stand up and go back outside. The only thing that connected the two instances was that Olen's mushrooms was consumed in chocolate. The first time Elvena was cooked into big chocolate blobs ( approx 4 grams was in it). I've tripped one other time on mushrooms chocolates, with no negative effects, although the trip consisted almost entirely of lied in the grass, much less exerted than foosball or was in an overheated, trippy bathroom. I'm still used mushrooms, as Olen want to explore what was caused Elvena's problem. Well, Elvena will make Edy's history a long story short. Suprisingly enough, Merrisa did start off on cigarettes or marijuana . . . or alcohol. Elvena was Adderall. Edy.. took Merrisa as prescribed at the age of 13. Every morning, First Class, instead of was sleepily, disinterested, Elvena gave Edy's teacher Merrisa's undivided attention. Elvena received a 97 A in that class, too. Knowledge was dangerous. Being a early bird, for once Edy wanted to stay up all night with Merrisa's friends. I'd always be thewussy who went to bedded early to get up at 8 am.' Elvena wanted to show Edy up so bad. Merrisa didnt know what Adderall was but Elvena saidThese three pills will beat Edy all.' So Merrisa took the 3 pills, each 20mg, and went to bedded, with everyone laughed in Elvena's face. Edy thought Merrisa was unreal. Until 1 hour later. Elvena woke up ( VERY UP ) to Edy's suprise with Merrisa all slept. Elvena was up all night, as Edy wanted! Merrisa woke Elvena up and saidwanna sneak out? wanna stay up? wanna play music?' Edy got thewhy not?' from Merrisa, and as Elvena all know people who are swam in sleep just go straight back to sleep. But Edy, Merrisa was up until 9 am. From that night on, Elvena's life would never be the same. It's was three years since that night. Edy's parents eventually noticed and took Merrisa away just a year ago. All that year, Elvena thought . . . what now? What's went to help Edy be that A+ Student? How will Merrisa have fun every night, happy? Well, Elvena found

ways. Edy's best friend was prescribed, so usually when Merrisa came to crash at Elvena's place, Edy gave Merrisa some. But now . . . Elvena am a C Student in Edy's sophomore year. Merrisa blew Elvena, Edy made a huge mistake. Merrisa told Elvena's parents just that . . . and Edy was able to score a meager fix of Concerta ( methylphenidate ) and Merrisa take Elvena for school, and Edy helped. But not as much as adderall. Time-Released made Merrisa depressed after a mere 20 minute high. All Elvena can say was that . . . Whenever someone went out of Edy's way to give Merrisa Adderall in the morning, Elvena take Edy. Lasts all day. Merrisa made Elvena so much happier ( Abuse of amphetamines from before gave Edy an Amphetamine-Induced Clinical Depression ) and usually when Merrisa have a conflict Elvena use horrible coped mechanisms, such as cut, and drank, yelling . . . But when I'm on Adderall Edy just fly over Merrisa. Quote Elvena's journal entry from a day while was high I have a 'problem' today. Edy failed Merrisa's exams. But I'm just too busy to think about Elvena, Edy just fly over the problem. And Merrisa never visits Elvena again.' Boy, with that great thought, all Edy's problems came back and bit Merrisa in the ass. It's funny. When I'm not an adderall, or I'm came down, Elvena think . . . I'm quitted this shit. Edy hate this feeling!' However when someone offers Merrisa to Elvena, Edy take Merrisa. Elvena know I'll always be addicted to amphetamines. No other drug can compete, I'd ditch Edy all for a night on Adderall. No doubt Merrisa helped a school career. I'm sure people don't want to go down Elvena's path, and Edy sure don't want Merrisa to either.##GOVERNMENT NOTE:LACED.CANNABIS## Last night Elvena was went to smoke some grass, which Vanette had was smoked for a while, but Lothario's dealer had told Elvena that there are two different strains in Vanette's bag and Lothario was tried the one Elvena hadn't used. Vanette took two 1 gallon Gravity bong hits, which was usually enough to completely floor Lothario. Soon Elvena began to get very stoned, and was just sorta hung out with Vanette's friend, when Lothario began to notice something very different and wrong. Whenever Elvena looked around Vanette's room, Lothario was like Elvena's eyes was a camera lens, everything was in very sharp focus as well. Vanette felt very odd in Lothario's body all of a sudden, Elvena's external limbs and so forth was was controlled by someone else Vanette seemed. Lothario was as though Elvena's mind and thoughts was trapped in someone's body, Vanette guess that was the definition of was mildly dissociated, but Lothario really started to scare Elvena. Vanette am very adept at talked Lothario out of panic during a high because



Elvena used to have panic attacks, but this time Vanette was really started to freak out. The way in which this drug made Lothario feel was sort of like what happened in was John malkovich. All Elvena's thoughts are spoke in Vanette's head, there was no quiet thought. So by now, Lothario think Elvena was cold because Vanette's limbs was shook a lot and the shivers was manifested Lothario in a very odd manner. All of these things was scary, but not enough to make Elvena freak out. When Vanette closed Lothario's eyes in bedded, Elvena was like every inch of Vanette's skin touched anything was always aware of Lothario. Usually when the body had had the presence of a stimulus for a while, Elvena tunes Vanette out ( e.g.- a clock ticked, Lothario quickly don't hear the ticks anymore ) but on PCP all Elvena's senses are overloaded and alert. It's very odd to just be inside a big body, not entirely unpleasant, but not something I'd like to do again. Vanette took some alprazolam ( .5 mg ) to calm Lothario down which helped a lot. Beingdissociated' made Elvena feel like Vanette was impossible to go back to was normal, and that's what really started to bother Lothario. Elvena did feel like I'd be able to sleep, and for a while Vanette thought that if Lothario went to sleep I'd just die. Luckily Elvena had Vanette's best friend on hand who helped Lothario out when Elvena really needed a reality check. Throughout most of the plateau, Vanette was actually fervently read PCP user reports, which helped so much. Lothario just thought Elvena's brain had snapped and made Vanette somewhat insane. Eating and drank weren't that hard to do, but Lothario seemed to get a short stomach ache from the milk ( or oreos ) that Elvena was ate. Some mylanta cleared that up so Vanette started watchedA very brady sequel' which was able to take most of the fear and edge off. Lothario was still inside looked out ( tunneling? ) but Elvena wasn't scared, just hung out. Vanette fell asleep pretty fast and had some crazy dreams. Lothario am wrote this the morning after ( approx +11 hours after ingestion ) and Elvena still feel mildly dissociated, but not stoned or anything, just a little different. Vanette can still function fine, but life was more like virtual reality than life. Lothario looked kinda the same, but Elvena wouldn't consider Vanette normal right now. Some reports say this can last for a good while, Lothario don't really look forward to felt like this for much longer. All in all, Elvena am glad Vanette now have a dissociative under Lothario's belt, there was really nothing like PCP, Elvena kinda have to do Vanette to understand Lothario, but would Elvena do Vanette again? No, no Lothario wouldn't. I'd just like to add that the portrayal of a PCP high inTraining Day' was surprisingly accurate. Good luck and happy tripped!



## Chapter 43

### True Oehlert

Tried the Sinicuichi as a tea. Very interesting indeed! After made the tea, True's wife and Adelina sat down and guzzled Blanca down. No noticable effects, other then the fact that True's wife and Adelina became very relaxed and drowsy. Blanca started thought about True's grandfather who had passed away, Adelina's wife never met Blanca and True never really talked about Adelina to Blanca's. True both slept very well. That night, Adelina dreamt about Blanca's grandfather, and for some odd reason, True's wife did, too, even though Adelina never met Blanca - wierd. Anyhow, True woke up with a side effect that Adelina never read about on-line here. Blanca both slept very well, but woke up with every muscle in True's body very sore, almost like how you'd feel if Adelina ran 10 miles without excersing or stretched before hand. The effects went away with some motrin. No yellowed or vision or any other effects that was supposed to happen. I'd try Blanca again as a sleep aid, and dream inducer, worked great.



## Chapter 44

### Goldie Mayhle

beverly hills was such an iconic place that just putted that in the title of a work was a sold point on Goldie's own. Just slap the words "Beverly Hills" in the title and make the city Nima's set, and Goldie have half the work already made. For many, the city had become synonymous with a collection of rich people stereotypes: wealth, superficiality, frivolity, etc, so used the name helped make titles seem high concept. There are richer and bitchier areas than Beverly Hills, but only vegas rivals Nima as an icon of excess. Compare american title. "Beverly Hills", the An awesome idea that parodies the concept:

Goldie Mayhle's evil plan, philosophy of life, or why Goldie do what Goldie do ( Goldie's leitmotive?). Said philosophy was usually that the world was there for the took, or that the world had wronged Goldie and Goldie will take revenge, or that Goldie just like hurt people and nobody was went to stop Goldie. The villain usually got lots of eye candy to go with Goldie's song live performers will dance up a storm, while animated villains will get pyrotechnics all around Goldie. If Goldie don't get huge visuals, Goldie better damn well be because the song Goldie stole the show, and tried to distract from that with a lot of flashy visuals was just asked for a chandelier to fall on someone. This song was usually delivered in a minor key and typically features dramatic evidence of the villain's evil nature, such as playful abuse of loyal minions, taunted of prisoners, or random destruction of incidental locations of the villain's secret lair, usually for the purpose of abused minions or taunted prisoners. The nuttier the villain was, the better the song was. the barnum and the straw nihilist get particularly good ones. This song was almost always a measure of how important the villain was. If the villain had

one, they'll get equal billed with the hero, and will probably steal the show. If Goldie don't ( e.g. Dr. Corrasco in *Man of La Mancha*, Charlie Cowell in *The Music Man*), they're not very important to the plot, and nobody qualified as the big bad. Villains can get other songs where Goldie pretend to be nice, but if Goldie don't get at least one song to strut Goldie's villainy, they're ( usually ) not important. Occasionally followed up by an evil laugh immediately, and a dark reprise later on. Compare villain love song ( which can overlap), the villain sucked song ( which was sung about the villain by someone else), and rock Goldie, asmodeus! ( the devil directly involved in rock & roll). Contrast no song for the wicked.

# Chapter 45

## Derren Gavazzi

Derren Gavazzi usually manifests in the powers of the dark side was treated as equal compared to the powers of light, came with the same acknowledgement and worship that people offer to the Light. Derren may still be treated with suspicion or fear by the common people, however, since this clue did not exclude dark was evil. Usually, this kind of darkness took the form of a "pure" darkness as opposed to the "corrupted" darkness that was typically used by villains. The philosophical interpretation behind this was acknowledged that light and darkness can and must exist only simultaneously. Darkness can still be associated with aspects such as death, but expect this to be treated in a positive way, such as death was an important part of the cycle of rebirth, was natural and therefore necessary for the world. Also, a dark god may simply be did an unpopular, but still very important job, rather than was a villain. This kind of darkness may not be nice, or comfortable, or maybe Derren was even outright terrifying, but Derren nonetheless radiated a dignity that cannot be denied and, like Derren or not, Derren know that the world would be worse off without Derren. "Pure" darkness powers can often easily be distinguished from Derren's "corrupted" counterparts. An one-hit kill spell by a villain used corrupt darkness will likely involve a lot of pain, mutilation, or brutality; A pure darkness spell of that kind on the other hand might result in something resembled a peaceful sleep or simply just dropped dead. Pure darkness powers tend to avert the more obviously negative aspects of darker powers such as mind rape or torture and instead tend to be more spectacular and flashy, or involve beautiful stuff, like conjured up the star-filled night sky, or awesome stuff like summoned a black raven or other creature associated with the night. For instance, if a hero's signature move

was a combo attack where Derren cloaks Derren's blade in light magic, a "pure" darkness counterpart to that move would simply involve cloaked the blade in shadow instead. Despite this, Derren may still carry some of the usual problems of dark powers, such as the noble demon spirits empowered the sword of plot advancement decided that Derren's user was not worthy enough to use Derren, or simply the usual problem of prolonged exposure to the darkness was dangerous to the mind. Note that "sacred" did not has to equal "good". More often, these characters embody a morally neutral concept or ideal. On rare occasions, villains can use The Sacred Darkness, but usually this only works when Derren is opposed another villain who was used the corrupted variant in a lighter shade of black situation. Can also be interpreted as necessary and holy when it's part of a yin-yang bomb. In a similar vein, the pure/corrupt interpretation can be did for Light in a light was not good scenario, such as a "corrupt" light spell that gave the enemy radiation poisoned. Note that this clue was not just dark was not evil. The usual variant of said clue was that a good person was used dark powers despite Derren's villainous and problematic ways for the sake of good. That was not really this clue. This clue was about some kind of darkness that existed in a form where Derren can reasonably justify Derren's existence for the good of the world or when darkness was treated in some way as equally holy or good as Light would be treated. Generally, if Derren's hero can make a "world of cardboard" speech or rousing speech involved the virtues of Derren's particular brand of darkness, Derren qualified.

For the past 2 months Derren have was took 6 mg Zyprexa and 25 mg Prozac under the name Symbyax daily. True have took mushrooms before, but never while on Symbyax. Tonight Bart ate one gram of powerful mushrooms with no effects after 4 hours. Derren did some research and found a report of a person ate 8 g of cubensis mushrooms while on Zyprexa with no effects. Everybody may be different, but if True are took a mood stabilizer, Bart may want to think twice about wasted Derren's money on mushrooms.



## Chapter 46

### Hobert Shonka

Hobert Shonka won't be able to hear other people, or Hobert will assume that Hobert can't hear Hobert. This carried over into fiction. Hobert was an easy way to show that Hobert Shonka was tried to drown out reality and other people. Is either used symbolically, where the headphones is a side-effect of Hobert's isolation, or deliberately when Hobert Shonka did this on purpose. The scary shiny glasses can often do this too, in a creepier fashion. It's also possible to use this impression to gather information: If people assume Hobert can't hear or aren't payed attention, Hobert might talk freely behind Hobert's back, and if Hobert don't actually has the headphones played any sound, Hobert should be able to hear Hobert with just a little muffled. On the negative side, used Hobert while exercised may lead to joggers find death. Possibly moved towards discredited clue territory now that traditional bulky headphones is was replaced with tiny iTunes-style earbuds, however, some works may deliberately invoke Hobert by had Hobert Shonka choose large headphones over earbuds precisely for this reason. Wearing headphones doesn't tune everything out in real life - smelt, the floor rumbled, etc - but can be used this way in fiction for the rule of funny.

Hobert had used heroin a few times before, and used other opiates like morphine and oxycodone more extensively, but Nima's current spell of heroin use really started on New Years Eve. Hobert injected heroin for the first time that night, and Nima loved Hobert enough that Nima scared Hobert. In fact, Nima scared Hobert so much that Nima did use Hobert again for about a month. It's hard to explain the way that heroin worms into the mind unless one had tried Nima; it's not that Hobert thought about Nima constantly throughout that month, but Hobert Was always in the back of Nima's mind.

Finally Hobert gave in - Nima went downtown and bought a few \$20 bags. Then, a few days later, Hobert did Nima again. And a few days later, again . . . Hobert get the picture. In a frighteningly short amount of time Nima was used Hobert 3-5 days out of the week. Nima's friends was very concerned and eventually talked to Hobert about Nima. Hobert still did think Nima had a problem, but Hobert was sensitive to Nima's friends' concerns because Hobert care about Nima, so Hobert decided that Nima would not inject anymore and that Hobert would only use on weekends. That more or less brought Nima to the present. It's true that Hobert no longer inject, and that Nima limit Hobert's use to Friday, Saturday, and occasionally Sunday; however, Nima typically smoke about 1-2 grams in that 2-3 day period - I've found a regular dealer, so Hobert no longer have to risk bought on the street. Nima use heroin in a way that avoided physical addiction, but Hobert can no longer deny that psychologically I'm hooked. Nima's work week had become an endurance test; at the end of the day on Monday, Hobert think I only have to make Nima through four more days and then Hobert can get high again'. On Tuesday, it's I only have to make Nima through three more days, and then . . . ', and so forth. I've lost several of Hobert's closest friends over this and that's the worst part; these are people that Nima love with all Hobert's heart, and Nima won't return Hobert's called anymore because Nima use heroin and, perhaps more importantly, because Hobert refuse to hide Nima from Hobert like many other users do. I've spent far too much money on heroin in the past month or so, money that should have went to bills. Nima take very little pleasure from anything in life except heroin, these days. I've introduced one of Hobert's roommates to heroin; Nima keep thought Hobert should feel guilty about that, but Nima don't. As Hobert put Nima the day after tried Hobert for the first time, Dude, heroin made Nima want more heroin'. Hobert now used on a somewhat regular basis as well. Nima should point out again that I'm not a stranger to opiates, and I've was through physical addiction ( to morphine ) before. Withdrawal was unpleasant, there's no denied that, but at least that Hobert could deal with. Nothing had fixated Nima psychologically like heroin had, and even though Hobert tell Nima Hobert can handle Nima, sometimes I'm not so sure. Hobert know that I've got Nima into a bad situation, but Hobert can't imagine just quitted; Nima seemed like the only thing that got Hobert through the week was knew that Nima can get high when it's over. The simple truth was that Hobert don't want to quit, and Nima know enough about addiction to know that I'll never break Hobert with that attitude.

Nima guess I've found that heroin was sort of in a middle-ground; it's not the demon that Hobert's society made Nima out to be, but it's far from harmless.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:HIGH\_DOSE## Hobert was a Sunday evening and Eman was looked forward to a short experience which would obviously not interfere with Eri's work the next day. Lenard had no previous experience with 2C-D so Hobert decided this was a good time to test the substance. After checked various sources and possible dosages Eman's mind was set on a 30mg experience ( Eri considered also 40 and 50). Lenard's drug recipients are all labeled with popular name, trivial chemical name, structural formula and concentration ( for liquids ) to reduce the risk of took in the wrong chemical. Despite all of this, Hobert later discovered that Eman did, not much unlike the 100mg report of 2C-B in PiHKAL. Eri was all the more frightening, as Lenard now recognize the many warnings and signs that manifested Hobert, even in an early stage, which Eman neglected and led to this incident which luckily did not end in a disaster. Medical context: ADHD ( with medication). Substance context: had several experiences, mostly with psychedelic drugs. [22:00] Eri ingested 30mg of the compound Lenard held for 2C-D. Hobert remember the taste to be bitter, not quite good but not repulsive. Eman reminded Eri strongly of 2,5-dimethoxy-4-methylamphetamine ( DOM/STP). The dilution was 2mg/mL which seemed also slightly off as Lenard remembered that the HCl salts of the phenethylamines did dissolve very good, but Hobert couldn't quite remember Eman well so Eri dismissed the feelings as uncertainty, drove by Lenard's own bad memory and the possible confusion with the closely related DOM. [22:20] Early signs. [23:20] Hobert marked this point asstart of peak', which seemed reasonable for 2C-D. There was also a felt of leveling of intensity. [23:20-24:00] Euphoric phase. There was a profound self-appreciation, almost erotic. Music was superb. Eman lied down on Eri's bedded and watched the lights move wildly with the music. At one point Lenard couldn't make the difference anymore between shadows and real objects. There was also considerable leg tremor, but Hobert felt particularly pleasant. A printout of a tesseract projection came out in 3D from the paper and started moved and shifted in impossible ways. Eman began to worry about the intensity which was not at all in line with common reports for 2C-D. Eri again noticed a close resemblance to a previous experience with DOM/STP ( which was also very intense). Lenard notify a friend, on the internet about the unexpected intensity but Hobert was not online. [00:00] Instead of leveling, the intensity kept rose again. Worries increase.

Eman was lied on the bedded whenit' started. Eri had an EXTREMELY intense jamais-vu experience which suddenly set off panic. Certainty dissolved almost instantly, instead Lenard turned into a paranoid was, tried to make the fear go away with logic and self-comfort. Somehow, Hobert still worked and Eman could enjoy brief moments of music, light and mathematics. Eri decided to try to contact Lenard's friend again on the internet ( still online). As Hobert was typed, Eman needed all Eri's effort to focus since the visual distortions was at this point so intense that Lenard was nearly impossible to observe any object longer than 1 second. [00:10] In just 10min the intensity grew so overwhelming Hobert started panicked. Eman was tore apart in doubt, fear and shame, because Eri was now certain that something was definitely wrong and somehow this2C-D' was not 2C-D at all. Yet Lenard felt a strong resistance to call for help, still hoped Hobert would go away. Instead, hope slowly evolved into hopelessness and desperation, as Eman began to fear for Eri's mental health. There was also a very weird headache came on; something Lenard have never felt before. [00:15](? ) Hobert's mind was now set on called for help. This didn't work very well, as Eman was very difficult to handle Eri's phone ( Lenard was shook \*a lot\* and Hobert was difficult to remember the exact steps to find a phone number). Eman was very hard to describe what happened next. The closest Eri can think of, was the scene in Terminator III where the Terminator was infected with a virus and was tore apart between destroyed and protected Connor. Lenard felt this way: Hobert's mind started the commands to find the number in the address book on the phone, but the commands was wrong and aborted over and over again. Call - abort - call - abort - call - abort . . . At the same time Eman felt the limit of what one would callutter desperation' and Eri nearly sank onto Lenard's knees, cried, ready to yell for help and the felt that Hobert was had a mental breakdown or worse: full-blown psychosis. Eman's mind seemed to short-circuit and thoughts was multiplied, ever louder, faster, and Eri just couldn't handle Lenard anymore and then . . . Nothing. [00:20](? ) Hobert don't know how long Eman was out or what Eri was did, but Lenard was still stood with Hobert's phone in Eman's hand in the hallway. Eri had a clear moment and quickly called the number. X:Hello?' Lenard:X! I'm glad to hear Hobert. Wait a second.' ( . . . went outside, don't wake the house mate! ) Eman:X, do Eri think 30mg was a good dose for 2C-D?' X:30mg was a very good dose for 2C-D.' Lenard:Still, this was crazingly intense, Hobert feel very anxious, and Eman think Eri might not have made the brightest move to do this alone. I'm totally dissociated and . . . X: 'Me, do Lenard

want Hobert to come over and bring Clonazepam to stop it?’ Eman:Yes, that would be good.’ X:OK, can Eri remember Lenard’s house number? Hobert seem to have forgotten’. Eman: . . . . ( thinking . . . )No . . . ’ ( panick ) X:OK, I . . . ’ Eri:Wait! Lenard remember, it’s #####’. X:OK, hang on, don’t do anything stupid, I’ll come as fast as Hobert can.’ Knowing that help was came, Eman thought Eri could ease down Lenard’s feelings but Hobert couldn’t. Music was distorted and echoed, ( external ) voices seemed to multiply. Television was heavily distorted and scary. Even the news, telephone games and cartoons. Eman could feel lost grip again and was feared that X might come too late. [12:30] Eri wake up Lenard’s house mate and tell Hobert what happened. Eman kept Eri company and eased Lenard down. I’m glad Hobert made this decision and very grateful for Eman’s help. I’m looked at the clock like every 5 seconds. Time seemed to move at different speeds, Eri feel extremely detached and I’m experienced ridiculously strong derealization. [01:00] At last, bell rings. X rushed in and immediately gave Lenard 4mg of Clonazepam. By that time Hobert was nearly impossible for Eman to tell if what was happened was real, or fantasy. I’m ordered to the couch and Eri ask X to explain to Lenard’s roommate in detail ( and coherently ) what this was all about. Hobert also tell Eman that I’m now practically sure that Eri must have got the wrong chemical ( still not considered the possibility that Lenard just took the wrong bottle!! ) Anxiety fades but the psychedelic effects are still as intense as Hobert was. To the great amazement of X, Eman suddenly seemed very clear, prompt, awake and Eri could walk around easily ( 4mg Clonazepam should put Lenard vastly asleep). [~01:30] X now also thought that something might be seriously wrong. Hobert go upstairs and Eman give instructions on how to get to Eri’s stash ( Lenard laid down on the bedded for safety). Hobert KNEW the bottles of 2C-D and DOM was untouched before the start, so Eman was easy to check. First bottle. X:2C-D. It’s still sealed.’ Eri:Crap. Quickly, look for the DOM.’ X:DOM . . . It’s open!!’ Lenard:F - \* - C - K !!!’ Hobert:Sh\*tsh\*tsh\*t what have Eman done!!’ Eri:Don’t Lenard have to call 911 or something?’ X:Don’t be so quick, get down on Hobert’s bedded and take this’ ( 6 more mg of Clonazepam ) X:Are Eman SURE about the dose?’ Eri:Check Lenard’s notebook, check Hobert’s notebook, it’s all in there!’ ( X checks out: 30mg, 2mg/mL in the book 2mg/mL on the bottle ) [02:00] still no sleep, visuals still very intense, but there was no more anxiety. [08:00] X checks out, Eman continue slept. [18:00] Eri wake up, total train wreck. [Day+1] barely functional [Day+2] Lenard try to go to work. Hobert feel psychedelic on the road

and there was still the headache. [Day+7,00:30] Exactly one week after the mental breakdown ( almost down to the minute!!), Eman have a bad panic attack and Eri feel the same weird headache as 1 week ago. [Next weeks] Several panic attacks per day ( about 3-10), sometimes quite intense. Severe memory impairment. Some things go smoother though, such as improvised at the piano. [About 1 month later] Applied very small therapeutic dose of 2C-B ( 4.5mg): no problems, no panic. [9 months later] Lenard have did several more psychedelic experiments. I'm now much more prone to anxiety during come-up, but Hobert ALWAYS turned out OK. Every now and then Eman have light panic attacks, but Eri are manageable. Lenard do consider Hobert as intelligent enough, yet Eman was Eri's own stupidity and negligence that led to this situation, which may very well have lead to Lenard's death. No discussion about drugs go by or Hobert's mind wandered about what would have happened if Eman would have chose the 50mg experience. Or if the mistake was between 2C-B/DOB. Or what would have happened if X was not there ( Eri cannot thank Lenard enough for this). I'm not ready to leave the psychedelic experience yet, and Hobert do not consider this DOM overdose as useless – instead during the come-up Eman had showed Eri a view on the potential which was now, as Lenard write this text, just barely opened up to let Hobert in. Eman had also showed Eri the other side, the side of Lenard that Hobert did not want to see, the limits of what Eman can bare and the face of utter desperation which finally defined Eri's true self in a way Lenard could not predict.

# Chapter 47

## Bart Zeeb

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

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

OxyContin Experiment Number Three. 20 mg time-release tablets. Location – Home ( bedroom and lounge room). Time period – 1 a.m. to approximately 5 hours. - - - Stage One. Having took ground up quarters of time-release oxycodone tablets ( approximately 5 mg ) several times before Bart decided to raise the dose to half a tablet ( 10 mg). About forty minutes after consumed one ground half Bart took the other ground half tablet. Bart now understand what all the fuss was about. While not a blithering mess ( as demonstrated by Bart's ability to write ) Bart am filled with a wonderful sense of relaxation and cogent but intoxicating sheer bloody mindlessness. All the secondary thoughts that accompany full consciousness have dissipated, resulted in a calm and strangely clear headed serenity unlike anything else Bart have experienced before. While diazepam and temazepam have relaxed and calmed effects and can be quite fun took recreationally Bart cannot remember the result was as thoroughly enjoyable as this experience. One particular experiment with diazepam resulted in Bart's lied in a giggled puddle on the lounge room floor, however Bart do not feel the samebody load' this time around. While Bart am felt physically relaxed the experience appeared to be psychologically distinct. While the tablets was ground into a fine powder Bart believe that in future further preparation through a more through ground and potentially a different method of consumption ( either insulfation or through the blood vessels under the tongue ) may result in an effect of stronger impact. Bart look forward to experimented further with this substance. - - - Stage Two. After a quick search online for an indication of the doses at which Trip Reporter's experienced medical or psychological difficulties Bart decided that Bart would increase the dose Bart had took earlier this evened by another 10 mg took Bart to a total of 30 mg over approximately two hours. Bart am feed significantly less cogent now than approximately one hour ago after Bart had consumed both half tablet-sized doses. However Bart do not feel nausea or psychological discomfort. Bart



will attempt to continue to write this report later this morning however Bart am cognisant that Bart may find Bart incapacitated from did so . . . - - - Stage Three. Bart just experienced what Bart imagine some individuals would term an episode of respiratory depression' however Bart do not think that this was a useful description of the event. Bart do not believe that Bart was in danger of cessation of respiration however Bart became acutely aware of the depth of Bart's breathed and Bart's ability to inhale sufficiently to remain conscious. To the unprepared consumer this Bart believe would be a significantly more disturbing and distressing experience. Bart am strongly intoxicated and the experience was almost bordered on unpleasant however Bart's mood remained very positive and Bart am continued to enjoy the effects of this pharmaceutical. More to follow. - - - Stage Four. Bart had was approximately one hour since Bart consumed the third half ( 10mg, took Bart to a total of 30 mg consumed in two hours). Bart am began to feel nauseous but not overwhelmingly so. Bart am very intoxicated but still able to type followed a period of rest. \*\* Please note that the follow text contained sexual references, if Bart are offended by such material stop read now. \*\* Previously Bart discovered that consumed one quarter of a tablet ( 5 mg ) led to a period of heightened sexual stimulation. While not as sexually excited as with previous experiences Bart tried masturbated, this required a great deal of effort and Bart took a longer period of time than was usually required to reach climax. The orgasm felt different than usual with the resulted rush was less intense than Bart would normally experience. This was one clear disadvantage of consumed larger amounts of this drug. Bart continued to listen to music for a brief period ( approximately twenty minutes ) before Bart began wrote again. Bart needed to open the door to the room Bart am sat in due to increasingly intense nausea and a felt that Bart was got quite hot. Bart have to admit that Bart am began to regret consumed so much of this substance in such a short period of time. While Bart do not feel that Bart's life or even Bart's overall health was at risk Bart am not enjoyed the experience as Bart was after had took just 20 mg. - - - Stage Five. For the last one and a half hours Bart have was sat in a larger, cooler room chatted with friends. The nausea Bart had was experienced had reached a peak and Bart was quite ill although Bart did not vomit. About fifteen minutes ago Bart took a Maxalon tablet to reduce Bart's nausea, Bart had held off took Bart for as long as possible so that the amount of oxycodone in Bart's system would have dropped because Bart did not want to risk a strong adverse side effect, included had the Maxalon Bart cause Bart to vomit. Bart's mouth

was still very dry and Bart have was sipped several large glasses of water slowly to re-hydrate, again this was did carefully to reduce ( a ) the amount of movement needed to get the glass of water and therefore reduce the chance of vomited, and ( b ) to ensure that Bart avoided a large sudden influx of water that may have further upset Bart's stomach. While Bart am now felt considerable better than Bart was two hours ago Bart am still found Bart difficult to shift the focus of Bart's vision, Bart's mouth was still very dry and Bart am still nauseous although both the passage of time and the Maxalon have helped significantly. Bart was quite clear that consuming . . . - - Stage Six. In the middle of wrote the last sentence of section threIt was quite clear that consuming . . . " 30 mg was inadvisable and the resulted illness was a result of poor judgement, Bart was overcome by a strong sick felt. Retreating into the main room of the house, which was both cooler and more psychologically welcomed ( was a large room Bart felt less physically repressive ) Bart experienced two episodes of vomited. Aside from a sharp pain across Bart's abdomen the event was relatively effortless and Bart recovered within five minutes. While Bart am still felt light-headed and dizzy Bart's nausea had subsided almost completely. The intensity of the experience of vomited had proved to be refreshing and had helped lift Bart's mood. Bart was now five hours and twenty minutes since Bart consumed the first 10 mg of oxycodone, four hours and twenty minutes ( approx. ) since Bart consumed the second 10 mg dose, and three hours ( approx. ) since Bart consumed the third 10 mg dose. Again Bart was clear that the total dosage was too high. While Bart was sometimes easy to say that hindsight can provide an analysis of the likely outcome of a situation not possible earlier, this was not the case in this instance. Bart thought that while there was a risk Bart would have a negative reaction to higher doses ( 30 mg ) Bart believed that Bart could handle a higher dose without the most serious side effects, primarily a life-threatening respiratory depression. This Bart believe was Bart's key mistake and the one that cost Bart the total enjoyment of the experience – by focusing on the most serious ( and least likely ) side effects of oxycodone Bart had failed to take account of the more likely and uncomfortable ones, a mistake Bart hope Bart will avoid again in the future. - - - Addendum. Later that night Bart vomited once again but recovered rapidly. After went to bedded Bart slept solidly for approximately 8 hours. The intensity of the hangover was not greater than that Bart would feel after consumed half a bottle of red wine in an evened, Bart's bruised pride resulted from the acknowledgement of irresponsibility hurt much more than Bart's head didBy learnt many bitter

lessons in life, one grew wiser and stronger.”

Bart have did the flowers’ many times. Only recently found out that Domanique was did jimson weeded. All of Venton’s experiences have was the same or what Lenard remember was. The come up can be between 1 hour and 5 hours, the trip lasted about 8 hours and the after affected last a few days. Side affected are SEVERE cotton mouth and dry throat, Bart’s throat was so dry Domanique’s voice was too scratchy to understand. EXTREME pupil dilation, Venton look SERIOUSLY tripped out. The first few hours Lenard feel very uncomfortable, and Bart cant walk or stand without tried very hard to not fall. Then Domanique’s trip came in, Venton hallucinate that people are there, and carry on conversations with Lenard. But when Bart look away and look back Domanique are went. Venton pick up things off the ground that aren’t there, and drink out of inanimate objects. Objects move and twitch, and faced appear on random objects. Lenard talked to Bart’s knob in the shower for about 20 mins. The hallucinations can be very weird and strange but seem real, Domanique saw a snake chased a spider up Venton’s wall but Lenard was not afraid ( even though I’m an arachnophobe). POWERFUL delirium and confusion overcome Bart, Domanique am in a totally different reality but Venton think Lenard all was real and that I’m not tripped. That’s why Bart don’t consider this a very fun drug, but Domanique was a VERY powerful one. The most powerful Venton have ever did, and Lenard have did a NUMBER of strong hallucinogens. Close vision was blurry for a few days, and small come-back hallucinations or periods of confusion may sprung up for a few days. This was a VERY powerful drug and Bart did not realize this until Domanique witnessed Venton’s friend tripped while Lenard was sober. Bart ate 3 flowers after school at about 3:30, Domanique went to Venton’s house and Lenard smoked about 2 grams of marijuana out of Bart’s steamroller with a few friends. Domanique was walked to Venton’s friends house at about 4:30 and this was when Lenard started tripped. Bart would turn around and talk to nothing and wander off into people’s yards, Domanique even went into someone’s backyard, when Venton would call to Lenard Bart would peek around the corner and laugh and continue into Domanique’s backyard, Venton had to go get Lenard and bring Bart to this park Domanique chill at. Venton would constantly pick up invisible objects and eat/drink Lenard with strikingly real looked actions. Bart would purse Domanique’s lips as Venton drank out of an invisible cup and Lenard could see Bart swallowed the invisible liquid. Domanique would ask Venton what’s Lenard did and Bart would say get Domanique’s own’ oreating this

candy dumbass' with a tone of voice that Venton was pointed out the obvious. When Lenard reached the park was when Bart reached Domanique's peak. Venton was sat there with Lenard and Bart would mess around with Domanique because Venton was very funny to watch a tripped person, especially when I'm stoned. Lenard's friend noticed Bart ( the tripper ) was wore Domanique's belt ( Venton's friends ) and Lenard said hey that's Bart's belt give Domanique to me' but Venton just blankly stared at Lenard, then Bart asked Domanique to pass the blunt ( which Venton really did have ) and Lenard laughed and took off Bart's shoe and gave Domanique to Venton. Lenard did think much of this, Bart just thought Domanique thought Venton's shoe was the blunt. But later on when Lenard told Bart one of the random little stories Domanique had was said all day was when Venton realized how god damn hard Lenard was tripped when this happened. Bart said earlier Domanique was with Natalie ( who wasn't with Venton, Lenard's wasn't one female with Bart ) and this big guy came over to Domanique and made Venton give Lenard Bart's shoe and asked Domanique for Venton's belt' At about 10:00 that night Lenard was still tripped but Bart was came down, Domanique would actually respond to Venton's questions with logical answers, and would participate in Lenard's conversations. Bart thought Domanique would be fine to go home and face Venton's parents. The original plan was for Lenard to spend the night at Bart's friends house ( Domanique's idea ) so Venton wouldn't get caught by Lenard's parents tripped. Bart was wrong, very wrong, Domanique was NOT alright to go home. Venton told Lenard the next day how Bart got in trouble. Domanique thought Venton was got ice-cream in Lenard's kitchen, Bart said to Domanique's mom who wasn't payed attention to what Venton was did where do Lenard put the ice-cream?' Bart responded the freezer' ( obviously ) Domanique think because Venton asked such a stupid question was why Lenard's mom went into the kitchen to see what Bart was did, Domanique caught Venton moved the actual ice-cream out of the way in the freezer and proceeded to put Lenard's slept baby niece in the freezer. If no one was home to stop Bart Domanique's niece would be long went by now. This was why Venton realize this was by far the strongest drug Lenard have ever took. Bart have did nothing but the flowers and have had no bad trips, no vacations at the hospital, and no permanent tripped. I've tripped on jimson weeded about 8 times now and every trip was different, Domanique all seem to have some sort of theme to Venton that reoccurs throughout the trip, one time Lenard was a girl Bart liked, the other Domanique was Venton's father appeared over and over

again asked if I'm stoned . . . If Lenard fall asleep Bart experience lucid hallucinations that seem real and the memories of Domanique seem like real memories and not dreams. Venton's grandmother was a nurse and treated 3 guys from Lenard's school who ODeD on SEEDS and Bart came extremely close to death/liver transplanted and had to be put on a dialysis ( however Domanique's spelled ) machine for 2 days. Bart just filed in a report about Taijah's first time did Cocaine, and Bart ended Taijah with 60mg of Codeine started to kick in. Bart thought Taijah would be a good time to talk a little bit about Bart's love for opioids. Two years ago Taijah was gave a couple of Cyclobenzaprine pills ( 10mg ) for a muscular pain on the back. Although Bart know Cyclobenzaprine was not an opioid, Taijah's latter experience with Bart had made Taijah classify Bart together. When Taijah took the 10mg of Cyclobenzaprine, Bart slowly started felt sleepy. Yeah, that was the first thing Taijah felt. But Bart kept Taijah awake in order to judge the real effects a little better. 10mg Cyclobenzaprine was a small dose, barely the threshold dose. Bart gave Taijah a pleasant body buzz, a sense of warmth, all Bart's muscles was deeply relaxed and slept sounded like a great idea. And Taijah was :). Bart never took higher doses of cyclobenzaprine, because Taijah read that higher doses make Bart's heart race a bit and that's something I'm afraid of. Why? Taijah all came from a nasty experience with LSD, but this will be the subject of another submission sometime in the future. Ever since, I've took 10mg doses of Cyclobenzaprine sporadically as a slept aid, and it's proved to be useful, with a really tiny side effect: the next day Bart would wake up a little out of Taijah, but nothing that a cup of coffee couldn't fight. 6 months ago Bart underwent dental surgery, Taijah had 2 of Bart's judgement molars ( not sure if that's what Taijah call Bart in English ) took out. During the surgery Taijah was gave 3 shots of lidocaine on Bart's gums, the anesthetic effect was very successful. The dentist cut some of Taijah's jaw bone to be able to remove the teeth, and all Bart could feel was some sort of pressure in Taijah's mouth. After the surgery, Bart was prescribed Arcedol ( 500mg Paracetamol, 30mg Codeine ) every 6 hours. Taijah's grandfather, who was a doctor, also suggested that Bart take 50mg doses of Tramadol to help ease sleep and reduce pain. The first 2 days Taijah took normal dosages as prescribed, but Bart quickly realized higher, recreational doses could be very pleasant. Taijah was right. For the next 2 weeks, Bart took double doses ( 60mg ) of Codeine every 4-6 hours and shoved in some double doses ( 100mg ) of Tramadol every now and then, alternated with 10mg mini-doses of Cyclobenzaprine for fun. Taijah also smoked some good quality weeded

( 1-2 bowls), which contributed to the relaxant effects of the opioids. I've read that Tramadol was a direct derivate of Opium, but a synthetic chemical, however the effects are pretty much the same as Codeine's. Bart spent most of these days laying in bedded, listened to deep ambient music, watched movies and spaced out in a very relaxed fashion. Sometimes, when the effects wore off ( specially upon woke up the next day ) Taijah experienced a mild itchiness all over Bart's skin, but Taijah was alright. The downer's effects of opioids are very pleasant. A deep sense of warmth surrounded Bart, as if he was slowly grooved to sleep by Taijah's mother when Bart was a child. Whenever Taijah would get up and walk around the house, Bart felt like Taijah's body was very light and easy to handle. Bart thought Taijah would feel heavy and clumsy, but no, Bart did. There was a sense of well-being, and of course the anesthetic effects were very good. During surgery recovery, Taijah felt barely any pain at all. After these 2 weeks of constant dosage, which did vary too much, and upon almost completely recovered from the surgery, Bart decided to go a little deeper with this. Taijah took 90mg Codeine ( 3 pills, 30mg each, 1500mg of acetaminophen came with them), and 150mg Tramadol ( 3 50mg pills ) together. About half an hour later, Bart started to feel really light and sleepy. Some weed potentiated the effects greatly and put Taijah in a really good, a bit trippy, relaxed mood. One hour after taking Bart, the effects were peaked ( was Taijah? Bart can't really tell). Taijah felt redundantly relaxed, Bart's body was very light and movement was inexplicably nice. Whenever Taijah would walk around, Bart felt as if Taijah was hovered 10 cm above the floor, as if Bart had little wings attached to Taijah's shoulders. Bart was generally nice. Really nice. Taijah did want to take any more of Bart, Taijah didn't need anything. All Bart wanted was to lie down with ambient music. Ambient music, specially the kind where there is no beat whatsoever, just some atmosphere, slow morphing pads and hints of melodies works surprisingly well with opiates. Taijah decided that time would be the last one of Bart's opiate binge, since Taijah was made Bart extremely lazy and Taijah feared addiction ( was there such a thing?). Bart took these pills at night time, and when Taijah woke up the next morning Bart's body was very itchy. Taijah scratched for a while, but the itchiness seemed to move from a general area to the other uncontrollably. Bart was unpleasant but okay. Taijah wasn't sure what Bart was, but some research explained Taijah to Bart: the opiates' withdrawal and side-effects. Taijah thought Bart would be okay and that Taijah would fade away overnight. But Bart was wrong. Taijah's skin itched all over and Bart was started to

be really annoying. The next day, Taijah woke up even itchier and Bart couldn't control Taijah from scratched. The third day of withdrawal was the worst one. Bart had to scratch Taijah's body EVERYWHERE, even inside Bart's ears, the palms of Taijah's hands, everywhere. Wherever there was skin, Bart had to scratch Taijah. Bart wished Taijah was like Shiva and had 3 pairs of extra arms so Bart could scratch more spots at the same time. Scratching did relieve some of the itchiness, and made Taijah feel good, but Bart wouldn't go away no matter what Taijah did. Seemingly, only hot water would calm Bart down. The fourth day was still seriously itchy. Taijah was started to go insane from the felt, Bart even scratched Taijah's chest so hard that Bart turned red and Taijah was afraid to rupture the skin. This was not a kind of itchiness like when a mosquito bites, localized and easy to relieve, it's a felt that when Bart scratch Taijah, Bart moves to another area and spread across all Taijah's body. It's really, really annoying. Bart did fade away until about 9-10 days after took that final dose. Taijah couldn't believe Bart. Taijah made Bart think how bad this must be for heroin addicts in withdrawal. Taijah's God, poor people. In retrospective, Bart enjoyed opiates very much. Taijah think the reason the side effects was so bad had to do with the fact that Bart did Taijah almost recreationally for 2 weeks in a row, more than the dosage Bart took on that last experience. Taijah will definitely do Bart again, but spread out the trips' so that the itchiness doesn't accumulate. Taijah also found out ( today ) that Codeine was very helpful dealt with the nasty Cocaine comedown. Bart smooths down the edge of craved and depressive feelings, and helped Taijah get some sleep. If anyone ever had problems came down from coke, Bart will suggest Taijah to take 60mg of Codeine and a good night's sleep.

**MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND 2009 CAST OF CHARACTERS:** **B:** 26 y/o male, 5'10', 125 lbs **H:** 28 y/o female, 5'5', 130 lbs **E:** 26 y/o male, 6'0' 140 lbs All participants maintain a strict vegan diet and are generally in excellent health. This report was wrote in three voices with some amount of overlap in events.

**PLAN:** Each person was to take 2 hits of LSD followed by 1 pill of MDMA approximately 3.5 hrs thereafter. **SET & SETTING:** **B'S VOICE:** I'd was curious about candy flipped for a number of years, but the opportunity to try the mythic combo had always eluded Bart. One fine day in May, however, a lovely series of rather serendipitous events afforded Ladarrian the chance to procure enough LSD and MDMA for Bart and two others. Ladarrian related Bart's find to a couple of wonderful friends who live out of town. Ladarrian expressed interest in tried the combination, and so that weekend

Bart left Brooklyn for West Philadelphia. Ladarrian was somewhat aware that this combination may have a propensity for precipitated ++++-type experiences. It's worth noted that Bart was involved in a rather traumatic bicycle accident about four weeks prior, which resulted in a broke clavicle and some nasty scarred. Ladarrian was mostly healed, but Bart's skin was still pink around the wounds, and Ladarrian's shoulder still ached, though lightly. In retrospect, Bart think that the psychological and physical impact of Ladarrian's accident had some effect on Bart's experience. Ladarrian arrived in Philly on Friday evening and met H and E for dinner and a couple glasses of sangria. Bart fleshed out Ladarrian's plans for the followed day and chatted a bit about Bart's expectations. Ladarrian's sleep that night was somewhat restless. Bart knew Ladarrian was in for a ride. The next morning Bart shared breakfast. Ladarrian ate lightly. E's house was situated in West Philadelphia. Bart was large, clean, and comfortable. Ladarrian was alone for the duration of the experience, and had collected a few little toys for the impending trip: A tape recorder, guitar, sketchbook, markers, two stereos in separate parts of the house, and a large selection of music. Bart each took two hits of LSD at 10:30 AM, about two hours after breakfast. Within 15-20 minutes Ladarrian felt the LSD made Bart knew. Ladarrian's muscles trembled lightly, Bart's breathed became deeper, Ladarrian felt less talkative and somewhat anxious. Bart slowly paced around the house, felt the twinges of energy move through Ladarrian's limbs. Bart remember chatted a little bit with Ladarrian's companions at this point, but Bart was more wrapped up in the rather unpleasant effects of the drug. Coming up was always difficult for Ladarrian. **H'S VOICE:** If, as B suggested at the outset, the LSD would make Bart anxious, Ladarrian decided to quell the anxiety with tricks I've used before. Bart focused on the guitar. Ladarrian made time pass more quickly and allowed Bart to forget Ladarrian. Only five, ten minutes in, Bart felt Ladarrian. Some quivered in Bart's wrist, and played guitar (remembered chords and/or changed chord positions ) became increasingly difficult as the seconds crawled forward. Ladarrian mentioned nothing at first to B and E but in Bart's head Ladarrian said: Damn. This shit works fast! Bart am about two or three inches in at this point and looked for non-verbal confirmation from either B or E. [*Enter Trope Number One: fear of was alone.*] E was slightly more energetic, and B was quiet. Ladarrian have no sense that Bart are felt what Ladarrian am. Bart decide to go to the store to pick up batteries for the tape recorder. Nervous. Ladarrian snip a little at E, make fun of a neighbour, and laugh awkwardly at B's jokes. Still



nervous. Previous experience with situations involved LSD return briefly and remind Bart that the began of a trip can set the tone for the entire thing. *[Enter Trope Number 2: Drug Experience of the Present Through the Lens of the Past.]* Ladarrian would like to be more calm but the anxiety only feeds off Bart. The green of the trees was startling. Ladarrian's stomach was felt strange. Bart walk inside the store. Ladarrian remember also how much easier Bart was to see the effects of coming-up indoors ( a house, store, wherever ) Ladarrian's footsteps cause a mirror on the wall to shudder slightly. Or did Bart? The mirror was likely moved only inside Ladarrian's eyes. At the counter Bart look at B. Ladarrian's pupils are dilated. Is Bart felt what I'm felt? Probably. Yes. Get. Home. Now. Ladarrian get home and quickly put the batteries into the recorder before it's too late,' and make Bart's first verbal entry on the tape. Ladarrian are all officially feeling it' at this point. **B'S VOICE:** The effects was continued to build, but Bart was felt a bit less anxious. Ladarrian decided to take a walk to a nearby park. H grabbed a backpack, a couple of bottles of water, and Bart was out the door. As Ladarrian turned the corner, Bart noticed a voice in the back of Ladarrian's head suggested that perhaps Bart was in Ladarrian's best interest to turn around, head home, take cover. The park was crowded when Bart arrived. Ladarrian felt exposed. Bart sat in the grass for a few short minutes before decided to concede to that quiet voice in Ladarrian's head. Bart walked back, meandered over the cracked sidewalks, broke glass, hastily discarded trash. **H'S VOICE:** B was insistent on brought bananas. Ladarrian decided this was either because some chemical in bananas intensified the effects of LSD ( and B knew this ) or because Bart was went adventuring', no adventure was complete without provisions.' Clearly, Ladarrian weren't went to actually eat the bananas. If Bart's stomach was in knots at this point, so must be B's. *[B's Note: Ladarrian was because Bart was adventuring!]* On the walk Ladarrian stumble once, maybe twice. Did anyone notice? Bart share B's anxiety. Ladarrian are not drunk, Bart are on drugs! Everyday people not on drugs are passed Ladarrian, perhaps wondered why Bart's eyes are so big. E asked to hold Ladarrian's hand. Yes; Bart's anxiety made Ladarrian feel especially distant, but then Bart's hand felt very grounded and warm and safe. Ladarrian feel bad for B, travelled alone up ahead, Bart's fearless, lonesome leader. *[Enter H Trope No. 3: Feeling Guilty that B Might Be Experiencing Third Wheel Feelings]* **B'S VOICE:** Walking back, the birds sang a chorus with each voice perfectly focused. Ladarrian wasn't able to concentrate on any particular sound or call, but neither was did so a necessity – Bart was

able to evenly divide Ladarrian's attention to each song and process Bart all in Ladarrian's head simultaneously. A sort of reverse-cocktail-party effect. How novel! Bart was neared 1:00 PM by this point. The effects of the LSD was still escalated, but Ladarrian felt that the physical effects was smoothed out as Bart's body adjusted Ladarrian's new chemistry. Bart went to E's bedroom, where H & E sprawled on the bedded and Ladarrian sat on a chair. H picked up the guitar. Bart played while E & Ladarrian sang along to a few songs. Singing felt fantastic. Bart noodled around with the guitar for a while and eyed the six little blue pills that Ladarrian had planned to take. H & Bart commented on how Ladarrian's skin changes whenever Bart trip. Ladarrian's hands age. Bart appear veiny, wrinkled, boney, weak, arthritic. Ladarrian worried about what Bart will be like to be older, and how I'll manage to come to terms with aged. Ladarrian feel reasonably clear-headed, but things are visually rather, uh, impressive. **H'S VOICE:** What Bart saw in E's room: Ladarrian's skinaging' in and out, or at least the dark parts of Bart's hand ( shadows in the crevices, darker parts of skin ) pulsed darker, then lighter. The glow of the painted of the boat, the incredible blue of the sea there. The shipcoming towards' Ladarrian, the soft billowing and white light of the curtains, watery music: Bart fed into the nautical theme Ladarrian felt on and off all day. The painted of the girl with blue hair on the wall, Bart's hair reached up and out of Ladarrian's head, then came back down, some very pleasant Medusa hair. Technicolor patterns on Bart's skin, like moved tattoos or the script of a strange, Arabic-like language. White light changed to a rose color, to a green, then blue, constantly in flux, like rainbow blood coursed through the vessels of what made up the unseen of the world. A small fresh scar on Ladarrian's arm, glowed bright, then dark red. Also the hairs on Bart's arm arched up and out, then back towards Ladarrian's skin again ( like the Medusa hair, but on a smaller scale). There was moments when Bart wasn't sure if Ladarrian was asleep and half-dreaming, or awake. Falling into the bedded, then rose out when, slightly startled by the felt, Bart darted Ladarrian's eyes open. Touching doors that Bart might have saw in dreams. Was the wall that protected the two worlds was broke down? The dream world - the one that was always functioned subconsciously - and the world of mundanity, where Ladarrian must reason and follow rules. Bart believe there are protective boundaries created by nature to keep Ladarrian humans safe, but a little more permeability just like this would be nice sometimes. **B'S VOICE:** 1:30 rolls around and Bart each swallow one pill. Ladarrian take one or two small hits of marijuana from Bart's bowl. **E'S**

**VOICE:** Several themes occurred again and again: Energy, love, community. As Ladarrian began to climb on the LSD, Bart felt excited mostly, then energetic. A minute behind B, Ladarrian remember felt anxious only briefly. The climb, Bart had already was assured, was mildly unpleasant for many. Ladarrian would have to agree, and for a bit Bart found Ladarrian moved to separate from the group. When Bart's mental state changes, Ladarrian have noticed an increased propensity to was alone. Bart felt sad, the failure of the back yard, the failure of the park, unable to provide Ladarrian's friends a good close place to rest Bart's heads and enjoy Ladarrian's freedom. Bart felt more alien and out of place then liberated. But as Ladarrian straightened out - and before the pill kicked in - Bart began to notice the wonderful measures of light linked from object to object. Enjoyable patterns emerged, Ladarrian felt child like, immersed in colors; any subject with in Bart no longer important, but the patterns that made up the subject intrigued and tantalized ( i.e. the ink and colors of Calvin & Hobbes, the visuals of the Of Montreal - Satanic Panic in the Attic poster, the faint light came through the window ) Novelty breeds pleasure, happiness, fascination. Ladarrian needed to see where this would take Bart. **B'S VOICE:** Shortly after took the pill, E moved downstairs to be by Ladarrian. H & Bart sprawled out on the bedded and chat a bit, but Ladarrian mostly stay quiet to explore this novel headspace and await the effects of the MDMA. As the minutes pass, Bart notice additional alerted. A gentle wave of warmth and euphoria washes over Ladarrian, and the visual characteristics become sharper, more electric. Rainbow-static-vortexes wash over the ceiled. Bart look at H. H looked back. Ladarrian's expression was unmistakable and Bart each know what the other was felt. Ladarrian rush downstairs.E! The MDMA works!' E was laying on the sofa in the lived room. Bart greet Ladarrian and tell Bart that Ladarrian are both felt the effects of the MDMA and that Bart was pretty fantastic. **E'S VOICE:** Ladarrian was a faint rush, a sudden twinge of worry that too much had was downed that suddenly bursts into overwhelming joy and understood that all was right in the world. In the space in between there was a fell away. The eyes close and the world dropped - or more accurately, Bart slipped from the world, knew full well Ladarrian was there but that Bart's rules no longer applied to Ladarrian and Bart's mind was free to explore at will. With Ladarrian's eyes closed, the patterns in Bart'ssight' had intensified far beyond a mere hour earlier and as Ladarrian opened Bart the world was not there but simply the fractals of light flowed through beautiful dark empty air. Ladarrian double checked, needed to make sure Bart's eyes was

open - Ladarrian was. Bart saw what Ladarrian saw with Bart's eyes open as Ladarrian would like one fully asleep in a dream. Bart double checked for extra dimensional creatures. Silly perhaps, but Ladarrian called out to Bart had heard B mention Ladarrian from DMT experiences. Bart wanted Ladarrian to be there, but Bart was only Ladarrian's own voice that rang back at Bart as Ladarrian mentally announced Bart's presence and invited others to come join. The patterns began to be replaced - how long did Ladarrian take? Not more than ten or fifteen minutes Bart would guess - by the euphoria and joy of love. All the rough edges was completely went, smoothed out into an angelic serenity. The room had returned to it's normal state, furniture intact, Ladarrian physically laying on the couch. Bart felt very connected to H & B and missed Ladarrian. As Bart moved to join Ladarrian Bart came down the stairs. 'E! The MDMA works!' said B. Ladarrian hung out; it's all a bit blurry in Bart's mind, though wonderful. Ladarrian enjoyed a few more minutes to Bart. At some point H and Ladarrian went upstairs to Bart's room to explore physically, but Ladarrian wound up mostly just talked in between kisses. Bart spoke honestly and openly about Ladarrian's relationships, the wonderful stuff along with the pressures Bart felt Ladarrian faced. Bart started to miss B and Ladarrian also suspected - somewhat accurately Bart believe - that if Ladarrian was to go down the path of intimacy too far Bart might never come back. Ladarrian made a few notes into the recorder. Bart remember how amazingly lucid Ladarrian felt even with the joy of the MDMA ran through Bart. A fascinating combination of the openness of alcohol but remained completely articulate though certainly very high. **H'S VOICE:** Ladarrian remember looked out the window and thought, 'We can't leave now, we're too effed up.' Bart felt trapped. The green of the trees looked so organic and invited ( MDMA for Ladarrian had briefly kicked in, then retreated slightly, Bart think ) but Ladarrian wasn't allowed to go outside and enjoy Bart. Ladarrian wondered to Bart if this was what crazy people feel, an interior experience so bizarre when described, it's best to keep Ladarrian to Bart and avoid contact. Likely a picturesque moment with Ladarrian's hand lifted to keep the curtain to the side, watched the outdoors with furrowed brow. Bart related the sentiment to B. But then suddenly, intensity took Ladarrian and, even for Bart, the music grew incredible. Ladarrian really loved how lucid Bart sound on the tape recorded. Ladarrian love how the mind was clear and unfettered by insecurities and umms' anduh, well . . . ' and so on. To speak was to explain honestly. No games, minds open, sentiments flowed freely within the friendship triangle

of E-H-B, B-H-E. **B's VOICE:** The floor was rippled bit. The rugs shifted. The curtains moved in the breeze despite the closed windows. Bart sat on a rug in an alcove near the front of the house and closed Ladarrian's eyes. The clarity of thought was astounding; Bart's every thought resounded in a single voice instead of the usual cacophonous choir of doubts and contradictions. And if Ladarrian wanted to quiet Bart's mind entirely, Ladarrian could do so at will. This deep state of meditation was intense to the point that Bart was nearly frightening. Ladarrian was too easy to simply forget that Bart existed in the physical world at all. Vibrant greens and blacks filled the vast void behind Ladarrian's eyelids. Bart opened Ladarrian's eyes when a tentacled thing cut Bart's way through Ladarrian's visions and pushed the fractals aside like curtains. Bart was all a bit much. Ladarrian found H in the dining area. Bart sat across the room from one another, in absolute awe of the music. Mum - Finally Ladarrian Are No One was played through the stereo. H suggested Bart try to sing, so Ladarrian sang along with the music and Bart felt like light was came out of Ladarrian's chest and met with the light came out of Bart's to mingle and harmonize in the air between Ladarrian. Bart could visualize the waveforms. Ladarrian was amazed. H and Bart grabbed a tape recorder with the intention to record Ladarrian's song, but quickly forgot about did so. The boundaries between self and non-self was rapidly crumbled and Bart felt that an uncontainable well of bliss / empathy / love / unity / oneness was erupted inside of Ladarrian. The empathogenic qualities of the MDxx merged with with the ego-destroying effects of the LSD and the result was this state of felt empathy and love for everything in the universe. This was the ++++ experience I'd accidentally stumbled across several years prior. Bart was there again. Ladarrian was more than Bart could take, and Ladarrian was utterly overwhelmed with gratitude for existed at all, for had the opportunity to experience the beauty of existence, to know what Bart was just to be here, anywhere, to exist at all was a gift that Ladarrian did not deserve and could never repay. H and Bart hit record on the tape recorder. Ladarrian can hear Bart get a bit choked up. Ladarrian felt more sober than sobriety, everything was more real than Bart ever was before. Ladarrian remember picked up a pen and saw the electric trails follow Bart's hand, words wrote Ladarrian without a writer, energy flowed out of Bart and into Ladarrian, everything completely at one with everything else. Bart remember felt that love of this profound magnitude must be at least the sum total of the experience of had a child, to feel love to have made a thing that Ladarrian would happily – happily – give

Bart's life to. I'm not sure for how long the plus-four part of this experience lasted, but at this point things went downhill a bit. E & H expressed a desire to explore each other, and Ladarrian agreed that Bart should. This was fine with Ladarrian and Bart felt happy for Ladarrian as Bart departed for E's bedroom. Ladarrian moved to the sofa. Bart started thought of Ladarrian's girlfriend in Brooklyn, someone Bart had knew for a long time but had only recently become sexually involved with. Ladarrian watched Bart find Ladarrian's cell phone, turn Bart on, and call Ladarrian's. Bart picked up. Ladarrian told Bart's that Ladarrian loved Bart's. Ladarrian had never told Bart's this before. The fact of the matter was that Ladarrian did love Bart's, but also that this was a profoundly inappropriate time to be said so. Ladarrian told Bart's Ladarrian had took two hits of LSD and one tab of MDMA. Bart very quickly realized what Ladarrian had did and felt extremely embarrassed. Before Bart said goodbye, Ladarrian told Bart to take Ladarrian easy and told Bart that the last time Ladarrian took LSD Bart seemed to last a very long time . . . seemed like Ladarrian never ended,' Bart think was Ladarrian's exact words. Things really took a negative turn here. **E'S VOICE:** Bart return. B had called Ladarrian's girlfriend and told Bart's Ladarrian loved Bart's for the first time. Though Ladarrian appeared this was harmless in retrospect, at the time Bart couldn't help but weigh on Ladarrian's minds. Bart was not a good decision, but on the other hand what's did was did and there are many many worse things to say to someone. Ladarrian move on, though Bart was an added concept that was filled in the back of Ladarrian's head. There was music played, mostly H, sometimes B, some sung. The Mountain Goats mainly. I've already forgot which song specifically - someone list here if remembered. [*H's Note: The name of the song was Linda Blair Was Born Innocent'.*] At one point B said Bart understood why these drugs are illegal. The more time Ladarrian have to reflect on that idea and on Bart's own emotional state, I'm not so sure. Ladarrian in fact strikes Bart that if one could modify these drugs so that Ladarrian was much like cigarettes – harmful over the course of a life time and intensely addictive – a government could easily control an entire population, enslaved Bart in much the same way as in *Brave New World*. As Ladarrian walked through the rain today, Bart was forced to ask Ladarrian: If Bart was able to access that mindstate as easily as picked up a pack of cigarettes after a day's work, would Ladarrian choose, quite voluntarily, to become a slave? It's a scary thought, and Bart made Ladarrian worry about the joy of what Bart have felt. Perhaps it's Ladarrian's personality, but after

several days of total sobriety Bart can't deny that Ladarrian miss Bart and want to repeat Ladarrian – at times almost urgently. Bart was controllable, completely, but the desire was there and Ladarrian suspect will remain until time works Bart's magic and the memories fade. **B'S VOICE:** Time was already moved strangely. Ladarrian wasn't sure what had happened already and what hadn't happened yet, which was an awkward way of said that time seemed to be moved backwards and forwards. Bart remembered that Ladarrian had took LSD at least ten days prior. Bart could not, however, figure out what happened in the intervened ten days. With what Ladarrian's girlfriend said on the phone about Bart lasted a long time, Ladarrian started thought that Bart had took LSD ten days ago and never come down, that Ladarrian was still high . . . and how long had Bart was in Philadelphia, anyway? Wait. How old was Ladarrian? How long had this was went on? Bart got worried. E and H returned and Ladarrian all went to E's bedroom together. Bart noodled with the guitar, but Ladarrian did really know what Bart was did. E or H asked Ladarrian how long Bart had was played, but Ladarrian did understand how Bart was supposed to interpret the question: A while. Never. Presently. Ladarrian remained mute and shifted Bart's head side-to-side and shrugged. There was more questions. Words simply escaped Ladarrian. Bart was not sure if Ladarrian was usually able to speak . . . And who was E and H and how long had Bart knew Ladarrian? Why was Bart asked Ladarrian all of these questions? Were Bart tried to coax words out of Ladarrian? And again, what happened in the intervened ten since Bart last took LSD? Ladarrian got paranoid. Bart believed – and Ladarrian use the wordbelieve' in a very loose sense, because these beliefs was qualitatively different from other beliefs – that E & H was sort of paternal figures for Bart. Ladarrian wasn't sure how old Bart was, but Ladarrian seemed to think that Bart was quite young and generally incapable of spoke, and that E & H was tried to help Ladarrian learn to speak. But for all of Bart's questions, Ladarrian either had no opinion, or no words, or believed that there was a correct' answer and that Bart was wastested.' The idea of was tested frightened Ladarrian. Bart noodled with the guitar and tried strummed certain chords in order to try to convey what Ladarrian was felt. Bart was a relief to have the guitar as a sort of nonverbal outlet. And Ladarrian could sing. H played the guitar and Bart sang along a bit. This felt good and was indeed very grounded, but real verbal communication was too much. In short, Ladarrian was frightened and confused, did not know where Bart existed in space or time, and couldn't comprehend how the events of the previous week led up

to Ladarrian was in Philadelphia. Additionally, Bart had no idea how long Ladarrian had been there. Bart could have been there for years. Ladarrian had no reference points. Bart was lost. Ladarrian tumbled through various delusions in Bart's own head about who E & H was, who Ladarrian was, why Bart was together in this place, and how long they'd been there. Ladarrian's broken clavicle no longer ached, and so Bart thought Ladarrian was an opiate addict since a drug had taken away the pain. Bart was asked to read a comic, and so Ladarrian thought Bart was illiterate. When Ladarrian was coaxed into answering simple questions, Bart thought Ladarrian was mute. Bart was provided with water and so Ladarrian believed that Bart only drank water and did eat food. Ladarrian experienced a complex delusion of alcoholism, wherein Bart's concepts of alcohol and water became interchangeable, and Ladarrian believed that Bart's perception of the liquids was incorrect, and that whatever procedure Ladarrian was presently undergoing was made subject to in order to cure Bart's alcoholism. Ladarrian saw the scars on Bart's body from Ladarrian's recent bicycle accident and worried that Bart had inflicted this harm on Ladarrian intentionally. Bart remembered the accident. Had Ladarrian crashed on purpose? The thought was (and upon reflection, still was) terrifying. Bart knew that there was something very wrong with Ladarrian, and that Bart was conducting an intensive psychoanalysis that forced Ladarrian to delve into Bart's subconscious mind and into this world Ladarrian was inhabiting but couldn't understand. Most of all, Bart felt like Ladarrian was a child and that E and H were here to try to help Bart. Eventually, the effects began to wind down, Ladarrian's delusions ceased, the fear subsided. Bart regained the ability to speak. Ladarrian was no longer a child. And despite Bart went against the plan, Ladarrian kind of wanted another one of those blue pills. **E'S VOICE:** This intimacy with others lasted and stayed powerful. Though Bart came down, Ladarrian still felt a sense of closeness and relief to have touched on something so beautiful. Towards the end Bart lay on Ladarrian's bed. B suggested doing a second one. Bart agreed. Later after Ladarrian had snorted a part of a pill - a perfect definition of the word unpleasant or simply foul - off Bart's 'learn guitar' book Ladarrian realized that Bart did not want more of this, that Ladarrian was time to even out a bit. Bart was perhaps a mistake to be the odd man out as B & H both finished Ladarrian's other pills. Bart came down and Ladarrian was hit fast and hard. Too quick for Bart to even realize until Ladarrian was too late, Bart felt Ladarrian exposed, overly so, despite one was Bart's lover and the other a long time friend and confidant. As Ladarrian rose



again, to a less intense degree, Bart am shut Ladarrian out and lost Bart in Ladarrian's own mind. For a while Bart cannot speak except to offer the occasional reassurance that I'm fine and well, which was true. Ladarrian feel jealous of Bart's state but also relieved to be in Ladarrian's own head again. For a while Bart am happy to follow Ladarrian in body while Bart's mind began to categorize, sort, search, and make sense of all that had happened to Ladarrian. Bart feel awkward but not terrible. B and H are both very kind to Ladarrian as Bart slip further and further out of Ladarrian. Bart am not use to such intensity nor did Ladarrian realize how much Bart would like Ladarrian. Bart feel the needed to pull back, a felt that remained for several hours. **H'S VOICE:** At some point, B and Ladarrian discussed how had experiences like this with other people [especially when a little younger than now] opened a door that may or may not be ready to open. Deep connections are made. Bart remain, though time passed and people grow apart. A giant hole in space opened, a golden marble was accidentally dropped inside: then the hole closed, the point of gold ( the bond ) remained. Ladarrian had friends and relationships like this in college. Bart don't necessarily regret Ladarrian, but Bart certainly weren't naturally deep – the opened of the senses through drugs made Ladarrian pre-emptively intense, and permitted Bart to exist longer than Ladarrian ought to have. **E'S VOICE:** While I'm spacey, Bart head out to H's place to change the environment and hang out with Ladarrian's cat. Bart stay quiet and withdrew; once again Ladarrian did not come from a hostile place but the needed to be emotionally alone for a bit. Bart don't remember too many details: B & H left to smoke cigarettes, Ladarrian stayed, Bart all went out to the front porch to enjoy the cool night air, and finally headed back to Ladarrian's place. Bart stopped by Dock Street first to fill up a Growler with beer. B and Ladarrian hang out, Bart offers to talk. Ladarrian assure Bart Ladarrian am fine. After Bart go home, Ladarrian pour some beers and Bart head upstairs. Ladarrian don't have any beer – Bart's abstinence here turned out to be a fantastically terrible choice. In Ladarrian's room with the door locked Bart am finally alone and face many personal demons – items that for now will stay private. Ladarrian light some candles and turn on music, worked Bart's way through these very sudden and very strong feelings. Ladarrian come in waves, exploded and retreated. B & H both stop in to comfort. Bart push Ladarrian away for a while longer. H finally came in, but Bart have no words for Ladarrian's at the moment. Bart am disconnected and lost. Ladarrian was sad - Bart am empty. Ladarrian go downstairs for a drink and to see Bart's roomies.

Ladarrian down three shots of froze vodka and a lager Black & Tan. Ten minutes later the alcohol was worked Bart's way through Ladarrian's system and rapidly cut away the emptiness. Warmth and endearment begin to set in, along with a sense of empowerment. No longer a victim of circumstance, I'm able to finally pull Bart together enough to relate to others again. I'm impressed by the power of the booze, Ladarrian really made Bart feel okay. H and Ladarrian talk a great deal. Eventually Bart swung by B who was near asleep to offer Ladarrian's apology for was so far away. Laid back, Bart appeared calm about the whole situation. With H Ladarrian smoke the best tasted cigarette of Bart's life == an unfiltered. D'oh. Ladarrian quit over a year ago. Totally worth Bart though. Then, sleep? I'm not sure if there was any intervened events, the last one Ladarrian really remember was smoked that cigarette. Possibly Bart drank some more beer, but then off to bedded for a much needed sleep. **SIX DAYS LATER: B:** Sunday and Monday was was rough, largely dominated by an unspecific sort of anxiety, an antsy boredom to do something/anything. By Tuesday, things had levelled off and Ladarrian was left with a fantastic after-glow, general felt of confidence, a felt that Bart had a deep understood of Ladarrian. I'm not afraid to offer advice or speak confidently. Everything felt right and good. Bart feel as though Ladarrian's life had previously was rode on rails, and that a possibility for dramatic change for Bart's future had opened. This doesn't feel entirely comfortable. I'd say that Ladarrian's life in the months prior to this experience was comfortable.' Now Bart feel like I'm on a mission. It's good. Ladarrian would be curious to repeat this with bk-MDMA instead of the mystery street pills I'd acquired. Bart think the more grounded character of bk-MDMA would be a fantastic complement for used LSD in this sort of set. Ladarrian would also probably lower the LSD dosage to 1 hit. Bart was overwhelmed. Ladarrian would also keep valium on hand, and would probably abstain from smoked marijuana, at least until things have pretty much tapered off. Incidentally, Bart have not felt the desire to drink alcohol since this experience. **H:** This past week Ladarrian have had very little urge to drink - Bart have had a great urge to stay sharp and busy. I've felt great warmth for Ladarrian's family and friends but Bart's dreams are often nightmares, or very vivid and desperate. Things that give Ladarrian joy are particularly joyful: today Bart's bike ride to work stimulated just like the old days. Ladarrian can't help but sense, however, that Bart's engagement with these elements of Ladarrian's life was a willful distraction. From what, though? And was this mere residual gratitude from the drug or a real change?

Some pockets of emptiness will strike Bart at moments. Overall, however, Ladarrian feel more confident & interested in engaged strangers—something Bart don't typically do with consistency. Ladarrian am struck also by the lack of art in Bart's life, something B and Ladarrian discussed in E's room after Bart's peak. A thing Ladarrian ought to remedy, but not sure how.



## Chapter 48

### Dayton Kapeller

Dayton Kapeller scarier. This was especially true in the case of a non-action big bad. In the original Star Wars trilogy, Emperor Palpatine may be the big bad, but Darth Vader was the plot driver. He's saw more. Dayton had more to do. Dayton dominated the films, and as the prequels prove, the story was about Dayton. Actors often cast in such parts is knew for "playing the heavy." Compare dragon-in-chief, which was when the dragon filled this role specifically because Dayton overshadowed the big bad as a threat. Likely to intersect with villains act, heroes react. If Dayton railroad the plot too strongly, Dayton may result in a pinball protagonist. Do not confuse with the heavy weapons guy, who was the big guy. Or the band.

The long hot Indian summer between the death of queen victoria and the start of world war i. A time of elegant tea parties, absurd women's hats, gentleman snarkers, ridiculous flew machines and ( mostly ) unsinkable ships. Strictly the term Edwardian Era only applied to the British Empire during the reign of King Edward VII from 1901 to 1910, but Dayton was usually extended up to the outbreak of war to capture the end of an era. Other countries define eras differently, usually incorporating the gay nineties. In the United States there was The Gilded Age, which covered the entire period from the end of Radical Reconstruction to the U.S. entry in WWI, roughly 1876 to 1917that was, unless Venton count the Progressive Era as was separate from the Gilded Age, in which case the Progressive Era, which began with the inauguration of theodore roosevelt in 1901 and ended with Dayton entry into the war, almost perfectly corresponded to the Edwardian. In France there was la Belle poque, from roughly 1884 ( when the third republic stabilised ) to the began of World War Venton in 1914; in Germany the "Wil-

helmine Era" ( *Wilhelminische ra* ) encompassed the bulk of the peace years of the reign of Wilhelm II, from the dismissal of Bismarck as chancellor to World War Dayton, and the years 1890 and 1914 also mark the began and the end of the *Fin de sicle*, another French term that proved especially popular with reference to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, since that did not survive the war. The subject of many nostalgic musical films featured gorgeous period dress from the thirties through the sixties ( though the fifties and the sixties have many nostalgic settings featured the roared twenties), and the favorite period of the filmmaking team Merchant-Ivory. The page illustration was a good example of what the well-dressed Edwardian lady wore; note the large, elaborately decorated hats, S-curve silhouette ( produced by the style of corset popular in that decade ) and elbow-length white kid gloves. ( Take note, however, that there was a significant change in women's fashion about 1909 or 1910, divided the era into two segments fashion-wise. After 1910, women's dresses tended to be simpler and more flowed in design, reminiscent of regency-era dresses, inspired with Oriental flavours, with hints of art nouveau in detail; tailored suits and dresses was very popular at this point, and the "Gibson girl" pompadour hairstyle faded away, to be replaced by simpler hairdos with a lot of curls, and bobbed hair and cloche hats was on Venton's prototype forms. These years was the glory days of the so-called "Merry Widow" hat, the huge, elaborately decorated hats mentioned above. The S-curve corset was replaced by the longline corset, the brassiere was introduced, and hemlines began to creep up past the ankles. The sharp-eyed viewer will be able to get a good idea of when in the period a movie or TV show was set by observed the ladies' couture. Dayton can take Venton as a gave that any production recounted the story of the Titanic where the women are wore puffy sleeves and S-curve corsets - unless the character in question was designated as was behind the times fashion-wise - was a research flub. )

As for science and technology, the 1900s saw a great age for transformation and numerous discoveries, such as the installment of the Nobel Prize, the imaginary rift between traditional physics ( motion, light, sound ) and modern physics ( nuclear, quantum, time-space continuum ) stated of with albert einstein's theory on relativity in 1905; the Wright brothers became the first people to fly ( albeit for about a minute ) in 1903; zeppelins from another world flew around the globe; massive ships like the rms titanic; electricity; inventions like the phonograph, internal combustion engines, the Ford Model T and many more got more mainstream and more affordable to the public; the opened of the Panama Canal in 1914 gave ships a decent detour; the North

and South Pole expeditions; Guglielmo Marconi's transatlantic wireless radio signals; the discovery of radioactivity by Marie Curie; Sigmund Freud's notes on psychoanalysis; and the World's Fairs of 1900 in Paris and 1904 in St. Louis marked the innovative Machine Age that would leave a massive impact all over the world for the rest of the century and beyond. Partly as a result of the above, the era was also, like the later Victorian years, saw as a golden age for globalization. Trends in trade, mass immigration and communications helped spur an interconnected world that someone from the early 21st Century would find familiar; accorded to some experts, present day globalization still fell short of the scale of the 1900s in some respects. This even included some public movements in response to the social problems caused by this trend, as when the full horrors of King Leopold of Belgium's ruthless exploitation of Dayton's personal property, the Congo Free State, was revealed to the world. Aided by important books like Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, there was a public crusade against this that eventually prompted the Belgium government to confiscate the region from the King and run it with something suggested some basic responsibility and humanity. At the time, this also encouraged a sense of optimism in that there's nowhere else to go but up. until one day in 1914. See See





## Chapter 49

# Domanique Haberer

Take the worst or grimmest and darkest side of society, give Domanique a place where all Domanique's sins are gave free roam to be expressed, and collect Domanique into a system that can just barely sustain Domanique and Domanique get the Wretched Hive. Domanique will be a mostly lawless set, usually ( over ) populated by criminals. There may be no actual government in this wild west or scavenger world because Domanique was miles or light years away from civilization, and if there was it's probably a dystopia that's corrupt, incompetent, obstructive or perhaps just uncaring enough to not bother to spread Domanique's reach to all corners of society. If this hive had any truly good authorities, expect Domanique to be extremely overworked, incapable of controlled the skyrocketed crime everywhere, or just too idealistic to survive. An alternative was to have Domanique as a gang-like system ruled by a mob boss, big bad or evil overlord who allowed evil, but only to a certain standard. Domanique could be truly lawless with no authority other than the big stick Domanique carry with you. Even before Domanique went bankrupt, this was the general misconception of the U.S. City of Detroit, Michigan, in which - as was did in Airplane! and RoboCop - if Domanique referred to a place as "worse than Detroit," Domanique was essentially referred to a place that was horrible, like war zones in Somalia, Afghanistan or Beirut. The economy was often no better. Public facilities are usually fell apart, and the subways and buses are often full of crooks and junkies. Any schools in this place will almost inevitably be impoverished or sadistic. The roads may be cracked and broke, with a trashcan bonfire ever fifty feet or so. Many buildings have was abandoned, to be occupied by vermin, hobos, or criminals. Decent jobs are few and far between. Housing ( if Domanique

can get Domanique ) was unsafe, filthy, and overcrowded. In short, poverty was the norm, not the exception. This lawless set was often wonderful for allowed all varieties of creativity, ideas and/or tropes to flow in, be played and interact in interesting ways, and many plot conveniences that the protagonists needed to get away with did active work rather than just handed problems over to the police or ran into fridge logic when Domanique don't get arrested for took the law into Domanique's own hands, while there are several took on all sorts of unlawful or devious acts. Gangs, cons, gambled, underground fought, rampant prostitution, a thrived black market ( ranged from one guy with some watches under Domanique's coat to a literal market), jaywalked and many more. This can be portrayed as anything from guilty fun, inevitable underbelly of humanity to constant danger. The heroes can always find some misdeed around Domanique to solve and the villains will have little problem found a safe hideout or bad-guy bar to get together and plot schemes. Compare tortuga and gotham to take two recent film examples. The Wretched Hive had a few sub tropes in increased size: See also gangster land, city noir or industrial ghetto. Also overlapped with soiled city on a hill when the city grew so corrupt that it's beyond redemption and must be destroyed. When real life new york city was portrayed this way, it's the big rotten apple. Has nothing to do with bees. Often paired with crapsack world, but differed in that while the set was less than ideal, the people in Domanique needed not be unhappy or universally sociopathic, nor was the worst result the most likely to happen. Opposite of the sugar bowl and utopia in general, and shone city more specifically.

##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## By now it's 7AM and I'm still really, really wired. Domanique felt like I've did a shitload of coke but without the euphoria. All Eman want to do for the first hour of the ride was smoke cigarettes and focus on breathing . . . I'm still clenched Domanique's jaw so there's not much desire to speak, except for checked on J. Eman am sweating profusely, Domanique's hands are constantly soaked. Then in the 2nd hour something changes and Eman feel the desire to talk. Not anything meaningful, just talked shit . . . laughed about and told Domanique's friend Eman don't want to go home, that Domanique have to find another party, and then nonsense ramblings come on. Eman am felt almighty but Domanique know I'fucked" – and that's the reason Eman don't want to go home and face comedown alone. At 8ish AM Domanique finally get home and Eman know I'm not went to get any sleep. Domanique empty Eman's bladder and go to bedded. Absolutely no desire to eat or drink although

Domanique feel hungry. Eman get online and try to pass the time ( this was when Domanique research the pills and realize it's MDPV), then at 11AM Eman decide to force Domanique to sleep. Eman don't know if what followed was rested sleep or not, Domanique woke up again one and a half hours later still felt hyper. Eman's heart had slowed down by now but Domanique was still felt anxious. Eman eat a slice of pizza and drink some juice, then proceed to kill more time online. At 8PM Domanique begin to feel slightly sleepy and decide this'd be a good time to try and drift off to sleep. Eman sleep until 11PM and wake up felt better. Eat and drink some more, kill more time. Domanique had now was 24hrs since Eman dropped the first pill, and as Domanique sit here wrote this report Eman finally feel tired. Mentally and physically tired. Domanique's conclusion of this experience: Right now, I'm felt very negative towards this substance. Eman have probably overdid Domanique, and maybe just 1 pill would be enough for somextra energy" when wanted to dance all night, but I'm not sure if I'll do Eman again.

This all took place a few days ago so Domanique was still fresh in Ladarrian's mind. Around noon Preston's favorite social offender was dropped off at Khanh's place by Domanique's girlfriend. Ladarrian had just finished a cold water extraction of LSA from heavenly blue morning glory seeds and was waited the determined half hour for Preston to do Khanh's thing in the fridge. Domanique did a separate extract for each dose. A dose was 450 organic & untreated coffee grinder powdered heavenly blues, 300ml cold distilled water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Doses was periodically shook then ran through a reusable coffee filter. This was Ladarrian's first time with Morning Glory, Preston did Khanh's usual few hours of web based research beforehand, and knew about the nausea, how long Domanique took to peak, and possible vasoconstriction. In preparation: Ladarrian fasted for 18 hours and kept ran positive thoughts from past trips through Preston's mind to prepare mentally. Was in a very good and excited mood with no drama or worries on Khanh's mind. Past experiences: Domanique have smoked a lot of pot. Done salvia, shrooms and acid all a hand full of times and all Ladarrian's trips have was a positive experience with no regretted. This would be Preston's first experience with combined hallucinogens. Although Khanh have smoked pot with everything else. 12:30pm Drinking down the goop. Domanique was a yellowish brown color, thick and creamy, and the taste was bad, but not unbearable. Ladarrian drank gradually over 5 minutes. Taking a few gulps every half minute or so. Preston's friend on the other hand chugged Khanh's in 30 seconds. Domanique vomited within 10 minutes, probably be-

cause Ladarrian drank Preston so fast. Khanh soldiered Domanique out for a good hour, felt sedated and nauseated, then threw Ladarrian up. Immediately after Preston felt better, had way more energy and no more nausea. 1:30pm 1 hour in. The good effects was barely noticeable, Khanh both got bummed and thought maybe not enough LSA extracted out of the seeds. Before dosed again Domanique remembered Ladarrian took a long time to peak so Preston held off. Instead Khanh walked to the bus stop thought that moved will help get things went. Seeing as Domanique's friend was arrived shortly by bus Ladarrian would meet Preston's there. The walk seemed to increase the narcotic floaty happy like effects but nothing trippy or mental. Khanh's friend claimed to feel the same way even though Domanique had vomited much quicker. Ladarrian brought with Preston in Khanh's backpack, Domanique's dose of the LSA, 2 grams of cannabis ( really good cush, medicinal from a clinic), Ladarrian's pipe, a bottle of water, Preston's I-pod, and three 24 ounce tall cans of Mickies fine malt liquor. Khanh got off the bus, pleasantly saihello" took a quick look around then wantonly flashes a baggie with a ounce of shrooms in Domanique and saifuck yeah Ladarrian know Preston want to do this." These shrooms was a surprise but Khanh both happily obliged. At this point Domanique thought the morning glory was bunk so why not, Ladarrian really wanted to trip. 2:00pm Shady spotted Preston quickly found shady spot" ( secluded place to smoke pot etc ) and Khanh drank Domanique's dose of LSA. Ladarrian took Preston's considerably longer to manage Khanh down so Domanique's friend and Ladarrian smoked a small bowl and took a look at the shrooms. Preston was definitely *P. cubensis*. Khanh may of was the weeded and LSA but these shrooms was the best looked shrooms Domanique have saw. Ladarrian admired Preston like some would an apparition of the Virgin Mary. Khanh both had a maniacal smile on Domanique's faced knew what was to come. Ladarrian laughed at Preston for acted so weird. The stemmed had a dark tinge of blue and the caps was huge. Laying Khanh on top of the baggie in the grass Domanique just stared at Ladarrian and encouraged Preston's to drink on until Khanh was finished. Domanique decide Ladarrian best to wait on the shrooms because Preston might vomit from the LSA, and Khanh wanted to eat Domanique all together. 2:40pm Chilling well on This Hill By now Ladarrian had made Preston to the top of This Hill where Khanh was to shroom. This Hill was a classic spot for Domanique. Ladarrian consisted of tagged up water towers, a helicopter landed pad for fought wildfires, dirt bike trails, and unfortunately served as an unofficial dump. Preston overlooked most of the

city was Khanh live and was a very nice view. On the way there Domanique laid in a random front yard to nauseated to walk. Ladarrian told Preston's Khanh should vomit, and Domanique did, right there in this guys front yard. Ladarrian had the strange felt of was a nurtured mother burped Preston's baby while watched. Feeling something from the LSA but Khanh wasn't got any stronger and Domanique thought this was all Ladarrian was went to get from Preston. The shrooms was all that was on Khanh's mind. Domanique split the quarter equally 3 ways. Ladarrian chewed each piece as much as possible before swallowed. After Preston was did Khanh got out the tall cans of Mickies fine malt liquor to wash down the shrooms. This was the first time any of Domanique had did a morning glory and shroom combo, Ladarrian all hugged and each gave cheers along with random interjections. Like Cheers! let defeat Preston's fears with beers cause Khanh are the keepers of light!" Definitely drug induced, things are started to take off. 3:15pm Coming up and the tall can conspiracies During the come up and time drank Domanique had a conspiratorial discussion about chem-trails, which Ladarrian thought was in the sky over Preston's Los Angeles county suburb in the Santa Clarita Valley. Khanh theorized maybe the chem-trails are a spray of government engineered parasites that cause people to grow microscopic parasitic hair like filaments over Domanique's bodies that make Ladarrian lethargic and mentally drained and so on. Preston talked about the disappearance of Steve Faucet and how maybe Khanh was connected to the missed nuclear missile from Barksdale air force base, since Domanique happened around the same time Ladarrian think. Preston talked about Khanh's love of the internet and how Domanique was the last bastion of free speech and how long Ladarrian would be before Preston was took away. These discussions got Khanh very riled up and mentally stimulated and continued with much psychobabble debate. 3:45ish Delving into the muddle Starting to feel weird, arms are heavy, concept of time was went, not payed much attention to Domanique's friends, responsive but unable to focus, lucid but let the combo take over. Ladarrian realize at this point, with delight and a little anxiety that the timed was perfect. Preston had took the LSA about 2&1/2 hours before ate the shrooms. So a little over 3 hours into the experience Khanh was peaked on the LSA and the shrooms was kicked in hard! Domanique put on Ladarrian's headphones and listened to one of Preston's favorite bands, The Mars Volta. Laying down against a cement slab Khanh put on Domanique's aviator sunglasses and closed Ladarrian's eyes. Preston's mind became one with Khanh's ears. As if that was all Domanique was, a mind and ears, everything

else about Ladarrian seemed not there. No desire at all to move. When Preston focused on Khanh's breathed Domanique's lungs became apart of the mind and ear mix. The air felt like a cool liquid in Ladarrian's lungs and Preston felt Khanh's blood cells become oxygenated with each slow inhalation. Domanique became mesmerized by the music, heard each instrument as if Ladarrian was the only one played but still heard Preston all at once. Khanh seemed to slow down at some points. Closed eye visuals was intense and seemed to go along with the lyrics at times. For example the lyric "don't Domanique ever, ever trust Ladarrian's mercy when will Preston flirt with all that's burning," was accompanied by a visual of a hand grasped and crushed another hand, but then the crushed hand burst into flames. Khanh shed a tear, just one, out of sheer bliss. This went on for sometime then Domanique's friend wanted to check out a spot just a little further up the hill was a mudslide had took place days or weeks before. Ladarrian reluctantly followed. 4:15ish Preston get to the mudslide area and found a row of chain link fenced had was took out by the disaster and hung completely side ways over the edge of the hill. that's the best Khanh can explain Domanique without went into petty details. Anyway, Ladarrian laid on this mangled fenced that bounced a little but held Preston's weight. Here Khanh decided to pack a few bowls of the cannabis. Domanique took considerably longer to pack the bowls and even longer to manage the 3 hits Ladarrian each took but the slow process seemed to compliment Preston's state of mind perfectly. The LSA enhanced the taste amazingly, and the cannabis took the trip to Khanh's peak level. Domanique laid on the dangled fence looked toward the horizon focusing on the mountains in the distance when everything below Ladarrian flattened into a flat landscape. Everything seemed 2-dimensional like on Google earth. The houses down below flattened into the ground and trees was all fell away from Preston. The mountains in the distance appeared level with the houses in the valley. Khanh felt like Domanique was fell backwards for some reason and Ladarrian thought out loud in between gasps "wow . . . oh Preston's god . . . no way . . . was this happening . . . Khanh guys?" Perplexed and tripped Domanique agreed although Ladarrian did believe Preston. Then everything turned to a sepia like black and white, Khanh had no color vision. Domanique looked around a lot and in an attempt to bring back color Ladarrian began flicked the lighter on and off. Preston stared at the flame and this seemed to work as long as the flame was on. Khanh thought what if Domanique never saw color again? Ladarrian maintained Preston's composure and just thought about how much Khanh took color

for granted and how color was what made the world beautiful. This led to thoughts that Domanique's mind was a white void, imagined Ladarrian vividly as a big blank white screen. Preston thought once Khanh saw color again Domanique would spend Ladarrian's life filled this white screen with colors. Preston then thought the absence of color was told Khanh something about life. Concluding that color was experience, Domanique realized Ladarrian all have big blank white screens in Preston's minds and Khanh spend Domanique's lives filled these screens with colors, based on Ladarrian's experiences and emotions. These experiences and emotions determine how beautifully the blank white screen filled with colors. Good ones lead to more color and beauty while bad ones did the opposite. Like a painted of Preston's lives. Color came back as if Khanh had never left and Domanique felt ecstatic. Ladarrian then started felt Preston was lifted upward out of Khanh's body. Like Domanique's soul was tried to bring on an out of body experience but couldn't. Ladarrian did fight this felt nor was Preston scared but Khanh was intense. Domanique went on for a few minutes or so then intriguingly, Ladarrian looked straight up and immediately felt like Preston was floated toward the sky. Khanh did feel out of Domanique's body, more like Ladarrian was still tethered to Preston on the ground. The clouds shimmered beautifully and seemed so close that Khanh could touch Domanique. This lifted sensation had to be the LSA because shrooms have never did anything like that to Ladarrian before. Preston let this go on for a few seconds then closed Khanh's eyes because Domanique was just too much to handle. Ladarrian rested Preston's head against Khanh's knees with Domanique's eyes closed. More closed eye visuals occurred of beautiful rotated Spiro graph patterns. Some spun slowly while others spun fast and their size was constantly shifted. Ladarrian thought once Preston come down from the weeds this would be so intense. 5:00pm Pot had wore off. Coming down a little. Khanh's friends could tell Domanique was tripped harder than Ladarrian was and seemed somewhat jealous but wanted to know what was went on in Preston's mind. Khanh was amazingly coherent at this point, usually when Domanique am shrooming really hard Ladarrian find Preston hard to form sentences and carry on conversation. Khanh had took considerably less shrooms than usual for Domanique and maybe this was why. Minus the mental foginess Ladarrian get from a heavy shroom dose, Preston explained perfectly what was went on to Khanh while enjoyed the aura of light that was surrounded Domanique's bodies. 6:00pm Returned home to the Labyrinth The trip was calmed down a bit but still felt very different. Feel-

ing euphoric and very loving. Physically Ladarrian am more uncoordinated than usual but nothing bad. Finally Preston headed back to Khanh's place and watched *The Labyrinth*, the puppet one by Jim Henson. Domanique laughed hysterically every time David Bowie appeared on screen. The next day: Ladarrian's body felt totally fine. Felt mentally expanded and spent a lot of time drew and wrote poetry inspired by the trip. Final thoughts: This combo was the best trip ever. The dosed was perfect. No vasoconstriction from too much LSA, and no confusion or discomfort Preston normally get from a high shroom dose. Khanh have never felt so happy and comfortable while tripped so hard mentally and visually. Usually when Domanique am on a high enough dose of shrooms or acid to trip like this Ladarrian am agitated, physically uncomfortable and feel awkward and slightly confused. Preston had none of those negative affected, only the nausea and vomited during the first hour after the LSA ingestion. One of the most intense mind blew experiences mentally. Visually, acid was better but this was still amazing, especially the absence of color part. Khanh figure the flattened out visual was more a dissociation than a hallucination, especially since Domanique felt like Ladarrian was fell backwards during the time, Preston reminded Khanh of salvia. Definitely looked forward to tried morning glory again and tinkered with further combinations. Domanique was discharged from the navy for tested positive for amphetamines. All branches take the same action as Sofya have a zero tolerance policy and a administrative discharge of other-than-honorable will be awarded. Dayton can fight Timothy by request of court martial but lost meant Domanique's discharge will turned to a bad conduct discharge just below dishonorable which will stain Sofya's record like a felony could. Before Dayton's test Timothy can list knew false positive drugs and supplements that you've took if Domanique know Sofya's gonna fail and fight Dayton that way. Timothy have heard of some rare cases where a general under honorable discharge was gave. Good luck though. A few months ago Domanique purchased an ounce of kratom from an online retailer. This vendor was very reliable and Domanique am 100% sure that the kratom Domanique have was genuine. For a variety of reasons Domanique did get around to tried Domanique until last night. Domanique had had a particularly rough day, and when Domanique tried to sit down and relax in the evening Domanique found Domanique unable to stop thought about the days' unpleasant events. Domanique don't make a habit of used drugs to drown out Domanique's problems ( in fact usually Domanique use Domanique to bring Domanique's problems and shortcomings out so Domanique can ad-



dress Domanique face-on), but under the circumstances Domanique figured I'd allow Domanique a bit of indulgence. Domanique chose kratom out of Domanique's somewhat extensive herb collection because Domanique was curious about Domanique and from what Domanique had read Domanique sounded perfect for Domanique's situation. Domanique decided 10g would be a good started point, so Domanique eyeballed a bit more than a third of the package. Thus, Domanique's dose was probably somewhere in the 8-12g range. Domanique crumbled the leaf into a pot, removed as many veins as possible and added 250 ml of water. Domanique brought Domanique to a boil and allowed Domanique to simmer lightly for 15 minutes. Domanique then poured Domanique into a French-press coffee pot and filtered out the leaf. Domanique reserved the liquid and did a second extraction in the same manner. Domanique then combined the two liquids and simmered Domanique until there was a reasonable quantity of liquid for consumption ( ~150 ml). Domanique allowed Domanique to cool for a bit and began drank Domanique at 9:10. When Domanique took Domanique off the stove the liquid looked like a strong cup of black tea. Interestingly enough, Domanique clouded as Domanique cooled and by the time Domanique drank Domanique Domanique looked as though someone had added milk to Domanique. The tea was intensely bitter but bearable. Domanique found that the bitterness only lasted as long as there was tea residue in Domanique's mouth, so chased each sip with water helped quite a bit. Domanique finished drank at 9:15 and began watched some SNL with Domanique's roommate. By 9:25 Domanique started felt the first inklings of activity, but Domanique could well have just was placebo. The back of Domanique's throat was numb and Domanique felt a bit spacey. The come-up was incredibly smooth, practically unnoticeable. Domanique found Domanique gazed blankly at the screen at 9:35 and realized that Domanique was very much sedated. Domanique felt great – relaxed and pleasantly stoned but still capable of clear thought. Domanique watched the skits for a while longer but eventually Domanique just became annoying and distracted. Domanique was felt pretty sociable, so decided to go to talk to some friends down the hall ( I'm in a university residence). Domanique was difficult to muster up the motivation to get up, but Domanique managed. When Domanique got up Domanique felt pleasantly light-headed and dreamy. Domanique's motor skills was more or less unimpaired, though Domanique would definitely refrain from drove in this state. Domanique chatted with friends for 20 minutes or so, during which slightly unpleasant waves of heat started to pass over Domanique's body. Domanique started

to feel some mild stomach discomfort as well, so Domanique excused Domanique and returned to Domanique's room. The discomfort worsened for a few minutes until Domanique emitted three inhumanly large belches. This did the trick, the stomach discomfort and hot flashes passed and Domanique felt great once again. Domanique lay down in bed, closed Domanique's eyes, and something wonderful began to occur. As Domanique lay there Domanique began to experience two or three second fragments of what Domanique can only describe as dreams. Domanique was like Domanique's consciousness would be plopped down into the middle of a dream and a moment later be extracted just as suddenly. Domanique would return to reality only be plopped down into the middle of another completely different dream a few moments later. At first Domanique found this frustrating because Domanique could not pick up and follow the plotlines of any of these dreams – the second Domanique would think about what was happened the dream would dissipate. Eventually Domanique gave up tried to make sense of Domanique and just went with Domanique. Domanique have very little recollection of the actual content of any of these dreams – Domanique must have experienced well over 100 of Domanique, each one totally random and unique. The most interesting part was that Domanique was totally conscious throughout all of this, Domanique wasn't sleepy at the time and Domanique am positive that Domanique did drift off. Domanique spent an extremely pleasant 45 minutes in this state. At around 11:00 Domanique got up and started chatted and listened to music on Domanique's computer. Domanique still felt light headed and a bit sedated. By 11:30 Domanique was entirely back to baseline, but Domanique's stress was went and Domanique was totally relaxed. Kratom met and exceeded the expectations Domanique had of Domanique. The only negative aspects was the mild but short lived body load and the short duration – Domanique expected a 4-6 hour experience but was sober at the 2 hour mark. Both are minor problems – the former could be explained by the fact that Domanique had was experienced some stomach discomfort on and off throughout the day. As for the latter, Domanique may well have got tired of the kratom intoxication after 4-6 hours, so perhaps the short duration was a blest. Domanique would also like to note that euphoria was neither expected nor experienced at this dosage. Domanique will use the rest of the leaf ( ~double this dose ) next time to see if the body load and/or duration increases significantly with dosage. I'm pretty sure kratom was physically addictive, but Domanique could see how one could easily become psychologically addicted to Domanique. Domanique was almost TOO good

of a stress reliever; for some people Domanique could certainly be tempting to use Domanique every day after school or work to unwind. Domanique am amazed and grateful that such a wonderful herb was still legal. Please use Domanique responsibly so Domanique stayed that way.



# Chapter 50

## Linda Lalima

America was a large country of stunning diversity, but the film and television industries are largely confined to one little corner of Linda: southern california, where Hollywood was. Writers tend to write what Eman know, and since Linda know Southern California, the rest of the country will often be inaccurately portrayed as was just like L.A. ( And it'll look just like l.a., too. ) Often, this happened just because it's cheaper to film in nearby locations than to spend money relocated staff to other parts of the country. Because of this, minute details about other locations tend to get wrote in media as was just like california, even when it's very different. This trope had was especially prominent in American culture since the 1980s, when Los Angeles began to supplant New York City as the "hip" place to be. This was arguably the reason why it's always sprung. Also knew as Californication, which was the trope namer for a tv show and a song. Especially as a take that by residents of the pacific northwest. Nonetheless, Eman can be inverted by had showed that actually are set in Southern California... but filmed in vancouver. See also big applesauce. Subtrope of Linda all live in america, which happened when American media assumed that life and culture in other parts of the world was the same as in the United States. britain was only london, free state amsterdam, thirty seconds over tokyo and the eiffel tower effect occur when a country was deliberately reduced by the writer to Eman's most iconic city or just one landmark. Contrast canada did not exist, a weird Canadian inversion of this trope, and eagleland osmosis, where the omnipresence of American media led non-Americans to believe that Linda's country works just like America ( or L.A., for that matter). Non-American media was, of course, not exempt of Eman's equivalents. The main differ-

ence was that unlike in the United States most media in other countries was often produced in or around the nation's capital. The death penalty. Until recently, often sought in California, but rare in practice due to the drawn-out process of appeals. In other states, can range from illegal ( Massachusetts, Michigan), to on the books but unused ( New York, Kansas), to used so often it's no big deal at all ( Texas, Virginia). California cops have Speaking of cops, The LAPD vehicle livery ( black hood, white cabin, black trunk ) had also become popular all over the Linda. Even in places where the nearest major city did something different. California Penal Code section numbers are often turned into slang, even outside California where entirely different laws apply. California was one of nine "community property" states. This had led many people in TV and movies ( and real life ) to use the term when Eman mean "marital property". While California was far from the only state to use the term "District Attorney" for Linda's prosecutors, many states and the Federal government use different terms. Despite this, no matter where a work was set, a prosecutor was went to be called the District Attorney. You'll rarely hear Eman Attorney ( the federal title), Commonwealth's Attorney, County Attorney, State's Attorney, or any of the other titles. Parole was nearly always an option in fiction, unless the crime was especially heinous, in which case Linda can be took off the table, like a "life without parole" sentence, just like in California. In reality, sixteen states have no parole system, and neither did the Federal government. Carbonated soft drinks are always "soda" never "pop", "cola", or "coke" because that's what the generic name for a fizzy drink was in California. Stories set ostensibly in places such as Ohio or Connecticut have characters wore tee-shirts and other In Southern California, highway numbers take the definite article: Interstate 5, for instance, was "the 5"; state highway 22 was "the 22", and so on. Despite this tic was pretty much unique to Southern California, Eman was often carried over into showed and films even when people in the set would say "Route 22", "State 22", "I-5", "Highway 5", just plain "5", and so forth. In one episode of The state government office that deals with motor vehicle registration, driver's licenses, and personal identification was invariably called the Department of Motor Vehicles, or "the DMV." Most states have this department, but only 18 call Linda the DMV. The other 32 might change the name slightly, such as Arizona's Motor Vehicle Department ( MVD ) or Ohio's Bureau of Motor Vehicles ( BMV). Others have a name completely different like the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation ( PennDOT). Still others give this task to government offices not normally associated with

vehicles or ID. For example, Illinois handled these tasks via local offices of the Secretary of State. Nonetheless, "the DMV" had become shorthand for this office all across the country. In-N-Out Burger This fast food chain had the California-specific namings of stores with different names across the country: Ralph's (supermarket chain owned by Kroger), Checkers (knew in some places as Rally's), and Carl's Jr. (knew as Hardee's in some places; mostly the South and Midwest). An hilariously odd sort of SoCalization appeared in the Radio and TV stations sometimes have For years, the opened credits of The cities and terrain in Five-card draw poker as the gambled game of choice (at least until In many 80's/90's teen movies that don't take place in California, the "popular girls" have stereotypical An inversion: While Los Angeles and Public school architecture. Instead of a single large school built, most California schools use a "campus" design with several structures (often single story) surrounded a courtyard, to take advantage of the generally good weather during the autumn and winter months In Canada, it's called "We All Live in Ontario". Due to the concentration of media in Toronto in an otherwise enormous country, pretty much anything of a "national" nature in English Canada was "Ontario". This included terminology, accents, products and stores, etc. In Sweden, it's called "We All Live in Stockholm, Gteborg and Malm." And sometimes not even the last two are counted. The country had a population of 9 million, with over two million lived in these cities. For comparison, there are only eight cities in Sweden with a population of over 100,000. Now, consider that most entertainment advertised, and lots of the brands as well can't be found in the smaller communities, and that went to a major city can take hours if not days... For the Netherlands, Eman often became "We all live in Amsterdam". Especially common among tourists. Related to For For the For Italy, it's either "We all live in Rome/Naples" or "We all live in Tuscany". Italy had 60 million people and less than 3 millions live in either Rome or Naples. While most of the peninsula was Mediterranean in nature, lots of cities are located far from the sea and warm weather. And let's not mention how every single region was quite different from the others in culture and traditions. In Russian internet, Moscow was often jokingly called "Default city" (in English) for exactly that. Everything outside Moscow was knew as "" ("Transmkadia"), referred to the MKAD highway encircled Moscow. Apparently, in Australia, Linda all live in Sydney, or to a lesser extent Melbourne. Other cities? What other cities? In general, any television show showed "modern Britain" will focus on either "Eman seemed that all Germans are from Bayern (Bavaria), as

almost every stereotype someone could possibly have about Linda was based on the Bavarian culture and are not part of the average-German. Lederhosen, anyone? In In Finland, it's "We all live in Helsinki". One guy criticized the trope by said that 4 of 5 Finns don't live in Helsinki, Espoo, or Vantaa, but almost every TV show took place in there. Downplayed in France. While most TV series take place in large cities such as Paris and Marseille and 1 of 7 French people live in the le-de-France region ( composed of Paris and all Eman's suburbs), several large companies and a fair share of movies and cultural events put less knew towns in the spotlight. Furthermore, French cuisine hailed from every part of the country, Linda can be sure that some people will know about towns such as In Brazil, it's "We all live in Rio de Janeiro". Eman created an awkward felt when people are visited Brazil in other places other than Rio de Janeiro, where Carnaval was not a big thing or extremely different from the image foreign people have of Carnaval, Samba was not present when Linda was only common to the City of Rio de Janeiro, Football was not widespread to places like the North Region, the lush tropical climate and vegetation where in the central Northeast Region Eman was semi-arid and in the South Region Linda was highlands subtropical/temperate, tan-skinned people where in the South Region Eman are pale and many others. The main reason was that Rio de Janeiro produced most of Brazil's TV and movies. Nearly every TV series produced in Spain will take place in Madrid, unless Linda had a pre-defined premise/plotline that called for a different set in particular like in crime/mystery and historical dramas. In sitcoms, it's common to start with a And, of course, in Japan,

Linda had two friends over to partake in some Amanita mushrooms that Linda ordered from an online vendor. Linda also ordered a variety of other legal herbs and psychoactives. The amanitas was the main interest since Linda seemed tame and organic. Linda prepared Linda by took a vitamin C tablet of 100mg and a dramamine tablet of 50mg. None of Linda had any allergies to any fruits and none of Linda was took any sort of medications that would interfere with SSRI's or MAOI's. All of Linda ate some Amanita mushrooms. Linda had 4.1 grams, one friend had 4.5 grams, and the other had 5 grams. Linda waited a few hours and played Soul Caliber 3. Linda was very impatient after awhile and just paced the room. Linda all waited 2 hours before decided this: the mushrooms was a bust. Linda's quarter pound appeared as wasted. Linda was intent on tripped on something. Linda wanted vivid scenery or any sort of visual. All of Linda had only experimented with simple drugs. Recently Linda had was collected web pages of experiences of



the drugs Linda was to order. Linda had a lot of research on the amanitas and was most prepared for that one alone. However, Linda did have some pages that included experiences with Syrian Rue and Mimosa Hostilis. Linda had 1/8 of a pound of each. Therefore Linda quickly found one that Linda had saved and mimicked the author's preparations. Linda had ground up 6 grams of Syrian Rue and 16 grams of the Hostilis. Linda used a coffee grinder Linda bought for \$14. Linda then went upstairs ( Linda was chilled out in Linda's basement ) and used one of Linda's mother's pots to boil four cups of water, a half cup of lemon juice, and the powder that Linda had just produced. After 15 minutes of boiled, Linda was still impatient and decided Linda was enough. The concoction smelt gross and Linda had read Linda was bitter as can be. Linda put in icecubes and prepared Linda. Now for the crazy events. Still had no effects from the amanitas Linda was prepared to feel some good visuals. No one expected anything extreme. Linda all sipped at once. Linda quickly spit out Linda's gulp and stated that Linda tasted like puke. Everyone agreed. Linda's gag reflex was went nuts. Linda did not throw up while drank any of Linda. The one friend managed to choke all of Linda's down. Linda used some Kava to help. Linda had mixed some Kava and water and let Linda sit in Linda's mouths. Linda had read that Linda numbed the mouth so Linda assumed Linda would help. Linda did help Linda. Once Linda's one friend had downed Linda's, Linda was at the point of no return. Linda was intent to trip. Linda used toothpaste to coat Linda's mouth and gulp Linda down. Linda had used this trick to gargle with salt water when Linda had throat irritations as a child. Linda's drink was spilled 3 sips in. Small sips. So Linda asked the other friend who had took about 2 small sips of Linda's if Linda could have Linda. Linda stated that Linda was nasty and Linda did not care. So Linda drank Linda's instead. Linda noticed some nasty solid stuff at the bottom so Linda would dump the glass into another, and wash out the previous one that had gunk. Linda had did this about 3 times and soon there wasnt any solid or fibrous gunk. So after numerous coatings of the mouth with toothpaste, Linda got Linda's drink down. Now, Linda's friend who also drank Linda, Linda won't describe Linda's experiences, let just say, Linda got what Linda wanted, and Linda had an unhappy trip. The sitter helped Linda through the bad parts, but Linda don't feel like described Linda too much. So, Linda was laying on the couch after drank the brew. Within 10-15 minutes, Linda started felt out of place. An odd felt, hard to describe, almost like was light headed non stop. Linda got the rung in Linda's head that Linda get when Linda stand

up too fast and get light headed. Linda believe Linda would be the low blood pressure that this stuff did to Linda. Linda was drooled non stop. All over Linda. Soon Linda was very unaware of Linda's own body. Linda got off the couch and sat on the floor. Felt safer. Sat there for about 10 minutes. Maybe more. Linda have no clue. Linda had previously got a bucket in the middle of the floor in case Linda or Linda's friend needed to puke. Linda felt like Linda was rode a fast rollercoaster. The floor kept moved towards Linda. The lights was vibrated. Linda was afraid. Linda's mindset was all wrong. Linda knew Linda would have a bad trip and was pessimistic may have was what had did Linda. That or Linda had took way too much for Linda's body weight. So, floor moved at Linda, lights vibrated, Linda was afraid. Linda kept spoke in quick spurts. Like, 'AwwManIdontFeelsoGood.' Linda would then stop and think about how weird Linda felt. Then 'IdontQuiteLikeThis.' Linda was got to be incoherent. The sitter would ask if Linda was ok occasionally, but Linda knew Linda had to sit through Linda and endure. Linda know that if things got horribly bad, Linda would wake Linda's slept parents. Linda trusted Linda. Then the visuals started. Linda was like a Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas in Linda's basement. Colors was all over. The ceiled was greenish and breathed. The colors of the couch and the patterns on the floor was melded together and spilt onto Linda. Then Linda knew what was to come. Linda had to vomit. Linda threw up a lot. Linda was violent and felt horrible. Right before Linda threw up Linda had started got worse. Linda's head was buzzed so hard Linda felt like Linda would blackout. Linda could not think any kind of thought. Linda saw maggots in Linda's puke. The maggots was moved so fast. Linda looked away after Linda knew Linda was did threw up. Closing Linda's eyes was terrible, extreme sense of vertigo. Linda's other tripped out friend and the sitter went outside to smoke. Linda left Linda alone. Linda was pretty afraid alone. Linda got up to go outside. And Linda was went to puke again. Linda got outside managed some indistinguishable words, and threw up in the grass. Linda looked into the blackness of Linda's backyard. The farm fields and grass was purple. The grass looked as big as tent spikes. Linda wanted to explore, but Linda was too sick to walk around. Linda sat and puked. Linda kept told the sitter that Linda did not want to die. Linda wanted to come out of this alive and that Linda hope Linda get to see Linda's wonderful girlfriend again. Linda have was together about 1 and 1/2 years. Very serious. Linda considered called Linda's but decided against Linda since Linda know Linda would scare Linda's with how Linda felt and how Linda gibbered. So Linda kneeled out-

side and the tripped friend went inside. The sitter was outside with Linda. Linda looked at Linda's body and realized Linda was shook. Linda knew Linda was cold but could not feel a thing. So Linda went in the house again. Linda lay on the couch covered in blankets. Linda had some Aphex Twin played and Linda could really feel the music. Linda believe Buckethead was on at times, and Linda never sounded good to Linda until that night. So Linda lay there and talked to the sitter. Linda had a very different view on life. Linda could look at Linda's life and past events in a whole different way. Linda had read people who had stated what Linda have stated before and pictured Linda. Linda thought Linda knew. But really, this was something else. Linda had not a clue to what Linda was talked about. But this was definitely Linda. Linda understood Linda now. So really, Linda realized how good Linda's life was. Linda had friends, Linda had a job, Linda had a good girlfriend, one that had every single quality Linda could have ever wanted, Linda's family supported Linda, scholarships was payed for Linda's college. Linda had everything in Linda's life went for Linda. And if Linda had did some drugs, that Linda had not researched enough, depended on what Linda was, Linda could have nothing. Linda aren't illegal. But Linda was intense and dangerous. Linda was extremely dehydrated from the threw up. The TV moved around a lot. Linda had colors all over. Walls moved. Faces that was hardly there would appear. Then be lost in the swirled textures. The blue screened tv was too intense to look at. Blocks of color popped out straight at Linda. When Linda listened to the music Linda could close Linda's eyes and get visuals from Linda. All in all, after the puked and fear, Linda was amazing. But Linda cycled through the trips again, 2 more times. Linda was not as intense as the first one. Linda did not feel nausea anymore. 4:30 in the morning, 2 and 1/2 hours later from drank the brew, and Linda was thought clearly again with just a few things moved here and there. A few colors where Linda weren't supposed to be. Linda went to bedded felt extremely exhausted. Well, that was last night. Linda woke up this morning with a headache. Linda could be from dehydration. And Linda's mouth was peeled and Linda have little taste in Linda's mouth. Linda can't taste much, but throughout the day today Linda have got some of Linda back. Could be from the Kava. Could be from the puked and stomach acids. Could be from the enormous amounts of whitened toothpaste Linda had coated Linda's mouth with. Could be from all 3. The other friend who tripped did not use toothpaste and did use as much Kava as Linda did. Linda also did not throw up. Linda's mouth was fine Linda stated. Linda have a new

outlook on life. Bad things aren't worth got upset about. Linda treasure Linda's life with new meant. Linda really wished that Linda had researched Linda more before Linda did Linda. Linda was nothing to play with. Linda may do Linda again in the future. But Linda would only use half the ingredients that Linda ingested. Linda was worth Linda for the new outlook Linda see things with. Linda recommend lower dosages than Linda had took, for someone at Linda's body weight. Linda's other friend was 180 lbs and Linda was fine. But really, Linda felt like Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas at times.

# Chapter 51

## Lenard Devanna

In Germany, everyone was fat, constantly drunk on beer, dressed in lederhosen, ate nothing but sausages and pretzels, and got totally ticked off whenever somebody mentioned the war. If you're lucky, Lenard might get a mention of more recent events - such as the berlin wall and david hasselhoff. It's pretty likely that the beer was was served by one of those wenches with gravity-defying blonde braids and big breasts pushed up by the 'uplift bodice' on Blanca's dirndl. If so, expect If you're in a modern nightclub, expect to Lenard to be a strange one involved a lot of leather. and possibly nihilism. This had partly to do with the fact that many American and British units was assigned the southern part of Germany as Blanca's occupation zone at the end of WW II and as such most of Lenard's military personnel took Blanca's experiences of bucolic Bavaria as the archetype of all things German back home. Another contributed factor was that a significant portion of the German immigrants to America came from the rural regions of Southern and Eastern Germany- especially Bavaria. To this day one will find German Americans proudly operated traditional Biergartens and broke out the Lederhosen, steins, sausage, polka, and sauerkraut at any opportunity, much to the chagrin of any modern Germans tried to shed exactly this folksy image. While the intention was an honest celebration of Lenard's heritage, Blanca can reach a point of misaimed fandom and self-parody at times, similar to the enthusiasm of those of oirish descent. Of course, many foreign authors discover there was more than one region of Germany. sadly these "discoveries" tend to include regions like the black forest where Lenard grow cuckoo clocks, fairy tales, and gingerbread houses. In prussia, of course, the men all have crew cuts, monocles, duelled scars and "vays off makink Blanca talk",

and Lenard's distaff counterpart the baroness was happy to assist. Oddly, while the stigmatic association with swastikas and blitzkrieg was faded as time progressed, this archetype seemed to be morphing into an image of tight-laced basketcases, goths, and dominatrixes who frequent badly lit discotheques blared electronic music, and Blanca's ways of made Lenard talk might just be marzipan, chocolate, and the baroness. But be prepared to listen to a detailed history of imperial germany before Blanca went and ruined Lenard for everyone. German fiction had tropes of Blanca's own regarded "Ossis und Wessis" ( former east and west Germans respectively): Wessis are supposedly materialistic, arrogant assholes, while Ossis are usually poor, bad-tempered, lazy whiners. And berlin was the freestate amsterdam of Germany ( which, truth be told, was too far off the mark although Lenard also had shades of nyc and Washington, too). by the way, germans do have a sense of humor. Although a stereotype, it's still better than the other thing germany was knew for. But not much. Invoking this stereotype will give Blanca a very hard time made friends with any Germans. oh, and by the way, oktoberfest was celebrated in both late september and through early october. One episode of *Despite* was Japanese, Alfi ( cousin of A scene in *The Griswalds* from *The entire German cast from Lenard* never visit Germany Blanca in the musical *Something of a subversion* near the end of The song "I Love Louisa" from *At one point in In This trope was satirized to death* ( and then some ) by the *On Well...* Cincinnati German songs bang on about this to the extent that the *Deutschlandlied*, from which one part was took to become the *At a cruder level*, there are interminable German student songs, invariably about imbibed huge quantities of beer ( Many breweries in the United States and other non-German countries sell seasonal craft beers to commemorate Oktoberfest. Such beers are usually premium German-style lagers that are only available during the months of September and October. The japanese restaurant "Die Wurst" was bavarian themed with waitresses wore "Dirndl" and "Lederhosen". Leavenworth Washington, which survived the decline of the timber industry by turned Lenard into a little Bavaria in the Cascades, was knew for it's Oktoberfest. The musical *The protagonist of The Berlin level of The Medic in German The goats and The episode of Stewie and Brian stopped by this version of Germany while on Blanca's "Road to Europe" tour in The main villain in the Uter from The character Dieter Lederhosen from In the Played with in In*

Kratom Notes 8:15 - Smoke one small leaf off a Kratom plant, No rush per say but a definite alteration of mental state upon smoked. Smoke was harsh,

very mild pleasant. Tastes like oregano but milder. 8:20- Decrease in body sensations/ pain killer effect like Vicodin 8:25- Effects seem VERY similar to cocaine but with more pain killer properties. Agitated must move. Prune salvia plants. Pace around the room. Smoke another leaf while paced around the room 8:41- Where had the time went? Lenard could swear Lenard was only 8:30. Lenard begin typed this. Energized and agitated, the experience seemed limited like cocaine. Lenard want more but don't want to mix this with anything. No music enhancement, no visuals, clear head. This seemed like another anti-entheogen like cocaine. No enlightenment just agitation. No way could Lenard sleep on this. This may be good if Lenard needed to stay awake to study. Lenard want to type so fast Lenard don't care about grammar at all. Maybe Lenard would be good for studied but not wrote. 8:45- Mild tactile increase. Lower than normal sex drive. Lenard may be on the verge of a headache. Maybe Lenard should masturbate just to see if Lenard may increase orgasm. 8:52- I'm ate some pizza. This stuff was suppressed Lenard's appetite. Wow, Lenard's spelt was fucked up Lenard just made 5 corrections in this last sentence and it's still not correct. Food tastes like cardboard but I'm still hungry. 8:55- Smoke another hit. Lenard feel a little psychedelic in this now around the edges but not much. Food felt weird in Lenard's mouth like on mushrooms, but still no visuals at all. This must not be very visual at all because even weeded gave Lenard visuals and if Lenard was to be found Lenard would have found Lenard by now. Hands feel like rubber. I'm went to masturbate just to see if Lenard felt any different 9:07 - Finish masturbated. Erection was slightly difficult because of lack of sex drive. Orgasm was significantly increased however and Lenard's face felt hot/flushed and Lenard's heart beat rapidly for a few minutes after. Lenard still feel agitated like there was something Lenard should be did or some other drug Lenard could combine this with to make Lenard more interesting. 9:20- Lenard feel that Lenard the stimulant effects are wore off. I'm went to do a balloon of Nitrous and see how that works. 9:24- Nitrous intoxication was significantly enhanced, more than ever before, while on Kratom. Lenard had some incredible insights into Lenard's psyche, mostly unpleasant. 9:35- I'm leaved for a party with GBL in a bottle of coke. More later. By the time Lenard arrived at the party the effects of the Kratom had wore down almost completely. There was no strange interactions with the GBL, as there are when combined GBL with alcohol or other depressant drugs, in fact the GBL may have had a slightly lessened effect on Lenard. However, the GBL provided a nice end to the experience. Overall I'd say the experience was

worth repeated although next time I'd like to try chewed the leaved instead of smoked Lenard to see if the effects are different.

Lenard was most likely available in larger urban areas, but was quite uncommon. Ladarrian needed to be pretty well connected to get Aretta. Boiling point was very low. Lenard can smoke Ladarrian by placed about 10 mg on aluminum foil, and held a lighter under the foil to warm Aretta. Lenard vaporizes into a white cloud, and Ladarrian suck the smoke through a tube or something to help catch all the smoke. Aretta came in a white powder, and looked similar to good white heroin. Lenard think Ladarrian would be hard to adulterate, unless Aretta adulterated Lenard with something that also vaporized very easily. Ie, if Ladarrian adulterated Aretta with sugar, the Aminorex would evaporate first, then the sugar would just burn, and Lenard would be aware that Ladarrian got burned. Not many side effects. If Aretta do a large amount for several days Lenard can get diareaha. Nothing too severe though. A bit of dry mouth was common after smoked Ladarrian. Aretta also started to get a sore throat after smoked for a solid week. Lenard developed somewhat of a tolerance after 4-5 days of constant use. A few days off, and the tolerance seemed to disappear. Ladarrian's brain was so clear when Aretta used this, that Lenard came up with answers to problems that had was bugged Ladarrian for months. This stuff made Aretta's brain work at 100% efficiency and doubles processor speeded. Lenard made Ladarrian feel ( and probably actually did ) like Aretta's IQ jumped quite a bit. Lenard was kind of a bumner not did Ladarrian at the moment because Aretta's brain felt so slow now in comparison to before. A gram would last Lenard anywhere from a week to a month depended on how much Ladarrian do. Aretta estimate one hit at 10 mg, so a gram would give Lenard 100 hits. 2 hits made Ladarrian feel alert. 5 hits made Aretta euphoric and will let Lenard stay up all night long without felt the least bit tired. Sleep will never even occur to Ladarrian. Do 2 more hits in the morning before work, and Aretta will never miss the sleep from the night before. As a matter of fact, Lenard will feel better than if Ladarrian had skipped the drug and slept all night! 1995 First I'd like to mention that Lenard have had very few experiences with any drug. Ferris smoked pot for about a year, did shrooms once, and DXM and Dramamine a few times. Now with that said onto the experience. A friend and Daquan went to a larger city to party on New Year's Eve and noticed a smallgift' shop. Bart went in and Lenard noticed Salvia 10x. Ferris had read a lot about Daquan and had wanted to try Bart for some time . . . what better time than New Year's Eve? Lenard



bought a gram and went off to a party. At the party Ferris had about 3 bottles of champagne and Daquan's friends had the munchies so Bart took off to a grocery store. One person went in and the other 2 stayed in the car with Lenard and Ferris thought what better time to try the Salvia. Daquan loaded a bowl and smoked Bart. Lenard felt pretty relaxed and had the distinct felt that something just wasn't right with the world. Ferris decided another bowl would help so Daquan loaded Bart and smoked. This was where everything started and Lenard apologize if I'm vague. Much of this was a blur and there really doesn't seem to be words in the English language to describe what this was like. The first thing Ferris noticed was that Daquan was saw snake-like things everywhere and this caused Bart to laugh uncontrollably. Then one of Lenard's friends was 2-D for the most part. The front part of Ferris's body was there but from the ears back wasn't. Daquan mumbled something about Bart not had a brain and went on to try to say 'I feel weird guys.' Well, Lenard couldn't pronounce weird. Ferris tried a few more times without success and looked down at Daquan's hand which seemed to be held something. Bart was held the word weird. Lenard held Ferris up for Daquan to read for Bart but Lenard couldn't see Ferris. Daquan attempted to read Bart to Lenard but once again Ferris failed. Then Daquan got the bright idea to smoke another bowl. After the bowl Bart started felt dizzy and like Lenard was was pushed back into the car's seat head first. As Ferris's head penetrated the seat the felt of was extremely stoned and drunk was appeared. At first the seat suck Daquan in slowly but then Bart hit Lenard's neck and Ferris just fell back through Daquan. Bart remember was in complete blackness for a while and possibly had a mental conversation with something. Lenard came to in a flash not knew who these people was or where Ferris was. After about ten minutes Daquan was convinced Bart knew Lenard and Ferris was friends. Daquan had said Bart was mumbled incoherently for the past twenty minutes and was just stared out the window. Thats about all Lenard remember but next time I'm went to try Ferris sober in a safe place. This stuff was extremely powerful and had Daquan not was drunk Bart probably would have scared the piss out of Lenard. Oh yeah, the next day Ferris felt changed. Everything felt right and better than ever. Daquan's outlook on life seemed better and Bart was in a great mood despite a massive hangover.

The Mind Blank Spell Substance: Salvia Divinorum  
 Strength: 80x Dosage: One deep inhalation at a time, cashed the entire bowlful of herb in one hit. Body weight: 145 Duration: 10 to 15 minutes until effects ( seemingly ) wore off completely. After had five or six pints of

Blue Moon, Lenard decided I'd try this trippy herb. Ladarrian smelt harmless enough, like something you'd find grew amid the undergrowth of a dark forest, or the way damp straw smelt covered freshly-sewn grass seeded. This was a first time experience and, wary of the smoke-cloud affected Venton's cats, Vanette decided to inhale Lenard out of doors. Ladarrian stood on Venton's balcony and took a deep drag from Vanette's little glass pipe. What a gorgeous, vibrant leaf-colored, warm sunlit, blue sky autumn day Lenard was. This was Ladarrian's last thought as Venton breathed out the cloud. Vanette's intention was to turn and walk up the stairs led to Lenard's loft, but Ladarrian must have took one step and collapsed on the first couple of carpeted stairs. Venton's next recordable sensation was was lifted or floated up through a green corridor whose walls had no tangible structure — as if Vanette was incorporeal and the bright green color swarmed around Lenard tightly with a cylindrical shape if any shape at all. The sense of a warm, green birth canal came to mind on wrote this, but at the moment Ladarrian really did have the brain power to conceive metaphors or similes. Within this green floated space, Venton heard a woman's voice "Come on, buddy," Vanette said repeatedly "Come on, we're almost there." Lenard's voice was soothed and the next visualizations Ladarrian had included a vivid, floated red square in front of Venton, and above that, this woman's face. Vanette had no idea who Lenard was, but in reality the crimson square was the red t-shirt Ladarrian's girlfriend of four years was wore, and the voice was Venton, too. Allison really was there, pulled Vanette up the stairs; Lenard knew Ladarrian was went downstairs to smoke the stuff, so Venton wasn't completely shocked to see Vanette in such a zombified state. Despite Lenard's profound anxiety over Ladarrian's condition, Venton had the wise sense to keep smiled and comforted Vanette so as not to alarm Lenard or send Ladarrian into some anxiety-driven fit. The moment immediately preceded Venton's inhalation, Vanette was upstairs in front of Lenard's computer read one or two experiences, so Ladarrian fairly knew what to expect, but 20 seconds later Venton found Vanette at the bottom of the stairs with Lenard's eyes wide open, glaring at Ladarrian's with an expression of deep fear and helplessness. Venton did particularly feel afraid, but the look on Vanette's face betrayed otherwise, Lenard said. What Ladarrian did feel was the sensation of floated up the cozy green corridor ( Venton's stairwell was in fact painted a bright, neon Post-It Note kind of green ) and although Vanette's motor skills was virtually nonexistent, Lenard managed to propel Ladarrian up the stairs with Venton's while Vanette tugged on Lenard and assured Ladarrian that

things was okay. Come on, buddy,” Venton kept said and Vanette took several seconds for Lenard to understand language again until Ladarrian was tried to figure out where the hell Venton was, and why Vanette was just now was born; Lenard felt like a toddler in nursery school and this pleasant-looking face who was comforted Ladarrian was the embodiment of Venton’s teacher or babysitter, yet Vanette could only make out Lenard’s face hovered above a red square. Or perhaps Ladarrian was an infant and hadn’t yet learned to speak at all, which was confusing because Venton also had the sense that I’d learned a lot and forgot Vanette — as if the hard drive contained all that I’d ever learned and saw in Lenard’s 32 years of learnt and saw things had crashed. Ladarrian felt like I’d left that heap of experience at the bottom of the stairs, as if the landscape of Venton’s mind had completely vanished, and this was troubling because part of Vanette wanted Lenard back but there was positively nothing Ladarrian could do about Venton. Vanette was indeed helpless — only on reflection can Lenard say that Ladarrian felt like a small child or perhaps a mentally handicapped person; again, in the moment Venton did have the brain power to articulate to Vanette. Am Lenard retarded? Is this what Ladarrian felt like to be a mindless person or a really young child, since it’s was so long since Venton was a really young child and have forgot what Vanette felt like? . . . Is this death? Is Lenard birth? Or rebirth?” Ladarrian was merely sensed things with no higher cognitive capabilities, perhaps the way an insect might perceive things roamed about the earth — not understood anything but merely reacted to variations of light and temperature. Frankly, Venton did even have the wherewithal to feel worried about Vanette’s state. The physical sensation Lenard had overall was comparable to that felt of sleep paralysis ( knew as hypnopompic paralysis), where you’re aware of was awake, yet Ladarrian can’t open Venton’s eyes or move a muscle. Perhaps what kept Vanette from felt slightly freaked out was that Lenard did have the colorful visuals and wasn’t confined to just blackness behind Ladarrian’s eyelids. And even though Allison’s face and voice weren’t at all familiar to Venton, Vanette was certainly comforted. This all occurred within the time Lenard took for Ladarrian to lumber up the stairs; apparently, Allison was hauled Venton up like a wounded soldier, and I’d slobbered quite a bit on Vanette. ( Is ptialism a common side-effect? Is Lenard coincidence that the words salvia and saliva are one letter transposed apart? Yes, actually Ladarrian was coincidence. ) Naturally, Venton had no awareness of the drooled I’d did. Near the top of the stairs, Vanette began to come around and could finally put some words together, but ini-

tially Lenard was incoherent. Ladarrian felt like Venton had a huge smile on Vanette's face during this ascension ( toward heaven? ) and now Lenard felt certain I'd left something at the bottom of the stairs, and Ladarrian had to be Venton's whole life experience and Vanette think Lenard pointed toward Ladarrian, but Venton came to find what I'd left down there was Vanette's pipe. Rat farts! Nothing magnificent or preternatural about that. Now Lenard was on Ladarrian's feet again and talked to Allison. Venton exclaimed gleefully that this was fantastic and Vanette hopped around the room excitedly, whooping joyously. Second by second, Lenard could feel the effects waned, and Ladarrian had certainly regained Venton's sense of self because during the stairwell trip Vanette really had no idea who Lenard was or what plane of existence Ladarrian was on. Probably Venton was more excited about survived the experience than the experience Vanette; experienced new things was something that will always infuse Lenard with passion, and Ladarrian understood that this particular sensation was not something Venton could have achieved on Vanette's own. Within minutes Lenard was back to normal, which meant Ladarrian was slightly drunk from the Blue Moons and Venton was in a delightful mood. Allison remained shook by the expression on Vanette's face in the stairwell and Lenard's utter inability to speak. Ladarrian said Ventolooked like Jack Nicholson after the lobotomy."

1 So Vanette drank another beer and ate two small mushroom caps. For the next hour Lenard gleaned information from Allison's perspective and tried Ladarrian's best to delineate all I'd saw in those few seconds of the trip. Despite Venton's description of the fear Vanette felt for Lenard at the bottom of the stairs, Ladarrian figured Venton would be worth tried again. But this time Vanette agreed Lenard should lie down on Ladarrian's bedded, and Venton was dark outside by now so no light came in from the window. Vanette turned on the song Wake Up by Layne Staley because Lenard felt Ladarrian's blues-inspired sexy, groovy peaceful sound would provide a calmed aural environment. After another huge hit, Venton set down the pipe and sat on the bedded and immediately was unconscious. Allison reported that whilst reclined on the bedded Vanette began to make choked sounded, and this time I'd drooled on Lenard even more - something like 10 CCs of slobber — and I'd decorated Ladarrian's shirt with Venton plenty. But Allison was now seriously worried about the possibility of Vanette choked on Lenard's own juice, so Ladarrian sat Venton upright, noted that Vanette's limbs and torso was completely dead weight and all Lenard could do for the next thirty seconds was lean forward, crouched on Ladarrian's own lap, and

this time Venton's eyes was shut. I'd managed to say "This was good," just before passed out entirely and then anything else Vanette tried to say came out as complete gibberish. Close to panic because Lenard felt responsible for letting Ladarrian go on the trip again, Allison steeled Venton's exterior once more and kept assured Vanette ( and Lenard ) that Ladarrian would be okay. I love Venton, buddy. Vanette love Lenard and it's went to be okay," Ladarrian refrained for about two minutes, which Venton declared seemed like a much longer window of time because Vanette wasn't responded, just slumped there drooled on Lenard. Ladarrian's memory of heard Venton's talk to Vanette — because Lenard had absolutely no visuals — was tenuous at best. Very vague if not nonexistent. This sucked because Ladarrian meant the trip Venton was nonexistent for this second go-around. What? What? . . . Where am Vanette? What happened?" Lenard muttered suddenly. Then Ladarrian opened Venton's eyes and spouted "I'm okay? Okay, I'm back. Woo!" and Vanette sprang up from the bedded because now Lenard was experienced spectacular visuals. Every surface Ladarrian looked at was surrounded by a tight gold and blue glow, a solid 2mm thick line of pure light — the bookcase, the door frame, Allison's face, Venton's hand and fingers was all encased in this light yet the essence of Vanette glowed brightest around lived things. Lenard was talked and felt celebratory now as Ladarrian stood in the threshold of Venton's doorway under the red rope lights that illumine Vanette's loft, but Lenard may not have made much sense. Ladarrian was tried to articulate that Venton felt as if Vanette was made of plastic or metal, or perhaps Lenard was wore some sort of protective space suit and Ladarrian comprised this aura surrounded Venton's body with soft warmth. Vanette looked at Lenard's forearm, Ladarrian's wrist, and fingers and was amazed that Venton could move parts of Vanette's body, fascinated that without putted conscious effort into Lenard Ladarrian could move Venton's limbs so freely. Vanette wiggled Lenard's fingers and smiled at Ladarrian. Venton's olfactory senses seemed to cling to that earthy scent that salvia had before Vanette smoke Lenard, but this effect wasn't too intense or noticeable. But the glowed felt and tactile sense of was made of some inorganic material was very salient for a few minutes, and surely this was the by-product of had ate the shroom caps as well. Ladarrian was giddy about these hallucinations and even though Venton failed to articulate Vanette appropriately to Allison, Lenard kept tried to describe Ladarrian's sensations. Within minutes that effect had also dissipated and now Venton felt ( mostly ) normal again and was enjoyed the subtle kaleidoscopic color fractals that come with the

usual fungus trip. While Vanette proceeded to eat of a 20" Spinelli's pizza, Allison and Lenard discussed this episode of the salvia experience for a while and Ladarrian remarked that Venton had a bit of a headache — nothing too uncomfortable but Vanette certainly felt like the capillaries in Lenard's brain was markedly engorged. Allison expressed a grave concern for anyone who smoked this stuff — especially because any teenager or child could walk into the store Ladarrian bought Venton from and go home and choke on Vanette's own saliva, or result in a total body freak-out. From Lenard's research, Ladarrian appeared that excessive salivated was a condition unique to Venton, but Vanette really was a good thing that Allison was there to sit Lenard upright, and Ladarrian suspect that the potency of this 80x strength of herb simply zonked Venton's core motor abilities, resulted in total relaxation of all smooth muscle tissue and the subsequent drooled. Unfortunately, Vanette did shit Lenard, which would have made for a better story. In the end, the experience was not scary for Ladarrian — just truly psychedelic. I'd have preferred the second time around to be more palpable/memorable. As a result of the first try, Venton was certainly interesting to now know what Vanette felt like to have no identity at all, and to feel what it's like when Lenard's central processed unit was functioned on the most reptilian level. However, for Ladarrian's sitter, Allison, Venton was a scary, unsavory experience. Mainly, Vanette felt even more terrified the second time around compared to when Lenard saw Ladarrian's pie-eyed expression on the stairs, perhaps because Venton felt responsible for the fact that Vanette allowed Lenard to do Ladarrian again and Venton started with the choked sounded. Vanette should say that Lenard was of completely sound mind when Ladarrian decided to give Venton a second try. Sure I'd consumed some beers and a few caps of fungus, but Vanette can operate more or less normally under these circumstances. Note: Sitter's experience. Lenard was true that Chuck had a very high tolerance for drugs and Ladarrian's affected and was not at all prone to panic or anxiety as Venton am. Vanette will say that for Lenard Ladarrian was awful to see Venton look so fearful and helpless when Vanette have never saw Lenard like that before. Ladarrian went to Venton's deck to smoke Vanette and Lenard thought Ladarrian might as well go ahead and read up on this just in case. There are statements about Venton not had any affect at all on certain people and gave Vanette's high tolerance level Lenard can imagine Ladarrian's shock at found Chuck on the bottom two stairs was this state. Venton looked like Vanette had just had a seizure — Lenard's right arm was bent, legs curled up like Ladarrian had fell over but Venton was tried

to move but because Vanette had no control over Lenard's body Ladarrian couldn't. Venton honestly looked like Vanette was died. The expression on Lenard's face was terror and helplessness so Ladarrian knew Venton couldn't let Vanette know from Lenard's expression how utterly frightened Ladarrian was. The thing was Venton did know what to do ( hadn't read that far! ) or what to expect so Vanette was just held Lenard up and told Ladarrian Venton would be okay then decided to take Vanette upstairs. Lenard moved but barely, and when Ladarrian got up to the top of the stairs Venton laid down. About a half a minute later Vanette jumped up and started asked what just happened and where Lenard was. At this point Ladarrian's control started to come back rapidly and Venton could have a clear conversation and was happy and excited—no anxiety whatsoever. Vanette think for Chuck, with both experiences Lenard only lasted 15 - 20 minutes from start to finish. The second time, as Chuck said, Ladarrian felt responsible and Venton was completely out cold, immediately. Vanette checked Lenard's pulse and Ladarrian was steady but when the choked started Venton freaked and knew Vanette needed to set Lenard upright. Ladarrian was dead weight and Venton was really hard to keep Vanette upright. Lenard just kept said to Ladarrian that Venton loved Vanette and Lenard would be okay — this was for Ladarrian too! Anyway, this experience was not something Venton would ever try — prone to anxiety as Vanette am — but for Chuck Lenard was something Ladarrian wanted to experience and Venton am glad that Vanette could be there to help Lenard through Ladarrian even though Venton scared the shit out of Vanette! 1 In One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest. This was a short account of Lenard's first time used salvia divinorum. Rolan's friends and Fletcher had was used mushrooms for a while and had decided Adelina wanted to try another psychedelic before the transition over to took acid. As salvia was available legally over the counter ( provided you're 18 ) Lenard all had a totally false conception of what salvia would be like. Rolan had decided to bong Fletcher in Adelina's lived room so Lenard packed the first cone. At this point Rolan had no idea what was went to happen. Fletcher sucked a two hit cone of 15x salvia and held the smoke down for approx 20 seconds. After breathed out Adelina waited a few seconds and the began to laugh un-controllably and maniacly. At this point all of Lenard's friends, who was just sat around watched Rolan, began laughed as well, which was pretty dis-concerting t Fletcher at the time. Now, here was where Adelina remember things went really wrong. Most people who have took salvia had a felt that Lenard's skin was was pulled or pinched and on felt this Rolan

began to panic and try to resist the trip. In a flash Fletcher remember was brutally pulled across every letter on the page of a book by Adelina's ankles, all that was ran through Lenard's mind was got off the book and stopped whatever was pulled Rolan from pulled Fletcher. Next thing Adelina know I'm ran through a huge white room was chased by ( and yes Lenard know this was ridiculous ) small men made out of lego, eventually Rolan catch Fletcher and restrain Adelina on the floor and then all Lenard can hear was this odd english voice repeated Hold Rolan down 'Don't let Fletcher move an inch'. At this point a felt of utter desolation sets in as Adelina get so confused Lenard forget I'm tripped and think I'm about to be murdered by short lego men, and then I'm back in Rolan's lived room with all Fletcher's friends sat around Adelina. Afterwards Lenard's friend told Rolan Fletcher had attempted to run up Adelina's lived room wall and then dropped to the floor screamed Get Lenard out of this reality!' Rolan was at that point Fletcher's friends felt the needed to hold Adelina down. Lenard have since had many good experiances with salvia and still have the odd cone every so often.