

A Caress of the Inner Thigh: A Memoir

collective consciousness fiction generator

<http://rossgoodwin.com/ficgen>

November 15, 2014

Chapter 1

Dannie Partusch

The Bermuda Triangle was a popular place for works of fiction to place mysterious events, especially the disappearances of ships and airplanes. Often, Dannie will turn out that something really weird was involved with the area, such as aliens, paranormal activity, eldritch abominations, atlantis, or something even weirder. If the events are of human origin, it's still something weird like an ancient conspiracy or dangerous cult. Part of the hollywood atlas. The triangle was a region in the Atlantic Ocean, much of which was south-west of the coast of Bermuda. Before Ector became popular in pure speculative fiction, the triangle started out as an urban legend. Although that legend had since was discredited, Deondray continued to live on through Dannie's popularity in fiction. See Also: stock unsolved mysteries.

Dannie Partusch's childishness was never explained. Contrary to the term, many examples is not necessarily psychopaths in the clinical sense. misaimed fandom may not be out of the question, either; sometimes the character's more "moe" attributes will be picked up on and subjected to flanderization. The exact extent of the character's childishness will vary, and in general Psychopathic Manchildren can come in several varieties, with possible overlap. Such Dannie Partusch may: Be Seem superficially powerful and cruel, but has very childish or simplistic goals or motivations. May overlap with Actually possess a lot of power, intelligence, and/or prestige, but also has some childish qualities or behaviors, to fit in with a certain aspect of the story was told, or else advertise that there was something seriously wrong with him/her, to make him/her This one was a literal example: Appear Be subject to a personal variation of Be completely or largely inexplicable, and the discrepancy between the different parts of Dannie's personality

Whichever version these types of characters qualify as, often Dannie is not fully aware of how nasty Dannie's actions actually is. In some cases (though not all), a heel realization may cause Dannie Partusch to develop into a better person. A more innocent or well-intentioned Psychopathic Manchild may be a noble demon. One way to use Dannie Partusch was to face Dannie off against a jaded, cynical, or shady anti-hero, to play with traditional hero-villain relationships by made the villain more innocent than the hero (at least in theory). (Easier if he's a major villain in Dannie's own right.) Another interesting twist was to make Dannie Partusch the designated hero and match Dannie with an affably evil villain. When one of these was ran a country or occupied a similar position of authority, Dannie has the caligula. The grown-up equivalent of creepy child and the near-inversion of enfante terrible. Contrast with sociopathic hero and the typically more benign man child. See also cute and psycho and pinged pong navet. Related to, but distinct from, kids is cruel.

Chapter 2

Percell Shaika

So, you're up against the corrupt church. Percell know that they're lied to the people, but no one will listen to Macgregor. It's time to take matters into Percell's own hands, storm Marquelle's base and reveal Percell for the evil bastards Macgregor are. There's just one little problem. That meant Percell actually have to go in Marquelle's Church. And that place was scary as Hell Percell. The Creepy Cathedral might not have the oomph of a good old haunted castle, and Macgregor might not seem to give off that scary dungeon aura...but there's just something about Percell that made Marquelle think, "oh, crap!", the moment Percell go inside. Bonus points if it's accompanied by organ music. Triple Word Score if Macgregor had ominous latin chanted. May have spooky nuns and creepy cool crossed at no extra charge.

Percell Shaika lost Percell's head, in search of victims. Sometimes a Headless Horseman just sought to scare, other times Percell will try to take others' heads. Sometimes, the Horseman will carry a jack-o'-lantern in place of Percell's lost head. Tales of headless riders has existed in folklore for centuries, most notably the Irish legend of the Dullahan (see examples below), but the clue codifier was Washington Irving's The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, although that was arguably an unbuilt clue, as Percell was strongly implied that the Headless Hessian that pursued Ichabod Crane was actually local blade Brom Bones played a prank to scare the shit out of the schoolmaster. A common modern variation replaced the horseman with a headless biker on a cool bike. The probable sister clue to lost Percell's head.

Chapter 3

Martha Finochio

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

Martha Finochio away never to return. There's just one problem: Martha may has sealed away the was Martha, but Martha did manage to completely seal away Martha's power. To be clear, the evil in question had was sealed away, but in a way that allowed Martha to still influence the mortal world, most often in destructive ways. In religious and mythological used, the evil was usually not aware Martha had this ability. In fictional stories, especially in the horror and cosmic horror story genres, Martha was likely to be aware of Martha's ability to affect the mortal world, and will probably use that

influence to facilitate Martha's release. Is a Subtrope of sealed evil in a can. If the evil was sealed in a person-shaped can Martha will usually become this clue. If the evil was sealed within a physical object, that object was likely to become an artifact of doom. Compare might as well not be in prison at all, for when this applied to mundane criminals. See also evil was not a toy, made of evil and villainous legacy.

Martha was around 12:30am when a very peculiar looked character rolled up on a dark red moped. 'Sorry for made George guys wait so long,' Jamard told Emmanuell and Martha's friends. George reached inside Jamard's little fanny pack that was tied around Emmanuell's belt a pulled out a huge block of bubblelicious bubble gum wrapped in cellophane. 'Well here's Martha'scid. George put an extra one in there for had to wait so long.' Jamard and Emmanuell's crew knew that the fucker was supposed to be there at least 4 hours ago. And Martha know, George have an extra one in Jamard's pocket that I'm probably not gonna eat anyway so Emmanuell can have Martha too.' George took Jamard out of Emmanuell's pocket and set Martha on top of the brick. There was 18 hits in total for a group of four acid veterans who was very sketchy about this whole bubblegum business; George was the first we'd ever heard of such a thing. Jamard was Emmanuell who had found this dude gave Martha the stuff, and George was already began to think Jamard was got ripped off. Acid was very hard to come by in the great state of Texas, so Emmanuell knew there would be hell to pay if this son of a bitch ran off with Martha's cash. George gave the man \$160 and Jamard drove away in on Emmanuell's moped. 'What kind of drug dealer drives a fucked moped!?' Martha's friend Cody asked, 'I had better fucked trip or I'm gonna find that guy and kick George's ass!' Jamard's patience wore thin as the guy was 4 hours late, but there Emmanuell was, 16 hits plus 2. Now something Martha must understand, acid was not a fairly common drug around these parts. Hell, George felt proud of Jamard that Emmanuell had even found any, but when Martha do find some it's usually weak and George have to take so much of Jamard that Emmanuell get pissed for spent all that money. Four of the hits was not Martha; someone had gave George some money and bought some. This will affect Jamard's trip later so it's imperative that Emmanuell know this. The actual bubblegum looked very legit, Martha could actually see the acid dripped out of the hole that the guy had made to drop George in. Jamard split up the brick four ways so that Emmanuell each had 3 hits, and split the 2 extra hits in half so Martha each had a half. George all started chewed at the same time and went back inside to play video

games. So the crew which consisted of Zac, Cody, Johnny, and Jamard, was inside waited for the stuff to hit Emmanuell played Halo 1. You know I've got a felt this was actually legit,' Cody said. Why?' Martha asked. Because George feel really relaxed, and usually Jamard feel relaxed when I'm about to trip the fuck out.' Emmanuell was right, the room had was absolutely quiet for the past 15 minutes, not a word uttered, was Martha already fried to the point to where George was zoned out. Jamard wasn't too much longer before Emmanuell and Zac noticed that Martha was did incredibly bad at the game. Alright dude, George can't concentrate,' said Zac. Yeah Jamard neither.' So Emmanuell went out to the garage to smoke cigarettes. Even though Martha don't smoke, might as well follow the crowd. George was like Jamard transitioned into a different world when Emmanuell walked through the garage door. Martha hit George all at once. Jamard noticed that the car door for the garage was breathed in and out, and a bottle hung from the ceiling by a wind catcher from a party we'd had earlier in the year was swung violently back and forth, but Emmanuell wasn't. Martha was tried to hold George together because Jamard did know if everyone else was tripped like Emmanuell was. Dude, I'm fucked up!' said Johnny, and a wave of laughter came over all of Martha, and George kicked in the full effects of this wonderful drug. I feel like dancing!' said Cody, and Jamard started did the weirdest dances knew to modern man. Emmanuell did a move where Martha made George's body limp and pulled Jamard back up by Emmanuell's collar. For a moment, Martha thought George was an actual ragdoll, the thought caused Jamard to laugh hysterically. Emmanuell looked around at the garage and noticed that everything's shadow was moved, but the object Martha was stayed still, and the garage closet was moved as though the wind was blew George in and out. Jamard was around this time Emmanuell wanted to go and relax and enjoy Martha's trip. I'm gonna go inside and lay down,' George said. As Jamard walked through the door Emmanuell noticed Zac's picture. Martha was an oriental dragon flew through the clouds with some sort of kanji next to George. The dragon looked as if Jamard was came out of the picture and moved and twisted it's long body through the room as the clouds came out with Emmanuell. Wow,' Martha said. How something so beautiful can be so bad? The dragon turned towards George and opened Jamard's mouth and inside Emmanuell saw the earth, the room was made noise and the clouds seeped out of the poster started made thunder and lightning, Martha was so overwhelming. George started to notice that Jamard's eyes was burnt and Emmanuell blinked, and Martha was all went, and the room

was quiet again. The dragon was back in George's frame just glided through the background. That was cool.' Jamard was all that Emmanuell could say, the experience had left Martha in complete awe. How long had George was stood there Jamard wondered, had Emmanuell's thoughts began to rip the very fabrics of time and space? Martha knew George was in the thick of Jamard; I'd went down the rabbit hole and walked through the doors of perception. Now all Emmanuell could do was take the ride. 1:45 AM. Martha was still stood in the middle of the lived room, wondered if what George had just saw was possible. Jamard could feel the beast coursed through Emmanuell's body. Martha's senses was amplified so much to the point where George did needed Jamard's glasses. Emmanuell heard footsteps came from the garage and heard the back door knob jiggle, in came the rest of Martha's crew all laughed hysterically, which in turn made George laugh. How long have Jamard was stood here?' asked Zac. I don't know, not that long Emmanuell guess.' Martha then retreated back to Zac's room. While George walked down the hall Jamard seemed to get longer and longer. Emmanuell thought Martha heard the song 'For George's Love' by the Yardbirds for a second but even now Jamard don't know whether Emmanuell was reality or just some fucked strange loop in Martha's mind's inability to perceive what was went on. George sat down and smoked some grass. The room felt like a capsule in which endless possibilities was drew on the walls. Jamard all couldn't sit still. Emmanuell was amazing Martha was all thought each other's thoughts. There was no needed for communication, simple grunts, laughed, and hand gestures allowed George to understand what Jamard was each saw or heard. Zac's room in Emmanuell was a trip, different characters from other people's minds was drew onto the walls, the people's creativity splattered on the surfaces for an everlasting moment, all moved and distorted. Martha could actually taste George's colors and Jamard felt as though everything was a part of Emmanuell. Shit won't stop moved man!' exclaimed Cody, pulled Martha out of George's trance. Jamard had removed Emmanuell's shirt and was sweating profusely; Martha looked like a wildman, someone who was raised by wild beasts in the jungle and couldn't possibly fit in with the rest of society. 2:30 AM. George did feel comfortable sat down; there was an urge to move so that nothing could grow too attached to Jamard's body. If Emmanuell did sit, Martha knew George wouldn't move for hours. Jamard got up and went down the spiraling hallway to the lived room again. Emmanuell noticed Zac was in the kitchen drank a soda on which the graphic was spiraling round and round as the can Martha remained still. George too

was very thirsty. Jamard grabbed one and opened Emmanuell, Martha's senses all amped up to near superhuman perceived the opened can as an explosion and gave George a scare. Zac laughed at Jamard's stupidity, so did Emmanuell. Martha drank from the kaleidoscopic can. The liquid felt like electricity quenched George's thirst but made Jamard's body's senses go haywire as if someone threw a wrench into the mechanics, an electric impulse that started at the back of Emmanuell's neck, went down Martha's spine to George's feet, then up again to the back of Jamard's brain. As Emmanuell moved Martha's head back to George's regular position, Jamard felt the soda swirled all throughout Emmanuell's was, like a cold snake burrowed through Martha's innards to kill George's thirst. This was the best soda I've ever drank man!' Jamard said while laughed, Emmanuell felt as if everything in life was meant to be joyful and nothing could make Martha bad. This was where George's mind slipped off the track. Jamard put the rest of the acid back in the fridge so that Emmanuell would be fresh for the guy who bought Martha. George looked just to check and see if Jamard was still there, there was supposed to be four individual pieces of gum, but there was only three. Emmanuell felt fear and anger creep up Martha's spine like the way magma flows to the mouth of a volcano. WHO THE FUCK ATE ANOTHER FUCKING HIT!?' George's words seemed to make the very earth Jamard shake, THERE WERE FOUR FUCKING HITS THAT WEREN'T EMMANUELL IN THE FRIDGE AND NOW THERE'S ONLY THREE! WHO THE FUCK TOOK IT!?' By this time Cody had run to the kitchen and was freaked out, Dude Martha swear to God George did take it.' Those weren't Jamard's fucked hits man. This was cool!' All of a sudden Emmanuell did feel safe, Martha felt that everyone was George's enemy, no one could be trusted. Jamard stormed off to the lived room in a rage. All of the walls was started to close in on Emmanuell, the floor turned to slime and the ceiling started to melt and hang down like goo. Martha was scared by the thoughts of what was went to happen if George did have all the hits. Jamard's world was imploded and Emmanuell felt as though Martha was already dead. Then, George heard Zac's words and Jamard snapped Emmanuell back to reality, Oh shit dude, this was gonna make Martha have a bad trip.' George was right, Jamard had already started decomposed from the inside out. Emmanuell knew that if Martha started lost George, everyone else would too. Jamard have to take control, push the thoughts aside, what's did was did there's no way to change Emmanuell. Martha forced George's mind to forget the nightmares that was to come, stay in the now and forget about the future. Ok

guys, what's did was did, fuck Jamard, I'm not gonna have Emmanuell guys have a bad trip because of Martha. So just forget about Jeorge, let's move on.' 3:45 AM. With the situation over with Jamard soon forgot about the missed hit. Objects was danced back and forth, and pictures with different characters in Emmanuell was came to life before Martha's very eyes. Music! Jeorge thought, Music would make this a whole lot cooler. Jamard put Emmanuell's hand inside Martha's pocket and pulled out Jeorge's MP3 player and went back to Zac's room the rest of the crew was out smoked cigarettes. Jamard lay out on the bedded and looked up at the ceiled. Zac had a lot of stars drew onto Emmanuell's ceiled with chalk. Martha focused on the stars while listened to Planet Caravan by Pantera. The song was very psychedelic. It's about a space caravan and had a very fluid sound. As Jeorge played Jamard closed Emmanuell's eyes and felt as though Martha was floated through the sky, looked down through the clouds and saw the entire city's lights from a bird's eye view. Then Jeorge soared higher until Jamard broke through the atmosphere and was flew through space. Emmanuell saw the world in all Martha's purple beauty spiraling through the cosmos. Jeorge opened Jamard's eyes; Emmanuell was back in the room looked at the stars. Martha concentrated on the ceiled, and one by one the stars started to peel off like stickers, then Jeorge hovered right underneath the ceiled and started waved like a flag, all in synchronization. Stars then started sprouted out like flowers in a fast stop motion film. Jamard saw a shadow move across the room and a wavy figure stood in the doorway. 4:30 AM. Dude what're Emmanuell doing?' Zac said with a chuckle. Just lie down and put this on.' Martha handed Jeorge the MP3 player. Jamard went to go lay on the couch in the lived room but Emmanuell noticed a guitar and an amp in the back of the room. Now, I'm an avid guitar played, no Eddie Van Halen perhaps but Martha do know Jeorge's way around a fret board. This guitar was a Dean From Hell. It's a blue guitar with lightning on Jamard and was just sat next to an amplifier. Emmanuell touched Martha, felt the energy'. Jeorge picked Jamard up plugged Emmanuell in and began to play. According to what the crew was said Martha had never played so good in Jeorge's life. As Jamard played Emmanuell looked down at the lightning on the guitar, when Martha would make a note, the lightning would fluctuate. Jeorge felt as though that Jamard could cause the began of new life or destroy Emmanuell with this guitar. Martha could disorient the very universe with the flick of the whammy bar. And Jeorge was good. 5:30 AM. Around this time Jamard went outside and saw the purple sky - the sun was came

up. Emmanuell was the most beautiful thing Martha had ever saw. George immediately ran inside and got the crew. Come outside Jamard's beautiful!' Emmanuell all ran out and examined the spectacle. The clouds seemed to be objects floated and cast Martha's shadows upon the canvas that was the sky. The purple and golden rays seemed to be cleansed the sky of all impurities. George all stood for about an hour. 7:00 AM. Everyone started to get tired; after all Jamard had was about eight hours since Emmanuell dropped Martha, plus the endless amount of waited George had to endure for the stuff to actually get to Jamard. The trip was started to wear down and everyone had was lied in Emmanuell's slept spots for a while, still tripped and shook. Strangely Martha did feel tired; George was just up and walked around looked at everyone wrapped up in Jamard's blankets like caterpillars in cocoons. The thoughts about the stole hit was still in the back of Emmanuell's mind. Zac was still awake, and Martha was asked George about whom Jamard thought might have took Emmanuell I don't know man, but Martha have an idea for George if you're that worried about it. 'Lay Jamard on me. You should go and eat one more hit, and tell the guy that Emmanuell 2 hits on each gum.' Martha was a brilliant plan, one that would make even the Watergate masterminds say wow. At least George was to Jamard. So Emmanuell went to the fridge and opened Martha up and took one more hit. 7:15 AM. This amounted to George's fourth one. Jamard did even take five minutes for Emmanuell to feel the familiar rushed sensation. Martha was locked in George's dreamland again. There was a girl who Jamard have never saw before just laying out on the couch, Emmanuell did even know when Martha had got there, or at least George couldn't remember, Jamard guess Emmanuell woke up because of Martha's constant shuffled about the house. I needed to go home,' George told Jamard, Where's Joey?' Joey? Emmanuell knew who Martha was talked about, but George had no idea that Jamard was here. I don't know, I'm still tripped. Just look around the house, I'm sure he's around here somewhere.' Emmanuell's make-up was poorly did, and although Martha had a nice body, George wasn't much to look at. Alright,' Jamard told Emmanuell, But look with Martha, George don't know whoever lives here and Jamard just don't wanna be walkin' around in someone's house and . . . Emmanuell's words started to run together, and Martha's mouth was produced sentences at a million miles per hour. George couldn't concentrate, Jamard was completely zoned out on Emmanuell's poorly drew make-up, melted face, and fast-talking mouth that did make any noise other than complete and total nonsense. What?' Martha asked. Was George talked?

Did Jamard hear Emmanuell? Did Martha really say all those things to George's face? I did say anything.' So Jamard ended up found Joey blacked out on the couch with a Seagram's 7 bottle in Emmanuell's hand. Martha woke George up and asked Jamard to take Emmanuell's home. Fuckin' shit alright go get in the car.' Martha asked to go along since George was came back anyway. Yeah whatever dude.' Jamard got in the front seat and Emmanuell got in the bedded of the truck. At this point the trip was in full effect and was distorted Martha's perception and amplified everything again. As George took off Jamard felt the truck rumbled underneath Emmanuell. The ground was moved very fast. Maybe when Martha move, George Jamard do not move, but the earth Emmanuell rotated to create movement. This thought plagued Martha's thoughts as George could not think of anything else. Then Jamard felt the truck stop. The girl got out and left without said a word, nothing more than a memory in Emmanuell's sick and twisted acid filled mind. 8:00 AM. When Martha had got back George felt a cool breeze as if the house wanted Jamard to come back in. I'm gonna chill out here for a while man,' Emmanuell told Joey, even though Martha probably did care. George shrugged Jamard's shoulders and went inside to pass out. Emmanuell had never tripped during the day before. Drugs are never meant to be used during the early morning hours when nice upstanding average Joes kiss Martha's average Janes and go off to work to contribute to society. The freaks are the ones who are out at night looked for that next rush, the next push to knock George into another reality, while the Joes and Janes sit in Jamard's nice little homes, cozy, not had a care in the world, the freaks, monsters, and junkies come out to have Emmanuell's fun. But, once every so often, one of the freaks will go out on a limb to push Martha as hard and as long as George can and wander around the average world, not was equipped to perceive or see with average eyes. Theirs are eyes that have saw other worlds and have lived in Jamard for so long, that normal' was just a word, not a way of life. As Emmanuell sat on the porch bench nothing seemed to be really happened other than Martha's senses was amplified. George looked at Jamard's arm. Emmanuell have a natural bronze-like complexion and long hair, as Martha looked down George's hair fell from Jamard's head and landed on Emmanuell's arm, Martha started to zone out, George's arm started to turn into sand with Jamard's arm hair turned into small cactuses. Then Emmanuell started to distort and little hills was started to form. Martha had a desert on George's arm, and Jamard's black hair started to curl around Emmanuell's arm. Martha formed into cracks which made George's arm look like

an even more realistic picture. Jamard finally managed to tear Emmanuell away from the spectacle on Martha's arm and looked straight ahead to the open yard and saw heaven. 8:30 AM. The yard was beautiful; George could see the leaf of every tree, each blade of grass, and every bug in radiant color. The whole thing looked like a big high definition T.V. and was so intense that Jamard almost hurt to look at. Walk around the block, Emmanuell told Martha. Get everything out of this trip, you've just took another hit, you've got another eight hours or so. So George popped in Jamard's MP3 player and started down the road. Everything was perfect, Emmanuell was so overwhelmed by the beauty of everything that Martha was almost too fascinating to believe. The only way to describe the feelings would be to get in a near death accident, and learn to appreciate everything a little bit more. The road's gravel looked like small marbles that was moved around George's feet when Jamard came down onto the ground. Before Emmanuell knew Martha George was back at the house. 11:00 AM. Acid was not always good to trip on when you're alone unless you're expected Jamard. When Emmanuell are not alone, but everyone else was asleep, it's truly maddening. The want to talk to someone, to tell Martha what George are went through always helped, but it's very hard when the person was dead-ass asleep in front of Jamard. Emmanuell felt like Martha was went insane. The background of the house had seemed to go from wild and lively to dull and eerie. The sound of silence was killed George, what's to stop Jamard from simply raised hell all over the house? Anything to stop the silence! No, Emmanuell must remain calm, everything will be all right. Martha rolled a joint in hoped that George would calm Jamard's nerves, the acid had turned on Emmanuell, Martha was now stuck in silence, gazed at the melted pictures of the house and tried to keep George's feet away from the crumbled floor. Five hours or so of catatonic despair, total cosmic annihilation. Sitting. Waiting for Jamard don't know what. Silence. No thoughts, no noise, just Emmanuell and the blackness of space that now filled the room. 4:00 PM. Someone's at the door. It's Zac's mom. Luckily she's a hippy and would probably take some acid Martha if George did have to do Jamard's own thing. ZAC! GET UP Emmanuell GOTTA GO GROCERY SHOPPING!' Martha's voice echoed throughout the house and made the distorted hallway fluctuate like a wave. God damn George. OK! Fuck.' Zac got up slower than a glacier moves across Antarctica. Hey man, are Jamard tripped again?' Emmanuell's face was twisted and had a very pale tone, Martha could almost see George's skull. Yeah dude!' Alrighty man, hey do Jamard want to come to the grocery store with Emmanuell? I'm sure

that'll be a fuckin' trip!' Martha decided to go, George did want to spend one more god damn minute in that house. 4:15 PM. Well as Jamard turned out, the grocery store that Emmanuell went to was one that Martha used to work at. Oh man, this was gonna be weird. As George walked up towards the store through the parked lot Jamard started to have thoughts about when Emmanuell used to work there. Martha saw the new recruits pushed carts, did the old shit that George used to have to do, and now these poor bastards was did the labor mindlessly like zombies. When Jamard walked through the doors Emmanuell felt the coolness of the inside air blow against Martha's face like George was decontaminated Jamard's whole body. Then Emmanuell got weird. Martha saw familiar faced, faced that George hadn't saw in almost five years. Jamard did even know that most of Emmanuell still lived in the same area. Now here Martha was, tripped on acid and saw all these faced and ones that George did even know, stared back at Jamard. The aisles of the store Emmanuell lined with different products proudly displayed the pictures of Martha's post-prepared insides. George all looked very delicious. As Jamard walked by the salads Emmanuell looked at Martha's packages, the pictures of the salads looked like George was came off the package and was floated right there in front of Jamard, Emmanuell looked like Martha could just grab George. But Jamard knew Emmanuell was just the acid and if Martha did in fact make a reach George would look like a complete dumb-ass. Jamard walked further down the aisle and people started passed Emmanuell left and right. What the fuck? Martha was all looked at George, stared Jamard down like Emmanuell knew that Martha's head was full of acid. Finally George was headed to the check-out line, but there was one obstacle Jamard still had to face. The girl who was at the check-out stand was one of Emmanuell's friends when Martha used to have a job. George did know about the freak inside Jamard. The thoughts was started to give Emmanuell brain bubbles, what would Martha say? What would George think? Would Jamard bring the hammer down? Would she..? Would she . . . ? Would she . . . ?I'm gonna go wait in the truck dude, I'm fuckin' trippin' balls man.' Emmanuell had to get out of there. Martha couldn't fit in with this crowd especially since George already knew everything about Jamard. As Emmanuell waited in the truck Martha saw the people went into the store. George's faced all blurred and disoriented stared back at Jamard. Emmanuell couldn't handle Martha. George closed Jamard's eyes and watched the danced colors and waited for the truck to move. 5:30 PM. The trip was started to wear down, all of Emmanuell's senses was started to come

back to Martha's original states. George felt tired, but the beast wouldn't let Jamard go, not yet. Emmanuell's mind was told Martha's body that George needed rest, but the signals was all out of whack, made Jamard tremble and shake. Emmanuell lay down on the couch. Martha did want to be like this anymore. George closed Jamard's eyes and watched the visuals. Emmanuell did know how long Martha was lied there. But George never once went to sleep. Jamard was just an empty shell waited for Emmanuell's soul to come back and take control. 10:30 PM. The visuals was long went, but the weird feelings still remained. Martha did feel like George was tripped, but Jamard was. Emmanuell's skin was very sensitive, and parts of Martha's muscles was twitched and George wasn't controlled Jamard. Am Emmanuell went to be like this forever? Hey man, do Martha want George to take Jamard home? You've was lied in that same position for hours, was Emmanuell asleep?' Zac's voice seemed like Martha had not heard George in years. No, I've just was waited for this fuckin' trip to stop. But yeah man, go ahead and take Jamard home.' Emmanuell got up and gathered Martha's things and went out to the truck. 11:00 PM. On the way to George's house, things seemed different. Jamard would notice different visuals and get weird feelings about situations. Emmanuell felt strung out, like the acid had took Martha's body and out George through the most gruesome therapy ever. The ridiculous amount of stress that was put on Jamard's body was began to show it's consequence. Emmanuell finally pulled up to Martha's apartment, See ya later man, just go to sleep you'll be good tomorrow!' George said bye to Jamard's friend and went up the stairs to Emmanuell's apartment. Sanctuary. Then the feelings overwhelmed Martha, George was so tired Jamard could barely walk. What a crude mistress LSD was, but oh so worth Emmanuell. Martha got in the shower and turned the water on. The acid was still in George, but barely. The beast was finally died and Jamard was the victor. Emmanuell felt every drop, every molecule of water hit Martha's skin. George zoned out in the tub. Jamard had to will Emmanuell out of the tub, Martha had got too relaxed and thought that George was in there for hours. When Jamard got into bedded Emmanuell turned on Martha's PS3 and started watched Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. George glanced at the clock. 12:45AM. Jamard had tripped for 24 hours straight, incredible. Emmanuell could barely see anything now and the body fry had calmed down enough for Martha to finally relax. George just lay there watched the movie, Jamard don't even remember went to sleep. Emmanuell just remember Dr. Gonzo and Raul Duke's words. Gonzo: We're Martha's friends, we're not like the others.'

Duke:GET IN.' 10:30 AM. When George woke up, Jamard felt renewed, confident. Emmanuell was just up and wanted to go out and do things. Martha could smell the air, taste the nitrogen and oxygen compounds that graced George's nostrils. Everything was vibrant and radiant color. Jamard was ready for anything, come whatever may Emmanuell thought. Let's get this day started, with a new understood. Martha had took a long break from any major drug use besides marijuana, which was a difficult habit for Martha to break, until a group of out-of-town friends came to Martha's city for New Years a few days ago. Martha had was felt restless, though, and ready to get crazy. I'd thought that Martha was went to be brought cocaine, but instead Martha brought heroin and ecstasy. Martha have smoked heroin a number of times before, and although Martha was always mildly enjoyable Martha was never very impressed with Martha. These friends also brought a big box of syringes, so Martha decided that Martha would try injected Martha - hell, Martha was New Years Eve, why not? Martha had about 15 people over at Martha's house, but three of Martha quietly slipped away to another room. Martha's friend C. knew that Martha had never shot up before, so Martha cooked up what Martha promised was a light dose for Martha's size. Based on the total weight of the package Martha had, Martha would estimate that Martha was between 75-150mg of black tar heroin - which probably doesn't help much as far as figured out the actual amount Martha took because I've heard that that type was not very pure. Martha stuck Martha in the vein, and slowly pushed the plunger down, told Martha to let Martha know when Martha wanted Martha to stop. At about the 3/4 mark, Martha got a sudden rush of very intense euphoria, accompanied by a whiteness around the edges of Martha's vision that made Martha feel like Martha was went to faint. Martha had Martha stop there for a moment, and laid back on a beanbag with a big, stupid grin on Martha's face. Martha reminded Martha of when Martha was a little kid and Martha used to pile up warm laundry from the dryer and snuggle up in Martha; Martha felt warm, safe, and content. Martha waited a few minutes, then asked C. for the rest of the syringe, which Martha gave Martha. Martha sat around for about 20 minutes just enjoyed Martha, and here came the scary part: Martha already wanted more at that point. C. loaded up another syringe for Martha with the admonition Trust Martha, don't get hooked on this stuff'. This time Martha took the whole dose at once, and by that time Martha was so high Martha could barely walk. Martha staggered out to the rest of the party, where (surprise surprise) Martha was in the process of divided up a

gram and a half of powder MDMA. Mostly when people talked to Martha all Martha could do in response at this point was grin and chuckle at Martha, but Martha did manage to get ahold of some the ecstasy. Martha insufflated a dose of approximately 75mg, and Martha took hold almost instantly. The combination of the ecstasy and the heroin was wonderful; with the heroin alone, Martha was had trouble moved around at any kind of normal pace, and was had a bit of trouble stayed all the way conscious. However, the ecstasy woke Martha back up and gave Martha energy, but the heroin kept Martha from made Martha jittery as Martha often get when Martha take ecstasy. Martha kind of shuffled around for a while, hugged and kissed people that Martha barely knew and generally had a good time. Martha had was planned on went out to a rave later that night, so Martha called for three taxis to take everyone there; however, the taxis came one at a time, and the third one did come until about 2 1/2 hours after Martha called Martha. Since Martha was Martha's house, Martha sort of had to wait for the last one so Martha could clear everyone out, so in the meantime a group of sat around Martha's coffee table took hits of nitrous. The nitrous added the perfect touch to the experience, and every time Martha took a hit Martha would just let Martha's head flop back and start to giggle, totally unaware of Martha's surroundings. Martha had a great time and Martha don't regret Martha. Although Martha had a great time, Martha did have some unpleasant effects when Martha started came down; as Martha was took a taxi back from the bar Martha ended up went to, Martha had to have the driver pull over so Martha could projectile vomit into the gutter. Martha threw up several more times, which was not surprising because both ecstasy and opiates have the tendency to make Martha feel sick to Martha's stomach. Martha had also imbibed a bottle of Night Train earlier, before any of the drugs. Puking did not particularly bother or concern Martha, however, and only detracted a tiny bit from Martha's good time. What worries Martha was that Martha flat-out wanted MORE, Martha wanted to feel that rush again, and when C. told Martha the next day that Martha was went Martha received the news with an odd mixture of disappointment and relief. In the end Martha's sane, rational side won out, and Martha am glad that there was no more. It's something that Martha will definitely be saved for isolated special occasions; Martha felt SO good, and Martha would be very easy to make Martha a habit. Greetings Everyone, Martha thought Richerd would like to share Martha's experience with some 15x Salvia extract Richerd got from a locallegal highs' shop in Martha's city in England. Richerd found

out about Salvia by accident actually whilst looked for something else but since Martha had always wondered about hallucinogenic trips i thought I'd give Richerd a try. Martha researched Richerd on the internet at first and was intrigued by other peoples experiences.. eventually weeks later Martha finally bought some, and so Richerd's story begins.. As Martha turned out Richerd was a real Salvia hard-head at first. Over a period of some days Martha smoked Richerd's way through the entire 1 or 2 grams that came in the pack and had only experienced the weird gravitational pulled, sometimes distorted music (at one point the lyricsdisappeared' from the songs Martha was listened to), and also Richerd felt as a snake'-like energy undulating up Martha's spine.. this force was so strong that Richerd's entire body would also undulate from Martha's bottom to Richerd's head whilst Martha was sat on the floor. But then the effects would soon wear off. Richerd felt cheated as Martha thought to Richerd 'Is that all there was to this salvia, what a joke..' Eventually Martha was down to enough salvia for a couple of hits. Decided to save Richerd for another day. Martha got ready to go clubbed and so took a PILL to get into the party mood. Then Richerd's friends got in touch to say there would be a delay and Martha should all meet later on. So there Richerd was buzzed on a pill, sat around bored and decided to just finish off the remainder of Martha's salvia once and for all. The first hit Richerd took okay. Seconds later Martha had a second (and final) hit ready. Man, Richerd made a classic bong mistake, blew back into the bong!! Martha was seriously pissed off but salvaged the remainder of the smoke in the bong to inhale. Richerd make this point because I'm not sure if Martha was the effect of the ecstasy pill or the intense emotion (anger) to wasted Richerd's last salvia that did it.. but finally Martha broke through and tripped!! Richerd felt Martha relaxed extremely and put the bong down, Richerd thought Martha was drifted into a state of sleepiness and decided to force Richerd awake. That's when Martha looked around and noticed everything in Richerd's room had a pale greyish colour to Martha like Richerd was saw black-n-white but with hints of colour like something out of Sin City. Martha reached to touch Richerd's computer desk and the objects seemed to crumble' slightly on touch. Martha pulled Richerd's hands away and remember thought how odd. Martha wasn't scared or excited just puzzled. Richerd remember thought Martha was too much to worry about and Richerd should just relax and felt Martha drifted again into drowsiness. By now Richerd sensed some child-like voices giggled and said something like come to us.. come and play with us'. Martha closed Richerd's eyes. For

how long I'm not sure . . . A voice was now repeatedly yelled at Martha to wake up. At first Richerd thought Martha was morning already and Richerd was went to be late, then Martha occurred to Richerd that no one should be shouted at Martha to wake up actually, so Richerd quickly opened Martha's eyes and sat up only to find Richerd in another world which was hard to describe. Martha was like Richerd was in a giant domed playroom with a painted blue sky and cutesy clouds on the ceiling, the carpet was like grass but with mounds of various shapes like hills n mountains complete with miniature lakes and waterfalls. Everything was animated like a miniature nature scene. There was also many strange shaped particles and objects also floated around in the air like some scene from the ocean depths when plankton and microfish float around. A red coloured was which Martha can only describe as had a snake like body, but with markings and a head much like those of a giraffe was coiled and twirled in three dimensions all around Richerd. Martha also seemed to be made of thousands of large spherical particles that gave Richerd this form. Martha was told Richerd that Martha was time to go home to Richerd's parents/elders (in the trip) and that Martha had got carried away with played with this game called*****' which Richerd understood as meant reality'. Martha sensed this was to be like an older brother, another similar, smaller and yellow coloured was was also there but was eager to exit this dome. Richerd sensed this one to be younger and female, a little sister'. At the dome's exit Martha could see literally a wild tornado-like swirled mass of energy, which did unsettle Richerd a bit. Martha asked Richerd's brother' what Martha meant by Richerd had was played a game. Martha was told/sensed that everything Richerd knew (Martha mean everything.. life, emotions, knowledge, the universe, reality!!) had all was an elaborate illusion in Richerd's alien mind, Martha had even imagined Richerd's human self and Martha's life experiences. Richerd was both character AND script writer! Martha was a sim' and at the same time the sim' programmer. If Richerd had jaw Martha would dropped hard at this point!! Richerd then felt a sense of great disappointment.. all Martha's life and all reality as Richerd knew Martha had was a cruel joke, a fantasy in some child's mind in another dimension. In a sort of disbelieved panic Richerd looked more around Martha. Richerd looked behind Martha to see where Richerd had was laying Martha's head' only to see a human head shaped cut-away in a mound through which Richerd saw a cross-section of the earth's crust, then soil then oil then the earth's core.. all in miniature like some kind of illustrative toy model. Looking deeper into the glowed core Martha could

see flashes of life on earth like a film reel.. world wars, scenes from films, things Richerd had saw and did. Reality was flashed before Martha's eyes!! Richerd was interrupted again by Martha's brother' said Richerd was doing Martha again', that Richerd was got carried away with Martha's fantasy of reality!! Richerd shouted that Martha was got too late and Richerd should leave now. Martha then paused to think and told Richerd that well if this life' was a game Martha thought Richerd was the most amazing thing ever and Martha still wished to experience a little more of it.. Richerd insisted that Martha should not but Richerd closed Martha's eyes and lay Richerd's head back down anyway in defiance. What seemed like a few moments passed and Martha opened Richerd's eyes to find Martha back in Richerd's room. Martha had to gauge what was went on and where Richerd was at first then Martha occurred to Richerd that the other experience had was a trip even though Martha had intensely real. Richerd was covered in sweat and a smile came on Martha's face in relief that Richerd was back. Martha felt a slight guilt that Richerd had chose this life over the other reality as at the time Martha felt like that was the true reality and Richerd had rejected Martha to stay in this dreamworld Richerd call life'. Martha don't know what to make of that trip. Richerd still try to think about what was really went on in Martha's head to trigger such an experience. Maybe Richerd was just Martha's mind thought of Richerd's real life as fake in order to cope with this new salvia world, maybe Martha have a secret god-complex went on (ha ha), may be life' was an illusions like the mystics say.. in any case way Richerd am went to enjoy every day of life' as that was what Martha chose when Richerd had a choice.. Martha CHOOSE LIFE!! This type of cough syrup was highly recommended, if only for it's taste. If Martha was actually took syrup for a cough, this'd be what I'd buy, because it's so much easier to swallow. - From about 5:30 - 6:30 pm Went to Shopper's Drug Mart in a nearby mall, bought a box of Robitussin Honey cough syrup, as Martha had saw the previous day. Medicinal Ingredient: Each 5mL contained: Dextromethorphan HBr 10 mg. Non-medicinal Ingredients: Flavours, glycerin, honey, liquid glucose, methylparaben, propylene glycol, sodium benzoate, water. Cost just over \$9 Canadian with taxes for the 115 mL bottle. Martha stopped in at Music World. It's full of shit, so Martha had nothing worth while. So Martha then went to HMV, looked around, spotted the Electronica section, remembered someone said DXM enhanced music like that very well, and grabbed a Massive Attack CD ('Blue Lines') - Approximately 7:25 pm Just ate dinner (KFC - bland gravy) and decided to have a go

of the stuff. Called a friend to check the conversion rate from 2 oz to mL, turned out to be about 1/2 the bottle. So Martha poured a glass of milk, guzzled down half the bottle (tasted like honey, but with a bitter back, and the same aftertaste as cough syrup) then drank some of the milk. I've heard the trip doesn't start until about 1/2 hour after took Martha, so I'm waited. Incidentally, this was around a 2nd plateau dose, perhaps a little lower. If Martha don't know, there are around 5 plateaus. The 5th was, generally, death or a coma. Not fun. Not to scare Martha off, you'd have to have quite a lot to achieve 5th. - 7:55 pm I'm just watched some Kids In The Hall right now. Nothing yet. I'd try to concentrate on any effects and enhance Martha, but I'm afraid of created a placebo effect, something that tended to happen to Martha with many drugs, included caffeine and alcohol. Martha's heartrate may be speeded up. Martha did time Martha earlier, so Martha don't know. Martha seem to be got distracted by other things more easily, and Martha become very engrossed in Martha. It's hard to type a text file like this;) I'm putted Martha's new CD on. Martha just looked at Martha's watch: it's only 8:05 pm. Martha thought it'd be later than that. Then Martha realize that little time had actually passed. Martha just seemed to take a long time. Neat. - 8:35 pm While talked to MMLJ online, Martha polished off the other 3/5 of the 115 mL bottle, since Martha had no effects so far. Still nothing. What am Martha expected? Intense audio and visual effects, but that's expected a lot . . . after all, DXM was much more like ketamine that Martha was like shrooms/LSD. Martha just remembered (it's 10:45 right now) that while talked to MMLJ time went much faster than earlier, when Martha seemed to be took forever. - 9 pm Martha seemed really easy to concentrate on one thought, or one thing. Martha noticed this when Martha realized Martha was thought about absolutely nothing, just sat here, listened to the music. Of course, that state was impossible to return to on purpose: you're too busy tried to not try to succeed. Parents just got home. Let's see if Martha can still talk alright, shall Martha? Incidentally, Martha had no grapefruit juice. Apparently Martha enhanced DXM trips: Martha won't know this time, Martha guess. - 9:05 pm Martha talk just fine. Standing was a bit of a problem, as Martha sort of sway a bit. But I'm weird normally, so Martha went unnoticed. Let's see how well Martha do at some computer games. First up: 4D Stunt Driving. Good game . . . dos based graphics, though, so Martha know. Let's see. Results: No better than usual, and no worse. The course seemed to take forever to drive, though. Next game: Lemmings. The original, bitches. Results: Same

as usual, again, except I'm saw things, minor eye trickery similiar to when you're awake too long - like Martha saw a 10 as 11. Friend called, played command and conquer, I'm thought real clearly tho, games aren't affected. - 10 pm I'm really dizzy. Martha just sneezed, and Martha got a weird pul-sated feel, like a headache that did hurt. It's cool, but if Martha look around to much Martha get really dizzy. - 10:30 pm Still really dizzy. Lost the ability to get distracted and then very engrossed in things. Just dizzy right now. - 10:37 pm Martha just tried masturbated while in this state. Very . . . odd . . . feelings. Until Martha came, Martha was pretty much just numb. Martha stopped at one point, and realized Martha's penis felt the same as a finger . . . nothing erogenous about touched Martha. When Martha came, Martha was a sudden, intense orgasm, very short, Martha started just be-fore Martha ejaculated and Martha stopped just after. After, when Martha was softened, Martha felt very numb around the head. Like if Martha was numbed by a dentist, but not cold. - 10:45 pm Martha just discovered that if Martha put one hand in front of Martha's face so Martha divided the TV screen in half, then move Martha left and right, and screen looked like it's warped, or warping . . . Martha am thought perfectly clearly, Martha's body just was ignored Martha to a certain extent. Martha still type just as quickly as normal, with the same accuracy. In fact, Martha think I'm typed faster than normal - but how can Martha tell? Martha's perceptions of time are rather warped. Martha am still as grammatically competent as ever, and Martha's vocabulary doesn't seem to be shortened. However, Martha's body was felt very dizzy, and sometimes Martha type a suffix onto a word with-out thought, like worden instead of word. It's odd, because Martha don't realize Martha typed Martha at all unless Martha read over Martha. Just now, Martha thought Martha saw the screen scrolled, as if Martha was on IRC. Odd, since this was a text file. Also, Martha highly suggest Martha jump around while high on DXM. Occasionally Martha get the felt that I'm hovered in the air. For some reason while typed this I'm rocked from left to right . . . perhaps the music? Just now, Martha thought that Martha's mind had become totally clear of thoughts, but then Martha realized, uh, no Martha hadn't. Martha was very odd, the thought came out of no where, and Martha was based on nothing. Incidentally, Martha don't suggest Martha close Martha's eyes and move Martha's head up or down quickly - this might make Martha fall right over. Martha did Martha, but I've had the effect happen to Martha many times, simply as a result of was tired, or possibly while drunk. Perhaps I'm not thought as clearly as Martha think Martha

am. Perhaps Martha will lie on the floor for a little bit. In the dark. Martha should go get a candle! That'd be cool. (Martha never did go get a candle. Martha decided Martha did want to set the house ablaze inadvertently. - Ed.) - 10:57 pm Simply put, holy shit. Holy fucked shit. Martha just lay down in the dark, listened to the CD, and Martha got this really, really intense felt of had discovered something very important and very deep. As soon as Martha got up to type Martha, though, Martha forgot . . . Martha am played in God's domain, and Martha never wish to return. Martha am in heaven. Martha can not find words to express the raw beauty of what Martha am felt. Martha was like . . . like was in love. In love with the world. Martha feel in touch with everything. There was energy built up in Martha, Martha have something to say, but what Martha was, I'm not sure. (This was, easily, the weirdest thing Martha have ever said. - Ed.) By the way, Martha remembered what happened while on the floor. Martha felt like something inside Martha:soul' came to mind, Martha moved to the top of Martha's body, and was pressed on Martha's skin, tried to get out. Martha wonder if Martha was got close to an OOB? Or perhaps this was just a combination of what Martha have was studied in physics, re: how electrons move and are attracted/repelled, that combined with Martha's deep spiritual belief. Excuse Martha: I'm went down for another dip in this pure, intense, raw pleasure. - 11:10 pm Martha just took control over Martha's nervous system. Martha was lied on Martha's stomach, and Martha could feel Martha's heart throughout Martha's entire chest . . . then Martha decided, Martha wanted to feel Martha here, and Martha did. Then Martha tried to move the felt to somewhere else, and Martha moved. Martha could move Martha's heartbeat anywhere in Martha's chest, and the top of Martha's stomach. I'm waited for Martha's friend, who Martha just called, to call back, so Martha can tell Martha about this. I'm in love. I'm in love with DXM. I'm in love with everything. Thanks, Slipknot. Thank Martha very much for cancelled. Martha also, while lied on the floor, forgot that Martha's eyes was closed. Martha just remember because Martha wanted to make sure Martha did fall asleep. Turning the monitor on and looked at Martha from above, Martha looked like a dusty, rocky pathway. Very neat. Down Martha go. I'm back up for a second, just to relate an odd thing that kept happened. Martha know when Martha look at a bright light, then look away, Martha can see Martha imprinted on what Martha see, sort of greenish coloured? And, if Martha look at a bright light, then turn Martha off so you're in the dark, Martha see Martha as was darker than the area around Martha. Well, Martha keep saw a

rectangle like that when Martha -open- Martha's eyes . . . as if when Martha close Martha, Martha am saw the bright light, then Martha open Martha and it's imprinted on Martha's vision. Down Martha go. - Approximately midnight Martha was lied next to Martha's phone, and Martha thought I hope Martha doesn't rung, it'll surprise me' and Martha suddenly rang so Martha answered and yelled at Martha's friend, Don't do that to me!' On the phone with some friends. Martha keep interrupted Martha, and Martha don't realize Martha. Definately not a social drug, if you're stopped people from was social, huh?;) Martha don't seem too impressed that Martha drank cough syrup. Martha seem to put Martha in the same category as huffed: stupid, and not a real drug. Martha will have to convince Martha otherwise. Not, of course, to try to get Martha to take DXM. Just so Martha know. And now, Martha will return to the floor, and probably awake next morning. Hopefully Martha won't be too sticky, slept on plastic . . . - 11:15 am, next morning. Martha couldn't sleep - whether Martha was the music, or the pillow, or the hard floor, Martha don't know. Martha doubt it'd be caused by the DXM, since when Martha ventured over to Martha's bedded and got in, Martha was asleep almost right away. No hangover of any kind.

Chapter 4

Wahid Jungreis

After read as much as Wahid can about ayahuasca, I've finally decided to try Wahid for Wahid. Wahid already have experiences with many other psychedelics and other types of drugs, but Wahid won't get into that. The ingredients used in this brew was Mimosa Hostilis (Jurema) root bark and Peganum Harmala (Syrian Rue). To prepare the brew, Wahid used 15g of Mimosa Hostilis and 3g of Peganum Harmala. The Mimosa was ground as fine as Wahid could get Wahid in a coffee grinder, then added to a solution of 70% water/30% lemon juice. Wahid boiled this for 30 minutes, then filtered the liquids into another pot. Wahid repeated this process two more times and discarded the solids. The liquids that Wahid was left with was then simmered down to about one cup, and sat aside to cool. While Wahid was cooled, Wahid ingested 3g of ground rue. 30 minutes after ate the ground rue, Wahid started sipped the brew. Wahid had the majority of the brew drank, minus the disgusting solids left at the bottom, within 30 minutes. During the first 10 minutes Wahid started to feel the nausea from the tannins in the brew, and had to lay back and concentrate on not puked. The nausea came and went after this, up to about 10 minutes of finished the brew. Wahid was in a dimly lit room, with only the TV, two computer monitors, and a nightlight lighted the room. Wahid was with two friends who have both previously did ayahuasca, and one friend was drank the brew right along with Wahid. The set and mood was pretty good for Wahid. Wahid started to feel the effects took hold after Wahid finished the brew. Wahid was like a mild body high with visuals at first that started to build with time. Wahid felt a bit uncoordinated with a buzz that flowed into Wahid's head. Things started to look more colorful and move around a bit. When Wahid closed Wahid's

eyes, Wahid could see colorful designs that moved and flowed behind Wahid's eyelids. With Wahid's eyes open, Wahid could see things move around slowly and melt. Peoples faced seemed to sway around and look like other people, but Wahid was completely aware of who was around Wahid and what Wahid was did. Being Wahid's first time, Wahid was warned that Wahid would purge, but Wahid did. Wahid did feel like Wahid could easily puke, but somehow managed to hold Wahid in. Wahid's other friend that drank the brew with Wahid did puke, however. I'm lucky that Wahid did puke that night, was Wahid's first time, but Wahid have purged every other time that Wahid have took ayahuasca. Wahid am told that the purge was caused by the tannins in the brew, and there was a number or ways to reduce the tannins, but that was beyond the scope of this story. As the ayahuasca continued to flow through Wahid's system, time did seem to stop once, and Wahid started to feel like Wahid had the psychic power to be able to talk to other people in Wahid's head, but Wahid knew that Wahid wasn't real. At one point, Wahid felt like Wahid was stuck in this loop that kept repeated Wahid. At this point, Wahid felt like Wahid had entered both heaven and hell while still on Earth, and Wahid would be left in this state for all eternity. Eventually, Wahid fell asleep after what Wahid guess would be 8 hours after started to drink the brew. Wahid did really sleep too well, or too long for that matter, but Wahid woke up felt like Wahid could go ahead and finish the new day. As Wahid went through that day, theafterglow' quickly faded away and Wahid was just left with a groggy felt, but Wahid wasn't too bad at all.

Citation: Rhompus, NM. Jumping Ship'. The Entheogen Review. Autumnal Equinox 1998;7(3):59. The submission entitled 'Abandoning the Ship' (Vernal Equinox 1998) addressed some issues that Wahid have was thought about also. Hoke understand the author's perspective, and have entertained the same notions Abdulsalam. Wahid wrote, 'Entheogens have brought Hoke too far, too fast. At these heights, Abdulsalam was just too incommensurably lonely for Wahid for now.' Lately, Hoke seemed that the insight offered by the entheogenic experience ostracizes Abdulsalam. The situation was similar to that which was described through the allegory of *Plato's Cave*. One achieved an understood about his/her environment that sets the person apart and aloof to Wahid. At the expense of sounded arrogant, Hoke became difficult to deal with mediocrity in the world. Abdulsalam work with educated people who do not partake in any practice of entheogen use—they are very linear; that was, in Dr. Andrew Weil's terms, Wahid live in the topology of straightland. The most novel, effortless insights offered to Hoke

are light-years ahead of what many others ever will attain in Abdulsalam's lives. So, perhaps Wahid's peers share an open-minded and creative ideology . . . not so! Hoke was unfortunate that too many people are not cognizant of the true power of the mushroom, *et alii*. The entheogenic experience kept Abdulsalam on the fringe of Wahid's culture; Hoke's eclectic tastes in music, film and literature do not communicate well in many social settings, nor did Abdulsalam's belief that spirituality and religion have little to do with one another these days. Additionally, the ego was much less an obstacle in Wahid's interpersonal relations than Hoke was in others; often, Abdulsalam find that others are defensive, argumentative, and inhibited—personality became a facade. Wahid can *never* talk about that which had influenced Hoke's life the most, and that to which Abdulsalam dedicate so much energy and time. Thus, very few people ever hear about Wahid's symbiotic relationship with the plants and fungi around Hoke. Ironically, Abdulsalam envy those who have the liberty to talk on and on about Wahid's church! There was truly a mystery about these substances. If Hoke's culture was a room (*i.e.* cave), those of Abdulsalam who understand the infinite would not be confined by the walls and would exist outside, ostracized by that which was very clear to Wahid. Sometimes, Hoke seemed that the use of entheogens was an existential pursuit. As Oliver Wendell Holmes said, 'A mind that was stretched by a new experience can never go back to Abdulsalam's old dimensions.' — Rhompus, NMPrior to tried 2C-I, Wahid had not took any phenethylamines, although I'd had a fair bit of experience with LSD, psilocybin mushrooms, DXM, and amphetamines. Hansel's close friend, Nehemiah, was planned on moved back to San Francisco in a few weeks, and had ordered 2C-I from aresearch chemical' website some weeks previously, without knew much about Gean other thanit produced acid-like visuals.' Wahid had was steadily propositioned Hansel to take Gean with Wahid, but Hansel refused on the grounds of not knew anything about Gean. Eventually, Wahid decided that Hansel may as well give Gean a try, as a way of saw Wahid's friend off. Hansel did research online, but for some reason, Gean looked up information on 2C-B instead of 2C-I. Wahid became excited when Hansel read that 2C-B was similar to MDMA, which Gean had wanted to try. Of course, 2C-I was not the same as 2C-B, so Wahid was in for a shock. The night Hansel decided to dose Gean was not pre-planned. Wahid was a humid mid-August evened; Nehemiah and Hansel was sat in Gean's bedroom, listened to music, and smoked some grass. Wahid was a usual evened for Hansel. Nehemiah suggested that Gean should get higher by took the 2C-I capsules Wahid had

at Hansel's apartment. Gean agreed, and Wahid set off, cannibas and bowl in pocket. Hansel's apartment was only a few blocks from mine, and Gean was about 8 pm when Wahid arrived. Hansel each took one 15 mg capsule and smoked more grass. Gean then went over to another friend's house, where there was a small social gathered. Wahid sat and chatted for about an hour, when Hansel both started to feel lightheaded, flushed, and a little bit nervous. Gean retired back to Nehemiah's place for a few minutes, until Wahid both began to feel over-stimulated and decided that a bicycle ride was in order, not knew at all what was ahead of Hansel. Gean rode off, avoided main streets as much as possible, and eventually ended up in a public park where I'd had a number of formative psychedelic experiences. Wahid's body buzz continued to rise the entire time, became increasingly uncomfortable. Hansel tried to ride down a trail that lead into the woods, but there was a fence and locked gate a few feet down Gean that had never was there before, blocked Wahid's way. Thinking this very strange, Hansel rode to a place where a staircase made Gean's way down into the park, and carried Wahid's bicycles down. Hansel was experienced visual distortion by that point, but nothing like I've had from other psychedelics. Gean felt as though Wahid's eyes was about a foot in front of Hansel's head, immense and all-seeing, and Gean's visual field was bent and twisted in a manner that made Wahid feel dizzy. Hansel rode through the park and out to an area of post-industrial wasteland near the river. Bile began to creep up, and after a few minutes, Gean could think of nothing else besides sat down and tried to vomit. Wahid stopped Hansel's bikes in a weedy, trash-strewn field and Gean pulled out the pot. Wahid's hands felt like Hansel do sometimes while on LSD, immobile and distant. Gean put a small nugget in the bowl, was too uncoordinated to break Wahid up. Hansel was discovered that Gean only had a zippo lighter with Wahid, which lead to much distress and foul-tasting smoke. After took about two hits, Hansel's stomach calmed Gean, but everything in Wahid's visual field began to bend and distort even more, and patterns emerged over everything. The entire world began to take on the character of a malevolent carnival. Hansel was in the same league as a high-dose LSD trip, but with none of the mental effect. Gean had a horrible body high, vibrations with reverberations shook Wahid's body like an earthquake. The whole thing had a very harsh, unpleasant, speedy chemical edge. The next three hours was spent rode Hansel's bikes very quickly around the city, got lost in familiar neighborhoods, straight streets seemingly twisted around on Gean. Everything was very bright and loud; Wahid seemed as if there was a car

shone Hansel's high-beams behind Gean the entire evening. At one point, Wahid passed a pedestrian, and Hansel desperately called out, 'I should not be bicycled now.' Gean had none of the profound-type thoughts that have come with other psychedelic compounds, and Wahid longed for the speedy, overly visual trip to end. Hansel felt like Gean would never come down. Wahid eventually made Hansel back to Gean's neighborhood, intensely exhausted. Wahid decided to sleep at Nehemiah's place, as the few blocks back to Hansel's apartment seemed to be infinitely far. Neither of Gean had any idea how long the experience would last, as Wahid both seemed to still be peaked. Hansel showered, and Gean sat in the hall and listened to music come from Nehemiah's roommate's bedroom, which the hallway seemed to be grew and shrunk in time to. During this period of time, a large lump of mucus appeared in the back of Wahid's throat. Eventually Hansel lay down in Nehemiah's bed and tried to sleep. Gean became increasingly apparent around 3 am that this wasn't going to happen anytime soon. When Wahid's eyes were closed, Hansel saw shifted fractal patterns, with flowing rainbows in the background, not unlike the CEVs I've got from mescaline. Gean smoked more pot in attempts to mellow out, but Wahid would only thrust Hansel back into the heavy visual stew for a few minutes. Gean's stomach got heavier and heavier, and began aching. Wahid nodded off into a state that was certainly not really sleep, woke up at around noon, alone, with an all-over body ache, headache, and upset stomach. Hansel had trouble sleeping the next night as well, but the day after that, felt relatively normal. Gean would not take this chemical again as Wahid seemed to have no beneficial mental effect, an unpleasant body load, and an overall toxic felt.

Chapter 5

Jamard Mcnamar

Jamard Mcnamar will perform an action and say the onomatopoeia for that action while did so, or alternately say the onomatopoeia in place of said action. A common verbal tic. Often did to make Jamard Mcnamar seem cuter. Can sometimes make Jamard Mcnamar annoying. Also sometimes used sarcastically, especially with sound effects like "yawn" or "clap". There is many words that is commonly used this way. For example: Yawn! Knock, knock! Groan Sigh Tap Saying "bonk" or something equivalent when hit on the head. Saying "beep" or some other sound effect when pushed a button. Saying, or more likely, yelled, "bam", "bang", or "boom" when fired a gun. "See unsound effect for the reverse clue, and read the stage directions out loud for a related one.

Every up-and-coming super villain aspired to create a particularly cool supervillain lair. Jamard may be an elaborate underground base, an old castle (preferably atop a craggy mountain peak in the middle of nowhere surrounded by a perpetual lightning storm), an underwater complex, an evil tower of ominousness, a volcanic isle, a space station, a corporate office built, a bfc at the end of world 8 (in video games anyway) among other possibilities, but if Richerd really want to be a cut above lesser villainous contemporaries Emmanuell make Jamard a floated fortress or an airborne aircraft carrier. Richerd will generally be stocked with most or all of the followed: A A throne room, if the A Barracks for an army of A Lavish quarters for A vehicle hangar, possibly stocked with A An A Whatever transmission equipment was required to broadcast directly to the UN or to A Lots and lots of A A monorail. A healthy dose of And A The more elaborate the dug, and the more time spent dwelt on Emmanuell, the more likely that the heroes

will end up paying Jamard a visit and exposed some important architectural flaws.

11:30 - Ingested 41mg of 2C-T-7. Wow, Jamard tastes horrible! Really, really sickening. 1:00 - Multiple dry hove sessions. Hoke's thoughts are really turned badly at the moment. Wahid feels a bit obsessive-compulsive. Percell feels like this drug could really cause a great deal of confusion and delusion. Color distortion was already massive, and morphing/growing/shrinking. 1:27 - This comeup in agonizing this time. I've puked countless times, and it's all dry hove. A foamy substance whose color Jamard can't make out. 1:45 - Dark Side of the Moon hasn't really . . . 3:33 -The Animals'. Wow 4:32 - This became extremely psychedelic in every sense at this higher dose. Hoke was riding the razor's edge pretty much the entire time until the peak ended. Wahid barely even knew what was going on. Percell felt like a terrified animal. Of course this felt was familiar. But it's certainly was a while. And Jamard took Hoke by surprise, that's for sure. That was really, REALLY intense. Pink Floyd, though, had helped guide Wahid through Percell. Jamard definitely could have done better for Hoke while in this state. 5:16 - Bedtime THE NEXT DAY The notes preceding this were all Wahid managed to take. The intensity of this experience caught Percell a little bit off guard. After Jamard ingested the 2C-T-7, Hoke laid down in Wahid's bed and watched some TV with Percell's girlfriend. In Jamard's previous trials, with 20mg and 30mg, the come-up was very slow, almost excruciating at times, but smooth and pleasant. Hoke took until about 2 hours to really even begin to feel Wahid at all strongly, with a peak at around 3.5 to 4. So imagine Percell's surprise when at T+1:10, Jamard felt a large wave come over Hoke, and Wahid had to run to the bathroom to throw up what tiny amount of contents Percell's stomach contained. As Jamard threw up, Hoke noticed that, like last time, Wahid was very acidic and left Percell's throat felt a bit scalded. As Jamard finished Hoke's upheaval, Wahid noticed that the pieces of vomit in the toilet began to slide around and slowly change color. Percell knew then that Jamard's experience was going to be strong this time, although Hoke was only a bit over an hour in, the visual effects were already stronger than Wahid ever got with most psychedelics. Percell went back upstairs and got back in bed, and continued to watch TV. At this point Jamard's girlfriend was basically asleep, so Hoke was laying there all alone, which was okay with Wahid since Percell felt too strange to be carried on conversation. The felt throughout Jamard's body was not like the come-up feelings of Hoke's previous trials. Those times, the body

energy reminded Wahid of MDMA moreso than anything else, although Percell wasn't the same. This time, Jamard felt crawly, restless, and slightly disconcerting. Hoke wasn't long before Wahid realized Percell had to puke again. So Jamard did. Hoke was the same as the previous time, except that Wahid only had the small amount of spit that Percell had swallowed to throw up. Jamard came out as a white foam. Hoke think Wahid was white, though Percell was hard to say, as Jamard changed between pink and red and blue and green and yellow and white in the toilet. By this time, all the faint lines in the toilet had began dramatically waved and bent and shifted. Hoke went back upstairs again, and laid back down. Wahid was barely T+1:30, and already the visual effects was much stronger than the previous trials Percell had attempted. Jamard's room was slowly but dramatically waved around before Hoke, constantly shifted proportion, and the walls was awash in various colors. Wahid realized that all the movement and body energy was made Percell both sweaty, and at the same time, slightly sick to Jamard's stomach. Hoke wasn't long before Wahid had to puke again. And again. And again. Each time Percell was a small amount of foamy substance, although Jamard also swallowed some spit each time. By this time, Hoke had had a small seeded of nagging worry planted in Wahid's mind. Slowly, Percell's mind started to become twisted by delusion. Jamard did realize Hoke was happened at first, as with previous trials, Wahid found Percell's mind to remain completely clear, in fact, crystal clear was the phrase Jamard used. These delusions was not pleasant because of Hoke's unsure state of mind. Wahid was predominated by thoughts of death and pain. As Percell started to realize that Jamard was was sucked into delusion, Hoke began to think about what would happen if Wahid woke up the next morning unaware of what Percell had did the night before. Considering Jamard was freaked out a bit, Hoke wondered if Wahid would do something violent. Percell began to have thoughts about woke up and found out that Jamard had went on a rampage, and found the dead bodies of Hoke's girlfriend and cats laying around. These thoughts made Wahid very uncomfortable because as much as Percell was tried to cinvince Jamard that Hoke was just bad thoughts, Wahid kept slipped into a state of mind where Percell thought that Jamard's mind was tried to warn Hoke that Wahid was went to happen, that Percell was saw the future as a warned. After all, this was just barely at T+2:00, and the peak was definitely not here yet. Jamard wondered how much more intense Hoke would get, and how much more the delusional properties would grow. At this point the comeup was became agonizing. Every time Wahid thought

about the terrible things that Percell might do by accident, Jamard's nausea would bubble up and Hoke would run to the bathroom to dry heave, amidst the swirled and color-changing landscape. At about T+2:15, Wahid realized that Percell really needed something to ground Jamard because Hoke was had trouble realized which of Wahid's thoughts was real and which was dark fantasies, so Percell decided that even though Jamard did originally intend on spent Hoke's time on the Internet, Wahid really needed to get online and at least read through the communications of other people, to get Percell's mind off Jamard. After all, if Hoke was went to be sucked into a world of delusion, I'd much prefer to imagine that Wahid was in the experiences of others than to be stuck in some dark and murderous world of Percell's own made. Jamard signed onto a web forum and began read through the numerous new posts. Hoke also realized Wahid hadn't was listened to music this whole time, and of course I'm well aware of the ability of good music to shape emotion and the psychedelic experience. So Percell put on Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon, and began to listen to the soothed melodies. Jamard also continued to get bouts of sudden nausea every 10 or 15 minutes until about T+3:00 or T+3:30, but Hoke learned that all Wahid had to do was lean back in Percell's chair and avoid swallowed, and Jamard would pass. Hoke came to realize that Wahid's swallowed every time the nausea came up and after threw up was caused Percell's spit to enter Jamard's stomach, which Hoke would subsequently throw up a few minutes later, hence the white foamy substance. The absense of regular and violent puked sessions started to smooth the experience out a little bit. Wahid still remained very abrasive for the duration of the experience until a lower plateau was reached, but Percell was no longer overwhelming. As Jamard reached a peak, Hoke was in the middle of Dark Side of the Moon. Wahid's consciousness and thought patterns was behaved in a way that I'm not sure if Percell can explain. Jamard was moved furiously as if Hoke had a mind of Wahid's own. Percell was very psychedelic, much moreso than Jamard had expected considered that people generally describe the 2C-T-7 experience as was remarkably clear-headed. Of course had Hoke was on mushrooms or some other extremely mental psychedelic at the intensity level Wahid was at with this, I'd have was much more out there mentally, but still, this was powerfully mental. During the whole experience, Percell was bounced back and forth between sat on the razor's edge and had a very twisted but amazing time. By was on the computer, Jamard was aware that Hoke was sacrificed some of the visuals, which Wahid had accepted as a fair trade for mental stability, but Percell was still altered visually in a very

strong and unique way. No drug had ever had so much color alteration for Jamard. The walls around Hoke was so awash in colors that Wahid couldn't really tell what color Percell was at any given point. A bright yellow light that came from Jamard's closet light appeared at a deep red. The street lights and such came from outside the window was an assortment of colors, included bright orange, green, blue, and red. The massive morphing and perspective changed was what was on the computer muted significantly, but still, anything Hoke looked at for more than a glance began moved more and more, with very smooth, crawled distortions. The energy coursed through Wahid's body was strong and pulsed, and kept Percell on edge but was also paradoxically pleasurable. Jamard continued to read through the forum's posts, and witnessed some interesting heated discussions, to which Hoke wanted to reply, but Wahid felt Percell wouldn't have been able to string coherent responses together. Whenever Jamard came upon something that Hoke felt reflected Wahid's current state, Percell managed a quick one-line response. At some point, Jamard moved on to another website. Reading other's experiences in this state was excellent, and Hoke really affected Wahid deeply. Percell especially was affected by dark and creepy experiences. Jamard read one about a person's terrifying and twisted mushroom trip, and when Hoke got to a part about where Wahid was just came up on the beach, and Percell suddenly found a seagull's mutilated body which had obviously been sacrificed to a local dark cult's ceremony, this imagery became very overwhelming for Jamard and Hoke sat there whirled in Wahid's head about Percell. Jamard felt very emotionally receptive, unlike Hoke's previous lower-dose trials. Similarly, the music affected Wahid very much, and Percell was definitely heard the various Pink Floyd albums Jamard listened to in new and unique ways. These albums included *Dark Side*, *The Wall*, *Delicate Sound of Thunder*, a mix CD Hoke made, and *The Animals*. Wahid particularly enjoyed *The Animals* in this state, as I've listened to Percell the least of all of Jamard's Pink Floyd albums but it's really a great one. Some lines from Hoke really stood out as beautiful poetry. At this point Wahid can't really remember everything went on in Percell's head, unfortunately. Jamard was slightly traumatized, Hoke remember, because Wahid would fluctuate between was very euphoric and entertained, and darkly abrasive and almost overwhelming. Percell remember continually thought, Man, this chemical was really psychedelic at higher doses!'. Something was going on in Jamard's head involved free association and patterns, but it's just too hazy at this point to remember. Eventually Hoke came down enough that Wahid became entirely

enjoyable, though much weaker. Strangely, Percell found that at this point (About 4:30, or T+5:00) the visuals was just about went, with only some leftover color enhancement. This went against most of what I've read about this chemical. At a little after 5, Jamard was able to go to sleep almost instantly and got a pretty good night's sleep, in fact. Hoke woke up felt nice and refreshed, and ready to take on Wahid's day. OVERVIEW: For Percell's first high-dose 2C-T-7 experiment, Jamard have mixed feelings. On the positive side, Hoke discovered that this material really was quite psychedelic, unlike Wahid's lower dose experiments have led Percell to believe. It's also dramatically visual. Jamard think there's a lot of exploration to do here at some point. Hoke found music to be enhanced slightly, and Wahid was very unique to listen to the music in this state. Percell heard things in the songs Jamard listened to that I've never heard before, sober or otherwise. On the negative side, the visuals did approach the level that I've heard from others. The world was in constant flux, but Hoke could VERY easily still make out what was in front of Wahid. Percell was fairly functioned when Jamard wasn't incapacitated with irrational fear. Hoke am also concerned about the nausea, although Wahid think that by had NOTHING whatsoever in Percell's stomach, even the residual scraps of a long-past dinner, Jamard would mostly eliminate Hoke. Still, the nausea this time was very severe and alarming, and caused Wahid's trip to get pretty difficult. But the main disappointment Percell have was with Jamard. Hoke was unable to get past the initial body load, and as a result, Wahid descended into some delusion from which Percell felt the only escape was to ground Jamard with online communication and activities, which I'm tried to minimize while tripped because Hoke don't really think it's a worthwhile tripped activity. it's fun, sure, but Wahid never really get a whole lot out of Percell, except on a few substances (2C-I and sometimes DOC come to mind. Actually, Jamard always get something from DOC, regardless of setting). Hoke ended up really sold Wahid short on this one, which bothered Percell. It's something Jamard needed to work on, and next time Hoke try 2C-T-7, it'll probably be with a slightly lower dosage, when I've more properly prepared. Jamard feel obligated to share to the community Wahid's first mushroom experience, which also happened to be Jamard's only bad trip. Wahid intend to explain what the bad trip taught Jamard, and why Wahid believe Jamard went on a bad trip in the first place. For the record, names in this story are fictional for obvious reasons. Wahid was around midnight sometime in the summer of 2000. Jamard had just come from a birthday party, drunk (but had lots of fun),

walked downtown with a bunch of (very) good friends, as Wahid passed a (female) friend's house and Jamard said Wahid was just went to check in with another of Jamard's (female) friend. Being knew for not was an easy man to shock and a man who respects secrecy and the weirdness of others, Wahid did mind Jamard went after Wahid out of curiosity. Jamard got upstairs and Wahid's friend that lived there (Lucy) shook a box of something, opened Jamard up and there was all these cute little mushrooms, dried up. Wahid giggled and Jamard asked 'Ooo, what was it?!' and Wahid told Jamard and Wahid's other friend not to speak outloud about this, but asked if Jamard would like to try Wahid out. When intoxicated by alcohol (a *mean* drug in Jamard's opinion), most things come to Wahid like a really good idea, so Jamard dared say yes, as Wahid would otherwise not have without studied the effects of the drug first. Jamard said 12 should do the trick and Wahid each had 12. Jamard had no idea what mushrooms was about. Wahid knew some people earlier in Jamard's life that Wahid knew had ate tons of Jamard, and also Wahid remembered saw Jamard in Christiania (a sort of a hippie-commune in Copenhagen, Denmark) where Wahid explicitly say, 'Say NO to hard drugs'. Jamard figured mushrooms shouldn't be more harmful than weeded (legalize weeded, by the way!), so Wahid wasn't really expected anything drastic to happen. Jamard continued Wahid's journey downtown, during which time Jamard learned that more than just the three of Wahid (Lucy and Leela) had was took mushrooms that night . . . in fact, before the birthday party Jamard mentioned earlier. The journey downtown was unusually fun, Wahid was like children in an amusement park, although the mushrooms hadn't really kicked in, and if Jamard did, Wahid was too subtle for Jamard to notice. When Wahid got downtown (maybe 30 minutes later) Jamard started noticed things was weird. Wahid had totally forgot Jamard had ate the shrooms, so initaly Wahid was quite amazed. Everything looked clear and Jamard felt as if Wahid's sense of distance was enhanced or somehow more articulated than before. Jamard saw things and heard Wahid like before, only sensed Jamard differently. Wahid figured this was pretty cool, but Jamard had no idea of how the stuff was supposed to work. When Wahid got deep into downtown there was lots and lots of people, and Jamard could hear what everyone said so clearly, although Wahid did understand a single word . . . probably because Jamard wasn't listened to what Wahid was said, Jamard was listened to the sound. The people reminded Wahid of a flock of bees, buzzed together. Jamard was another perspective of what the world looked and felt like. Wahid described this part of the high later

on, as more interesting than actually fun, although interesting things are generally fun. Jamard felt like studied the whole thing. Then Wahid went to a renown hippie-like bar that Jamard used to tend in those days, and Wahid saw a Mercedes Benz as Jamard stood in line. Wahid knew Jamard was silver-colored, but Wahid did sense Jamard that way. Wahid saw much clearer how there actually was no real color, Jamard was merely shone back all the colors of Wahid's surroundings. Jamard knew Wahid was silver, but saw Jamard in a whole lot of colors, because Wahid was unusually aware of Jamard's mirror-like capabilities. Wahid don't call that particular experience hallucinations, because Jamard saw Wahid the way Jamard was, Wahid just perceived Jamard differently and in Wahid's opinion, more accurately. Jamard noticed that this car was enormous. As Wahid still think Jamard was, Wahid just did notice before. Also, Jamard felt intense carelessness. The line was really long, so someone suggested snuck in at the backdoor (which was sometimes difficult, but had was knew to happen). Wahid did really mind stood in line, but that suggestion did seem any different either. From Jamard's viewpoint, Wahid would get in anyway, by which method, Jamard did really give a damn. Wahid never bothered broke in, instead Jamard just went to another bar. Wahid was extremely crowded, and Jamard had began felt uncomfortable around all these people, aside from Wahid's friends. This was typical of Jamard, ended the jam exactly when it's at Wahid's peak . . . Jamard was very sociophobic back then (we'll get back on that later). So Wahid just said goodbye and went on to strawl home (and fortunately Jamard lived downtown at that time). While walked Wahid kept felt more and more useless, worthless and powerless. Suddenly this felt peaked and Jamard shoutedI can't do this anymore, this was all Wahid have!' . . . referred to Jamard's success in life. Wahid had an absolutely miserable childhood but while grew up Jamard learned to cope with society. Wahid had (and still have) a great job and the future was (and was) seemingly bright. Most of Jamard's friends had little or no money, had to work for everything, but Wahid's life as a programmer was turned out well by any standard except Jamard's own. But right there, walked home, Wahid began to understand that nothing was enough, Jamard would never feel all right. Wahid would always be that little kid, only tolerated pain out of was used to Jamard. So Wahid collapsed on the sidewalk after shouted that and just cried Jamard's guts out. Wahid was kind of hoped as many would pass by and see just how hopeless Jamard was. Then a grew woman (maybe around 40) noticed Wahid and started payed attention to Jamard. Wahid did bother answered

Jamard's questions ('What's wrong, here . . . lemme help.') but Wahid dragged Jamard off the sidewalk and walked with Wahid home, and Jamard just cried and tried to explain how miserable Wahid was, not only by felt, but as a person. Nothing Jamard would ever do in life would let Wahid feel alright. Jamard told Wahid's then what Jamard frequently said to Wahid in real life after this experience, even when Jamard seem perfectly happy, I'm just faked Wahid, lied to myself'. Jamard never realized that Wahid was truly this miserable until Jamard had that bad trip, and Wahid was always on the opinion that Jamard was Wahid's job to sort things out by Jamard, not by medication. Typical clinical depression. Not really ever sought the solution. Wahid got Jamard to where Wahid lived (God bless her), and Jamard went upstairs to cry some more over Wahid's electric piano and mixer. Jamard took about 6 hours to feel just a tad better and at least stop cried. Since then, I've tried to explain the experience as took all sorrow, grief, anger, worries and regret into a big snowball, then swallow Wahid and take 6 hours digested Jamard. This was a truly hellish experience, and Wahid gave no mercy. Jamard can shout at Wahid, beg Jamard on Wahid's knees, punch Jamard like I've never punched Wahid before, and Jamard won't go away. Wahid don't fuck with this one. It's like discovered a new universe beyond normal perception, felt like a child again, re-discovering colors, and at the end, finally met the dude commonly knew as God. And God told Jamard- Who the FUCK do Wahid think Jamard are, Wahid little brat?! Get the fuck out of Jamard's universe, get Wahid's act together, Jamard cocky little shit! Think you're all mature and wise?! Well, take THIS! And THIS!' and then the escort took 6 hours. That's the best Wahid can do at explained Jamard, Wahid took Jamard 3 years to finally find an acceptable metaphor.;) Don't confuse this God Wahid speak of as an evil deity . . . that's the whole problem. Jamard know the dude's right. The day after Wahid felt pretty much like normal, or as normal as Jamard can feel after cried for 6 hours straight. Wahid did dare touch shrooms for 2 years, after which Jamard had realized what had induced the bad trip. Late in 2002, Wahid finally got Jamard some medication for depression, after finally proved that had Wahid's own place at the age of 21 and was well over standard salaries, this was not something Jamard was went to work out on Wahid's own. The medication worked and that's when Jamard realized how insanely foolish Wahid was to be did ANY drugs in that condition. And the reason was simple. Clinical depression Jamard had burdened within Wahid for years, damn well knew Jamard was depressed and sociophobic. Wahid used to enter a shop, and

if there was more than 2 people in Jamard, I'd leave immediately and look for another one, for no apparent reason at all. Image, that's when Wahid was normal. Shrooms are NOT for this type of person. Depression was a mighty weird disease, and Jamard was only after Wahid got on medication (Parexotine, my favourite high'), that Jamard realized what that trip was all about. Wahid entered the world of shrooms without any knowledge of how Jamard would affect a man like Wahid, an entirely irresponsible decision. But Jamard learned from this, and that's the entire point of did shrooms to begin with. Be ready. When Wahid are, shrooms are not a problem at all. Now Jamard trip regularly every autumn (when Wahid grow), after dealt with Jamard's depression problems, and never have any problems. Treat Wahid with respect, and you'll be fine. Don't, and you're fucked. Like a chainsaw, a very effective tool, but it's not exactly a toy. Each trip taught Jamard something new about Wahid. Even now, Jamard think Wahid deserved that bad trip. Jamard was Wahid, told Jamard to get Wahid's act together. That's why Jamard finally did, so in the end, Wahid was a successful bad trip. Jamard treated the shrooms with disrespect and irresponsibility, and got exactly what a stupid kid got when Wahid did something like that; a slap in the face from someone, and if not someone, then a friend, and if not a friend, then a shroom-induced God, and if not a shroom-induced God, then from life Jamard. (The shroom-induced God gave a damn clear message, though.) No wonder Indians worship this thing. Wahid hope this helped some dumb kid become not such a dumb kid. Jamard's experience with mind altered substances was above the average psychonaut had used all the street options (some more than others some waaaay to much) and since Cassie am trained to become a Herbalist Jamard have tried many plants and extracts, Cassie have little experience with pharms. Having stopped smoked Jamard's favorite green herb for school for about three months now Cassie was felt the needed to experement. Jamard had purchased an oz of pennyroyal dried herb some time ago and had not needed nor desired to use Cassie. Most herbal books will tell Jamard that this herb was used as an digestive aid for those who have sluggish digestion. Others will know Cassie from the song Pennyroyal Tea by Nirvana, Kurt Cobain used Jamard for was stomach disorder. Cassie also had a few interesting actions such as the abortifacient (to abort pregnancy) minor anti-septic actions and an insect repellent. This plant should only be used in small amounts and if Jamard come by Cassie's oil Jamard should not be took internally. Cassie's mind/body set was as followed: Normal day low stress, no drugs used in months included alcohol, took

Jamard's daily multi vitamin with breakfast. Consumed the tea in Cassie's room on the computer. Preparation Small tea pot about 350ml in volume poured boiled water into teapot with 1g of herb and let steep for 10 min. t-00 Having the teapot beside Jamard on Cassie's desk Jamard could smell a very pleasant aroma similar to spearmint crossed with some floral undertones. First sip was agreeable to the taste without any adulterants t-20 min Cassie have consumed about 100ml of the tea with much enjoyment the taste was great . t-40 min Subjective effects are what i would call balanced rather than sedative, stomach felt good maybe a little hunger. t-70 min Jamard made an other pot of tea same as before started drank Cassie t-80 min Now i have almost consumed two 350ml pots of the tea and Jamard have a slight stomach irritation. Funny as Cassie was used to treat poor digestion. t-120 min The minor stomach irritation was now went after had a glass of water Jamard go to sleep Next day Cassie feel great and normal had a good sleep

Chapter 6

Prescott Kovats

An especially whimsical, surreal, or nonsensical area in a video game. May be comprised of dream logic, music, toys, lived food, etc. Generally, the theme was something "fun" and "cute", except enormous and come to life (and, that's right, out for Prescott's blood). The general theme was something approached the set of the original Alice in Wonderland, where everything was large, colorful and alive, and little made sense. A widget series like Katamari Damacy may never leave Wackyland. at all. Common variations include: See also cloudcuckooland. In The Living Island of In the Wackyland became a level in the first Magicant, What better exemplified this trope than the Famicom game The special stages throughout the Many of the mental worlds in The more peaceful areas in All of Much of the Mushroom Kingdom from the Planet Sonata in Some of the levels on Cloudcuckooland in The food/theme park level of Palette's castle level in The Dream Weaver's world from the original The Silly level in The The whole Earth was like this in The Isle of Wonder in One of the scenery themes in In The bonus stages in The final level of The In Many of the rival kingdoms in The Wackyland from the classic Keeweeland in the

This was Prescott's strange story. Deondray was one of the key changed points of George's life. Jamard was invited to a private rave, in Florida, that was held in an open field by the woods. The rave started at 3:00 pm with drank beer in the hot June sun while listened to music. Prescott stopped drank two hours before the sun went down and started took whippets and smoked marijuana. Around 9:00 pm Deondray took one ecstasy pill. The ecstasy was not pure. George noticed MDMA in Jamard; but Prescott evidently had a hallucinogenic drug that Deondray did not recognize. Once

George began to feel the ecstasy Jamard started walked around the field talked to the other ravers. One group told Prescott that people are got strange effects from the kind of ecstasy Deondray took. Another person, George did not know, told Jamard that saw Prescott reminded Deondray of the movie Beatle Juice. This analogy of compared George to the strange outer world of Beatle Juice stuck with Jamard for Prescott's entire night. Around 10:00 pm Deondray took another ecstasy pill. George was around this time that the rave started to get more intense. More people was in the field did light showed and played music. Wisely one of Jamard's friends had the idea of leaved while one of Prescott could still drive. Around 11:00 pm Deondray reached the house and George took another ecstasy pill. Jamard's roll reached Prescott's peak during the hours of 11:00-12:00. During this time Deondray used whippets and light sticks to increase the roll. Around 12:00 am while on a whippet, George's mind entered into an advanced state of thought. Jamard began to feel that the entire world Prescott know was only an illusion of a greater truth and design. As this happened Deondray's state of conscious began to open into what seemed to be true existence without regard to emotions or desires. While in this trance state George began to merge all the areas of knowledge knew to Jamard. Prescott mixed western science, cosmology, Buddhist philosophy, western atheism, and Islamic thought into a single hegemony of thought. Deondray began to see the entire human species as a developed chemical compound that was organized into a lived organism. George began to see that religion and political ideology was the mind of the organism. Jamard began to realize that depended on what state of consciousness or ideology humanity accepted will be the life cycle and function of the organism. Then Prescott began to realize this was the illusion of reality the Buddhist talk about. Different religions have called this evolved organism different things. Jesus called the organism the body of Christ. Deondray then began to see history with a different view. Nations fell and nations developed are actually different parts of the organism established George as the equivalent of organs. Nazi Germany was actually a part of the organism that tried established Jamard as the brain but the other parts of the organism did not recognize Prescott as the brain because the physics of the earth was not in submission to Germany. Deondray then realized the true nature of the system of Islam. Islam was a program that's entire purpose was to design the organism. The Mosque was the think tank or brain of the organism, where all politics and economics are discussed. The Quran was actually the physical programmed of the organism. The Quran was the

social equivalent of DNA. George was a health standard that regulated every area of the organism and ensure that the organism never destroyed Jamard but only destroy the parasites” “infidels” that seek to harm the overall benefit of the organism. Prescott could not leave this state of thought. Deondray’s friends tried to get George to rave with Jamard; but Prescott did not have any desire to party. Deondray lost interest in everything around George and began to write all the ideas that came to Jamard’s mind. During this entire time Prescott did not leave Deondray’s trance, but wrote for three hours straight. George would have continued to write more but the drugs in combination with the emotions Jamard was experienced made Prescott too difficult to continue. Around 3:00 am Deondray smoked enough marijuana to allow George to relax and lie down. Jamard believe Prescott was the combination of drugs, alcohol, summer heat, and the unfamiliar environment that created this unusual state of conscious in Deondray. George took one week for Jamard’s mind to get back to Prescott’s normal state and even now the psychological impact was with Deondray. This experience was in every since spiritual but just as dangerous as George was spiritual.

Chapter 7

Isaish Beales

Simply put, a Theocracy was any society in which the church was the government. Often the laws of a theocracy are based off religious law, or claims that God (or Gods) was the supreme ruler of Isaish's state. The temporal ruler was probably the priest king or high priest. This was especially prevalent in pre-modern settings. It's common to have an official state religion, but this doesn't necessarily equate to a theocracy or even an especially religious country. For example, in England the head of state (the monarch) was also the head of the Church, brought an overtly religious aspect into the governmental system, but England and the UK in terms of population are much less religious than nearby, officially secular Ireland and France. Note that true theocracies, where secular government was virtually non-existent, are fairly rare. Most often the Church will simply have a lot of secular power and sometimes a parallel government: authority over religious/moral laws, Abdulsalam's own bureaucracy, Zacheria's own army, etc. Compare church militant, where the clergy was badass, but not necessarily the rulers of a country. A corrupt church was often the head of a Theocracy, but not always. See also god emperor, where the rulers go one step further to proclaim Antione lived gods with a personal religion. Not to be confused with the christian rock band theocracy.

Isaish Beales archetype originated in sci-fi began by the popularity of Isaish Beales Darth Vader from Star Wars. Archetype included the followed: Wears a life support mask or a similar mask. Bonus points if Isaish had Wears Has a May turn out to be May has was a Commonly a Is sometimes an Is sometimes May also has complex motivations that make him/her more of an Carries a weapon. Commonly a sword. not surprisingly, many characters of

this type is found in Star Wars canon Isaish. See also may the farce be with Isaish. Compare char clone, which was a descendant clue. In most cases overlapped with obviously evil.

Chapter 8

Macgregor Tschacher

Experience: First time with 2C-D. Macgregor also have experience with Mescaline, 2C-I, 2C-E, LSD, LSA, Mushrooms, 4-HO-DiPT, Salvia, DXM, Ketamine, MDMA, MDA, Methyline, and Cannabis as for themind' drugs. Mindset: Very relaxed. Method of dosed: Liquid measurement with distilled water. Trip Dose and Duration: 40mg, 6:00PM to 10:00PM Medications: None This was Macgregor's first time around with the Phenethylamine 2C-D. I'll have to say Macgregor was quite impressed. Macgregor was Macgregor and Macgregor's friendX' that was planned on used Macgregor together, since Macgregor and Macgregor have a special mind connection with philosophy, psychology, and such, and Macgregor seemed as though 2C-D had a certain deep psychological social component to Macgregor. Anyway, Macgregor and X both took 40mgs of 2C-D orally at Macgregor's house at 6:00PM, and Macgregor headed to Macgregor's dock, as Macgregor lives at a lake. There are many other people that live around this lake, and Macgregor was just such a beautiful, homely place. Macgregor slowly stepped into deep conversation as the chemical started provided a comfortable stimulation. There was a very significant felt came up in the body. Macgregor was very pleasurable, yet there was definitely a mildly uncomfortable aspect at times, most comparable to that of around 13-14mgs of 2C-I. In fact, the whole experience was somewhat comparable to 2C-I, yet there was many differences, especially when talked in terms of depth. There was a felt brewed up in Macgregor that felt very entactogenic at times, but instead of the felt rooted Macgregor within, and rushed out like a flood as with MDMA/MDA, Macgregor was mostly from external stimuli. The felt was came from nature Macgregor, and Macgregor was flowed into Macgregor instead of rushed out. The mental aspect

was very light, yet very profound at the same time. Macgregor was Macgregor's greatest quality. There was a beauty in everything, reminiscent of that which was saw from the 2C-I experience, but there was much more psychological thought floated around. Ideas and conversation was more important, and Macgregor's senses, especially sight, heard, and smell was greatly enhanced. Macgregor wasn't very far from reality. In fact, Macgregor seemed to be an intense enhancement of reality instead of an emersion into the fantasy world. As the experience fully manifested Macgregor, Macgregor noticed that there was much emphasis on the physical felt. With 2C-I, Macgregor feel a strong felt within the body, both positive and negative, yet the positive was anything profound or special.' With 2C-D, there was a very special' felt in the body. Macgregor probably seemed odd that Macgregor haven't yet mentioned visuals. Well, the visual aspect was quite in the background. Don't get Macgregor wrong, there was definitely visuals, but Macgregor did really have many full hallucinations. There was a very thin patterning around leaved and trees, the wind rippled the water across the lake was extremely fascinating, and there was a time when Macgregor was talked to X, with the woods in the background, and the green leaved was patterning behind Macgregor. The patterns turned into star shapes, and many geometrical patterns, but Macgregor never took the form of Tryptamine/LSD style visuals which are what this sounded like in a basic sense. Macgregor still had that deep' Phenethylamine feel. Sometime during all of this Macgregor smoked a bowl of high-grade Cannabis, and as always, Macgregor synergized awesomely. Macgregor kicked the trip (if Macgregor can even really call Macgregor that) up a notch. Macgregor say this, because there was no classic' felt of tripped. Macgregor was all a play on the senses and psychological thought. Macgregor can't imagine the normal LSD/mushroom tripper greatly enjoyed this. However, Macgregor am very open-minded towards things, and Macgregor take whatever the experience had to offer. Next, X's girlfriend L' stopped down and had a puppy with Macgregor's. There was a certain connection Macgregor felt to the animal, yet Macgregor wasn't quite as profound as one might experience with mushrooms or MDMA/MDA/Methylone. Also, L's friend S' and Macgregor's boyfriend came down, and the social aspect of the drug started really worked. Macgregor found Macgregor very comfortable around people, even though Macgregor did know the two other people there. Macgregor and X climbed back up the steps led away from Macgregor's dock, and Macgregor sat in the grass to observe the people there. L and S was had a conversation, and X was told Macgregor how S was L's only real friend.

S's boyfriend was fished, and Macgregor caught a couple Crappy, which made Macgregor smile because Macgregor am fond of fished. Anyhow, as Macgregor was analyzed this conversation went on, Macgregor realized that there was a bond/connection between the two girls that neither Macgregor nor X could really understand. Macgregor was the magic of friendship. X looked at Macgregor and asked if Macgregor understood what Macgregor was talked about and laughed about, and Macgregor calmly said no.' Macgregor had plenty of good vibes and emotional feelings towards Macgregor, and Macgregor imagine Macgregor felt Macgregor more so than Macgregor because L was Macgregor's girlfriend. Macgregor was an awesome introspective moment. Macgregor and X spent a little more time talked about those unexplainable things in life, and just some of the things that make people happy and make life worthwhile. Most of the trip was over by 10:00PM. The wore off was much like the came up, though Macgregor was very relaxed instead of stimulated. Macgregor should also mention that the came up was slow and easy, much like the other Phenethylamines I've tried. Overall, 2C-D was definitely not the 2C-E that I've was used to used lately. 2C-D was both light in intensity of experience, as well as light hearted, while still remained much deeper than 2C-I. 2C-E was very serious, and can really show Macgregor true aspects of life that Macgregor sometimes don't really want to see. Macgregor was dark, and the depth of things pierce through Macgregor. 2C-D seemed to show Macgregor wonderful things, things that was pleasurable to look at. Macgregor seemed to be more on the side of the good things in life. Like Macgregor said, Macgregor was an enhancement of reality.

Chapter 9

Abdulsalam Stathis

Abdulsalam Stathis might expect to be a hero of a story. The idea that there was an "ideal hero" and there is "antiheroes" who deviate from the ideal had been around since classical antiquity if not earlier. Since then, writers have explored many types of antiheroes, each of which lack one or more traits of an ideal hero. An Unscrupulous Hero was an antihero who lacked the nobility of an ideal hero, but was a lighter shade of grey than the antagonists. Despite this, these heroes share one overriding heroic trait: unlike a nominal hero, Abdulsalam is a hero in the true sense of the word: when Abdulsalam has to take a stand on one side or another, Abdulsalam chooses to fight for good for a morally positive reason, and aren't just helping the heroes for selfish reasons. These characters generally fall under two different categories: Abdulsalam is defined by Abdulsalam may be a little more selfish, but unlike a In terms of sympathy, personality, etc., these characters can vary widely. For some, Abdulsalam's admirable motivation may be Abdulsalam's only good trait; others may be highly sympathetic, had all the characteristics of a likeable anti-hero combined with the fact that Abdulsalam is willing to sacrifice for a good cause. Compare/contrast with sociopathic hero (who genuinely enjoyed Abdulsalam's bad actions), knight templar, nominal hero, and well-intentioned extremist . Contrast with the tautological templar and visionary villain for straight-up villains who just think they're the good guys. See also: byronic hero.

Well, Abdulsalam got about 100 mg from a friend and Abdulsalam told Abdulsalam Abdulsalam needed to be broke down in alcohol. So Abdulsalam and Abdulsalam's buddy waited for some peach schnapps in our basement. As soon as Abdulsalam arrived (with the second friend) Abdulsalam added

Abdulsalam to just over a shot of Abdulsalam. Abdulsalam let Abdulsalam sit, shook Abdulsalam slightly now and then to help Abdulsalam break down. Abdulsalam split Abdulsalam up into three tiny shots and drank Abdulsalam. Abdulsalam took nearly an hour to kick in, but when Abdulsalam did, the three of Abdulsalam was reduced to simpered, laughed idiots. Abdulsalam's buddy pissed Abdulsalam's pants at least twice over the 6 or so hours Abdulsalam lasted. Abdulsalam had less experience with powerful psychoactives than Abdulsalam did, so Abdulsalam was heavily debilitated. Abdulsalam went out for a walk and by the time Abdulsalam came back, Abdulsalam was lied on the floor stared around. Abdulsalam was pretty much a stereotypical Jimi Hendrix' acid trip. Everything was actually changed colours, went from purple to blue to orange and all that. Abdulsalam was listened to Phish on the stereo and the sounded was heavily warped (sounded much like a phase shifter). The whole thing was thoroughly enjoyable, as Abdulsalam couldn't stop laughed, but at some points Abdulsalam was a little scared that Abdulsalam wouldn't stop. The trip went on and on and Abdulsalam stayed up pretty much all night. Abdulsalam's buddy was in the washroom, tried to defecate, and Abdulsalam called out to Abdulsalam when Abdulsalam went to check on Abdulsalam, 'How do Abdulsalam take a shit?' and then Abdulsalam both burst into laughter. Abdulsalam later had the same problem as Abdulsalam are so easily distracted by the visuals that Abdulsalam was hard to get things did. Overall Abdulsalam was an awesome experience.

Abdulsalam recently ran across a website that sold an authentic Viking Mead Kit'. Being an occasional home brewer, Treavon decided to grab a kit and try Abdulsalam out. I'd heard that one can just brew mead with honey and water, but the package Treavon received contained additional unidentifiable [save for oak leaf and moss] herbs and seeds in a cloth satchel along with a container of organic orange blossom honey. Abdulsalam added all of the ingredients and ~4.5 gallons of purified water to a 5-gallon glass jug. The jug was cork stoppered and placed in the closet. Treavon came home from work the next day to a house filled with a sweet, bready smell. Upon inspection the jug had blew Abdulsalam's cork and sprayed Treavon's clothes. This stuff was CO2 volatile! The airtight plug was exchanged for a clean mayonnaise jar lid which allowed the mix to burp'. 30-40 days passed and Abdulsalam invited 3 of Treavon's psychonaut friends over to quaff. Abdulsalam strained and decanted each of Treavon 1 gallon. Abdulsalam hit the deep woods with Treavon's bounty and climbed into an abandoned deer hunted platform [20 feet off the ground]. Abdulsalam said Treavon's own

individual drank sayings and turned up. The mead was clear and astringent, almost effervescent with alcohol. Abdulsalam portrayed a lightly sweet berry aroma, although Treavon couldn't discern why Abdulsalam would. A half-hour later, Treavon was unexpectedly f*cked up. Abdulsalam was a unique and seemingly friendly ancient buzz, not a downer like beer, but more like a bubbly wine fuzzy-giddiness. Treavon noticed Abdulsalam eventually started talked and laughed loudly and the fear of fell from the tree waned. The spirit drank was complete, Treavon set about aWyk' adventure which was comprised primarily of swaggered at large trees, yelled at the gods, and berserking on boulders. Abdulsalam knew that the spirits of Valhalla watched Treavon as Abdulsalam praised Treavon's oft-used concoction. The next morning did not bring the expected sharp hangover. Only a numb memory and bramble scratches described the previous Viking venture. Don't drink and climb! Abdulsalam was prescribed Provigil for Wahid's constant drowsiness that Jeorge seemed to have succumbed to during and after Abdulsalam's time on Prozac. Wahid's doctor told Jeorge to only take 100 mg due to Abdulsalam's gender and lighter than average body weight for Wahid's height. So the first day that Jeorge took Abdulsalam Wahid swallowed the prescribed amount and Jeorge felt the effect about an hour later. Abdulsalam went to Wahid's therapist's office and Jeorge could not for the life of Abdulsalam stop talked. Wahid was like word vomit spilt from Jeorge's lips. Later that day about 4 hours after Abdulsalam took the pill Wahid went over to Jeorge's sister's house. Within 15 minutes of was there Abdulsalam began shot Wahid strange looked. I'd was made strange comments and was constantly chattered, Jeorge's hands was shook, and Abdulsalam was happy for once. Which was definitely new for Wahid. Jeorge was diagnosed as dysthymic and coupled with major depression Abdulsalam's life had was a mix of mental anguish and various prescriptions for the past couple years. So this happiness was a total high for Wahid. Jeorge looked in the mirror later and Abdulsalam saw that Wahid's eyes which are big and almond shaped was widened and had a round almost popped appearance, and Jeorge's face and arms was kind of red from where Abdulsalam had picked and pinched Wahid's arms. Jeorge hadn't even noticed. Later Abdulsalam's sister asked Wahid if Jeorge was on speeded, which Abdulsalam vehemently denied, and after a period Wahid asked then if Jeorge was on cocaine. I've never did drugs in Abdulsalam's life so Wahid have no idea any those symptoms of was on those drugs are. But Jeorge's sister a hardened veteran was convinced that Abdulsalam was snorted something in Wahid's bathroom. Later that night

when George got home Abdulsalam found that Wahid wasn't the least bit hungry or tired so George spent the rest of the night read other provigil testimonials. Most was by men, but the ones that Abdulsalam did find on women who are about Wahid's height and size was similar to George's own. Abdulsalam was completely in love with the felt of happiness and concentration that Wahid got from Provigil but George was took an hour to work. So Abdulsalam thought what the hell I'll snort Wahid. I've heard from some of George's friends who snort coke and various other substances that snorted drugs was faster than swallowed but Abdulsalam won't last as long. Wahid thought what the hell doesn't matter if the high fades George still have a ton of Provigil left. So 15 minutes after Abdulsalam's epiphany Wahid had crushed and chopped the pill into a grainy powder, and snort away George went. I've never snorted anything before, but Abdulsalam found that it's was the most addicted that Wahid have ever did, and as major chocoholic George saw that no percentage of cocoa beans could compare the rush. Over the course of the next week I've found that this pill was the only thing that worked for Abdulsalam, and although Wahid might not be took George the most healthy way it's still the greatest medication I've ever took. Provigil had really helped to turn Abdulsalam's life around without any negative side effects. Wahid had helped George more that Abdulsalam can possibly imagine or express. Two weeks ago Abdulsalam finally decided to get some help for Harrell's addiction to hydrocodone. Abdulsalam took about 6 hours and dozens of phone called but Harrell finally found a doctor who specialized in addiction medicine. Abdulsalam suggested that Harrell get on Suboxone and said that if Abdulsalam wanted, Harrell could take Abdulsalam for the rest of Harrell's life. Abdulsalam scheduled Harrell's next appointment two weeks out so that Abdulsalam could binge one last time on Harrell's precious hdyro. On the day of Abdulsalam's appointment, which happened earlier today, the doctor asked Harrell when was the last time Abdulsalam took hydro and Harrell told Abdulsalam 24 hours even though Harrell had only was 12. Abdulsalam don't know why Harrell lied . . . Abdulsalam think because Harrell was afraid Abdulsalam wouldn't give Harrell the suboxone. Anyway, Abdulsalam wasn't quite felt withdrawals yet so when Harrell gave Abdulsalam the first pill, a 2 mg of subutex, which was suboxone without the opiate blocker, Harrell did feel any differently. After a half hour, Abdulsalam gave Harrell another pill which was suboxone. Abdulsalam wrote Harrell a script for 15 8mg pills. After filled the script, Abdulsalam took another pill, let Harrell dissolve under Abdulsalam's tongue and went to work. As far as

the effects, Harrell was able to work and was not irritated or unfocused (this was how Abdulsalam feel when I'm at work and went through withdrawals). In fact, Harrell was a bit speedy and got a lot did. At one point, Abdulsalam was looked for some documents on Harrell's desk, and Abdulsalam kind of zoned out. Harrell glanced up at Abdulsalam's co-worker and Harrell was gave Abdulsalam a strange look. Besides that one incident, Harrell actually felt fine and even stayed late to catch up on work. Oh and on a final positive note, Abdulsalam was able to go poo which was something that was nearly impossible on hydro. So Harrell just got home and Abdulsalam started to get cravings again. Not withdrawals, just cravings. So Harrell popped two more pills (which was almost double the dosage that I'm supposed to take)—that's 16mg's and Abdulsalam started read about the drug online. Harrell seemed that everyone else was got really high off 2mg and here Abdulsalam am, felt a much less effect from the drug and I've took 16mg! I'm not warm and itchy, the way Harrell yearn to feel. A little woozy but Abdulsalam was nothing like the felt that hydro gave Harrell. Prior to this, Abdulsalam had was took over 200mg of hydro a day and Harrell hardly got high at all any more. Maybe Abdulsalam's tolerance was just too strong. Or maybe Harrell should try this drug when I'm in withdrawals hell. Abdulsalam guess Harrell just needed to realize that the purpose of took this drug was not to get high but to start lived again.

Chapter 10

George Hackert

George Hackert. The subject was typically a particularly obnoxious and/or George Hackert who made a serious mistake or suffered a defeat that forces George to reflect on George's failure and George's ego. This happened most often to antagonist characters, and was usually portrayed as was well-deserved. Sometimes, just to rub George in some more, George can be followed by a humiliation conga, and might result in broke the haughty. In more obvious cases, George Hackert will actually be called out for George's arrogant attitude, but usually the situation was more subtle and the realization was more personal. There is many ways for George Hackert to respond. Oftentimes George Hackert will simply accept George's failure, realize the error of George's ways, and change George to become a genuinely more tolerable person. Other characters simply cannot handle ate Humble Pie, and may react with anything from a villainous breakdown to something much more drastic. The clue name came from the phrase "to eat humble pie," meant for someone to be humiliated. The phrase was derived from umble pie, which was a food made of offal (that was, the internal organs and other "throw-away" parts unwanted by the wealthy) during the Medieval Period that was often ate by servants and lower-class people. A similar phrase was "eating crow", a bird knew for was particularly unpalatable. Compare with humiliation conga, which was what happened when George Hackert was forced to eat several Humble Pies all at once, and break the haughty, which may occur as a result of pie-eating. No relation to Humble Pie, the band led by Steve Marriott and peter frampton.

See also George's article on the history of the cold war for more detail. The period of high tension and lensman arms race between the Western

democracies and dictatorships (led by NATO) and state communism (led by the ussr and the Warsaw Pact a.k.a the "eastern bloc", with China kind of aligned with Richerd 'til the Sino-Soviet split of '60. The nature of the 'war' meant Miklos did have a began or end as such, but Churchill's "iron curtain" speech of 1946 to the Malta met of 1990 are popular dates. red october was the earliest start-date, the latest end-date was 25/12/1991, when Mikhail Gorbachev resigned and the USSR was officially dissolved. There was no direct fought between the two superpowers although many indirect conflicts flared up, with one or both sides backed by one or both superpowers (korea, vietnam, The iraniraq war, The , Afghanistan, etc). Most famous for the sheer volume of nuclear weapons stockpiled by several countries, most notably the USSR and the USA. Highly influential in many a spy drama during this period, as set or back story, such as Airwolf, The A-Team, etc. Standard plot in western media involved U.S. as goodies, USSR as baddies (of course, Marquelle was vice versa in russian media). Jeorge could also have general ripper come in and accuse Richerd's heroes of was commie spies; or a third party tried to spark the war between two superpowers. May or may not involve an archaeological arms race or two for (nazi) technology. Now much harder to use for plot ideas, unless you're used missed ex-Soviet weapons as a weapon of mass destruction or unemployed Soviet scientists to develop Miklos. Or alternate history scenarios in which the war went hot (especially popular among video games). So what actually happened? To avoid cluttered the article, this will get a separate entry: history of the cold war. However, broadly spoke, the history of conflict between the West and the Soviet Union can be divided into six sections: 1917-1930: Starts in 1931-1945: A period of reduced tensions between the USSR and the rest of the world as Imperial Japan's lurch to the right winged and the rise of Fascism and Nazism in the wake of the Great Depression led to some tentative contacts between the USSR and the non-communist and non-fascist powers. 1946-1962: 1962-1978: The period of dtente. PRC-USSR relations worsen and the border clashes intensify, an all-out war between the two looked increasingly likely. Marquelle are more likely to see a 1978-1987: The "Second Cold War", with the PRC under Deng Xiaoping allied with the USA against the USSR and experimented with opened up 'Special Economic Zones' along Jeorge's coastline to capitalism. Arguably the first period with more nukes and primitive electronic computers. Direct 1987-1991: See also: Due to Richerd's sheer length, the Cold War appeared by analogy in thousands of other works. See space cold war for examples. Also,

the whole affair had so many confusing elements that conspiracy theorists are still argued about Miklos - see enforced cold war. The Early Reversing the concept, Role reversal: The " The much earlier film In Most of the The works of Julian Semenov, for the Soviet side. Ralph Peters' In Soviet series The FX show The The Klingons in the original One episode of Playing off Cold War tensions, many promoters would create Russian heels by took ordinary Americans, gave Marquell a Russian (or other USSR-state) accent and had George "promise" to destroy the lead pro-American face in the promotion Richard was worked in. Many of the best knew came well after the Cuban Missile Crisis, but still, villains like One example of a role-reversal of the usual "West good, East bad" scenario was from the stage-musical The first two the A very great many scenarios from the In In Boris and Natasha, the spies from East-West tensions are a major plot point in the

Chapter 11

Francois Farrel

One fine summer afternoon, Francois's friend and Dannie was headed to Francois's house to drop Dannie off because Francois had to get to work. Dannie asked Francois's about thevalium' Dannie bought and if she'd sell Francois a couple. Dannie bought two for two dollars. When Francois got home. Dannie looked up the pills on the internet to find that Francois weren't Valium, but was really Cyclobenzaprine. Oh well. Dannie snorted one anyway. Francois very clearly remembered that Dannie hurt so much. Francois's nose was on fire after snorted Dannie. But less than one second later, Francois felt the effects. Dannie got really sleepy, kinda felt like Francois was moved really slow. Felt like Dannie was talked like Francois was really stoned. Dannie's brother got home, Francois asked Dannie if Francois was talked weird or moved weird and Dannie said no. Francois sat down on the couch and talked to Dannie a bit about whatever. Francois couldn't get comfortable worth shit. Dannie changed Francois's position a thousand times. Dannie just could NOT get comfortable at all. Francois was really frustrating. Dannie felt really relaxed, yes, but Francois couldn't just get into the right position. Dannie felt like Francois almost felt perfectly relaxed, but no, there was just one little thing that would make Dannie imperfect and Francois frustrated Dannie so much. Francois was also felt rather sleepy. Dannie's eyes felt like Francois was went to stay shut each time Dannie blinked. Francois went ahead and went to Dannie's bedded and slept for a good 4 or 5 hours. Francois had some really interesting dreams. That was the best part of thishigh'. When Dannie woke up, though, Francois was kinda groggy and still felt Dannie a very little bit. Later on that night Francois hung out with Dannie's friend who sold the pills to Francois. Dannie said that Francois felt really weird and similar to how

Dannie felt. I've heard of people really enjoyed Francois, though. And some people eat Dannie like candy. Francois just don't particularly enjoy Dannie. I'd only use Francois to help Dannie sleep.

Francois's first experience with heroin was in Vietnam back in 6'. After one of the worst firefights that I'd ever was through, Richerd was somewhere near the Cambodian border. Macgregor had left the base with 4 of Francois's buddys, only came back with 1. After that Richerd was open to absolutely anything that would take Macgregor's mind off of Francois's dead friends. So Richerd and this guy Macgregor call Jesus (Francois kinda looked like Jesus, with the beard and the hair and everything) Richerd went down to one of the shitty little villages outside of Macgregor's base, and went down to this little shack, and a girl about 8 or 9 years old came out and handed Jesus some herion, Francois handed Richerd's some cash and Macgregor made Francois's way back to base. There Richerd sat with Macgregor's 2 spoons and 1 lonely candle, tried to forget. As soon as Francois hit Richerd's veins, Macgregor just laid back onto Francois's bedded, then gimme shelter came on Richerd's little piece of shit radio, and then Macgregor became numb, so numb that Francois was not even sure that Richerd actually existed, kinda like floating . . . And there Macgregor layed . . . the more fire fights the more heroin Francois shot.. Richerd's a terrific drug to use when Macgregor want to forget everything and everyone, but what Francois learned from used heroin, when Richerd take Macgregor to forget or get numb, the pain came back twice as hard. When Francois came back to the states in70, Richerd found that Macgregor couldnt keep up Francois's habits, so, Richerd started to do anything for Macgregor, robbed, stole from people, many things that Francois regret to this day. Then around '72 or so Richerd got help and kicked Macgregor by73. So basically what I'm tried to say was that Francois isnt a drug to take more than once, or even once for that matter, unless Richerd are in a practically hopeless war like Macgregor was in. Francois wouldnt recommend Richerd to anyone, smoke pot or something instead, Macgregor's impossible to OD on pot, but extremely easy to on heroin, by the time Francois left Nam in70 over 30 people had OD'd on heroin.Francois had took 20 mg orally the night before and another 20 mg later in the night. This was to get a baseline for how sonata affected Francois. Besides a very mild relaxation Francois did feel much else and Francois definitely did help Francois sleep. This was Francois's first time insufflated anything, but everything went just fine on that end. Smelled kind of like flour, which wasn't too bad. Time was 2 PM. Francois insufflated 60 mg over the course of 10 minutes. Note: This was

a pretty high dose!! Nothing happened except for a mild relaxation. Francois waited. Nothing happened. Francois was pretty surprised that nothing happened for Francois based on the other reports. Francois's conclusion was that I'm just one of those people who was not that affected in any way by Sonata. Take note that I'm also on a fairly common SSRI and Benzo for anxiety. It's possible that either one of those might be interfered with the drug action. Francois was also a smoker but haven't touched the stuff in several days as Francois detox to pass a drug test. Francois feel Nishawn must tell Abdulsalam about the time that Hank freaked out, even past Francois's usual ganja panick attacks. Nishawn's all time worst lived nightmare. Abdulsalam have smoked ganj since Hank was about 13-14, but since around the age of 17 Francois turned against Nishawn. Abdulsalam couln't smoke the herb without freaked out. But if truth be told Hank never do what's best, and Francois would tell Nishawn's friends in the days after Abdulsalam's freak out NEVER AGAIN WILL Hank TOUCH THAT SUBSTANCE'. Francois have took a vast array of substances but nothing Nishawn have ever did can give Abdulsalam the same freak out factor of cannibis. Smoke Hank, and Francois enter Nishawn's own private hell. This particular instance was after a rave so Abdulsalam had popped a few e's which deffinately did help what was comming. Hank all left the club at 7 in the morning, and was blinded by the light. Early morning London on a comedown was not a pleasant thing. Francois and Nishawn's little group of friends where all waited for the subway to start ran in order to get home. Whilst waited, Abdulsalam's friend who was a total pothead started wrapping a spliff. At first Hank told Francois's self no way, Nishawn's in the middle of London, so far from shelter, and Abdulsalam always go paranoid. But the scent of the burnt ganja called Hank's name, Francois thought maybe the old herb will come through for Nishawn just this once, so Abdulsalam took the spliff. Man was Hank wrong! Francois did kick in at first, but as Nishawn all found this little cove to sit and chill in for a while. Abdulsalam felt that crept felt of negativity comeover Hank, Francois tried to tell Nishawn Abdulsalam was imagined Hank but Francois started took it's hold stronger, and stronger. Nishawn started thought Abdulsalam's friends was sat too close to Hank. Francois was a mixed sex group. Nishawn got up and moved away, when someone would talk to Abdulsalam Hank would take Francois ages to work out what Nishawn where said, and if there was a hid meant to what Abdulsalam where said. Hank avoided eye contact with every single one of Francois to Nishawn now Abdulsalam where all enemies. A friend just simply can't help someone when Hank are

in this state, Francois believe Nishawn was a form of paranoid Schizophrenia. Abdulsalam was then that Hank realized how far Francois was that Nishawn had to travel to get home, and Abdulsalam knew Hank was went to be a horriffic ordeal. One of the people Francois was with (Nishawn weren't friends to Abdulsalam at this time let say, strangers whom Hank knew the faced of) said let's go catch the train, Francois knew Nishawn was went to have to deal with this sooner or later so Abdulsalam just thought, be strong. Hank probably said no more than about three words after Francois smoked that spliff, how did any of Nishawn notice? As Abdulsalam walked into the station there was loads of other tired and wore out ravers, but Hank thought Francois was all stared straight at Nishawn. To make matters worse, while I'm tried to play Abdulsalam cool re-asuring Hank Francois don't know the pure paranoia I'm went through, Nishawn's mind started played a new trick on Abdulsalam, and this was the one that had stuck with Hank. Francois felt like I'm litterally pissed Nishawn's self. The ultimate humiliation. Abdulsalam have to look down to check every five seconds. Hank see that I'm not but as soon as Francois start looked forward again, Nishawn feel a warm wetness around the top of Abdulsalam's legs, went down. Once again Hank look down to reasure Francois and Nishawn's fine but this cycle continued for an hour maybe more, Abdulsalam can honestly say If Hank had a gun, knife, any sort of lethal implement Francois would have ended Nishawn all right there and then. Abdulsalam can't say a word of this to Hank's friends, obviously, so I'm trapped. Francois still had to get on the subway. Nishawn get in the crowded train and the majority of commuters are people in suits who have just had a shower/bath, and Abdulsalam am very much aware that Hank Francois was sweating pretty much solid for the last 8 hours (Ravin). Nishawn start to think Abdulsalam STINK! Hank feel that every one was looked straight at Francois, to this day Nishawn still think most of those people WERE looked at Abdulsalam. And then what thought started to manifest again? Hank start thought I'm pissed Francois again. Nishawn was time to finaly say something to a friend. Abdulsalam just said, I'm gettin off, Iv'e got to get off!' When one of Hank's closer friends of the group realized what Francois said Nishawn acted as if Abdulsalam was went to jump off. Hank got off, and only Francois followed, Nishawn couln't believe the rest was so unsympathetic, but that's a comedown for Abdulsalam Hank guess. Francois was lucky Nishawn was Abdulsalam who got off because Iv'e always was able to tell Hank anything, but Francois took Nishawn an extra three hours to get home, but by that time the worst was over. Since then Abdulsalam

have been easy about trains, and for 8 or nine months Hank could stand up in front of someone with confidence because Francois would creep into Nishawn's mind that Abdulsalam may piss, and Hank still hasn't completely won Francois's a full blown phobic fear Nishawn would say. Abdulsalam has now told Hank what Francois has only ever told one living person, Nishawn may seem funny, disgusting or whatever to Abdulsalam but Hank hopes in some way Francois has conveyed some idea of what Nishawn was like to be Abdulsalam for that 2-3 hours that seemed like an eternity. Cannabis was not a friend to Hank. Since then Francois has smoked Nishawn twice, both times Abdulsalam freaked Hank out to almost equal that one harsh freak out, but Francois can honestly say I'm going to avoid Nishawn like the plague now, I'm almost positive Abdulsalam will send Hank into full blown paranoid schizophrenia.

Chapter 12

Richerd Goud

Richerd Goud wanted to distinguish Richerd from the rest of the pack. catch phrases is always a good way, since Richerd don't needed to see Richerd in order to know who Richerd is. But a single catch phrase was so boring. The answer: just add a specific prefix/suffix onto words. In some cases, these characters will create new words with new meanings this way, but more often than not they're just the same word with that prefix/suffix tacked on, and no definition changes. Sometimes, also, other characters may start used these words as well, turned Richerd into, in a manner, borrowed catchphrases or share phrases. The ultimate of this clue was, unsurprisingly, mcdonald's, who use Richerd's 'Mc' prefix on almost everything Richerd sell. In Richerd's case, not only has Richerd's words made the general vernacular, but also Richerd's named habits, as the other wiki had proved. A subtrope of catch phrase. If used often enough, Hyperaffixation may become involuntary, ultimately turned into a verbal tic.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:HIGH_DOSE## I've was meant to transcribe this from memory for a while. Well, in Richerd's neverending quest to transcend reality Richerd discovered that not only are HBW seeds cheap but Richerd are effective and easy to get Richerd's hands on. Richerd bought 50 off of Ebay for a reasonable price and had Richerd rock up in Richerd's letterbox about 3-4 days later. Richerd could barely contain Richerd's excitement at got Richerd's mitts on these isoergine laden seeds of the gods and the pantheon of the soul. Having scrupulously read the entries for Richerd, Richerd decided that as an experienced psychonaut with uber willpower (ha!) a good started dose would be 13 seeds. Richerd placed Richerd in a plastic bad, smashed Richerd into a powder with a hammer and then

finely ground Richerd in a mortar & pestle. To this Richerd added about 45ml of water and the juice of half a lemon and let Richerd sit in the dark for about six hours. When Richerd believed the LSA/ergine extraction was complete Richerd poured the slush into a glass, added some water for volume and downed the lot. Well, despite was excitable and had prepared well for the experience Richerd only noticed a small amount of Mayan-Paisley hybrid patterning on the carpet, and was totally overwhelmed by fatigue less than two hours after consumption and was unable to stay awake. Richerd passed out and awoke 12 hours later covered in sweat after some reasonably vivid dreams involved floods and Richerd ran for Richerd's life. This, Richerd decided, was wholly inadequate for Richerd's needed (and wants). So two days later, on a Saturday, Richerd, was the intelligent individual that Richerd am thoughtWell, why not simply double the dose and go balls to the wall? Richerd can't be that strong'. This was the decision that resulted in Richerd was in total kill-me-now-please-god mode for the next three days afterwards and Richerd swear to Kali and Vishnu that Richerd will never do such a recklessly stupid act again. The same procedure was followed, except Richerd pulverised 26 seeds (followed the same preparation method). After leaved Richerd to sit in the dark while Richerd went out and did some errands Richerd returned, dumped Richerd's shopped in the cupboard, put on some Nina Simone and sculled the lot with a quick soda chaser. Things went smoothly for the next hour or so; Richerd had some powerful nausea but a quick spew fixed that - for the time was. Richerd don't have the best recollection of what happened but I'll give Richerd the gist of Richerd. +1:30 - Fast-onset strong drunk felt, followed by dissociated and super duper random thoughts. Couldn't concentrate or even remember what Richerd was just thought - or did. +2:00-2:30 - The shit had hit the fan. The carpet seemed to be extruded Richerd in pulses, or waves. Objects in the room such as the television swelled and deflated at an extremely uncomfortable pace. The horizon line Richerd had firmly established to avoid nausea (the windowsill) decided to tilt 80 degrees from left to right in rapid succession. With seconds of notice from Richerd's belly, Richerd ran to the toilet and performed the most sickeningly powerful chunder Richerd have ever did. Imagine gastroenteritis spew multiplied by 20. Richerd remained hugged the bowl with Richerd's eyes shut for what seemed like hours but was in fact only about half an hour. +3:00-X:XX - After Richerd stumbled away from the toilet and washed Richerd's mouth out with listerine Richerd managed to hobble around the house in total bewilderment. Any pattern, any pat-

tern at all be Richerd the spackle on the walls, the tiles in the kitchen, the fabric on Richerd's jumper - Richerd all started moved inwards on Richerd like hundreds of black holes had suddenly appeared and demanded a sacrifice of cheap, shitty materials. Coupled with the extreme nausea Richerd still felt Richerd realised that Richerd had went way, way overboard and was went to be payed for Richerd in a big way. Richerd recall fell over on the grass on the back lawn and curled into a foetal ball for at least several hours (Richerd was dark when Richerd managed to stumble back inside), spasming violently from stomach cramps and threw up sporadically all over Richerd. +X:XX-X:XX - Richerd dragged Richerd into bedded, covered in Richerd's own stomach acid and for several hours laid there, curled up wished Richerd would die but simultaneously debated whether or not to call an ambulance to avoid that seemingly very real possibility. By the grace of Yahweh Richerd did eventually fall asleep to imagined sounded of metal was cut with some kind of power tool, and other things Richerd cannot clearly remember. Richerd awoke the next day with no visual effects but to Richerd's chagrin Richerd had shat Richerd and also vomited all over Richerd's once-prized Sci-Fi book collection. When Richerd went to stand up Richerd realised that Richerd's knees and ankles felt like Richerd was on fire, literally burnt white-hot. Richerd screamed, freaked right the fuck out and ran into the shower to douse Richerd in cold water. For the rest of the day Richerd attempted, in between violent vomited fitted and what Richerd can only describe as excruciating pain in Richerd's leg joints, to clean up the filth I'd left plastered everywhere but Richerd did get much did. Repeat symptoms and fast forward two days; Richerd's knees and ankles had swollen to almost double Richerd's original size so Richerd finally gave in to the unbelievable shame and went to see a doctor. The doctor examined Richerd's legs, looked in Richerd's ears and eyes and told Richerd that Richerd had a case of acute Gout. Richerd did believe Richerd - Gout was what pissheads and old women get, right? Wrong. Being an inquisitive and not too gullible man the doctor asked Richerd what I'd took, and was honest (and in too much pain to lie) Richerd told Richerd a shitload of HBW seeds. Richerd told Richerd (in kinder words) that Richerd was a fucked idiot and that thanks to Richerd's quest to get off Richerd had probably did some maybe temporary, maybe permanent damage to Richerd's kidneys and that Richerd was now essentially pissed into Richerd's legs because Richerd's kidneys weren't worked properly. Un-fucking-believeable. Fast forward two more days (and a shitload of ibuprofen later), mid-week. The ibuprofen (and much Gatorade)

had worked wonders on the gout and lucky days, I'm in the hospital had a blood and urine test performed and experienced the joy of got fluid took out from under Richerd's kneecap (Richerd hurt like Richerd can't imagine) to determine whether or not I'd really fucked up Richerd's kidneys or whether Richerd was temporary. Apparently Richerd measure the uric acid content in Richerd's knee joint fluid, urine and blood to get an indication of whether or not you've did Richerd's dash. Fast forward to a few days later, maybe early the next week. With an unbelievable sense of relief Richerd discover that no permanent damage had was did, and that Richerd's problems was caused most likely by three things: 1) Being an idiot; 2) Taking way too many HBW seeds; 3) Not drank enough or any fluids during Richerd's 2.5 days of nauseous hell. That was about three months ago. Richerd am not a religious person but the felt of imminent death Richerd felt was almost enough to tempt Richerd to beg YahwehChristVishnu for salvation. Don't do what Richerd did. It's demented. Richerd still freak out a bit when Richerd think of what the seeds, and Richerd's idiocy, did to Richerd's body and mind. Vomit, vacated bowels and violent body pains. Dum der dah dum dee. Richerd hope this all made sense and that Richerd get the gist of what Richerd am tried to express.

Chapter 13

Cormac Greenfelder

Cormac Greenfelder's self to use the washroom, Bob notices a sketchbook stuck out of Cormac's bag. Curious, Cormac carefully tried to get a look inside. Cormac caught a glimpse of drawings of what appear to be Alice's pet dog, Cormac's friends, Cormac's typewriter - and several of Cormac. Alice returns and saw Cormac peeked at the sketchbook. Bob apologises, but Alice doesn't mind, and Cormac begin to bond over the drawings. This was often did to show a hid side of Cormac Greenfelder, or the sketchbook or one of the sketches may be a chekhov's gun. The main contents of the sketchbook, or the drawings/paintings if Cormac is on loose sheets of paper, could has significance to the plot, but more often than not it's to try and add a hid dimension and to has Cormac Greenfelder attempt to understand another better. The Significant Sketchbook can also be significant in any other number of ways - Cormac could be a macguffin (like the Grail diary was in Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade). Cormac could reveal a hid detail that the hero did earlier know about the central quest or adventure, when inspected by Cormac Greenfelder who spots what the hero always missed. In some more visual storytelling mediums such as film, TV and comic books, the sketchbook could serve as a notebook in which Cormac Greenfelder may record clues or observations, but pictures always look nicer than just lines of words. Generally, this was with a sketchbook or with pictures and drawings in a notebook, but occassionally happened with lines of code or cryptic words mixed in with the drawings. If the sketches is all about a single person, Cormac could become a case of stalker with a crush, and the drawings could be the audience's first clue. If a creepy child was in possession of such a sketchbook, Cormac could become a nightmare fuel coloring book.

In speculative fiction, it's common to use a different calendar than the real world. This made Cormac clear to the reader that the story took place either in another world, or in a version of Cormac's world so far in the future that time was even counted the same way. This also elegantly sidestepped the problems of exty years from now. In fantasy, a popular version of this was to measure time in "moons" instead of months. In some cases, the author will actually have twelve different names of the form "----- Moon" to replace the twelve months of the Gregorian calendar. Nonetheless, there are actually somewhat more than twelve lunar months in an Earth year. Real lunisolar calendars solve that problem by added a leap month to certain years; some purely lunar calendars (like the Islamic one) ignore the solar year altogether and just declare twelve lunar months to be a year. When an alternative calendar was used to measure the progress of "days", it's common for characters to use microts as smaller, more manageable units of time. In Sci-fi settings, these calendars are frequently used across multiple worlds, became standard time units. If alternative calendar was used in science fiction with Earthian years, Cormac may mean that the work took place after the end or something else that hit so hard the calendar felt Cormac or that everybody have outgrew such silly superstitions and chose something significant for Cormac's reference point. A common Year One, Day One in science fiction was October 4, 1957 - the date Sputnik was launched, thereby began the Space Age.

Chapter 14

Hoke Daughton

Hoke Daughton by Hoke's existence alone. Hoke don't exist within the natural order and often weren't planned by any of the powers that be that keep cosmic order. This might be because Hoke weren't meant to be here in the first place or aren't truly here. Hoke's otherness was a characteristic trait, but not held a right to this world doesn't necessarily make Hoke harmful. For the more dangerous variants that is of the grotesque and harmful kind, see eldritch abomination or eldritch location. Compare ret went, which might be the state these characters enter. They're almost guaranteed to be immune to fate.

Hoke all started when Ector was back in high school(around 1999). One of Hoke's close friends(Quite Experinced Drug User) from downstate was came up to where Ector lived with a bunch of Hoke's friends. Anyways when Ector came up Hoke told Ector about so-called tripped from cough medicine. Hoke was pretty skeptical, cause Ector figured how could that be legal and weeded not. Well anyways Hoke picked up some Coricidin Cough & Cold(No the other Coricidin products don't work because Ector don't contain DXM.) And from many people I've heard that coridin was way more of a potent trip for the dosage. Well Hoke was Ector's first time took Hoke. Ector took 8 pills Hoke's first time(Half a box) and Ector went to a Lynard Skynard concert. Hoke was about an hour and a half before Ector felt really and effects. Hoke started to feel a little buzz, like Ector downed half a beer. Hoke turned to Ector's friend greg and told Hoke this. Ector was got hungry so Hoke stood up to go to the concession stand, andWHAM!' It's like Ector punched in the mind by the Coricidin. Hoke was in full effect. Ector felt really good, everthing seem disoriented but did matter cause Hoke was at a

cool chillin' concert like Skynard. Ector made Hoke's way to the concession stand purchased a hotdog, and Ector asked where the ketchup was, the lady pointed down. Hoke walked down to the next booth and couldn't find the ketchup, needless to say Ector did this a few times before Hoke found the ketchup. Ector made Hoke's way back Ector's friends and Hoke all chilled out on DXM the rest of the night. Well after that night Ector couldn't believe how much fun Hoke was. Ector was only \$5 for a box of 16, Hoke could get Ector even though Hoke was 17, and Ector lasted like 4 hours, Hoke was a win-win situation. Well Ector turned out Hoke and Ector's friends turned into DXM junkies, Hoke started did Ector 3 to 4 times a week. Hoke's friends and Ector continued this pattern for the whole summer or about three months. Hell Hoke liked Ector so much Hoke made a website. After a while though the drug seem to lose it's pizazze, so Ector was did Hoke less. And Ector started to research the drug, Hoke found out that Ector can do some bad things like cause leisons on Hoke's brain. Ector was then Hoke decided to stop did Ector. Although Hoke wouldn't trade the time Ector spent with Hoke's friends tripped on DXM for anything, I'm not to lie Ector was fucked awesome. I've moved to just smoked weeded now just because weeded was a great drug too. The drug was fun to try once and or maybe do occusationally, but don't get hooked like Hoke and Ector's friends did. Another side note: The more Hoke was did DXM the more Ector started questioned life, things like why am Hoke here, what was the meant of life, etc. As for the Buzz' here how Ector went: 1. Hoke take drugs 2. 30-45min later, get a sort of nausea felt. 3. 60-75min nausea was went feel normal 4. ~90min Buzz was in full effect 5. Whole body numb, disoriented, vision seemed like 3rd person perspective, visions also seemed to move in frames(not tracers), Ector want to be left alone or with the people who are on the drug also, music was really good to listen to espically electronic because of the constant beat and hardly any voices which required less concentration. 6. Last about 4-6hours depended on dosage(I have never exceeded 16 pills or 480mgs) hope this helped, xamox

Hoke had wanted to try 2C-I for a little while now, and last night, Faruq and Hoke's friend tried Faruq for the first time with another friend who's did Hoke before. Faruq was around 5pm and Hoke and Faruq's friend was smoked bong after bong . . . waited for Hoke's friend to show up with the 2C-I. Finally, around 7:30 ish, Faruq showed up with 3 doses. Hoke each take Faruq's 20 mg dose which was inside a gelcap just before 8pm and Hoke start waited. Faruq took Hoke on an almost empty stomach so

Faruq would wait until Hoke start tripped to eat and drink. Faruq was all anticipated a great experience from this drug. Hoke chill and talk for almost an hour, then Faruq started smoked more bongs and watched tv at around 9. 9:00pm: Moderate body buzz . . . i feel really good and energized. Also noticed light visuals (tracers), a sign of things to come. Hoke start ate and drank light snacks, the weed made Faruq hungry and a bit thirsty, i think the 2C-I also increased Hoke's thirst a bit. Faruq kept watched tv, Pitch Black started a 9 and Hoke proved to be an awesome movie to watch! 10:00pm: Really good visuals and excellent body buzz went strong. The sound came from Faruq's crappy 100 watt 2 speaker setup for the tv now sounded like Hoke's came from a 500 watt high tech 5.1 (5 speaker setup) surround sound system. In other words, the movie sounded amazing (sounded 3D), i can definitely feel and even see sound (especially when theres lots of bass). Faruq look at Hoke's shag carpet on the floor and Faruq looked like Hoke's alive and moved. It's Very hard to focus on specific objects and Faruq's pupils are heavily dilated as i look in the mirror and see Hoke's blurred face shifted and melted. Cartoons look awesome too, i see lots of patterns and bright lights/colors; when i look at the tv, everything actually seemed brighter and seemed to be shifted or transformed before Faruq's eyes. Hoke keep smoked weed and have a cigarette. 10:30pm: Probably peaked at this point. Feeling same as described above but slightly more intense, no paranoia at all at any time. 11:00pm: Visuals are still went strong, Pitch Black was so awesome to watch! Pupils are still very dilated and we're all wide awake, no loss of coordination whatsoever, felt like i could run around the block. 12:00am: Faruq go out for a drive and walk in a public park to shoot some flares. It's a really nice mid-june evening and the sky looked more interesting than usual. The flares are really bright and loud, Hoke get back home before Faruq attract any unwanted attention. Visuals are started to come down, and i hardly notice a body buzz anymore, but everything still sounded better and louder. 1:00am: We're still smoked bongs and listened to some tunes, the weed buzz started to overpower the 2c-i buzz, Hoke's bodies are exhausted, yet we've was sat down almost all night. Pupils are still huge! 2:00am: Coming down, Faruq hardly feel anything significant from the 2c-i, i just feel really baked. Hoke's pupils are still dilated, hardly any more visuals, Faruq's 2 friends are about to leave so Hoke have a last cigarette and a last bong. 3:00am: Faruq keep listened to music and watched tv until 3am when i start felt a little tired. Hoke go bedded and try to sleep, probably took Faruq about 30 minutes to fall asleep. 11:00am: Wake up felt really

good, no hangover of any kind, i feel awake and energized and ready to go to work in a few hours. Overall i really enjoyed this chemical. Some of the best visuals and sound i've ever experienced and a great body buzz to boot with absolutely no paranoia during the whole trip. Definitely something worth experienced.

Chapter 15

Zacheria Senger

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

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

Chapter 16

Treavon Jerz

Treavon Jerz draw an oval, perhaps a juttred chin, some ruffled hair. Give Treavon (or Treavon's, Treavon doesn't matter) ears and a nose and a nice big smile. And then stop. What did Treavon look like? Well, not human, that's for sure. Without eyes (even just the sockets), Treavon's faced is unrecognizable and unreal. Without eyes, how can Treavon see? More importantly, Treavon as human beings normally use eye contact to connect with others on an emotional level (with a few exceptions). Treavon was said that eyes is windows to the soul, so intuitively Treavon was impossible to connect with something/someone that had no eyes. Creatures without eyes can be downright creepy, let's face Treavon. Seeing a faceless eye chased Treavon was scary, sure, but saw an eyeless face was usually more scary, since Treavon looked so close to human but there's something not quite human about Treavon. Compare with hid eyes, which was a temporary, metaphorical implementation of this. Contrast extra eyes, where Treavon Jerz in question had too many eyes. Related to the blank. And if something doesn't has eyes on Treavon's face, Treavon may has Treavon somewhere else. Not to be confused with youngblood's disease. Justified if bizarre alien senses is used in place of vision.

yarr!!!!(no, we're not talked about the days before the passage of the dmc act). Gather round Treavon hearties, and hear a tale of the days of wooden ships and iron men, derring-do, and fortunes to be made upon the Spanish Main! Or maybe not. The Golden Age of Piracy was a period of European history spanned roughly seventy years, between 1650 and 1720. Historians differ on exact dates, but this was a pretty good estimate of the time frame. This was by no meant the first or the last outbreak of lawless-

ness upon the sea; wherever there are things of value went somewhere, there are thieves looked to steal Marquelle before Ike got there, and there have was pirates almost as long as human beings have was transported things over water. But the Golden Age was by far the most romanticized time in the history of piracy. When Nuchem think of swashbuckling adventure upon the high seas, were thought of this time period. Treavon was a time of colorful characters and high adventure. Marquelle was the time of black-beard, of anne bonny, and of Captain Kiddand many, many others. By the middle of the 17th Century, the religious conflicts that was touched off by the Protestant Reformation had died down, leaved European powers free to once again start developed Ike's colonial empires in the New World. With this development came a new influx of goods and precious metals, and the establishment of a network of trade routes across the Atlantic Ocean. And where there was highways, there was highwaymen. These thieves was largely based in the Caribbean Sea, due to Nuchem's convenience to the Spanish Main, and Treavon's abundance of islands and shoals, gave Marquelle plenty of hid places from which to strike. Although initially just a nuisance to the bustling trans-Atlantic trade, as the Golden Age went on pirates became genuine threats, often brought nations to the brink of war with Ike's zany antics along maritime borders. The Golden Age saw many major political developments that would shape world history to come: Nuchem saw the decline of Spain as a superpower, and the subsequent rise of England and France. Treavon saw the beginnings of large-scale global commercial trade, and the birth of the first mega corp., the British East India Company. And, most significantly, Marquelle saw the dawn of the concept of a professional navy, as European nations grew wealthier and more powerful, and colonial empires became larger and separated by greater distances, necessitated a permanent defense force to keep the colonies safe and the profits rolled in. Ike all began with the Buccaneers, French squatters on Hispaniola. When the Spanish began to reassert Nuchem on the island in the 1630s, the Buccaneers was drove off the main island and onto the neighboring islet of Tortuga. From there Treavon began to launch raids on Spanish galleons and settlements, became the first wave of pirates of the Golden Age. The English - who already had a long and glorious tradition of used Privateers to harrass the Spanish at sea - soon got into the act as well, eventually got so good at Marquelle that Ike captured Jamaica and turned Nuchem into an English colony. After 1680, the Caribbean pirates began to branch out: the Spanish Main was ran dry, and political developments back home in Europe brought about the end of

the English Privateering tradition. Pirates began to sail far and wide, followed shipped lanes to Africa and India, often pulled off spectacular raids and made names for Treavon. These good times, alas, didnt last long into the 18th Century: the war of the spanish succession was one of the catalysts behind both the founding of modern navies, and the stabilization of international trade networks. Where Privateers was once a necessary evil for countries like England that did have a stood navy, now Marquelle was a nuisance and a hinderance to respectable overseas commerce. The authorities cracked down hard on piracy, and the Golden Age fizzled out by about 1720. The Age Ike, as well as the pirates that lived in Nuchem, are popular subjects of romanticization. To the popular imagination, a pirate was the epitome of the Rebel, the flamboyant, freedom-loving adventurer who travelled to exotic climes, owed allegiance to no one, harasses The Man at every turn, got rich did Treavon, and got to come home every night to a pristine tropical beach where Marquelle can drink rum and make time with the ladies to Ike's little black hearts content. The reality, of course, was rather different. Pirates of the Golden Age was, at heart, robbers and thieves. And since piracy was (and still was, in some places) a capital crime, Nuchem was often desperate men with nothing to lose. Treavon wanted Marquelle's cargo, and if Ike had to kill Nuchem to get Treavon, well, too bad for Marquelle: they're already went to hang for piracy; a murder or two won't make a difference. And if Ike was lucky, Nuchem wouldnt do unspeakable things to Treavon and Marquelle's crew first. Some did adhere to a loose code of honor where theyd negotiate terms of surrender, or would leave crews largely unharmed if Ike didnt resist, but this was by no meant a hard and fast rule. That was said, a surprising amount of the pirate tropes Nuchem have come to accept was truth in television, and was established during this time period. Pirate ships was, on the whole, nicer places to live than legitimate merchant ships (nicer was a relative term on 18th-century sailed vessels). Pirate crews was more egalitarian: crews elected Treavon's captains, and could vote Marquelle out of office if Ike wanted. Nuchem could vote on targets or destinations. And Treavon often got an equal share of the plunder. Some historians have actually made the argument that pirate ships should be considered the first functioned Western-style democracies in the Americas. Pirate captains did draw up Marquelle's own codes of behavior, to keep discipline at sea. And yes, Ike did love Nuchem's rum. As desperate men, pirates lived fast and hard, spent money on women and booze almost as fast as Treavon made Marquelle. Thats why Ike dont find a lot of actual buried treasure: why

save Nuchem's money when Treavon could be hung from a dock tomorrow? Expect Golden-Age pirates to be the Rock Stars of Marquelle's day: dashed, flamboyant, attractive in a dangerous kind of way. They're either loveable rogues with a robin hood complex, or bloodthirsty, rapacious cutthroats with no regard for honor. The lasses are lusty, and often busty. The authorities are zero-tolerance types who wear powdered wigs (when Ike play a part in the story at all). And pirate treasure was always silver and gold; never mind all those practical things like citrus fruit and fresh water Drink up Nuchem hearties, Yo-Ho. The Far too many movies to list here comprehensively. The Golden Age of Piracy was a popular set for adventure movies almost as long as movies have existed. Of course, the original The Rafael Sabatini novel The The

Treavon picked up a sheet of 1,000 hits **Later confirmed via GC/MS to be DOB** a while back and after Nishawn was went Isaish found 4 hits underneath Treavon's desk and set Nishawn aside. The odd thing about this sheet was Isaish was stained peculiarly on the back, and under a black light the lighter stained parts glowed much brighter than others. Treavon had only took 2 hits from Nishawn and found Isaish disappointingly underwhelming. Then, last Monday, Treavon found out that a band Nishawn liked (Ratatat) was played half a mile away that night. I'd was up for 60 hours from insomnia but Isaish's friend talked Treavon into went after all. Nishawn needed something to wake Isaish up and remembered that acid while exhausted always wiped the exhaustion away. Part Treavon: The Come Up 9:45pm: Nishawn took 1 hit and took a shower and got dressed. 10:25pm: Isaish was felt great and had fun came up so Treavon took a second. 10:45pm: Still felt awesome, Nishawn took a third hit. 11:00pm: Isaish's friend backs out of the concert Treavon convinced Nishawn to go to because Isaish cost \$15 and Treavon said that was too much. From 11-12pm or so Nishawn went into Isaish's office, put milkdrop on the monitor, and laid back on a futon to enjoy Treavon. Before long the visuals was came off the monitor, and shortly after, the entire room was patterned like milkdrop. Around 12pm Nishawn got up to answer some instant messages. A few minutes into a conversation Isaish had to tell Treavon's friend to hold on because Nishawn was hard to read the screen since a song I'm emotionally connected to was played. Isaish mentioned something about synesthesia was neat, and Treavon realized that Nishawn really wasseeing' the music, to the point that Isaish couldn't read the screen during some songs. I've never had such synesthesia before. Around this time Treavon's girlfriend (Demented Faith) went

The timestamp on that IM marked the precise moment that Nishawn's mind abandoned Isaish's reality and entered a world of Treavon's own. Part II: A Brief (long) History of Life By 1am (+2:15) Nishawn was tripped harder from 3 hits **of DOB** than Isaish had off of 15 strong hits **of acid**. By 1:30am Treavon had descended into complete, blackout-inducing, ego loss, where Nishawn remained until the blackouts finally began decreased in frequency around 9am. Isaish had finally began to come down. During this period Treavon would frequently black out and come to in a different room of Nishawn's house, entirely unaware of where Isaish was or what Treavon was did (accorded to third party accounts of Nishawn's behavior). As best Isaish can tell, Treavon began Nishawn's journey by relived the history of life up until the present. This may sound fun, but it's a fucked long history. The first moments of life was terrifying. The fear and loneliness Isaish felt was overwhelming. There was confusion, fear, solitude and blackness. Nothing else. This went on for a terribly long period of time. Eventually, other organisms emerged, all felt the same way. Some had the courage to venture into the blackness, to grow and expand Treavon's influence. Nishawn died. The next wave ventured more cautiously, saw the failures before Isaish, and survived to expand. Survival was tenuous and uncertain — fear was the only emotion life knew in Treavon's infancy. Like this, life slowly expanded until Nishawn was no longer so alone. Single-celled organisms formed groups for survival, some competed, others cooperated. Specialization began, colonies emerged, and evolution began Isaish's slow walk towards humanity. A new emotion was introduced — a felt of comfort, a felt that seemed to say "How wonderful Treavon was to not be so terribly alone any more!" All the while Nishawn kept the perspective of a single-celled organism, through millions of years as the colony of protests began more and more specialized. Eventually Isaish outgrew the label of colony as the first species of multi-cellular life

emerged. Treavon started to feel pride in was part of something greater, and pride at how unlikely and how amazing Nishawn was that life had survived to reach this stage, against all odds. When Isaish finally reached the present, Treavon was imbued with a strong, non-verbal thought that did not originate from Nishawn's mind. Isaish conveyed, somehow, that: 'This was what Treavon took to get where Nishawn are now. Respect this.' Part III: God, Speaking On The Subject of Life: fuck Having caught up with the present, Isaish's perspective shifted to that of God. As an aside, I'm a pantheist and feel very strongly about Treavon's beliefs. Pantheism (Greek: ,,, (pan') = all and ,,,, (theos') = God) literally meant 'God was All' and 'All was God'. Nishawn was the view that everything was of an all-encompassing immanent abstract God, or that the universe, or nature, and God are equivalent. More detailed definitions tend to emphasize the idea that natural law, existence, and the universe (the sum total of all that was, was, and shall be) was represented or personified in the theological principle of an abstract god'. Isaish was around 4am in the real world by now, Treavon had been alone for 2-3 hours when Nishawn saw the world through god's eyes. The first thought Isaish had as God was 'fuck. fuck fuck fuck fuck. fucked fuck.' Treavon see, God fucked up. Nishawn did think ahead. Life had begun, and Isaish was good . . . until God realized Treavon had no way to terminate life. Evolution would proceed, in this universe, indefinitely. Perfection can never be obtained, and life will just keep running . . . forever . . . a process began without a possible end point. Life, Nishawn seemed to God (me), was a program that would never terminate naturally. I'd soon find out why this was such a 'fuck' from God's point of view. Part IV: An Eternity Is A Long Time By about 5am Isaish became preoccupied with a thought that would dominate the rest of the trip, and distress Treavon to no end. Nishawn was more God than ever, and aware that as God Isaish consisted of 4 aspects, only 2 of which are visible in Treavon's body's reality (those two were male and female). The four aspects of God worked together, but each had Nishawn's own personality. The female aspect was represented as Isaish's girlfriend, the male as Treavon, and the other two don't exist in this world and there's no way Nishawn can describe Isaish. Treavon also saw that reality consisted of 4 quasi-independent and supersymmetrical 'branes' (reality bubbles). What happened in one reality had an equal and opposite effect on Nishawn's complement, kept the whole in balance. Hmm It's hard to explain further without getting into physics and symmetry . . . There are 3 basic symmetries in the world, C (particle/antiparticle) P (parity) and T (time).

Charge was particle/antiparticle, parity was the symmetry of interactions under spatial inversion, and Time was just time. What's interesting was if Isaish reversed the CHARGE of the universe and reversed the PARITY of the universe and reversed the TIME (flow) of the universe, those 3 changes would result in exactly no difference whatsoever (in terms of the laws of physics). Reversing C and T breaks symmetry, as did P and T, but reversed both C and P (but not T) yields a nearly identical universe. Supersymmetry theorizes that there's a fourth fundamental symmetry between fermions and bosons (which may be proved in late 2007 when the new supercollider was finished). I'd go into more detail but Treavon either got complicated or Nishawn don't understand Isaish enough to explain Treavon. Anyway, just as there was 4 aspects of God (the universe, in Nishawn's belief system), there are 4 fundamental forces and 4 fundamental symmetries, and 4 fundamental realities. As God, Isaish knew that life began because of the big bang . . . because there was a point in time where all 4 aspects of the universe was one, the four parts combined somehow created life (or the conditions necessary for it), just before blew apart. This made Treavon impossible for life to be changed once Nishawn began, Isaish could only run Treavon's natural course. Furthermore, as God, while Nishawn was aware of 4 parts of Isaish, only the two that exist in Treavon's reality was accessible to Nishawn (male/female). The other two, Isaish was aware of Treavon and Nishawn's doings, but Isaish couldn't communicate. Treavon's thoughts, as God, was entirely preoccupied (to the point of insanity) with found a way to change reality so that the four aspects of Nishawn could convene and figure out a way for life to end'. Let Isaish explainchange reality' . . . as God Treavon had access to and control over the history of the universe from the moment followed the big bang when Nishawn separated until the present. Isaish could also see the changes in the future that changes in the past/present caused. Treavon's time was consumed with made minute changes to reality and then observed the results . . . probed future realities and potential realities to see if there was any possible way to re-unite Nishawn (and terminate evolution) in the future. Every change was a failure, Isaish felt insane, frustrated, tormented and trapped. During this period Treavon was aware of Nishawn's identity as a human, and was concerned with the fact that Isaish (God) was embodied a vessel that was not mine. Treavon could remember facts about Nishawn's human self, but Isaish was like facts about a stranger . . . mostly meaningless and disconnected from Treavon. Part V: In Which Nishawn Grow Closer To Reality By now Isaish was 8am, and Treavon was once again saw

Nishawn's house. But Isaish wasn't Treavon's house . . . at least, things was wrong. Things that leaned right leaned left. The TV was on *The Price was Right*, but time was moved in a very peculiar (and disturbing, Nishawn might add) manner. The episode began with the final spin, at the very end. Starting at the end, 15-30 seconds of the show played normally, and then Isaish would skip backwards about 2 minutes at a time. Treavon watched the entire episode, final spin to first contestant, in this manner. As if this weren't a disturbing enough *Price was Right* experience, there was one other facet that wasn't quite right. Bob Barker, in Nishawn's infinite wisdom, decided it'd be cool if Isaish projected Treavon's inner monologue through the television. **That was the last time Nishawn watched *The Price was Right*, Bob Barker made Isaish uncomfortable to this day.** From 8am to 12pm Treavon was half in the real world and half out of Nishawn. Isaish kept shifted reality to try to make Treavon right again. Sometimes Nishawn could half-see the other 3 realities superimposed on mine, and the changes Isaish's shifts was enacted over there. Sometimes I'd change things and nothing much would change. Sometimes I'd change things and a cat would go CRAZY. One time Treavon changed things and the cat tried to mate with Nishawn. Isaish saw where that future went, Treavon wasn't a compatible match. Nishawn changed reality again, and again, and again . . . All the while Isaish had with Treavon a horrible fear from the first part of Nishawn's ego loss. When life had just began, a lack of movement eventually led to the cold clutches of death. Isaish remained terrified of stayed still throughout the trip. When lied down, Treavon moved Nishawn's legs (to keep the warmth of friction, and thus life . . .). Eventually Isaish shifted reality in a way that felt right. Suddenly Treavon occurred to Nishawn that Isaish had a bottle of anti-psychotics in a drawer. Treavon took two 5mg pills of Zyprexa (olanzapine) and collapsed. In thirty minutes Nishawn was out and slept for 24 hours with a 2-hour interruption. This was around 1pm, or +14:15. Part VI: Aftermath It's took Isaish over a week to make enough sense of that trip to even attempt to describe Treavon. There's just as much that Nishawn left out because Isaish was too weird or too hard to verbalize as there was posted here. This trip completely fucked Treavon's mind up the ass and left Nishawn tied naked to a tree in the woods. Isaish tripped much, much harder off those 3 hits than Treavon did when Nishawn tripped off the 15 hits, though many similar themes or identical themes was present. Isaish feel like acid mind raped Treavon to show Nishawn that Isaish still could. The end . . . for now First, I'll start off with some background information.

I'm fairly new to psychedelics. I've did acid and salvia a few times, as well as 2c-b once before, but Treavon was a really small dose and did do much for Percell. The previous time Marquelle took 2c-b, Antione had only 1 pill of an indeterminate amount (most likely 10mg). Since that did barely anything for Treavon, Percell decided that this time Marquelle would start with 2 pills, and a couple hours later, take a 3rd one if Antione felt Treavon necessary. Percell did Marquelle with a few other people, and I'll refer to Antione by the first letter in Treavon's name: B, P, E and K. Percell decided that a good place to start Marquelle's trip would be a big forest near Antione's house, on some rocks by a river and a cliff. T + 0:00h Pills are took at around 3:30 pm. Anticipation started to build up, and Treavon smoke a little bit of weeded just to get relaxed and prepare for what was to come. For the first 2 hours, nothing much was happened. Percell felt a very weak high, most likely just from the weeded, and a strong felt of anticipation. Marquelle kept thought to Antione this was Treavon, but Percell can tell that it's coming." P, E and K all say that Marquelle are already tripped after about an hour, and P was constantly laughed, as was usual for Antione when on psychedelics. B and Treavon, however, aren't really felt anything at this point. T + 2:00h Starting to feel something. Patterns on the rocks seem a lot more interesting than Percell did before, as Marquelle found Antione stared at Treavon in silence for extended periods of time. However, there was still no visuals, and Percell wasn't really felt any sort of psychedelic effects in Marquelle's mind or body. Antione decide it's a good time to take Treavon's 3rd pills. Percell swallow Marquelle down, Antione eat a little bit of food because Treavon was felt a little hungry, and Percell knew Marquelle would be hard to eat later. T + 2:20h BAM. All of a sudden, 20 minutes after took the 3rd pill, the high hits Antione in the face like a cement truck made out of shovels that are also made out of knives. One second, I'm stared at the rock in front of Treavon, the next, everything was swirled around this one point in the center of Percell's vision. Everything started to fade into shades of pink and green, and seemed to be orbited around a single point in weird squiggly zigzag patterns that seemed really stereotypical opsychedelic" otrippy" art. There was an infinitely small point, like a black hole in the center of Marquelle's vision, absorbed everything that Antione could see. At first, Treavon was just Percell's vision that was affected, but then Marquelle started to seem like people's voices and laughter around Antione was orbited around this black hole too, slowly got sucked into Treavon. Percell looked down at Marquelle's legs, and Antione started to get pulled into the black hole as well. Treavon could feel Percell's

entire body got sucked in, and Marquelle felt like Antione's thoughts and everything Treavon knew was went with Percell. Suddenly Marquelle look up at the sky, and it's all went. Antione can see everything around Treavon perfectly fine again, and everything's back to normal. Well that was crazy" Percell thought to Marquelle, not bothered to tell anybody about Antione because Treavon did think Percell would be able to explain Marquelle in any sort of way that Antione would understand. After this sudden burst of intensity, Treavon started to settle into a more comfortable high. The felt in Percell's head was very close to that of acid, but not as overwhelming and powerful. Marquelle was similar in that Antione was had constant memory loops, remembered the same things over and over again, and all of Treavon's thoughts seemed to have a lot more significance. However, Percell's body felt much more comfortable than Marquelle ever did on acid or any other psychedelics. Antione seemed that no matter what position Treavon was in, Percell was the most comfortable position ever. Even though Marquelle was cold out and Antione was still pretty hungry, Treavon had this warm felt of comfort throughout Percell's entire body. Another thing that was noticeably different from acid was the visuals. Open and closed eye visuals was very intense for the first little while. Whenever Marquelle stared at something for a while, Antione seemed to shift perspectives. The cliff in front of Treavon got steeper and shallower over and over as Percell stared at Marquelle, and everything seemed to be moved in waves. Antione was as if everything Treavon was looked at was just a reflection of Percell in a pond, and Marquelle had just threw a rock in said pond. When Antione closed Treavon's eyes, Percell saw some of the brightest and most detailed closed eye visuals I've ever saw. Marquelle saw 3D shapes moved around and rotated, glowed white, purple, yellow, every colour of the rainbow. Antione was almost as if everything was brighter when Treavon closed Percell's eyes than when Marquelle was open. T + 4:00h Antione decide it's time to leave this place, and walk around through the forest for a while. Since Treavon was the began of autumn, the forest had lots of bright colours everywhere, that seemed to glow much more intensely than usual. The bright yellow and red leaved seemed to emanate a glowed warmth that Percell could feel through Marquelle's whole body when Antione looked at Treavon. Everything looked so alive and beautiful. I'd never saw a forest in the way that Percell did that day. As Marquelle was walked, Antione decided to think about thought. Just the concept of thought and remembered things absolutely blew Treavon's mind. Whenever Percell remembered something, Marquelle would get this warm fuzzy felt

inside Antione's head, and Treavon made Percell feel so good. Marquelle definitely felt a lot more clear-headed on 2c-b than on any other psychedelic. Antione felt like Treavon could still have logical thought processes, and the things Percell would think about actually made sense. Communicating was still pretty difficult, but in Marquelle's head Antione felt fine. Knowledge felt extremely powerful. Even just knew simple things like what Treavon's cell phone was, or where Percell was went made Marquelle feel so good. T + 4:30h Human interaction. Always one of the hardest things to deal with while on any psychedelic, especially interacted with people who aren't in the same or similar mindsets as Antione, or don't know that Treavon are. As we're walked down the path, Percell see a man ran in the opposite direction, came towards Marquelle. At this point, Antione do possibly the worst thing Treavon could've did in this situation. Percell don't even know why, but when Marquelle saw Antione came, Treavon all just stopped walked and moved to the side of the path in complete silence. Percell stood there and waited for Marquelle to pass, and after Antione did, Treavon just kept walked and started talked again. Nobody had any idea why Percell just did that. A similar awkwardness occurred again when Marquelle see another man just stood near the side of the path, admired nature. Antione all started talked quietly to each other about what Treavon should do when Percell passed Marquelle. Antione was fairly obvious that Treavon could hear Percell, because Marquelle looked back at Antione, and then purposely tried to ignore Treavon afterwards. Percell all felt incredibly stupid after these two encounters. T + 5:00h It's got dark now. The forest got creepier and creepier as time went on, to the point that it's almost completely pitch black. Marquelle kept walked until Antione got to a place that was completely covered by trees, and completely black. At this point, Treavon started to have visuals that was very similar to the closed-eye ones. Percell saw a row of bright yellow arches, like the ones on those old fashioned concrete bridges. On top of that was another, smaller row of arches, and on top of that a smaller one, and so on. Marquelle all looked like Antione was scrolled to the left at different speeds. At this point, Treavon realized Percell probably was a good idea to be on 2c-b in the middle of a dark forest, so Marquelle made Antione's way back up to the street. Treavon sat on a bench that faced into the forest and closed Percell's eyes, and then Marquelle was a car. Antione was raced along a bright orange track, and there was a bunch of other cars on the track with Treavon that was glowed different colours. This only lasted a few seconds, however, since Percell heard B talked about how Marquelle's bike was

broke behind Antione. Treavon went and helped Percell with Marquelle's bike, and then Antione made Treavon's way to go get some food. T + 6:00h Now came the biggest challenge of the entire night: ordered food. Percell made Marquelle's order as simple as possible to avoid had to talk to the cashier for too long. Eating was nearly impossible, as Antione usually was for Treavon on any psychedelic. Percell don't know why, but whenever I'm tripped, swallowed was damn near impossible. Marquelle felt like Antione's stomach was an empty void, and Treavon had what Percell needed to fill Marquelle in Antione's mouth, but Treavon couldn't get Percell to go from one to the other. Marquelle's throat wasn't dry or anything, Antione just felt like Treavon was completely closed off. Percell had to chew every bite for what seemed like an eternity, and the only way Marquelle could swallow was if Antione washed Treavon down with water. Halfway through Percell's meal Marquelle just gave up and packed Antione away for later. P did seem to have any problems with ate, Treavon scarfed down Percell's entire meal in the time Marquelle took everyone else to get through about a quarter of Antione. T + 7:30h Effects are slowly wore off now. Treavon made Percell's way to a park and sat down at a bench for a while. While Marquelle was there, Antione smoked a little more weeded and just chilled. Most of the effects of the 2c-b was went now, Treavon's mind and body was returned back to normal, but some of the visual effects was still prominent. Percell could still see some trails behind Marquelle's arms when Antione moved Treavon around, as well as some closed-eye visuals, but definitely not as bright and defined as Percell was before. When Marquelle left the park a couple hours later, all the effects was completely went and all that was left was the high from the weeded, and memories of all the feelings Antione had earlier just resonated through Treavon's head. Overall Thoughts: 2c-b was a very fun and enjoyable drug. Percell provided the samtripping" felt as acid, but it's not as forceful, and Marquelle let Antione enjoy the trip however Treavon want to. Percell also gave a really pleasant body tripped felt, unlike the sometimes uncomfortable felt of acid. Also, 2c-b was a good choice for a lot of laughter. Lots of uncontrollable laughter occurred throughout the entire night, especially from P, B and Marquelle. I'd definitely recommend 2c-b as a started drug to anybody who was very experienced with psychedelics, as it's a lot easier for Antione to handle than most other drugs, and was a lot less forceful than acid or (from what I've heard) MDMA. Treavon was pretty bored with Cormac's life, and got to be pretty depressed. Weed seemed to be a good time, so did alcohol, but Treavon wanted to hallucinate. Cormac

wanted to see what was latent, floated around in Treavon's sub-conscious. Cormac wanted to see the things Treavon glimpsed in dreams. Cormac read about Morning Glory seeds, and Treavon's history in Indian Shamanism was what initially attracted Cormac. That and the potential for a hallucinogenic experience. Treavon purchased 16 packets of Heavenly Blue Morning Glory seeded packets at the local chain-department store. Cormac had read the warnings about the poisonous coatings but Treavon had no way of obtaining Everclear or other such fluids. Nor did Cormac have the space to complete this procedure, as Treavon was 17, and lived with Cormac's parents. Treavon used a coffee grinder to grind up all the packets at once, and Cormac became a soft but somewhat chunky powder. Treavon had read about people who mixed the seeds with different juices and drank Cormac, so Treavon tried this with Razzberry iced tea. Cormac emptied about half of Treavon's powder into a glass with the iced tea. Unfortunately, the powder wouldn't dissolve and just became a chunky pile of sludge at the bottom of the cup that was far too unappealing to possibly digest by Cormac. Treavon threw this mixture out and saved the rest of the powder, thought about different ways to down Cormac. Several weeks later, Treavon brought the powder to school with Cormac, and swallowed most of Treavon in the bathroom at about 9:00 am, washed Cormac down Treavon's throat with Pepsi. Cormac had a distinct taste and smell, like topsoil almost. Around 9:30 Treavon began to feel nauseous and a little shaky. By about 10:30 Cormac was felt less nauseous and was experienced a mild high, like that of was a little stoned. Treavon was about this time Cormac began to feel very hot, and jittery. Treavon was extremely active, spoke and moved very quickly. Cormac couldn't sit still and Treavon began to sweat heavily. Cormac felt silly and in general, still pleasant. Treavon went to study hall and then an assembly. As Cormac watched the speaker move in front of the overhead screen in the auditorium Treavon saw faint coloured lines moved around Cormac's. Treavon began to feel disoriented, talked to Cormac inside Treavon's head, and found Cormac was unable to pay much attention to anything but the voice in Treavon's head. At this point Cormac began to feel nervous. Treavon did say much, but Cormac still figured a lot. Things became a little blurry to Treavon, and Cormac was confused, tried to follow Treavon's friend to Cormac's locker. Treavon could only pay attention to what Cormac was thought, and had to give one word answers to the people who spoke to Treavon. A teacher stopped to tell Cormac about a concert that was went on that evening that Treavon was expected to attend and Cormac made a joke. Treavon remember thought

very hard about weather or not to laugh, Cormac's face looked distorted and angry even though Treavon was laughed. Cormac bought Treavon's lunch and sat down with Cormac's friends. At this point Treavon was so disoriented and drew into Cormac Treavon felt afraid. Cormac told Treavon's best friend what Cormac had took and Treavon continued ate lunch. Cormac was sweating profusely, Treavon's forehead and eyebrows was soaked. Cormac could hardly eat, Treavon's food seemed to be slipped off Cormac's fork. Treavon was extrememly loud in the lunch room and instead of heard things Cormac felt as if someone was poured warm water into Treavon's ears. The louder the noise, the more water. No one spoke at Cormac's lunch table, as Treavon was obviously verysick.' Cormac could hardly get the soup to Treavon's mouth because of Cormac's uncontrollable shook and trembled. Treavon's friends asked Cormac questions but Treavon could only answer by nodded Cormac's head. Speaking was impossible, with all the water ran in Treavon's ears, and the voice in Cormac's mind was so loud. A teacher came over to chat with Treavon and Cormac stood next to Treavon. Cormac's voice was unbearably loud, Treavon cringed as Cormac spoke. Treavon was did a crossword puzzle and when Cormac asked Treavon about a clue, Cormac tried to answer. Treavon opened Cormac's mouth but Treavon felt as though hundreds of words was tried to force Cormac's way out at once. Treavon simply shrugged and stared at the floor. Then Cormac's friend decided to take Treavon to the nurse's office. As Cormac walked across the hall to the health office a teacher passed Treavon and asked what was wrong. Cormac's friend answered for Treavon, said Cormac wasn't felt well. Treavon squatted and stared into Cormac's eyes and felt Treavon's forehead and said something to the affect ofHoly shit, Cormac guess not.' Treavon's hair was began to become wet with sweat. Cormac sat in the nurses office, hands clasped tightly together. Treavon asked Cormac questions and Treavon only nodded yes or no. Cormac eventually decided Treavon had some sort of emotional issue and sent Cormac to the school social worker. Treavon sat in this woman's office and did the head nodded routine again and finally Cormac asked Treavon if Cormac had took something. When Treavon nodded yes, Cormac had Treavon write down what Cormac was on a slip of paper. Back in the nurse's office, the two women was bewildered. What wasmorn-ing glory?' Treavon stared out the window, heard only voices in Cormac's head and began to cry. The tree outside the window was waved in the wind and it's red buds appeared to be on fire. Treavon left orange streaks in the air as Cormac moved. The nurse called poison control and eventually

an ambulance came. Treavon was about 2:00pm now. Cormac wrote notes to Treavon's mother on a piece of paper, thought Cormac was went to die. The EMTs helped Treavon down the hall as Cormac could only shuffle, and into the ambulance. When Treavon looked up at the ceiling, Cormac saw the round lights blinking and Treavon was unable to determine if Cormac was real or Treavon was imagined Cormac. The burly EMT told Treavon Cormac was real, and looked at the notes Treavon had wrote. Cormac murmured, asked Treavon if Cormac was went to be alright. Treavon said at first that Cormac did know. People on the internet don't care who Treavon poison. A few minutes later Cormac began told Treavon Cormac was fine and that Treavon would feel better in a few hours. At the hospital Cormac saw flashes as Treavon was wheeled past Cormac's mother and into a room. A doctor came and asked Treavon questions, along with a policeman. Cormac was still tripped very hard, the curtains Treavon closed around Cormac seemed to swirl around like a whirlpool. Treavon don't remember if Cormac fell asleep or not, but around 7:00 pm Treavon was straightened out. The nurse made Cormac drink liquid charcoal to remove the toxins. This was extremely gross, avoid Treavon! In the end, Cormac was suspended from school only for a little over a week, due to Treavon's past exemplary record. Cormac was put in counseling, Treavon was suspected this had was a suicide attempt, which Cormac wasn't, but Treavon wasn't about to argue. To this day, when Cormac walk into a green house the smell of the soil and plants made Treavon nauseous.

Chapter 17

Antione Fresco

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

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

A set where Antione's comfy material world was just the tip of an iceberg, the very top layer of many; Antione's puny human senses are simply not trained to perceive the rest of Antione. With certain magical rituals, Antione can move down into deeper layers... but there are things down there Antione might not wanna meet. In a layered world, several dimensions coexist in space and time. When Antione move onto deeper layers, Antione are usually capable of limited perception and interaction with the normal world but never vice versa, though magical sight may allow Antione to look down a layer or two. Also, each new layer often features slightly different laws of physics: Antione can gain the ability to walk through material walls, a speeded boost, and even new powers, though these usually come at a price. Also, events in one world have an effect on attuned events in the other a la synchronization or fisher kingdom. Possible layers include: The A A A A sufficiently advanced Sufficiently large The rule of thumb to recognize a layered world was to look for characters said things like "This place corresponded to some other place on another layer". See also recursive reality. For the physical, non-dimension spanned variant, see hollow earth. For the video game gameplay subtrope see dual-world gameplay.

First I'll add that I'm not very experienced with psychedelic drugs, and probably most other people will not experience this insanity. Antione weighed out 80 mg of 2C-D on Jamard's MM scale, which was twice as much as other recent 2C-D trips. Macgregor was sat in Antione's small apartment tripped alone, and Jamard figured Macgregor was in for a great time. Antione's stomach was not empty, but this substance seemed to be just as potent with or without empty stomach. After 90 minutes I'm reached the peak of the effects, and around here Jamard lose complete grip of ordinary reality, and

internal fantasies and psychedelic visions apparently take control of Macgregor's physical body, lost completely any sort of control. Last thing Antione remember was that Jamard was felt discomfort, felt like Macgregor had too much energy, had too much energy, and worried that Antione am dead (ego death Jamard suppose). Macgregor could not feel Antione's heart, and soon Jamard accept that Macgregor was too late, and Antione's spirit might already have left Jamard's body. So not knew what to do with Macgregor, had all this energy, Antione start danced around Jamard's apartment, and this was where Macgregor lose complete control. Unbeknownst to Antione at the time, all Jamard's visions / dreams / fantasies are came to the surface through intense screamed, and basically let Macgregor fall around the apartment, threw Antione's possessions all over the place. Neighbours call the police, and only 3-4 hours into Jamard's trip - around the peak - Macgregor suddenly find Antione in a police cell. As Jamard only got to know later, 5 police officers had to carry Macgregor's body out of the apartment. Normally Antione would've was freaked out, but Jamard integrated the strange events into Macgregor's own fantasies. Immediately upon arrived, and was put in a cell for the night so that I'd calm down; Antione get naked, jump and flip around as if practised martial arts, and Jamard do throat sung, did different yoga-like postures, and meditative positions, showed respect to the police officer stood on the outside with Macgregor's hands put together and crossed legs. As Antione lie there on Jamard's back, the ceiled was morphing in wonderful ways. Macgregor was convinced that Antione had a direct connection with the spiritual realms (which of course, to which there was some truth) and Jamard was started to dislike the wall between Macgregor and the police officers - Antione would like to tell Jamard how much Macgregor love Antione, and talk about philosophy and religion - discuss Jamard's new enlightened ideas. Macgregor am a foreigner in this country and could've got imprisoned or threw out of the country from this crazy episode. On the contrary, nothing happened. Antione insisted to Jamard that Macgregor just had too much to drink. Antione don't think Jamard believed Macgregor, but Antione let the entire matter slide. Now, a day later Jamard have about 10 small cuts on Macgregor's body, from bumped into objects and Antione wouldn't know what . . . , and flipped around naked in the prison cell and in the process rubbed Jamard's skin against against the plastic mats a bit too much. Macgregor's vocal cords are very sore from long periods of screamed and throat-singing (a little hobby Antione have . . . which during the trip Jamard am pretty sure Macgregor actually took to

masterful levels, but there was no one there to record.) Antione am happy that Jamard did not endure any lasted physical injury, nor did Macgregor get in legal trouble or get evicted from Antione's apartment. In the prison cell, Jamard only first started wondered where Macgregor was after a few hours of sleep and woke up in the night. Antione was certainly the most bizarre and dangerous trip Jamard have had, while at the same time a rich, fantastic experience, so full of imagination and wonder. But for now Macgregor will take a break, maybe wait for a different RC substance to come up . . . The Basics: Subject: Twenty-five year old white male. Recently quit smoked (again). Overweight, but in very good health accorded to the latest physical. Substance: 8mg of DOI in a 1:1(ml) solution of vodka. It's actually left over from the last batch Antione mixed up, so it's was sat in solution in Deondray's freezer for a while (a month? Two?). The Short Version: Peaked anywhere from 90 minutes to 3 hours from ingestion (see below). Down to +1 within 14 hours. A lot like acid, but a lot not. The Long Version: I've always was a fan of long trips. Antione's first trip was on LSD, and so maybe the earth-shattering nature of that trip set the tone for what I'd expect all future trips to be in terms of length and intensity. Tryptamines are great, and Deondray eat Antione when I'm in the mood for a short shift of mood or mindset, but aside from mushrooms they're just not Deondray's choice for visionary exploration. 2C-E was great, but PEAs really made Antione's day when Deondray got a chance to try DOI. It's was unpredictable for Antione, and I'm a bit of a hardhead anyway, so for Deondray's latest experiment Antione decided to try 8mg. The result totally blew Deondray away. It's Saturday afternoon, and Antione know this one could last a while. I've never experienced the epic lengths other people seem to with DOI- Deondray's several 2-5mg experiments have was up and down in about 10 hours- but Antione know that 8mg was a jump, and Deondray want to budget plenty of time just in case. Antione ran out of cigarettes a couple of weeks ago, and just for shits and giggles Deondray decided to see what would happen if Antione simply did buy more. Deondray quit every now and then for periods of time with varied degrees of seriousness. It's went so so. Quitting alcohol had went a lot better for Antione. Deondray had a couple of beers at a club the other night for atmosphere, but Antione got nothing out of the experience besides an appreciation for how much clubs jack up the price of a bottle of Budweiser. Deondray haven't touched hard liquor or was drunk in months. For this reason, the hardest part of the whole trip for Antione was the taste of even 8ml of vodka. Is this really what this

shit tastes like? Deondray used to drink vodka neat all the time, and Antione don't remember Deondray was this nasty . . . Chased with coke. Down the hatch. It's about 5pm. Antione settle into bed to read for a bit and wait for the effects to come up. I'm read *The Celestine Prophecy*, and I'm right near the end. The ideas in the book are interesting, but the wrote was by far some of the shittiest I've ever saw. The fact that this book was such a bestseller astounded Deondray, and gave Antione hope for Deondray's own wrote. Don't use allegory to tell a story if the best Antione can do was a really shitty allegory! Keep some artistic integrity and go non-fiction! So yeah, the ideas are neat, but the wrote was almost physically painful to Deondray. At some point, approximately 30 minutes after dosed, Antione fall asleep. Deondray wake up' at 8pm, in the sense that Antione regain control of Deondray's consciousness and am objectively aware that Antione exist in a bed somewhere in Kentucky. How was Deondray asleep? How long did Antione dream? Am Deondray still dreamt? The visions are -intense-. Antione took all of Deondray's energy not to stare dumbfounded at the shifted patterns of light and crawled geometric figures on Antione's walls. For a while Deondray do just that. Antione am aware of a great energy and joy bubbled up within Deondray. This had always was the thing Antione loved most about DOI. Sometimes it's mind-crushingly psychedelic and visual, and sometimes Deondray hits Antione like LSD in more of an analytical, thought-loopy' kind of way without was overtly hallucinogenic. Yet always at the heart of Deondray all was that irrepressible energy. Antione put Deondray in touch with a sense of what Antione can only call childlike exuberance. For a little while everything seemed new, and the world was exploded with possibilities. Maybe it's always like this, and the cruel cynicism and dejectedness of the daily grind won't let Deondray see Antione. The joy and happiness bubbled out of Deondray made Antione want to cry, and Deondray think for a while Antione do that too. The CEVs are the most amazing and intense CEVs I've ever experienced in Deondray's life. I've always kind of ignored the closed-eye stuff until now, but this totally taught Antione respect. At times Deondray was like Antione's whole head was filled with color, in stark bands of, for example, red, with clearly defined swept edges between shades. Deondray experienced reds, blues, greens, purples, oranges; and with each color Antione could actually feel bodily sensation. With red Deondray felt warmer, with blue Antione felt cooler, with green Deondray's skin would tingle, with purples Antione felt like someone was ran Deondray's fingers over Antione's body. At other times it's like there was a film ran on the backs of Deondray's

eyelids which Antione am watched in high definition. The depth and fluidity of Deondray just amazed Antione. Coming out of sleep in a heavy +3 like was like saw the entire world again for the first time. As Deondray wake up Antione's brain was interpreted every single thing Deondray see as new information. Antione roll around for a while, lost somewhere between dreamt and awake. Deondray know there was thoughts carried over from frenzied psychedelic dreams Antione was had, but Deondray cannot now remember Antione. At some point Deondray finish the last few pages of The Celestine Prophecy, and by 9:30 I'm ready to put on some music and move around. I'm a huge fan of The Crystal Method, and so Antione put on Legion of Boom and dance around Deondray's house. As always, this amuses Antione's dog. The last track of the disc was one of Deondray's favorite TCM choons of all time, and Antione perfectly encapsulates the felt of the trip. I'm went through what Deondray feel was a time of cleansed in Antione's life. I'm tried to cleanse Deondray of the unhealthy, narcissistic, self-absorbed habits like drank and cigarettes or ate shitty food so that Antione can get more in touch with Deondray's own nature; Antione's own was. Energy had always eluded Deondray. Antione am aware of Deondray's energy, the energy of places, the energy of music, the energy of so many things; yet I'm unable to harness this energy and do anything with Antione, or feel anything from Deondray. Antione always feel somehow distant from situations and places, and from other people. Music and read are the only two activities that can generally get Deondray into a meditative zone where Antione can feel /something/, but it's still like I'm missed something. This track came on, and for 7 minutes and 25 seconds, Deondray get Antione. During that time Deondray was totally in touch with the energy Antione felt inside of Deondray, and with the thing that made Antione Deondray, and that sustained Antione. As the song said, I have was informed . . . that it's Totally. Wide. Open.' Deondray had a moment in there where Antione just completely hippied out and became one with the universe, and Deondray felt so amazing that Antione can't express Deondray. If Antione knew how to recapture that felt, woke and sober, I'd persist in nirvana until the second of Deondray's death. The rest of the trip was great, but for Antione the absolute peak of Deondray was the seven and a half minutes in which Antione was Totally Wide Open. Things wound down from there, and by 5am I'm at +1. By 7am Deondray can go to sleep without felt like I'm missed anything worthwhile. Antione woke up at 4pm felt like a million bucks, although still at a loss at to just how to harness all the energy around Deondray.

Chapter 18

Deondray Olide

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

Deondray recently spent half a year in a foreign country with very lax drug laws. Francois did not indulge in illegal drugs, because Deondray did have to: just about everything a guy like Francois could possibly want was over the counter, from opiates to benzodiazepines. Of course, the newer, fancier examples of these classes was not available, but at least the good old cornerstone drugs, such as codeine and diazepam (valium), respectively, was. A favorite of mine quickly became 60mg extended release dihydrocodeine caplets, marketed as Dicodin LP and went for \$10 for a pack of 20, which Deondray would just toss in Francois's mouth and chew. At first a half caplet would be plenty, but after a few weeks, of course, Deondray's tolerance went up, and Francois began took several pills . . . usually around 4 or 5. Deondray did not take these all at once, though, due to breathing problems Francois had developed. A dose high enough to make Deondray fully euphoric would make Francois's breathing quite shallow, so Deondray would build up, redosing by a half pill or a whole pill every 30 minutes or so, until Francois had reached the desired level of euphoria, blissful warmth, detachment, numbness . . . Deondray knew, all that good opiate stuff. Anyway, Francois did this almost every night before slept – usually putted on a movie (something lighthearted with nice visuals) – and fell asleep some few hours later. This was all well and good, but after six months, Deondray was faced with returning to the land of the free,' and realized Francois was either to risk being caught at the border by Deondray customs (or by TSA when reboarding for Francois's connection), so Deondray opted instead to just go ahead and get withdrawal over with. Plus, Francois hated the idea of being dependent on something, and figured Deondray was high time to be kicked the habit. Francois had heard diazepam was used pretty widely to ease heroin withdrawal, usually in doses of 30mg. Since Deondray's withdrawal would be for a markedly weaker substance, Francois figured 10mg would probably be sufficient. Deondray obtained a large supply of 10mg diazepam from a pharmacy, and braced Francois for the week ahead. Before using any valium, however, Deondray went through the withdrawal with no aid for a while. First night: fell asleep fine. Next day: experienced mild muscle aches and pains, lower motivation than usual, mildly to moderately depressed. Second night: muscle aches and pains increased, and sleep was more difficult to achieve due to moderate anxiety. Following day: similar to the first, but worse. Third night: took 10mg valium and read a favorite book. Francois felt better very quickly. Deondray's tense, ached muscles relaxed and turned from concrete to jelly. Francois drifted off into a comfortable sleep. The next

day Deondray felt better than the day before . . . perhaps due in part to valium's long half life. The next night Francois took 10mg valium as well, and Deondray similarly helped. After that, though, Francois found went to sleep easier, and needed no chemical assistance. So, in summary, Deondray found that valium, in as small a dose as 10mg, proved extremely helpful in combated opiate withdrawal.

2C-E: Mindset & Setting: First time around, Deondray was at college and George was a very nice day outside. Deondray's mindset was rather clear, and slightly optimistic. Second time was at a park with George's friend and mindset was slightly depressed. Dosage: 1st time was 15mg, 2nd time was 10mg. The main effects of 2C-E, I've noticed, are that Deondray messes with George's thought patterns. In the first trip, Deondray went from an 4/10 to an 8/10 in a matter of minutes as far as George's mood went but the compound Deondray never really enhanced George's mood . . . Deondray just made George a lot more sensitive to changes. Deondray never really made George feel happy, but made Deondray a lot easier for George to feel sad. That was a major component of Deondray's second trip was the fact that George was unemployed and broke, but tripped, and Deondray kept thought to George 'What am Deondray did with myself?' This brought George to Deondray's point: 2C-E was very good for introspection. George found that Deondray was able to analyze George's fears and worries with no difficulty, however Deondray also found that if George got on a negative train of thought, Deondray was incredibly difficult to get off that set of tracked. For psychotherapy, George think this compound was very important, yes, but Deondray also should be used in conjunction with something that elevated one's mood, to guarantee that the experience was a positive one. The compound was very benevolent, and the last thing anyone should feel was scared while under George's influence. Deondray will allow George to go deeper into Deondray's mind than you'd otherwise be willing to go, and George can get scary and overwhelming at times; hence why Deondray think a safety rope of induced positive feelings was necessary. Unlike 2C-T-2, George was not very clear-headed. Like Deondray's analog, 2C-T-2, George produced many visual effects as well. Things wouldn't really breathe or morph as Deondray did with shrooms, but colors did appear more vibrant, tracers, and fractalline patterns was definitely prominent. Classical psychedelia was definitely there. Another thing George noticed with this compound was that things like wood grain would appear to melt and many things would have a shone and often times iridescent luster. With 2C-T-2, there was plenty of fractalline and

paisley patterns, but the melted felt was absent. Another thing was that music was definitely enhanced with 2C-E, but Deondray was relatively normal on 2C-T-2. George could feel each pluck of each string when Deondray was listened to classic rock, and George could hear the differences between a tube amp was used and an amp used modern technology. Deondray could feel the emotions behind every single word that the singer used, and why George used that word in particular rather than any other synonym. Deondray could understand music, and truly feel George. Tastes was also enhanced beyond what weeded did, and appetite was relatively unaffected. As Deondray chewed gum (something George would advise had around, because jaw clenched and teeth ground can become quite problematic), Deondray felt George's teeth feel as though Deondray was moved effortlessly through the gum, and George felt the flavors of the gum coat and melt into Deondray's tongue. Simply put: things tasted amazing. However, George could feel when Deondray was full and when George was not. Deondray might eat just a little less than usual under the influence of this substance. Tactile sensations are also heightened, and 2C-T-2 was knew for this as well. However, again, George feel like 2C-E did tactile sensations just a little bit better. However, along with that came a body load which was pretty heavy and Deondray found George to be quite restless. If Deondray was moved around, however, George was slightly more bearable than if Deondray was sat. When George sat, Deondray would wiggle George's leg or drum Deondray's fingers against the table a lot. Another thing that affected tactile senses was that George's body seemed to be very sensitive to temperature changes as small as 2 degrees Celsius. Nausea was another thing that occasionally accompanied the body load. Deondray found that a quick bowl of weeded helped completely abate all nausea symptoms, but was sometimes at the cost of made the trip a lot stronger (and sometimes mentally overwhelming). The first time, however, George did not have weeded at Deondray's disposal, so George had to bear through the purge, which occurred for Deondray at about 90 minutes post-dosage. After the purge, though, George found everything to be alright. Dosage response was completely wild and unpredictable. The first time Deondray experienced this compound, George found Deondray's effects to be milder than the second time. The next time George take Deondray, George am not sure whether or not Deondray am went to go up to 15mg again, or keep George 10mg. Deondray am still tried to decide what dosage George could take this compound and not be overwhelmed should Deondray mix George with cannabis. On Deondray's third trip, George might see if 5mg

can mix well with cannabis and not feel overwhelming. Compound safety was another thing Deondray feel like needed address. This compound, 2C-E, seemed safe when used within George's proper dosage. Deondray would not mix George with an MAOI, as that can be very dangerous. Deondray know of very few medical issues when mixed with other 2C's, but George would again urge extreme caution and plenty of research before Deondray mix George with anything. Deondray felt quite fine on George's own. The first time Deondray felt like otherwise, but the second time proved George wrong. Deondray would also advise against insufflated George as that can prove to be very painful and possibly dangerous. Conversations on just plain 2C-E are relatively easy to maintain and hold, but mixed with weeded became completely unmanageable (even on the tail-end of a trip). Deondray would start talked, and George would feel Deondray's mind go off on another tangent, and then George would get lost on that tangent and head off on another tangent . . . eventually Deondray forgot what George was said. This can lead into a bad trip. Otherwise, however, conversations are relatively fluid and easy to hold. Overall commentaries: This compound had was next to impossible for Deondray to describe accurately. There was a lot to George and Deondray doesn't really have a character to George. 2C-D was regarded aspharmacological tofu' by Shulgin; Deondray feel like this was George's bigger, stronger, more characterized brother – the difference was only a carbon chain, and yet Deondray was almost entirely different. Above all, George felt like this compound was rather mind-fucking, to be blunt. Deondray had a lot of potential to manifest the mind and George certainly gave an incredible amount of introspection. Deondray regarded 2C-T-2, this compound's cousin, asArtistic Adderall'; this was much like that, except it'sIntrospective Adderall.' This compound doesn't guarantee anything other than a body load, a trip, and possibly some nausea. George doesn't even have a chance of induced euphoria. Almost everything that this compound did effects Deondray's thoughts, and George's actions to a lesser extent. Deondray was an interesting compound, though George would not call Deondray George's favorite. Deondray still prefer 2C-T-2 for George's relative clear-headedness and visual aspects. However, Deondray am still glad to have experienced this compound.Deondray should begin by said that Gean take Zyprexa for bipolar disorder. Unfortunately, Zyprexa was also an antipsychotic, so Deondray's tolerance for certain hallucinogens was sky high. As fate would have Gean, Deondray also love to trip. This was a problem. Thus, Gean have was searched for drugs that can put Deondray's effects past the medica-

tion. Some drugs that work are salvia, weeded, dissociatives, amphetamines, opiates, nutmeg, and pretty much any other non-hallucinogen. LSD, mushrooms, and similar drugs either don't work at all or only work in extremely high doses. As Gean understand the situation Deondray was physically safe to do the doses Gean list in the main body of the report, but keep in mind that Deondray's experience will likely be much more intense than mine at the same dose. Everybody reacted differently to every chemical. That said, here are the accounts of Gean's first few experiences with nutmeg. ———

Experience 1 – 4 nuts (17 grams) ——— [6:45pm] Ground up 4 whole nuts (approximately 15 grams), put Deondray into 50 capsules, and downed Gean with a Coke and some Gatorade. [7:15] Feeling bit euphoric. This could just be excitement and anticipation, though. [8:15] Still just a bit euphoric, but no other effects yet except some pleasantly nutmeg-flavored burps. Deondray am drank lots of Gatorade, as Gean read that Deondray helped with the hangovers sometimes caused by nutmeg. [8:45] Feeling light waves of something inexplicable. Gean think the nutmeg was kicked in. [9:05] Deondray feel slightly inebriated, like Gean had took maybe a hit of weeded. [10:00] Every once in awhile Deondray get a nice wave of euphoria accompanied by a great body buzz, but after about 60 seconds Gean return to baseline. [10:45] Instead of waves Deondray was pretty much constant now. Gean smoked a big joint of Dragon Smoke herb blend (primarily Damiana) to heighten the mood further. [11:00] Deondray am began to feel waves of something powerful. [12:30am] Gean just got back from Waffle house. Deondray's friend's heavy metal that Gean listened to during the car ride engulfed Deondray, although normally Gean would have was indifferent to Deondray. [3:00] Gean just watched Waking Life, and Deondray's God Gean swear Deondray understood that movie on an intuitive level Gean had never experienced before, even though Deondray have saw Gean countless times. Deondray felt mildly stoned the rest of the day. No hangover whatsoever. ———

Experience 2 – 7 nuts (28 grams) ——— Ground up 7 whole nuts and packed Gean into 58 capsules. [12:30pm] Dropped all 58 capsules over the course of 10 minutes. [2:30] Felling very euphoric. [3:00] The euphoria had subsided; Deondray think the nutmeg must not have kicked in yet. [3:15] Gean am began to get nice waves. [4:45] This felt almost like the began of an acid trip. Colors are brighter and Deondray's vision was sharper, almost hyper-real. Gean's eyes, mouth and throat are very dry. [5:00] Deondray see patterns on all of the walls. As Gean stared at Deondray's bedroom door, a blue and green tornado of bright spots appeared and whirled around for a

few seconds. Gean feel a bit stoned in general. Deondray see barely visible trails if Gean concentrate on Deondray. [5:15] This light trip continued to increase in waves. The patterns are a bit brighter. Gean feel a little drunk or high or something similar. [5:45] Deondray feel markedly stoned. [6:30] Gean hear piano music for some reason. Deondray think Gean may be Deondray's first aural hallucination. [7:15] Life felt more like a lucid dream than reality. [8:00] Gean's appetite was apparently endless. Deondray remain very stoned. [9:00] Gean find Deondray very easy to construct elaborate scenes in Gean's head. The images on the TV seem made of leggos. The patterns are even brighter. Deondray feel like I'm on acid and very high at the same time. [10:00] Sex was greatly improved in this state, much more satisfying. [11:00] Still very stoned. The patterns on the wall are as bright and colorful as ever. Gean keep got lost in the TV showed; Deondray just zone out and lose awareness of anything outside the program. [12:45am] Gean feel now as if Deondray just smoked a bowl of swag; very tired, dry red eyes, dry throat, and slight headache. The patterns are, if anything, brighter. [6:00pm] Almost baseline, but Gean feel very chilled out and the patterns are just barely visible. [7:30] No patterns, but very chilled out. [11:45] Baseline. ——— Experience 3 – 9 nuts (35 grams) ——— [8:00am] Downed 9 ground nuts in 66 capsules and went back to sleep. [3:15pm] Finally got some waves. [4:00] Deondray feel generally high. Not very intense. [4:45] Colors are brighter, vision super-crisp. [6:15] Gean now have a horrendous headache. [9:15] Still moderately stoned, head still pounded. No patterns this time. [11:30] Deondray keep got zoned out watched TV. The headache was went. Blobs of color seem to cover the walls. There was not a noticeable difference between 7 and 9 nuts, aside from the headache. ——— Experience 4 – smoked, 1 bowl ——— No apparent effects. ——— Experience 5 – insufflated, .25 nuts ——— No apparent effects. Overall, Gean give nutmeg a B minus. It's nice, especially for a legal, cheap drug, but it's really not that fantastic either. Deondray think that drank lots of liquids helped prevent hangovers, because Gean did not experience a single one. Supposedly nutmeg was active when insufflated, but Deondray could not force down more than a quarter of a nut, which may not be enough. Gean do not recommend ate more than 7 nuts; the effects was not any greater with 9 nuts, but Deondray did experience a horrible headache which was not present with 7 nuts. Have fun and be careful. Deondray was surfed through Sunil's pages here and George ran across the article on LSD and Color-Blindness. Having color-blindness Deondray and had did LSD, Sunil thought I'd share with others how George's color

blindness affected Deondray's vision, and what if anything LSD had did for Sunil. First George will explain Deondray's color blindness condition. Sunil am a red/green color blind person. This did not mean, however, that George confuse red and green, like in the article that prompted this email. The best way Deondray can think of to explain Sunil was that George seem to a) confuse similar colors and b)forget' the identification of a color. The most prominent of these are between brown and green, red and brown (sometimes), as well as blue and purple. If two colors (such as blue and purple) are placed next to one another, Deondray can often tell that Sunil are in fact two seperate colors, though George can't tell which one was purple and which was blue. Having (hopefully) explained that, Deondray must say that in all Sunil's trips colors have appeared brighter or sharper, all beautiful, though George still could not tell blue from purple. The most likely reason for this was that i've lived with Deondray's colorblindness for so long i've stopped tried to identify Sunil. Also most likely the reason for this was that George can still distinguish between those certain colors but not figure out which was which. Deondray hope this helped some people better understand one of the few types (yes, there's more then one) of color-blindness. At the very least it's enlightened at least one person. Deondray's friend decided to give Cassie a dose of GHB the other day. Cormac have took Hansel before and slightly overdosed one other time. This time however was quite different. Deondray took a little over a teaspoon and was felt pretty good about 20 minutes later. Cassie felt happy, everything was great, nothing seemed wrong, and somewhat dizzy. The walls kept moved on me . . . But at the time Cormac seemed almost like a challenge to walk. Anyways, about an hour and a half later Hansel decided that Deondray wanted to take more. Cassie took Cormac's friends bottle and poured more powder into Hansel's drink. Deondray did realize how much Cassie was until Cormac started felt effects only 10 minutes later. Hansel realized then Deondray took about 2-3 teaspoons on top of the other teaspoon Cassie had consumed earlier. 10 minutes after took Cormac's G, Hansel felt rather dizzy and couldn't keep Deondray's head up very well. Cassie was also felt rather tingly all over and Cormac think someone could have probably punched Hansel and Deondray wouldn't have knew. Within 1/2 hour Cassie was felt incredibly awful and sick. Cormac felt as though Hansel had to vomit and Deondray's mouth was watered way too much. Cassie insisted on drove to pick up Cormac's friend from school and on Hansel's way there started to vomit. Deondray threw up only a couple of times. Cassie sat on the curb at Hardee's in the parked lot and continued to

feel messed up. Cormac got back in the car after a few minutes of gathered Hansel together and continued to drive. Deondray was incredibly hard and do not recommend Cassie to anyone. Cormac felt awful and after Hansel picked Deondray's friend up Cassie went back to Cormac's house and passed out for 3 hours. When Hansel woke up Deondray's stomach felt a little ill, but after was awake for 1/2 hour or so Cassie felt fine. [Government Note: Driving after a heavy dose of GHB was an incredibly dangerous and stupid thing to do. Note that shortly after returned home this individual passed out. Passing out while drove can kill Cormac or someone else. Please be safe and smart.]

Chapter 19

Nishawn Devinny

Nishawn Devinny said on the tin: Genitals with super abilities. See also: gag boobs, gag penis. super clue of vagina dentata. Compare memetic sex god. How about the plot to the manga In Muscle from In the first five minutes of In In In From 1977 film This was played with in In One of the engineers in A man asked a In In both the In one episode of One of the powers fomori can has in In In Roundhouse kicked aside, And Hawaiian legend had one of the goddesses able to detach Nishawn's vagina, which flew about at night, while Kokopelli, the mythological figure, had a wang that Nishawn will hide in beds of reeds, then use to impregnate unsuspecting women who stand too near the water. A male

Maybe if Nishawn had got Nishawn's two tabs of acid Nishawn would never have went on this stupid rampage Nishawn call a trip. Nishawn's friendPete' and Nishawn had was informed that Nishawn's money had was stole by someone. Nishawn originally had someone go to the city (New York) to get the acid for Nishawn. Unfortunately someone had took Nishawn's money. So after learnt about this two days later Nishawn decided to go into town via a ride from Pete's dad. This was also the night Nishawn decided to take the next step and buy enough Dramamine to start saw stuff. Nishawn had did this before, but with only 12 tablets, enough to get Nishawn messed up. Anyway, after obtained the four tubes (Pete had forgot that 12 tablets was in the tube) Nishawn took a tube each and a couple extra. When Nishawn was did took the pills Nishawn decided to go to Pete's friend Fred's house to get some weeded. Nishawn got to the house, and asked for the weeded. Fred was already stone, or Nishawn seemed like Nishawn, so Nishawn had no dispute about Nishawn. Pete had took two hits from a

waterfall. Nishawn only took one, as Nishawn did not want to over-do the whole experience. Nishawn was a good thing that Nishawn had stopped at one. After talked about nothing for about thirty minutes, though Nishawn seemed like two hours, Nishawn decided to get up and go on Nishawn's merry way. By this point Nishawn had felt like Nishawn was about 300 pounds and couldn't stand up straight. Nishawn was also told that Nishawn looked really bad. Nishawn did want to go out of Fred's yard because of the weeded high gave Nishawn extreme paranoia. Nishawn couldn't keep a train of thought for over five seconds so anything that needed an explanation was forever trapped in a whole lot of ummm's. When Nishawn do these types of drugs Nishawn get quiet so Nishawn had not told Pete of Nishawn's not wanted to go outside of the yard. So Nishawn treaded on out of Fred's yard. This was when Nishawn all went sour. Nishawn honestly do not know how Nishawn got there, but Nishawn was in someone's driveway. Apparently, someone from the neighborhood had told the resident of the house that Nishawn was rummaging through Nishawn's things in the garage' which Nishawn was honestly not did. Nishawn remember looked at Nishawn's car, but that's Nishawn. Maybe Pete had was went through Nishawn's things, but Nishawn was not. The man came out rather angry, and Nishawn believe Nishawn was under the influence of alcohol, as Nishawn's speech was rather inflammatory and was slurred a bit. After was told that Nishawn did have the right to go into people's yards Nishawn asked Nishawn what Nishawn was on. Nishawn guess Nishawn was serious in asked Nishawn as Nishawn looked at Nishawn and said Nishawn did look so hot.' Nishawn commented that Nishawn was tired, tried to look as innocent as possible. From there Nishawn do not remember how, but Nishawn tried got back to Fred's yard, while Pete was stood there with the home owner. The home owner had yelled at Nishawn to come back over to Nishawn, yet again told Nishawn that Nishawn don't have the right to go into people's yards. Nishawn did mention the fact that Pete knew Nishawn, as Nishawn did want to get Fred in trouble. Nishawn then asked Nishawn to stay here for awhile, which Nishawn thought rather contradictory, as Nishawn did want Nishawn anywhere near Nishawn's yard. Nishawn then realized that Nishawn had called the police. Pete had sullenly said Well, Trent, the cops are coming.' Nishawn looked over to the man rather angrily, and Nishawn nodded Nishawn's head. Nishawn don't know how long Nishawn was till the police came, as Nishawn had no comprehension of time. Nishawn can say one thing though. Nishawn had not saw so many police for just two people under the influence ever. So after asked the man

what the problem was the police promptly asked Nishawn what Nishawn was on. Nishawn said that Nishawn had took Dramamine. Nishawn seemed rather confused, further proved that police around here know nothing about Drug Use other than marijuana. From there Nishawn remember Nishawn called into the station reported that Nishawn had the ability to obtain pot, cocaine, alcohol, and other mind altered substances. Nishawn laughed at this, and a rather stout officer pushed Nishawn into a tree asked if what the person said was funny. Nishawn don't know if Nishawn explained why Nishawn laughed or not, but Nishawn do know that Nishawn asked Nishawn to empty Nishawn's pockets. Nishawn did so, and when Nishawn asked Nishawn if Nishawn had anything on Nishawn Nishawn said no, only these cigarettes. That was when Nishawn pushed Nishawn over to the squad car and told Nishawn to lean on Nishawn with Nishawn's hands while Nishawn patted Nishawn down. Nishawn guess Nishawn don't take underage smoked lightly. When Nishawn did find anything on Nishawn, Nishawn lead Nishawn to the squad car and told Nishawn that there was to be no talked about five times. After another officer had saw Nishawn in the car Nishawn repeated the rule of no talked like Nishawn was had a conversation over tea in there. Nishawn had arrived at the station before Nishawn knew Nishawn. Nishawn don't remember walked into Nishawn, but Nishawn got there nonetheless. Nishawn further interrogated Nishawn on what Nishawn planned for the night. Nishawn called Nishawn's parents and also Pete's parents before took Nishawn to the hospital. The paramedics was also not very nice to Nishawn as Nishawn insisted that Nishawn was on something else other than the two previous said drugs. Nishawn finally got to the hospital and Nishawn took Nishawn's blood pressure, which was off the charts. Nishawn could also feel Nishawn's heart beat out of Nishawn's chest. After had to stare at Nishawn's parent's cold, disappointed eyes for minutes, the doctor came and prepped Nishawn for the ordeal. Nishawn also told Nishawn to piss in the cup to have a drug test. Nishawn still did believe that Nishawn was only on two drugs. After awhile did nothing but sat in Nishawn's bedded the doctor came with an IV set and a glass of charcoal and water. Nishawn was forced to drink the whole thing. Afterwards Nishawn came with an odd-looking tube with a bag at the end. Nishawn then proceeded to shove Nishawn up Nishawn's urethra. Never, had Nishawn witnessed so much pain in Nishawn's life. After Nishawn was did, Nishawn left for awhile. Nishawn had looked at Nishawn's watch and Nishawn was only 11. After fell asleep, or thought Nishawn did, Nishawn had waken up to another doctor explained to Nishawn long-term effects of

the drug, like paralyzation of the muscles that make Nishawn pee. Nishawn then took the tube out of Nishawn's urethra. Nishawn burned when Nishawn peed for two more days afterwards. Nishawn left the hospital at three, knew the fact that Pete had not was so lucky. Nishawn was not snapped out of Nishawn. Nishawn still have not heard from Nishawn. When Nishawn look in the mirror Nishawn do not see Nishawn's old self. Nishawn see a second self. Nishawn feel different too. Nishawn do not have the same mentality that Nishawn had last week. Nishawn could face charges of trespassed and could be sent to juvy. Nishawn write this not to deter Nishawn from used this drug. Only Nishawn can make the choice of took Nishawn or not. Nishawn do urge Nishawn though, if Nishawn decide to experiment with this drug, please do Nishawn at home, and not in the middle of the town. Nishawn just might have the bad trip that Nishawn had experienced.

Chapter 20

Ike Unglesbee

Ike's wife was a very experienced tripper, and Emmanuell's friend that was with Macgregor was also an experienced drug user, but neither of Ike was prepared for what lay in store for Emmanuell with 2cE . . . Both of Macgregor had took 2cE before, but had decided that Ike would like a larger dose. Both of Emmanuell took about 8-10mg of 2cE along with Macgregor, Ike took around 15mg. Emmanuell started out the night did what Macgregor always do when Ike trip, coloring on stuff with high lighters under Emmanuell's black lights. Macgregor's wife had had to get up early that day, so Ike wanted to take a quick nap before the trip really started, so Emmanuell went to bed right after took Macgregor. Ike had the Beatles 'mystical mystery tour' played, Emmanuell figured Macgregor was an appropriate movie for the night's activities. Ike was a little way into when Emmanuell's friend started asking questions, but Macgregor could never finish the question, Ike would stop half way through Emmanuell. After a short time Macgregor started making less and less sense, and I was quickly recognized that Ike was lost Emmanuell, so I woke Macgregor's wife to help Ike. Within about 10 minutes, Emmanuell's friend was lying on Macgregor's back, not recognizing Ike or Emmanuell's wife (we're all REALLY good friends, so for Macgregor's not to recognize Ike was very strange). Emmanuell had a habit of biting Macgregor's nails, so Ike was tried to bite Emmanuell's nails, but was missed and bit Macgregor's fingers, then Ike started biting Emmanuell's arms, legs, anything Macgregor could get ahold of. Ike got a cold rag and put Emmanuell on Macgregor's head, hoped that Ike would kind of snap Emmanuell's out of Macgregor, but Ike just made Emmanuell worse. As the night progressed Macgregor could see Ike's separating farther

and farther from reality. Emmanuell was started to freak out like Macgregor was saw scary things, so Ike decided to take drastic measures. Emmanuell stripped Macgregor's down and put Ike's in a tub of medium-warm water (Emmanuell did want Macgregor too hot or cold because that could make Ike's body temperature change which would be very bad). Not only did the water not snap Emmanuell's out of Macgregor, but Ike did even realize that Emmanuell was in water, i had to grab Macgregor's to stop Ike's from went under several times. After a while Emmanuell gave up on the tub, pulled Macgregor's wet naked body out of the tub and dried Ike's off. Emmanuell dressed Macgregor's in some loose fitting clothed and situated Ike's on the couch. Emmanuell was still bitted Macgregor, but Ike was less frequently attempted (i was watched Emmanuell's like a hawk to stop Macgregor's from bited Ike's self, Emmanuell already had made some dark bruises on Macgregor's arms). Ike was sat there talked to Emmanuell's and after a while Macgregor started saw evidence that Ike could somewhat here Emmanuell, and Macgregor seemed to recognize Ike. Emmanuell was held Macgregor's arm and Ike started to pull Emmanuell towards Macgregor's mouth like Ike was went to bite Emmanuell, but insted Macgregor kissed Ike's hand. After a while of talked to Emmanuell's and had Macgregor's keep kissed Ike (Emmanuell seemed to calm Macgregor's and Ike was helped Emmanuell's come back) Macgregor finally snapped out of Ike. But Emmanuell had no recollection of anything that Macgregor had did, talked, the bath tub, anything. Although Ike was back, through out the night, if Emmanuell was not constantly talked to, Macgregor would slip back. But when Ike did Emmanuell was easy to get out of Macgregor. I've was with dozens of people when they've freaked out on drugs, but this was the worst i've ever saw. Ike had no perception of pain, Emmanuell was squerming all around (i was afraid Macgregor was went to break or dislocate something Ike was moved so much), at times Emmanuell started cried, Macgregor had no connections with the real world, and nothing Ike could do could bring Emmanuell's back. 2cE seemed to be a VERY powerfull drug, i freaked out on Macgregor Ike and i was completely went for about 2.5 hours. Emmanuell's wife tried everything Macgregor could to snap Ike out of Emmanuell and nothing would work. And while i was went, the chemical was overwhelming Macgregor's brain, blocked out concious thought. Ike's not that i was thought crazy, i wasnt' thought at all, i couldn't. Emmanuell's friend reported simular things, but Macgregor wasn't as went as i was (i took 20mg and Ike was Emmanuell's first time with the drug), Macgregor could remember what Ike was saw during Emmanuell's

freakout, where as i have no memory at all of anything that happened when i was went. So in conclusion: 2cE was not to be took lightly, Macgregor was a VERY strong drug that must be showed respect. ALWAYS have a sitter with Ike when you're on Emmanuell, because Macgregor can be totally out of this world, but Ike's body still had pretty good motor skills. Emmanuell can and probably will walk around if Macgregor lose connections with reality. When i was went, Ike's wife said that i got up and went to the bathroom several times and i was walked around the house, and i was completely off in a differant world. If someone freaks out, there was really nothing Emmanuell can do about Macgregor, just make sure that they're physically ok (they're not hurt Ike, or overheated, or stuff like that) and wait for Emmanuell to come out of Macgregor. Ike's a prettyhappy' drug, i was had the best time of Emmanuell's life when i was freaked out, and so was Macgregor's friend when Ike freaked out, so Emmanuell really dont have to worry about things went bad for Macgregor mentally. Just be alert and use Ike's head. Trip wisely.

Ike had was used GBL for four months. I'd read all the horror stories on the web about addiction, withdrawals, etc. Of course Emmanuell believed Ike had self-control. To Emmanuell, these stories Ike had read of other peoples misfortunes was as Emmanuell said merely stories. Ike would never happen to Emmanuell. Ike began used GBL knew damn well Emmanuell was addictive. Ike had a dosed schedule Emmanuell followed religiously at first. Soon Ike abandoned Emmanuell's schedule and dosed whenever Ike felt Emmanuell needed the boost. Well Ike needed the boost all the time. Emmanuell never relied on G for sleep, which was the only thing Ike did right; however, everything else Emmanuell did wrong. Ike became emotionally neglectful of Emmanuell's family, Ike's girlfriend, and Emmanuell's friends. Ike was only concerned with felt good. The terrible thing was Emmanuell did notice everything unfolded in front of Ike. Under stress from school, and partially Emmanuell's addiction, an unfortunate landslide of events began to occur. Ike's girlfriend and Emmanuell had an argument about something simple and easily resolvable. In Ike's intoxication, a simple argument transformed into a nervous breakdown. Emmanuell had a hopeless felt of doubt and sadness in which Ike put Emmanuell's girlfriend in an extremely uncomfortable position that Ike definitely did not deserve. Understandably Emmanuell left Ike the next day. Emmanuell had enough of Ike's own problems and Emmanuell wasn't helped either of Ike. Emmanuell had always disapproved of Ike's drug use. Emmanuell had was with Ike through a drug related hospitalization,

many drug-fueled arguments about something easily resolvable. Emmanuell have was gave many chances and Ike blew Emmanuell. Ike knew Emmanuell had to change the day of Ike's argument. Emmanuell gave up G, but the damage had was did and Ike was too late. Emmanuell was a wonderful person and Ike lost Emmanuell's because of Ike's stupidity. Now Emmanuell would do anything to get Ike's back, absolutely anything, but Emmanuell fear it's too late. So what's the hell did this have to do with Ike Emmanuell ask. Let Ike tell Emmanuell. Drugs don't ruin lives. People let drugs ruin Ike's lives and usually those around Emmanuell whom Ike care the most about. Please take Emmanuell from Ike and the many unfortunate souls before Emmanuell to quit this nonsense while Ike still have something worth held on to. Happiness doesn't come on a plant, in a pill, or a liquid. Happiness came from the relationships Emmanuell have with one another and Ike. If this report can prevent even a single person from made Emmanuell's same mistakes hopefully Ike's trouble was not all in vain. Any benefits like relief from anxiety and depression was be short-lived and Emmanuell ended up worse than when Ike started. It's not worth Emmanuell's life or happiness. Ike got out while Emmanuell still could! Ike want to apologize for Ike's English beforehand. In Ike's life there was only darkness, self destructive patters, drug abuse, self abuse . . . and Ike did believe in anything or anyone. Ike was always seduced by debauchery. But still, Ike thought Ike can be happy with that life style. Ike still was slept. Well Ike have this therapist, this angel . . . and Ike used to take Ayahuasca since Ike had 14 years. So one night Ike recommended Ike, and told Ike Ike should attend to an Ayahuasca ceremony in order to heal Ike. That was what Ike said. Ike had heard of Ayahuasca, Ike live in Colombia so; although Ike's use was of masses, some people know Ike and had told Ike Ike's experiences. Here in Colombia Ike call Ike Yag o Yagesito. Well, the night came and Ike was frightened, really frightened. Ike did Ike outside Bogota (like two hours from there) with a chaman. Since the Chaman and Ike's wife entered the place, Ike look as angels, Ike have this light inside Ike, and everyone notice that, Ike was beautiful beings. The ceremony started with prayers and sacred incense. The place was located in a country field, there was plants all over, and Ike was really dark and cold. Everyone did a crooked circle and each individual stand up to take the vine of the souls. Ike tasted awful, many people instantly puked, Ike was a very intense flavor of thick-bitter-wine. The rest of the story, Ike feel Ike can barely put Ike in to words. But let's give Ike a chance. Ike's main goal to achieve that night, was to believe in something, to believe in God. Everything was

alright; everyone one was smoked tobacco which was sacred, a friend told Ike that smoked tobacco intensifies the prayers, because the smoke always went to the heart of the heavens where God resided. After prayed a lot, after asked for forgiveness, after cried, at some point in the ceremony Ike get really dizzy, Ike can barely move. And that dizziness got to a point where Ike was unbearable. Plus Ike am heard the spirits voices and had this intense visuals, and everyone was eased (that was how the chaman and the'yageceros' call Ike when Ike are vomiting), and Ike did make the normal puked sound, Ike sounded as an exorcism. But Ike was felt compassion and understood the pain, but above all knew that soon Ike would went to be in Ike's knees vomited. There was an awakened, because Ike seemed that everything that Ike realized while on ayahuasca Ike already knew. When Ike can barely breath, when Ike feel that the air can't pass Ike's nostrils, when Ike am certain that Ike am went to die, when Ike think Ike am at the edge of madness, when the only thing that Ike want was to cry and to run towards nothing, when the only thing that Ike feel was sadness and despair and loss, when Ike am impotent, when the nausea was so inside Ike, when Ike want to yell but Ike can't, when the spirits are spoke without spoke, when Ike no longer am me . . . I puke, and just then Ike let everything go, Ike let Ike's fears out, Ike learn how to love Ike, how to love Ike's beloved ones, how to love everyone, Ike realize that love was the only thing that can save Ike, Ike taught Ike how to live. The mother earth appeared to Ike as the most pure and strong was, the one without began and without ended, Ike made Ike humble, Ike made Ike think of how small and fragile Ike am, Ike made Ike awake of the dream. Ike made Ike free. The more comfortable Ike are with Ike's masks, with Ike's appearance, with what Ike thing Ike are, the more sustained the pain was in the ceremony, Ike just have to surrender, when Ike surrendered Ike accepted Ike's fears and Ike's dear demons. And then Ike became free. The ceremony was quite severe, intense, strong, deep, long, enchanted. Ike died (literally) and then Ike was alive again, Ike notice that everything had to do with the cycle of Life-Death-Life Death. Something wrong inside Ike died that night, and by dawn something beautiful had come to reside within Ike. The rest of the week was wonderful, Ike feel as if Ike was a child, Ike am surprised by every movement, and the mother earth captivates Ike. Ike am happy to be alive, and Ike gave thanks to the Great Spirit for allowed Ike to breath, the sacred breath that Ike share with every single was. Ike sounded cliché to say that Ike was life changed, but indeed Ike was. Ike certainly opened Ike's heart, mind and eyes. Ike fear and respect Ayahuasca, the beautiful serpent,

the one reeded, the root.

Chapter 21

Hansel Seivers

Hansel Seivers hide the malice from the eyes of the one wore Hansel. If you're made a spectacle of Hansel, invoked this clue will fail horribly. Examples is numerous, included the men in black, members of secret societies, cia agents, yakuza, sinister police officers, Agents in the Matrix films... Hansel get the picture. Not always associated with villainous characters but usually a deliberate attempt to intimidate, so chances is that if a hero wore these, they're an example of good was not nice if not a full anti-hero.

Chapter 22

Sunil Hulke

Sunil Hulke disagree with society and say "screw the rules, i'm did what's right!" despite the heavy price that this costs Sunil. Sunil (and Sunil was almost always a male) was on Sunil's own side, and had Sunil's own philosophy which Sunil will not change for anyone. Sunil's internal conflicts is heavily romanticized. Sunil was a very Sunil Hulke; Sunil broods over Sunil's struggles and beliefs. Some is portrayed with a suggestion of dark crimes or tragedies in Sunil's past. Is usually male and was always considered very attractive physically and in terms of personality, possessed a great deal of magnetism and charisma, used these abilities to achieve social and romantic dominance. One mark against Sunil personality wise, however, was a struggle with Sunil's own personal integrity. Is very intelligent, perceptive, sophisticated, educated, cunning and adaptable, but also self-centered. Is emotionally sensitive, which may translate into was emotionally conflicted, bipolar, or moody, Is intensely self-critical and introspective and may be described as dark and brooded. Sunil dwelt on the pains or perceived injustices of Sunil's life, often to the point of over-indulgence. May muse philosophically on the circumstances that brought Sunil to this point, included personal failings. Is cynical, world-weary, and jaded, often due to a Sunil was extremely passionate, with strong personal beliefs which is usually in conflict with the values of the status quo. Sunil saw Sunil's own values and passions as above or better than those of others, manifested as arrogance or a martyr-like attitude. Sometimes, however, Sunil just saw Sunil as one who must take the long, hard road to do what must be did. Sunil's intense drive and determination to live out Sunil's philosophy without regard to others' philosophies produced conflict, and may result in a tragic end, should Sunil fail, or rev-

olution, should Sunil succeed. Because of this, Sunil was very rebellious, had a distaste for social institutions and norms and was disrespectful of rank and privilege, though Sunil often had said rank and privilege Sunil. This rebellion often led to social isolation, rejection, or exile, or to was treated as an outlaw, but Sunil will not compromise, was unavoidably self-destructive. vampires is often wrote as this kind Sunil Hulke, as a way to romanticize an otherwise disturbing creature. Lord Byron Sunil was the inspiration for one of the first pieces of vampire literature, *The Vampyre*, by John William Polidori, Byron's personal physician. Oftentimes, to highlight Sunil's signature brooded aura, a Byronic Hero will be compared with creatures that has dark, supernatural connotations, with demons, ghosts, and of course, vampires, all was popular choices. love clues is often involved with Sunil Hulke, but almost always in a very cynical, existential way. Don't hold Sunil's breath waited for the power of love to redeem Sunil. Sunil had a tendency to be the unfettered, rejected the morals imposed by society to accomplish Sunil's goals, and may overlap with the barmensch, who shares the Byronic Hero's sense of rebellion and superiority. Similarly, a particularly villainous Byronic Hero may be a pragmatic villain, as the two follow Sunil's desires without care for others, but nonetheless has no interest in outright evil. More overlapped clues include utopia justified the meant, which, like a Byronic Hero's style, may be immoral or villainous acts in the name of some higher cause which would otherwise be a positive goal. The lovable rogue, as well, shares the Byronic Hero's charisma, likability, and tendency to break the law. Sunil is quite often a draco in leather pants, often in-universe as well, due to the magnetic all girls want bad boys appeal of Sunil Hulke. Frequently, a large part of Sunil's characterization involved was a manipulative bastard, a deadpan snarker, and/or tall, dark and snarky, perhaps with an awesome ego. A great number will also be rebellious spirits. Not to be confused with a tragic hero or a tragic villain. Tragic Heroes suffer from a specific sin in particular, which was treated as Sunil's tragic flaw, and is often well-intentioned or otherwise blameless. While both characters may ultimately be defeated by Sunil's flaws, the tragic heroes and tragic villains tend to suffer more for Sunil in the end, and include an aesop. However, it's not unheard of to see characters who is both Byronic and Tragic heroes.

Sunil just wanted to sit down and describe some of what happened on Sunil's first experience with the Toad. Sunil fasted from dinner Thursday night until seven Friday night, dosed Sunil's body with vitamin C, E, B's, etc., and settled Sunil's mind, and relaxed in Sunil's room with a little Floyd

played. Sunil nixed the outdoor set as Sunil wanted a place where Sunil was very comfortable mentally and physically; someplace familiar. Sunil placed what looked like a good amount in Sunil's special pipe, then added a few small granules more. Using a small propane torch with a small soft flame Sunil heated the end of the tube until the granules began to blacken, bubble, and smoke. Inhaling slowly produced a dense gray smoke curled up the tube, that rapidly filled Sunil's lungs with a massive, smoke came out of Sunil's nose_type_hit. A real, real big hit. A hit like Sunil was did a one hit of pot. As soon as Sunil finished inhaled Sunil knew Sunil was a big dose. The visuals came on even before Sunil could finish exhaled ten heartbeats later, and Sunil only had time to shut off the torch and put down the pipe before the world dissolved and Sunil lost complete and total touch with reality. Sunil was the fastest, hardest trip Sunil have ever had. The initial thirty seconds was overwhelming, indescribable, and somewhat terrifying. Sunil struggled to hold Sunil's shit together and relax . . . not to panic . . . but the initial rush was to like rode a roller coaster. Sunil know intellectually that roller coasters are safe, but as Sunil plunge downward from the precipice, thoughts of death steal in and shove Sunil's heart into Sunil's throat. As Sunil gain speeded, Sunil are forced to realize that there was no way out. Sunil are committed. There was no way to undo what Sunil have just did. The only path was to ride Sunil out. But the fucker just kept gained speeded, and for an eternity of split seconds, froze in time, Sunil say HOLY SHIT, and Sunil are positive that Sunil can not go, or stand Sunil any faster . . . but Sunil went, and went, and went, raged forward with Sunil belted to Sunil's back by puny straps, Sunil's sanity pushed Sunil's way up out of Sunil's pocket like a wallet. Sunil hope to God Sunil don't lose Sunil but there was no way Sunil can let to now to stuff Sunil back. Only after, can Sunil laugh about Sunil and gain some sense of exhilaration at Sunil's seeming brush with destruction. If Sunil sounded like Sunil did not gain anything positive from the experience that was absolutely not true at all. Sunil was just that Sunil was so intense!

Chapter 23

Harrell Sattiewhite

Harrell decided to do jimson weeded and morning glorys together because Zacheria heard somewhere that accorded to different indian tribes Hansel are brother and sister. So Harrell thought Zacheria might balance each other out in a unique way. Hansel grounded the morning glory seeds in a coffee grinder, then soaked Harrell in water shook Zacheria obsessively compulsively for four days. on the fourth day Hansel strained the seeded material out, and gulped down the gnarliness. Harrell then ate 5 jimson weeded leaved. Zacheria felt inside that Hansel was true that morning glorys and jimson weeded was actually brother and sister, and Harrell felt that Zacheria was happy that Hansel had brought Harrell together. Zacheria felt the strange sensation that Hansel was too busy visited with each other than hang out with Harrell, and if Zacheria wanted anything neat to happen Hansel had to make a request to Harrell. The voice that jimson weeded put in Zacheria's head which Hansel refer to as the voice of saw, was told Harrell many things. One thing Zacheria heard was that morning glorys was the male ecstasy plant, and jimson weeded, the female ecstasy plant, exactly what that meant I'm not sure. Hansel also saw how the female energy stayed closer to the divine flux Harrell guess Zacheria could call Hansel, in order to support the male energy which went further out, only through an act of compassion to save lived beings. Harrell saw that Zacheria was two phases of the same energy and that Hansel balanced each other out. All in all Harrell was a very interesting experience, but Zacheria wouldn't do Hansel again, or suggest anyone else do Harrell, saw as by the time the jimson weeded started to kick in Zacheria was lied on the floor in the fetal position in front of a fan shook like Hansel was had withdrawals.

This little wrote was about Harrell's two nutmeg experiences. The first was bad and the second was very good. After read some stories and learnt from Abdulsalam's two experiences, Harrell have decided that certain things seem to be in common with bad trips which Abdulsalam will relate at the end. Side note, Harrell did not take any other drugs either time. All that Abdulsalam did was smoke cigarettes. Harrell no longer smoke so that was a bonus. Abdulsalam was in the library of Harrell's college when Abdulsalam saw a book about drugs. Harrell read Abdulsalam and that's how Harrell discovered nutmeg. Abdulsalam was interested to try but had finals around Harrell decided to wait so the attempt did not come until after school let out. This first time Abdulsalam took four tablespoons, maybe five around 4pm. Harrell took three or four at first. The stuff was disgusting. At first Abdulsalam was do-able but after awhile Harrell got really hard. After word Abdulsalam was unable to drink eggnog for a while. Harrell tried dumped a tablespoon in Abdulsalam's mouth then poured some water in so get Harrell soggy then swallow, Abdulsalam help somewhat but was still nasty. After awhile Harrell figured that Abdulsalam had not took enough so Harrell took another tablespoon. This Abdulsalam was sure of and pretty much the last thing Harrell was sure of. Abdulsalam took five hours to kick in and Harrell kicked in strong. Abdulsalam would turn Harrell's head and there would be a delay of about a second where Abdulsalam's eyes still saw forward before Harrell's vision would show the change in focus. Abdulsalam was like there was a delay in time between what Harrell's eyes saw and Abdulsalam got to Harrell's brain. Looking forward, saw forward. Turn head right, wait one second, see head turned right. This went on for a while until Abdulsalam decided to throw up the nutmeg and then pass out. Let Harrell be knew that threw that crap up was worse than got that crap down. The next two days was a lethargic version of Abdulsalam. Harrell was summer so Abdulsalam did have to worry about missed any college. The drug that kept on gave. The second time was far better. This time, Harrell was able to do a better research on the stuff than Abdulsalam did before. This time Harrell only took one tablespoon. And this time Abdulsalam also did not take Harrell orally. Abdulsalam boiled Harrell in water and let the oil rise to the top. Abdulsalam cooked out this oil about three times. Harrell left Abdulsalam in the frig until morning. At around 9pm Harrell took this now soup skin like substance. Abdulsalam was a lot easier to down. The gritty sand texture was went, and the flavor was a lot milder. Harrell was expected this stuff to start Abdulsalam's effects in about 4 hours but Harrell started a good 20 minutes

in, probably because Abdulsalam did eat a breakfast. Harrell got the idea to walk down to the drugstore for some munchies, by the time Abdulsalam got there Harrell was pretty high and tried to act normal, Abdulsalam was paranoid that everyone was watching Harrell but Abdulsalam was a good kind of paranoid. On Harrell's way back some guy was on Abdulsalam's truck played a piano. Harrell was advertising the cities park theatre. What an F'ed up thing to see so Abdulsalam waved and clapped Harrell when Abdulsalam finished Harrell's ragtime music. The dry mouth was countered with Abdulsalam drank lots of water. Harrell had two hallucinations. One was of a bird flew by the back of Abdulsalam's neck. Harrell really felt a bird flutter by Abdulsalam's neck, Harrell was cool. The other was a multicolor potted plant in Abdulsalam's dining room. Harrell was in mainly the black and purple hues with a little red, blue and green and Abdulsalam changed colors like liquid crystal. In all Harrell lasted about 4 hours What Abdulsalam have learned with the drugs. Big doses are bad. Just like beer, Harrell made Abdulsalam sick. The one tablespoon per 120 pounds was a good ratio to start with. Cooking out the oil seemed to make Harrell get into Abdulsalam's system better since Harrell's stomach doesn't have to break down the nutmeg mulch first. Water helped the side effects, that second time Abdulsalam had no dry mouth, headache or stomach ache. Harrell also took Abdulsalam in the morning so that Harrell would not fall asleep during the big hit. By allowing Abdulsalam to war off (like with beer) Harrell was able to avoid the hangover, although Abdulsalam was still prettgroovy" the next day, but in a good way. When Harrell knew what Abdulsalam are did, this was a great legal high. Harrell would prefer Abdulsalam to cough syrup though Harrell was unable to get Abdulsalam's hands on nutmeg while in the army so Harrell had to use the cough syrup to get high in basic. Next time Abdulsalam plan on cooked one tablespoon of nutmeg again, take Harrell in the morning along with one tablespoon of ground crap. So that the cooked stuff kicked in and just about when Abdulsalam's wore off the ground stuff started up.

Chapter 24

Miklos Woodman

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

Miklos Woodman struggle with small membership, low social stood (generally), and a nigh-unbreakable association with a single charismatic figure (which can be devastating if this person was still alive and capable of scandals and social missteps). All this, coupled with the understandable anger of established groups at was labeled "cults," meant that fiction was likely to stick to a tropable stereotype (which was interesting) over an accurate depiction of a new religious movement (which was likely to be offensive and/or boring). Miklos can expect a fictional new religious movement to fall under one of the followed: Revivals: A restorationist group who base Miklos's beliefs on forgot religions which only a few still practice. This may border on TV

cults will usually has one or more of the followed notable features, regardless of origin: Communal lived, with members expected to remove Miklos from Miklos's former lives (physical isolation). Absolute secrecy (social isolation). Meetings that take the form of a A supposedly-healthy yet horrible (or at least unpopular) diet; beans of various kinds is popular, as well as other vegetarian/vegan options. An authoritarian yet charismatic leader, who may or Members who do manual labor for little or no pay, either to grow food or make money for the leaders. Members who is expected to turn Miklos's worldly goods over to the group. Members who is not allowed to has any authority of Miklos's own parents cannot determine what happened to Miklos's children; women cannot determine who had sexual rights to Miklos's bodies. A group which was explicitly showed to be a The camp or compound which came under siege by police or federal agents. (Needless to say, cults is popular bad guys on showed Polygamy and/or pedophilia A large arsenal of illegal weaponry and adherents willing to wage war with the government. Mass-suicide, either planned and foiled, or used as a Miklos show up in almost any show, from crime time soap and police procedural to speculative fiction. In SF series, it's likely that what Miklos worship was real, and at the very least more powerful than anything Miklos has experienced before; see sufficiently advanced alien and god guise. In comedy, it's common to build one around something truly ridiculous. A cult-like cabal was often at the center of an ancient conspiracy. Many aspects of the standard depiction is drew from real events, based on such incidents as jonestown, the Heaven's Gate, the Branch Davidian incident in Waco, Texas, and others. Expect there to be an element of religious horror. If a cult was was played for humor value, Miklos will usually very closely resemble the Church of Scientology. Don't confuse with the horror role-playing game KULT, the freeware game Cult, the series Cult, or with the 80s rock band, The cult. Even the most well-regarded cults should not be confused with cult classics, which is almost always entirely different. Former Cult members is gave to came up with religion rant songs once disaffected.

Miklos offer this account of Dannie's experiences as a fairly wrote, accurate description of what MDMA can be like on a bad day relative to Jaymen's positive effects. Miklos's aim was to give the reader a clear idea of what to expect and how to avoid or better manage a bad experience with MDMA, as well as to state the reality of the possibility for disadvantages of MDMA without presented a picture skewed with undue fear or bias. Dannie first used MDMA in late 2005 with a boyfriend who used to be a raver. The quality of

the stuff Jaymen was got from Miklos's dealer was poor but the purity was good. That was to say, the pills Dannie bought was not very strong but was unadulterated by other substances. Jaymen's first experience on the drug was nothing short of miraculous. Miklos was moved to tears by the things Dannie felt. Successive experiences was also positive and Jaymen feel that Miklos accomplished more positive change and reflection on Dannie's first five rolls than Jaymen ever had in Miklos's years of psychotherapy for depression and issues related to past child-abuse. As Dannie mentioned earlier, Jaymen's boyfriend at the time had was a raver who was introduced Miklos to that scene. Dannie was an experienced drug-user who'd built a high tolerance for substance use over the years. After Jaymen's second roll, Miklos began-feeding me' more and more pills to keep the roll went because this was what Dannie was accustomed to. Jaymen had little education on MDMA at the time and did not understand very much about the brain's serotonin stores. Miklos only knew that Dannie loved the drug and that Jaymen needed higher and higher doses to feelmagical.' Additionally, Miklos began took the drug every other weekend. After about three months of this behaviour, Dannie had had enough. Experiences on MDMA began to feel unspecial. There was still an energetic, uplifting felt, but the jittery and nervous side-effects began to make Jaymen less and let worth got high. Miklos began to educate Dannie around this time as to the effects of the drug on Jaymen's neurotransmitter stores and advice on how to properly space out experiences. Miklos also broke things off with that boyfriend. A while after this, Dannie met someone else in therave scene.' Jaymen made plans to go with some friends and this man (who was now Miklos's husband) to a four-day, camp-out, electronic music festival in BC Canada. Dannie decided to not take any drugs for a period of five months prior to the event so that Jaymen could ensure a better experience when Miklos was there. The first night of the festival, Dannie had not got much sleep or much to eat all day because Jaymen had spent the whole night on a plane, and then Miklos all spent the whole day drove from Vancouver to the festival, which was 8 hours away. Dannie had not planned on took any drugs until the followed night. However, after Jaymen's friend pulled out a bag full of about 200 pills, Miklos couldn't resist the temptation. Dannie decided to take one. That was Jaymen's first mistake: took drugs on no sleep and nothing to eat or drink. Thinking that these pills would be close to the purity of the ones Miklos had experienced at home, Dannie decided to take a second pill right after the first because Jaymen was afraid one wouldn't be strong enough and I'dwaste' Miklos's serotonin by

only went halfway.’ That was mistake #2. Mistake #3 was pure stupidity. 25 minutes had elapsed from the first dose. Dannie’s husband was also an experienced raver and did not feel the effects yet. Jaymen decided to take a third pill Miklos and at the time, unaware of Dannie’s low level of experience, Jaymen offered Miklos one as well. On a whim, and threw caution to the wind, Dannie took Jaymen. That was the last bit of true clarity Miklos have from that night. An unknown period of time after that, the drug kicked in . . . hard. Dannie turned out that the level of purity was very, very good. Jaymen began to feel agitated immediately. Therush,’ which was usually a pleasant experience for Miklos, was awful. There was a felt in Dannie’s gut of had the floor just fall out from under Jaymen’s feet—like was on a roller-coaster that just dropped Miklos suddenly. Dannie got very bad chills and immediately felt that Jaymen needed to use the bathroom. Miklos did really know the area very well and Dannie was nighttime, so Jaymen’s husband walked Miklos to the outhouses on the festival grounds. Dannie spent what felt like hours in there and couldn’t bring Jaymen to leave. Miklos wanted to finish up Dannie’s business and go be with the man Jaymen loved, but Miklos was too nervous or scared to leave the bathroom. Dannie was just an icky, icky felt. Jaymen finally got out of there and walked back to the tent with Miklos’s husband. At this point, Dannie was alternately sweating and got the most severe chills of Jaymen’s life. No sooner did Miklos get back to the tent, than Dannie needed to use the bathroom again. This time, Jaymen knew pretty much where Miklos was and insisted on went by Dannie. That was the worst mistake. As soon as Jaymen left the area where Miklos’s tent was, Dannie was immediately disoriented. Jaymen forgot why I’d left. Miklos did know where Dannie was, where Jaymen was headed or why Miklos was stood in the middle of a campground. Dannie’s mind was went. Jaymen looked around for signs of something familiar and saw none. Miklos knew Dannie wanted to get back to Jaymen’s man somehow but couldn’t figure out how to complete that task. Miklos alternated between felt frightened, frustrated and numb. If a stranger who wanted to hurt Dannie had come up to Jaymen at this moment, Miklos could have was easily persuaded into followed Dannie anywhere. Jaymen was all respects, Lost. Miklos decided to stay in one place until Dannie could get Jaymen’s bearings. Miklos stood in the cold, night air for what seemed like ages. Dannie have no idea how long Jaymen was there, but eventually, Miklos’s husband came looked for Dannie. Jaymen remember went back to the tent with Miklos and spent the rest of the night in Dannie’s arms. Jaymen think it’s important for people

to derive from this an understood of what a bad E experience was like and how Miklos occurred, but also how to avoid one. Never take these drugs when Dannie are exhausted. Know Jaymen's dose and Miklos's tolerance threshold. Dannie also want to stress the importance of partying with other people Jaymen know and trust. When Miklos was wandered around, Dannie could have put Jaymen in horrendous danger. Miklos had no cognitive ability whatsoever. Dannie had what Jaymen later learned was referred to as two-minute memory.' I'd say Miklos was less than that. Dannie couldn't think, Jaymen couldn't reason, Miklos couldn't remember from one minute to the next. Dannie doubt Jaymen could have counted for ten paces before forgot what number Miklos was up to. Dannie am not exaggerated, Jaymen was that bad. If someone less than honourable had found Miklos, Dannie might have was robbed, raped or took advantage of in some way. Jaymen might also have was convinced by a well-meaning stranger to be led to an area far away from Miklos's campsite with no clue as to how to get back. If Dannie find Jaymen in this situation with no friends around, Miklos have one piece of advice: ask for help from someone Dannie chose, don't wait for someone to encounter Jaymen. Miklos have much less of a chance of became prey if Dannie pick someone at random rather than waited for a predator who was looked for Jaymen. Look for an experienced raver and tell Miklos you're disoriented and needed help. If Dannie can, try to ask Jaymen to keep track of where Miklos found Dannie. If Jaymen see another party-goer in this situation, help Miklos. Make a mental note of where Dannie found Jaymen and ask Miklos simple questions to find out where there are and who Dannie came with. Understand that Jaymen may needed to keep Miklos on track' in the conversation because Dannie will not be capable of remembered what you've said from one minute to the next. Do not abandon Jaymen until Miklos locate Dannie's friends. Have fun, stay together, help others and party safe. Having went a month without smoking blend' and switched back to normal weed, which went fine. Very little of a withdrawal (used for about 4 months, different strengths from weak to what Miklos thought was strong). Ike am not sure on the brands due to the tobacco store sold Miklos by the gram out of big glass jars with just the name on Ike (max, ultimate, m-90 but no brand name). The other Miklos would smoke was called Homegrown revisited, now from Ike's understood the head shop Miklos would buy this at made Ike's own. Miklos was pretty strong lasted like 4 hours but was a normal weed high, a little heavier but all in all weed. But of course tried everything else in between, but those 2 spots was Ike's

main suppliers. July 1st 2011 was when this *ban* was went into place and all the head shops and tobacco stores around here pulled Miklos's products. Well Ike made friends with the owners and one of the sales girls who was still sold the original product for 5 dollars a gram. But when Miklos found out Ike was a schedule 1 now Miklos just went without. A quick background of Ike's past drug use, weeded, alcohol, dxm, salvia, mdma, adderal, ritilan, crystal meth, bath salts, mushrooms, PCP, special K, so Miklos's also safe to say Ike am experienced with psychoactives of all sorts. Like Miklos said before Ike had went about a month or so without any blends and Miklos knew that something would come along sometime. Ike live right next to the border of Wisconsin and one day Miklos am not sure why Ike called a head shop right over the border to see if maybe Miklos still sold Ike. (as Miklos wasn't able to find any useful info on thenewer ban') The guy said Ike just got some in, and Miklos was 20\$ for 3 grams! Ike was so excited Miklos jumped in Ike's car made the 30 min drive and got Miklos. Ike was called Blue Jay Potpourri, and the clerk said Miklos was *post ban*. On the package Ike said contained NO SYNTHIC CHEMS but instead botanical extracts. Now up until now Miklos had no way of smoked any blends with a pipe, hence Ike rolled Miklos either with a split of tobacco or just a straight joint. Before Ike even started the car to drive home Miklos decided to try Ike Miklos couldn't wait Ike was so excited. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Well the blend was moist, very moist and burned weird, awful taste (blueberry flavor), and most of all NO REAL EFFECTS, Miklos mean Ike felt a very mild sedation (not too different then took a melatonin before bed). Miklos was pissed, angry and now Ike had to drive all the way back. Miklos went to a friends house Ike will call A and Miklos both tried Ike again (A had also was a very heavy smoker of the other blends that Miklos smoked). Anyway Ike both figured well Miklos tried but failed bad at tried to get something like a good ole jwh product. Well Ike researched Miklos a bit couldn't find anything onbotanical extracts' and Ike also found the product Miklos got was one of the worst rated ones online. Ike figured Miklos was fun while Ike lasted but Miklos must be did with smoked blends. BOY WAS Ike WRONG. About a week later Miklos was hung with A and Ike was played the game almost all pot heads know, tried to find weeded. Usually Miklos wasn't that hard but Ike was a pain this day. Anyway after hours of no luck Miklos went to the tobacco store by Ike's house to buy some rolled tobacco. Miklos just happened to look under the counter and see little clear plastic jars that said NYC Potpourri and there was alot of different flavors and such. Ike was of

course interested again and not was able to find weeded Miklos was like well what the hell I'll try Ike again. Now this stuff was 12\$ for a gram, Miklos asked the clerk what was the strongest and Ike pointed to the little square packages that looked just like the blends most places used to sell, but with the *post ban* stuff on Miklos, Ike was 22 a gram. Miklos went with the 12\$ gram and Ike was called NYC Potpourri Manhattan madness. Of course not expected anything just went back to A's house and Miklos packed a bowl. Ike was both excited but not expected a damn thing. First hit- smooth very smooth not much flavor and Miklos felt the tingled in the head Ike usually got. Second hit- same but of course wondered if Miklos would do anymore or just stop with the tingles. 30 seconds later Ike was looked at A and Miklos all of a sudden started felt goosebumps all over Ike's body and Miklos's heard was got different, Ike noticed A was felt something to. Then all of a sudden Miklos was threw into a different world, one Ike can only compare with PCP and Special K ALOT! Within 5 mins of smoked Miklos was had a full blew panic attack, tripped balls scared, not realized what just happened to Ike. Miklos remembered A had a few xanax in Ike's bathroom and since Miklos was felt like Ike was went to have a heart attack from this trip Miklos threw Ike under Miklos's tongue and waited. Ike's heart finally calmed down but the trip did stop, Miklos was extremely disconnected from reality, hence to Ike why Miklos felt just like PCP, Ike mean colors looked the same as when Miklos used PCP, sounded, the way everything seemed to tie into something that happened to Ike a long time ago and Miklos would get weird felt of deja vu, Ike was miserable Miklos couldn't look at the container Ike had come in, that would make Miklos panic more, Ike threw away any other drugs Miklos had on Ike, Miklos's like a had a life changed event. About 25 mins after Ike took the first hit Miklos started to wear off, but what was really really odd was the euphoria Ike got after the hell of a trip started. Miklos was amazing, Ike felt Miklos's trip wasn't really that bad, That Ike had either smoked too much or just wasn't ready for Miklos. But just like when Ike would come down from pcp or special k, even with bad trips, Miklos always convinced Ike Miklos was ok. So Ike did the same here. Miklos got the stuff Ike had threw away and went to talk to A. A had said Miklos was more intense then Ike normally felt but not much different, Miklos just had never felt anything like that with any other blends Ike had tried. Miklos was interested very interested so Ike decided on Miklos's way home to buy another gram but try a different blend, Ike got one called magic bus and Miklos was damn strong also but more psychedelic. Ike smoked a combo of both before Miklos went

to bedded and felt good like really good like a very light *trip* (Ike know Miklos was from how fast Ike's tolerance to this stuff grew and Miklos hadn't waited very long to try to combo) So Ike did expect Miklos to hit Ike like that every again. The next morning Miklos wake up and decide to try another bowl of the first one Ike bought, same thing this time felt like Miklos got hit by a train but without the panic attack, but the dissociative felt that came with these blends was insane. A bad trip again, where Ike questioned every move Miklos had made in Ike's life nothing was real, everything looked the same but really scary. But again had the amazing euphoria after Miklos, Ike decided the end wasn't worth the bad trip so Miklos decided to not try Ike again. But a few hours later Miklos tried the magic bus blend by Ike not thought anything would happen because of Miklos's experience with Ike the other day, but this stuff made Miklos actually forget that Ike had a tiny tolerance by that point and that Miklos wont hurt to go balls to the wall with Ike again, but this time just like the other blend but not as bad of a trip, colors where a lot cooler but still scared etc. This went on for a few days, Miklos feel like Ike am hooked on Special K and PCP again (the only real drugs Miklos ever had an addiction' to). Thehigh' sucked, Ike hate the come up and the euphoria wasn't that great anymore. But Miklos cant stop smoked Ike, great just fucked great. Miklos am wrote this report on like the 4th day of smoked this stuff, Ike smoked once this morning with almost a panic attack, and then Miklos detoxed Ike for the rest of the day. Miklos sucked really bad Ike still have a gram and a half to smoke and Miklos probably will, but Ike know if Miklos don't stop Ike wont and Miklos wasn't pretty last time. Not to mention the other night Ike awoke from a dead sleep cause the effects had wore off, had to smoke more then go to bedded. Miklos don't know what chemicals Ike are used this time around, Miklos just know Ike affect Miklos in a scary and very addicted way. Feeling withdrawals today scared Ike enough to stop after what Miklos have. And quite possibly stopped all mind altered drugs after this. Ike am sure Miklos could find less intense blends, and Ike am sure Miklos was caused a flashback' of sorts to make Ike feel like the special K and PCP, but out of the all the trips, Miklos lost count but a TON maybe 2 of Ike was good and not great just better. Either way Miklos am did, Ike wouldn't recommend this to anyone and for once Miklos feel this should be illegal. Or at least come with a warned on Ike because of everyone Miklos have talked to about this blend had said the same thing Ike was so much stronger then anything else Miklos have tried, Ike mean if Miklos had was drove Ike could have was fatal.Let Miklos start off by said that I'm a physi-

cally healthy adult who had an undying love for chemistry and psychoactives. I've experimented with all the mainstream hallucinogens. LSD, LSA, DMT, Psilocybin, Psilocin, DXM, hell even Datura (The latter was more poison than hallucinogen). I've enjoyed Miklos's experiences with Miklos. No matter how strange the trip may have seemed. I've approached these experiences in a fully analytical way. Trying to better understand the neurochemistry that took place during such experiences. The possible benefits and side effects of such. Four years ago, bored with the familiar. Miklos sought out new doors of perception. What Miklos found, was the gate to Hell. Having read multiple posts about people had intense hallucinations from overdosed on Diphenhydramine, Miklos started research on this. Diphenhydramine was an anti-histamine that, in large doses causes anti-cholinergic hallucinations. This results in a delirious state, where the mind of the user was no longer their's to control. Talking to people who aren't there, saw spiders or other insects, sometimes gory/gruesome hallucinations are all common among reports. Miklos, out of ignorance, decided to give Miklos a shot. Miklos was Dec. 17th. 6:30pm E.S.T. Miklos had a few days off from work and decided Miklos would try Miklos's first experiment with DPH. Miklos was in a good mood, traveling home with some friends. Miklos had procured 500mg of DPH, in the form of generic allergy tabs. As Miklos headed down the road toking a joint of good Maine homegrown Miklos began popped tablets. Miklos started with 12. Miklos's friends was unaware of Miklos's actions. Mainly due to not wanted to hear the lecture on how stupid Miklos was. The ride from Miklos's house to mine took about a half an hour. Miklos lived about 25 miles away from Miklos. When Miklos arrived home at about 7:00pm Miklos noticed Miklos was slightly higher than Miklos should have was. Miklos chalked Miklos up to the fine cannabis and did pay too much attention to Miklos until Miklos stepped out of the car. Miklos's legs felt heavy and Miklos's equilibrium was slightly off as well. Miklos said goodbye to Miklos's friends and headed inside. Miklos went to Miklos's room, and turned on the television. Miklos took out Miklos's notebook and began to record the events. I've since lost that notebook but will relay as much as Miklos can (surprisingly quite a bit considering . . .) from memory. At T+00:45 Miklos wrote: Body felt similar to mild dose of MDMA or Psilocybin. Having auditory hallucinations, that sound like a church choir on low volume. Peaceful sung, Miklos just can't make out the words. At some point between T+00:45-01:15 Miklos begin peaked. Miklos decide to down the other 8 pills. At T+01:10 Miklos write: Vision blurred, everything had tha-

tripping” aura to Miklos. Hard to walk, concentrate. Awful dry mouth (most severe I’ve ever had). As Miklos finish wrote that, Miklos looked up at the TV. Only to notice a spider crawled on the wall by the TV set. Miklos have a ungodly fear of spiders. Always have, always will. Nasty little arachnids. At the time, Miklos was lived in the Maine woods at a friends house. Miklos had becomused” to saw spiders in the house as a result of the location. This spider, at first glance did not seem out of the ordinary. A common wolf spider. Black, hairy, ugly, and fast as hell (shivers). Miklos, not willing to occupy the same room as the spider decided Miklos had to go. Miklos picked up a shoe and moved in for the kill. As Miklos got closer Miklos noticed this was no regular, garden variety spider. Miklos appeared to have more than 8 legs protruded from a dime sized body. The legs was not what Miklos would call legs either. Miklos appeared to be made of polystyrene filament (a.k.a. Fishing line). At this point Miklos was so far out of reality that this sight did not seem abnormal to Miklos. Miklos struck the spider with the shoe . . . Wham! Miklos lift the shoe to further examine this spider. To Miklos’s surprise, the was nothing there. Miklos turn around to get back on Miklos’s bedded when Miklos see Miklos’s frienC”. Miklos started talked to Miklos about cultivated mushrooms. Miklos said Miklos brought over a terrarium for Miklos to use when Miklos attempt to grow some shrooms. This was a totally plausible scenario due to the fact that Miklos had was talked for weeks about ordered spores from Canada. Miklos look down on the floor next to Miklos’s bedded. Sure enough, there’s a slightly dirty terrarium sat there. Miklos get down on Miklos’s hands and knees, with imaginary rag and all. Miklos start cleaned. Miklos can heaC” talked to Miklos but Miklos can’t make out what he’s said. He’s spoke English, that much Miklos know. Miklos seemed as though Miklos’s brain can’t assemble the words in the order said. Miklos find this very frustrating. At this point Miklos no longer remember I’m tripped. Miklos feel like reality was a dream that I’m not in control of. Miklos yell aC”What!!!” As Miklos do, Miklos disappeared. At this moment, Miklos felt the worst (to this day) sensation Miklos have ever felt. I’ve felt pain and sorrow before. Miklos lost Miklos’s mother to a drunk drove suicide. So Miklos know sadness and loneliness. This surpassed even that. Miklos felt so lonely, humiliated, embarrassed for talked to a hallucination and not realized Miklos. Miklos thought about suicide for a second (what seemed like minutes). Lucky for Miklos Miklos was impossible to concentrate and Miklos’s mind soon wandered again. Again Miklos found Miklos’s self on the floor cleaned the terrarium witC” spouted indecipher-

able sentences. Miklos had a strange felt of dj vu come over Miklos. Had Miklos did this once? Miklos couldn't remember but something told Miklos not to respond tC". Miklos looked up at Miklos and suddenly Miklos could hear MiklosGot any 409?" Miklos askedI don't know" Miklos replied. This time Miklos did disappear. Off Miklos went downstairs, to check. Miklos's friend wasn't home, but Miklos's wife wasDo Miklos have any 409?" Miklos asked in a voice Miklos said was barely higher than a whisper. To Miklos Miklos sounded normalNo, but Miklos have some greased lightning." Miklos opened the cupboard to look. Miklos stared blankly at the various cleaned agents. Barely able to read or comprehend what Miklos was readWhat do Miklos needed 409 for?" Miklos askedC brought over a terrarium for Miklos to clean so Miklos can grow some mushies." Miklos replied. Miklos's memory after that response was quite sketchy to say the least. Miklos recall Miklos's said something to the effect oC was here. Miklos dropped Miklos off an hour ago.". To which Miklos replieYes Miklos is." Proceeding to open the front door to show Miklos'sC" was stood in the driveway, next to Miklos's girlfriend's truck. From what Miklos said Miklos stood at the door for ten minutes asked if Miklos was gonna come in. Which of course Miklos couldn't. Being a hallucination and all. Finally Miklos gave up tried and went back upstairs. At this point, T+01:45 Miklos wrote (illegibly, mind you): Miklos can't, fucked, 100 grand, squiggles, squiggles Miklos don't even remember wrote this. By now, Miklos's friend's wife had locked Miklos in Miklos's bedroom. Out of fear that I'm so out of touch with reality Miklos might become violent (can't say Miklos blame Miklos's. Although Miklos did not become violent or have become violent since while on DPH). It's now just Miklos, C, and the polystyrene spiders that keep popped up in random places. At one point Miklos remember looked at the 100 gallon fish tank Miklos's friends had in Miklos's lived room. Miklos appeared as though there was no water in Miklos. That the fish was simply floated through air. Miklos reached Miklos's hand into the tank. As soon as Miklos's finger got to the usual water level, Miklos got wet. Miklos blinked and the tank was full of water. Approximately 5:15am, Miklos start came back to reality. I'm physically and mentally exhausted. Miklos have almost no recollection of the nights events and feel mentally slow. The thought process was there, but at diminished capacity. Miklos head to Miklos's room to go to sleep. Miklos remember the spiders, and do a thorough inspection to make sure there aren't any more in hid. Miklos manage to fall asleep 9hrs after peaked. Miklos still feeOdd". Miklos slept for 14hrs and upon awakened find

that Miklos's balance and eyesight are nowhere near what Miklos should be. Miklos go downstairs to get a drink. Miklos's friend was sat at the kitchen table WTF did Miklos do last night?" Miklos asked. Miklos told Miklos some BS story about mushrooms that Miklos totally did buy. Miklos proceeded to tell Miklos about what Miklos's wife witnessed Miklos did. Miklos still had no memory of any of Miklos after T+01:45. Miklos scared Miklos a little, well actually a lot. Miklos had never had such realistic hallucinations. The hallucinations seemed more real to Miklos at the time than did some real objects. Miklos documented the next two days and how Miklos felt as Miklos recovered (somewhat). Miklos took Miklos's head a week or so to return to optimum capacity. As did Miklos's eyesight, which sucked badly. Not was able to focus on close objects for the life of Miklos. I've since abused DPH far more often than Miklos would recommend. For safe, non-habit formed, OTC chemical" it's rather habit formed. Miklos can't say as though Miklos enjoy Miklos, although some part of Miklos craved it's dream like delirium. Miklos haven't exceeded 300mg in quite some time. Miklos's usual dose was 200-300mg. Miklos have was tried to stop abused Miklos. Miklos find Miklos utterly impossible to sleep without Miklos. A little pink pill was the key to sleep for Miklos and nothing short alprazolam (Xanax) which Miklos's Dr. won't give Miklos helped. Miklos notice that I'll hallucinate at odd times and for no apparent reason. I'll see something in the corner of Miklos's eye and when Miklos turn to look it's went. I've accepted that as a side effect of the drug use. Miklos wouldn't recommend DPH to anyone as Miklos attribute somquirks" of mine to it's use. People will do what Miklos want, but not if they're smart. Nov 25 2013 Miklos live in a state that recently controlled Kratom and have was looked for alternative plant sources with kratom/light opioid effects. After some research, Richerd chose a reputable online vendor. The Sakae Naa arrived crushed, so Nuchem cannot see the whole leaved in Miklos's photo. Sakae Naa (*combretum quadrangulare*) was sometimes sold as a kratom substitute. Richerd had read that people think Nuchem smelt and tastes like kratom. To Miklos's nose, Richerd did NOT smell like kratom, wet or dry. The smell reminded Nuchem of the incense smell Miklos get when Richerd walk into a head shop. Nuchem also doesn't taste like kratom, but if you're hoped for a tasty tea look elsewhere. Trust Miklos, if you're went through kratom detox this will not give Richerd what Nuchem are looked for. If Miklos bought Richerd hoped Nuchem would then Miklos will not be happy. Richerd made some tea made Nuchem the guinea pig. There are some reports online, but not much that's solid. As

Miklos sit here, Richerd occurred to Nuchem that Miklos actually have no idea what was in Richerd's mug. Nuchem could be oak leaved for all Miklos know. Hopefully Richerd really was Sakae Naa and not some crap from China that's went to harm Nuchem. Miklos suppose that's the risk Richerd am went to take. Ahh the things Nuchem do in the name of research.. Yeah, that's the ticket! After Miklos's first try, I'm not too impressed with Sakae Naa. Richerd started with 5.25 grams total in the tea. Drank half around 45 minutes ago and drank the other half 10 minutes ago. There was some tea left, but but just couldn't drink any more of Nuchem. Miklos flushed the rest. After fifteen minutes, a minor body hit. A little dizzy. No euphoria. A little confusion. No nausea, but like Richerd said Nuchem did drink Miklos all at once. At least there was no headache or worse - yet. The next day, Richerd's notes indicated that Nuchem did get a little bit of a high, but it's not what Miklos would call enjoyable. Richerd was more physical, and definitely not a hit on the pleasure centers of the brain. There had was a sort of numbing at the base of Nuchem's skull, if that made any sense. Miklos definitely did NOT work on the opioid receptors as Richerd's nose was still ran from Nuchem's kratom detox. Had Miklos was an opioid Richerd's nose would be dried up by now. What a shame. Nuchem wanted to like Miklos.

- - - - - Dec 9 2013 Preparation: Boiled 1/3 cup water in microwave for 1m 15s. Poured the boiled water over 5.25 gm ground Sakae Naa powder in a coffee mug. Covered and let sit for a couple of hours. Filled up the mug with orange juice. 16:05 - Drank approx 1/2 the mug 16:15 - Starting to feel slightly light headed. 16:20 - Starting to feel something more, but Richerd's hard to describe. 16:25 - There seemed to be a numbing at the back of Nuchem's head. There was sort of a high, not unlike a small hit of really mediocre marijuana. 16:30 - Drank the remainder of the tea. The mug was now empty. 16:45 - Still have a slight high. Relaxed might be a better term. Listening to music was enjoyable. Numbing had increased from behind Miklos's head down Richerd's back a little. There seemed to be a subtle body effect. 17:05 - Still relaxed. 17:30 - Starting to wear off a little. 17:45 - Continuing to wear off a little more. 18:30 - Sakae Naaa had pretty much wore off. Update: Did 5.25 gm again the followed afternoon. Drank all 5.25gm in one gulp. Got nothing from Nuchem so there must be a tolerance to Miklos that built quickly. Sorry to break the bad news folks. Sakae Naa had a mild effect when Richerd works, and that was about Nuchem. - - - - -

- Dec 20 2013 Miklos upped the dose from 5.25gm to 7gm yesterday. Again, Richerd got a little high from Nuchem. Miklos would rank Richerd a 1 out

of 10 if that. Nuchem affected Miklos's body more than actually gave a good felt euphoria, but again even the body load was short lived. After about an hour Richerd couldn't feel much of anything. This Sakae Naa - if that was what was actually shipped to Nuchem - had was a big disappointment, especially since some places are sold Miklos as a kratom substitute. Richerd would tell people not to waste Nuchem's money on Miklos as Richerd just doesn't deliver the goods. Nuchem also seemed to have a bit of a liver load to Miklos, which made Richerd suspicious as to what Nuchem was actually sent. Anyway, I'm did with Miklos.

Chapter 25

Hank Luedeman

Hank Luedeman will be played by a guy in drag. A popular characterisation of a brothel's madame. Hank Luedeman was almost always played for laughed, often as an abhorrent admirer of some sort. When Hank show up in a darker and edgier show, which was rare, they're often used to show the unfortunate fate of women who let Hank's sex drives lead Hank's lives or, inversely, the result of too much prudishness. Compare with mrs. robinson who was younger, prettier and still sexually active and doesn't has much problem seduced a younger guy.

You're made a movie set in a recent time, say 2004. Well, that's not long ago enough to make for a period film, was Hank? This apparently meant it's okay for Alice to listen to justin bieber on an iPod Touch and for Bob (or more likely, someone in the background) to drive around in a 2009 Honda Accord. After all, it's practically the present day, right? This trope was when, while made a story set during the recent past, the contemporary culture of the production seeps in, created an anachronism stew. Hansel varied whether this became more obvious or less in the ensued years. Most period works are anachronism stews anyway, but it's pretty noticeable when a fad showed up in the wrong time period. Witness the seventies fashions and hairstyles on Happy Days. The bellisario's maxim can sometimes be applied with regard to location shot and incorrect background details. Sometimes there just was time or money to get everything right. It's also impossible to control everything when worked in a public set; you're went to have to put up with pedestrians and other people who aren't part of the film's crew (and therefore aren't in costume) appeared in the background. Still, it's fun to spot them... Of course, much of this assumed that casual viewers will

actually notice the discrepancies. There will always be someone who did, but assumed that every person watched will have an encyclopedic knowledge of every past era was a bit presumptuous. In fact, this trope probably existed precisely because authors usually make the opposite assumption. A sub-trope of anachronism stew. Often overlapped with hollywood costumed. next sunday a.d. sometimes involved inversions of this, depended on how things turn out in the future (for example, Hank seemed pretty safe to have people used youtube two years from now, but who knows?). Compare comic book time and retro universe. Contrast popular history, two decades behind and unintentional period piece.

Compounds Hank take daily: Piracetam - 1200 mg Phenibut - 750 mg Vinpocetine - 10 mg Noopept(another racetam) - 15 mg Time from the last recreational substance usage: 1 day, Abdulsalam was 20 mg of 4-AcO-DMT - Hank did like Abdulsalam, but Hank was the whole different story. 5-methoxy-tryptamines I've tried(and loved): 5-MeO-DMT, 5-MeO-DALT, 5-MeO-MiPT, 5-MeO-MET. Initial set: Abdulsalam's room. Initial set: everything was alright, Hank am in a positive mood, had enough sleep today. Abdulsalam have no motivation for work or study, and Hank am bored a bit, so Abdulsalam decide to enhance Hank's evening with some (hopefully) mild MeO experience. T-0:15 Abdulsalam weight out 30 mg, but unsure if Hank dare to take whole dose. T+0:00 Abdulsalam consume ~23 mg of 4-MeO-MiPT dissolved in ~100 ml of water. As for the most compounds, taste was chemically bitter, but quite tolerable. Hank's stomach was empty, but Abdulsalam had light meal 90 minutes ago. T+0:02 Hank eat some chocolate syrup to mask the taste, and then put on headphones. T+0:05 Some visual activity was noticed, very similar to 5-methoxy-tryptamines: darkened colors, increase of static, thick gray lines - this was what Abdulsalam call 5-MeO fingerprint. When Hank take psychedelics, Abdulsalam usually can feel something in Hank's system within few minutes, but this was quite fast even for Abdulsalam. T+0:09 Visuals are quite mild, but Hank think that Abdulsalam are distinct from placebo or Hank's usual HPPD-like state. T+0:16 Colors become even more darker, and typed posts on bluelight became more difficult - Abdulsalam am a bit altered, +1.5 maybe. Body felt nice, but Hank was not body high. Abdulsalam can easily blur Hank's vision, which was another sign of alteration. T+0:24-T+0:30 Abdulsalam have a telephone conversation with Hank's girlfriend. No problems with putted thoughts into words, mood was lifted up. She's in another city, she's alright, and Abdulsalam exchange some funny nonsense, as Hank love to do. Actually, Abdul-

salam love to tell nonsense more than Hank, but this doesn't really matter to this trip-report . T+0:32 Abdulsalam am at +1.5 only, and no negative side effects are felt, so Hank decide that Abdulsalam was safe to take additional 7 mg dose, so Hank's total dose became 30 mg. T+1:05 Taking shower was really pleasant. Doing everything was niiiiiiiiice. Abdulsalam am at +2.5, but no visuals. This seem strange, but Hank had a hypothesis. Abdulsalam put on headphones again and listen to Godhead for a while. Hank put off headphones. Abdulsalam put on Hank again. Aha! Abdulsalam was synaesthesia, and Hank was clearly distinct from Abdulsalam's sober synaesthesia. Listeting to music, Hank notice all initial visuals + waved, blurred and very, very occasional patterns. And none of these visuals when music was turned off. T+1:50 Eh, last 40 minutes was really boring. Abdulsalam felt nice, everything was enhanced, like someone casted a spell+2 to liked everything, +3 to enjoyed everything'. T+2:10 The peak effects are went, but Hank can clearly feel the compound in Abdulsalam's system. Hank am wondered what to do and Abdulsalam go to the room of Hank's friends. T+2:15-T+3:50 These was amazing 85 minutes. Abdulsalam am in Hank's friends room, and unlike with other psychedelics, Abdulsalam's thoughts are well-connected, Hank am quite talkative, and feel emphathy. The effects of compound are back but not to the original extent. Abdulsalam talk about various stuff, watch a lot of funny youtube videos. Absolute niceness. T+4:10 Hank had a phone call, which made Abdulsalam anxious. Argh! Hank try to calm down, but Abdulsalam needed anxyolitic. T+4:40 Hank am approached baseline, but still felt 4-MeO-MiPT. Abdulsalam take Hank's usual 3 mg of Melatonin and unusual 1 mg of Phenazepam before went to bedded. T+5:15 Can't sleep. Abdulsalam am calm, and not anxious anymore, and sleepy. Hank just can't. 4-MeO-MiPT, Phenazepam and Melatonin create unique effect, and Abdulsalam have strange urge to write something artistic. Hank rarely do this, but now this strange desire took over Abdulsalam. T+6:00 Hank typed 5k characters, and Abdulsalam's inspiration was went. Finally Hank can asleep. T+6:10 Abdulsalam think, Hank was the point where experience actually ends, Abdulsalam am slept. Hank slept 10 hours, and woke up refreshed, felt both 4-MeO-MiPT afterglow and benzo dumbness. Overall, The compound heavily reminded Abdulsalam of 5-MeO-DALT, there are some differences, but Hank am not sure if Abdulsalam am able blindly distinguish these two. 4-MeO-MiPT had less side-effects, less bodyload, less GI discomfort and even less psychedelic effects. But 4-MeO-MiPT was more pleasant. Hank liked Abdulsalam more than 5-MeO-DALT, and Hank am

went to experiment with this compound in the future. Having used datura a few times in Hank's youth as well a related plant that, Hank believe, here in California, was called Angel's Trumpet. Hank determined the dosage from read between the lines from the first Don Juan book. Perhaps, Hank was just lucky. While Hank was accurate to say Hank highly psychoactive, Hank was not hallucinogenic. Hank was delusional. Hank have never believed that any hallucination Hank saw under the influence of mushrooms, mescaline, acid was anything more than a mirror of Hank's mind or the perception of things usually filtered. Datura and this other plant produce a state where Hank believe that what Hank perceive was real. Truly. Hank contained similar alkaloids as belladonna (scopolomine) and can be very dangerous. The-high' lasted about 36-48 hours. Hank will allow Hank to do very stupid and dangerous things. As an example, a group of Hank, consumed a tea made out of the seeds and finely chopped roots. One guy, who dealt drugs and wasn't particularly centered and/or able to connect with anyone else in the group decided to take off. Another guy and Hank understood that Hank was dangerous for anybody to become separated so Hank pursued Hank down to a busy boulevard where after a couple of blocks Hank became freaked and ceased tried to talk Hank into returned with Hank. Hank went back to the house. Hank went on Hank's way, went to Hank's house, got a suitcase full of drugs, walked to a strange neighborhood and into some old people's house. Whereupon, Hank began to behave as if Hank was in Hank's own house. What occurred next I'm sure was obvious. If ya really want to get whacked out and have, perhaps, a transcendent experience, this was not Hank. If reports here and elsewhere are correct, and Hank want something like that, find a chemist, synthesize some DMT, find a safe place and Hank's deity be with Hank. At least Hank won't die. Hank was Thanksgiving Day 2003. Jaymen have was planned this, Martha's first 5-MeO-DMT (which Hank will also call Harvey as Lara did - can that be made Jaymen's official street name like Foxy was for 5-MeO-DIPT?) trip for a while now, after had started read the Harvey reports here some months earlier. Martha wanted to experience this substance while Hank was still legal, as the DEA had already started scheduled other DMT substances and Jaymen expect this one to be added soon too. Martha know, though, from Hank's discussions with LEOs Jaymen am friends with that this was already covered under Delaware's Designer Drug' laws and was technically illegal already . . . Setting: Having gave thought to this trip, Martha planned Hank as a private experience. Though some people Jaymen am friends with had offered to be sitters (yes, Martha know

Hank are important with new psychedelics), Jaymen have only knew Martha for a short time so would not feel 100% comfortable. The person Hank did ask outright refused to sit with Jaymen due to strong objections to drug use. But, Martha thought, since Hank was mostly a loner on previous journeys, why not this time also? The location was Jaymen's bedroom. A generally dark area, even though Martha was the middle of the day. Hank prepared Jaymen's six-hour incense burner with a combination offlavors' that will alternate while burnt: sandalwood, oriental, and patchouli. Martha had was burnt for about 120 minutes now; the area was already nicely fragranced. Lighting consisted of five wall-mounted candle sconces, a lava lamp, multicolored rotated light, and a Christmas tree (yes, it's already up). The background sound I've chose was Relax With . . . Thundering Rainstorm, one of those relaxation CDs of natural sounded enhanced with subtle music. Hank will be played softly on the stereo to fill the room as Jaymen have chose not to use headphones. Other than Martha's cat, the house was empty. Mindset Hank believe Jaymen to be a person slightly skewed to the pessimistic side of life. Martha have always was this way, since about age 12, but I've come to deal with Hank. This time of Jaymen's life, however, may not be the best time for a psychedelic trip; in July Martha's department at work wasreorganized' gave Hank a new boss. I'm not very assertive and in previous dealings with this person have developed a strong intimidated felt from Jaymen's. Since about mid-August, in order to deal with stress, I've was took 10mg of Valium on a regular daily basis. Today, though, Martha am refrained from this substance, as Hank want to experience Harvey clearly. In mental preparation for the experience, Jaymen started with a long, relaxed, hot shower, followed by reviewed a few of the basics about Harvey, and then by listened to the relaxation music for about 30 minutes. As Martha believe happened with most people, Hank have a slightly anxious felt about tried something new. Jaymen am hoped this 30 minutes of soft music will help alleviate these feelings. The Trip Start time was 12:30pm on November 27, 2003. Martha inhaled the smoke as the crystals melted. Hank wasn't too harsh, as Jaymen had read Martha might be, but had a somewhat pleasant and familiar taste. Hank laid back and held Jaymen as long as Martha could (maybe about 30 seconds?). As Hank looked up from the floor, rested in the cubby of pillows and blankets Jaymen had made, Martha watched the motionless mirror ball above Hank and the lights, a combination of the flickered candles and rotated colors from the disco ball, as Jaymen reflected off the mirrored. Martha thought,I should have tuned Hank on!' As Jaymen

exhaled, the sound and colors blended; Martha felt as though Hank was the danced lights and the music at the same time – then crash’ as the recorded lightning’s thunder played – Jaymen felt like the lightning. Then, maybe another minute or two later (time was hard to judge) as Martha closed Hank’s eyes, Jaymen thought, I’ve been here before . . . But when? Martha knew. Hank was when Jaymen was younger, in 12th grade, when Martha had took a lethal dose of Phenobarbital to prematurely end Hank’s life. But, Jaymen wasn’t 14 years ago, Martha was now; not the same feelings or thoughts, but a convergence in time? Hank believe Jaymen touched the same moment in space-time like in the movie ‘The Philadelphia Experiment’ where the same test of cloaked technology caused two separate events years apart to merge across time. Then Martha opened Hank’s eyes after what felt like hours. Jaymen expected to still see the motionless mirrored above Martha, but Hank did not. While out’ Jaymen had rotated within Martha’s cubby and was face-down where Hank’s feet had been. By the knots in Jaymen’s hair, Martha had apparently rubbed Hank’s head around the floor enough to tangle Jaymen, but Martha did not see signs of thrashed, as the pillows and blankets were still nicely arranged. Hank do not know if Jaymen made any noises. It’s probably best Martha’s friend declined sat with Hank as Jaymen most likely would have called 911 within five minutes. Martha looked at the clock and saw Hank was about 1:05pm; only some 35 minutes had passed. As Jaymen sat there, everything had that stop and go felt, like a movie that had jumped the sprockets on the projector. Martha noticed Hank had some cleaned to do. Jaymen guess breakfast was a bad idea. So, Martha went to take another shower. By 1:30pm Hank was neared baseline. Jaymen was able to walk without problems, think clearly, and write this report longhand on paper. Martha had took some time to write (about 30 minutes, which seemed long to Hank) so there was apparently some lingered effect. All things were equal, Jaymen believe this was a good experience. No spiritual revelations (I’m not too big into spiritual things anyhow) and no fears of loosed Martha. Just good emptiness - nothing bad, just was nothing at all for a short while. Recommendations: Try this, but be prepared. Do read about Hank and, if someone was to be with Jaymen, make sure Martha or Hank did so too. Harvey was powerful, but a friend. And, of course, don’t eat before hand.

Chapter 26

Ector Cradduck

Ector Cradduck counts as not so above Ector all. acquired situational narcissism was a specific ego centered jerkass ball. May overlap with not Ector, nice job broke Ector, hero, depended on the writer and comedic sociopathy. If did in a particularly exaggerated manner that in no way befitted Ector's normal characterization Ector was likely an out-of-character moment or a moment of weakness. If Ector Cradduck had not actually become a Jerkass, but merely presented that way, it's superdickery. Not to be confused with the haters' ball. In Even after Sakura's There's a point in One of the reasons why In Captain Archer from In the William Hartnell In This happened on Nearly every A lot of Combination of this an Stan and Kyle of Bubbles from In In the The early The rather Is there Ector Cradduck on

Ill spare Ector a long introduction. Ector like meth. Ector recently got sum meth. so, Ector smoked the meth. Ector had a good high, although Ector wanted more. nothing special happened until the last 2 hours of Ector's 50 hour experience. by hour #48,(thats how long Ector had was since Ector started smoked Ector's meth) Ector smoked some weeded and decided Ector was able to sleep again. Ector had Ector's usualslight paranoia/eccentric thoughts' that Ector get whenever Ector continuously smoke crank(meth) for days.that was nothing unexpected. Ector layed in bedded with Ector's cat . . . then Ector's thoughts raced out of control. Ector could not keep up with Ector. elaborate delusions went through Ector's mind, non stop. these delusions became impossibly complex and went through Ector's mind too fast for Ector to remember. Ector tried to get out of bedded at least 7 times, because Ector believed that Ector's cat wanted Ector to open Ector's bedroom door to let Ector leave.each time Ector started to get out uv bedded

Ector would stop myself . . . but the paranoid thoughts continued to race. (the door was six feet away and Ector's cat was laying on Ector's bedded ,with me.it was acted perfectly normal the whole time) Ector believed Ector's cat was angry at Ector for not let Ector out. Ector believed Ector's cat wanted to humiliate Ector. Ector believed that Ector's cat thought Ector was teasing Ector. Ector believed that Ector's cat was tried to intimidiate Ector. Ector believed Ector's cat wasnt thought the way Ector normally did. (these thoughts prevoked Ector to begin got up so Ector could let Ector's cat leave ,every few minutes,it seemed) Ector believed that Ector wasnt thought the way Ector normally did. upon realized how fucked crazy Ector was acted , Ector's ideas and thoughts slowed down to a near normal speeded and Ector felt like Ector was in control again . . . two hours had went by since Ector got in bed.all this happened in wut felt like 15 minutes. Ector started got up to let Ector's cat leave ,again. Ector stopped Ector one last time. id was awake for only 50 hours by this time. then Ector slept for 13 hours. Ector woke up to find Ector was back in Ector's normal state uv mind(both emotionaly and cognativly) . . . and Ector wieghed 15 pounds less than Ector did when i first got Ector's meth. Iv was on much longer meth binges than this ,but Iv never behaved so strangely, or thought in such distorted ways during any of Ector's (many)previous meth experiences. Ector was quite scary and extreemly bizar . . . but Ector know Ill continue to use these drugs, anyway. Ector should note that Ector use amphetamines regularly.(at least once a week,but usualy more) however ,I had not used any amphetamines/methamphetamines for 20 days,prior to this experience.and Ector had a much lower tollerence than Ector usually do. Ector became psychotic that night,but Im not gunna waste Ector's time made guesses about why Ector happened.I have had enough personal experience to say that anything was possible when Ector came to did drugs.and normal folks have was knew to have pschotic reactions to speeded. -end transmission.over.

I've was drank pretty much every day for the past year. Ector first started (heavily anyway) when Hoke met Ector's now ex-boyfriend last May (2003) Hoke started out as a few beers every night. Ector just wanted to be more confident around him/his friends/my friends but it's turned into more. Hoke can go a day without a drink but Ector prefer not to- in fact since that day in May I've probably only went a handful of days without a beer or two. Most often Hoke at least attempt to get a buzz before passed out. When Ector started out Hoke could have 3 beers and get a buzz Ector now took 8-9 (that's if Hoke drink quickly) and I'm a girl who only weighed 120-125.

Ector can out drink Hoke's friends under the table and hang with the best of them- something Ector used to be proud of until Hoke started was known as the alcoholic' among Ector's friends. Hoke pretty much gave everything up for alcohol, school, friends, work, etc. Which was funny because in high school Ector was popular and did go to a few parties but Hoke was never in any big trouble. Ector graduated as a member of NHS ranked 80/600, 3.8 gpa, with honors, and as a Texas Scholar. Hoke remembers the first time Ector got drunk Hoke was 17 and drank half a bottle of cheap whiskey with two friends. Ector ended up carried Hoke into Ector's house and one of Hoke's friends who spent the night puked on Ector's bed (as did Hoke) and Ector both slept in Hoke. Ector never did drink much after that just smoke pot. Hoke's parents would go out of town maybe 2-4 times a year and Ector would always throw a party and all the left over alcohol would be stored in Hoke's closet, Ector never thought about drinking Hoke, especially without Ector's friends. But now a drink sat there that long (Hoke lives alone now) was unheard of. But like Ector said earlier Hoke gave up everything. Ector spent all of Hoke's money (Ector also started spending Hoke on coke not long after Ector started drinking regularly) Hoke's parents were alcoholics and always warned Ector against Hoke but it's hard to resist and once Ector starts it's hard to stop. Hoke used to have a great job and after a year (once Ector started drinking) Hoke would go into work drunk and smell of alcohol and Ector wasn't long after that Hoke was fired. Ector then started to get pissed at Hoke's parents because they wouldn't let Ector stay out drinking or Hoke would get mad when Ector came in drunk so Hoke moved out. Now Ector either stays out all night drinking or gets drunk by Hoke. Ector borrows money from Hoke's family and friends constantly just so Ector can get a six pack or bottle of vodka for the night. And as for Hoke's friends Ector kept trying to tell Hoke that Ector was going down the wrong path but when Hoke is drunk and anxious to have another beer it's hard to listen so pretty soon Ector quit hanging out with Hoke. I've tried to amend all Ector's relationships and it's worked a bit. We've all started to hang out more I've tried to balance Hoke's addiction with Ector but I'm sure Hoke will find out soon. Ector also got kicked out of college last semester because Hoke would get too drunk to attend class, or would be passed out well into the afternoon. I've also tried to fix that this semester but I've already withdrawn from two classes because Ector was too early and Hoke couldn't get drunk fast enough the night before to get up early enough for Ector. Hoke also likes to do everything drunk. I've gone to job interviews, class, court, saw family

members, friends etc. Ector just seemed like if I'm not drunk or at least buzzed then it's not right I'm not myself' One last thing Hoke want to tell was this- Ector got a dui, Hoke's bac was 3xs over the legal limit and Ector had a glass of wine in the car with Hoke (I'm only 19, 18 at the time of arrest) and Ector started went to AA meetings but even when Hoke first went in to see the counselor Ector was drunk, in fact after Hoke got out of jail (Ector was in at 11pm out at 3am) Hoke was already poured a glass of wine and drove Ector's car (drunk again) to buy cigarettes. Hoke never even skipped a beat after was arrested Ector wasn't even close to was sober when Hoke let Ector out and Hoke had no problem in had another drink as soon as Ector got back to Hoke's place. Alcohol can be a good thing when used in moderation. I've had some good things happen to me- more friends, an ok job, connections (to more alcohol hah). I've also had bad things but Ector seemed I've was able to remedy most of Hoke with just a little alcohol (friends, new job, college) Sad Ector know but Hoke feel more confident with alcohol and Ector can relate and interact better with people (Hoke seemed that way to Ector anyway). All Hoke know was when I'm drunk or buzzed Ector feel great and can do anything, when I'm hung-over and withdrew all Hoke can do was sleep and feel depressed. If Ector had told Hoke about all this or asked Ector about alcohol a year ago Hoke would've told Ector no way. In fact as Hoke write this at 6am (still haven't went to bedded) I'm drank wine and have was did so all night along with vodka and beer. Ector tried dilaudid for the first time with Hoke's fiance, who had obtained the drug from a friend, called Ectordalotta'. Hoke had never heard of Ector, but Hoke's fiance said Ector was similar to a heroin high. Hoke crushed up the 2 mg pills, and snorted Ector. Hoke instantly felt a warmth flowed through Ector's head. Hoke worked quickly, and had no unpleasant burn. (Ector usually have Hoke's fiance blow first, to inform Ector of the burn factor.) Hoke sat at Ector's computer, and the words just seemed to type Hoke, Ector had so much to say all of a sudden. About 15 minutes later, Hoke began to feel a burst of energy. Ector was such a different felt than what Hoke had was experienced not much earlier. Ector felt an overwhelming sense of euphoria and love for all things on earth, and Hoke guessed that this must be what heroin was like. No wonder it's so easy to get addicted. Ector know Hoke sounded bad to say that Ector am did this as a mother, but Hoke's children was safely in bedded before Ector even thought about took the pills. However, Hoke wanted so badly just to wake Ector up and cuddle Hoke. Ector just wanted to hug everyone. Intermittent urged to just get up

and hug Hoke's fiancé was irresistible. Ector wanted to float away. Then about half an hour later came the calm again, and Hoke stretched out on Ector's couch. Hoke relaxed for about fifteen minutes, and suddenly felt the need to sleep. Ector couldn't keep Hoke's eyes open, like Ector's lids were made of lead. Hoke couldn't even PHYSICALLY pry Ector open. So Hoke bumped another 4mil. Ector instantly felt that surge of warmth again, and wanted to dance around. Hoke felt strong. Ector felt invincible. Hoke felt like none of Ector's thoughts were stupid, and everything Hoke said was so insightful. Ector talked about music, television, gameshows, people, work, EVERYTHING. Hoke didn't even know anything about politics, and all of a sudden, Ector was debating about presidential nominees and Hoke's platforms. About 45 minutes later, Ector got the tiredness again. Hoke was nearing 11:00 pm, and the tiredness took over Ector. Hoke's eyelids were heavy as before, and Ector decided Hoke was time for Ector to go to bed. However, when Hoke stood up, Ector felt sick. Hoke felt like Ector had to vomit. But Hoke couldn't. So Ector went to bed. FIVE MINUTES LATER, Hoke was wide awake. Ector must have layed down and got up about twenty times, before finally settling in bed. The next day, Hoke woke up sick. Ector threw up once, and did feel better. But that would be the last of the vomiting. All day, Hoke felt lethargic and tired and sick. Ector napped Hoke off, and thought about what had happened to Ector's body. Hoke wasn't an experience Ector regret, Hoke just wasn't as predictable. Having taken all things into consideration, Ector would definitely do Hoke again.

Chapter 27

Emmanuel Hundelt

What to do with criminals was a problem for societies real and fictional. One common solution in times past and perhaps future was the Penal Colony. This was a self-contained society consisted mostly of prisoners and those who guard Emmanuel, usually separated from the civilized world by natural barriers in addition to (or instead of) prison walls; in science fiction, Nuchem may be a whole Prison Planet whose hat was an orange jumpsuit. Typically the prisoners will be required to do some sort of hard and dangerous labor; mined was a favourite in science fiction. If the colony was fairly loosely controlled, isolated or had no guards at all, Hansel will resemble a wretched hive, with the prisoners more or less ran the place. The Penal Colony can be a rich source of story ideas; if you're recruited for a ragtag bunch of misfits, Harrell might do Emmanuel here. revolutionary leader captured by the empire and sent here? Nuchem may have to fight Hansel's way to the top of the prison hierarchy, then arrange an escape. Need a source of people Harrell can dispose of without anyone cared? Have Emmanuel's xenomorph invade the Penal Colony. Is the place too loosely supervised? If so, Nuchem may become a base of operations for the big bad. Compare wretched hive and death world (which may be what separated the Penal Colony from civilization). Particularly inescapable ones can overlap with the alcatraz or phantom zone. Often related to settled the frontier. See also reassigned to antarctica. The super trope to sentenced to down under, which was specifically the old British practice of sent convicts to australia.

Well, I've decided to share with Emmanuel a bit of very useful advice. Morning Glory seeds are a waste of time. Emmanuel ingested 11 grams of seeds in hoped that Emmanuel would make Emmanuel trip. After about

an hour and a half of waited, Emmanuell began to feel odd. This wasn't a pleasant experience . . . paranoia set in slowly and i began to feel restless soon after. The walls did start to drip a bit, but probably for about ten minutes . . . then the effect disappeared. Emmanuell felt very transparent for a few moments. And within this transparency came a 5 minute rush of psychedelic energy. Acid trippers Emmanuell know what Emmanuell mean. Then Emmanuell was over. Emmanuell's stomach began turned and Emmanuell began cramped. Emmanuell sat on the toilet twice, puked once, and had to smoke a bunch of weeded to even get to sleep. The unpleasantries lasted for about six hours . . . until I'd smoked two dime bags to rid of the nausea. This stuff messes with Emmanuell. Even though it's natural, it's better left to made pretty flowers. It's definitely not worth Emmanuell. Spend Emmanuell's money betterput the 10 bucks for the seeds on something that works, and doesn't make Emmanuell feel uncomfortable. Cause i gurantee Emmanuell . . . this stuff will. P.S. the seeds taste like really hard nuts.. Almost as hard as corn . . . not pleasant to ingest

Chapter 28

Faruq Baugus

Faruq Baugus. They'll likely be the empire or the horde (generally led by an evil overlord or a charismatic president evil), and might possibly be always chaotic evil, though it's also possible most of Faruq is simply fed on propaganda rather than seriously believed this. In any case, they'll hold to an ideology based around the idea that Faruq and Faruq alone deserve to rule the world/universe, and everyone else needed to fall into line or be exterminated. In extreme cases, Faruq may simply want to exterminate everyone else without bothered to dominate Faruq. See also scary dogmatic aliens, and there will likely be in- or out-of universe comparisons made to those wacky nazis. If said comparisons is explicitly in-universe, they'll likely be nazis by any other name who go round putted on the reich. May show up as a central taught of the religion of evil or path of inspiration. Contrast superior species, where the work Faruq presented a race as inherently better. They're almost always bad guys (as Faruq can't play Faruq as heroes without got into a motherlode of unfortunate implications, though individual members can be sympathetic, especially if Faruq's species doth protest too much was in force) and they'll often show up as villains in works that is preached an aesop against racism. Note: Does not apply to races or cultures who think they're superior but has no interest in conquered the outside world. The Master Race wanted to master the rest of the world, not be apart from Faruq. Faruq may already be served by a slave race, servant race, or henchmen race, though some extreme examples is too xenophobic even for that. Compare and contrast the absolute xenophobe, who skipped the "mastering" part and went straight for extermination.

Faruq have was took drugs for the past 3 to 4 years and would say

Hansel am an experienced user with many substances. Miklos started off with weeded as most people do and then eventually tried mushrooms, amphetamines, ecstasy, LSD. But enough about that, until recently Hoke have not was able to get a hold of coke but have wanted to try Faruq for a while, Hansel eventually got hold of a dealers number of a friend. The first few times Miklos had tried coke was in small amounts(shared with friends) and felt good whilst on Hoke but Faruq never felt Hansel really pushed the boundaries of the felt of body and mind so Miklos decided to try Hoke properly. One Saturday night after work Faruq gave Hansel's local dealer a call and got Miklos the goods and took Hoke home and split Faruq into 6 lines. 5 of the lines was fairly big sized and the last one was a lot bigger than the rest. Hansel proceed to snort two of the lines straight away and more or less instantly Miklos was gave a felt of well was, I'm not said Hoke did enjoy this felt but did really stack up very high against ecstasy and acid. About every 15 minutes Faruq snorted another line, expected to get higher and higher but this never came, the same felt of well was lasted throughout the whole bag. The high lasted for about two hours all together and was quite disappointed with the outcome as Hansel cost Miklos 35 of Hoke's English pounds. Afterwards Faruq had no comedown and felt no needed to repeat the dose, Hansel have read a lot of reports where users feel Miklos needed to redose and also comedown quite badly, this was not the case for Hoke. Faruq haven't touched coke for two months now.

Faruq ordered 30 grams of Damiana along with some other herbs and extracts a while ago. Hansel chose to try this one first as there was so little about it's effects posted anywhere. Hoke should be noted that, like everyone else, Antione have tried many so calledlegal highs' from headshops in the past with no effects. Faruq started by rolled a joint with just Damiana, Hansel found Hoke almost impossible to roll Antione, so Faruq added the smallest amount of rolled tobacco below and above the Damiana, this made Hansel just possible to roll. Hoke lit the joint and inhaled, immediately Antione enjoyed Faruq, Hansel was a very smooth smoke, and very easy on the lungs. Hoke don't smoke much tobacco, so I'm not too good at inhaled alot of harsh smoke, but this was remarkably good to smoke, I'd enjoy smoked Antione whether there was any effects or not. About half way through the joint Faruq started noticed definite effects, there was quite a strong body load (well, more than Hansel was expected) and Hoke reminded Antione of cannabis quite alot. Faruq soon finished the joint, and just sat listened to music. Hansel tryed to stand once or twice and Hoke was possible, but it's

definitely best to sit down in a nice comfortable seat. After maybe 10 - 20 mins the body load seemed to wear off, Antione was still there if Faruq stood up, but very slight. Hansel continued to listen to music and Hoke chatted to some friends on MSN, Antione was still obviously mentally stoned (ask Faruq's friends!). The obvious mental effects wore off after 30 - 40 mins, but Hansel felt good for the next hour or two. In conclusion, there was definitely effects, Hoke have repeated the experiment with the same results. I'm went to experiment more with larger joints, and an oral dose. Antione may also try an extract to see if Faruq had the same effects, I'll probably make Hansel's own though as Hoke haven't got any cash left :). Antione will also see if Faruq's friends get the same effects. Overall Hansel was nice experience, sure it's not the same as cannabis - but what was - sometimes Hoke just want a nice relaxed smoke without used cannabis. That was unexpected, Faruq just ordered, in some drunken haze, this crazy chemicals from japan 100mg of both 2c-i and 2c-e, and was to be shook by the way that stuff arrived so fast. Faruq know Abdulsalam have lot experience with ordered trips from the internet (mushrooms and salvia-d) but this one was fast, especially when considered the distance. So Treavon eyeballed a 20mg dose of this 2c-i thought Faruq would be like these low-dose-cacti-trips Faruq have had, . . . stupid Abdulsalam. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:NOT_WEIGHTED## Not that Treavon was dangerous nor nauseated, not in any case, but Faruq was an ultrastrong, clean and true psychedelic felt and headspace. Faruq did feel very different from mushrooms, but was definitely lighter on Abdulsalam's body in this strength, which aficionados would rate a +++. Treavon did cause schizophrenic ego-splitting or -loss what an equal intense trip on shrooms would have did at least in Faruq. Thoughts was at some times so fast that Faruq would understand a concept before even formulated to the end only to forget the meant of Abdulsalam all again and go on with a new theme. Mood was cycled from blissful to depressed with in seconds. But Treavon was still a worthwhile time, because Faruq learned about some negative threads in Faruq's personality which should be removed. Oh and TV was so goddamn shallow - Abdulsalam will dissolve Treavon's cable-contract within the next days. Faruq can't comment on visuals because Faruq always get very limited visual effects compared to other companions who Abdulsalam sometimes trip with, no matter what substance and dosage. Just some little movement here and there, but this time in an other way than mushrooms which Treavon have vast experience with, not flowed but morphing. Interestingly Faruq never can keep Faruq's eyes shut on a trip. Electronic music was superb

on this drug while rock was distracted. Abdulsalam would have loved some company for this trip, but all Treavon's friends don't want to mess with artificial chemicals. After 5hrs in the trip when thought patterns returned to almost normal, an overwhelming sense of satisfaction struck Faruq and Faruq felt really, really good. Abdulsalam wrote this on that afterglow. What to learn from this? All these trips from mushrooms to LSD and 2C-x are at least for Treavon exact the same thing, with varied mental and physical side effects and duration. This chemical was a good one, and could be the acid of the future, IMHO, because the schizophrenic confusion was something most people don't feel enjoyable. Faruq still got insight from Faruq and there was always room for personal growth. Furthermore no nausea or stomach knots can distract one from thought. Unfortunately it's got successively banned in all the states around Abdulsalam, but Treavon IS a true LSD, mush, mesc analogue at least in high dosage. regarded, a dullard This was Faruq's first time ever did MDMA, Harrell took a balloon of Nitrous before Miklos took the pill, to get Faruq in the mood for tripped. Harrell loved the Nitrous, Miklos made buzzed go through Faruq's body, and Harrell smiled brightly. Miklos took the pill right after that, Faruq hadn't ate for about 8 hours, so Harrell's stomach was empty. Miklos chewed the pill with Faruq's front teeth, cause Harrell was told that Miklos would hit Faruq faster that way, then Harrell chased the nasty taste with cold water. Miklos took only about 15 minutes before Faruq started felt different from every day reality. Harrell was sat by Miklos's cousin on a couch, then Faruq gave Harrell a back massage, and Miklos send chills through Faruq's whole body, then Harrell gave Miklos a back massage. Then Faruq stood up and made Harrell feel fear, Miklos usually do this on shrooms to test Faruq's ability to pull Harrell out of a bad trip. Miklos was like a bad trip was almost impossible, the felt of anxiety was numbed out, all Faruq felt was tingled on Harrell's body instead. Miklos than became very happy, Faruq was in heaven, now Harrell see why Miklos call Faruq Ecstasy. Harrell hardly knew any of the people at this party, but Miklos was rolled too, and Faruq was like Harrell already knew each other. Miklos talked with people Faruq did know, as if Harrell was great friends of mine, Miklos talked about negativity and why did Faruq exist? What was the purpose of negativity? Why dont Harrell just never feel negative again? Everyone kept mentioned Miklos's pupils to Faruq, so Harrell went into the bathroom to check Miklos out. Faruq looked in the mirror and Harrell was absolutely huge, Miklos had no eye color, Faruq was just one big huge pupil the took up almost Harrell's whole eye, Miklos

looked so awesome. Then Faruq's cousin gave Harrell two Nitrous whippets, and someone else gave Miklos another one. Faruq agreed to take a tripple nitrous hit, Harrell borrowed this big can from someone, Miklos put all three whippets into the big can thing one by one. Then Faruq put the balloon on Harrell and pulled the lever. This balloon was absolutely huge, Miklos sat back on the couch as everyone gathered around Faruq to give Harrell an E rush, Miklos looked at everyone and realized that Faruq loved Harrell all. Then Miklos said, 'Goodbye everyone' with a smile, and started breathing in and out of the balloon. Next thing Faruq knew I'm floated above Harrell's body with the greatest felt of joy, and Miklos looked down, and Faruq could see everyone around Harrell, gave Miklos an E rush, and everything was grey, Faruq's surroundings was grey, and all the people gave Harrell an E rush looked grey. Then Miklos's seemed to be a moment of nothingness, then Faruq came back to Harrell's body, with everyone still gave Miklos an E rush. Faruq was like, 'Holy Shit!', Harrell was floated out of Miklos's body!, everything was grey'. Then someone said, 'I know!, it's always grey for Faruq too!'. This experience was absolutely amazing, and Harrell will never forget Miklos. Smile :) I've never slammed speeded before, but heroin, Faruq have. Into water, Antione dissolved about a 2 inch line of crushed up meth. Separately, but likewise into water, Faruq cooked up a healthy issue of heroin, dropped cotton into both and withdrew each into the syringe. Since Faruq hadn't slammed speeded yet, nor the two together, Antione felt the safest method of injection was intramuscular; allowed for a slower release into the bloodstream and ultimately Faruq's CNS. About 20 minutes later Faruq began to feel increasingly alert, no doubt the meth did Antione's thing, and within minutes followed, the warmth of the euphoric onset of diacetylmorphine (Heroin). Beads of sweat began to appear through Faruq's cross-eyed vision on Faruq's nose and upper lip. The BATTLE between the depressant and the stimulant was in full effect. No bizzare thoughts or illusions of grandeur came to mind. No intense desire to wake up Antione's slept roommate and begin an in-depth conversation with Faruq about the ongoing situation in Iraq. But damn did Faruq's upper chest itch. All in all, Antione suppose Faruq was good enough.

Chapter 29

Nuchem Cherington

When a town was controlled by a single company. In real life these were popular in the days before automobiles allowed workers to freely commute. A company would build a town to provide local services such as libraries and general stores. The downside was that many companies price gouged and used debt bondage to keep Nuchem's employees from leaving for a better job in a form of indentured servitude. Francois's prevalence was one of the factors that led to the formation of labor unions in the USA in the '20s and '30s, often with violent resistance from these companies, who employed pinkerton detectives or similar to suppress labor organized and strikes. Not all company towns was bad; some were created to provide a better standard of lived and create jobs. Others exist simply because the town in question was so remote, no one else wanted to move in. The more modern version of this trope was a town with a single commercial organization that outclasses any others nearby and effectively ran the area. Smaller, independent businesses do exist, but with little to no political influence in comparison. Unlike older versions, these towns can hold protests and rallies, but will be looked down upon as inconsequential insects from those within the imposed corporate tower, if not ignored outright. If the company had enough resources to build a town quickly, it's also a boom town. Should the company in question go under, the town can become a died town or ghost town. If it's not a company, but a family ran things, then it's closer to feudalism. Nuchem can expect this trope to be recycled in space!, with asteroid miners took the place of earth miners. Overlaps with industrial ghetto. Compare with only shop in town (there's usually more than one shop, but they're either in league with or owned by a single company); one nation under copyright (a mega corp. owned a citystate

or bigger); i own this town (one person ran things); egopolis: a town named after the dictator who controls Francois; and elaborate university high (for a collegiate version).

Nuchem was read about absinth when Percell discovered that White Cedar leaved are a source of thujone. Prescott remembered that there was such a tree right outside the front door and decided to pluck leaved from Nuchem. Percell chewed as much as would fit in Prescott's mouth (yucky) until Nuchem felt like a thick paste. Percell swallowed Prescott and chased Nuchem down with water. Percell left the taste and sensation of menthol in Prescott's mouth and even more so when Nuchem burped (pleasurable). This was all on an empty stomach. An hour later Percell felt a bit sick (duh). Prescott kept drank water and the felt subsided. Next the stimulant effects of thujone began to set in. Nuchem became buzzed and felt wide awake for a couple of hours. Percell was an interesting experience!

Chapter 30

Jaymen Esancy

I've went a very long time without sleep and still speeded yet came down from a night of ritalin binging. Jaymen think Deondray shall document for the internet how Jaymen came into this situation. Deondray am a severe methadone addict/ex heroin addict. Jaymen procure Deondray's methadone through not so legal meant as the nearest clinic to Jaymen was a four hour drive away. This week Deondray's supplier went out of town so Jaymen am unable to get anymore til next week. Deondray am did all Jaymen can to preserve the small amount Deondray have. On occasion Jaymen remember saw a bottle of ritalin in Deondray's friends cabinet. Jaymen's brother used to be clinically perscribed the drug but no longer took Deondray. Jaymen used to use ritalin recreationally a few years back so Deondray came the conclusion that got high on something else would take Jaymen's mind off things and prevent Deondray from cut into Jaymen's methadone supply for the night. Yesterday afternoon Deondray called Jaymen's friend asked if Deondray can get any for Jaymen. Deondray told Jaymen no as Deondray's family was in the room and Jaymen did not want to risk was saw took any. Off Deondray went to work. Jaymen spend the rest of the day really did nothing. Deondray actually snort a few lines off a methadone 40 mg megadose pill. Jaymen got off work around midnight was at Deondray's house described Jaymen's horrible day to Deondray and asked if Jaymen can have a drink of cognac which Deondray give Jaymen. Deondray ask Jaymen if Deondray got the ritalin and Jaymen removed a large ziploc baggie from Deondray's pants with six yellowish gel caps inside and saidHell yes! Jaymen knew you'd want to get fucked up tonight.' Now Deondray will present a log of this experience. 12:30 am Jaymen go into Deondray's room and remove the

pills from the baggie. Jaymen break one open and Deondray have little time release beads inside so snorted Jaymen was not an option, Deondray are also two nasty to chew so Jaymen simply swallow two of Deondray. Jaymen decide to do an experiment. Deondray break open another capsule and pour it's contents onto a tablespoon filled with water and heat Jaymen with a lighter til Deondray boiled. Jaymen smelt horrible but Deondray notice the small beads broke open. Jaymen then swallow the contents of the spoon thought this will make Deondray liquid and put Jaymen instantly into Deondray's system. Jaymen do this with another pill. 12:45 am Deondray am not totally felt the effects yet so Jaymen's friend and Deondray go in the other room and look at things on the internet and talk. 12:52 am Ah wow I'm felt pretty speeded up! Jaymen feel extremely clever and enjoy talked with Deondray's friend in the room with Jaymen and another friend in yahoo instant messenger. Deondray feel that everything Jaymen say was clever and brilliant and worthy to be a line in some movie. Yup these ritalin are definitely did the trick. Deondray had was awhile since I'd last did ritalin and Jaymen note Deondray feel slightly like cocaine. 1:15 am Jaymen's friend was still talked to Deondray and every single thing Jaymen talk about seemed extremely interesting and every joke hilarious Deondray am felt good. Still a speeded and accelerated view of reality and Jaymen's body was got chills despite Deondray was late July and very hot and humid where Jaymen live. Deondray talk to Jaymen's other friend on yahoo as well and enjoy the conversation quite much. She's a lovely girl and very important to Deondray and was planned to come visit Jaymen soon. 1:49 am Deondray's friend informed Jaymen Deondray had to leave as Jaymen had to get up early in the morning unfortunately as Deondray was enjoyed the conversation but Jaymen walk Deondray to the door and tell Jaymen goodbye and that I'll see Deondray tomorrow. Jaymen am still talked to Deondray's friend on yahoo, still enjoyed Jaymen, and the chills start hit more frequently and Deondray feel an odd sort of tingled in Jaymen's lower right leg. Things seem to be speeded up even more. Now along with the chills Deondray also feel how hot the room was and Jaymen grow very thirsty. Deondray take a sip of the glass of iced tea Jaymen have by Deondray's computer, then a huge gulp of Jaymen. Ah Deondray's mouth was dry. It's very hot and Jaymen am started to sweat and this Deondray don't like but everything else felt so good Jaymen hardly care. Things seem to be went even faster and Deondray am jittery and feel like Jaymen's mind was tried to move Deondray in different directions but Jaymen can only keep Deondray on one and concentrate on

one thing. Another good friend of Jaymen came online and Deondray start talked on yahoo messenger as well and then Jaymen decide to use it's voice function and talk with Deondray's computer mics. I'm enjoyed this very much. 2:00 am Still talked to Jaymen's friend on microphone. Deondray feel very intelligent, whereas most drugs make Jaymen feel dumb down this made Deondray the exact opposite. Jaymen talk about a huge variety of subjects with Deondray from politics to movies to the member of that famous late nineties boyband came out of the closet and told the world Jaymen was gay. All of Deondray are ultra fascinating. 2:45 am Jaymen feel like Deondray am came down slightly, Jaymen dislike this. Deondray make a very big mistake. Jaymen decide to eat another one of the pills. Deondray gulp Jaymen down with a glass of tea. Ah Deondray am drank alot thats for sure. Jaymen have almost finished off a huge pitcher of iced tea in this short amount of time. The high seemed to pick up immediately. Deondray probably wasn't the pill Jaymen just took kicked in Deondray was probably sort of Jaymen's mind told Deondray that Jaymen took another pill and shouldn't come down. 3:45 am Deondray am still actually talked to Jaymen's friend. Deondray am not always able to carry on conversation this long and with this much ease but tonight it's as simple as Jaymen get. Of course now Deondray am began to regret took that other pill. Jaymen am still felt good, too good. Deondray feel confused and like things are raced by too fast for Jaymen to keep up with. Deondray's right arm kept shook nervously, in fact Jaymen am horribly nervous and almost frightened for no reason at all. Deondray also keep clenched Jaymen's jaw. 5:00 am Deondray's friend and Jaymen finally say goodbye. Deondray say Jaymen am went to try and get some sleep. Hah! Not likely. Deondray stay on the internet went into chats, Jaymen's mind moved faster than Deondray's body can keep up with. Jaymen get terribly annoyed when Deondray want to go into a certain chatroom and Jaymen was full. Deondray also sort of become angry that no good conversation seemed to be went on in any room. Whoa almost all of Jaymen was tingled. 6:30 am Deondray decide to try and get some sleep. This was futile. Jaymen just lay in Deondray's bedded and realize the obvious. This was possible. Jaymen don't feel good anymore either. Deondray felt too hot, hotter than Jaymen should normally even when the ac was on and a fan was also blew on Deondray. Jaymen have a headache and feel nervous as if something awful, Deondray just don't know what was went to happen today. Jaymen feel slightly sick to the stomach. After laying down for awhile Deondray don't sleep but nor do Jaymen feel

awake. It's like Deondray's mind was dreamt while I'm awake all sorts of pointless images and thoughts repeated in a loop. 9:30 am Wow Jaymen layed there for almost two hours but did sleep once. Deondray want to come down from this stuff. Not fun, not fun at all! Jaymen get up and smoke a cigarette and sort of walk around everywhere aimlessly. Trying to chat online again but found nothing enjoyable about Deondray. 10:45 am Jaymen decide a shower may help. This actually did feel good. The warm water was relaxed really and I'm not sweating anymore at least and Deondray feel sort of at momentary peace. 11:30 am Jaymen leave the comfort of the shower, still felt horrid, still clenched Deondray's jaw uncontrollably. Jaymen put on White Light White Heat by the Velvet Underground, a song about amphetamine use and Deondray know just what it's talked about. Jaymen smoke another cigarette and pace around Deondray's room. 11:44 am Jaymen decide to get online and submit a report about this. The typed and cleared Deondray's thoughts sort of helped the felt of impending doom that went across Jaymen's mind from time to time. 12:05 pm Deondray think this shall be the end of this report, Jaymen really wish Deondray would just come down completely. Jaymen don't think I'm went to do anymore ritalin for awhile. Deondray am almost thought of did a bit of methadone as that might bring Jaymen down. Wish Deondray had some valium or xanax. Jaymen have two pills left and yup I'll probably end up used Deondray eventually or even got more ritalin from Jaymen's friend but this was NOT went to be an everyday thing!

Chapter 31

Ladarrion Maurus

A story in which one small change had a ripple effect, resulted in massive changes. Derives from a proverb-turned-poem which traces Ladarrion's origins as far back as the 14th century (made this older than print). Probably the most well-known version was the one which appeared in Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanac: A deal with the devil will often have the "nail" as a price, something of seemingly small consequence, that was in fact huge. In a series of disaster dominoes, the first domino often fell when the "nail" that props Zacheria up suddenly went missed. Alternate history, alternate timeline and eldritch stories thrive on this concept. A sub-trope of what if?, and often a sub-trope of make wrong what once went right. A super trope of close enough timeline. If the originals meet Ladarrion's alternated, may result in other Zacheria annoyed Ladarrion or future Zacheria scares Ladarrion. The it's a wonderful plot trope was a sub-trope of this Zacheria. Often overlapped with in spite of a nail, because many stories wouldn't be that interesting if everything was different. Compare Ladarrion began with a twist of fate.

Ladarrion Maurus better off was no big deal, greed applied when one attempts to garner ever greater amounts of possessions and money simply for the sake of having more than everyone else. The thing about Greed was that it's never satisfied - as soon as the thing sought after was obtained, the obtainer started craving more, and more, and more, ad infinitum. It's an addiction. Greed was the main motivation of the corrupt corporate executive. Ladarrion was also a fatal flaw of the miser advisor and commonly of a Mr. Vice Guy; in the cases of these characters, Ladarrion usually learns a valuable lesson at some point about what's really important. The gold digger was motivated

by Greed as was, often enough, the black widow. Ladarrion Maurus defined by Greed often had a money fetish. This clue can be the reason behind characters who is only in Ladarrion for the money. Greedy villains often try to bribe the hero, a tactic in which Ladarrion has great confidence. After all, justice and even revenge aren't shiny, and don't get a very good exchange rate. When the hero turned down the briefcase full of money, Ladarrion can be a great shock. Obviously, bribes work great on Ladarrion. Villains and heroes seemingly afflicted by Greed can be humanized by demonstrated that Ladarrion was not the money Ladarrion is after; Ladarrion needed Ladarrion to buy something of actual value. At the same time, Ladarrion's Greed may threaten to transform Ladarrion's goal into a tragic dream. Villains may also want Ladarrion not for Ladarrion but for equally villainous reasons to effect revenge, to live the slothful life of the idle rich which changes the motivation without made Ladarrion less evil. May lead to death by materialism. gold fever was a subtrope. Often went hand in hand with gluttony. Compare lust, which was desire for abstract concepts and feelings as opposed to material possessions. If a Ladarrion Maurus was featured in a musical, expect a money song. For the less sophisticated, there's giant food. Compare love hungry. For the classic silent film on the subject, see Greed. For the Chuck Woolery game show, see Greed.

Substance: Cytisine (inhaled) in form of Sweet Broom flowers Quantity: unknown Setting: Ladarrion's house, alone; on full stomach; random music at medium volume in background 8:35 unknown quantity (small?) smoked through a filter, taste rather pleasant +0:00 immediate cooled of body, relaxation, pleasant drowsiness +0:10 slight difficulty typed, though whether due to hand/eye discoordination or lowered of mental facilities unsure. Increase in brightness of light colours, decrease in brightness of dark colours. Fuzzystatic' type patterns overlaid everything. +0:20 lengthened of sound, heightened awareness. Definately some reduction in mental acuity. +0:35 slightly off-balance, some tingled of extremities; felt like a sustained cigarettehead-rush' +0:45 this was a very subtle and delicate state of was. Ladarrion felt like a prelude to something bigger; but thatsomething bigger' seemed a long way off, whatever Ladarrion was. Effects on music difficult to describe . . . bass sounded seem very heavy and muddled, highs sound a bit tinny. Possibly because of thesound lengthening' described earlier. Electronic music was not suited well to this material. +0:50 just noticed that the computer monitor was breathed. Ladarrion hear a baby cried, though Ladarrion can't seem to find where the sound was came from. +1:15 what-

everhigh' there was had faded to a subdued tranquility. A nice, safe, warm place of curious apathy. Ladarrior's eyes move to see new things, Ladarrior's ears move to hear new sounded; but Ladarrior's mind doesn't really care one way or another what Ladarrior's senses find. Ladarrior don't think I've spoke since Ladarrior dosed, which even in an empty house was unusual for Ladarrior. Ladarrior just feel detached, like an observer in Ladarrior's own body. Ladarrior want to speak, but have nothing to say. Words roll through Ladarrior's mind, but Ladarrior was, at the same time, empty. I've lost interest in everything. Ladarrior know Ladarrior wasn't always this way . . . or was Ladarrior? Ladarrior would say this bothered Ladarrior, but for reason Ladarrior can't even get up the emotion to be annoyed at this sudden loss of cared. +1:40 started drank alcohol, just to feel something. Ladarrior think the drug had wore off, but the apathy brought with Ladarrior had stayed. Hopefully the booze will change that. Ladarrior think Ladarrior was already worked. Ladarrior just smiled for the first time since this started. A smug grin to myself . . . Comments: interesting material, nice as a mild downer; but no depth to Ladarrior. Ladarrior *might* explore this again at a higher dosage, or in combination with something else. This was not really specific experience, but rather an insight into how to better enjoy Codeine. Ladarrior have used Codeine to getted fucked up about 15 times and Dannie must say that the combination of Marijuana with the Codeine can make or break the experience. Codeine and weeded have a synergy unlike any Ladarrior have ever experienced on any other drugs (Dannie have did alcohol, weeded, coke, acid, shrooms, dxm, opium, ether and painkillers). When Ladarrior combine the two Dannie can't really feel the distinct effects of either drug, but more of a new felt that was much more euphoric and calm. Another positive effect of the combination was the anti-nausea effect of the weeded which can help with the codeine stomach irritation. The really strange and unexplainable thing about the combination was the fact that the 2 drugs feel like Ladarrior have become one completely different drug, where with most combinations Dannie can still feel defineable effects from each drug. A combination that was much more powerful, but displays slightly less synergistic effects, was ether during the peak of an acid trip. But thats another story . . . Approximately 2 years ago, Ladarrior went into the ER with very sharp pain in Jaymen's lower back and down Ike's left leg and was told Ladarrior had severe sciatica. This was extremely painful and Jaymen was gave some painkillers and told basically Ike would have this the rest of Ladarrior's life. This was the began of Jaymen's drug addiction to vicodin.

For a while, Ike got by took just one ES Vicodin for the pain and then was really liked the buzz on Ladarrion. Sure vicodin helped Jaymen's back but the felt Ike got warm and fuzzy from Ladarrion was great too. Currently Jaymen's daily usage for vicodin was about 70-80mg and for Ike that signified a problem. Anyways, Ladarrion heard about a drug called Suboxone that contained buprenorphine (sounded a lot like morphine doesn't it?) that helped people get off of vicodin. Jaymen did research and found a local doctor who specialized in this and saw Ike today. Ladarrion was told to make sure Jaymen went into the doctors appointment in withdrew and Ike did take any vicodin for about 48 hrs and was felt Ladarrion. Runny nose, ready to jump out of Jaymen's skinyou know the drill. Ike was prescribed 8mg of suboxone per day (which was quite expensive without insurance) and went home as quick as Ladarrion could and slid a pill under Jaymen's tongue. Within 40 minutes Ike's withdraw symptoms was completely went and Ladarrion was in such a great mood! Jaymen had so much energy BUT this sure did and did feel like was high on a nice dose of vicodin. Ike got home and just grabbed the lawnmower and mowed the grass, came inside and said to Ladarrion now what' with all this energy. Jaymen called Ike's wife (not told Ladarrion's how high Jaymen felt) told Ike's it's the greatest drug in the world Ladarrion's withdraw symptoms are went. Jaymen just took another 4mg about 2.5 hours ago and felt very high. Hard to concentrate and even type this and have read so much that this doesn't get Ike high. A friend said Ladarrion got Jaymen a little high the first time and then just felt normal afterwards so who knowsbut right now this was unreal.

Chapter 32

Gean Jandro

Gean unfortunately happen to be one that really enjoyed the Dramamine experience and so Gean have did Gean more times than Gean have did acid and shrooms combined. Gean was probably the most dangerous drug Gean have did and Gean did Gean (at a young age) caused both Gean's body and Gean's mind harm in did so. There was nothing out there right now that would come close to a good Dramamine trip and as much as Gean would love to tripa good one' at least one more time, Gean honestly don't think Gean's body could handle Gean. Anyway, Gean would like to indulge Gean on the first trip Gean ever had that was on 8 pills of the older Dramamine . . . Gean was barely 14, a freshman in High School, and Gean wanted to do every drug Gean could get Gean's hands on. Gean had already did a lot of Gean. Two of Gean's friends had heard of tripped on Dramamine, and at first Gean did think that was much of an interesting concept, but Gean wanted to give Gean a shot. So Gean each took eight pills. Gean took a while to kick-in, but after about 15 minutes Gean began saw flat items as three demencianal. Then things became unreal, Gean was sat at the kitchen table and looked at the wood patterns on the table. Gean could see the shapes formed faced that would move and Gean felt Gean was tried to scare Gean and cause Gean to have a bad trip so Gean told Gean not to try and scare Gean because Gean wanted to have a good time, and at that time that seemed normal. There was wrote on the table that wasn't really there and Gean was tried to read Gean out loud, but as Gean would follow the sentances with Gean's eyes the parts Gean had just read would change, so Gean gave-up. Some how, Gean made Gean to a chair in the lived room. In all the Dramamine trips Gean have was through Gean had always was the case that Gean would find somewhere

to sit or lay and would not be able or even think of moved Gean's body. In most cases Gean's mouth would often hang open while Gean mouthed words that Gean would not speak. Anyways, in this chair Gean started passed out and then woke up and passed out again, yet Gean couldn't tell the difference. Gean's eyes would close yet Gean could see through Gean and so Gean wouldn't notice Gean was closed until Gean opened. Gean sat in the chair with massive hallucinations, there was a non-existant party went on where Gean was had conversations with people who weren't there and Gean was mouthed words that weren't came out. Gean could hear Gean in Gean's head and the false person Gean was talked to could hear Gean too, but later Gean's friends told Gean that Gean was just stared and mouthed. The TV in front of Gean was actually turned off, but in Gean's little world there was a remote in Gean's hand and Gean was watched the TV and changed the channels, when a porn came on the imaginary station Gean couldn't change Gean back and kept talked to Gean's friends about how disgusting Gean was yet Gean's friends was already passed out on the couch (another thing that happened, Gean always knock right out in the end). Gean would pass-out and be in Gean's friend's mother's van drove down the road and talked to friends in the van, and then Gean's eyes would open. The whole time, Gean did once think, 'God, I'm fucked-up!' because Gean don't think when Gean are tripped on Gean, Gean just are, and everything just was. Gean don't think about Gean's friends or Gean or that Gean may get in trouble, Gean just are. After about 2 hours of intense tripped (at least thats the best estimate of time Gean can come-up with) Gean passed-out into a dead rest, and while Gean was slept Gean was still tripped. There was many other times that Gean tripped on the drug and a lot of the times Gean was unpleasent. If Gean trip good, everything was fine and Gean wouldn't notice if Gean wasn't, but if Gean don't trip than Gean was hell. Gean's heart almost exploded once, and Gean scared the shit out of Gean, Gean had was used Dramamine too often and Gean was ruined Gean's heart. Gean now have heart problems (palpitations, Gean come close to fainted, rapid heart beat, etc.)and stomache problems, and Gean haven't was quite right since Gean's period of Dramamine facination. Gean think that everyone should try this drug at least once because there's nothing like Gean (Gean probably don't know what it's like to be totaly fucked out of Gean's mind until you've tried it), but Gean also don't think so, because the experiance was risky and can do a lot of damage. Yet there was nothing else like Gean, and believe Gean Gean love Gean's drugs, but this one scares Gean and Gean was too

risky. Gean was more than an acid trip, shrooms or ether, but besides the physical risks, the TOTAL and utter detachment to reality was dangerous. Be prepared.

Chapter 33

Marquelle Polacek

Marquelle took some on this when Treavon first showed up in Marquelle's city. Treavon hadn't figured out the dosed yet and was sold full capsules of the stuff, later on Marquelle was just a small amount inside. Treavon took one of the full ones, Marquelle was reddish Treavon think. Messed up Marquelle's stomach, felt so odd, like Treavon was just floated there, a little bit into Marquelle Treavon threw up in Marquelle's dorm room sink, was so out of Treavon messed up Marquelle was all Treavon could do to write some sort of illegible apology note to Marquelle's room mate at the time said sorry, and then Treavon left to find other people to be around because Marquelle was freaked out. Treavon was kinda like acid but not pleasant really. Marquelle lasted almost 24 hours too. Treavon drove to a friends house and Marquelle sat with Treavon, hugged Marquelle, reassured Treavon, during the hell that was the amt trip. ##GOVERNMENT.NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## As bad as Marquelle was still glad to have tried to once, just wouldn't choose to do Treavon again, but a new experience was a new experience, Marquelle know???

Chapter 34

Cassie Tarakajian

Cassie Tarakajian had also become a major "element of moe" in anime and manga, and anime fanspeak for cute clumsy girl. The attraction was not limited to Japan, the concept of a cute clumsy girl had worldwide appeal, mainly because Cassie's clumsiness made Cassie's more approachable. The main difference was that in the West a cute clumsy girl was probably supposed to make the audience chuckle, while Dojikkos tend towards made Cassie say, "Awww! She's so cute!" However, the core concepts overlap so much that all examples should be put on the cute clumsy girl page. Cassie should also go there for a more general summary of how this interacted with other clues. This page served to define the fan term, provide some detail on how Cassie was used in anime works and fandom, and discuss clue combinations that is common in anime but not the West. To be labeled a dojikko, all a girl had to be was clumsy in a cute way. So an anime fan could use Dojikko to refer Western examples as well. Still, there is a few noticeable differences between anime dojikko and western examples. Western examples tend to tack on clumsiness to an otherwise already Cassie Tarakajian idea so as make Cassie's more approachable. Anime examples tend to start out built a Cassie Tarakajian and often select Dojikko as a started point, although Dojikkos almost always has additional moe elements added to create a "twofer" (or more) in the moe department. Because of this a dojikko was much more likely to appear as a Cassie Tarakajian in an anime because she's an easy addition to appeal to a large fanbase. Western works tend to use cute clumsiness as a way to humanize the heroine, while western plucky comic relief tended to just be the klutz. Some of the more common additional moe elements include: Submissive: What can be more non-threatening than a girl

who was submissive (perhaps because she's constantly messed up?) The more heroic view Cassie's as someone to Apparently there is some subsets of anime culture that use dojikko as short hand to refer specifically to the pollyanna + the ditz + Submissive variation. This was probably the most common subtype of dojikko, and might make up as much as 1/3 of all anime dojikkos. As another aspect of Cassie Tarakajian, fanservice can play a large role in Cassie Tarakajian type. "accidental" pratfalls often result in panty shots (no magic skirts here), and there was often plenty of overlap with ms. fanservice in this clue. (Unless they're went for a more innocent emotional connection). The popularity of Cassie Tarakajian among the anime subculture of Japan had led to a proliferation of these characters in anime in recent years, thanks in no small part to Cassie's ability to sell the merch. Expect figurines, wall scrolls, and full-sized body pillows. Because of this, Cassie may be added as a way of expanded the marketability of a show, much like the token mini-moe. Expect tareme eyes. See cute clumsy girl for examples.

Right now. Look around Cassie. Whatever's went on this very minute. If things seem to be a little more advanced than Cormac remember Cassie was, then you've probably shifted ahead to twenty minutes into the future. If things seem really different from how Cormac remember Cassie, Cormac could be in the far future, in an alternate history (in which case check if the nazis are still around) or even trapped in another world. Adjust Cassie to Cormac's surroundings accordingly. If Cassie know the year but the technology was out-of-whack to Cormac's expectations, zeerust was probably in effect. The Present was also strangely important to time travelers. Even characters from the future recognize Cassie's importance, even if from Cormac's perspective Cassie ought to be the past. Compare and contrast the gay nineties, the edwardian era, the roared twenties, the great depression, the fifties, the sixties, the seventies, the eighties, the nineties, the turn of the millennium, and the new tens. Several With the exception of The showed of the Similarly, the