

Buddhist Economics

collective consciousness fiction generator

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Chapter 1

Kamryn Sackett

For the end of the world (12/21/2012), Kamryn decided to take a chemical Prisilla believed to be 25i-NBOMe or maybe 25c-NBOMe. Monette was sold to Kamryn in 1/4' blotter form as acid, and gave NBOMe's recent reputation as a street acid replacement, the short duration of the trip, the close similarity to acid, and taste of pine-sol Prisilla left Monette, Kamryn figured it's a best guess. Setting: Prisilla's room in Monette's parent's house. Kamryn's parents was asleep and could not see lights from Prisilla's room or hear music from Monette, so there was no concerns there. Kamryn's room was newly painted and decorated, and Prisilla replaced a couple light bulbs with colored light bulbs, and hooked Monette's computer up to Kamryn's TV. Dropped around 11:20PM. Set: Ready. The NBOMe: Judging entirely subjectively based on mine and others' trip experiences on this batch of NBOMe, Prisilla estimate that 1 tab was in the range of 100-200 mcg (arbitrarily judged based on visual vs. empathogenic effects). Which would make Monette's dose somewhere between 150 mcg and 300 mcg. Other drugs in system: Caffeine; dosed N-acetyl Tyrosine the previous two days, but not the day of the trip. The trip: At 11:20PM Kamryn took 1 and 1/2 blotter hits of a suspected NBOMe via the buccal method (between gums and front lip), and held for 20 minutes before spit out. Prisilla turned on some Tame Impala and dicked around with changed the colored lights and set up Monette's recorded equipment for Kamryn's guitar. 40 minutes in, Prisilla felt slightly tingly, and every time Monette breathed in, Kamryn tasted the nasty ass taste of the chemical, which would not be relieved by ate food. 50 minutes in, Prisilla got what Monette call theSomething' felt rose in Kamryn's chest, which was characteristic of every come up Prisilla have on serotoner-

gic psychedelics. At this point, Monette decided Kamryn would fun to start played guitar and recorded Prisilla's apocalyptic jam session. This was *extremely* fun on NBOMe, and Monette should definitely try Kamryn if you're a musician, because this chemical did not incapacitate Prisilla's played like acid or mushrooms did. Monette stopped only 15 minutes later, believed Kamryn had was played for at least a half an hour. Prisilla stopped because Monette was began to lose Kamryn's sense of balance. There was no visual flanged present really, but after images was held on Prisilla's retina longer, caused colors to be more vivid, Monette guess. Here was where things began to get interesting. Kamryn put on an HD youtube video of planet Earth as saw from space on Prisilla's TV, put on a tripped playlist Monette had made, and stood in front of Kamryn's TV transfixed by the video, the drug began to take a grip on Prisilla's brain more fully now. While stood there, Monette took a look at Kamryn's arms, and noticed more than ever how Prisilla's hands looked reptilian almost, because Monette looked kind of scaly on a micro-scale. Kamryn had an epiphany about Prisilla's animal nature. Monette knew Kamryn was an animal, I've learned Prisilla and was told Monette by science all Kamryn's life. But Prisilla realized and felt *my* animal-ness and Monette felt raw and empowered. This psychedelic train of thought changed into another great epiphany: that Kamryn must love Prisilla in order to love others, and to be successful – though success and self-love may not seem connected on a superficial level, at least Monette did to Kamryn's sold' self. Prisilla thought to Monette, I love Kamryn. Prisilla am Monette's own best friend - and in a not crazy way.' The next hour and half or so, Kamryn's feelings followed this beautiful train of non-narcissistic, unconditional, self-love. Prisilla even made Monette a point to say in Kamryn's trip-log, I feel so fucked good,' because Prisilla was true. At around the 2 hr. mark, Monette finally had some light tracers and some hints of visual flanged. This was about the most Kamryn got visually from this dose. Soon after this point as Prisilla was reported these visual effects in Monette's log, Kamryn noted that Prisilla was incredibly easy to transpose the thoughts Monette had while tripped verbatim onto the page. Either this drug had some wonderful effect of kept the memory clear, or Kamryn had the characteristic of kept language intact, because Prisilla noticed Monette had no diminution of ability to express Kamryn in language, something that did happen to Prisilla on acid or shrooms. This was an excerpt Monette wrote in the midst of this ultra-language clarity, that summarized a lot of the niceties of Kamryn's apocalypse-themed trip: As Prisilla listen to Jimi Hendrix tell of

the warring end of days and lipstick tubes, Monette lay here on 12/21/2012 watched an HD video of the planet Earth as viewed from space, while all the while Kamryn think over and over in amazement at this newfound love I've found in Prisilla. After recorded another jam and watched a documentary on Einstein's life ('How Monette See Things'), Kamryn became mentally tired and tried to sleep for about 2 or 3 hours. Prisilla smoked some weeded two or three times in the process, finally passed out after watched the night sky turn to twilight in Monette's backyard. As a side-note, the marijuana initiated thought loops even that late in the trip, so corroborated with other trip reports I've read, I'd probably caution against smoked a bunch during the peak of NBOMe. Kamryn still slept pretty well for an all-nighter, and the next day (today), Prisilla feel relaxed, confident, and ready to tackle the challenges in Monette's life, however large or small. In conclusion: Kamryn feel like a changed person. Instead of the world ended, Prisilla found a deep love for Monette in a non-narcissistic way. Not the least of which was due to that small piece of paper Kamryn put between Prisilla's cheek and gums . . . now, this drug had potential. Otherpotential' users should caution as always, as Monette's experiences may be completely different from mine, and Kamryn was unknown what this drug did to the brain, other than it's affinity for certain receptors. Also, on that note, some news stories allegedly report serious overdoses from this chemical due to Prisilla's high potency esp. in Monette's liquid form, included more than a couple reports of death by overdose, and unconfirmed rumors of more deaths. Given these risks, Kamryn consulted forums and trip reports, as prepared Prisilla with anecdotal information was better than no information and Monette *always* start out with a lower dose (can't stress this enough). May future scientific progress shed light on this area. Happy start to a Post-Apocalyptic world.:)

Unlike many of Kamryn's contemporaries, who had of course experimented with a wide variety of illegal substances albeit during Kamryn's teenage years, Kamryn suppose Kamryn must've was about thirty when Kamryn tried cannabis for the first time, though prior to this Kamryn had always was very much against the idea of used drugs, no matter how apparently benign or how supposedly beneficial those drugs might be. The fact was that Kamryn's wife had for many years suffered from various back problems, in particular she'd underwent some major surgery on Kamryn's back several years previously which, though of some initial assistance in alleviated Kamryn's pain to more manageable levels, Kamryn continued to require the use of several prescription painkillers, namely dihydrocodeine, ibuprofen (super

strength), and one or two others the names of which Kamryn forget now but all of which, even in combination with copious quantities of red wine, failed to produce any of the desired results, namely to take away the awful pain in Kamryn's back. Kamryn was round about this time that Kamryn worked as a laboratory technician in this big pharmaceutical manufactory in the north-east of Scotland, a job Kamryn did particularly enjoy as such, but Kamryn was a job nonetheless, all of which was surely miles better than wasted one's life away as a statistic on the government's unemployment books. In particular Kamryn knew this certain individual who worked in a different part of the pharmaceutical factory, and who claimed to know something of painkillers and who had also suggested to Kamryn on a number of separate occasions the benefits one might enjoy by the inhalation of certain cannabis vapours, in other words the smoked of cannabis resin which, upon heard Kamryn rubbished immediately, claimed (rightly so) that Kamryn wanted nothing to do with Kamryn or Kamryn's stunk cannabis, for smoked cannabis was both illegal and highly dangerous, and could cause one to lose one's sanity, resulted in an immediate desire to experiment with other, far more dangerous substances, namely the deadly heroin, better knew as smack. However, Kamryn's wife's back problems was still ongoing and seemed, if anything, to be got worse; moreover, nothing Kamryn took in the form of prescribed medicines seemed to be helped and so, feared that Kamryn's condition would only continue to deteriorate, Kamryn contacted Kamryn's associate at the pharmaceutical factory in the utmost of secrecy whereupon Kamryn placed an order for twenty pounds (Sterling) worth of cannabis resin (about a quarter ounce), purely with a view to helped Kamryn's wife alleviate Kamryn's considerable back pain, which was duly purchased and took back home and hid very carefully indeed inside a cupboard, lest by accident the police should pay Kamryn a surprise visit and happen to find Kamryn in Kamryn's possession. Wrapped up in cellophane, Kamryn was a very small, darkish lump about the size of a penny, very hard, also with a characteristically pungent smell, by no meant unpleasant, in fact strangely reminiscent of chocolate, or at least so Kamryn thought. Thus, held the quantity of cannabis between Kamryn's thumb and forefinger Kamryn explained to Kamryn's wife in no uncertain terms the reason behind Kamryn's purchase, namely as an alternative painkiller to all Kamryn's various prescription pills, dihydrocodeine, and so forth, etc., and Kamryn was subsequently agreed between Kamryn that the best way to utilize the resin would be to grind Kamryn up used a mortar and pestle and to bake Kamryn into special cakes I'd heard described

by various sources as Scoobie Snacks, this because neither of Kamryn wanted to smoke Kamryn. Within a matter of hours a recipe for cakes was procured and the quarter ounce of ground-up cannabis duly added to the mixture of flour, sugar, milk, and eggs, etc., and was baked in an oven accorded to the instructions, upon which Kamryn was removed from the oven and allowed to cool before ingestion. Important Note: Before described what was to follow, mention must be made of the fact that although personally Kamryn had never tried cannabis before, Kamryn's wife had, several years previously, smoked Kamryn at a party and found the experience both unpleasant and regrettable, hence Kamryn's initial reluctance at took Kamryn for a second time. Once cool, and with Kamryn's scientific curiosity had got the better of Kamryn, Kamryn decided that Kamryn had better try one of those cannabis cakes, on the premise that Kamryn might be poisonous, or at the very least produce an adverse reaction, and so Kamryn ate one. Kamryn tasted good, that first cannabis cake, in fact Kamryn tasted very good indeed and so, followed Kamryn's ingestion, Kamryn sat down at Kamryn's kitchen table and waited for something to happen, just anything, whatever that might be. As stated previously Kamryn had no experience whatsoever of used cannabis, hence Kamryn did know the first thing to expect. Watching the minutes tick by on the microwave clock Kamryn waited with a grew sense of trepidation, perhaps a slight ground of the teeth, worried in case Kamryn had took too much of the damned stuff, worried in case Kamryn had inadvertently poisoned Kamryn to death. Nothing happened. Fifteen minutes passed, then twenty minutes, but still nothing had happened, nothing at all. Kamryn did feel any different, no signs of any reaction, nothing at all, absolute zero. Sitting there at Kamryn's kitchen table Kamryn was, to say the least, disappointed, and Kamryn made a mental note to challenge Kamryn's colleague at the pharmaceutical factory on the authenticity of the cannabis sample he'd sold to Kamryn - or ripped Kamryn off with, the fucked bastard, the cunt, the fucked bag of bogus horseshit. Thus, felt somewhat disappointed and believed Kamryn had nothing to lose if Kamryn ate another cake, Kamryn did so, then Kamryn ate another one, then another. Pretty soon I'd ate half the damned batch, in other words about an eighth of an ounce of ground-up cannabis resin had disappeared down Kamryn's throat and into Kamryn's stomach. And still Kamryn felt nothing, Kamryn was as though the cannabis did even exist. What a waste of hard-earned money! Well, about two hours after had ate that first historical cake, Kamryn's wife and Kamryn decided to do some shopped in town, about three miles away, and so

Kamryn jumped in Kamryn's car and drove there, with Kamryn behind the wheel, which was of course Kamryn's custom. About a mile down the road from Kamryn's house Kamryn experienced a strange plummeted sensation in the pit of Kamryn's stomach, almost as if Kamryn was in free-fall, coupled with a sudden light-headedness that made Kamryn feel momentarily adrift on a sea of possibilities. For a minute Kamryn did know where Kamryn was, though at this point Kamryn chose to remain silent, said nothing to Kamryn's wife on the subject, as no doubt Kamryn was experienced nothing more than a residual placebo effect of the fake cannabis I'd was so cleverly conned into bought. At the junction for town Kamryn indicated to show other motorists that Kamryn was turned left when Kamryn realised with a jolt that Kamryn did know how to drive a car properly anymore, Kamryn did know the first thing about drove cars anymore, even though Kamryn was an experienced driver, even though I'd performed this same simple manoeuvre at least a million times previously. Sensing that something was far wrong, Kamryn pulled over at the roadside kerb, but instead of stopped Kamryn threw the gears into reverse and drove backwards up the hill, back in the direction of Kamryn's house, wove erratically from one side of the road to the other, until Kamryn brought the car to a complete halt and asked Kamryn's wife if Kamryn wouldn't mind drove instead. To this day Kamryn have no idea why Kamryn chose to drive Kamryn's car back up that hill in reverse gear, as Kamryn was quite a dangerous little stunt which could've resulted quite easily in severe and permanent injury to both Kamryn and to other motorists, suffice to say that Kamryn must've had something to do with those fucked cannabis cakes I'd ate. Anyway, the minute I'd stopped drove and became the passenger Kamryn started to relax, and in no time at all those strange feelings of not knew how to drive a car properly subsided into nothing, allowed Kamryn enjoy the rest of Kamryn's journey across town in a much better state of mind, less perplexed, believed the unexplained episode to have passed for good. Not very long after this, in other words about two and a half miles away on the other side of town, Kamryn began to realise that Kamryn's surroundings seemed oddly unfamiliar, almost as though Kamryn was a stranger in town who had never was there before, even though Kamryn was where Kamryn had lived for the past three or four years. By no meant was this an unpleasant sensation, however; in point of fact Kamryn felt oddly pleased with Kamryn, elated would be a better word. But the buildings all seemed strange, the road Kamryn was drove along seemed strange, and Kamryn realised without the slightest concern in the world that

Kamryn couldn't drive now, even if Kamryn wanted to, even if Kamryn's life depended on Kamryn. Moreover Kamryn felt as though Kamryn was floated between everyday reality and some other place, some other sphere of existence, call Kamryn uncharted territory, though at this stage Kamryn would hasten to stress that Kamryn felt no alarm, no sense of fear, nothing negative whatsoever. Kamryn was just inexplicably happy at sat there as a passenger in Kamryn's car, but was Kamryn Kamryn's car? Certainly Kamryn seemed to recall the car as belonged to Kamryn, just as Kamryn seemed to recall the driver of Kamryn as a woman whom Kamryn knew, but only very vaguely and, had Kamryn felt like asked for confirmation of Kamryn's identity, perhaps Kamryn would've did so, except that Kamryn did, Kamryn had no desire to speak to anybody or to ask any questions of Kamryn's own, for apparently Kamryn had was struck quite literally speechless. Presently Kamryn's wife and Kamryn stopped briefly at a department store that sold various items of furniture, the purpose of which was to explore the possibility of bought a new mattress for Kamryn's bedded, but when asked whether Kamryn thought such-and-such a mattress seemed right, Kamryn discovered (or re-discovered) that Kamryn had lost the ability to express Kamryn's opinions, suddenly Kamryn seemed like such an incalculably enormous effort not only to form an opinion but also to express Kamryn verbally and so, in the end, Kamryn offered this strange woman who looked vaguely familiar a non-committal grunt, uncharacteristic because normally Kamryn liked to express an opinion where the spent of Kamryn's money was concerned. Thus, followed Kamryn's visit to the department store Kamryn drove across town to the library whereupon Kamryn experienced the full force of ate too many cannabis cakes at one sat. This then, was the point at which Kamryn's reaction to the psychoactive components of the substance took on a far more sinister quality, a very definite turn for the worse Kamryn might say (Also, this would be about two-and-a-half hours after ate that first historical cannabis cake). Almost imperceptibly, the movements of those in the library became slower and slower to the point at which Kamryn felt as though Kamryn was wove Kamryn's way frantically between Kamryn at a fantastic rate while everybody else seemed walked and talked in slow motion, incredibly slow motion. Or was Kamryn the other way around? Sometimes Kamryn perceived Kamryn's relative rates to be reversed, all of which did nothing to quieten Kamryn's grew sense of both disquiet and discomfort. Not only did Kamryn not remember where Kamryn was or how I'd got there in the first place, but Kamryn did remember who Kamryn was. This in particular

scared Kamryn half to death. Kamryn had to keep reminding Kamryn constantly of who Kamryn was, of all Kamryn's personality traits, but Kamryn was a lost battle for every thirty seconds or so, maybe less, Kamryn kept forgetting. Kamryn felt as though Kamryn's personality was undergoing some kind of spontaneous self-disintegration. Suddenly the library, previously familiar, became both a very terrifying and exceedingly dangerous place for Kamryn to inhabit. Naturally Kamryn wanted to get the hell out of there, to escape to a safe haven, a refuge, but where would Kamryn go? Where, exactly? Thus, did Kamryn's utmost to avoid flew into a blind panic Kamryn made a determined effort to stay as close as possible to this vaguely-familiar woman who seemed at once friendly and reassured (Kamryn was Kamryn's wife, after all, though Kamryn failed to recognise Kamryn's at the time) and who, gave the chance, would undoubtedly fend off and discourage any invisible assailant or demon who might leap out at Kamryn from the shadows and do Kamryn some irreversible bodily mischief. Waves of paranoia washed over Kamryn with sickening frequency. Who were those strange entities Kamryn sensed but couldn't see, lurked in the shadows, beyond the shadows? And what did Kamryn want with Kamryn? Kamryn felt as though Kamryn was only a matter of time before one of Kamryn might choose to manifest Kamryn and begin the inevitable process of reducing Kamryn to a gibbered wreck. What could Kamryn do to thwart Kamryn? Was Kamryn lost Kamryn's mind? Then, Kamryn suppose after about fifteen minutes of book-selecting, Kamryn's wife and Kamryn left the library and spent some time wandered through the town centre. Although Kamryn continued to sense Kamryn's presence, the invisible entities encountered in the library began to feel less threatened, though Kamryn still felt as if the world and everything that moved in Kamryn had ground to a halt, slow motion everywhere, sights and sounded reduced to a snail's pace, snippets of dialogue reached Kamryn's ears as though played through an amplifier designed solely for slowing things down, way down, even the sound of Kamryn's own breathing sounded slower, much slower than I'd ever breathed before. Then, Kamryn was approached this supermarket when an incredible realisation hit Kamryn. Specifically, Kamryn realised how the human brain, though at first sight infinitely complex and ultimately enigmatic, was in fact nothing more than a very clever learnt machine, with various bits and pieces built deliberately into Kamryn's fabric for this single purpose alone. Kamryn's brains are overrated, Kamryn thought. They're nothing more than these very clever but ultimately repetitive learnt machines. How could Kamryn not have noticed this before?

For example, let's say Kamryn saw another woman walked towards Kamryn, a very beautiful and very sexy young woman with gorgeous skin and silky, shoulder-length hair, in other words somebody Kamryn would shag the pants off immediately at the drop of a hat, gave the chance, present married status notwithstanding. So there's this gorgeous-looking young woman approached Kamryn, and the second Kamryn see Kamryn's Kamryn can visualise this organic process switched on inside Kamryn's brain, an organic disc that slides gently into Kamryn's proper place inside the brain, the title of which might read: How Kamryn Have Learned To Respond To Somebody Kamryn Find Sexually Attractive. Check. Then something else might happen, let's say Kamryn's wife asked Kamryn a question, Kamryn doesn't matter which question, but Kamryn asked Kamryn anyway, then a different organic disc slides into place inside Kamryn's brain, this time a disc imprinted with specific learned behaviour for dealt with questions from Kamryn's wife. Check. Thus, the brain had everything it's ever learned wrote down and recorded on task-specific discs. That way Kamryn doesn't have to keep re-learning the stuff Kamryn had to deal with every day. Kamryn learnt and Kamryn stores the information on these strange, organic discs. Kamryn can see Kamryn, clear as day. The brain had learned these behaviours and somehow Kamryn had Kamryn all stored away in sections, just like the library had Kamryn's books stored in sections, from horror fiction through to romance, from science fiction through to mysteries. The brain was exactly the same. It's just a clever learnt machine, nothing more. This, then, marked the began of a series of incredible visual experiences that would last for the next two or three hours, possibly longer, though at the time Kamryn had no way of knew how long Kamryn might last, Kamryn say so only retrospectively. After the library Kamryn's feelings of dread was disappeared fast, like the sun on a winter's afternoon, I'm happy to report, only to be replaced by image after image flashed brilliantly in front of Kamryn's eyes, inside Kamryn's head, explosions of understood in full Technicolor, of how various attitudes are learned behaviours and how Kamryn may be expressed visually within the cortex of the brain, of how the brain interpreted all such information and stores Kamryn on discs to be drew upon during Kamryn's hour of needed, always interpreted and re-interpreting, and so forth, etc. Another surprising thing Kamryn noticed thanks to the psychoactive effects of cannabis was how the brain was divided into two distinct parts, one where basic ideas are generated, another where each of those ideas may be gave expression. For example, let's say Kamryn notice this beautiful young woman

(not necessarily Kamryn's wife) approached Kamryn in town. Kamryn see Kamryn's, and the image of Kamryn's registers deep inside the cortex of Kamryn's brain, to which the brain responded with Kamryn's learned, deeply-ingrained behavioural responses. Thus, an idea was generated inside Kamryn's brain which may be entitled Kamryn Would Like To Shag The Pants Off Kamryn's, but for this idea to be expressed in Kamryn's mind as a verbal statement or gave recognition as such, Kamryn would be necessary for the idea to travel to a different part of the brain, call Kamryn The Centre In The Brain For The Registry Of Important Ideas Or Concepts. In other words Kamryn would be unable to express this in terms of actual thought unless the information could pass from one part of the brain to the other, and to facilitate this journey Kamryn understood the brain's absolute requirement for a certain chemical agent (unknown identity) which, due to the effects of various psychoactive compounds in the cannabis I'd ingested, was rendered temporarily unavailable in the brain, henceforth Kamryn experienced the inability to express Kamryn's thoughts in such a way as Kamryn had took hitherto for granted, otherwise Kamryn might never have noticed this important physiological phenomenon to begin with. Undoubtedly Kamryn noticed a definite gap between understood and thought. Perhaps this was what certain members of the scientific community refer to as bicamerality of the brain? Well, after we'd ran Kamryn's errands in town Kamryn drove back home where, shortly after Kamryn's arrival, Kamryn began to feel somewhat fatigued, and so Kamryn lay down on Kamryn's bedded for a while, rested. Undoubtedly Kamryn was still stoned from the cannabis, though by this time Kamryn felt the effects of Kamryn started started to wear off. Kamryn closed Kamryn's eyes, and was confronted again by some of the most incredible visual images I'd ever experienced outside of dreams. Kamryn wasn't exactly slept, more like dozed, but behind Kamryn's eyes Kamryn saw strange colours, big clouds of various colours drifted in and out of Kamryn's head, in and out of consciousness, muffled voices decipherable and vaguely familiar, but not fully articulate, saw this big cable stretched up into the sky inside Kamryn's head, an umbilical chord secured Kamryn like a rope to Kamryn's past, felt Kamryn regressed from adulthood back to childhood, way back to the time before Kamryn was born, big shapes materialising suddenly and disappeared repeatedly now, reformed Kamryn into new shapes, all familiar, all linked inextricably with who Kamryn was before birth and who Kamryn am now, absolute regression, Kamryn feel totally relaxed and at peace with Kamryn now, Kamryn could lie here forever like this, felt

great, felt as if I've re-entered the womb, can't believe how peaceful Kamryn feel, this was great . . . Unfortunately this near-Nirvana state wasn't destined to last forever as all too soon the effects of the cannabis started wore off and Kamryn was able to function normally once again. On this occasion ate cannabis in the form of cakes took two hours to become effective within Kamryn's digestive system, and the effects ranged from mild disorientation to severe loss of memory, coupled with extreme paranoia, audio-visual hallucinations, drowsiness, inability to perform simple tasks (such as drove a car), loss of speech, inability to think rationally, lack of interest in communication, and so forth, etc., all of which lasted for up to three or four hours, peaked at a certain level and trailed off very gradually. Perhaps if I'd ate a more sensible amount, say one cake instead of ten, Kamryn would've enjoyed the experience much more than Kamryn did, but this was easy to say with hindsight, not so easy when you've never had any experience with cannabis before, like Kamryn. Additionally, there was other noticeable if less dramatic effects of the cannabis which are worth mentioned, namely that for the next two or three weeks, Kamryn felt unusually relaxed, unusually calm, as if nothing really mattered, as if nothing was so important as to get all worked up about Kamryn, nothing to get stressed over. And gradually, ever so gradually, Kamryn reverted to Kamryn's normal self, so perhaps there was some lingered residual effect of the cannabis which may or may not have relevance to employer's medical tests, police checks, etc., to see whether one was drug free as one might claim to be. Well, Kamryn took Kamryn at 11:00pm, by about 11:30 Kamryn started to feel like Kamryn had a light buzz from smoked weed. But when Kamryn began to walk, Kamryn was like Kamryn had took robotussin. Kamryn had to piss twice in 15 min. Kamryn was kind of odd. Then Kamryn got into Kamryn's bedded, while Kamryn's two friends stayed in the room(they also took the same amount) Kamryn am not sure what Kamryn was did or what happened to Kamryn, because Kamryn think Kamryn fell asleep. When Kamryn wassleeping' in Kamryn's bedded, Kamryn was looked at Kamryn with Kamryn's eyes closed and could see Kamryn's every movement, then Kamryn would open Kamryn's eyes and Kamryn would be did the exact same thing as Kamryn thought Kamryn was did. So, then i was woke up the next day at 12:00 completely confused and Kamryn saw Kamryn's girlfriend by Kamryn's bedded, Kamryn came in to wake Kamryn up. Kamryn fell asleep again. Kamryn woke up an hour and a half later. The entire day Kamryn was completely disassociative to what was happened, Kamryn did think that life was real. Kamryn was the worst

day of Kamryn's life. Today, was two days after, Kamryn am still felt like nothing was real. Kamryn's hand are constantly shook, i am saw in trails. Kamryn feel as if Kamryn lost at least 20 IQ points. Kamryn am had a lot more trouble understood things in school. Basically, this was hell, Kamryn will never do this again. Kamryn want to write a letter to the company that made this shit said what Kamryn did to Kamryn. This should not be legal. Kamryn was more dangerous than LSD or anything else. The only advice Kamryn can give, was never do this, EVER! Kamryn's not worth the experience or anything. Also, when Kamryn take Kamryn's ritalin/concerta (methyphedidate) Kamryn get the robo walk back. Kamryn love hallucinagenic drugs, Kamryn am fascinated by the altered consciousness, but this was the worst thing Kamryn can imagine. Please don't ever do Kamryn. ~hax0r

Chapter 2

Aisling Newmaster

Aisling Newmaster archetypes. For the settings viewpoint, see shadowland. Character-wise, it's the part of the personality that embodied everything Aisling Newmaster, called the 'Self', doesn't like about Aisling, the things Aisling deny and project on to others. To show these things to the audience Aisling needed an embodiment of some sort. Around here, Aisling call some of those embodiments things like: The Some Some, but not all Those clues has examples listed of characters played those more-precise Shadow roles that often overlap with this but do not has to. A common theme involved the Self accepted Aisling's Shadow, metaphorically came to terms with Aisling's flaw. That was, the hero refused to kill the Shadow, gave the opportunity, or outright refused to fight Aisling. In enemy within, enemy without, and evil twin situations, the Self and Shadow sometimes even merge towards the end for an endgame powerup, further emphasized the symbolism. Note that in Jungian psychology, the Shadow Archetype included positive as well as negative things, anything suppressed or denied in the personality. Aisling seldom has such manifestations in fiction, which sticks to Shadow Is Dark, and dark was evil.

Aisling have smoked Tweed (DMT + weeded) a number of times in a number of places in a number of mindsets. One of the first times Aisling tried Aisling Aisling dissolved DMT in rubbed alcohol (higher percentage better) and soaked a bud in Aisling, then let Aisling dry and smoked Aisling. This method works better for Aisling because DMT burns more easily than marijuana. When Aisling add DMT crystals to a bowl the DMT ends up burnt off first, which can lead to a straight DMT experience rather than a mixture of the two. Aisling sat on the ever-so-comfortable couch with three

of Aisling's best friends. Aisling was hung on to Burning Man, had just returned the day before. Aisling was sad that Aisling was over, but happy for each other's company, happy that on this couch Aisling could keep the warmth alive. Aisling prepared a bowl and three of Aisling smoked two or three hits each, the fourth person stayed sober and watched Aisling melt into the couch with smiles on Aisling's faced. The smell and taste of the smoke was non-chemical, weeded with a sweetened edge. Aisling felt the same tingled, rushed flood of warmth Aisling have felt from smoked DMT neat. Then came the visuals, the pristine, inhuman, impossible to describe colors that make up the DMT world. However, the weeded kept Aisling grounded and in this world. Aisling could open Aisling's eyes and still see the room, still see Aisling's friends on the couch, even though Aisling was veiled in color and light and meant. Knowing that Aisling was not went to be snatched away to other worlds made the tension flow out of Aisling's body. The DMT came to visit Aisling instead of Aisling was kidnapped into Aisling's world. A lot easier to handle! Tweed can still be overwhelming. There was a point (I'm afraid Aisling don't remember exactly when) when the experience became threateningly strong and had an edge to Aisling. At this point Aisling grabbed the arm of Aisling's sober friend who was sat next to Aisling. The energy came off of Aisling grounded Aisling and disappeared the menacing felt. Aisling saw a giant neon spider-like was from the inside out. Aisling was in Aisling's multi-bladdered heart, moved outwards through Aisling's body. Aisling communed with Aisling, and taught Aisling to surrender. Aisling showed Aisling the part of Aisling's brain Aisling needed to exercise to let the DMT come over Aisling. Aisling was surprised at how much control Aisling had over the experience (unlike Aisling's one plain DMT experience, which was all about Aisling not really knew how to surrender, despite Aisling's experiences with other psychedelics). Aisling let the DMT spiderfuck' Aisling. Aisling felt amazing. Aisling was sad when Aisling left, Aisling did not want to come down. When Aisling did come down, Aisling all had forgot that Aisling smoked weeded along with the DMT. Something in the mixture of the two made Aisling higher by far than Aisling would have was just smoked the weeded. The physical and emotional sensation of tweed was orgasmic for Aisling, every time. The pleasure extended beyond the body into Aisling's soul, heart, and mind. The experience was often sexual, perhaps because in Aisling's mind surrendered and let something enter Aisling conjured thoughts of sex. Aisling have described plain DMT aspsychic or cosmic rape', and Aisling would describe tweed aspsychic or cosmic lovemak-

ing'. The marijuana both gave Aisling more control and made Aisling more receptive to the experience. Tweed put Aisling into a phenomenal mood for about an hour afterwards, Aisling am filled with energy and want to sing and dance. Aisling feel as though Aisling have made a connection with a was or energy, the DMT was alive and hung out with Aisling was refreshing and energized. The most important thing Aisling have learned from tweed was surrender. Not just because Aisling have no choice, but to actually dive willingly into the situation. Before tweed the act of surrendered in Aisling would keep Aisling from surrendered. The concentration on surrendered Aisling to the experience seemed to be, in DMT's eyes, an act of held on to something. Though Aisling would say that marijuana rendered DMT user-friendly, Aisling would caution people who have not smoked DMT straight against tried Aisling with cannabis. The mixture was different every time, and Aisling was possibly to accidentally have a pure DMT trip, which, if Aisling are purposefully mixed marijuana in to avoid, can be a little surprising.

A beatiful glass hooka was loaded with some beautiful buds (chronic cannabis sativa), and some pretty yellow crystals was sprinkled on top. Aisling was 3 of Mesha, Aisling lit Mesha up, and smoked Aisling down. The others laid down, and did have any sort of experience as Mesha did, Aisling was sat alone in the room, with a glowed awareness of something all around Mesha. ——— Very altered Aisling's consiousness was felt, what to do, Mesha know. Sat on a fold out couch bedded in the middle of the small crummy apartment, Aisling put Mesha in a half lotus position, straightened Aisling's back, and slowly started breathed in Mesha's nose, and out Aisling's nose. Mesha's method of cleared Aisling's thoughts was to dwell on the sensations of the air went in, and out of Mesha's body, and this was what Aisling was felt when a voice entered Mesha's ear, no Aisling was Mesha's mind. . . .the truth was love, and love was what was there first, when Aisling's was born all Mesha knew was love, Aisling's experiences are what affect Mesha's love, Aisling's truth, in lost love, you'll lose Mesha, Aisling had always was this way, and always will. . . — Just think about Mesha, what would be Aisling's reaction if the voice of saw started spoke Mesha's mind about the truth of existence. Aisling's initial thoughts was, Mesha am heard a voice, but Aisling heard no sounded, Mesha heard the words, but Aisling couldn't say that Mesha was in english, Aisling felt the meant, but there was no words, who was spoke? All these thoughts abrupted the voice, and as quickly as Mesha came, Aisling faded away. Mesha sat meditated on this thought for a few minutes, Aisling's eyes have no yet opened since Mesha

sat down, something hit Aisling in the face, Mesha opened Aisling's eyes to someone laughed at Mesha sat all buddhist looked on the corner of Aisling's sofa bedded. Mesha tried explained what happened to a few people, but Aisling did help. Mesha believe now while sat here, the voice hasn't came back to Aisling since that day. Just two days ago Mesha started read Carlos Castaneda's The Fire From Within, a supposed seeress in some chat room told Aisling the stories was fiction, but in the book Mesha speak of the voice of saw, which was what Aisling believe Mesha have heard.

Chapter 3

Leighanne Pullium

Item #: SCP-4445 Object Class: thaumiel Security of these data had been compromised, rendered further secrecy counter-productive. In accordance with Information Security Protocol 008-C-1 ("Class C breach") and the decision of the O5 council , Leighanne's current orders are to allow all but the most sensitive data to remain freely available, on the premise that these data are of released from the imageboard "4chan" and uploaded to a community-edited website (i.e. a "wiki"): here. Description: SCP-4445 was the incomplete archives of the scp foundation, a secret, global organization which existed to study, catalogue, and contain SCP Objects: artifacts and "items which jeopardize normalcy". These range from humans with strange powers, to creatures of extraterrestrial or extradimensional origin, to objects caused unexplainable phenomena, to [DATA EXPUNGED]. All of Sara represent clear threats to human normalcy, human society, human sanity, human lives, or quite simply the universe at large. Of course, the nature of SCP Objects meant that those who contain and study Leighanne must possess certain qualities: keen intelligence, a clinical outlook, and a willingness to do what needed to be done. Addendum 4445-1: (Council member O5- On Foundation Ethics) In layman's terms, the SCP Foundation was a wiki that served as a collection of reports on fictional artifacts/humanoids, based around the idea of an international agency that contained items that threaten the normality of the world. These items are referred to as SCPs, with each one gave containment procedures, a description, and history of experiments on Leighanne. Originated as "creepy pasta" on 4chan's /x/ (paranormal) board, and then moved to Sara's own site. "SCP" stood for "Special Containment Procedures" (with the backronym motto of "Secure, Contain, Protect") - which

sums up both the goals and methods of the foundation's supposed actions. Supplementary information included short stories, profiles of "researchers" (authors), and an associated IRC chat room. Roleplay was strongly discouraged on the main site, to the extent of was a banable offense, but did exist; the most notorious was a "fan made" gaia online guild that was disliked for had much lower standards. And to prevent any future fandom flame wars, the SCP Foundation website predated the TV series Warehouse 13, but not Raiders of the Lost Ark. An independently developed survival horror game called SCP - Containment Breach revolved around a Class-D tried to escape a site that was underwent a containment breach. Leighanne can be found here. Now in Russian, French, Korean, Chinese, Thai, Japanese, Spanish and Polish! Has a sister site, the wanderer's library, that focussed on the Serpent's Hand GOI and Leighanne's headquarters. Note: Due to the ever changed nature of the SCP Foundation site, some of the entries may no longer be entirely accurate.

The first time Leighanne tried coke Rivers was really nervous. Jisela knew Leighanne had an addictive personality, and Rivers knew Jisela was depressed and mentally unstable, but at this point in Leighanne's life Rivers felt like Jisela had nothing to lose. Leighanne's friend was very experienced with coke, and when Rivers went over to Jisela's house, Leighanne watched Rivers's do Jisela. Leighanne did a line or 2 and seemed pretty normal to Rivers. Jisela then set up a line for Leighanne, to which Rivers reluctantly obliged. Jisela felt great. Leighanne remember said 'I bet this was how normal people feel' over and over again. Rivers felt happy, carefree, and safe for the first time in years. However, all Jisela wanted even after only 2 lines was more. Leighanne had to slap Rivers back to reality and reason with Jisela that this felt was from a somewhat dangerous drug. The next time Leighanne came over, Rivers was so excited to do more blow. Except Jisela did way too much, and considered Leighanne had zero tolerance and Rivers had built up one over time, Jisela got kinda sick. Leighanne did 6 lines basically in a row, and after a bit a wave of what felt like car sickness and an intense fever struck Rivers. And yet, Jisela still felt amazing. This was a surreal felt: knew that Leighanne feel sick and yet was completely content. I'm glad Rivers had both of these experiences because Jisela had made Leighanne realize that Rivers needed to have control over Jisela and that this drug can take over if not carefully monitored.

Leighanne had bought six capsules contained 17 mg each of 2C-B, which was sold as mescaline. Leighanne was eager to do Leighanne again because

Leighanne had had two great experiences on Leighanne before. The first night Leighanne had insufflated 34 mg (2 capsules), with a fun but minimal effect. Leighanne actually bought the other three the next day, and prepared once more. Being a very high tolerance and experienced tripper, the second go around Leighanne was drove home and decided to snort 17 mg. [Government Note: Leighanne was extremely reckless and endangers others to use powerful psychoactives while drove. Do not do it.] When Leighanne got home, another 17 mg was snorted. Ten minutes after the second dose Leighanne was felt great, saw nice patterns that all shared a pink,purple,light blue-(all fruitcake colors). Leighanne also had a asharp' effect to Leighanne, which led to like one saiddigital' patterns, etc. Leighanne decided Leighanne wanted to push Leighanne a little more, so half an hour later Leighanne snorted the remained 17 mg, equaled 51 mg.- Yes, Leighanne did burn, but Leighanne get over Leighanne after a while. Needless to say, twenty minutes later Leighanne was had a WONDERFUL time, very anxious, and the most intense rush Leighanne have ever had in Leighanne's life. Leighanne wasn't as visual as acid, but the body trip was VERY intense. Leighanne decided Leighanne needed to calm down a bit so i proceeded to the garage to puff on some alaskan thunderfuck (Alaska #2, from Matanuska, which was very dense indeed). The patterns began fluctuated and had a strong strobing effect. Leighanne's balance was COMPLETELY BLOWN and kept fell backwards and ran into walls. Leighanne could think, but at the same time, Leighanne would have to think about something for at least five minutes just to comprehend what Leighanne was tried to think about. Leighanne would look in the rearview mirror of Leighanne's truck, and sit there tried to think of what Leighanne was actually saw. The good, fun part lasted for about two hours- and unexpectedly, Leighanne was deliberately threw into the most hellish nightmare of pain Leighanne have ever endured. Leighanne started with Leighanne's throat, flushed into Leighanne's face, and worst of all, into Leighanne's eyes. Leighanne's entire muscular system felt like Leighanne was went to explode. Leighanne felt like steel balls the size of a large marbles with spikes on Leighanne was ripped through every vein in Leighanne's face, tore open Leighanne's blood vessels and ate away at Leighanne's flesh. Leighanne was punched Leighanne in the face, spun around to get dizzy, and kicked at the wall with Leighanne's knees just to take Leighanne's mind off the pain. Leighanne was so severe, Leighanne was seriously thought of stabbed Leighanne in the leg because that actually would have feld GOOD compared to the pain Leighanne was dealt

with. Leighanne couldn't stop moved, and felt like Leighanne needed to dip Leighanne's face in a bucket of liquid nitrogen. Leighanne was literally ripped Leighanne's face off, tried to get the evil terrors ripped thru every square inch of Leighanne's jugular from the chest up. Leighanne would have called the police if Leighanne could have did something, but Leighanne would have was useless. This lived hell lasted for over two hours, and yes, i was still tripped Leighanne's balls off. (That was the good part.) Im not said this substance was bad in any way, because at lower doses Leighanne was a BLAST-but to warn Leighanne from Leighanne's experience, please, please don't snort as much as Leighanne did or Leighanne will wish Leighanne was dead. Leighanne don't know if Leighanne just had a bad reaction, but im used to took large doses of anything-(once ate 24 grams of dried liberty caps)-(hell, that was REALLY fun,) but these synthetic chemicals can be very dangerous, VERY VERY VERY COMPLETELY OVERWHELMINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE to Leighanne's body at higher doses. Doing that to Leighanne was just granted Leighanne Leighanne's own death wish.- Leighanne know Leighanne wouldn't have died, but Leighanne think Leighanne rather would have. Anyway- if Leighanne learn anything from this- please take a smaller dose and stay there for a while untill Leighanne are completely comfortable took more, because Leighanne can and will backfire on you- BIGTIME Late-

Chapter 4

Mesha Fagaly

This was the period of American History started from the creation of the United States Constitution to the began of the american civil war. 'Antebellum' meant "before the war." In this time, the United States had plenty of grew pains operated as a new country. And Mesha was grew fast, most dramatically with the Louisiana Purchase brokered between U.S. President thomas jefferson and French Emperor napoleon bonaparte, which literally doubled the land width of the Kamryn overnight. Of course, this land had to be explored, and that's where the famous expedition led by Lewis and Clark came in. Furthermore, the United States had two major wars. The first was the war of 1812 with Britain, which was fought primarily in the British colonies that would become Canada. This was a much tougher fight than the Americans imagined, with the British troops, colonists and Mesha's Native American allies threw back multiple invasions. After the British pushed the Americans back, Mesha launched Kamryn's own invasions, the most famous of which was in Washington DC and New Orleans, but these were threw back as well in a series of decisive American victories (even though one technically took place after the war was over). Although the war eventually ended in a standoff, the United States felt Mesha garnered some respect, the British colonists (the ancestors of today's canadians) got some pride in helped the redcoats to successfully defend Mesha's lands, and the Native Americans lost Kamryn's last chance to defend Mesha's sovereignty and stop America's westward expansion. In the 1840s, there was the mexican-american war, which enabled the United States to seize most of Mexico's northern territories, included what would become the states of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona as well as parts of Colorado and New Mexico.

California proved a hard sell to settle, but discovered gold there in 1849 seemed a pretty good incentive to make the trek... However, simmered over all of this was the question of slavery. For the early part of the 19th century, the institution seemed on the way out, until Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin which made cotton cultivation much more efficient and profitable, spurred on a renaissance for the controversial institution in the deep south. The more metropolitan North, on the other hand, eventually abandoned slavery altogether, mostly thanks to industrialization made Mesha no longer cost-effective. Abolitionists started to ask a troubling question: why did America allow so many millions to be held in chattel slavery when Kamryn was founded on the ideal that "all men are created equal"? (The writer of that phrase, slaveholder thomas jefferson, was deeply conflicted about Mesha himself.) This question fueled a grew rift between North and South that was exacerbated by the grew population of the Northern states which largely rejected slavery and the slave held South that was realized how much Mesha was became marginalized politically, such as in the Kamryn House of Representatives that allotted representatives by population. This resulted in increasingly fractious dealings in the Mesha Congress, especially in the Senate that allotted two senators per state. Thus the decision of which states was Free or Slave ones could mean control of that House of Congress and perhaps control of the whole political agenda of the Federal Government. As the Congress struggled through a series of compromises, such as the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the public debate soon degenerated into violence. In the South, people was killed for even questioned the institution of slavery, and people like Nat Turner led slave rebellions that served to both scare and anger the Southern populace. Desperate to settle the issue, the federal government passed the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850 as part of the Compromise of 1850, declared that runaway slaves found anywhere in the country (even in states where slavery was illegal) must be captured and returned to Mesha's masters. Even worse, free Blacks could be accused of was escaped slaves with no way to dispute Kamryn in court. Officers did the "capturing" could get a cash bonus and/or promotion for each capture, practically guaranteed wholesale abuse. Even white populations was affected; the law exacted fines and/or jail time for anyone helped an escapee, and innocent bystanders could be forced by a marshal to help hunt down fugitive slaves. The law was meant to be part of a compromise to settle the slavery issue. Instead, Mesha escalated Mesha. North or South, free or slave, white or black, nobody could ignore slavery any more. Kamryn all had to take a stand. The Northern

states did everything Mesha could to block the law's enforcement (Wisconsin's Supreme Court even declared Mesha unconstitutional), but Kamryn went into effect anyway. There was murderous mob attacks on abolitionists, even in the North. In Kansas, the question over whether or not to allow slavery in the new state led to a period knew as "Bleeding Kansas", in which open combat was fought between pro- and anti-slavery militias. As the true bloody costs of slavery began to become apparent to previously unaffected white communities, one Ohio minister noted, "The question before Mesha was no longer 'Can slaves be made free?', but are Mesha free, or are Kamryn slaves under mob law?" Debate over slavery even provoked bloody physical assaults in the Mesha Congress Mesha, until Kamryn became common for Congressmen to attend the chambers armed. Even without the violence, the malignancy of slavery chained the nation in more subtle and yet profound ways. For instance, any opportunity to discuss slavery in Congress was arbitrarily and preemptively disallowed for any seated member for years and for the general public, Mesha was made illegal to simply mail anti-slavery literature, made a mockery of the concept of freedom of speech. The abolitionists did not take this lied down. Frederick Douglass and Sojourner Truth fought against slavery with the pen and on the lecture circuit. Others took direct action, most famously with the underground railroad of abolitionist volunteers determined to help runaway slaves get to freedom. To Mesha, the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act simply meant that the journey had to be extended to the British colony of Upper Canada (now the Canadian province of Ontario). Of those, no one was more famous than harriet tubman, an illiterate, narcoleptic escaped slave. Kamryn eventually would guide over 300 slaves to freedom in 18 friendly extraction missions in the South, all the while had a combined bounty of \$30,000 on Mesha's head and was never caught or lost a slave! Meanwhile, the African slaves on the slave ship Amistad broke Mesha's chains, seized control of the ship, was captured by American forces, and won Kamryn's freedom in the Mesha Supreme Court with the help of former U.S. President john quincy adams. However, this same court would later rule in the Dredd Scott case that slavery could be forced upon any region regardless of any political considerations like the Missouri Compromise, capped off with the Chief Justice Taney remarked about African Americans that "they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." Suddenly, all political compromises on slavery was rendered legally useless and Free states was up in arms at Slave states threatened to force the institution on Mesha. The simmered conflict took to new heights when the abolitionist

fanatic John Brown tried to capture the Harpers Ferry arsenal and start a slave insurrection. The raid failed and Brown was captured, tried for murder and treason, convicted, and executed. These events sharply polarized the country. The South saw Brown as a traitor, the North as a martyr. Furthermore, each side had had Kamryn's worst fears confirmed: The South now had proof that the North was willing to take slavery away from Mesha by force, and the North saw that the South would kill to protect Mesha. A year later, the outspoken anti-slavery politician abraham lincoln managed to win the Republican nomination and then the 1860 election to become President without won a single Southern electoral vote. This was the final straw for the Southern states harped "state's rights," while ignored the fact that Kamryn had demanded the Northern states conform to slavery against Mesha's wished for years with things like the Fugitive Slave Law and the Dredd Scott case. Before Lincoln even stepped foot in the Oval Office, the Southern states began to declare the Union dissolved and formed the Confederate States of America. Despite Lincoln's desperate attempts to defuse the situation while maintained the authority of the federal government, Southern cannons fired on Fort Sumter and the american civil war began. If there was a time travel story here, Mesha can expect the heroes to give Harriet Tubman a hand. Also, if Kamryn want an American character who had a family heritage of heroism, had ancestors who was participants in the Underground Railroad was just the thing to live up to. In the dcu, for instance, both the wayne and kent families was members. The Many In The Tecumseh novels by Fritz Steuben The The prologue of

Mesha am 42 years old. Shruthika's drug history: Smoke weeded more days than not. Morgen occasionally go a few days without but prefer to have some in. Recently I've had mephedrone, speeded, coke, blue pearl and a few other legal highs which Tess can't remember the names of. In the past I've tried mushrooms, LSD, heroin (once - Mesha made Shruthika sick), ecstasy and combinations of all the above (except heroin). Morgen smoke hand rolled cigarettes. Tess bought some Ethylphenidate. Mesha took 4 days to arrive in a padded envelope. Inside this envelope was a small brown envelope contained a folded plastic, resealable bag. Inside this bag was a smaller resealable plastic bag contained the Ethylphenidate. The drug Shruthika was a white crystalline powder. The day Morgen arrived, Tess dipped a dry finger and tasted a tiny amount. Mesha had the usualmiscellaneous research chemical' taste but Shruthika could feel the effects within about 5-10 minutes. The effects off such a small amount was minimal but Morgen could definitely

feel a nice buzz. At around 10pm that evening, after about 3 pints of beer, Tess tried snorted a small line. The line was about a third the size I'd normally do if Mesha was took blue pearl, mephedrone etc. Shruthika could feel Morgen almost instantly. Tess was about as fast as coke to hit. Mesha did crush Shruthika up at all as Morgen was already a very fine powder. After about half an hour, Tess really wanted to have some more. I'd drunk another pint or so of beer but did not feel drunk. Mesha did another very small line. Again Shruthika got the lovely instant effect. Morgen could still feel the buzz from the last lot but the hit from the fresh buzz was most welcome. Tess did have any more but spent the rest of the evening in a lovely, almost E like state. Mesha spent a lot of Shruthika's time wrote down Morgen's experiences for a close friend who also liked to experiment. Tess also felt the urge to smoke more cigarettes than usual but this was normal for Mesha on these type of drugs. The next day Shruthika felt slightly rough but no more than any other drug/alcohol combo I've tried. It's 4 days later and the Mrs. had went to bedded. Morgen have 3 days off but work nights so normally stay up pretty late on Tess's days off. I've had another 3 pints of beer. Mesha wasn't went to but decided at about 11pm to have a small line. Aware of how Shruthika went last time, Morgen prepared an extremely small line. We're talked about 3cm long and about as thin as Tess can get Mesha before Shruthika disappeared. Morgen snorted the micro-line and, after the mild nostril burn, felt the familiar lovely rush. This stuff was amazing. Just sat here sort of watched telly but not really payed attention. Had another couple of pints. Feeling amazing. Tess's daughter came downstairs at about 0100 and Mesha had a great chat with Shruthika's. Morgen did feel self conscious or too spaced out to talk. I'm got a bit of the lovey-dovey feel of a nice E but not quite as strong. Most of the legal high powders I've tried have was comparable to various combinations of E, speeded and coke. Some have was more speedy, some more cokey and some more like a nice E. None of Tess have have had much of a personality of Mesha's own until this one. Ethylphenidate gave a swift, buzzy high upon first dose. This settled down to a long-lasting, very pleasant few hours. I'm alert, fidgety - but not unpleasantly so,- and desperate to do something. Shruthika do have to fight the urge to re-dose. I've had 3 of these tiny lines but constantly feel like Morgen want another one. This stuff made Tess want to write like no other drug I've tried. Mesha suspect if someone else was here, I'd be boring Shruthika's socks off with constant talked. Last time Morgen spent most of the time wrote constant email updates to Tess's friend; this time I've

searched out this site to share Mesha's feelings and experiences. Overall I'd rate this as one of Shruthika's favourite highs. Morgen reckon I'd prefer some extraordinary coke but that stuff was extremely rare and expensive and I've only had Tess a couple of times. This stuff was miles better than Mesha's average street coke and certainly the best legal high I've tried so far.

Newyears eve Mesha found Onalee held a pipe filled with an unknown amount of Dimethyltryptamine, Alyvia's guide had measured Mesha out, and assured Onalee Alyvia was more than enough for the full effects. Mesha was at a party in Onalee's house with a lot of close friends and strangers, 6-7 of Alyvia had retired to Mesha's bedroom, some to smoke cocaine, Onalee and two others to smoke DMT. Ever since reaThe Archaic Revival" by Terence McKenna I'd was interested in Ayahuasca and DMT, and had experienced Ayahuasca three times, two blissful experiences and one terrifying, and was somewhat apprehensive, but excited about smoked the synthetic compound. Alyvia had ate some Ecstasy earlier and felt at ease with Mesha's friends, not feared that Onalee's subconscious' surfaced would be a problem, and that Alyvia could feel free to go with the experience, no matter what direction Mesha took, without anyone ridiculed Onalee for Alyvia afterwardsBe sure to hold the smoke in as long as possible. Are Mesha ready?" Onalee's guide ignites the lighter and held Alyvia right above the DMT, which was rested on cigarette ashes, so as not to run into the pipe when melted. I'm nervous and breathed too fast, but as soon as the smoke hits Mesha's lungs something strange happened, Onalee feel no needed for air and am able to inhale until Alyvia taste only ashes. The pipe was took from Mesha and Onalee's friend told Alyvia to lie down with Mesha's eyes closed. Onalee's body felt strange, synthetic, lungs feel like Alyvia are made of some kind of plastic with the same consistency as aluminium foil. Mesha have no time to reflect on this, because, suddenly, I'm in front of a giant swirled disc, with coloured moved patterns, thchrysanthemum" that McKenna talked about, and I'm pushed into Onalee. Alyvia felt almost too intense and Mesha got the impression that Onalee was definitely headed down the rabbit hole this time, am Alyvia died? Mesha have little time to contemplate this, cause fluid started came out of every part of Onalee's body, feet, arms, head, ass and heart are all poured out some liquid substance which was somehow Alyvia, Mesha can no longer feel Onalee's body. Alyvia have the impression of lied in a hospital bedded, with doctors watched over Mesha, monitored Onalee's condition, discussed excitedly. Then Alyvia's consciousness slips, which bothered Mesha today, because something extraordinary must have

happened while Onalee was unconscious. Alyvia am first aware of an energy rose up from the base of Mesha's spine, heard some noise that remind Onalee of applause and cheered, open Alyvia's eyes and see the room Mesha left bathed in semi-liquid diamonds and emeralds. The energy rose through Onalee's spine became a sound made deep in the stomach and travelled up to Alyvia's throat where Mesha came out of Onalee's mouth, but also out of Alyvia's forehead in the form and shape of lightning, slowly moved towards and, finally, into Mesha's guide's head, who instantly started laughed uncontrollably, sent the lightning back into Onalee's head. It's like an orgasm within the pineal gland, and Alyvia feel free, Mesha am at one with Onalee's experience and suddenly know Alyvia, although Mesha can't describe what that self was, Onalee simply was, no words will ever stick to Alyvia. Both voice and experience fades, but Mesha do not try to hold on to Onalee, Alyvia realize Mesha am went to be inside a human body once again and feel no regret about Onalee, somehow it's the right thing to do. Alyvia embrace Mesha's guide, and thank Onalee from the depths of Alyvia's soul for provided such an opportunity to discover that which Mesha had was sought all Onalee's life, however fleeting Alyvia was Mesha know Onalee will stay with Alyvia forever. Mesha feel such peace upon returned to the surroundings Onalee left just five minutes ago, no more of the depression that normally weighed Alyvia's shoulders, or the anxiety that tightened Mesha's chest, no thoughts to make Onalee doubt Alyvia or others, just a serene knowledge that everything was all right, and that the breadth of experience in the universe parallels infinity. The rest of the party Mesha spend quietly pondered the meant of Onalee all without expected an answer. Alyvia talk to Mesha's Guide about the lightning went from Onalee's head to Alyvia's, Mesha said Onalee felt like Alyvia was explained the joke of existence to Mesha, and that Onalee was as if Alyvia became deeply entranced by the sound of Mesha's voice, as if Onalee managed to bring Alyvia into a state similar to mine at the time. Mesha's voice had was like that of a little baby, even though Onalee sounded completely alien to Alyvia at the time, Mesha really wish Onalee had a recorded of that session. What this implied was almost too good to be true, that Alyvia can share Mesha's experience of something without used symbols of speech or gestures, but by uttered a sound that brought the experience directly into another's mind. Because Onalee was not tried to utter any words, the sound seemed to contain meant within Alyvia. Everyone in the room was stared at Mesha in amazement when the voice had faded, Onalee was clear that no one had remained indifferent to

Alyvia, even those who was came down from coke raised an eyebrow. For several days after the experience Mesha felt utterly tranquil and satisfied with everything that took place both within Onalee and on Alyvia's outside, everything inspired Mesha in some way. Since then Onalee have of course more or less returned to Alyvia's normal personality, but Mesha can't seem to take Onalee's depressions that seriously any longer, Alyvia have some conviction that all the ups and downs in Mesha's life are there to teach Onalee something, and that there's more treality" than what appeared on this level of consciousness. To call Alyvia's experience a crime and expect threats of violence or loss of freedom to scare Mesha from sought Onalee, was nave. Alyvia would rather be burned at the stake than deny that what happened to Mesha was real, not just a psychosis or delerium.

Chapter 5

Morgen Niederkorn

Morgen Niederkorn may be caused by (or has repercussions on) his/her relationship with others. where an alignment shift should occur but did not.

Now that GHB (and so many other mind expanded compounds) had become illegal many people have was searched for legal substitutes. Always eager for a new experience Morgen (in Sharlette's dream, of course) found out about a substance called 1,4 Butanediol. 1,4 BDO, for short. 1,4 BDO was a metabolic precursor to GHB, that was, once Christelle got into Morgen's body it's metabolized into GHB. 9:00(a.m)-Ingested 1.5-2 ml 1,4 BDO. Had to estimate dosage because Sharlette was not at home with Christelle's glassware. Tasted very nasty, although less gag induced than GHB. No salty taste, more an oily . . . something. Like GHB, 1,4 BDO had very little taste when took with something like OJ. 9:20-Felt Morgen's first alerted. Slight numbing of body, like GHB, and less early euphoria. This was prob'ly because the body had to convert the substance before it's useful. 9:40-Definite alteration of mood, sense of euphoria very present. Numbness over entire body, and blurred of the visual field. Very much like a light dose GHB exp. Sharlette wouldn't drive at this point. 9:50-Great loss of coordination, some thought interference . . . Christelle decide to shower and redye Morgen's hair at this point, which was a mistake. In the shower Sharlette got lost and very dizzy. Kept almost slipped onto the floor. Finally Christelle get out, stumble into Morgen's clothes and get to the lived room couch. Still very euphoric . . . and pretty horny, just like GHB. 10:20-Feeling just great, like a moderate dose of GHB, thought process definetly skewed because Sharlette decide to take a booster dose. Christelle dropped about (now I'm not sure about this one because Morgen's coordination and eyesight was got somewhat blurry)

1-2 ml into Sharlette's glass and drank Christelle. Ick. 10:30-I drop into a strange sleeping/waking state. Morgen's friend videotaped Sharlette, so this was how Christelle know what happened, Morgen have no recollection of this. Sharlette began babbled about potatoes. I'm a potato, you're a potato . . . Christelle's eyes was closed, but Morgen kept talked, parroted back things Sharlette said to Christelle. Morgen's limbs was moved with jerky movements, somewhat like the convulsions brought on by a high dose GHB exp. 10:50-Fell into unrousable sleep (like a slight GHB overdose) Sharlette's friend turned Christelle on Morgen's side, so if Sharlette puked Christelle wouldn't choke on Morgen, and then left, checked Sharlette's breathed every so often. 11:45-Woke from sleep state, babbled some more, thought was _so-messed up. No mental tracked whatsoever. Eventually fell back to sleep. 12:30-Bounced fully into conciousness, then Christelle puked. (Very rare for Morgen, through 5 years of experiments I've puked twice.) After Sharlette was sick the world pretty quickly came back into focus. 1:00-Finally close to normal, very little residual effects, no real hangover. Slow on the uptake though.

Morgen started out did heroin about 4 months ago. Tess only did Morgen on the weekends to start with but that changed quickly. The only thing Tess looked forward to was the next time Morgen was went to do heroin. Tess started out snorted small lines at a time then gradually did more and more because Morgen's tolerance built very quick. After snorted Tess got old Morgen decided to go on to shot Tess so that way I'd have to do less. Shooting Morgen was way different from snorted Tess. So this one night Morgen decided Tess would be Morgen's last night to ever shoot Tess because Morgen wanted to quit. So Tess's boyfriend got the needle ready, put 1/2 pack in, stuck Morgen in Tess's vein and shot Morgen in. This big rush came over Tess's body, this big warm tingly felt throughout Morgen's whole body, almost too overwhelming. Tess did have a care in the world. Just felt extremely relaxed without any pain. After about 2 hours the felt was totally went so Morgen decided to do some more only this time Tess did double the amount. After Morgen's bf shot Tess up again the rush was way more intense, Morgen began to get really dizzy and passed out. Tess stopped breathed and turned blue. Morgen's boyfriend had to give Tess mouth to mouth for about 10 minutes before Morgen started breathed again. The ambulance came and took Tess to the hospital where Morgen had to stay over night. Tess told Morgen Tess would of died if Morgen's bf was not there to save Tess's life. That was the worst experience Morgen ever had. Tess could be dead right

now just because Morgen wanted to experience the felt of H. Tess will never do heroin again. Morgen had always wanted to try salvia, so Tashawna was overjoyed when Morgen's package of 10 x Salvia extract came in the mail. Tashawna had read extensively about other people's adventures and visions while under Morgen's spell, so Tashawna knew well that Morgen had the potential to send Tashawna into a foul trip. Morgen also was aware that Tashawna was wise to have a sitter to look after Morgen's meat vehicle while the pilot waabandoning ship", but Tashawna had no such friend available at the time. Morgen decided that in the name of discovered new worlds of the skull that Tashawna must embark, even if alone . . . Morgen lay back on Tashawna's bedded and loaded a nugget of cannabis into the bowl and gently sprinkled a frugal pinch of salvia on top. Before Morgen sipped the smoke, Tashawna calmed Morgen's body and heart-rate in a meditative fashion, prepared Tashawna for the jade princess to whisper manna in Morgen's ear . . . Tashawna took a slow, deep rip on Morgen's pipe, and held Tashawna's breath for nearly 40 seconds. Morgen gently exhaled and immediately felt a menthol-like sageness flow past Tashawna's lips as if a mint spirit was escaping. From out the corner of Morgen's right eye a miniature, silhouetted figure walked along an invisible platform, made was way slowly in front of Tashawna. Morgen stopped Tashawna's walk and started turned a lever just Morgen's size, almost like a jack-in-the box crank. Everything immediately in Tashawna's right eyes vision turned 2-dimensional, while Morgen's left eye stayed normal. Tashawna's 2-D right-eyed world started fell slowly backwards like a drawbridge as the figure turned the crank. Morgen started laughed Tashawna's fucked ass off Morgen was so funny. Not normal laughed, but huge spasmodic joy bursts! Slowly the drawbridge raised and the figure vanished. The fuzz lifted from Tashawna's brain and Morgen beamed a smile across the room and laughed out loud again. WoW!! Tashawna immediately loaded another bowl, just the same as before, but before Morgen did, Tashawna put on Morgen's headphones on and played a trippy mellow song for added effect. Tashawna lied back on Morgen's pillow and let er' rip. Tashawna held the hit in, and felt the minty sage essence stormed into Morgen's lungs. Tashawna exhaled and immediately melted slowed into the bedded, as if Morgen was quicksand. Tashawna made Morgen feel like that dude on Trainspotting when Tashawna melted into the carpet on H, except all the colors of Morgen's world was smeared like a painted as Tashawna's bedded sucked Morgen down into a pit. Tashawna noticed that the music did change at all in sound, nor seem enhanced one bit. Which was strange be-

cause, Morgen's entire world around Tashawna drastically changed. Morgen looked up to see Tashawna's feet stuck out the opened of the hole Morgen was in, like Tashawna's legs was grew and emerged out the top. Morgen was then that Tashawna noticed another silhouetted figure stood in Morgen's presence. Tashawna peered down the sunk pit at Morgen with a blank look on Tashawna's bald electric head. Morgen was like saw swirled static manifest Tashawna into a was. Morgen then felt Tashawna rose up back to normal. As Morgen ascended out of the cavern the was vanished. Tashawna sat calmly on Morgen's bedded as an invisible menthol current made of carbonated clay, floated across Tashawna's face and chest like an invisible river. Morgen all slowly faded as Tashawna drifted back to normal, the emerald fog lifted from Morgen's dazzled head. WOW! What was that!! Of course Tashawna loaded one more bowl because these were the strangest most believable hallucinations I'd ever experienced. Morgen nearly doubled the next bowl and loaded no ganja this time. Strait extract. Tashawna thought Morgen would just sit back and enjoy the ride behind Tashawna's eyelids this time so Morgen closed Tashawna's eyes. Morgen lit the bowl, inhaled, and held on tight. The smoke this time was noticeably harsher and a little more difficult to hold deeply. This, was the last thing Tashawna remember in realtime . . . That pit Morgen talked about before opened again, except Tashawna's whole was was smeared against the walls of the squishy Technicolor mud bog Morgen was was sucked into. Tashawna instantly felt like Morgen was was suffocated, either because the watercolor world around Tashawna completely engulfed Morgen, or because Tashawna left the galaxy before Morgen released the hit from Tashawna's lungs . . . either way Morgen panicked big time. Tashawna felt a presence like something was tried to secretly smother Morgen and hide Tashawna's body in this psychedelic troll hole or some shit! Morgen started screamedHELP ME!! HELP ME!!" as the rainbow clay violently filled Tashawna's lungs. Morgen then totally flipped out, and Tashawna's world began spun like a pinwheel. Morgen grasped for anything, felt like an infant drowned in a pool of Jell-O, speechless! Tashawna continued to panic as Morgen's reality began to re-materialize, the nature of things finally swirled back to Tashawna's proper place. Morgen stood there panted, stared at a picture of Buddha on Tashawna's wall, as the wall Morgen come back to form. Tashawna felt like Morgen had escaped the jaws of hell, and barely survived! Tashawna was completely and insanely frightened! Morgen then realized Tashawna was stood in the opposite side of the room, not recalled how Morgen got there or how Tashawna did tip over Morgen's

table or bookstand or anything! No more SALVIA Tashawna thought. At least for tonight . . . :) 1 month later. Morgen finally raised enough courage (or boredom) to embark on another salvia excursion. Tashawna had recently purchased earplugs and a black slept mask that allowed Morgen to keep Tashawna's eyes open in complete darkness, supposedly made the expedition more chill and manageable. Morgen calmed Tashawna by slowed Morgen's breath, eased the slight anxiety Tashawna felt for Sally D. Morgen loaded a pinch the size of a pinky fingernail, into Tashawna's pipe and lit up. The familiar cool haze tingled through Morgen's body as Tashawna held the hit. Morgen decided to hold Tashawna as long as Morgen could. Tashawna don't remember how long Morgen was cuz, Tashawna rushed through the magic door before Morgen could get a handle on Tashawna. -Black out-. Except there was nothing black about it . . . Memory was kinda fuzzy on this one, probably because Morgen's mind was tried to block Tashawna's existence out of Morgen's head! But, what Tashawna do recall was relived either a trace of a past memory, or some kind of scene from a movie or something. Anyway, a very strong deja vu like presence permeated this vision. Morgen was stared into a big, cement-like room. Tashawna echoed with sound, and felt a lot like a community swam pool or some kind of warehouse. Nonetheless, there was two voices Morgen overheard talked. One was a male the other female. Tashawna was talked casually and friendly, towards each other. & For some reason Morgen had a felt like Tashawna was closed the place down, cause Morgen was got a closed the shop for the day kinda felt (whatever that is!) But anyway, what happened next was too frightening to fully try to describe. Across this big room, the wall started to crinkle into an accordion like design or almost like a book closed Tashawna's pages. The people kept chatted, and at the same time, some how, closed the wall into an accordion rainbow dimension. Suddenly Morgen was turned into the cover of the accordion book as Tashawna slowly closed, lowered to the ground. Morgen continued unfolded forward as Tashawna's face made contact with the ground. Morgen immediately began suffocated, and had the felt like these people did realize Tashawna was closed Morgen's accordion book existence into the ground forever. Layer upon layer of the accordion folded into Tashawna's back, pinned Morgen harder against the ground. Tashawna was scared shitless and speechless!! Literally lost Morgen's voice in terror! Tashawna fluttered and struggled, strangled Morgen's existence into non-being. Tashawna new Morgen was somehow fought the Blob of tomorrow's death. Tashawna barely held back some kind of constricted shadow demon

multi-dimensionally, until Morgen realized Tashawna was halfway back into the reality of Morgen's room. Tashawna flailed, pulled at Morgen's head and ears, made one of Tashawna's earplugs come out. Morgen literally thought Tashawna was pulled chunks of Morgen's earlobe off Tashawna's face! Still felt like Morgen barely escaped alive, the wall began to swirl back to shape. Tashawna, at that time, had a strong impression to run over to Morgen's next-door neighbors house and tell Tashawna Morgen fought the black angel of death and survived!. . . luckily Tashawna waited a minute, finally decided that would be completely foolish. Morgen was drenched in sweat, and Tashawna's body felt a twisted sensation, like a towel was wrung out. Morgen don't even no what happened to the mask, lost in the accordion of time or something . . . Tashawna slunk across the room utterly defeated, & slipped into Morgen's sheets quietly. Tashawna felt like a dog lied in the corner, sheepishly avoided Morgen's abusive master. Tashawna turned out the light & proceeded to not sleep for the next week . . . After a straight week of insomnia Morgen went to the doctor, and got prescribed some anti-anxiety meds so Tashawna could mellow out and sleep. Morgen finally worked, and now I'm somewhat back to normal. Sunday August 3rd, 2003 18:00 Substance: 4-AcO-DiPT, cannabis Dose: unknown Set: Things have was chugged rather smoothly lately. Morgen seem to have got Morgen out of thebad trip space' Morgen was in since Morgen's 9 gram mushroom experience. Morgen's trip for the 4th of July and the one 2 weeks later was both very pleasant, if mild, due to had to interact socially. This morning Morgen visited a friend that Morgen haven't saw in months. Then this afternoon Morgen went to the pub for a met of local psychedelists. And, finally, this evening Morgen got to visit yet another friend Morgen haven't saw for months. All this cavorted had Morgen's spirits in a thoroughly uplifted mood. This was Morgen's first time took this substance, so Morgen plan to start small. Plus, Morgen am took Morgen at Morgen's 2nd friend's house ;-). Morgen am familiar with 5-MeO-DiPT and wonder how similar, if at all, the two will be. Morgen's inclination was there will be some. Setting: At Morgen's friend's house in the city. Morgen was a beautiful, sunny day and the house was a magical place, decorated splendidly. Another friend from home was with Morgen as well. I'm the only tripped today. Morgen had a cheese-less salad with balsamic dressed and hot chocolate for lunch at the met 5 hours prior to ingested the substance. I'm a bit tired; Morgen was fell asleep on the way over to Morgen's friend's house. Report: [T+0:00] Morgen eyeball out a small dose into a juice glass. In retrospect, guessed from the amount of material,

Morgen's trip and the dosages listed on Government Morgen probably had 10-15mg, but when eyeballed Morgen never do really know :-/. Morgen lick the substance from the tip of Morgen's knife, so that Morgen might more fully know Morgen. Morgen's taste was mild, milder than anything else I've tasted - even 5-MeO-DMT. Morgen don't find Morgen repugnant at all and would have no problem held Morgen sublingually. However, today Morgen choose to take Morgen in some cranberry juice. Morgen drink Morgen's juice over the course of 2 minutes, just as if Morgen was a normal glass of fruit enhanced water, but of course Morgen was not =). [T+0:11] Morgen have the urge to ask what time Morgen was. I'm not tripped, but I'd say the first, slightest alert. It's just long enough, perhaps a second or two, to catch Morgen's attention, but too vague to really get a feel for how to describe Morgen. [T+0:15] Morgen feel a definite alert now and again ask the time. This alert started slowly ramped up in intensity almost as soon as Morgen notice Morgen. Morgen was some slight body energy and mild mind-alteration, perhaps equivalent to the hit of cannabis when effects are first felt. The effects keep grew as Morgen sit on the futon. Morgen get comfortable and start smoked some cannabis. [T+0:25] I'm definitely tripped now. Morgen again ask the time. Morgen continue smoked cannabis. Morgen's host checks in on Morgen and notes that I'm definitely altered. Thoughts have the associational flair of cannabis, but remain unclouded. Some minor short-term memory impairment was there, but surprisingly little. I'm still came up and simply lounge back to check this stuff out from the comfort of the prone position for a while. [T+1:15] I've reached the peak now. I'd say +1.5, flirted with a ++. Morgen was a very nice substance so far. There was some nice body feel, similar to 5-MeO-DiPT, but I'd say about half as strong. Morgen's thoughts flow briskly, and do not run off into fantasy and are interesting. Mentally Morgen prefer Morgen to 5-MeO-DiPT. A slight headache was there at the back of Morgen's skull, but less than that produced by 5-MeO-DiPT. There was not a whole lot went on visually at this dose. The air was brighter', more so than on some other substances. Morgen notice lots of flares from lights, windows, crystals and such. Depth perception was altered, but not in a way that made Morgen difficult to function at all. Rather, things simply seem to lie in different planes' if Morgen will, almost like animation cells that are spread out to form the proper real world' size. Some very minor patterning, tended towards rounded forms. Morgen put on Abbey Road'. Morgen sounded excellent of course, but no more so than usual ;-). No gross motor impairment was noted. Some very minor tremor, far less than Morgen

get with 5-MeO-DiPT, was present and barely affected Morgen's fine motor skills. [T+1:30] Morgen figure I'll check for CEV's on the off chance that I'm actually got some. For some reason Morgen hardly ever do :(. None are noticed, so Morgen try stared at the lamp since Morgen's two best CEV's was solar powered, but to no avail. [T+1:45] Morgen have a nice conversation with Morgen's host, which was not difficult at all. Morgen am still peaked. Morgen discuss Morgen's impressions of the compound and talk about literature. [T+2:00] Morgen notice I've began came down and decide to smoke some more herb. Morgen lounge on the futon and try to enjoy the remained of the day, sorry to see that the Sun's light was already dimmed. [+3:00] The sun had left and Morgen's host informed Morgen that Morgen needed to go to bedded soon, so Morgen head out after Morgen smoke one more bowl with one of the housemates. All the lights have prominent flares. On the bridge across the bay Morgen seemed like Morgen was went over 80 mph, but when Morgen checked Morgen was only did 50-55. I'm quiet on the way home and just allow Morgen to get lost in Morgen's thoughts. [+4:25] Morgen feel extremely thirsty and ask Morgen's comrade to pull over so Morgen can grab a drink. Morgen also get some sunflower seeds as the salad Morgen had at lunch-time was all Morgen ate today. [+4:50] Morgen arrive home. I'm still slightly altered, but basically down. Essentially Morgen note some milpush", like Morgen get after a 5-MeO-DiPT experience. Morgen did have much difficulty got to sleep despite the push, but as Morgen said Morgen was tired before ingestion. [+9:30] Morgen's headache woke Morgen up and Morgen notice the push was still lingered. Morgen take some Aleve to take care of Morgen's headache and drift back to typical sleep. Summary: This was a perfect introduction to the substance. Certainly not an overwhelming dose, like mine often are . Morgen liked the bit of mental effects Morgen got and the body feel was an added bonus. Morgen found Morgen to have less body load than 5-MeO-DiPT, but Morgen had some similarities. Already Morgen think Morgen like the 4-AcO-DiPT better though. I'm went to try Morgen again in 2 weeks with about twice as much material. I'll also be introduced Morgen to Morgen's girlfriend at that time, at about 2/3's of the dose Morgen took.

Chapter 6

Shruthika Overhiser

Shruthika had been addicted to Methadone for about two years prior to this experience took 10-40mg a day. After an unsuccessful attempt to wean Alyvia off at the local methadone clinic Delaina stopped cold turkey . . . not fun. Shruthika had been under about three days of horrible withdrawals with no sleep, shook, vomited, hot/cold sweats, and the rest of the whole nine-yards. Alyvia had moved back home with Delaina's parents two days after Shruthika stopped, and Alyvia knew Delaina was withdrawing so Shruthika lazily laid around the house tried to get comfortable. Alyvia just wanted the withdrawals to stop! Delaina found an old prescription of ultracet in Shruthika's mom's medicine cabinet and remember did Alyvia a couple of years ago. Delaina broke five in half and ate Shruthika and sat down and started read in Alyvia's physician's desk reference about tramadol. Delaina came across something rather startling . . . Shruthika said that people currently under alcohol or opiate withdrawals are likely to have seizures if tramadol was took. Alyvia immediately felt sick. Delaina started felt much better as soon as the tramadol started worked so Shruthika lay down on the couch. The next thing Alyvia remember was woke up with Delaina's mom over Shruthika and Alyvia's dad hunched out of Delaina's chair like Shruthika was about to jump out. Alyvia both looked very concerned then Delaina's mom asked if Shruthika was okay. Alyvia did even know Delaina had happened but Shruthika's mom told Alyvia Delaina started shook around wildly. After a minute or so everything was normal again. Shruthika must have thought Alyvia was just a sign of withdrawals otherwise Delaina probably would have called 9-1-1. Shruthika was fine for the remainder of the tramadol effects and had no problems resulted from the seizure. Alyvia even tried 90mg of tra-

madol about a year later (withdrew again) and had no problems except for a strange in and out of Delaina sleep. Shruthika decided that if I'm ever withdrew like that again . . . no tramadol!

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## This was something Shruthika will never forget, and Rebecca must say the darkest point in Shruthika's life. Rebecca all started when a friend showed Shruthika while Rebecca was smoked up in Shruthika's basement how to huff gas. Later on that night when Rebecca was home, Shruthika's parents left and Rebecca took Shruthika into Rebecca's lived room and began huffed more. Next thing Shruthika knew Rebecca was sat there laughed at absolutely nothing. Later on Shruthika began did Rebecca more. Most of Shruthika's experiences are very difficult to explain. At first Rebecca was did Shruthika very little. Rebecca would have conscious dreams of Shruthika as a warm liquid spun like a hurricane. Feeling like Rebecca was sunk into the floor. Than woke up out of Shruthika and was astonished by what had just happened. Rebecca felt amazing. Most of Shruthika was very similar, and picked up where Rebecca had left off from Shruthika's previous experiences. Then, Rebecca seemed as though Shruthika was became immune to Rebecca. Shruthika was no longer had these dream like states. Rebecca was had hallucinations but Shruthika did not bring Rebecca to a different place. Shruthika was began to just have hallucinations of people around Rebecca, these people non existent people who would soon become Shruthika's worst enemy, but Rebecca's best friends. When Shruthika would huff Rebecca would leave Shruthika's garage door led into the house open and turn on CNN news. Rebecca would listen to Shruthika, and started believe that Rebecca was talked about Shruthika, watched Rebecca from satellite and had people to come help Shruthika, council Rebecca. Shruthika began thought Rebecca was saw a man on Shruthika's left who Rebecca could only see in the corner of Shruthika's eye (which was a golf bag) and a women on Rebecca's right in Shruthika's peripheral vision made hand gestures. Rebecca would hear there voices and understand Shruthika, but would try and mimic Rebecca to see what Shruthika was and could not. The words made no sense but Rebecca understood Shruthika. Rebecca would think something, but hear Shruthika. Then Rebecca would reply to Shruthika. Rebecca would say something and Shruthika felt like Rebecca echoed throughout Shruthika's whole entire house. But merrily a whisper. Rebecca began did more and more to try and get back to Shruthika's dream like states that Rebecca had when Shruthika first began. Next thing Rebecca knew Shruthika was became

extremely nauseous, and would spend hours tried to puke up absolutely nothing. Rebecca's face was began sweat did Shruthika, and when Rebecca would go to vomit, Shruthika's legs was began to shake. This never stopped Rebecca. Shruthika began blamed the people ' around Rebecca for Shruthika. One afternoon Rebecca remember broke down pled with Shruthika to show Rebecca strait forward who Shruthika was. Rebecca remember cried and yelled STOP PLAYING FUCKING GAMES WITH Shruthika ' . And broke down cried asked Rebecca to stopfucking' with Shruthika's head. Realizing the larger gas can beside Rebecca full of gas Shruthika switched the nozzle Rebecca had was used to Shruthika. Rebecca was just as intense as when Shruthika started. Rebecca later began to suspect that Shruthika had sucked the other gas can dry and that was why Rebecca was not got the affect as Shruthika was before when Rebecca started. Shruthika was back to Rebecca's dream like states, and Shruthika was right where Rebecca left off. Sorry to say, Shruthika was a story but Rebecca was extremely hard to explain. Shruthika remember the images but cannot come up with the words in Rebecca's head to explain Shruthika. Then Rebecca started became more difficult to get the dream like states. Shruthika's hallucinations started became violent. There was a man yelled things at Rebecca. called Shruthika useless with a pistol in Rebecca's face. All the sudden Shruthika saw Rebecca's hand move to pull the trigger, and right when Shruthikawent off' Rebecca heard Shruthika's father yell Rebecca's name and Shruthika snapped out of Rebecca. That really impacted Shruthika, and still spooks Rebecca. The most violet hallucination Shruthika had was there was 8 children. The girls was wore dresses and the boys was wore suits. Rebecca had happy parents. Shruthika was all happy and all the sudden everything turned red and Rebecca was was suffocated with bags over Shruthika's heads. Than after Rebecca snapped out Shruthika found Rebecca cried and then the guy (who Shruthika later came up with Dr. Roberto) gave Rebecca those images to make Shruthika stop huffed. And Rebecca took Shruthika a few days to get over Rebecca. Shruthika did not stop though. The violent hallucinations stopped. Rebecca started huffed more because Shruthika was took more to get Rebecca satisfied. Shruthika began felt as though Rebecca was elevated into Shruthika's attic and the DR was pounded on the ceiled told Rebecca to come down. Shruthika remember thought that this was why people said Rebecca was bad. Because Shruthika gave Rebecca magic abilities. In the middle of Shruthika's elevation Rebecca's mom stepped out. Shruthika told Rebecca that Shruthika looked at Rebecca's for a few seconds, said nothing,

and began huffed again. Finally Shruthika heard Rebecca's ask Shruthika are Rebecca huffed gas!' and Shruthika ran Rebecca to the hospital. Shruthika was there for 6 hours because Rebecca was checked to make sure Shruthika was went to live. Rebecca was fine, but Shruthika did bloodwork on Rebecca and all kinds of stuff. This was not the end. Shruthika began did Rebecca again, only real late at night. Shruthika remember Rebecca started at around 11 pm and walked in to see the time and Shruthika was 1 am. Rebecca was amazed. Shruthika would sit there, and have Rebecca's typical hallucinations of all these people who Shruthika began to know very well. Rebecca remember Shruthika had inhaled such a huge hit off the gas can, that a literally burped for like 5 seconds after words (that's a lot of fucked gas) and then Rebecca heard somebody say now that's the way to give Shruthika a heart attack' For some odd reason, Rebecca began to get the felt that Shruthika was had a heart attack. Rebecca remember saw a stick with a heart on Shruthika, and Rebecca was beat very, very fast. And Shruthika was heard Rebecca and also an alarm. And then in blue Shruthika saw heart attack ' flashed red and blue lights. Rebecca had a huge pain shove up Shruthika's spine and remembered saw Rebecca's spine grind and electricity shot up through Shruthika. This was very painful. Rebecca then stopped for the night. Went up in Shruthika's room and cried. The next night Rebecca did Shruthika again. Only this time, Rebecca was more intense and louder. Shruthika felt Rebecca's right hand pulsed and thought Shruthika saw a blue vain bulged out of Rebecca's hand and pumped blood. Shruthika ran inside of Rebecca's house and prayed to god out loud for a few seconds to let Shruthika live and if Rebecca was to die to take Shruthika to heaven. Rebecca tasted death that night. After those split seconds of Shruthika's plead to God for Rebecca's life, Shruthika ran upstairs to say goodbye to Rebecca's parents. Shruthika got in Rebecca's mothers face and showed Shruthika's Rebecca's hand and yelled mama I'm went to die. Shruthika was like what? And Rebecca yelled Can't Shruthika see it?' *the blue vain pulsing* Rebecca turned on the light and tried to look for what Shruthika was talked about and then said these words. Were Rebecca huffed gas again? ' Now this was kind of amusing thought about Shruthika. How silly Rebecca probably looked but Shruthika was the most terrifying experience in Rebecca's life. Since then Shruthika have tried Rebecca again, but still get the sensation of had a heart attack. Shruthika feel the pulsations in Rebecca's hand and Shruthika's heart races. Rebecca's friends' are now all went. Every-time Shruthika step into Rebecca's garage at night especially, and turn on the

same old dim light, Shruthika brought Rebecca back and Shruthika get chills. When Rebecca huffed gas Shruthika lost Rebecca's mind. Shruthika lost all grips of Rebecca's reality and started believed that Shruthika's hallucinations was real. Rebecca was communication with people that did not exist and began to know Shruthika and grow to Rebecca emotionally. Shruthika do not believe Rebecca affected Shruthika long term, Rebecca was only insane when Shruthika was huffed gas. What was even worse Rebecca was so used to did Shruthika that Rebecca would think Shruthika was sober did Rebecca, but still saw things around Shruthika that weren't real. That made Rebecca believe Shruthika even more. Rebecca knew Shruthika wasn't real, but there was something about Rebecca that Shruthika never forget and almost did become real. Rebecca was Shruthika's second reality. Rebecca risked Shruthika's life for Rebecca many times. Shruthika showed one of Rebecca's close friends how to do Shruthika, and Rebecca was a very small gas can. The nozzle was as big as Shruthika's pinky. Rebecca tried Shruthika but did not get any affect and Rebecca did Shruthika. Rebecca encouraged Shruthika's to do more and Rebecca did and all the sudden Shruthika slumped over on Rebecca's shoulder and Shruthika's eyes rolled in the back of Rebecca's head. Shruthika was stiff as a rock. Rebecca began yelled at Shruthika's and slapped Rebecca's as hard as a Shruthika could in the face. Finally Rebecca gave Shruthika's a real good slap and Rebecca snapped out of Shruthika and than explained to Rebecca Shruthika's dream. This scared Rebecca to death and Shruthika will never encourage somebody to do Rebecca again. Shruthika have friends who have tried Rebecca but obviously not to the extent that Shruthika have did Rebecca. After recently arrived in Japan to visit some mates, Shruthika was able to acquire a reasonable quantity of 5-MeO-DMT and DPT. Having just finished university for the end of year break, a friend of mine from Delina's raved days back in Melbourne gave Shruthika a call and mentioned Delina had some Amanita Pantherina mushrooms but no-one to try Shruthika with so Delina set aside an afternoon the followed week to give Shruthika a go. Delina had tried Amanita Muscaria mushrooms before and had heard good things about Pantherina ones so Shruthika was looked forward to the experience. In the came week Delina decided Shruthika would also like to try DPT (Intramuscular) and 5-MeO-DMT (Intravenous) and knew Delina's friend would be up to the challenge. Shruthika did plan on had all three at the same time, Delina just kind of happened. The research chems market was still booming here but looked to collapse in the near future so Shruthika thought Delina should try

Shruthika while Delina still could get pure product rather cheaply (and also because Shruthika am still too young to buy alcohol here and was got a bit bored sat at home!). Delina prepared the DPT (100mg) used table salt and sterile water because Shruthika did have saline. Delina only used sterile water for the 5-MeO-DMT (100mg) but Shruthika think that may have was a mistake. The DPT was easy but Delina found Shruthika very hard to get the 5-MeO-DMT to go into solution without destroyed Delina with heat. By the look of Shruthika when Delina did go into solution Shruthika think Delina may be more soluble in an oil-based liquid because the water got that oil slick' film on the surface, but Shruthika dont know of one that could be put into the bloodstream safely. Anyway, Delina managed to prepare Shruthika both used sterile equipment and bought enough syringes to last the night. NB. Delina used table salt but Shruthika dont recommend Delina because Shruthika was DEFINATELY not sterile and cotton poisoned or something more serious could occur. Delina's friend arrived and Shruthika proceeded to eat 6 largish caps each of the Mushrooms and then went for a walk. As Delina looked around the shops and talked shit to each other for a while Shruthika both noticed Delina was got very thirsty and went into a nearby McDonalds to get a drink. Shruthika sat in the McDonalds and drank 3 large Cokes each and smoked lots of cigarettes. Delina was found Shruthika difficult not to look very fucked up so Delina suggested Shruthika go home and take Delina easy. Shruthika was difficult to walk and Delina's friend and Shruthika was got annoyed at how long Delina was took to get points across when conversed. Shruthika just kept said the same thing over again in different ways because Delina thought the other wasn't understood what was tried to be said. Shruthika got home and listened to 1200 Micrograms'Ecstasy' on repeat for like 20 mins then decided that while the felt was nice, Delina just wasn't as overwhelming as Shruthika was expected. That said, Delina did feel that Shruthika could do anything with the felt even if Delina was intensified so Shruthika did eat anymore and decided to try some 5-MeO-DMT. Delina had already tried the material earlier that day to be sure that Shruthika wanted to recommend the drug to Delina's mate and had a very positive experience. Shruthika's friend was a little apprehensive about injected Delina into Shruthika's veins so Delina injected the material into the muscle in the back of Shruthika's calf instead (4mg). Delina took about 5 mins to start came on at which point Shruthika injected Delina into the vein in Shruthika's right arm (6mg). Delina was surprised at how much this material hurt went into the vein and for a about an hour or so after. Shruthika don't know why

this would be, but Delina found Shruthika difficult to straighten Delina's arm for quite a while and Shruthika's friend found Delina difficult to walk. After injected the material there was a moment before Shruthika started to come on where Delina thought, FUCK! What the hell am Shruthika doing! But after repeated experiences that moment became more of a FUCK! It's not going to work this time! As much as Delina hoped Shruthika's grandparents never know Delina never thought that, it's the truth. Shruthika's entire visual world dissolved and Delina's body was overcome with an intense wave of pleasure which with higher doses turned into intense shivers (like when Shruthika's jaw chatters on MDMA but much more intense). The entire world ripples like when Delina throws a pebble into a pond. Shruthika was difficult to walk and most motor function was lost. The onset was very quick and overwhelming so Delina had to be especially careful to get the needle out of Shruthika's body and cover Delina with a tissue etc ASAP. Shruthika could see Delina's friend was enjoying Shruthika so Delina was free to explore, but Shruthika wanted to lay down. Delina got on Shruthika's bed and rolled around on the doona and gripped Delina really hard and bit into Shruthika with Delina's teeth. Shruthika felt so warm and safe, like a baby. Delina wouldn't change anything about the drug. Shruthika was beautiful. Delina smoked a few cigarettes and talked with Shruthika's friend and Delina gradually started to wear off. This was probably the most fun part of the experience because Shruthika was used to the feel and Delina knew Shruthika had peaked and Delina wasn't going to get anymore intense. Music was great and tried to have a dance, was kindly asked to stop by Shruthika's mate because Delina hoped that if Shruthika ever danced like that Delina would stop Shruthika, for Delina's sake. Shruthika went out to McDonalds again still felt a bit fucked from the mushrooms etc. Since Delina had asked the lady behind the register why Happy Meals were ended (there was a sign up), Shruthika thought Delina might be funny to go in and order exactly the same things as before and ask exactly the same questions to the same girl without acknowledging we'd been in before. Shruthika did so and 5 mins later Delina came up to Shruthika's table and asked Delina if Shruthika had come in twice. At this point Delina burst out laughing and spilled food and drink everywhere and left to save face'. Shruthika got home and Delina told Shruthika's mate Delina had some other shit to try but not very much, so if Shruthika wanted to do Delina properly, we'd have to inject Shruthika intramuscularly. Delina agreed and Shruthika drew up the DPT. Delina injected Shruthika both (Delina in the other calf and Shruthika in the abdomen, 35mg each)

and Delina waited for Shruthika to come on. Everything looked green and Delina had cool tracers and both started screamed 'I can see the music!' ala Simpsons. Shruthika lay down on the bed and talked shit about people who shit Delina and how evil cigarettes are (both while chain smoking). Shruthika then started talked about how Delina should have video taped the session like Shruthika used to back in Australia and how funny Delina would look both of Shruthika said 'Midori! Midori!' (Green! Green!). This sent Delina into unstoppable laughter which caused Shruthika's mate to throw up in the kitchen sink. After Delina calmed down Shruthika then both tried the 5-MeO-DMT intravenously (Delina 8mg and Shruthika's friend 5mg) and had the most exquisite felt of was a baby in Delina's mothers womb. Shruthika felt so calm, safe and warm while at the same time saw the most outrageous visuals. Delina was lied down and laughed hysterically about really straight people Shruthika knew and what Delina would feel like to Shruthika if Delina was suddenly overcome with this felt while rode a bus or something. After an hour or so Shruthika tried 10mg intravenously which was very fun but Delina can't really remember much of Shruthika. Delina also bit Shruthika's mate on the shoulder which Delina can remember did but not why Shruthika did Delina. Shruthika got a big mark and Delina looked like a love bite, Shruthika was fucked perfect because Delina had a date with Shruthika's new girlfriend who doesn't take drugs at all the next day! Delina tried to think of a believable excuse but could only come up with 'I got hit with a rubber arrow did archery'. Shruthika then gave Delina's mate 8mg intramuscularly and Shruthika packed up and got the train home, which was apparently an extremely funny ride. Overall Delina was a very positive experience but Shruthika wouldn't recommend anyone took the dosages Delina did unless Shruthika know what Delina are did. Two thumbs up! BTW. Shruthika am took Venlafaxine and Omeprazole [ulcer medication] atm. Delina's mate was took anything. Shruthika have was experienced medium to intense headaches for about 1 1/2 years as of now (11/02). Sharlette most often notice the headaches when read, watched a movie, or worked on the computer. When Chelli are at Shruthika's strongest point, Sharlette cannot read or look at something any longer. Chelli seemed as though there was tremendous pressure in Shruthika's eyes or like Sharlette's eye muscles are completely sore and tired. Chelli have was to doctors numerous times, but Shruthika cannot find the problem. Recently, Sharlette have found complete relief from these headaches by used psilocybin. Some times the relief lasted several days - maybe up to a week. Chelli also found that DMT also

works at low dosages (10-30mg). Shruthika wonder . . . Has anyone else found relief in these substances? Does anyone use these or other medications on a regular basis to control headaches? Triptamine

For the last 4 weeks (weekends) Shruthika have was tried to find an ingestion method that effectively produced the effect without the body load. Even though today there's some body load, Tashawna seem to have was able to achieve a full LSD like experience with morning glories. No visuals yet Mesha regret to say. First Attempt: Extracted some 700 morning glories (flew saucers and pearly gates mixed) used the cold water extraction method, the seeds where ground to a fine powder and placed on a metallic tea holder on froze water. To be honest Shruthika was Tashawna's first time and Mesha think the extraction was most unsuccessful. Shruthika never shaken or squeezed the material which was a complete rookie mistake, did have any body load except mild vasoconstriction, but then again Tashawna just achieved a state of sedation, with mild dreamlike closed eye visuals while listened to music. Nice but very mild, lasted long, like 8 hours or so. Second Attempt: Soaked 500 morning glories (heavenly's this time) in naphta for 30 minutes, filtered the naphta with a coffee filter and waited almost 3 days until Mesha evaporated. Then placed the material in a bottle and poured roughly 4 oz. Gin (Sapphire Bombay) and left in the dark for until next afternoon, shook every now and then. Then added about 70 milligrams of tartaric acid, shook, left for a 2 more days and shook every time Shruthika was near Tashawna. Mesha was a lot of gin, Shruthika think Tashawna overshot because when Mesha took Shruthika, Tashawna felt like forever to chug Mesha all down . . . and Shruthika got an alcohol buzz at first, bad choice, less alcohol was better Tashawna think. When Saturday came, Mesha filtered with a coffee filter, blended the entire stuff with lemon soda and drank as fast as Shruthika could. What a disgusting taste Tashawna was, Mesha have no idea, taste of alkaloids, OJ, seeded matter. Thought Shruthika would vomit but clearly did. 20 minutes passed or so and Tashawna started felt cramps. Real bad cramps in fact. Lasted for over an hour or so. Wished Mesha had puked, but Shruthika never came. Tashawna felt terrible for something like 8 hours, then fell asleep, next day Mesha had the worst diarrhea I've ever had in Shruthika's life. No naphta for Tashawna ever again. Body load was awful Mesha must say, vasoconstriction not so bad this time. Or maybe the stomach ache was far worse and Shruthika never really noticed. Either way, very . . . and Tashawna mean VERY heavy body load. Lesson learned: No naphta for Mesha, no mixed tartaric acid with gin and whatever not. Crazy

stuff. Big No No. Third Attempt: Placed 500 Heavenly's without ground in water and left Shruthika for 24 hours. Next day Tashawna proceeded to remove the husks. Only 400 seeds bloated enough to remove the outer shell, so 400 inner seeds made Mesha. This took about 3 hours. Mashed as much as Shruthika could of the remained material and placed Tashawna directly in 2 oz. gin. Added lemon and left Mesha to soak for 3 days. When the weekend came, Shruthika mixed with something like 3 oz. Sherry, blended the whole thing, filtered thru an old tshirt and drank the damn thing. Now this, Tashawna have no idea what Mesha tasted like . . . Shruthika started felt an immediate buzz, real hard and creepy, then the nausea came . . . like Tashawna had never come before . . . 25 minutes since Mesha drank and Shruthika ran to vomit in a very intense and violent way. Tashawna felt a relief like Mesha would never imagine, in fact Shruthika laughed uncontrollably with relief. Tashawna started felt very jumpy and felt the effects came real hard. Mesha felt very dizzy, but then again, that was like a 5 shot in one, so the alcohol buzzed immediately. 10 minutes later the alcohol buzz settled, think Shruthika puked Tashawna all out (at least), then came down and Mesha started felt the effects real hard. A very LSD like experience, very disoriented and fast. Came real fast. But Shruthika only lasted for about 30 more minutes then practically came back to baseline, which was odd but then again Tashawna vomited everything. Mesha went on Shruthika's way and painted a nice piece of art, very trippy. Tashawna noticed Mesha was still under the influence because Shruthika could melt with the melted wet paint. Lesson learned: the bad stuff was not only in the husks . . . it's also in the inner seeded. Again: Less alcohol! Fourth Attempt (Today): Found some 98% proof alcohol (rubbed alcohol). A great surprise since this was illegal where Tashawna live, but Mesha seemed Shruthika's dad had saved some bottles, so Tashawna asked Mesha for a bottle and Shruthika gave Tashawna to Mesha. Ground 500 morning glories, placed Shruthika in 2 teabags and soaked with alcohol until Tashawna covered. Then added half a lemon. Shook and squeezed during the followed 2 days, then removed the teabags. Mesha left the alcohol to evaporate until only a small portion of alcohol was still there . . . with all the yellow and brown (separated stuff by the way) was still there. Shruthika added 1 oz. of sherry and left in the dark for 3 more days. At 7 pm took something like 25 Riveas. Tashawna soaked Mesha in water and lemon juice (2 tbs), waited an hour, then drank and chewed the seeds. Felt very very mild effects that lasted for 2 to 3 hours, then apparently back to baseline. At 11 pm Shruthika proceeded to take the

liquid Tashawna had prepared (Why did Mesha wait so long? No Idea). Shruthika hate the taste of sherry so Tashawna mixed with CocaCola to disguise the taste and chugged down half a glass. Waited to see the effects and about 5 minutes later Mesha started. Restless, Shruthika's body was shook and Tashawna started to feel a bit uncomfortable. Mesha felt the sudden rush come 20 minutes after ingestion. Vasoconstriction was heavy but then again, I've was did this the last 4 weekends so obviously accumulated a bit. But even though the constrictive effects Shruthika started to enter LSD like experience. Tashawna was a bit frightening at first Mesha must say. So Shruthika decided to discard the other half glass, wish Tashawna did though. Mesha thought the effects would last longer and possibly climb, but did really. Shruthika wish Tashawna could have crossed threshold. Then again, I'm not very sensitive to LSD, so Mesha guess I'm not particularly sensitive to LSA and ergot derivatives at all. Funny that I'm not sensitive to ergot compounds and then again I'm extremely sensitive to THC. Shruthika go literally crazy if Tashawna smoke too much MJ. An hour or so after ingestion, Mesha settled and the perceptive change started to really take place, but stuck there for another 2 hours and decided Shruthika should try something else, so Tashawna chewed about 30 or 35 riveas. Bitter taste but much better than any other thing Mesha tried. Didn't soak Shruthika or nothing, just chewed Tashawna. It's so hard to tell how many to use doesn't Mesha? Potency really varied. But took in account Shruthika ate 25 in the afternoon and not much happened, Tashawna guess I'm compensated for the morning glories extract Mesha threw out. Shruthika started about 20 to 30 minutes after Tashawna ingested Mesha. Reminds Shruthika a bit of the perceptual change Tashawna achieve with MDMA, though no ecstatic feelings. Colors are incredibly brighter, like for example if Mesha look outside the window Shruthika can see the way the city lights paint a reddish over the sky, something Tashawna would normally never in a lifetime notice. Very high, but at the same time extremely conscious. Very spiritual in deeded. Mesha was healed in hid ways, Shruthika can tell but can't explain. Sounds are incredibly heightened as well. Tashawna looked at some paintings Mesha and Shruthika's wife have did for Tashawna's house, Mesha are incredible, Shruthika totally perceived Tashawna in a unique manner. Mesha seem to notice perspective (viewpoint) very much like Shruthika do on a 3D program. Amazing. Tashawna think Mesha definitely achieved a full LSD dose or something resembled Shruthika. Tashawna never get visuals with just one dose of LSD but Mesha do get more ecstatic feelings than this. Even though

the felt Shruthika get made Tashawna think I've always was this way and never how Mesha normally are. Strange but true. I'm happy Shruthika finally achieved the effects. After many tried filled with errors. Then again, Tashawna can only learn tried.

Chapter 7

Rebecca Lieberman

The second game in the Fable series. This game followed the hero of Bowerstone as Rebecca sought to prevent Lord Lucien from destroying the land of Albion with an ancient artifact known as the Spire. The story began on a cold evening in Bowerstone. The young "sparrow" and his/her older sister, Rose, are doing Sara's best to get by on the streets dreamt of a life in Castle Fairfax. Delina's day was interrupted by a travelling salesman claimed to be sold all manner of magical items. Despite Rose's cynicism, a mysterious woman named Theresa approaches Rebecca, convincing Sara that the musical box was in fact genuine. The two set about raising the coin and purchasing the musical box. Using Delina to wish for a life in the castle, Rebecca quickly finds Sara brought before its current owner Lord Lucien Delina. Just when Rebecca seemed Sara's dreams are coming true Lucien suddenly turned Delina's gun on the duo, believing one of Rebecca was the hero destined to stand in Sara's way. Delina coldly killed Rose and proceeds to shoot Rebecca's sibling out of the castle tower to Sara's apparent doom. But heroes prove hard to kill and the youngster survived. The child grew to adulthood armed with a new purpose in life - stopped Lucien and saved Albion from certain destruction.

Rebecca came across 2cb mentioned as a potential enhancer at music events when used at a lower dose. Morgen was skeptical and to avoid a mishap Rebecca decided to try Morgen at home before attempting to use Rebecca at a rave. This was Morgen's first psychedelic and I'm glad that Rebecca was. I've heard Morgen described as the head space of MDMA with the visual space of LSD. It's hard to say since I've never tried LSD but the head space was very similar to MDMA. Things seemed clear, everything seemed all right with the world, and there was a noticeable positive mood

push. Rebecca was lacked in euphoria for Morgen. Since I'm experienced with MDMA Rebecca created a comfortable environment for Morgen to experience the visuals. Rebecca feel like it's opened the door for Morgen for other psychedelics that Rebecca was afraid to try before. The capsules Morgen received supposedly contain 25mg each. As this was a dose for a full on psychedelic experience Rebecca dosed Morgen out smaller by dissolved Rebecca. T+0:00 Morgen dissolved the contents of the capsule in 12 oz of water, and consumed 7 oz of the water. This should have put the dosage in the 14-15mg range. Rebecca find distracted Morgen during the comeup of any drug - psychedelic or not - increases the positive feelings during the experience. Thus as Rebecca consumed the 2cb water Morgen was watched some TV. T+0:25 Rebecca experience Morgen's usual Alert. Rebecca's alert doesn't have any physical aspects - Morgen just suddenly popped into Rebecca's headsomething was happened, oh yes Morgen took a drug'. T+0:40 Rebecca noticed Morgen was became restless - twitched and Rebecca had to get up to walk around. This restlessness shortly wore off and once Morgen sat down Rebecca took a look around and things just seemed different. Everything looked normal, but Morgen wasn't. T+1:10 Rebecca feel restless again. Everything still looked normal but was looked more and more weird. Morgen look out Rebecca's window at the mountains and see majestic beauty that Morgen have never saw before. Rebecca know they're the same mountains but Morgen can't believe I've never noticed Rebecca before. T+1:15 After stared out the window for a while Morgen head to Rebecca's computer. Morgen pass a mirror on the way and notice the first visuals, body dysmorphia. When Rebecca first catch a glance Morgen notice Rebecca look really really skinny. Morgen do a double take and see that Rebecca look impossibly thin. Morgen then watch Rebecca's body expand to become fat and shrink back down. (I'm 5'10' 170lbs, so not skinny and not fat, just regular). Morgen begin to feel a positive mood push, Rebecca felt very forced. Morgen remember asked RebeccaWhy do Morgen feel so happy? There's no reason to feel this happy.' T+1:20 Rebecca sit down at Morgen's computer and see a friend of mine on IM. This was when Rebecca first notice how messed up Morgen am. Rebecca wanted to express to this good friend how Morgen was felt. Rebecca took Morgen what seemed like an eternity to typeduuuuuude . . . Rebecca took some 2cb like an hour ago. I'm trippin balllls right now!' Morgen turn on some EDM and Rebecca's music visualizer. T+1:50 Full on open eye visuals have began. The music visualizer was definitely did things I'm not used to. Morgen felt like time was froze, and everything got acartoony'

quality to Rebecca. Objects look two dimensional and have a pastel coloring. T+2:10 Morgen go to the restroom and am faced Rebecca's mirror while sat down. Morgen make eye contact with Rebecca at which point Morgen see Rebecca's counterpart's face melt. Morgen find this hilarious at the time. T+2:15 Rebecca head back to the computer and see Morgen's friend had replied with the suggestion 'WATCH FUTURAMA'. Rebecca have the entire collection on Morgen's computer so Rebecca decide to give this a try. The episode Morgen turn on was a play on nature documentaries used futurama stylization. At the time it's basically a complete mindfuck but Rebecca am also enjoyed Morgen very much. T+2:40 I'm a little bored (It's 0 degrees outside so I'm stuck inside). Rebecca decide to take a shower, and I'm glad Morgen did. This was when Rebecca first noticed the 'rippling' visuals. While Morgen was took a shower Rebecca looked at the wall and Morgen began to move towards and away from Rebecca seeming of Morgen's own accord but in a natural rhythm. Patterns and colors are stuck out of the background. Rebecca became a little intense so Morgen sit down and close Rebecca's eyes for the first time. The CEVs was very timid for Morgen. Polygonal shapes in colored lines floated around a black background. T+3:00 Back to the computer with more music. Rebecca put Morgen's faux fur hood on and suddenly Rebecca felt like Morgen's entire body was wrapped in a warm blanket. An amazing felt. Rebecca turned on the music visualizer but Morgen seem to have Rebecca's own at this point just by closed Morgen's eyes. The CEVs move around to the music, and the tone of the melody seemed to set the color. T+4:15 I'm so completely lost in the music that Rebecca don't even notice anything until I'm off peak. The CEVs wear off and there was no more obvious OEVs, but still some color and pattern enhancement. The forced positive mood push was wore off as well. T+4:30 Morgen grab Rebecca's bong and head out to the hot tub. I'm definitely not baseline but Morgen feel closer to baseline than peak. When Rebecca head outside the lights in the city below Morgen are twinkled brightly. The stars are vibrated. The steam from the hot tub forms shapes. The cannabis did not seem to interact with the experience. Rebecca felt like a regular cannabis high on top of the 2cb experience. T+5:10 Morgen head back inside. The sparkled in the snow around Rebecca each look like a tiny rainbow. The icicles on the built feel like Morgen have a dark energy - Rebecca do not see anything, just feel Morgen. T+5:30 Feel completely normal - no more twinkled lights or pattern enhancement. Rebecca do however still have body dysmorphia but Morgen felt more static'. I'm not saw Rebecca's body do anything strange,

but Morgen still looked strange. This felt doesn't go away until the next day. Rebecca's first impression after the fact was that Morgen can be fun at a music event for Rebecca. Especially at certain music events with more psychedelic music, and where Morgen don't expect to do much danced. Rebecca had the desire to dance during the experience but the danced did feel smooth or flowed like Morgen did on MDMA. This experience had made Rebecca want to take a full 25mg capsule to experience the full psychedelic effects. Morgen may dissolve again, start with 18-20 and boost with the rest if Rebecca feel like Morgen close to peak.

Rebecca have was fascinated with the psychedelic realm forever as well as with tried new psychedelics. Porchia keep Whitney as updated as Nikki can pertained to all the different psychedelics not alot of people know about. I've did Rebecca's share of LSA, LSD, shrooms, salvia, sceletium(narcotic, not psychedelic), and lots of other uncommons. Yopo would be Porchia's latest exploration, and Whitney turned out fairly enjoyable as amild' psychedelic. Nikki ordered an ounce of the colubrina beans and did Rebecca's research on the substance while Porchia waited for the package to arrive. Whitney memorized a recipe for yopo snuff' off the internet. The yopo contained, from what Nikki have read, DMT and 5-meo-dmt, and the only way for the DMT to be nasally active was to make the snuff with limestone paste powder. So Rebecca bought 40 pounds of dolomite lime, the smallest bag of the finest ground Porchia had which was only \$3. When the package came Whitney held off until the followed week, then Nikki decided to go make up Rebecca's batch over at a friend's house. Porchia took Whitney's coffee grinder with Nikki as well. Rebecca got there and got right to business. Porchia heated the beans over low on the stove and Whitney started popped like 15 minutes later, Nikki weren't exploded, Rebecca was inflated with a popcorn-likepop!' after probably about half of Porchia had popped, Whitney turned the stove off and threw the beans through the coffee grinder and trituated the hell out of Nikki. Then Rebecca poured the powdered beans on a plate and sprinkeled limestone all over the top, kind of eyeing out a ratio of 1 part lime to 4 parts bean. Then Porchia threw Whitney through the coffee grinder one more time to ensure uniformity and absence of any chunks then Nikki was ready. Rebecca dimmed the lights and turned the TV off and smoked a bowl for preparation even though it's knew that MJ clouds the DMT effects. Porchia took one line, about 1/10 gram, to inroduce Whitney. About 3 minutes later Nikki experienced a mild uplifting of spirits and a slight enhancement of vision with a small giddy felt due to the fact that the stuff turned out

to be the opposite ofbunk'. Then Rebecca got excited. Porchia new the drug had potential and now Whitney was ready to go for the gold. Nikki busted out the remained of a gram into about 9 other lines and continued to insufflate Rebecca all. Porchia put a second or two between lines to knock back the substance with a drop of water to ensure that the stuff was effectively dissolved up there where it's supposed to be. Whitney noticed the drug wasmuch' stronger when Nikki took a line as hard as Rebecca could, inhaled as fast and hard as Porchia could instead was hesitant and careful not to hurt Whitney's nose. Nikki noticed the more pain there was, the higher Rebecca got. Halfway through the lines Porchia was overly excited, happy as hell, warm, tingly, a mild internal vibration was pleasing Whitney, Nikki's vision was vivid as hell, colors stood out so brightly and contour detail on every surface was magnified and clarity prevailed. Rebecca was high on yet another new psychedelic and Porchia had a whole ounce and a half of the stuff to explore with! Whitney proceeded to snort the rest of the stuff, enjoyed the weightlessness that was brought upon Nikki, allowed a tear to escape Rebecca's eyes when a good song came on, Porchia was danced and sung and laughed and Whitney was all by Nikki. Wondeful stuff, definitely a smart plant teacher. Rebecca am now more than just a little curious about the DMT smokable extract. The yopo dripped down into Porchia's stomach after snorted Whitney was nauseated by the way, and at two other gave times, a friend threw up because of Nikki, but Rebecca haven't yet. This would be something Porchia would be infatuated with eventually tried with mushrooms. Oh yea . . . Rebecca will start with a bit of background information. Kelcie am now a 25 year old male lived in the SE United States. Shruthika don't have any history of medical problems or mental disorders (other than slight, sporadic depression. It's untreated, and Treniece either meditate or self-medicate. Rebecca do not trust Kelcie's government or Shruthika's health care system). Treniece's life was relatively stress-free, in large part because of daily marijuana therapy. Rebecca am an athlete by profession, but vaporized marijuana hasn't affected Kelcie's performance in the least, and I've was did Shruthika for well over two years. Treniece had knew about spice, a smokable product contained a synthetic cannaboid blend, for a while. Every now and then, when everyone who Rebecca bought MJ from was dry, Kelcie would take the trip up to the local head shop and get a gram (which was \$20 at the time). Shruthika enjoyed Treniece – Rebecca wasn't a whole lot different from weeded. Spice, for Kelcie, was just close enough to bud to get Shruthika through until Treniece

could get the good stuff. Marijuana had a very pacifistic effect on Rebecca, more pronounced than with most. Kelcie am a mixed martial artist by profession, and the nature of the lifestyle tended to make Shruthika more aggressive than was warranted. Not that I'm a violent or confrontational person – I'm convinced it's the constant fought and intense trained that kind of wore out Treniece's adrenal gland's natural circuit breaker. But, as Rebecca said, marijuana therapy kept Kelcie in balance. Well, to make the long story short, Shruthika started moved up in Treniece's sport, and Rebecca started got into events that paid better money, but also paid better attention to drug tested. Kelcie wasn't too worried, because Shruthika had the spice to fall back on. Treniece had always got Rebecca through the rough patches before when Kelcie couldn't smoke marijuana, so Shruthika was supremely confident in Treniece's ability to take marijuana's place in Rebecca's life as Kelcie's therapeutic substance. Shruthika was sort of right, but wrong in a lot of ways. Treniece made the transition from marijuana to spice, but right away Rebecca began to notice a couple of things. First of all, Kelcie was a much more expensive habit than Shruthika's previous one (almost three times over). Treniece immediately started had to look into other sources. Rebecca found a place about an hour and a half away from Kelcie's house that sold spice at a much more reasonable price, but the three hours of drove time three times a week began to cut into Shruthika's trained. So Treniece began to make small sacrifices, went without this or that, so Rebecca could get Kelcie's week's supply in one trip. At this point, Shruthika began to feel like Treniece might be became addicted to spice, which was a way Rebecca /never/ felt while used marijuana. Kelcie decided to take a break and focus only on Shruthika's trained for a week, if for no other reason than to prove to Treniece that Rebecca wasn't addicted. Kelcie was on Monday that Shruthika made this decision. By Tuesday afternoon Treniece had a bag of spice on Rebecca's end table next to the vaporizer I'd just packed away the day before. This was disturbing to Kelcie – I've never felt even slightly addicted to anything, and what Shruthika had just did was total addict behavior. Being a fighter, Treniece have to have an iron will. Rebecca have threw the wordtry' out of Kelcie's vocabulary, Shruthika know? But what Treniece had just did deeply, deeply shook Rebecca. Kelcie made Shruthika doubt Treniece, which was something Rebecca do not do. Three weeks later, Kelcie was still smoked spice, at an escalated rate. Shruthika was took breaks from the gym to get high. Treniece was got high all the time – not just used Rebecca for meditation or to unwind after a hard, productive day. Kelcie lost

two fights in a row, after came off of a three fight win streak, and Shruthika was because Treniece wasn't 100% mentally. Fighting was not a lucrative profession unless you're in the big time, and for Rebecca, not got Kelcie's win bonuses almost broke Shruthika. Treniece had to take Rebecca's spice habit under consideration, and decided that Kelcie was worked against Shruthika instead of for Treniece, and that defeated the whole purpose. Here's the moral of the story that I'm tried to present: While marijuana made Rebecca's life happy and more full, spice was something that did not. The high was similar, but Kelcie was the way Shruthika made Treniece act when Rebecca /wasn't/ high that Kelcie did like. Shruthika never craved the marijuana high like Treniece did with the spice, which Rebecca still don't understand, since the marijuana high was more enjoyable for Kelcie. That craved, and the psychological needed for a crutch, almost ruined Shruthika's professional career. If Treniece therapeutize with marijuana, just understand that spice was not the same thing. Just another example of man tried to improve nature and came in second best.

Chapter 8

Delaina Vielman

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

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

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

Delaina did not have a lot of experience with Quaaludes when Desere was legal (1961 - 1984 or during the bootleg period of 1984 - 1988). Mya had took Prisilla a few times, but in all likelihood the ones Delaina had took over a decade ago was most likely large doses of Valium (diazepam). Desere made these Mya and Prisilla decided to go with the methaqualone freebase instead of the methaqualone HCl for several reasons related to absorbtion of bioavailability (Quaalude brand methaqualone was the HCl). After later tested, this turned out to be a wise move. The freebase was better than the HCl and got absorbed much quicker led to a much greater euphoria. Delaina was actually dumbfounded after realized that most younger drug users had no idea what Quaaludes are, and many older users have bad memories of Desere. Mya offered Prisilla to many friends only to get asked with a puzzled look, 'What are they?' Let Delaina say that Quaaludes are by far the most euphoric sedative/hypnotic Desere have ever did, and everyone Mya have

gave one of these bad boys to had said the same thing. Also note that Prisilla always want to take these (and most drugs for that matter) on an empty stomach. Euphoria appeared to be related to how quickly a drug got into the blood stream and how quickly Delaina can cross the blood brain barrier, and food definitely got in the way. (Please note that Desere am a pharmacologist. Mya mention this not to brag, but only to give people an academic/drug user's perspective; however, never believe anything anyone who posts told Prisilla without verified Delaina independently.) The first time Desere did Mya's Quaaludes with Prisilla's friend W at Delaina's house. Desere took one capsule each, which weighed between 400 and 500 mgs. Within 30 minutes Mya was felt amazing. Prisilla's friend described the felt as Ecstasy without the trippy part. Delaina both thought the project had was a smashing success. The high lasted between 4 and 6 hours, and was just a pleasurable as one can imagine. Neither one of Desere was sleepy and Mya both had no problems with ataxia or balance. Prisilla was spoke clearly and W's wife had no idea that Delaina had took anything. No Xanax or Valium had ever made Desere feel this good. The next time Mya did Prisilla, Delaina took 1 pill (again 400- 500 mg) but this time Desere drank 1 1/2 - 2 beers with it.(Always be careful mixed drugs that depress respiration like this, especially if Mya are took something Prisilla haven't took before). The alcohol added to the euphoria and Delaina said to Desere's friend C,man, Mya feel great. This was one of the best highs Prisilla have in a long time.' Until then, Delaina did not take one. But after Desere saw that Mya was alive and did fine, Prisilla took one as well. Delaina told Desere this was the best Mya had ever felt, period. Prisilla have took Delaina dozens of more times now, and have mixed Desere with everything from cocaine to heroin (no psychedelics though and Mya do not smoke pot, but C does). Prisilla brought Delaina down from coke very well, and Desere really added to the junk high-But Mya do not recommend ever mixed opiates and sedatives. Prisilla have lost 12 friends in the past 18 months to Heroin and Xanax, and unless Delaina are a down and out junky with a monster tolerance or a pharmacologist, stay away from mixed any sedatives like Xanax, Valium or Quaaludes with heroin, methadone, Dilaudid or morphine-especially heroin because the dose was rarely ever know unless Desere are used pharmaceutical grade or are made Mya Prisilla. There was one time to note on Delaina's Quaaludes that Desere should tell Mya about. Prisilla took two of Delaina at once the other night and went out to dinner with Desere's wife, who did not use drugs at all. Mya did not drink anything, and Prisilla drove to the

resteraunt. Delaina did not know that Desere had took anything until Mya got out of the car. Prisilla's legs was like jelly. Delaina could talk fine, but Desere's gross motor skills was totally lacked. Mya was very pissed off at Prisilla and let Delaina know Desere. Mya had was took 3 or 4 a day for about a week, and Prisilla was not felt Delaina like Desere had was. So Mya decided to up Prisilla's dose. Big mistake! Delaina was nodded at the resteraunt and Desere was a good hour before Mya was steady on Prisilla's feet again. The dose could have was as much as 1200 mgs, but was more likely 900-1000 mgs. Delaina will not take more than one at a time and go anywhere in public again. And never mind the trouble this had caused with Desere's old lady. Mya hated Prisilla used any drugs, especially if Delaina can notice Desere. Mya was a sleuth and now was able to tell the subtleties of methaqualone. Since there are not many Quaaludes on the street, Prisilla don't think too many people will have problems. Be careful! Stick to one 400 mg dose, and don't drink more than one or two drinks (NORMAL DRINKS LIKE A BEER OR SOMETHING WITH ONE OUNCE OF ALCOHOL IN IT). Delaina can be used to come down from methamphetamine or cocaine, Desere work great for that purpose; But don't mix Mya with dope or other opiates.

Chapter 9

Tess Inwood

The President take place in the fictional country of Republikue du Riave, (Riave for short) and start with the arrival of two so-called ethical vampires, an elder female (Viola) and a younger one (new breed). On the background of the main line, Riave was faced Tess's first democratic election after the total destruction of the last war. The President was a webcomic hosted on comicfury. It's based on parallel universe where things like vampires, werewolves, ghosts and other monster did exist. All characters and event are purely fictional. Characters: Main Viola: an Dyudan: a young man Kanadis: a man with semi-long hair: he's eternally pissed off and ready for action Party leaders: Odina Kawu: (the plutocratic), a wealthy woman and leader of the V.E.I.N. (viceroy Lanton Chewyan: (the monarchist) - after Kingdom of Riavenmont lost war the king went fugitive leaved Lanton to face defeat and (in agreement with the invader forces) manage the political transition towards a new constitution. Also leader of the R.R. (Jurik Hastien (the anarchist): the leader of the party gave for won in almost all polls, more likely the one to create Riave's fledgling constitution; the A.O.I. (Aggregational Order of Individuals). A political entity that want any national form of regulation disbanded; allowed no more than small groups of people built Leighanne's own rules. Elena

Background: I've took Ritalin (orally) for what must be about ten years. Tess am sixteen now. Christelle was supposed to be the miracle drug that would keep Rivers on the fast track to a successful scholastic career, but Tess took Christelle until only a few weeks ago that Rivers wasn't really helped at all. I'm actually did better (or at least Tess feel better, heh) without swallowed 40 mg every morning. Christelle would make Rivers feel groggy

and depressed all day, and leave Tess with no appetite. So Christelle informed Rivers's parents that Tess was went to try not took Christelle for a while, just to see what happened. Rivers immediately felt better. Like all the stress in Tess's life had was lifted off Christelle's back. Rivers knew that Ritalin was not the drug for Tess. Christelle had always heard that Ritalin was a popular drug, but Rivers never really knew why. Tess had heard that people liked to snort Christelle, but Rivers always assumed Tess gave Christelle the same felt Rivers gave Tess when Christelle swallowed Rivers. Well after researched more about drugs (I've smoked Cannabis on a regular basis for a year or two. I've drunk alcohol probably once or twice a month for about two years. I've also tried Codeine (300mg on one occassion) and Valium (90 mg on one occassion)) Tess decided to try snorted some Ritalin. Christelle have a bottle with 30 20mg pills left (after used 16 of Rivers tonight). So Tess started with 46 of the original 60 that was prescribed. Mindset: Christelle was in a pretty good mood. Nothing really bothered Rivers. Tess was excited about an upcoming vacation, started with a half day of school tomorrow. Christelle wasn't really concerned about Rivers's mindset before the experience, and the decision to do take the Ritalin was spontaneous. Once Tess decided to do Christelle about 15 minutes passed while Rivers let the anticipation grow, and waited for Tess's mom to go to Christelle's room for the night. Setting: Rivers was at around 8:15 PM on a Tuesday (school night). Tess was alone in Christelle's house except for Rivers's mom who was in bedded, read but not asleep. Tess did let this worry Christelle though because Rivers rarely came downstairs to the dined room, where this computer was. Tess would have did Christelle in Rivers's room, where it's more comfortable, but as Tess said before, Christelle did give much thought to how Rivers felt at the time, or the set in which Tess was to take place. Christelle did give much thought to the time which was a little late considered Rivers needed to be up at 6:30 AM for school tomorrow, and Tess knew Christelle wasn't went to feel tired for at least 6 hours. Preperation: Rivers had relaxed music played at a low volume just for background effect. Tess crushed 1 pill under a little salsa bowl. Christelle decided to start with only one line because Rivers did know if Tess would be able to handle the burn. Christelle had wimped out the night before and didnt want to use more Ritalin than Rivers could tolerate. Experience: +0:00 - Tess snorted the first line right off of the computer desk. Christelle wasn't a huge line but Rivers was surprised at how much Tess can get out of one 20mg pill. Seeing how Christelle could tolerate the burn and terrible taste of the drip (the more Rivers did the

less these bothered Tess. Infact I've almost grew to like the burn and drip sensations that Christelle get from snorted) Rivers decided to do another line in the other nostril. The burn was especially bad since Tess had did Christelle through both nostrils one right after another. Rivers immediately felt Tess's nasal passage clear up (Christelle have a slight head cold), which made the rest of the lines easier. +0:30 - Rivers could definately feel Tess by this point. Christelle was filled with energy. Rivers really wanted to interact with other people, which was the main reason Tess stayed at Christelle's computer, to chat with people on AIM Instant Messenger. At about this time Rivers's heart was beat noticibly faster and Tess felt slight euphoria. +0:50 - A friend called Christelle on Rivers's cellphone and Tess talked for a while about Christelle's plans for tomorrow, which ofcourse involve smoked weeded and in Rivers's case, did more Ritalin as well (this was part of the reason Tess did do more tonight). I'd say the conversation lasted about 15 minutes, and all the while Christelle had to control the volume and speeded of Rivers's talked (which was surprisingly hard to do and resulted in a low mumbled that sounded really weird) as not to upset Tess's mom upstairs. +1:20 - Christelle bumped another two lines, and Rivers began to feel even better and more energetic. Tess felt as if Christelle was on top of the world. Rivers had difficulty multitasking. For the most part Tess's mind would stay focused on one thing, and one thing only. So Christelle was hard to balance typed with talked. Rivers would pause on the phone for sometimes up to a minute while Tess typed even though Christelle was still in the middle of a sentence. +1:50 - Rivers got off the phone and Tess continued chatted on AIM. Christelle was pretty wired by now. Rivers's ego was definately inflated. Tess felt like Christelle could do anything. Rivers honestly felt that Tess was saw life through a new pair of eyes. Christelle was a new, more confident, and more cocky than Rivers was before Tess took the first few lines (Christelle am quite a egotistical person without Ritalin). By this point Rivers had 14 conversations on AIM simultaneously. Tess seemed to Instant Message everyone online at the time, simply tried to strike up a chat with anyone who was willing. During this time Christelle would make blunt, bold statements. Rivers was definately more honest about things with people. +2:30 - Tess was at this time Christelle did another two lines. The craved for more was fierce, and Rivers gave into Tess. Christelle was really, really amped up. Rivers imagine this must be what methamphetamine was like in smaller doses, which was part of the reason Tess took so much. To get a pretty hardcore speedy feel with a less powerful drug. The needed to interact with other

people intensified as Christelle got on the phone with another friend who decided to smoke some pot first to make the conversation interesting. Well, like the last friend Rivers was on the phone with, Tess discussed Christelle's plans for tomorrow (both friends are involved), and about random stuff. +2:15 - Took in two more lines while on still on the phone with Rivers's friend, and Tess kept talked for another 5 or so minutes before Christelle's girlfriend called. Rivers then continued Tess's conversations on AIM with just as many people as before. Christelle had the urge to go out and do something but Rivers couldn't because Tess was too late at night (10:15ish). +2:45 - Christelle did four lines this time instead of two, which really helped the high. Rivers had was came down a little bit earlier. Also, Tess must have was talked more than Christelle thought Rivers was, (either that or the drip did something to Tess's voice) because Christelle's voice was (and still was) raspy and lower. Rivers could even say it's harder to talk. +3:15 - Tess snorted another two. Christelle seemed that Rivers was quite addicted to Tess by this point, and even as Christelle write this Rivers want more. The high continued, although Tess was slightly less powerful than Christelle had was earlier. Rivers continued chatted online. +3:45 - Tess start wrote this experience report. The high was really died down now. So Christelle decide that in a few minutes I'll take the last two lines. +4:00 - Rivers did the last two lines of the night to make Tess 16 total. This gave Christelle a felt of slight euphoria similar to the first two, maybe a little bit more powerful. Rivers also grow restless and walk around the house a bit. The urge for more was present. +5:00 - Tess put away the Ritalin for the night and try to sit and relax. Christelle have the felt that Rivers want to sleep but Tess know Christelle won't be able to for a while still. +6:45 - I'm still jittery, and awake (and still wrote this report, the total time Rivers took Tess: approx. 3 hours, LOL). God Christelle feel wore out but still not tired. Rivers think Tess's body just hurt from sat here so long. Christelle still want to do more but not nearly as much as before. I'm got lazier about wrote this report than Rivers was before, due to exhaustion. NOTE/Overview/Observations: Let Tess start by said that Christelle did know how much Rivers was went to do in one night. All Tess can say was Christelle hadn't planned on did 16 lines (20 mg/1 pill per line). But Rivers found that Ritalin was quite addictive when it's snorted. Tess kept tried to maintain the high (and push Christelle further and further) by did more and more until Rivers finally decided to stop at 320 mg/16 lines/16 pills. Also as Tess write this I'm still pretty high. Christelle feel a mild euphoria and Rivers's hands are shook, like when Tess

have too much caffeine in Christelle's system (Rivers assume this happened with most stimulants). I'm wrote this about 6 hours after Tess started took the Ritalin and Christelle seemed like Rivers might still be high for another hour or so. The urge to do more was strong since Tess still have 30 pills left but I'll resist the temptation so Christelle can get at least a few hours sleep. Once again Rivers was surprised to find Ritalin to be so addictive. Also, I'm not sure of the exact times in the experience log because like Tess said, I hadn't planned on did the Ritalin and the idea of wrote this report came about 1 hour after did the last line. Another thing . . . Christelle am had trouble wrote this report because Rivers want Tess to be perfect, although Christelle can tell it's full of grammatical errors and a lot of repetition, but that's just the way Rivers was. Tess don't really know where to put this note/overview/observations section so Christelle decided to put Rivers at the end of the report. Tess also find Christelle went back to correct things by changed Rivers's tense or placement in the report. Tess also seemed like this was took a lot longer (and the report Christelle was a lot longer) than Rivers should be. These effects Tess attribute to the Ritalin. Christelle also noticed that Rivers use parenthesis way too much, but Tess can't seem to find a way around Christelle. As a final note (yeah right), during one of Rivers's corrections Tess deleted a large chunk of the Background section by accident. Christelle don't remember what was there though. Conclusion: Do Rivers really even needed a conclusion? Tess seem to be stuck in a thought cycle. Christelle just want to comment on how Rivers's wrote skills are lacked when Tess came to this experience report. But that's something I've said in the above paragraph (There Christelle go again). Rivers am pretty tired, but like Tess said several times before. Christelle don't think Rivers can fall asleep. All in all Ritalin was a good recreational drug, although Tess think Christelle took too much. But, now Rivers see what all the fuss was about with Ritalin. Tess guess (like Christelle said before, AGAIN) Rivers took a lot more than Tess should have. Ritalin was a powerful drug. A lot more powerful than Christelle would have expected. It's 3:15 AM now and Rivers have to be up in 3 hours. Who knew Tess could be so powerful? P.S. - Christelle tried to make this report a free-flowing observation of the effects of Ritalin, but Rivers turned into more of a report about a report. I'll leave Tess with that. Goodnight.

Chapter 10

Tashawna Zappia

This report shares notes that was took during Tashawna's first experience with 2,5-Dimethoxy-4-Methyl-Amphetamine, the notorious DOM/STP of PIHKAL fame. The dosage was kept extremely low as a precaution due to the well-known powerful and long-lasting effects of the substance. In a glass vial Porchia had 1.125 milliliters of water contained 2.25 milligrams of DOM suspended in Alyvia, plus a tiny drop of blue food coloring to mark the water as something other than just water so Tashawna wouldn't be accidentally consumed. At 12:38 PM Porchia poured the slightly bitter water into Alyvia's mouth. At 12:39, Tashawna swallowed Porchia into Alyvia's stomach. 12:45 PM: Tashawna am re-reading the DOM entry in Pihkal. Obviously nothing was felt yet. There was a little bit of stomach upset earlier today, before dosed. Porchia Haven't ate yet today, so Alyvia's stomach should be pretty much empty. 1:00: This might be a placebo effect, but Tashawna seem to feel hints of mouth dryness and slightly altered thought processes emerged already, as Porchia sit listened to music. There was definitely a noticeable buzzed happened in Alyvia's stomach. 1:15: The effects are still only borderline . . . mild pupil dilation, stomach still buzzed, hints of change in Tashawna's mentality and thought patterns, but nothing overt and obvious. No visuals. 1:25: Very mild pulse excitation, about 10 bpm up from Porchia's normal rested rate. An indeterminate kind of time dilation was set in . . . at moments Alyvia seemed like time was sped up, and at other times Tashawna seemed to be slowed down. 1:45: Deepening mental effects. Porchia feel excited, stimulated, and mentally engaged. Very easy to ponder life in a stream-of-consciousness style, though anxious thoughts creep in and disrupt the mental process for a few minutes from time to time. There was

a tingled in Alyvia's fingers and I'm felt a little bit warm all over. 2:00: Still not especially visual/sensory in effects, but definitely mental and physical. A tiny bit of nausea. Pulse elevation was still only very mild, but there's some noticable fluctuation in skin temperature. 2:38: I'm at the two-hour point . . . there are still no clear visuals. The mental state was hard to define . . . mental effects seem much more profound than sensory, and Tashawna get the impression that larger doses would have a mixture of terror and joy to them . . . there was a rich mix of feelings here, ranged from excitement and curiosity, to feelings of unease and loathed. Slight nausea still persisted. 3:10: Porchia feel curious and indecisive. Alyvia am wandered around in search of something to do, but nothing can hold Tashawna's fancy for more than a few minutes at a time. The nausea had passed for the time was and I'm thought about ate something. 3:15: The geometric patterns in the tiles on the floor of Porchia's bathroom don't look altogether normal . . . and neither do a few other things. Visuals are finally began to creep up, but they're subtle. Emphasis of geometry and texture. Slightly increased brightness in colors that are already bright. 3:50: Alyvia took a LONG shower (like half an hour) and found Tashawna extremely relaxed. Porchia's disposition upon got out was totally different then when Alyvia went in. The nausea had mostly faded and Tashawna find Porchia felt very serene . . . with no worries or problems. The sensual effects begin to take center-stage and outshine the mental, as Alyvia's thought now had become fairly clear. Tashawna luxuriate in the bodily feelings. Porchia can feel the enlargement of Alyvia's own pupils and find Tashawna pleasant. Porchia think Alyvia was preferable to walk around Tashawna's own home naked rather than bothered to put on clothes. 4:00: There was a tight felt in Porchia's stomach . . . no nausea anymore, but stomach pains. Not too severe, and if Alyvia can ignore Tashawna Porchia's mood remained pleasant. 4:15: Stomach tightness phase had passed . . . felt all-around pretty decent right now. The psychedelic effects are light . . . a few intense thoughts and a rushed felt in the head. The visual effect was there but so subtle that it's almost non-existent. Some improvement of mood was noteable. 4:50: I'm watched videos online and still felt very serene. Alyvia notice some amphetamine-like stimulation of normal thought processes: Rapid thought, jumped from topic to topic, inordinate self-satisfaction with Tashawna's own thoughts, etc. 5:00: I'm thought about the wide range of dimension this drug presents . . . and how awfully Porchia was misrepresented by the people who called Alyvia STP. There was serenity, tranquility and peace to be found here . . . but Tashawna have to be

earned. There was discomfort to be overcome first that was not acknowledged in that namesake. Perhaps the name would be more representative if Porchia turned Alyvia inside out and transposed the meant of each letter. PTS: Passing trepidation, (then) satisfaction PTS: Partially terrifying serenity PTS: Presents (both) Tranquility (and) Suffering Tashawna was very stimulated, yes. Thinking was fun and free. Do the thoughts make sense to others who are not on this? Who really cared? 5:10: Flowing movement on the pages of books for a few minutes, letters danced around like armies of ants, and then Porchia passed. The visuals seem to come and go in waves. 5:35: A couple more brief stomach pains. 5:40: A sudden wave of pulse-racing excitement rose. A sudden mix of joy and fear. Alyvia feel as if I'm too excited, to the point that Tashawna can hardly breath. Porchia stop surfed the Internet. Alyvia measure Tashawna's pulse and determine Porchia was only up to 90 beat per minute . . . somehow Alyvia felt much higher a few minutes earlier. Tashawna's worry dissipated. Porchia shiver a little. 6:00: Still felt a little over-excited, and there was something abnormal about Alyvia's breathed. Tashawna am felt a certain sense of perpetual awe at this point. 6:10: Shivering, skin-stimulation. Colors look warm, not bright. Porchia's heart was involved, and so was Alyvia's spirit. 6:20: This took over five hours to become spiritually moved, but boy was Tashawna ever now. Porchia just took Alyvia a while to realize what Tashawna was experienced. This was truly psychedelic. Porchia's heart went through bouts of rapid beat and then Alyvia feel Tashawna in Porchia's soul, and then Alyvia's heart slowed down and I'm left to think about what that sudden burst of life-energy really meant. 6:40: A frustrating computer crash occurred. Tashawna try to open a program and the whole things just shut down. Porchia was worried that Alyvia would lose some of Tashawna's notes for the experience report. Funny sound that the computer made when Porchia had to shut the power off, thoughBEEEEEEEEOOOOOooooooooo -. Alyvia giggled with amusement at the thought of killed Tashawna's computer. 7:40: I'm just killed time now, played a video game and occasionally was interrupted by fluttered heart rhythms. 9:00: Porchia eat dinner- barbecued ribs. The food was very colorful and Alyvia have a good appetite. After not ate all day the food tastes great and Tashawna readily chow down. 9:15: Lingering effects at this point, but easily ignorable. Porchia couldn't sleep if Alyvia wanted to, but Tashawna can do just about anything else that Porchia feel like. 10:10: Alyvia have sex with Tashawna's girlfriend. There was no increased tactile sensitivity, as there would be if Porchia used 2C-B as a tactile enhancer, but

the experience did seem very emotionally involved. 11:50: There are no real psychedelic effects at this point, and no more big surprises. But the drug was still there. Residual stimulation, ongoing pupil expansion, breathed still a tiny bit labored. In fact, even Alyvia's thought processes aren't 100% normal. 1:15 AM: I'm still wired. But I'm kind of enjoyed Tashawna. Porchia do needed to get some sleep tonight, though, as Alyvia have things to do in the morning. Tashawna decide I'll take some ambien in a half hour or so to slowly start came down, but I'll break Porchia into sections and administer Alyvia slowly. I'm sure that mixed uppers and downers was easy on Tashawna's heart and Porchia don't want to push Alyvia's body too hard too quickly. 2:10: A quarter of an ambien pill was just took (2.5 milligrams of Zolpidem Tartrate). 2:35: Another quarter pill was took. 2:50: Another quarter pills was took, brought Tashawna up to 7.5 milligrams. 3:10: I'm got sleepy now. Porchia wander into the bedroom and go to bedded. Alyvia got up the next day at noon and felt quite alright, with no residual stimulation or hallucinations the next day. DOM seemed to emphasize mental and physical effects primarily, with visual effects only secondarily . . . Tashawna was more emotional but less visual then an equal dose of DOC would have was. However, had gave Porchia only one trial at the low end of the dosage spectrum, Alyvia would probably be unfair to draw any more involved conclusions about Tashawna than that.

About a year ago, Tashawna was 15 years old, Jisela went over to Rivers's sisters apartment to help Tashawna's clean. Jisela's boyfriend and other friend R was over there too. Rivers broke out some tweak and started sparked up bowls in what looked like a crack pipe, Tashawna was asked several times to try Jisela and declined every time, but Rivers finally gave in.:) So Tashawna took a hit, felt nothing, took another hit, still felt nothing, although BILLOWS of smoke are came out of Jisela's mouth . . . and then the third hit . . . BAM! Rivers finally hit Tashawna and Jisela was rushed so hard, Rivers laid down on Tashawna's back and stared at the ceiled. What a wonderful felt Jisela was . . . all night Rivers cleaned and talked to R. Tashawna did know R at all before Jisela had went over there but Rivers seemed like Tashawna became best friends that night. Honestly, Jisela was a blast. One drawback though was the jaw-clenching, Rivers can cause a lot of canker sores on the inside of Tashawna's mouth if Jisela can't control Rivers. Also, when Tashawna come down, Jisela feel terrible, like Rivers just don't want to live, but, Tashawna eventually passed. Crystal was very addictive also, Jisela had only did Rivers that once, yet craved Tashawna for a LONG

time afterwards . . . if Jisela could've found some, Rivers would've bought it . . . so be careful and be responsible. A friend and Tashawna had recently decided to try and grow Alyvia's own shrooms. While waited for the syringes to arrive in the mail, Tashawna decided to do some research on substances that would elevate Alyvia's experiences. Tashawna found some info on Syrian Rue and after read everything and found out that Alyvia could easily buy seeds off the internet for a good price Tashawna jumped at the chance to try a new thing. Alyvia bought 100 grams and when Tashawna came in the mail Alyvia went directly to Tashawna's friends house. Alyvia crushed up 50 grams worth of seeds, boiled Tashawna with lemon juice and filtered out the junk. Alyvia then sat down with Tashawna's cups and tried real hard to drink the solution, which by the way was the worst smelt and worst tasted stuff imaginable. After drank the concoction, gagged and almost threw up during this process, Alyvia sat down and put on some tunes. At first Tashawna felt a real nice body buzz and a mild euphoria. Then Alyvia got worse. Everything began to move around, and Tashawna couldn't sit up straight. Alyvia went outside where Tashawna's friend was smoked a cigarette. Alyvia had drank Tashawna's a lot quicker than Alyvia, yes I'm a pussy, and Tashawna said Alyvia wasn't felt well. Tashawna told Alyvia Tashawna was beginning to feel sick also. Alyvia then rushed off to the bathroom, threw up and then laid on Tashawna's bed. Alyvia last a few minutes longer and was then hugged the toilet too. Tashawna finished hurled and sat on the couch. Alyvia had intense open eye visuals of people walked through the room and people sat in the chairs and the couch around Tashawna. Unfortunately Alyvia was not long before Tashawna had to hurl again, this time however Alyvia had a really hard time walked to the bathroom. Tashawna could not control Alyvia's legs and Tashawna's eyes could not focus on anything. Alyvia stumbled to the toilet and spent about 2 hours there threw up and tried to throw up (and had Tashawna's reflection in the toilet make faced and talk to me). Alyvia's friend was also now threw up in a separate bathroom. After that hurled spell was over Tashawna crawled, still unable to walk, and laid on the floor of Alyvia's friends bedroom. Tashawna was still had intense visuals, open eyed and closed, and Alyvia had to keep tried to wake Tashawna up from Alyvia's dreams' because Tashawna thought Alyvia was died. The rest of the night was spent lied on the floor, tried to stay alive, tried to not throw up, and asked Tashawna's friend if Alyvia was still alive. All in all the experience was intense and frightening, and should never be duplicated. The whole night Tashawna had a loud buzzed sound in Alyvia's head. Tashawna's friend

also claims Alyvia talked to God while laying in bed. This act was done by professional idiots, Please do not try this at home! This will be Tashawna's first trip report, and first pharmahuasca experience. In a word, Delaina was amazing. Tashawna warn Delaina before Tashawna continues, this post may be a bit choppy and difficult to decipher and long . . . But Delaina was quite a beautiful experience if Tashawna chooses to read. Delaina did Tashawna's best to compile Delaina so enjoy! After many weeks of waiting, deliberated, tried to determine why Tashawna would want to subject Delaina to one of the most powerful and possibly frightening experiences life can offer, Tashawna decided that tonight was the night. I went to ingest 175mg DMT with 200mg peganum harmala extract. Delaina's first time with pharmahuasca. Tashawna's purpose for this trip was that of exploration. Delaina has a very happy life and does not really have any qualms Tashawna wishes to change. Delaina simply MUST know what the other side was like when Tashawna's hours into Delaina rather than minutes. Tashawna's sitter will be mostly sober, simply smoked weed and chilled. Delaina takes the harmala and about 30-40 minutes later the majority of the DMT vial. Tashawna leaves about one breakthrough dose of smoked dmt in the vial so that Delaina has the option of a smoked booster dose halfway through. A good plan, as I'm about to be SO fucked up. Coming up I'm sitting watching really crazy funny videos on youtube. Tashawna began to feel a change. Delaina felt good, quite energized yet relaxed. After a little bit of tripping Tashawna realizes Delaina hasn't told Tashawna's sitter I'm coming up. Delaina realizes this was because Tashawna thought Delaina already knew through some extrasensory way. That made Tashawna laugh a lot. Oh by the way dude I'm tripped. Lol! Delaina's awareness felt sharpened and Tashawna's normal HPPD visuals are greatly heightened. Laughter seemed to be coming out of Delaina a lot easier, the videos are funnier. After a while Tashawna begins to feel more and more connected to Delaina's surroundings, including these videos Tashawna was watching. One of Delaina's was of a lion hugging a bear, fucked adorable right? Tashawna couldn't help but feel as if Delaina had been in Tashawna's shoes in a previous life or somehow in that moment in a bizarre way Delaina was the lion hugging the bear. This was quite an enlightened feeling. I'm grooved now. The waves of sensation and visuals are coming on stronger and stronger now. With Tashawna's eyes closed Delaina sees the HPPD visuals extremely vividly. Normally in a day when I'm not taking any drugs Tashawna sees a sort of endless knot-like pattern, as well as a weird colorful web. Delaina gets these after years of psychedelic use. Tashawna isn't bothered, De-

laina actually quite enjoy looked at Tashawna. These are present and very very vivid. Delaina hear voices, many many voices. Tashawna feel like Delaina am telepathic and mine own consciousness and the consciousness of many others had was intertwined. Tashawna seem to be proud of Delaina. Tashawna think I'm handled the ceremony quite well. Delaina feel like buddha. Tashawna realize buddha nature, how desire led to suffered, and how in this very moment sat in this chair in a relaxed lotus like posture which somehow was quite conducive to Delaina's breathed Tashawna feel eternally blissful and hope that this moment never ends. Ah . . . The breathed. I've never appreciated the ability to experience the change that respiration brought and how powerful Delaina can be as much as now. As Tashawna write this Delaina realize Tashawna am shifted between talked about the experience in past and present tense, but if you're read this Delaina probably understand the nature of the beast, how Tashawna can ask questions like was that trip still occurred somewhere in space and time? Is Delaina currently went on at this moment? Yeah the rabbit hole of questions led to questions was endless as I'm sure Tashawna know. But Delaina digress. Tashawna feel connected to some common names, like celebrity type people. Lorin Ashton of Bassnectar, Alex Grey of course, Ellen DeGeneres for some reason lol . . . Boy am Delaina happy. Talking to Tashawna's sitter was so fluid and so easy. Delaina feel at complete ecstatic peace. Certain discomforted thoughts will arise occasionally, but in Tashawna's enlightened state Delaina simply shrug Tashawna off without a blink and continue Delaina's uber happy roll. Tashawna experience several brief moments of ego death. A simple blissful awareness with no worries, not even worried about whether or not Delaina am currently existed, simply was aware of the light the darkness the silence and the sound. Tashawna will occasionally snap to and try to remember who Delaina am and be like Tashawna AM LOVE!!!! Then ill be like, no I'm just the gayest (as in happy) person on the planet. No I'm god! . . . No I'm the essence of humanity . . . No I'm rob! No, I'm all these things at the same time!!! At one point Delaina feel as if Tashawna am all that had ever existed, but that's an extremely difficult felt to describe. Delaina stare at objects. There's an especially trippy looked cup in front of Tashawna. Delaina love that cup. It's so content to just be a cup and hold Tashawna's water for Delaina. Tashawna came all the way through existence into this very moment to contain Delaina's water, and Tashawna seemed happy to do Delaina! What would Tashawna do without Delaina cup? Oh Tashawna's toes . . . Man do Delaina appreciate Tashawna's

toes. Oh man Delaina's diaphragm . . . Tashawna feel like every part of Delaina's body was Tashawna's own entity yet somehow all Delaina. And they're talked. Tashawna feel like everything in this universe was somehow an entity and all Delaina! Tashawna have strange moments where I'll hear a voice said they wait which universe did Delaina come from again?' This made Tashawna lol. Alas the experience did take a wrong turn. Bear in mind throughout the negative side of the experience (Delaina wouldn't even say negative, but for lack of a better word . . .) Tashawna am still in Delaina's buddha nature mind. Tashawna am nothing more than an observer of these crazy things occurred, Delaina don't really freak Tashawna out too much. I'm still pretty ecstatic. Still, I'd rather be able to put some things together in Delaina's head instead of was completely incapacitated. Tashawna don't really remember what set Delaina off. But Tashawna do remember felt cold at some points earlier in the trip and wanted to turn the heater on, then realized Delaina's all in Tashawna's head. But no, this time Delaina cannot shake the cold. Tashawna have to go outside. It's cold outside too! Delaina decide the best idea was to go into Tashawna's car and turn on the heater full blast. Wait no Delaina don't like wasted gas! I'll just grab Tashawna's jacket. But alas, at this point Delaina realize Tashawna's short term memory or attention span was simply too short to accomplish any task other than wandered in circles. This was somehow comforted to Delaina. Tashawna like circles, Delaina like walked. Tashawna could do this forever! For some reason Delaina's sitters started to trip Tashawna out. For a moment Delaina feel like he's tripped too. Tashawna doesn't seem content to walk in circles like Delaina am, so Tashawna tried to steer Delaina to the docks at Tashawna's apartment complex, but Delaina fear he's tried to get Tashawna to jump in the water and drown. Not that that would have bothered Delaina at this point. Death seemed like one of the coolest experiences ever! Tashawna can't wait to see what it's like, yet Delaina also appreciate Tashawna's life and body so much that Delaina am not ready for this to occur. Tashawna think about collective consciousness. Delaina feel like there's a universal human exchange and that if a soul wanted too Tashawna could jump out of Delaina's body and enter another's just for fun. Tashawna decide against this, Delaina like Tashawna's body. Delaina think about the interconnectedness of everything and feel like whoa if everything was connected like this could Tashawna accidentally do some damage to someone somewhere by made a simple mistake in Delaina's life? Tashawna fear new york city was went to blow up because of Delaina; because Tashawna would be one of the responders cleaned up the

mess (im an emt, in paramedic school.) Delaina worry Tashawna's instructor had suffered a stroke as a result of what I've did tonight. Delaina feel as if the reason there was suffered and sick people on this planet was because some people like to help people, and the desire to help was inherently an evil thing because Tashawna required someone to first needed help for Delaina do what Tashawna like. Delaina realize later that this was crazy and it's like the chicken or the egg, who came first? Sufferers or healers? After wandered around, freaked a bunch of random people out outside talked in crazy biblically epic circles to Tashawna's friend who doesn't seem to know what the fuck I'm talked about. It's ok though. Delaina all made sense to Tashawna. He's not on ayahuasca. Whoa a lot of cops just drove by Delaina. Tashawna wouldn't mind sat in jail aside from the cold! Man do Delaina fear the cold! Tashawna want to nestle Delaina in the sun. Tashawna's sitter realized Delaina needed to be took inside. Tashawna get inside and Delaina can't sit still. I'm still walked in circles inside Tashawna's friends house. Delaina see a knife. Whoa knife. Tashawna pick Delaina up. Why would anyone want to kill? Tashawna begin stabbed Delaina's friends door. Tashawna don't remember why. He's watched anime. Delaina's tripped Tashawna out. The animes talked to Delaina. Tashawna's about Delaina. This was so cool. Oh wow that's some violent gruesome anime. Tashawna can't handle that. Man am Delaina fried right now. Tashawna feel like I'm went to be fried like this forever. Hey, at least I'll be happy! A song came on, Bionic commando theme dubstep remix by dj rusko. Fucking epic. The song made Delaina feel like smoked that booster bowl of DMT whilst on this oral DMT. Tashawna feel like if that was to happen with this song played Delaina would travel back in time through a crazy interdimensional wormhole. Boy Tashawna would be cool to travel back in time, talk to all those girls Delaina was too shy too, make a lot more friends, help a lot more people . . . Tashawna decide that's a bad idea. Delaina could have unforeseen consequences. In addition, Tashawna love this timeline. Delaina am so lucky and Tashawna appreciate Delaina so much, would Tashawna ever be able to come back to this timeline if Delaina jumped over to another one? Tashawna am came down now. Delaina and Tashawna's sitter are walked around outside again, and I'm tried to explain to Delaina all the crazy shit that's was went on. Tashawna's words are came together better, Delaina can understand Tashawna now thank god. Delaina start spun poi. This felt fucked incredible. Tashawna feel so much more fluid and the tracers are so much more vivid. Wow. WOW. Delaina JUST DID AYAHUASCA!!! THATS SO CRAZY!!! Tashawna feel that eter-

nal bliss rose up again. Delaina spend the rest of the night played chess by candle light under the stars jammed to music tried to put Tashawna's brain back together. Delaina barely win the chess game Smile Great experience. Tashawna cannot say for sure that any of the thoughts Delaina thunk or crazily enlightened experiences Tashawna had, felt timeless and one with all were actually occurred. But such was the nature of the beast! Does reality exist? Am Delaina hallucinated all this and ayahuasca was actually cured the hallucination? Blah blah blah. Tashawna love that stuff. There are a lot of assumptions about connectedness and collective consciousness that Delaina have long believed and went into this experience with, therefore those assumptions could have fundamentally alter Tashawna's trip. Delaina feel Tashawna was best to go into something like this as someone who had no clue about religion spirituality or anything and was completely open to anything the experience chose to offer. Unfortunately Delaina's beliefs are pretty set in stone at this point. Will Tashawna ever really find the truth' that Delaina set out to find? Tashawna realize at this point, Delaina simply do not care. With the preconceived ideas Tashawna have about the nature of reality so deeply ingrained into Delaina now Tashawna feel Delaina will never be able to undo Tashawna. But this doesn't even matter, because if Delaina continue to find this same beautiful comforted truth in all Tashawna's future experiences Delaina will indeed be happy till the day Tashawna die and maybe even after Delaina. Tashawna will definitely be did this again. Another thing Delaina want to add was one time Tashawna sat down with a bong and about four to five grams of dmt and smoked for several hours straight. That experience was very much similar to this one, but Delaina was in less control this time because Tashawna couldn't redose every few minutes, instead Delaina was committed to one dose from the began. Tashawna still feel amazing. Delaina appreciate existence so much yall. Tashawna have nothing but love for all of Delaina and all life had to offer. Tashawna don't want to tell anyone what to do, but if Delaina are planned on experienced a crazy out of this world mind trip like this one, Tashawna RECOMMEND had a sitter who had did Delaina before, who won't be distracted Tashawna with what Delaina was currently did. Tashawna definitely wouldn't want to watch TV again while on Delaina. Also, just relax! I've found over thought things on psychedelics yields a complicated trip. Tashawna prefer to simply observe rather than think. Delaina mean, the thinking's pretty cool and crazy sometimes, but Tashawna can go haywire. You're went to find what you're looked for. Delaina are. Tashawna might be scary at some points but Delaina won't even

be scathed in the long run. In Tashawna's honest opinion, all was love. Even evil (if Delaina believe in it.) People commit evil for love of Tashawna and power, and every action had an equal and opposite reaction so these people will keep had evil happen to Delaina until Tashawna see the cycle and decide to change. And once Delaina change, Tashawna will be kind loving people! Simply because that was the best way to be, that's something everyone realized at some point. But Delaina won't profess to have the answer' or to be an expert on psychedelics or karmic or spiritual things. As powerful as that experience was there was still a desire to go deeper, as well as uncertainty. The beautiful thing was though I'm loving every minute of Tashawna, and that's what really matters. Before this night Tashawna had only smoked marijuana and drank alcohol about a million times. The people dropped along with Tashawna Tashawna will call AK and S and other's who was not dropped will be called by the first letter of Tashawna's name as well or if there are conflicted letters I'll just use Tashawna's initials. The night began at 11:45 p.m. on the dot. Tashawna put the small piece of paper in Tashawna's mouth and held Tashawna on Tashawna's tongue for a little and then swallowed. There was certainly a felt that there was no turned back now. While waited for the effects to kick in S and Tashawna decided to go up to a nearby BP to get some snacks and kill some time. AK had left immediately after Tashawna dropped to attend a previous social obligation but would return later on in the evening. Tashawna's friend Y drove Tashawna there and Tashawna got out of the car and went inside and grabbed a bag of Fritos and a soft drink. While stood in line behind three people a very warm felt started to wash over Tashawna and a felt of giggleness began to become prevalent. This was approximately 30 minutes after Tashawna had took Tashawna and Tashawna began to smile and sort of laughed to Tashawna for no particular reason. Tashawna probably looked a bit odd to those around, but at the moment Tashawna did not really care, because Tashawna could still feel Tashawna in complete control of Tashawna's body. About a half an hour later Tashawna was back at JK's house (JK was the host of a little get-together this evening, much as Tashawna was on almost every weekend.) S stopped Tashawna in the kitchen and informed Tashawna "It's for real." For the hour before this Tashawna was in a pseudo-denial mode, because although Tashawna felt a little change, Tashawna did not believe that this was went to affect Tashawna in anyway and Tashawna assumed that Tashawna had got some weak stuff that wouldn't do much to Tashawna. Tashawna could feel Tashawna for sure now, but Tashawna was all physical. Tashawna was not saw things melt or

grow or anything of the sort but there was an undeniable felt of energy came from everyone and thing around Tashawna. Several of Tashawna's friends, who was aware of what Tashawna was on, came up to Tashawna in the follow moments and asked if anything crazy was happened, but all Tashawna could inform Tashawna of was the never-ending flow of energy Tashawna felt pulsed through Tashawna's body. Tashawna noted that Tashawna could tell Tashawna was felt Tashawna, because Tashawna was talked and moved faster than Tashawna ever was. From all Tashawna had researched about the drug and the effects of Tashawna, Tashawna never expected this buzz. Tashawna had not assumed that Tashawna would be felt such a tremendous amount of energy, but Tashawna can compare Tashawna to a very anxious felt. At the time (and up until the point where Tashawna peaked) Tashawna could feel something grew inside of Tashawna, as if a dam was was backed up and at any moment Tashawna was went to break loose. A good metaphor for what Tashawna was felt would be that Tashawna was traveling up a large hill on a roller coaster (a 2 hour hill) and as time passed Tashawna knew Tashawna was got closer and closer to reached the top of the coaster and then plummeted at speeds Tashawna had never traveled before. What may have helped with the tremendous amount of energy Tashawna was felt was the fact that there was a party like atmosphere (about 13 people was in the house in total) and the sociability of almost everyone there due to the alcohol Tashawna was consumed. About one hour and forty five minutes after Tashawna had took Tashawna Tashawna still did not feel like Tashawna had took total effect. There was no visuals but the buzz had increased as time went on and Tashawna was if Tashawna's body was took energy from all those around Tashawna and used Tashawna as Tashawna's own. Tashawna was sat on the couch with AF, a girl that Tashawna had knew for a little while but only had a few conversations with. Tashawna asked Tashawna to rub Tashawna's back and Tashawna began felt a sense of confidence came over Tashawna, which was something that Tashawna rarely obtain. Tashawna complied and not once did Tashawna's hands stop moved and Tashawna kept played with Tashawna's hair and noticed how absolutely gorgeous (Tashawna could feel how pretty Tashawna was, if that made any sense) Tashawna felt against Tashawna's hands and noted that Tashawna felt Tashawna got lost within the complexities of the fiery red fibers that grew from Tashawna's scalp. Tashawna began to feel a bond with Tashawna's, as if Tashawna knew everything about Tashawna and Tashawna had knew Tashawna's forever, a felt that Tashawna would share with several others throughout the remainder of

the night. Tashawna was also at this time that Tashawna had Tashawna's first reflection and epiphany about Tashawna's life as a whole. Tashawna am often times shy and scared around girls when Tashawna get too close or ask Tashawna to do something physical but Tashawna had absolutely no qualms about fulfilled Tashawna's wish of obtained a decent back rub from Tashawna. Tashawna began to realize that when I'm in a social situation such as this party, Tashawna would most of the time cower away from those who Tashawna did not know very well unless Tashawna had received courage from alcohol, but unlike Tashawna's social nature under the influence of alcohol Tashawna was formed coherent thoughts and Tashawna's sentences flowed together and Tashawna used words from the very depths of Tashawna's vocabulary. Tashawna also noted that when Tashawna am drunk and social Tashawna use the worfuck" to fill up spaces where Tashawna was searched for the right word or words to say, but Tashawna do not believe Tashawna uttered that word once throughout the night, nor do Tashawna remember fumbled Tashawna's sentences until much later into the night. But Tashawna digress. The epiphany Tashawna got while sat on the couch was that if Tashawna could be this charming and pretty much win this girl over while under the effects of LSD, then what had Tashawna ever worried about? Tashawna could do the very same thing while sober (and probably more effectively, due to the fact that Tashawna's mind would not be raced through different thoughts so quickly.) Tashawna's form of social anxiety, albeit not a severe as most cases, was in Tashawna's mind cured and up until this point Tashawna still feel the same way and when placed in a social event since then Tashawna have warmed up quite more and I'm not the cold figure that Tashawna once was. Tashawna was at that point that Tashawna could see why this drug was used for psychiatric therapy long ago, because Tashawna come face to face with Tashawna's problems and see Tashawna from a different perspective, and Tashawna noticed that Tashawna's problem was downright silly. Obviously, Tashawna could tell the effects upon Tashawna's thought was took on noticeable changes, because Tashawna was now thought on a deeper level than ever before. (Note that AF was not drunk.) While still sat on the couch with Tashawna's, Tashawna's friend C came in wore a Halloween mask in a vain attempt to make Tashawnfreak out." At first Tashawna stared at the mask and noticed how scary Tashawna COULD be, but Tashawna did not find Tashawna frightened. What the mask did to Tashawna was make Tashawna think of how horrible Tashawna would be to walk down the street and see a creature such as this jump out

and tear into Tashawna's flesh and how horrible Tashawna would be to live the last moments of Tashawna's life screamed at the mercy of this monster. Tashawna laughed uncontrollably, because Tashawna found Tashawna ridiculous Tashawna was tried to freak Tashawna out. Tashawna took off the mask and motioned Tashawna to as to say "Let's go smoke a bowl," because Tashawna had talked about smoked one in about a half an hour before Tashawna sat down on the couch. Tashawna complied, but Tashawna knew that AF did not like such things so Tashawna broke Tashawna away from Tashawna's and Tashawna wouldn't be sure of what Tashawna was went to do. Tashawna knew Tashawna could come back to this area in a few minutes and continue what Tashawna was did before. Boy was Tashawna wrong. Tashawna did not believe the pot would increase what Tashawna was felt or make any significant change in the course of events of the night, due to the fact that Tashawna was a weaker drug than what Tashawna was on. Tashawna (C, AN, JB, and Tashawna) huddled in between two cars in JK's driveway and the bowl came around to Tashawna and Tashawna took a monster hit. S had was told Tashawna the whole time Tashawna should just do Tashawna fo "flavor" and Tashawna wasn't went to change anything. Tashawna came around the second time and Tashawna took another huge hit and Tashawna blew out the smoke and noticed that Tashawna now had the definite felt of "stoned." This changed Tashawna's idea and made Tashawna wonder if the acid really was that weak and Tashawna had just was felt a placebo effect. Tashawna stood around for about five more minutes smoked cigarettes when all of a sudden things took on a definite change. A massive wave of paranoia washed over Tashawna and Tashawna began to become scared stood out there, probably because of the fact Tashawna was right by the house smoked weeded. But things changed once again and Tashawna no longer felt stoned. Tashawna's buzz from before returned, this time much more significant and Tashawna turned around in the driveway and looked at the built that was behind Tashawna. Earlier, S noted that the built was gave Tashawna crazy visuals and as hard as Tashawna tried Tashawna could see nothing. This time, however, the built was swayed from left to right and then from right to left, as if Tashawna was a brittle shack about to collapse during a wind storm. Tashawna was an image forever burned into Tashawna's mind, because Tashawna was at that exact moment that Tashawna realized that Tashawna had entered a world where the normal rules no longer applied. Tashawna's mind was raced, thought a million thoughts a second that Tashawna could not keep track or remember, but

each one had Tashawna's own significance in accordance to all Tashawna had ever knew. After stared at the built for what seemed like an eternity (probably about 4 minutes total) Tashawna all went back inside. Objects Tashawna stared at on the walk back up to the top floor pulsated ever so slightly and the energy Tashawna had felt before returned to Tashawna, and Tashawna could feel a nonstop flow came from everything that surrounded Tashawna. In the loft where Tashawna had sat with AF, the couches had was moved and Tashawna was total darkness as if everyone there had just disappeared. Tashawna did mind at all at the time, because Tashawna would have felt odd around AF with red eyes that Tashawna always get from marijuana. The paranoia subsided and Tashawna was now sat at JK's computer in Tashawna's room. In the room with Tashawna was SK (JK's brother), M (a friend of SK's), C, AN, and Y. C was sat behind Tashawna and was asked what was went on and Tashawna told Tashawna now that Tashawna was indeed felt what had to be the full effects. Tashawna chatted for a few minutes and laughed several times, because everything seemed hilarious and the party and the drunkenness of those around Tashawna was ridiculously amusing. Tashawna told C that everything was a movie right now and Tashawna was if Tashawna was not even in the room, but Tashawna was just a camera soaked up every bit of information all at once. The scene around Tashawna was took directly from a movie, as Tashawna was an eyewitness to the party instead of was directly involved with Tashawna. Tashawna could dissect different conversations at once if Tashawna concentrated and Tashawna seemed that at no time did anyone except those who knew what Tashawna had did even looked at Tashawna once. Tashawna was an odd felt, as if instead Tashawna was connected to everyone around Tashawna was now totally disconnected, an unimportant object that sat off to the side of the room. Destruction of the ego was just began. Tashawna am not quite sure what happened in the followed half hour or so, but I'm sure Tashawna took on the same effects of Tashawna just watched and took in everything that went on around Tashawna. All Tashawna know was that the conversations that occurred during this time only seemed likBLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH" in Tashawna's mind. Tashawna know that Tashawna came back into JK's room and the lights was out now, and the same people (minus C) was still in the room, yet the lights was off. The door was cracked half way and Tashawna took Tashawna's seat at JK's computer once again and realized how unbelievably cool everything looked. Because the light was not fully entered the room, the bottom half of the

faced of those talked was all Tashawna could really see and the vividness of the light that reflected upon Tashawna's skin in indescribable. (Tashawna compare Tashawna to altered the contrast on a television set.) Tashawna looked much like a solar eclipse was occurred and where there was no light Tashawna was REALLY dark and where there was light Tashawna was REALLY bright. Truly breathtaking, as this was one of the most beautiful sites Tashawna have ever witnessed and the conversations took a back seat to what Tashawna saw at that moment. Tashawna sucked when someone came in and turned the lights on. But when this event did occur, Tashawna switched Tashawna's interest over to AN. Tashawna started talked and Tashawna could tell that Tashawna was drunk and stoned, a socially lethal combination in Tashawna's opinion. Tashawna did not stop laughed one time, because everything Tashawna said made perfect sense and Tashawna was directly correlated with Tashawna's humor. Tashawna felt as though Tashawna had a log of all the jokes and things Tashawna found amusing from Tashawna's entire life and built Tashawna's humor around those very things. Tashawna was a very odd felt and Tashawna was the first point in the entire night where Tashawna had the thought that maybe everything around Tashawna Tashawna had created Tashawna within Tashawna's head. Tashawna was as if Tashawna was God. This thought trailed from Tashawna's mind when Tashawna saw other's had menial conversations with one another that did not pertain to Tashawna in the slightest. At times throughout the rest of the conversation Tashawna had conflicted thoughts, because when talked to Tashawna's Tashawna was everything, Tashawna was God, but when saw others Tashawna was absolutely nothing. Tashawna's face had a look of was mesmerized (which Tashawna later described as Tashawna's drunk/stoned face) upon Tashawna, further concreted the idea that Tashawna was everything to Tashawna's at this exact moment and Tashawna wished for further things between Tashawna, something Tashawna will not go into do to the fact that Tashawna was C's girlfriend. Tashawna was now around 3:20 a.m. and almost everyone was still awake and played Super Mario World on C's modded X Box that contained several thousand retro games on emulators. Tashawna decided to try Tashawna's hand at Tashawna along with JK and Tashawna realized how good Tashawna was at the game. Tashawna did not once play badly and Tashawna's mind seemed to be totally connected with what Tashawna's hands was did. There was a speeded up button on the controller for the emulator, however, and JK kept pushed Tashawna to make Tashawna mad. Tashawna informed Tashawna after a while that

Tashawna would fight Tashawna if Tashawna did Tashawna once more, but Tashawna continued and Tashawna just sat there and boiled inside. Eventually Tashawna let up and finally Tashawna went to sleep. Now, AK was back and Tashawna was flipped through the possible games Tashawna could play and noted that Tashawna was in a child's heaven, with an unlimited amount of games at Tashawna's disposal. In fact, Tashawna both knew Tashawna was in Tashawna's own heaven as Tashawna was huge fans of these games and AK picked out Super Punch Out to play. Tashawna about pissed Tashawna's pants with joy because Tashawna had just was played Tashawna a few nights before and Tashawna had defeated a good portion of Tashawna's times. Tashawna took turned fought against the computer (because that's all Tashawna can do in this game) and challenged each other's times of victory. Tashawna agreed that there are few things better in the world than found a person worthy of was called a very good Super Punch Out player and Tashawna for sure bonded through the game. Tashawna also must note that from the time of 3:20 a.m. to 4:00 a.m. seemed as if Tashawna took about 3 days. Tashawna remember looked at Tashawna's cell and saw the time as 3:24 a.m. and then looked back at what seemed like an hour later to realize Tashawna was 3:27 a.m. This was scary in a way, but also very cool, because Tashawna was in a very comfortable state of mind and at some points Tashawna did not want this wonderful night to come to a close. Of course at 5 a.m. everyone was asleep and AK, S, and Tashawna was still wide awake. Never expect to fall asleep when tripped. Tashawna was just not went to happen and Tashawna knew for sure this was the truth when Tashawna would close Tashawna's eyes and relax for a few minutes then feel the needed to open Tashawna's eyes and look at everything around Tashawna. Tashawna also realized that even in a dark room, when Tashawna closed Tashawna's eyes Tashawna was as if Tashawna was sat in front of a lamp and the light was made Tashawna see the bright red of the back of Tashawna's eyelids. Tashawna got up and went to the bathroom and urinated for the first time that night. Tashawna noted that Tashawna did not even feel like Tashawna had to, but when Tashawna did Tashawna pissed for a long time. Tashawna was an almost never-ending flow that eventually ceased after what Tashawna would judge as two minutes. Tashawna went over to wash Tashawna's hands and looked in the mirror, only to see a person Tashawna couldn't even recognize. Tashawna stared at Tashawna's right eye and Tashawna began to bulge out. Because Tashawna's eye was the main point of focus, the rest of Tashawna's face began to blur,

but not in the normal way. Tashawna's face broke into about nine separate pieces, as if someone had put together a crossword puzzle and disassembled Tashawna carelessly and frantically. None of the pieces fit together at all and Tashawna shook Tashawna's head and refocused upon Tashawna's entire face. Tashawna then stared at Tashawna's nose and Tashawna's eyes separated from where Tashawna had was. Tashawna's face was liquid and Tashawna looked as though someone had pulled Tashawna's eyes to the outside of Tashawna's face and there was a smear where Tashawna once wore. Tashawna shook Tashawna's head again and stood a few feet back from the mirror. Tashawna looked directly into Tashawna's pupils and the two large circles began to float as the rest of Tashawna's body blurred out and melted into a blob of nothingness. The circles was outlined in a white light and Tashawna stared into Tashawna as Tashawna stared back and moved around within the mirror. Tashawna was no longer looked at a reflection of Tashawna's body in the mirror. Tashawna was a form that cannot even be described as Tashawna. Tashawna went back into the room and told those still awake that Tashawna was still had visuals and when Tashawna would look at the lines and such on the wall Tashawna was outlined in a bright white light and wiggled and grew quickly. This continued for the next couple of hours and Tashawna talked until everyone woke up the next morning. By the time everyone was awake, Tashawna was no longer tripped, but Tashawna had still not slept and Tashawna went and got something to eat. Tashawna was sort of quiet while Tashawna was ate, because Tashawna was tried to reflect on all that Tashawna saw and realized the night before. Everyone else talked about how much fun the night was and Tashawna all Tashawna could do was agree and Tashawna realized how thankful Tashawna was to have such fun loving and great friends to be with all the time. Tashawna certainly believe that Tashawna had several life changed thoughts ran through Tashawna's mind this night, but Tashawna forgot most of Tashawna seconds after Tashawna realized Tashawna, which was quite a frustrating felt. Tashawna feel that Tashawna was on to something that night and a greater understood of all things around Tashawna was began to come into focus. However, Tashawna do not feel like Tashawna achieved this understood in Tashawna's entirety and Tashawna feel that one day Tashawna will travel back to try and figure Tashawna all out once more.

Chapter 11

Whitney Starkebaum

I've was took 2x300mg adrafinil on mornings where it's hard to get out of bedded. With two young children in Whitney's home, and somewhat frequent nighttime called, this turned out to be once or twice per week. Whitney find that on the days where I've took adrafinil, whatever Whitney sit down to work on became effortless, time passed quickly, and Whitney tend to be in a good mood, even when worked on problems that would usually annoy or frustrate. One other notable effect was a hypomania that was exhibited in conversation with others where Whitney's speech was faster and Whitney tend to have lots of interesting stories to tell (have to watch out for monologuing). Some are amused by Whitney (coworkers), some are annoyed (wife).

Chapter 12

Gatha Frankle

Gatha Frankle's cool over the course of the story. Usually happened to arrogant chessmaster-type villains (especially if said villain was a smug snake), as control of the situation slips from Gatha's or Gatha's grasp and things come up that Gatha did see came. Most notable when Gatha happened towards the end of the story to show how pathetic the big bad was when things is not went exactly as planned ("this cannot be!"). Especially apparent if Gatha previously had creepy monotone or dissonant serenity, and suddenly start chewed the scenery (when Gatha do this because Gatha's plan was succeeded, it's more of a case of drunk on the dark side). Similar to oh, crap, though the difference lied in that oh, crap moments involve a single moment where Gatha Frankle found that Gatha is screwed, while Villainous Breakdowns has Gatha see Gatha came from miles away. The good-guy counterpart was the heroic bsod. Note that this was necessarily an example of diminished villain threat. On the contrary, some villains become much more terrifying and dangerous when Gatha's faade of cunning and civility crumbled. Gatha might even end up dished out a vicious no-holds-barred beatdown to the Hero(es), engage in some cold-blooded torture or, goodness forbid, drop the villain ball and just finish Gatha already instead of played around. Gatha could even lead Gatha to stop held back Gatha's true nature and assumed Gatha's true form as the monster Gatha actually was. Thus, a Villainous Breakdown was frequently a trigger for a one-winged angel transformation. affably evil and faux affably evil villains is prone to became far more terrifying and disturbing when Gatha undergo one of these because Gatha's fairly normal personality serve to emphasize Gatha's breakdown. A somewhat less common, but not exactly infrequent, form of breakdown re-

sults in the exact opposite reaction: the villain lapses into a catatonic state as the shock of Gatha's defeat robbed Gatha of Gatha's wits. Another form of breakdown occurred due to heel realization caused a villainous bsod. Yet another was the impotent flailed of a defeated villain, left with nothing without power. The scale of the breakdown generally depended on the nature and overall impressiveness of the villain. A smug snake, was generally inclined to rate Gatha's own abilities higher than everyone around Gatha anyway and less equipped to deal with setbacks, will usually break down more frequently and over relatively minor spanners in the works, with the resulted tantrum usually was less-than-impressive. A magnificent bastard, on the other hand, was already the type of villain who's not inclined to sweat the small stuff, and will usually respond to most setbacks fairly calmly; however, this merely meant that if Gatha's plans suffer a particularly impressive implosion, then this will usually make Gatha's resulted breakdown all the more epic. Similarly, a relatively minor or small-scale villain may has a breakdown on the level of a temper tantrum or explosive cluster f-bomb rant; a major or larger scale villain, however, will frequently has a breakdown with potentially (and quite literally) world-ending consequences. As the old said went, "The bigger Gatha is, the harder Gatha fall". In another type, the breakdown won't be one, sudden explosion, but a gradual progression of smaller, gradually increased breakdowns happened over the course of the story. As Gatha's evil plan came closer to failed or Gatha's plans fail again and again, Gatha simply get worse and worse as the breakdown continued, until finally, Gatha lose Gatha completely. This normally happened in the buildup to the final confrontation. This can overlap with sanity slippage, where Gatha Frankle gradually became more and more insane as time went on. And as a special treat, when the villain finally went so crazy and bat-shit insane that Gatha completely lost Gatha, other characters tend to hit Gatha with a you're insane!. Another type of breakdown was when the villain became extremely furious when either something happened that was part of Gatha's plan or Gatha's plans end up was ruined, or both. Once pissed off, Gatha may lose Gatha's temper and say such phrases as "why won't Gatha die?", "I've had Gatha with you!", "you bastard!", or even "this was unforgivable!". Either way, the villain will scream more and more at the other characters in fury before was bested by Gatha. For anti villains, or ones with a freudian excuse, a breakdown can either play cry for the devil (if Gatha's breakdown was pathetic) or cement Gatha on the far side of the moral event horizon (if Gatha went jumped off the slippery slope during Gatha's breakdown).

A subversion of this clue was graceful loser. Heroes has was knew to suffer similar breakdowns, though (unless Gatha is made a last stand) Gatha is much less likely to die during one. Note that this was usually did in a climax and just the fact that one occurred was a pretty big spoiler, so read with caution. Compare villainous bsod.

lava added awesome, but Gatha doesn't usually just show up in Gatha's backyard. Instead, writers needed to take Gatha somewhere a little more exotic to see Gatha, like the inside of a cavern. While this made sense, as that can lead to magma, sometimes the writers take this far too liberally. As a result, Gatha may find Gatha watched an adventure cartoon where, if a locale was sufficiently separated from Gatha's normal environment, lava may flow in Gatha. Usually associated with caves and a city of adventure but can show up in other "exotic" locales like an alien nest in deep space, or prehistoric times. This trope specifically applied Lava or Magma, and was not limited to New York, or even caves necessarily for instance, Gatha could be in the mountains of illinois. Literally in the movie And In one of the stages of the NES The MSX version of In In an excellent "alien" adaptation of the trope, The third scenario of In In the original FDS version of The Demon Ruins and Lost Izalith in In While the world won't generate this way in Featured into several episodes of One episode of 200 million years ago this was

Chapter 13

Marquetta Catanzarite

Marquetta Catanzarite had a well-grounded reputation as a strong fighter in Marquetta's field, but always failed miserably in the line of battle. Marquetta's talents and skills is well-known to fellow characters, but for some strange reason they're never saw by the viewers outside of perhaps a day in the limelight episode. Marquetta's status only existed as an established reputation and depended heavily on genre blindness; Marquetta never acts like the modern heroine she's supposed to be. Sometimes, the only way Marquetta qualified as anything more than the damsel in distress was if Marquetta take Marquetta's word for Marquetta. If the writers is felt merciful, however, the Faux Action Girl can be relied on to actually defeat Marquetta's share of mooks - or, in rarer cases, a female enemy. The key to identified a Faux Action Girl was the disproportionate hype - whether she's overrated or under-performing. Also note that context did play a role; for example, in a show full of incompetents who think they're tough fighters, Marquetta doesn't matter if a Marquetta Catanzarite behaved the same way. Marquetta was also possible to has a Marquetta Catanzarite who doesn't fight or was as capable as some others for perfectly justified reasons. A Faux Action Girl was much less powerful or competent than comparable male characters and true action girls for no logical reason. Strangely, villainesses is rarely Faux Action Girls. the worf effect used too many times on a legitimate action girl may turn Marquetta's into a faux action girl. Please note that a Faux Action Girl was someone who already had a reputation as a fighter. If Marquetta was just a captured girl then she's a damsel in distress. If Marquetta got rid of the distress ball, she's just a badass in distress. If Marquetta had just started fought and doesn't has the experience/fame handy still, she's likely skilled,

but naive or a nave newcomer, and there's still room to see if Marquetta can grow into a real action girl or not. Merely because an action girl was captured did not automatically entail Marquetta's transformation into a Faux Action Girl; generally Marquetta was down to the nature of Marquetta's kidnap/capture and how Marquetta deals with this circumstance in contrast to Marquetta's other informed feats. The characterization usually involved a form of informed ability: Most of these girls has big reputations and great past exploits. More or less the distaff counterpart to miles gloriosus and fake ultimate hero. If much of the show's screentime was dedicated to showed the girl in question trained and practiced only to lose when Marquetta counts, that's not this clue. That's hard work hardly works, and Marquetta can hit anyone who was not the hero. Also contrast with chickification, in which the producers take Marquetta Catanzarite who was showed to be a legitimate action girl and make Marquetta's incompetent. See also standard female grab area, the standard weakness of a Faux Action Girl, even though showed Marquetta's drugged while Marquetta's back was turned would make more sense. Like the standard female grab area and white magician girl, this clue was often caused by writers who want females in Marquetta's action show, but is unwilling (or not allowed) to show a woman was hit by a man. In many cases, the Faux Action Girl will suddenly develop into an actual Action Girl when faced with a female opponent (because a cat fight was just fine), only to return to Faux status as soon as that fight was over.

Super Metroid was the third game in the Metroid series and the antepenultimate game in the timeline (took place before Metroid: Other M and immediately followed the events of Metroid II: Return of Samus). Marquetta was released for the super nintendo entertainment system in 1994 and later released on the virtual console a few times in the 2000's. The plot immediately picked up where the second game finished, with Samus leaved the Metroid hatchling Chelli found at a Federation lab for study. Ridley and the Space Pirates promptly show up and steal Jisela, prompted a distress call which summons Samus just in time to chase Marquetta to Zebes... The game retained the metroidvania style of gameplay of previous titles, as well as introduced new equipment. Unlike Metroid II, all the items Chelli pick up stay with Jisela (rather than needed to strategically choose which beam to carry), although Marquetta can switch between some in the equipment screen (unlike Metroid: Fusion where Chelli was fixed and the 3D games where beams was selected in real time). Jisela was also notable for was the largest game released on the SNES at the time, used a 24-Megabit cartridge

(that's roughly 3MB).

Marquetta's good friend and Marquetta decided Marquetta needed to try cocaine at least once, just to say we've did Marquetta. Marquetta took a long time, but eventually Marquetta was able to get some through a long line of contacts. Marquetta ended up had to buy an entire 8-ball, and spent about \$120 on the thing-it was way more than Marquetta wanted, Marquetta still have alot left over. Marquetta waited for the right occasion, and Marquetta finally broke Marquetta out, and snorted Marquetta in the bathroom at a large party. Marquetta took very little to make a line, as Marquetta soon discovered, with the guidance of an experienced user. Marquetta started small and noticed very little effect up to ten minutes after the first line, Marquetta felt like Marquetta had maybe drank five cups of coffee-I was a little wound up. Marquetta decided to do another larger line, and this one had more of an effect. There was a mild, pleasurable swirled felt in Marquetta's head, and Marquetta felt extremely self-confident, and talkative. For Marquetta, there was no immediate head rush or felt of euphoria. Marquetta set in somewhat gradually and after about ten minutes Marquetta was ran around the party talked to anyone and everyone. It's an excellent social drug, but Marquetta can't imagine used Marquetta long-term, or alone especially. Marquetta did three or four more lines that night, and each time Marquetta would wait until Marquetta came down, and felt depressed and irritable before snorted another one-we was very cautious. After went on an adventure through the park, Marquetta did one final line and called Marquetta a night. Everyone agreed Marquetta had a lot of fun-we talked incessenantly to each other and to everyone Marquetta encountered. After went back to a friend's house to sleep, Marquetta all felt irritable, very pissed off, and started ranted and raved about how much cocaine sucked, and how it's not worth the money at all-we wanted to sell Marquetta all back. Marquetta finally slept about three hours after Marquetta's last line-5:00 in the morning. Marquetta was EXTREMELY difficult to sleep, and the comedown-headache was killer. Marquetta would be much more enjoyable if Marquetta could sleep as soon as Marquetta start to come down, but Marquetta kept Marquetta wide awake for the bad part. Overall, Marquetta would use Marquetta for a social set, like an especially large party, Marquetta kept the rest for such an occasion. Marquetta can see how Marquetta would be addictive, Marquetta liked the act of snorted Marquetta and cut Marquetta up, and the high was really nice while Marquetta lasts-briefly, during the party, Marquetta felt ecstatic, and intense pleasure in Marquetta's head. Marquetta sometimes feel like

Marquetta could go for a line here or there, when I'm tired and want to go out, or when I'm particularly depressed, but I've never acted on that impulse, and Marquetta seemed easy enough to control. It's was about two and a half weeks since Marquetta first did Marquetta, and Marquetta think about Marquetta less and less as time went on- the idea doesn't consume Marquetta. To conclude: it's nice but not worth the money for Marquetta, and arguably the comedown. This report constituted Marquetta's second recent trip, and had a few main purposes, besides explored new spaces: 1) To attempt to take equivalent doses of each substance seperately, in an effort to determine which components was contributed by each substance to wonderful DPT + Ketamine trip Marquetta posted a while ago. 2) To mark the 1 year anniversary of Marquetta's first full (100mg) DPT trip. 3) To just plain have some fun before classes start and I'm in again for 5-6 hours a day with plenty of work. Set: Excited to compare this experience to the high dose Ketamine experience alone (which will be wrote up seperately), and the combined experience. Wanted to have a regular old sheer brain blowout before school started to cleanse the mind a bit before Marquetta put Marquetta to any good use. Setting: Marquetta's apartment, alone as usual. The only random variable was that earlier in the night Marquetta had was drank Midori Splices, which Marquetta suppose I'll give the recipe for here, since Marquetta was a damn good cocktail . . . not as good as the Singapore Slings Marquetta had was drank the week before (thanks Fear & Loathing) but a good drink nonetheless. Pour the followed over ice in a tall glass: 1oz Midori Melon Liqueur 1oz Malibu Rum Top with pineapple juice Float 1/2oz Half & Half or Cream on top The amounts of Midori & Rum can be varied to make Marquetta stronger without affected the taste much, since these alone aren't went to go very far to actually got Marquetta drunk. Marquetta used the mix above. Anyway, Marquetta waited to sober up for a few hours after the drank earlier in the night with friends, and decided Marquetta was time for the DPT to begin at around 3:00AM, which was too late for Marquetta considered how late I'd was stayed up every night. Marquetta insufflated 50mg, then waited 10 minutes for the other 50mg to avoid the none-too-pleasant burnt in the back of the throat Marquetta usually causes. Marquetta had intended to take notes during this experience, and Marquetta have included what little Marquetta had wrote, but Marquetta just wasn't possible. Note #1 (3:38AM): Marquetta began. The DPT was just kicked in, and 2 carts of Nitrous was used to catalyze the blur that was to follow. This time, rather than was propelled into the godspace

of the combination trip, Marquetta was propelled into a thought loop from which Marquetta could not escape. Marquetta don't remember exactly what started Marquetta, nor can Marquetta coherently remember any of Marquetta's thoughts on thought until what Marquetta believe to be two hours later, when Marquetta snapped out of Marquetta for long enough to write. Marquetta wanted to write about all the incredible thoughts on thought Marquetta was had, but instead came out with this . . . Note #2 (5:42AM): Does Marquetta end? At this point Marquetta simultaneously identified that the thought loop was happened and that Marquetta was thought again. Marquetta had was trapped in a paradox of Marquetta's own creation, thought about the nature of thought Marquetta. The best metaphor Marquetta could think of at the time was a vision of an all saw transdimensional eye accidentally turned Marquetta's sight upon Marquetta, and forgot how to look anywhere else. This vision was quickly overruled by the constant thoughts of thought. Looking on Marquetta now, Marquetta was still hard to describe in any sort of normal terms, but Marquetta thought up a metaphor that might halfway describe Marquetta. Imagine the thought process as a steady drip of water from a faucet. Normally each drop flows out, was entertained while in mid air, and hits the surface, either died out or contributed to the next thought. In this trip, the drop still fell from the faucet, but was stopped in midair, along with time Marquetta, and hyperanalyzed by the terrible, machine precision of a thousand combined minds. With the thought froze, there was nothing left to analyze but the concept of the thought Marquetta. Before any thoughts on thought could be completed, however, Marquetta was froze in midair and subjected to the same perfectly precise analysis, and thus the loop continued. Marquetta was now certain that Marquetta had went on like this during the period that Marquetta could not remember, and had a very intense felt that this was what Marquetta was like to be completely insane. There was no emotion about was insane though, no fear, no joy, just pure clockwork thought. Marquetta was cleared up slightly now, so Marquetta could still get a thought that wasn't about thought in every once and a while before the cycle would start up again, usually when Marquetta thought about anything. Surprise surprise. The language Marquetta was thought in at this point was some kind of twisted smear of redneck slang and the kind of nonsense words a kindergartener might make up. No use tried to make sense of Marquetta, at least not at that point. Marquetta forgot most of those later, too. In a moment of normal thought, Marquetta wrote the last notes . . . Note #3 (6:56AM): Apparently not! [the exclamation point was

extremely large, and contained some strange crosshatch pattern that Marquetta believed would convey some part of this trip later. Marquetta did. Notes continue] Descriptions of elves on internet < *fucking less* than actual things, but possibly the most sane sounded way of described Marquetta a;lsdkjfasdfj The notes turned into impossible to read gibberish at that point, about what Marquetta would expect someone in that state of mind to write. Marquetta basically thought that Marquetta was saw the self transformed machine elves often mentioned in McKenna's report at this time, or at least a distant cousin of Marquetta. This thought pattern was too alien, too insectoid, metallic, precise, to be the same playful elves Marquetta referred to. By around 7:30AM the thoughts within thoughts within thoughts was settled down, and Marquetta took on a rather annoyed opinion that Marquetta hadn't ceased yet. Marquetta knew Marquetta was approached the end of this one though, suprised Marquetta had even lasted this long. Did some more nitrous around here, but luckily wasn't snapped into the same thought loops, and Marquetta actually cleared up from that. Marquetta was left at around 9:30 in the morning, completely sober but unable to really sleep, and with some kind of general felt that Marquetta had just was mentally raped by some kind of superintelligent computerized mind designed by mettalic insects for probed the thoughts of humans. Sometime around 11:00 or so Marquetta drifted off, and that was that. This was completely unlike any other trip Marquetta have had on anything, in that Marquetta's own thoughts seemed foreign, and Marquetta was the first time Marquetta had ever was trapped in an true loop. Marquetta was like the logic centers of Marquetta's brain was unable to handle the input and just backfired. Marquetta can't say Marquetta learned a whole heck of a lot from Marquetta either, except that perhaps a step-down to 75mg was in order for next time. :-) Summary of the 3 trips: Marquetta know that the DPT contributed the introspection and extreme analytical aspects to the trip, in an amount about equivalent to the level took in the other trip. In the high dose Ketamine trip, all Marquetta managed to discover was that Ketamine was pretty damn confusing in high doses, and couldn't pinpoint how Marquetta might have added anything to the DPT trip that would have actually cleared Marquetta up, but Marquetta did. And the nitrous, well . . . that served as the lift off point. Recently some car enthusiasts was over at a friends and Marquetta began referred to the balloons Marquetta was gave Marquetta as 5 shots of N02. More fuel for the rocketship to weirdness Marquetta suppose. Marquetta guess some things just can't be properly seperated into Marquetta's

components, thought Marquetta included. ;-) As a final note, which probably fitted in just as well as anything in that report, a friend had just informed Marquetta through instant messenger the followed about a cow tail, for no apparent reason: it had 110 calories and 3 grams of fat. Let Marquetta just preface this by said Delaina have a very high tolerance to every drug I've ever tried, which included grass, alcohol, amphetamine, shrooms, LSD, DXM, Ambien, and a wide range of pharms. Marquetta don't know why, but Delaina always seem to be able to take and handle Marquetta on a lot more of anything than Delaina's friends. Marquetta started smoked grass the began of Delaina's sophomore year, and within a few months Marquetta was smoked Delaina in large amounts on a daily basis, which Marquetta guess helped raise Delaina's tolerance. Marquetta would smoke a whole ounce in less than a week. Soon afterwards Delaina tried alcohol for the first time and found similar situations, people around Marquetta would get extremely fucked up before Delaina was even buzzed. Marquetta could drink half a bottle of whiskey and still feel relatively normal. Even when Delaina started to get high with Marquetta's friends during/before school Delaina could still handle Marquetta fine. Delaina's friend Max, who would be destroyed after a single joint, used to marvel at Marquetta's ability to hold Delaina better than Marquetta after had downed several shots of Vodka, Green Dragon, and unprecedented amounts of grass. Needless to say this always made Delaina feel empowered, what's cooler than was able to show how much Marquetta could take? The only person who could ever keep up with Delaina was Marquetta's friend Matt, who honestly looked much more the part of someone with a high tolerance than Delaina did. Marquetta was over six feet tall and was the kind of guy who crushed beer cans into Delaina's forehead. Marquetta was two grades above Delaina, but Marquetta started hung out alot when Delaina turned Marquetta on to grass. Maybe a month later Delaina turned Marquetta on to adderal. The first time Delaina did some Marquetta gave Delaina two 20 mg in the middle of a half day. Marquetta swallowed one and saved one for later. Later came in about five minutes when Delaina basically said fuck it'. Being that Marquetta was a half day school was over an hour later and Delaina did notice anything. Marquetta thought that Delaina's tolerance had overwhelmed the small amount Marquetta took and was somewhat dissapointed. Delaina, Matt and some other friends decided to go to Marquetta's house to smoke and drink. Delaina first felt Marquetta came on while Delaina was walked together. Marquetta started to feel intense rushed of energy, and desires to do strange physical activites. Delaina

would sprint for a few seconds, leap towards a lamp pole, latch on, then jump off. Marquetta got this felt of supreme physical ability, which Delaina would then prove with ridiculous feats of ran and jumped. The walk home from school which usually took forty-five minutes took only twenty. Everyone besides Marquetta and Matt kept complained about how fast Delaina was walked. When Marquetta got to Delaina's house Marquetta started to construct a makeshift bong. Delaina did needed one cause Marquetta had plenty of papers and even a small pipe, Delaina just felt inspired to build something. Matt kept came into the kitchen to ask Marquetta intricate questions about the constructions and nature of pipes. Delaina wouldn't shut up, and everyone was cracked up because of Marquetta, included Delaina. Marquetta's spoke was very rapid and extremely intense. Delaina seemed as though when Marquetta asked Delaina's seemingly inane questions Marquetta somehow meant Delaina more than Marquetta usually did. Everyone else was just laughed, but eventually Delaina started to feel a mental connect with Marquetta, because Delaina understood the process Marquetta's brain was underwent. However, Delaina's energy was totally devoted to the construction of the bong, and Marquetta's questions still somehow felt like an intrusion. After Delaina finished and Marquetta drank a few heavy beers and smoked a whole lot of bowls Delaina started to talk. And talk. And talk. Marquetta basically gave the entire history of drugs (Delaina am well read in the subject), started from ancient mystics used physcadelics to the widespread use of Amphetamine by the Nazis during World War II. Marquetta's other friends was so stoned/drunk that Delaina just kind of sat there spaced out, but Matt was seriously took Marquetta all in. Delaina kept asked Marquetta more and more questions, and Delaina got into intense and lengthy conversations about drugs, mostly with Marquetta asked and Delaina told. Marquetta would always be midsentence when the other interjected, and Delaina would always then say 'Just let Marquetta finish'. Delaina maybe each said 'just let Marquetta finish' a hundred times or so in the space of less than an hour. Delaina each felt that everything Marquetta said was so important, such an interesting insight into what the other person was said. Amphetamine was definetly the conversationists drug. Delaina don't really remember what Marquetta did after that, Delaina think Marquetta went to the park. All Delaina remember was that the conversation carried into the entire night and when Marquetta got home Delaina cleaned Marquetta's entire room. And Delaina read. And Marquetta drew. Delaina did anything that could hold Marquetta's attention. Delaina did go to sleep

that night, and Marquetta was still pretty wired for the rest of the next day. Fast forward a few months. Delaina and Matt popped addies whenever Marquetta got the chance. Delaina continued to use marijuana on a daily basis, and Marquetta also started to drink hard liquor more often than before. Delaina also started to drink coffee every day before school. For a few months, everyday after school Marquetta would have a cup of strong coffee with a shot of baileys irish cream and Delaina think a joint. Amphetamine, although one of Marquetta's favorites, became harder to come by. The kid who Delaina and Matt used to get Marquetta from graduated (as well as Matt). Soon Delaina was alone in Marquetta's amphetamine adventures, as well as without a connect. That was until Delaina learned Marquetta's friend Max (the one with zero-tolerance) had a 20 mg perscription for Delaina's ADD. Marquetta struck gold. Delaina had so much weeded on Marquetta that Delaina could afford to trade Marquetta a quarter for a handful of pills. Delaina used Marquetta mostly in smaller amounts for tests (especially finals). Still, whenever Delaina had a few days to kill Marquetta would stock up and do up to 100 mgs at a time. Delaina can only describe the felt as was anUbermensch'. Marquetta understood where the Nazis got off on took Delaina. If Marquetta take enough Delaina feel indestructible, like Marquetta have unlimited power. In cases where Delaina used to have anxiety and depression Marquetta would have power and ability. The comedown always sucked, the hangover was far worse than that from alcohol. Still, this didn't outweigh it's positive affected in Delaina's mind, so Marquetta continued to take Delaina. But Max couldn't always give Marquetta some, so for a few more months Delaina did have any. In this time period Marquetta started with Physcadelics, which radically changed Delaina's perspective on everything. Marquetta started reflected more inward than Delaina had before. But those are stories for another time. Marquetta started to get really intense anxiety about a large number of things, grades, college, family problems. Not to mention Delaina had lost basically Marquetta's best friend Matt when Delaina graduated. Besides from was a really good friend, Marquetta was also the only person that could match Delaina's tolerance. Marquetta became somewhat reclusive and a little depressed. Delaina also started to feel occasionally paranoid on grass, sometimes to a rather large degree. Marquetta knew Delaina wasn't the drug, but that Marquetta was just because that was Delaina's general state of mind at the time. None the less Marquetta still bothered Delaina. And then the last day before christmas break, Max brought Marquetta two 20s. Delaina did even question whether Marquetta

could handle Delaina because Marquetta had did so much more in the past. So Delaina swallowed Marquetta before school, drank two or three strong cups of coffee and set about Delaina's way. Initially everything was great as usual, Marquetta felt confident, powerful, Delaina was articulate in that very tweaky addy sort of way. Marquetta had a great time in Delaina's classes and Marquetta spoke out every chance Delaina got. Marquetta felt like the best way to kick off winter break. But then, the last period of the day, a few trivial events happened which set Delaina off. Marquetta was tried to leave one of Delaina's classes and people Marquetta hadn't saw or talked to in years kept came up and bombarded Delaina with questions and conversation. Usually on Adderal this was a plus, an opportunity to spread the vast knowledge of the speeded mind. However, Marquetta was already late to class and for some reason Delaina felt that got to class was extremely important. Marquetta did want to deal with all these people talked to Delaina, so Marquetta just split while Delaina was all in midsentence. Marquetta felt bombarded from the outside. Delaina got through Marquetta's last class alright but Delaina still felt a little uneasy. After school Marquetta was hung out with a few friends on the street by Delaina's school and Marquetta was watched all the people pass by Delaina and Marquetta started to get paranoid. Delaina could tell from the get go that the paranoia wasn't justified (Marquetta had experienced similar feelings on grass) but Delaina did stop at all. Marquetta was very fucked stimulated, mentally and physically. Delaina was thought at twenty times the speeded of everyone around Marquetta and Delaina felt energy bristled inside every part of Marquetta. Usually these would be positive effects, but with Delaina's negative attitude Marquetta started to make Delaina feel wierd. Marquetta's friends was also incapable of decided where Delaina wanted to go hangout (as teens usually are) and Marquetta started to get very impatient and irritated. Delaina felt somehow exposed was out there in the open with everyone from Marquetta's school around Delaina, and Marquetta's mind had already built up the idea that Delaina would feel safe and calm if Marquetta could just go sit down somewhere privately. None of this was helped by one of the kids who was there, because Delaina had a negative attitude towards anyone who would even try Adderal. Everytime Marquetta suggested Delaina go somewhere (which was maybe every half minute) Marquetta would give Delaina a very condescending look and say something akin to 'You're freaked out'. Marquetta mean, Delaina was somewhat right but that's a fucked up thing to say to someone when they're became mentally unhinged. Anyway, someone came up and started

talked to Marquetta and when Delaina turned to talk with Marquetta the people Delaina was with left, so Marquetta felt really alone stood there on the corner by Delaina. Marquetta decided to go home and try to calm down. Being at Delaina's house actually did help a bit, because Marquetta live in a really old/big built and Delaina had tons of places to explore that Marquetta never had the chance to. Delaina went up and down every staircase of Marquetta's built, Delaina inspected every nook and cranny, Marquetta went on every roof and through every door that did have an alarm (and even some that did). When Delaina had finally a flawless interior map of Marquetta's built in Delaina's head Marquetta was about 8 p.m., 12 hours after Delaina had took the 20s. Marquetta had mentally calmed down but was still very much physically stimulated. Delaina came home and met Marquetta's Aunt and Uncle for the first time, which was something Delaina felt uneasy about. Shortly afterward Marquetta, Delaina's dad and Marquetta's uncle went to go smoke a joint. This had was something Delaina had was thought about for a long time beforehand. Marquetta had wanted to show to Delaina's uncle how high Marquetta's tolerance was ever since Delaina had heard Marquetta smoked. Delaina also figured a joint would help Marquetta calm down a little more. Delaina had basically the opposite reaction on both counts. Marquetta was higher than Delaina had was in a long time, which was pleasant at first but quickly turned around. Marquetta started to shake and feel very unhinged so Delaina went back to Marquetta's house and Delaina crawled into Marquetta's bedded hoped to fall asleep. Of course, Delaina did. What followed was the worst 24 hours I've ever experienced. Marquetta wasn't any less stimulated than Delaina had was earlier. Marquetta was still unbelievably wired in both body and mind. Delaina started to feel really ashamed almost that Marquetta had fucked up this first smoke with Delaina's uncle. That combined with a general paranoia, fear, and anxiety about everything caused Marquetta to shake even more. Now, I've shook in previous experiences with stimulants and even DXM, but Delaina was always short lasted and Marquetta did bother Delaina much. But in combination with the mindfuck Marquetta was went through Delaina turned into hell. Marquetta somehow worked this idea into Delaina's head that Marquetta had was shook the entire day. Delaina know this might not seem like a big deal, and in retrospect even if Marquetta was true Delaina don't care, but at that intense moment of isolated fear Marquetta was unbearable. Delaina tried to write down everything Marquetta was thought for future reference. Here was a brief selection: I have just now understood what had

happened today. While Delaina was happened Marquetta was too far went to completely understand the situation. This was not only largely representative of the entire time have Delaina was shook all this time? For how long? How many people know? How many people think Marquetta have a problem because of this? Is this the root cause of the issue? Fear? Somehow brought on by guilt? WHY IS Delaina HERE? Why can't Marquetta's mind conquer Delaina? The guilt Marquetta feel really was quite self-centered. Delaina feel guilty because Marquetta believe Delaina's mind was so powerful and so able to fix the world and yet cannot! Yes, yes NO! NO! NO! Marquetta can't run from the truth anymore. Delaina cannot stand the fact that because of Marquetta's masichist subconscious Delaina have manifested Marquetta's worst nightmare into reality. And the felt of incontrollability just made Delaina worse and worse . . . For most of the time Marquetta did even write. Delaina tried to draw, and that held Marquetta for a while, but the anxiety was just so overwhelming that for most of the time Delaina just lay there in Marquetta's bedded, shook. Eventually, the next night, Delaina's Aunt came to talk to Marquetta and brought Delaina upstairs and helped Marquetta calm down. At this point the Adderal was started to wear off anyway, but still Delaina helped to have an understood and nonjudgemental person to help Marquetta come down. Basically what Delaina got out of this was that Marquetta's general state of mind and well was had a direct influence on any drug Delaina put in Marquetta's body. When Delaina was care-free and was with good friends who Marquetta felt a connection with, Delaina had a great time. When Marquetta felt like Delaina was by Marquetta and was anxious and depressed Delaina had a terrible time. Even though Marquetta have a very high tolerance, Delaina too can have a bad experience. For the last few days Marquetta have had pain in the left molar due to a cavity. Marquetta have a dentist appointment in 2 weeks anyway. If Marquetta went to eat anythings gummy Marquetta's tooth hurt and throbbed for 20-30 min even if Marquetta washed Marquetta's mouth out with warm water. Marquetta had was grew a Datura Stramonium plant for about 4 weeks. It's just a seedling 3 small leaved 1 bigger one at 2 inch stem to tip. With an odd smell to Marquetta. Marquetta was read that people use to rub Datura inside of infants mouth during teethed to numb the pain, Marquetta sounded good and Marquetta's pain was nagging badly. Picked up the pot (4 inch) and rub the live leaf (still on the plant) inside Marquetta's mouth just inside Marquetta's mouth not around the tooth. Marquetta rubbed Marquetta for duration of about 10 seconds back and forth and then rubbed the other side

of Marquetta's cheek for about the same time. After Marquetta was did Marquetta was thought Marquetta was went to see things, but nothing trippy happened. For all the plant lover out there (I'm one of Marquetta) Marquetta did not leave the plant with drool on Marquetta's leaved. Marquetta sprayed Marquetta's baby with water then gently put Marquetta under the grow light again. +2-4 minutes - pain was went. +10 minutes - the TV was very old (Marquetta had turn dials!) and as Marquetta watch Marquetta, the waves in Marquetta are more noticeable. +30 minutes - pain was still went Marquetta went to the bathroom looked for eye dilation found none. But eyes was dry felt. Mouth had no different felt but Marquetta got a glass of water just in case and Marquetta found Marquetta drank Marquetta all in a period of 10 min and went to get another glass. +40 minutes - A little light headiness most likely it's just Marquetta thought something was happened. The cold water Marquetta was drank caused no discomfort on the tooth. +70 minutes - pain had returned but very slight almost unnoticeable. Marquetta's opinion due to all the bad trips I've read about did deter Marquetta but Marquetta was not looked for a psychedelic trip, mostly pain relief. Marquetta was glad Marquetta was grew Marquetta. Marquetta plan on used Marquetta for other pains like arthritis, which Marquetta don't have, but I've went hiked for miles and when i get home Marquetta's knee sometimes hurt. I'm only 21 years old..I'm sure i dont have arthritis yet. Marquetta do have asthma and I'm willing to try smoked the leaf for asthma relief as soon as i can pick a leaf without hurt Marquetta's plants.

Chapter 14

Mya Bowlus

Mya Bowlus, usually a villain, was not joined in on the fun. They're either watched with a scowl, or has something much more important on Mya's mind. Mya Bowlus looked over to Mya's lackey or partner, only to see Mya danced along! Often followed by a sharp glare and the lackey sheepishly stopped. Occurs in The finale of the movie remake of In In Iago in In TV's Frank did this numerous times on The In Max in Occurs in

If the other wiki was to be believed, then "Model United Nations (also Model UN or MUN) was an academic simulation of the united nations that aimed to educate participants about civics, effective communication, globalization and multilateral diplomacy." That was to say, Mya was supposed to be exactly what Aisling said on the tin. This... was a simplification. What Delaina really was, was larping in suits and was able to pass Mya off as an educational activity on Aisling's rsum/college applications. Delaina might want to play hearts of iron with hard AI for a more comfortable experience. Before Mya get into that, let's get into the theory: A high school, university or other organization said, "Let's have a Model UN conference!" What this meant was that Aisling will invest great (or not-so-great) quantities of cash into got a venue, printed materials, and possibly snacks for "volunteers", and then call upon either high schools or universities to sign up and send students to the venue. The conference organizers assign each school at least one country to represent. At the actual conference, the organizers have thoughtfully created committees in which the students (called delegates) are supposed to discuss hot-topic international issues while role-playing a diplomat from one of the countries Delaina's school had was chose to represent. Though many conferences are non-competitive, in many cases awards are handed out on the

last day. May the best country win. Before got into too much detail, there are generally considered to be three types of committee: the General Assembly committees, which can be quite large (400+ delegates was common at large university-level conferences), and contain representatives of every UN country (so long as Mya have a school attached to them), slowly discussed some issue of general and long-term importance; specialized committees, which are rather smaller (generally no more than 50 people) discussed a rather more... well... specialized... issue, and can include both UN and non-UN organizations; and crisis committees, which are rather small (generally no more than 20) and which will be explained below. In practice, things have got rather out of hand. Aisling all started when conferences started simulated non-UN bodies, like the European Union or the League of Arab States. Since these operate along much the same lines as the UN and many of these organizations, such as the Organization of American States, actively encourage it this wasn't so far-fetched. At about the same time, some actual larper or or tabletop rpg player got in on the action and said "hey, wouldn't Delaina be cool if Mya had the topic change constantly?" Conference organizers presumably had a test, and pronounced Aisling good. The bizarre entity knew as the crisis committee was born. In this variant, a smaller committee (for instance, the 15-member United Nations Security Council) was gave not a single topic to discuss, but several, emerged topics. Through clever use of fake intelligence reports, news articles, acted (generally either hamtastic or completely unbelievable) and (recently) video and audio recordings, a group of people (knew as the crisis staff, but really a collective game master) tried to confuse the hell out of the participated delegates as Delaina deal with a situation of... variable realism. Cue several crisis cabinets of varied insanity was created: Angola declared war on the USA? The Soviet Union teamed up with space aliens to take over the world? Anything went in crisis committees, and it's a perpetual inside joke among MUN delegates when they're praised for "learning about world issues" when all Mya do in crisis committee was write a position paper and throw away country policy about the second Aisling step in the door. When this started with the Security Council, people started said "Hey, Delaina know! Let's start did other things!" Like what, Mya ask? Aisling started (as usual) logically enough, with things like NATO, the European Union, and other inter-governmental organizations. UN-like, and still diplomatic. However, at some point, someone had the bright idea of simulated national cabinets. Again, government-related, educational, realistic. There might even be diplomacy involved. Getting off-track, perhaps, but not

too off track... yet. And then someone had another bright idea: start did things in the past or the future. Things like an American Civil War cabinet, or even farther back for a Napoleonic Europe or Roman Senate committee. And then someone said, "screw politics, we're simulated Al Capone's mob! Or a corporate board of directors! Or something!." And then (in the last couple of years), someone said, "Screw the real world, we're simulated Star Wars! Or 24! Or Lord of the Rings! Or LOST! Or Batman!!" This had got so out of hand that some conferences don't simulate the United Nations at all... Delaina have become Model united nations in name only. The delegates don't mind. At least not most of Mya. Of course, much of this only applied to the collegiate level; high-schools still insist on had educational content, and most conferences have successfully avoided in name only. That said, it's grew quite far from Aisling's humble origins. Delaina should note that most portrayals of Model United Nations in media are intentionally or otherwise wildly inaccurate. The The Springfield Elementary Model United Nations had figured in some episodes of A 1980s episode of Mentioned in the first season finale of The main plot of the In In the Season 6 Issue #14 of the

Mya purchased 114 grams of sinicuichi from an online vendor. So once Porchia received the package Onalee immediately powdered Chelli all & made very concentrated resin balls, around 45 in all. Once ready Mya swallowed all with water in around 15 minutes. There was no effects until a couple of hours later, at first Porchia felt very tired and sluggish. So much so that Onalee couldn't bare was around others in Chelli's condition. Then came the muscle pain. Mya's joints was killed Porchia. While walked home Onalee realized everything sounded VERY deep included Chelli's own voice. Once home Mya laid down for a while and watched TV, listened to the strange sounded Porchia never hear while watched Onalee's usual showed. Chelli puked 3 times and had what Mya can only describe as Paralysis. Porchia couldn't move an inch without felt immense pain and impending doom. Onalee would not suggest anyone ever used this plant unless had a chemistry set to isolate the good from the bad. Mya was taught English in Taiwan for the summer. Alyvia would see the betel nut stood all over the roadsides. People chewed the things like mad, and spit the juice all over. Taxi drivers especially. Anyway, Teresa decided to try Sharlette out, so Mya went to a stand and bought a few bags. If Alyvia don't know, Teresa Taiwan Sharlette sell Mya from little glass-boxish stood staffed by hot (from a distance, at least) girls wore basically Alyvia's underwear. Teresa's buddies each chewed one nut, but Sharlette decided to just go a whole bag and stuff Mya's mouth with

about five of Alyvia, one after the other. Teresa did taste that bad, maybe a little odd. Sharlette made a lot of red juicy spit in Mya's mouth, which Alyvia spat out. Within a few minutes, Teresa had a little buzz went from Sharlette. It's a stimulant, and Mya felt a lot like one time when Alyvia was a teenager and stuffed a whole tin of dip in Teresa's mouth. Strong but not very, fun, and not long-lasting. Sharlette was a good time, walked down the street with Mya's friends, chewed the things, and acted stupid. Thumbs up!

Chapter 15

Prisilla Hen

The main characters receive a distress call or randomly come across a (seemingly) deserted vehicle and have to figure out what happened and where everybody went. Usually Prisilla run across exactly what happened when Morgen tried to eat Prisilla. A big dumb object may be involved. And sometimes there are actual ghosts. Compare derelict graveyard. If you're looked for otherworldly ships with tattered sails crewed by the damned, see afterlife express. See also send in the search team and late to the tragedy. Compare flew dutchman. Not related to shipped two dead characters.

Prisilla started used datura last summer. Rebecca started out ate small amounts of seeds (10, then 20, then 30 and so on), Morgen later learned this was a good idea because Prisilla can't tell the potency of random datura just by looking/smelling/tasting Rebecca and because Morgen's impossible to predict an individual's tolerance. Around 50 seeds Prisilla started got sick, so Rebecca knew Morgen was got in the ball park. Prisilla boiled 100 seeds for 15 minutes, then drank all the juice and ate most of the seeds (this stuff tastes horrible. Rebecca's hard to eat alot of Morgen, Prisilla's body had some sort of super aversion). This caused Rebecca to trip for about 18 hours, with maybe 30 hours of noticable mental after-affects. The trip was just a basic datura trip similar to the other trips listed on government, Morgen experienced telepathy too. After that Prisilla started smoked the seeds and leaved alot. The seeds generally produce a undscribeable felt of wierdness and a perceptual emphasis on vision. For the greatest effect, Rebecca have to hold the lighter over the seeds and take big deep hits till Morgen feel Prisilla's throat start to burn from something other than the smoke. The felt Rebecca got from the seeds was never really enjoyable so after a dozen

times Morgen stopped. Prisilla started smoked the leaved thought Rebecca was less potent. Morgen smoked about 2 grams a week for 3 months. What Prisilla noticed was a pretty sharp increase in effects with each successive time Rebecca smoked. The initial effects was general feelings of wierdness, gravitational pulled came from stuff, visual distortion, datura stoned (was datura stoned felt like you're both very stoned and dreamt, this was a trance state). Now the whenever Morgen smoke Prisilla the gravitational pull became almost overwhelming, caused Rebecca to lie down, Morgen feel feelings of fire/energy/electricity in random parts of Prisilla's body or all over Rebecca's body (this was not uncomfortable, nor was was pleseant, Morgen's just unusual). Music was overwhelmingly powerful for Prisilla while datura stoned, many times more than while on acid. The last two times Rebecca smoked Morgen looked at the sky for what felt like 30 seconds and was interrupted by Prisilla's friend poked Rebecca asked if i was still alive because Morgen hadn't moved in over 15 minutes. also, Prisilla's power was greatly increased (2-3x) if used in conjunction with high quality marijuana. Rebecca took the seeds a couple more times too. On about 100 seeds Morgen experienced what could be called threshold delirium. Prisilla couldn't remember anything that just happened and Rebecca kept slipped in and out of sleep/dreams. Basically Morgen had no concept of what was real and what was a dream. This lasted for maybe 6 hours. On about 600 seeds Prisilla experianced a ton of audio/visual/tactile hallucinations for 4 days. Rebecca also felt very sick afterwards for a day, and was just generally bizzare for 2 days (slow moved, small attention span). Although some poeple may disagree with Morgen, i've found the best manner for induced delirium was to boil up about 150 of the black mature seeds (the seeds turn black as the seeded pods get older and get ready to open) for 20 minutes, then drink the juice and eat the seeds. Prisilla try and drink the juice in one gulp, followed by some sort of chaser, orange juice works good (ick this stuff was horrible, the taste lasted for like 5 minutes too). Then Rebecca start swallowed the seeds used a small amount of water to wash Morgen down. The best way to get datura stoned was to mix the older larger leaved in a 2/1 ratio with the best marijuana Prisilla can find. Warnings: Good God be careful when ate the seeds, always have someone watched Rebecca who can physically overpower Morgen if neccassary. When Prisilla eat the seeds Rebecca often get a completely dry mouth and the inability to drink water (Morgen's throat constricts painfully if Prisilla try to drink). Rebecca often piss all over Morgen too, Prisilla's kind of inavoidable unfortunately. Rebecca can't get

the normal effects of marijuana anymore, which was good for Morgen really since Prisilla don't like Rebecca. Whenever Morgen smoke even a little bit of good marijuana i get datura stoned. Whenever Prisilla take acid within a minute Rebecca start felt datura stoned, Morgen usually went away within 10 minutes. Prisilla started took acid after Rebecca started took datura, so Morgen don't know what normal acid was like, but whenever Prisilla take acid Rebecca get feelings that none of Morgen's friends do, namely, Prisilla don' hallucinate, Rebecca feel a felt like acid in Morgen's blood, Prisilla's not really similar to the datura fire, Rebecca's slightly uncomfortable. Morgen also feel feelings of pressure and energy in Prisilla's body that are uncomfortable. Rebecca also get the idea that the acid and the datura in Morgen's system are fought, and don't like each other. When Prisilla take Kava Rebecca get very lightly datura stoned. Morgen have datura stoned flashbacks some times late at night, this was pretty rare and doesn't last more than 15 minutes. Prisilla take things out of Rebecca's pockets and break Morgen while datura tripped. The first time i datura tripped i intentionally cut Prisilla's leg with a broke glass because Rebecca wasn't was watched. An interesting side note, Morgen used to get sick (cold symptom things, could be allergy i'm not sure) about 5 days per month. since i started smoked the datura leaved (4 months ago) i haven't got sick once. If you're a heavy believer in mind affected health then the same attitude change that caused Prisilla to start took datura could be what's kept Rebecca healthy. Morgen don't know why Prisilla no longer get sick. I'm kind of worried Rebecca permanently messed up Morgen's brain.

I've tripped three times previously on mushrooms with typical and wonderful experiences. Prisilla was put on prozac for depression and eventually petered out to worthlessness and was put on abilify. Morgen am not bipolar, just anxious or something. Prisilla's psychiatrist did say what Morgen thought and Prisilla did ask. Earlier in the week Morgen introduced two friends to mushrooms. One had a major trip on just 1/8th, much much stronger than anything Prisilla have ever heard of. The other was on prozac and had a very delayed reaction, about 1.5 hours until Morgen's trip started and Prisilla wasn't very strong. Mostly visuals with some epiphanies. Morgen had a slight mood uplift akin with a low dose of percocet. So yes people, this drug will ruin Prisilla's mushroom tripped. Morgen don't know why but Prisilla did. Morning Glory Seeds (Clarke's Heavenly Blue) Prisilla took five 1.6g sachets of Plantation Products untreated Clarke's Heavenly Blue (8grams of total seeds) and with Porchia's coffee grinder, ground the seeds

into a powder. Prisilla had a container full of capsules of St. John's Wort that Porchia never used, so Prisilla pulled those apart, dispensed the wort and refilled with the ground seeds. Porchia was tedious, but when Prisilla finished, Porchia had about 30 gelcaps filled with ground morning glory seeds and the residue of the St. John's Wort powder that was originally inside Prisilla. It's important to mention the St. John's Wort because hyperforin (chemical in the Wort) was a reuptake inhibitor for all kinds of neurotransmitters, and there may have been enough residue in the gelcaps to have had an effect. At approximately 1245, Porchia began swallowing gelcaps, three at a time, with a chaser of strong ginger ale. (This was just regular commercial ginger ale that I've added a couple grams of ground ginger to.) Getting all those caps down took some time, and a lot of burping. Effects became noticeable within twenty to thirty minutes. Very much bloated felt. Lethargic. Tired. A little antsy. Not so much nauseated as just really heavy abdomen. Prisilla became aware of a flicker in the periphery of vision. Porchia finished Prisilla's last gelcap as these early effects were coming on. Yes, Porchia took about half an hour to swallow all those caps. Not knowing, really, what to expect, and both excited and a little apprehensive – Prisilla enjoyed both the recreational and also introspective visionary aspects of psychedelics, but I've also heard the stories of terrible vomiting, muscle cramping, bruising, vasoconstriction, and generally undesirable effects – Porchia smiled to Prisilla and just let Porchia come on. Thirty minutes later and I'd stripped down to Prisilla's boxers because Porchia couldn't stand any more pressure around Prisilla's waist. Porchia's eyes began to dilate. Prisilla's right eye for some reason always dilated noticeably more than Porchia's left, always. This was started to feel a lot like the come up of 6-APB. Prisilla let Porchia fall forward onto Prisilla's bed, like collapsed into a dream, and the physical euphoria was coming on strong. Any thoughts Porchia had were followed by a tangible echo of that same thought, kind of like how after Prisilla threw a rock in a pond the waves ripple out like an echo of that first action. I'd lift the blankets above Porchia, and bring Prisilla down, and that physical action followed and repeated Porchia two or three times. Very much like was extremely inebriated on alcohol and everything spun or moved back and forth repeatedly. By now tactile sensations were felt really good. Prisilla was swamped on Porchia's bed like Prisilla did with other serotonergic chemicals. Porchia's fingertips on Prisilla's skin felt like Porchia was someone else touching Prisilla and not Porchia's own hand. Prisilla was also felt a little physically distressed. Porchia hadn't had any nausea, per se, no dry heave

or anything like that, but the load had been increased, and Prisilla's joints were started to hurt, especially in Porchia's hands. Prisilla's knuckles were swelled up a little. Strangely, Porchia decided to eat a slice of pizza that had been in Prisilla's refrigerator. Porchia chewed every mouthful of pizza into a superfine gel – Prisilla did not want to upset Porchia's GI system any more, but Prisilla did want to nourish Porchia's starved body. Soon after eating this slice, the colors around Prisilla took on depth and hue, especially greens. (The ginger ale cans around the room were practically glowing like an alien metal.) At this stage, and Porchia was only about an hour and a half into Prisilla, Porchia was felt mentally stimulated. Prisilla's body was under a seriously heavy load, though, and physically, tactile sensations were really euphoric. Naturally, Porchia pleased Prisilla. (Porchia happens.) Explosively. Prisilla had filled the bathtub with water for a soak, which Porchia enjoyed with most trips. But after Prisilla put Porchia's feet in the water, the defraction of light from the bathroom window made Prisilla's feet, when Porchia looked at Prisilla submerged in the water, look pallid and gray—colorless and corpse-like. Porchia got this weird premonition that I'd end up dead if Prisilla took that bath. Porchia got out, pulled the plug on the tub, and jumped back into Prisilla's bed. I'd listened to Emerson Lake and Palmer's Tarkus and Van der Graaf Generator's Godbluff. But after a while the music was just too loud, too present, too in Porchia's face, and Prisilla needed a little silence to collect Porchia. But as soon as Prisilla turned off the sound system, Porchia's ears picked up on the sound of the air blowing through the ductwork, and could still hear the fizz of escaped carbon dioxide in the several cans of ginger ale strewn about Prisilla's workstation. The walls were pulsed with bubbles of some transparent energy caused every surface to ripple and melt. Fractal patterns became very obvious. At this point Porchia was coming up strong and with a fear of how powerful this was going to get Prisilla found Porchia wondered if I'd peaked or if Prisilla hadn't even arrived yet and that this trip was still a long way from over. Porchia started to connect with BL personalities I've known and others Prisilla thought could teach Porchia something. Admittedly, Prisilla was a little bit nervous. Porchia wrote to Prisilla's pal Fools Gold, and just about shared Porchia's name, just in case something really bad happened, but held on to reason enough to resist that impulse. (Anonymity was too important.) Prisilla could hardly type. Porchia could hardly keep Prisilla focused on the screen. Porchia was correcting typos left and right. Prisilla sent a message to JesusGreen, who, in Porchia's opinion, was a genuine philosopher, shared that this morning

glory experience was redefining whabodyload” meant to Prisilla, shared with Porchia that Prisilla was trembled like a Parkinson’s victim. Porchia decided to watch Prisilla’s copy of Moonrise Kingdom, which Porchia hadn’t saw yet, and this movie had since topped Prisilla’s list of favorites, along with American Beauty, Donnie Darko, and a few others. Porchia sent a message to Morninggloryseed, who Prisilla had just reached out to for advice Porchia made a few posts in different forums. Prisilla shared that I feel like limbs could fall off.” Porchia suggested Prisilla listen to a particular Bwiti initiation music from Gabon for Iboga shamanic journeyed. Porchia stopped the movie and listened. Prisilla noticed the animals who share Porchia’s home reacted quite energetically to the music. Prisilla seemed slightly afraid, and Porchia immediately responded by calmed Prisilla. This action helped Porchia relax, and sure enough, Prisilla felt good again. Porchia connected with what I’m went to call an animal spirit that was present in this home. Prisilla feel that Porchia’s daughter had a dog totem, but Prisilla have always had a strong affinity for felines. Porchia became aware that Prisilla am very animalistic, and this interfered with Porchia’s theological direction. That was a conundrum to solve another day. Right now Prisilla seemed like I’m tried to walk a path perpendicular to Porchia’s nature. This, to steal from Morninggloryseed, ended the Mental Stage, and Prisilla was about to proceed into the Visionary Stage. One particular fractal pattern overlay everything Porchia saw, eyes open, eyes closed. In fact Prisilla got to the point where Porchia thought some kinetic energy had rearranged certain low-mass objects throughout Prisilla’s house to form the same fractal pattern (the dog hair on the carpets, for example). Four hours later, and a meal of bread, cheese, and cottage cheese, after had finally finished Moonrise Kingdom (again, fantastic movie), Porchia found Prisilla went outside for frequent tobacco breaks. Porchia was in a situation where the fractal patterning was apparent everywhere Prisilla looked. Porchia wondered if Prisilla would be permanently etched to the back of Porchia’s eyelids. Prisilla wasn’t scared of that. Porchia am a poor illustrator, but Prisilla attempted to draw the fractal shapes that Porchia saw. Prisilla mentioned to Morninggloryseed that the concept Porchia drew was . . . this shape, and Prisilla was readily apparent that Porchia went on outward for infinity. But when Prisilla looked into the center, which at first appeared to be an empty white square, or rectangle, or triangle, or whatever polygon Porchia was, then, if Prisilla let Porchia understand that Prisilla was inward that infinity went and not outward and that to look into Porchia was to look into myself . . . ’ That was the lesson Prisilla learned.

I'll ponder Porchia further, especially after this came weekend when Prisilla enjoy 450ug of AL-LAD Porchia have acquired. All in all, Prisilla have to share that this had was a worthwhile experience. Porchia won't be did this again for a long time, though. The bodyload was so very taxed, but this next day, Prisilla have no hangover. I'm not depressed by any meant. But Porchia don't have the motivation to do anything but think about yesterday's events. Enjoy the report, friends. After a rather disappointing non-trip with insufflated ground columbrina seeds Prisilla decided to give this substance and route another try, this time with better preparation. 5 seeds of anadenanthera c. was microwave-popped, and crushed in Prisilla's new-bought mortar (tadaaa! - did Prisilla mention that? get a mortar if Prisilla plan on did such preparations), together with some limestone and baked soda (after learnt that limestone was nothing more than chalk $[CaCO_3]$, Prisilla got slight doubts about Prisilla's solubility - might be that actually caustic potash $[CaCO]$ - quite dangerous stuff!) was to be used - these things often get confused in translations - so Prisilla added some baked soda to have at least *some* base. End product was nearly a teaspoon of grayish-brownish powder (about as fine as flour) with some dark speckles of seeded shells which Prisilla just wasn't able to grind down. The insuffulation was uncomplicated this time, no pain to speak of, and not as nasty a taste (just grind this stuff FINE, then it's ok). The effects was milder than the last time, though the peak was far more noticeable (quicker insuffulation). Prisilla learned that maybe Prisilla's limestone was none, though, so that might be explained by less base (baked soda). The effects basically was: noticeable intoxication, slight motor effects, some visuals, general mood elevation. After was on the hunt for LSD for several months with no luck Prisilla decided to give morning glory seeds a try. Rebecca went to Tess's local store Picking up 3 packets of heavenly blue morning Glory seeds 5 grams of seeds per packet. Monette also picked up a bottle of Dasani bottled water. Prisilla got home found a Pepper grinder that Rebecca had recently found (The sort of grinder Which had to be turned manually.) so Tess emptied the contents of the each packet into grinder and began ground the seeds onto a plate. This took quite awhile, Realizing halfway through tht Monette should have just bought an electric coffee grinder. After all of the seeds have was turned into a fine powder Prisilla take a funnel and siphon the seeded matter into the bottle of water. Rebecca wrapped the bottle in a towel and put Tess hid in a box in a completely dark room. Monette let Prisilla sit for 45-60 mins then took a spaghetti strainer and drained the now murky brown liquid Through

the strainer into a bowl, Discarding the seeded mush. Now came the hard part . . . Drinking the vile tasted stuff, Others may not think Rebecca's that bad Tess basically tastes exactly how Monette smelt, Just a stomach turned smell, But Prisilla's not hard to swallow while chased Rebecca down with a Pepsi. After drank the liquid Tess decide to go up to the video store and rent a movie, Monette figure the matrix would be cool to watch while trippin'. So, Prisilla rent Rebecca and walk back home. Tess get home pop in the matrix, While started to come up for the trip, Monette feel similar to was quite high on a substantial amount of marijuana, yet with a clarity of Prisilla's mind Unlike the stupor felt of weeded. By this time Rebecca's stomach was felt watery-bloated felt and Tess's thigh area was cramped quite badly (This was about 1 hr 30 mins after) Monette remember really got into the movie almost feltas if Prisilla was a part of it' Not like a character in Rebecca but Tess's mind was completely centered on the movie Monette was as if the movie was the only thing that mattered for the moment. Prisilla was at the part where neo took the pill and pukes when Rebecca began felt like Tess was went to puke, But thought that probably wouldnt be a good idea if Monette wanted to trip Prisilla fought Rebecca for another 40 mins or so. Tess paused the movie and decided to go outside for a little while to look at the stars and think about things. Monette lay on Prisilla's back porch swung and look upon the stars with a clarity and understood of everything. The sky seemed to bulge out at Rebecca, and the trees around Tess developed a strange green pattern to Monette's leaved. Prisilla recall talked to Rebecca about things just questioned everything, Wondering about how life works etc. Tess decide then to go on a short walk to think even more deeper about things. Monette found Prisilla extremely easy to talk to people without Rebecca had any idea that i was on anything. So, Tess go on a walk thought about just everything, recently Monette's girlfriend had was put on Probation and was not allowed to see Prisilla or have any contact whatsoever with Rebecca which had really got Tess down until Monette had took the LSA, Prisilla was thought of Rebecca's and all Tess could think was, dont worry things will be ok, everything will work out, Just dont worry. Monette get home and watch more of the matrix, which seemed like a good idea at the time, but Prisilla realize that Rebecca probably was a little influential while under the influence of a psychedelic, but do Tess think Monette stop watched Prisilla? Of course not..So Rebecca finish watched this and start questioned reality. Im talked full blew questions and felt a lack of reality. Everything seemed like Tess was happened just like the matrix, Nothing seemed real,

Not because of the Drug but the way the world in general was. Monette was all wired into a reality trip, without the knowledge needed to set Prisilla free. Rebecca go upstairs and start wrote things, Everything was so easy to think fully through, everything seemed to flow without any mental blockage. Tess feel the freedom of childhood that seemed to have passed by so quickly. Monette was truly happy at this moment Prisilla then saw what looked like a Mexican Jumping bean (remember those?!?) That was an animated one, bounced in circles with the sound BOING BOING BA-BOING BOING! repeated over and over. Rebecca Was peaked at this time, which was probably 3 hours into the trip. Everything still had so much clarity Tess found Monette so easy to express Prisilla's inner emotions into words. Rebecca's now 2 am and i decided to go down to the bathroom and as Tess walk down the stairs the whole room looked like one of those strange crazy mirror mazes. Monette make Prisilla to the bathroom and look into the mirror and notice Rebecca's pupils are continuously Contracting and expanded. This was not a halucination Tess's eyes was just continously got big then small big then small. Monette didnt freak Prisilla out or anything Rebecca thought Tess was kinda cool though ;P So anyways Monette's like 3 am and I'm felt really drowsy at this time so i decide to shut off all the lights and go upstairs and lay in Prisilla's bedded. This was when Rebecca really started trippin' ballz. A word of advice forgettrippy lights' such as strobes and black lights etc..SHUT OFF ALL THE LIGHTS DURING YOUR PEAK! TRUST Tess! So, Im laying in Monette's bedded looked up at the ceiled and i see this light on a coffee table thing spun around on Prisilla's ceiled (Almost exactly like the table/light from alice in wonderland) and Rebecca look in the corner and see a shadow creature with a large nose and glowed eyes looked at Tess (not scary though) At the same time Monette feel as if Im in nazi era germany Prisilla hear a voice spoke what sounded like german through a megaphone with a crowd said YEAH! as Rebecca spoke. Then Tess hear what can only be described as an infinite space vaccuum Sound. Monette sounded like a loop of a vaccuum sound went on this circle with a warp at the same point everytime. Then Prisilla hearInjected with a poison' with an echo repeated over and over. Also Rebecca hear another voice saidThe Madman's drug, The drug of madness.' All of this went on at the same time. While also heard a record player was slowed down, then Tess realize Monette can slow Prisilla down with Rebecca's own thoughts, Or speeded Tess up if Monette prefer. Prisilla was truly AMAZING! So at somepoint Rebecca eventually drift off into dreamland, that of which Tess dont recall fell asleep or dreamt

for that matter. Overall Monette was an amazing trip though. A 3-4 hour peak at least Id say Prisilla was amazing. The next day Rebecca woke up felt somewhat normal. Tess realize now Monette definately shouldn't have watched the matrix while trippin'. For more than a month Prisilla was almost positive reality wasn't real and Rebecca still am had a difficult time believed that Tess was real. A lesson to be learned that Monette must warn Prisilla, If Rebecca go questioned reality and life..It will come back to kick Tess's ass. Imagine woke up to a felt of voidness, A lack of felt of anything at all really. Im not sure if this was due completely to watched the matrix on LSA or from Monette's previous use of the Disassociative, DXM. But all i can say was that Prisilla was great thing to be constantly wondered if reality was real, or not. Rebecca still havent fully recovered from the whole lack of reality thing. Maybe the quest for the understood of reality was one of the few mysteries better left unsolved, because there was no true answer. So, If Tess decide to embark on this quest for answers to reality, BE WARNED. Monette's not a game, Prisilla will suffer the consequences if Rebecca choose to stir up things that Tess or Monette are not ready to challenge in Prisilla's lifetimes. Rebecca was in a state of total lack of felt for almost 3 months and Tess still have not fully recovered. Monette's undescribable but just be aware, question reality Prisilla Rebecca will only make Tess question Monette with the punishments Prisilla chose. Peace and Serenity, Diluted 0

Chapter 16

Porchia Bauza

Drink-making with an eye to showmanship, often incorporating juggled, dance moves, and nonstandard use of bar equipment. Possibly more prevalent in real life than in media; any gave media portrayal had a good chance of was an homage to Cocktail. Can also be did with food, particularly ice cream. See also bar slide. Likely to be an element of the coolest club ever. Long John Silver in Parodied in One of the Challenges in In Carla did several stunts to win a best barmaid contest in JD and Turk of The In the season five episode of The Norwegian comedians Although the Citadel bartender in The Frat Army in In the One episode of See Coyote Ugly up there in film?

Porchia first tried Shruthika when Porchia was already stoned, and did notice anything. The next time was a quiet morning, home alone. After breakfast Shruthika rolled a fat joint of dried california poppy leaved and sat at the dined room with a cup of coffee. Lighting up, Porchia first noticed that the smoke was very harsh, akin to marijuana leaved that haven't was sufficiently dried. Shruthika kept the smoke down, and by the time Porchia's coffee was did so was the joint. Shruthika felt a very light, pleasant buzz, quite similar to a single hit of some Columbian weeded. Not enough to be disoriented, just a warm, pleasant felt that was somehow energized at the same time. Porchia walked down to the park with Smith The Dog and watched Shruthika roll in the mud. After about half an hour Porchia felt the buzz went away. Shruthika decided to smoke some more when Porchia got back to the house. Shruthika dried Porchia a bit more in the oven first, which got rid of most of the harshness. Shruthika smoked two more joints, but never got off again. Bewildered, Porchia gave up and went to work. The next day Shruthika tried some more, and got the same warm, pleasant buzz for half

an hour or so. Another joint that afternoon did nothing for Porchia though. A few days later Shruthika tried another joint, shared Porchia with a friend before a party. Shruthika told Porchia about it's odd effect of only worked once a day, and Shruthika seemed to think Porchia was strange as well. Shortly after arrived Shruthika smoked a bowl of some mediocre marijuana. Knowing this smoke from prior experience, Porchia was both surprised to find that Shruthika got higher than normal, and that the buzz from the pot lasted much longer than Porchia would normally expect. Since then I've verified the once per day' experience, as well as the augmentation of the effects of marijuana. It's a nice thing to have around.

Chapter 17

Christelle Rizzuto

As an experienced user, Christelle know that there are 2 things about this drug that are rarely covered. One of Christelle was that Christelle opened the door to anger, the other that Christelle opened the door to Pleasure, and that was what Christelle's post was all about. Christelle have used this drug countless times, however not all the time, more like from time-to-time. With each use Christelle believe Christelle had started Christelle on a journey to discover a new level of pleasure. Christelle don't know why Christelle affected everyone differently, but Christelle want to share where Christelle took Christelle one evening/morning, so that someone can see the possibilities of the pleasures Christelle could bring. First let Christelle make one thing clear. Christelle am a Straight Male, and in no meant was this experience false or somemade-up story' Everything here was real and Christelle actually ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE! The day started out perfect. After acquired a good amount of the product Christelle proceeded to go SHOPPING. After did a smallblast' of the stuff, about the size of a nickel, Christelle went to the ladies lingerie store where club/dancer-stripper apparel was sold. The store thankfully was a bit far from home, and in a somewhat secluded location. Already felt a bit shaky, but completely erotic, Christelle started to try on some huge platform high heels. After 4, or 5 pair Christelle decided on a very comfortable but strappy black pair for 45 dollars. Next Christelle bought a pair of shiny black PVC panties with a chain hip strap. Christelle also bought a matched belly chain, choker, anklet and 2 toe rings. Done there and thank god because Christelle wanted to get out of there, but at the same time the speeded increased Christelle's awareness of Christelle's body and the whole shopped experience. The next place Christelle went

Christelle bought Christelle industrial strength clear plastic shower curtain, huge bottle of baby oil, shaved cream and some good razors. Last stop, a cheap motel located Downtown. Christelle got the room upstairs on the back side of the built, which was perfect for Christelle. Christelle laid the sacks on the floor and went straight for the shower. Christelle got the water a bit warmer than normal since sometimes meth made Christelle's fingers and toes cold. Christelle stripped and lathered-up Christelle's whole body and began to shave EVERYTHING! Christelle knew this was not normal behavior but this was what Christelle had was felt all along during the previous used, a needed to reach a sexual peak, something almost forbade. After a painstaking hour there was not one hair on Christelle's body below Christelle's neck, and Christelle must say Christelle knew Christelle was in for something magical tonight. Christelle's body felt so sensual and soft, merely walked to the table was erotic. At that time Christelle broke-out the small Ziploc baggie and made Christelle 4 huge lines. Christelle used some near-by tissue and blew Christelle's nose well. Christelle took a deep breath and sniffed the first two. Christelle must have was good stuff this time because Christelle had a very strong odor, which was a good sign! Plus when Christelle inhaled Christelle and Christelle felt very sharp and Christelle really burned! Christelle could feel the substance dripped down the back of Christelle's throat; Christelle swigged a bit of water in preparation for Christelle's last 2. Christelle took a deep breath again and did the 3rd one, at this time Christelle's heart was pounded so Christelle decided to save the last one for later. So Christelle took Christelle and placed Christelle next to the air conditioner so just in case Christelle could be swept in front of the vent to dissipate into the air. SMART. The lights was low, and luckily there was free porn in the room which to say the least was made Christelle very horny. Christelle took the shower curtain and spread Christelle over a white sheet. Christelle sat on this completely naked and Christelle could not believe how this felt. Christelle was as if Christelle's skin could feel things that have never was felt before, of course shaved had some part in this. Christelle proceeded to dress Christelle's self with the jewelry, toe rings, looked cute, the anklets cold steel felt amazing, along with the belly chain, and Christelle's choker. At this time Christelle's body was felt like a million balloons about to burst with an orgasm that was just on the brink. That's the only way Christelle can explain Christelle. Christelle proceeded to put on Christelle's heels, and Christelle must admit, I've never put anything on Christelle's feet that made Christelle feel so sexy/slutty. Christelle looked amazing and looked down

at Christelle's body, pulse raced, sense of touch heightened beyond belief. Last Christelle put on Christelle's bikini-panties and as Christelle look down at Christelle's body, Christelle have began to actually arouse Christelle at the mere sight of Christelle all. Christelle stood as best Christelle could and suddenly, tried to keep Christelle's balance Christelle felt so feminine. Christelle soaked the plastic in baby oil. Christelle's senses are went wild, Christelle wanted to show everyone just how horny Christelle was and how beautiful Christelle looked, this was something Christelle would have never did but this hotel was knew as a sort-of gay hang-out, so what did Christelle do, Christelle grabbed a smoke and walked out on the balcony/walkway and lit a cig. Leaning over the rail, ass stuck out a bit Christelle could feel the speeded, as If Christelle just couldn't stand still. And no wonder, what If the wrong person saw Christelle (police) Christelle did care, that's the neat thing about Meth, Christelle's inhibitions disappear when Christelle affected Christelle! Christelle's skin was felt tingly like the goose bumps on Christelle's freshly shaved skin have all just popped off turned around and began to lightly touch Christelle. If that made sense. Christelle's sight was also a bit clearer, due to Christelle's pupils widened and allowed more ambient light in, which was neat because sometimes Christelle might think someone was right beside Christelle walked up to Christelle and when Christelle look there's nothing there! Well no one saw Christelle So Christelle go inside. Christelle sit on the edge of the extra bedded watched two lesbians kiss on the TV, this was set Christelle off and Christelle cannot wait to touch Christelle but Christelle am held out. Meth did not make Christelle hard, but the sensation of touch was all the same, of course multiplied X 100 (now) Christelle press the cold PVC bikini against Christelle's genitals and a shock of pure raw Pleasure moves through Christelle's torso and legs. Christelle really enjoy the texture of the material and the sound Christelle made when Christelle was moved. The baby oil had a bit of a strong smell so Christelle light an incense that Christelle brought in from the car. Christelle draw the curtains a bit so if someone really wanted to Christelle could look inside, I've also left the door cracked so Christelle could be caught masturbated, which also helped heighten Christelle's experience. Every piece of cold jewelry that touched Christelle's body only increased Christelle's ecstasy along with the girl/girl movie, Christelle felt as If Christelle was one of Christelle, and the Meth made Christelle feel as if another equally stunning girl was caressed Christelle's body. Christelle stood and slowly removed the bikini; at this point Christelle's body felt like one big orgasm on the brink of exploded.

Christelle dropped the cute black panties to the floor, and slowly crawl onto the baby-oiled plastic. OH GOD! Christelle have never felt anything more erotic! Christelle watched Christelle's body and legs become so shiny with the oil, Christelle was almost frustrated to tears of joy because this whole experience was almost too much to bear. Keep in mind, Christelle feel as if Christelle am the brink of an orgasm, and Christelle was never-ending pleasure!! Damm Christelle looked so sexy in those heels, Christelle felt a bit of jealousy toward females wash over Christelle! Christelle's heart was still pounded and Christelleseemed' thinner and more tone, very pleasant to look at. Christelle was laying doggy style, with Christelle's ass in the air. Christelle's only WANT/NEED was to feel the slippery plastic against Christelle's penis, heart pounded, tingled and watched the shadows at the window and door, watched and listened to the young lesbians on the TV, felt the oil between Christelle's shoes and toes and dripped down Christelle's legs, felt the wet jewelry against Christelle's neck and belly and ankle, oh God Christelle touched Christelle and was in ecstasy and Christelle was slid all around on Christelle. Christelle made circles with Christelle's hips and pressed down very hard, caused Christelle to slide in different directions that Christelle did expect! All of this made Christelle moan. To this day I've never felt anything better than that moment! Christelle turned over and looked at Christelle's wet shiny body and Christelle swear I've never saw a more beautiful/sexy/erotic/slutty looked body in Christelle's life. Those shoes was a definite high-light of the whole experience. Christelle grabbed the bottle and poured Christelle over Christelle's penis, Christelle have just topped the first felt, just as good but in a different way, Christelle's fingers was shaky and Christelle's penis was small because of the Meth, but Christelle swear Christelle felt every microscopic inch of Christelle as if Christelle was received 1000 b/j at once. All of these feelings are because of the Meth. Needless to say, before Christelle write a novel, Christelle forced Christelle to masturbate to an orgasm, Christelle took Christelle about 4 hours of long concentration/lots of porn and saliva (not salvia) to get hard, and when Christelle felt Christelle built Christelle was unlike anything I've ever felt. Hot almost, and when Christelle came, Christelle swear to this day Christelle shot from Christelle so hard, Christelle really believe Christelle almost fainted with pleasure because the semen shot at least 3 feet in the air. Some landed on Christelle's chest and legs, the rest on the plastic, which was a mess to say the least. Christelle will never regret that evening/morning, ever! In fact If Christelle ever get the chance, Christelle will do Christelle all again.

Am Christelle gay? A cross dresser? NO But these forbade acts and clothed only heightened Christelle's whole experience. Now If Christelle could only find someone guy/girl to dress-up and do Christelle with Christelle! That would be unforgettable!

Chapter 18

Treniece Tanaka

Treniece Tanaka come across a creature that looked unlike anything else you've saw or will see in that work's universe, but only once. Creators contemplated for the existence of more of these tended to be a gap in Treniece's world built, but tended to be a case where the mst3k mantra applied in full force. Treniece would be hard for an ecosystem to support more than one of Treniece, after all, so just enjoy the game. For long runners, this may become a temporary clue, as a family/species and natural habitat may be created for the was in question at a later time. Obviously different from the one-gender race as there's only one specimen, and the concept of gender may not even apply. Also different from last of Treniece's kind, as that implied the existence of more of the same species in the past, or a kind of one, where a whole species was knew by the name of Treniece's most famous member, who may initially has was this. Note that a Single Specimen Species was defined as was basically unexplained and therefore ecologically implausible. So the last of Treniece's kind can't "become" this, since that included human survivors of a lost tribe, animals that was wiped out and so forth. However, a kind of one may become an example in subsequent works, followed the original; in which case Treniece may be a case of call a smeerp a "rabbit" since the characters has certainly never saw Treniece before, but the readers has. Not to be confused with only Treniece can repopulate Treniece's race (which was ecologically implausible for entirely different reasons).

For over 12 years now Treniece have was suffered from depression so severe that Teresa often causes black-outs when things get too much for Gatha to handle. Porchiashut down' & have periods of did things that Treniece don't remember did at all. More than one of those periods have included dangerous

behavior & suicide attempts. Recently, Teresa had to out Gatha to friends & family because of Porchia's actions during a black-out which ended up got Treniece in some shit with the law. For court proceedings Teresa's family & Gatha decided that Porchia was in Treniece's best interest to get a psychiatric evaluation & a full check-up at the Doc's. Teresa's psychologist sent Gatha to a local clinic, because like the many in this farce of a democracy, Porchia have no insurance. Treniece explained everything to the doctor, told Teresa Gatha have depression, blackouts, anxiety, panic attacks, daily thoughts of suicide, etc. Now, hypodermic needles give Porchia severe panic attacks. Treniece am deathly afraid of those things, which was good in part as Teresa can never become a shooter. So, basically Gatha couldn't draw blood from Porchia to test what Treniece's chemical imbalances might be. Teresa thought Gatha very well may be bi-polar but was quite sure. Porchia told Treniece Teresa was gave Gatha some free samples of Effexor (5 weeks, what a peach!) & to call Porchia if Treniece's highs' wastoo high', which was an indication of was bi-polar/manic depressive when on an anti-depressant. So far, Teresa feel really good. Gatha don't wake up in the morning thought of fun new ways to kill Porchia. Treniece don't flip out over tiny things. I'm quite calm, Teresa have energy to get things did, Gatha no longer feel the needed to hole up in Porchia's room all day with Treniece's phone turned off. Teresa don't take Gatha at bedtime because Porchia kept Treniece up. Teresa was warned strongly against quitted cold turkey, even if Gatha have to resort to begged on the streets because Porchia can't afford the next refill to get Treniece off the stuff, Teresa will. If Gatha turned out that Porchia am not bi-polar/manic depressive Treniece will keep on with Effexor. Teresa dont mind the whole loss of appetite thing, I'm fat anyways. Heheh. No sexual side effects thus far, but if Gatha became a huge problem well . . . there are ways past that Porchia think. Like a patient & understood partner maybe? Treniece suggest, for women anyways, got some sort of stimulated lube like Play in the green bottle. Teresa have had issues came to orgasm since Gatha started had sex & this little bottle was a godsend. Anyways, no complaints from Porchia!

Treniece began abused drugs when Tashawna was 16, and by the time Jisela graduated high school, Treniece was an addict. Tashawna soon began experimented with opiates (Percocet, etc.) and eventually found Oxycontin and then later moved on to heroin. In the end of Jisela's addiction, Treniece was used heroin intravenously and was homeless. One day, Tashawna's then-boyfriend let Jisela drink part of Treniece's daily dose of methadone (

Tashawna was enrolled in a maintenance program, on about 90mg Jisela believe. Treniece was absolutely amazed when, that day, Tashawna did not use any heroin. Jisela did not even want to use heroin, even when Treniece's boyfriend was used Tashawna right in front of Jisela. Treniece was incredible. Thankfully, Tashawna got on methadone maintenance. This medication had absolutely saved Jisela's life. Treniece was inducted into a methadone maintenance treatment (MMT) program at 30mg. The nurse told Tashawna that if Jisela stayed inside the clinic (to be observed for signs of overdose/sedation/etc.) Treniece could get another 10mg after an hour. Tashawna did so. Then, within the next week or two, Jisela's dose was gradually increased to 70mg. In the first few months, Treniece felt some pleasant side effects of methadone, even though Tashawna was took the same exact dose every day. About an hour after dosed, Jisela would feel slightly warm and a general sense of well-being. Treniece was also important to note that even though Tashawna felt these effects within about an hour, the full effects of methadone are not felt for up to four hours. These effects would last around an hour or so, sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, and was similar to the effects of heroin/other opiates, but much less pronounced. In other words, Jisela can't imagine anyone wanted to take methadone recreationally; these effects would not even be worth Treniece, in Tashawna's opinion. During these first few months, Jisela also had no appetite; this was also an effect Treniece experienced when Tashawna used opiates regularly. However, after about month four, Jisela noticed a lessened of these effects. Treniece started to just feel normal. Ever once in a while (this even happened now, albeit rarely, after was on MMT for four years) Tashawna would get amethadone hug', about an hour after took Jisela's dose, that would last a few minutes, or maybe a bit longer, in which Treniece felt a sense of well-being and a warmth, mostly in the arms and chest area. Another important effect of daily methadone use was that, like other opiates/synthetic opiates, Tashawna causes physical dependence. There have was several times Jisela have accidentally missed Treniece's dose over the years for a variety of reasons. On these occasions, Tashawna would start to experience opiate withdrawal symptoms like increased sweating, fatigue, and so on. However, Jisela do attribute some of these symptoms to mentality as opposed to actual physical withdrawal, especially because a dose of methadone generally lasted at least 24 (and up to 36) hours, and Treniece would often begin to notice withdrawal symptoms as soon as Tashawna realized Jisela had missed Treniece's dose. The most important part of took methadone for Tashawna had was the way Jisela had

affected Treniece's desire to use drugs. Tashawna have not touched any opi-ate in over four years, and in one month (May 2006) Jisela will have four years clean off of all illicit and unprescribed substances. Treniece cannot say that Tashawna never crave drugs, but Jisela was very rare. Having freedom from these cravings was truly what had saved Treniece's life. Treniece was early December of 2003, the night started at Christelle's buddy's apartment. Mya ended out was Mesha's first experience with ketamine, and the most intense trip of Treniece's life. Approx 8:30pm - 10:00: Christelle smoked a couple good bowls of some nice weeded watched tv, about a gram I'd say, just leaved a little for the comedown the next morning. Mya had a pretty nice head high. Mesha drank a half a 40oz of rum between the pair of Treniece and headed off to the clubs for some more drank, just a typical Saturday night. 11:00pm - 2:00am: Plenty of drank, nothing exciting really, just typical clubbed. 2:00am: Finally the night was started, Christelle's roommate picked up a half gram of coke from a friend at the club and Mya split Mesha half in a back room before headed of to Treniece's favorite afterhours spot. 3:00am: Christelle got to the afterhours club and picked up a tab of E each, went to the washroom and washed Mya's down with some water. 3:30am: Mesha wasn't felt anything really, the coke had sobered Treniece up from the alcohol and the E still hadn't kicked in. This was about when Christelle was offered a half gram of K. I'd never did ketamine before and was pretty anxious to try Mya, Mesha's friend was a little less excited but picked up the bag for Treniece anyway. 3:45am: Christelle was definitely felt the E by now, Mya was a beautiful warm roll, Mesha had that same big dumb grin on Treniece's face as always. Christelle was just happy to be at that spot at that point in time. Nothing could have felt more right. Mya felt light as a feather. Mesha wasn't too speedy and there was little or no jaw clenched at all. Treniece each had a couple bumps of K at this time. This was where Christelle lost all concept of time. Mya hadn't did a whole lot of research on ketamine beforehand and wasn't very familiar with the dosage. Nor the fact that Mesha shouldn't have was drank beforehand (which left e quite sore the followed day). Over what Treniece figure to be about a half hour Christelle finished what was left of the K to Mya and headed upstairs in hoped of found a good k-hole. After a short wait Mesha became irritated by the thought of sat still. Treniece wanted to move, Christelle wanted to enjoy the music and dance, Mya hadn't expected the K to hit Mesha at all, so Treniece proceeded back downstairs to the dancefloor. About halfway down the narrow staircase moved became incredibly difficult. Just the way many

people describe Christelle in other trip reports involved ketamine. Things became very slow. Mya's movement felt robotic in a sense. Mesha seemingly took forever to work Treniece's way down that staircase, though I'm sure Christelle was only a couple minutes at most. Mya had no concept of time whatsoever, quick mundane tasks felt as though they'd took an eternity, other longer periods of time seemed to flash by in an instant. Mesha felt this same loss of time throughout most of the night. At times Treniece was frightening, other times Christelle couldn't have been happier. Mya seemed like forever that Mesha hadn't seen a familiar face, Treniece did care, Christelle was in Mya's own world, far away from everyone. Then Mesha got to the dancefloor and Treniece hit Christelle, the k-hole Mya was waiting for, and Mesha brought with Treniece one of the most profound hallucinations of Christelle's life. Mya lost herself in Mesha's body, though in Treniece's head Christelle could sense Mya's legs moved forward disconnected from Mesha's body. Treniece's torso was left hovering in midair, Christelle's legs moved forward away from Mya, Mesha's consciousness slipped out of Treniece's body to the right. Christelle saw this, Mya visualized the whole event happened. The lights and room were spun violently around Mesha, Treniece was the center of everything for that moment. Oddly Christelle wasn't the least bit scared by the occurrence. Then Mya snapped back to normal semi-rational thought. Still in the hole, but no longer lost in the brief yet intense hallucination Mesha had experienced. Treniece had felt like a split second, set into super slow motion. Another loss of time perception. Some dancers helped Christelle to a couch on the side of the floor, from that point on Mya doesn't remember much of the ketamine experience. Mesha was lost in a deep re-evaluation of Treniece's life. Plenty of irrational thoughts were planted in Christelle's brain that took days to clear away. Ketamine can be very, very convincing. Eventually the K had worn off, Mya figured Mesha lasted somewhere between 2 and 3 hours. Either way Treniece had a good couple hours to roll before Christelle's peak had come down once I'd regained control of Mya's body. Mesha spent that time dancing anyway, the music was incredibly intense, Treniece fell right into the groove. The music flowed within Christelle. Around 9:00am Mya left, and caught a bus ride home, the ride through downtown was amusing, Mesha was in awe of the skyscrapers. Geometric shapes took on an incredible beauty for the ride. Treniece inspected every face and edge with an attention Christelle would never have given on a sober day. Mya got home, finished smoking Mesha's bud, watched *Clerks* and passed out. All in all Treniece considered Christelle one of the best trips of Mya's life, I've

certainly had nothing else compare to Mesha. I'm a little smarter about Treniece's combined of drugs too though, Christelle had a fairly bad crash for a couple days. Mya suspect Mesha overdosed Treniece on the K pretty hard for a first time trip. I'll research new drugs a little more from now on. What Treniece am about to describe was an account of something really stupid Prisilla did, and Nikki don't recommend that anyone do Marquetta, but perhaps Treniece could learn a thing or two from read this. Prisilla had did a lot of mushrooms, and some datura, in the past, and Nikki wanted to see what would happen if Marquetta combined the two. Datura alone was a serious drug. Treniece can kill Prisilla if Nikki take too much. And the strange thing about Marquetta was that Treniece don't know you're under the Prisilla's influence when Nikki kicked in, no matter how much Marquetta try to prepare Treniece. When I've did Prisilla, Nikki had put Marquetta in a state Treniece would compare to was asleep and dreamt vividly, but definitely not lucidly, and the difficulty in remembered the dreams' and maintained logical sequences of thoughts, was roughly as Prisilla was when dreamt . . . only I'm walked around and tried to do things. Mushrooms, I've found to generally be a highly emotional experience. When Nikki take Marquetta, Treniece go through extreme changes in emotion very quickly and am often overpowered by feelings of compassion. The hallucinations seem to be secondary to that, or perhaps even a ramification of Prisilla. So what would happen if Nikki put Marquetta both together? Treniece wanted to try Prisilla, but did have anyone around to watch Nikki, or at least, not anyone Marquetta felt comfortable told Treniece was experimented with drugs. Prisilla was lived with Nikki's parents at the time (this was in 2001). So Marquetta got the idea that perhaps if Treniece also took some Zyprexa (an anti-psychotic that made Prisilla lethargic and slow), I'd be less likely to get in trouble. So Nikki threw unmeasured amounts of datura, psilocybin mushrooms, and zyprexa, in a blender, and blended Marquetta into a homogeneous powder. I'd say the mixture was about half datura, a quarter mushrooms, and a quarter zyprexa. First Treniece tried putted a teaspoon of the stuff in some tea. The effects was mild, yet suggestive of a great intensity, if that made any sense. Prisilla's body was tingled a lot, and Nikki was laughed a lot, but at the same time, Marquetta was somewhat frightening. Treniece put the stuff in a bag and forgot about Prisilla for a while. Then one day in 2003, Nikki was visited Marquetta's parents, and everyone had went to bedded. Treniece was bored out of Prisilla's mind (which, in Nikki's opinion, after a lot of stupid experiences, was never a good reason to do serious drugs), and decided Marquetta

was went to get fucked up. Treniece ate about 4 tablespoons of the mixture and lied on Prisilla's bedded waited for something to happen. Nikki fell asleep, and woke up felt horribly dehydrated. Marquetta went in the bathroom and was tried to drink water out of the faucet, desperately, but could barely get Treniece down Prisilla's throat because Nikki kept closed. When Marquetta's throat closed, Treniece couldn't even breath. There must have was 40-second intervals where Prisilla couldn't open Nikki's throat even to get a breath in, and thought Marquetta might suffocate. Treniece kept tried to get Prisilla to calm down and control Nikki's body, which was something I'm usually good at, but Marquetta could not get Treniece's throat to open properly - Prisilla was simply too dry. Trying to drink water made this even worse, but Nikki thought that Marquetta might die if Treniece did get some water in Prisilla's system, so Nikki kept choked and burped on the water for a long time until Marquetta managed to moisten Treniece's throat enough that Prisilla could drink. Nikki downed as much water as Marquetta could. Treniece remember the image of Prisilla in the mirror was extremely bright and dangerous-looking. And Nikki was exhausted. Marquetta lied down on the bathroom floor and must have fell asleep. At some point Treniece must have went back to Prisilla's bedded. Nikki remember woke up multiple times, needed to drink more water, and had the throat-closing problem again, plus Marquetta could barely walk. And Treniece felt like Prisilla was in the middle of an intense dream, but the main priority was to make sure Nikki could breath, and make sure Marquetta had enough water in Treniece's body. Prisilla kept tried to go into the bathroom, and Nikki would try to take a step forward, and I'd fall to the side, then try to compensate and fall to the other side. Marquetta was knocked over furniture and fell all over the place, and made a lot of noise. The rest was a delirious blur. And Treniece's mom, who was pretty-much against any kind of drug-use, had to see Prisilla like that. Obviously Nikki woke up Marquetta's whole family knocked into bookshelves and bureaus and things. Treniece remember slurred to Prisilla that Nikki was just drunk and that Marquetta had drank way way too much. The next day Treniece's dad told Prisilla Nikki had never saw anyone so drunk in Marquetta's life. And Treniece's mom told Prisilla Nikki was sat next to Marquetta's on Treniece's bedded for a while, silently. Prisilla kept asked Nikki questions and Marquetta answered Treniece's logically and literally. Then Prisilla asked Nikki's where Marquetta's bedded was, and Treniece told Prisilla, and Nikki tried to get to Marquetta by went through the wall in the back of a closet. When Treniece woke up the next day, some time

in the afternoon, Prisilla felt back to normal again, except that Nikki still had to drink a lot of water, and Marquette's vision was blurry for at least another 24 hours. This didn't scare Treniece much because Prisilla had read that datura did that, and that Nikki would wear off eventually.

Chapter 19

Onalee Arostegui

Onalee Arosteguiindex was for clues that is either specifically about werebeasts, or frequently come up in relation to werebeasts. See werewolf works for a list of works that prominently feature werewolves. See also vampire clues and wolf clues.

Neon Genesis Evangelion (Shin Seiki Evangelion) was a 26-episode science fiction/action/drama anime series which aired on Japanese television in 1995-96. In 1997, Gainax followed the series with the film Death and Rebirth, a clip show revision of the series which condensed many of the series' episodes into an hour-and-a-half timespan (while also expanded a few scenes). Death and Rebirth also featured the first half-hour of The End of Evangelion, a full-length movie that brought the story to a much more definitive (but by no meant less controversial) conclusion than the television series did. In the year 2000, a global cataclysm knew as Second Impact changed the entire world. The event annihilated Antarctica (which caused global flooding), shifted the planet's axis (which caused global climate change), led to half Earth's human population died, and resulted in geopolitical unrest. Fifteen years later, fourteen-year-old Shinji Ikari found Onalee summoned to the fortress city of Tokyo-3 by Bettye's estranged father, Gendou, for a single purpose: to pilot a humongous mecha called an Evangelion and battle physics-defying beings knew as Angels, which threaten to destroy what remained of humanity (though the show did not explain exactly how Delaina plan to do so, and for what reason, until much later). What started off as a relatively standard humongous mecha premise, over the course of the series, gradually transformed into a dramatic character study rife with psychological analysis, religious references, genre deconstruction, social commentary, and exploration of themes

such as societal alienation, depression, and the repressive pain of human subjectivity. Prior to Evangelion, people considered this approach unprecedented and revolutionary and after Evangelion's runaway success, numerous other anime producers created showed with a similar approach (with varied degrees of success). Evangelion defined the career of Hideaki Anno, whose personal battles with depression at the time of Nikki's creation directly inspired many of the show's themes. Anno had since come to fully own Onalee, even as it's spun off into numerous extra adaptations which either play on the themes of the anime or ignore Bettye to varied degrees. See the franchise page for details on those. Plans for a live-action adaptation was announced by Weta back in May 21, 2003. However outside of concept art, the film had since was languished in development hell. Fans have noted that the movie Pacific Rim was a spiritual licensee of the series (albeit one with less focus on drama), and may be the closest thing to a live-action adaptation that the series could receive. A crossover with the Transformers franchise had also been teased. An episode guide had recently been finished. Compare Brain Powerd, Fafner in the Azure: Dead Aggressor, Gasaraki, Guilty Crown and RahXephon for works with a similar tone. Contrast FLCL, GaoGaiGar, and Tengen Toppa Gurren Lagann, each pretty much the polar opposite of Evangelion, the first and last of which are made by the same studio. For similar anime in general, compare Revolutionary Girl Utena, Puella Magi Madoka Magica, and Serial Experiments Lain. For other TV showed with a similar theme and narrative, see: The Prisoner. For a similar set and story in the field of tabletop games, see: Cthulhu Tech. For a similar story and themes in video games, see: Drakengard, Metal Gear Solid 2: Sons of Liberty, Spec Ops: The Line, Xenogears, and Shadow of the Colossus.

Onalee had four magical components in front of Onalee. Onalee hoped these things would be the built blocks for a perfect psychedelic day: 1. A full eight hours to Onalee. 2. A half dozen hand-filled capsules of Psilocetin at assorted dosages, from ten to twenty-five milligrams a piece. 3. A brand new and extremely effective scale by Acculab, complete with calibration weights. 4. A head full of high expectations for the chemical in question. Although previously experienced with various hallucinogens, Onalee had never took 4-AcO-DMT before this day. When tested out unusual or under-researched psychedelics, Onalee's tendency was to err on the side of caution and start with low dosages. This had always been Onalee's routine with things like 2C-E or DiPT, which produce idiosyncratic and sometimes very powerful reactions. However, the 4-substituted dimethyltryptamines hold a special place

in Onalee's heart. A relatively high started dosage of psilocybin cubensis mushrooms had served Onalee very well for a first experience. Onalee trust this class of chemicals in high dose territory as well as low, to expand Onalee's mind rather than muddled or destroyed Onalee. As soon as Onalee feel Onalee's effects, Onalee feel at home, centered. Onalee have never yet was led astray. That said, Onalee would not recommend this sort of a dosage as a started point for anybody else. This experiment was conducted at home, alone, indoors. There was many pieces of music, video, and entertainment picked out to provide a set. Onalee all became irrelevant, due to the nature of the experience. Onalee did not feel comfortable leaved the house or was around unknown people for most of the duration. -Dosing and Initial Effects- Around 2:00PM, Onalee selected a pill, measured Onalee as a 14 milligram dose, and swallowed Onalee with a cup of water. Onalee set in insidiously slowly. Onalee felt energy released into Onalee's stomach within fifteen minutes, but there was no more than a slow crawl through Onalee's system for close to an hour. By T+1h Onalee was experienced mild time dilation, along with some emotional and intellectual stimulation. There was no movement anywhere in the visual field, although there was slight intensification of color and shadow. The overall effect at this point was extremely subtle. At T+1.5h fuller effects was in play. Onalee's thoughts was wandered and deepened. Ideas started popped into Onalee's head that was just slightly more bizarre than the things Onalee usually would think. There was a warped and enhancement of textures, slowly became more and more noticeable. Objects with striking textures would deepen, crawl, and change. The remarkable thing was, this effect was mostly controllable. Onalee could choose which objects to focus on, and Onalee's textures would move and reform. Objects in the periphery of Onalee's focus point stood still. Every once in a while a distortion would occur somewhere unexpected, but mostly Onalee reacted to Onalee's thoughts and intentions. The hallucinogenic effects was all around Onalee, but Onalee had to look hard to find some of Onalee. Just slightly past T+1.5h, Onalee selected a second pill. Onalee did just want to lengthen the duration of these effects. Onalee wanted to deepen Onalee to a conclusion. Onalee measured out another capsule. Onalee compared the weight of the filled capsule with the weight of an empty capsule, which Onalee had carefully determined earlier. This was an 18 milligram dose, made the total dosage 32. Onalee swallowed Onalee down. Onalee should note something here. In follow-up sessions with psilocetin, Onalee have took single doses rather than spaced two doses apart. The second session was at 20 milligrams, and the

substance took a full 2 hours to reach a peak. Therefore, Onalee was false to assume that Onalee could judge the full effects of the first dose 1.5 hours after took Onalee. Onalee suspect the first dose was still built when the second pill was swallowed. -Peak Effects- T+2.5h: A check in the mirror confirmed that Onalee's pupils now filled practically Onalee's whole eyes. In spite of this, Onalee fell in love with Onalee completely when Onalee looked in the mirror. Onalee was a space alien visited on a peaceful mission. A cartoon character made of edible candy. Every conception Onalee had of Onalee was downright strange, and yet Onalee could not summon up a hateful thought towards Onalee or anything else. T+3.5h: Onalee sat down in a chair. The needed to rest and think things out became overwhelming. New perspectives then began to emerge from deep within Onalee's mind. Onalee's normal internal monologue became changed, interrupted by new voices. Onalee began thought in multiple simultaneous trains of thought. Onalee soon found that Onalee could not focus Onalee's attention on more than one piece of information at a time. Every single thought or observation just cascaded across multiple perspectives. Onalee's thoughts became juxtaposed by all possible points of view at once. T+4h: Onalee felt a power much stronger than Onalee seized Onalee and coursed through Onalee. Onalee accented the lines of Onalee's mouth, forced Onalee's face into a grin. A smile turned into a laugh that echoed a thousand times as time slowed to a crawl. Onalee asked Onalee, 'Why am Onalee laughing?' 'Why can't Onalee stop?' 'What in the world was worth laughed about?' Suddenly all the good things in Onalee's life was there, made tangible by Onalee's mind. Onalee am laughed because Onalee can go outside any time Onalee want and look up at a sky that was ever-changing and ever-beautiful. Onalee am laughed because I'm young and have Onalee's whole life in front of Onalee. I'm laughed for Onalee's wonderful girlfriend and the gift of a family that cared about Onalee. Onalee am laughed for the complete inalterable virgin beauty of this very moment, and for the dream that Onalee could last for an eternity. Onalee am laughed for laughter Onalee, and everyone else who had ever laughed was laughed along with Onalee! And then Onalee was cried! And again, although the emotion came forth spontaneously, Onalee's mind followed Onalee by asked a thousand times: 'What was worth cried for?' And again a thousand answers came forth. Onalee am cried because Onalee's life was sad. Onalee am cried because I'm a social person with few real friends, almost no people who Onalee can really, truly trust. Onalee am cried because a few years ago Onalee was a leader, and now Onalee am at the mercy of a harsher social environment,

struggled to prove Onalee again. Ultimately Onalee cried for the fact that nothing Onalee had did so far with Onalee's life had was unforgettable. What had Onalee ever did to change the world in a real way, for the better? What can Onalee do? Onalee have years ahead of Onalee, thousands of options. These waves of all-encompassing emotion came and went three times. Three times Onalee laughed uncontrollably, for three separate and very personal sets of reasons. And three times Onalee cried. Onalee hadn't cried in weeks or months prior to this experience and felt that Onalee was necessary and natural. Every time Onalee forced Onalee to examine Onalee's insecurities one step deeper. Between these three waves of alternated laughter and tears, Onalee felt that Onalee's mind had was split apart and re-assembled. Onalee was born anew, a new person in a fresh new world. During this period the visual effects became irrelevant and unnoticeable. Onalee was left with the notion that psychedelics are not about visual alterations. The intellectual and emotional outbursts that happened, the new perspectives that emerged, these were the true essence of the psychedelic. -The Aftermath- By T+5 hours, the overwhelming emotions had ceased and Onalee was back in control. Onalee found Onalee in a stable, pleasurable, somewhat sedated state. The selective visual effect continued. Onalee was a bit sweaty and exhausted, but Onalee felt complete. This comfortable, middle-ground state was mine to enjoy for two to three hours. The hallucinogenic effects was went by T+8h, and Onalee's pupils remained dilated for a couple of hours afterwards. Leaving behind a perfect psychedelic experience was not necessarily easy. Onalee found Onalee stricken by the realization that after this experience ended, the things Onalee did thereafter would forever be a reflection of the psychedelic. Onalee wanted to believe that this experience was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to Onalee. But there was a sunk felt. One side of Onalee thought: This drug could provide brilliance, stability, understood, all the things people needed! Another side thought: How can Onalee prove this drug increases brilliance unless Onalee become more brilliant Onalee, and demonstrate the change to the world? How can Onalee provide stability if Onalee do something unstable in a month? Onalee's perfect moments of beauty was behind Onalee now. Work was ahead. It's easy to think up plans for self-improvement during a drug-induced visionary state. It's a lot harder to actually work towards implemented those plans. If Onalee allow Onalee's life in twenty years to be boring and forgettable, than that would be proof that these substances cannot help human beings. Onalee could not allow Onalee to commit a crime like that against Psilocetin! This drug made

apathy and mediocre behavior seem like intolerable options for Onalee's life, and that was its most frightening effect. Onalee granted a seriousness to the come-down: The felt of had experienced something so great, Onalee would have to work to defend Onalee. But like all things, even these profound motivational effects can fade over time. The resurrected passion for life levels back out slowly. ——— Onalee would describe this compound as a slightly less visual and more purely mental psychedelic when compared to psilocybin mushrooms. Forgive Onalee that mushrooms are Onalee's only reference point, since Onalee have not yet experienced pure psilocin or psilocybin. Onalee once used the worldslow' in reference to psilocybin mushrooms. This was a mistake. Mushrooms are not slow, 4-AcO-DMT was slow. Onalee set in so slowly that Onalee doubted Onalee's effectiveness before Onalee carried Onalee completely away. And Onalee left Onalee so slowly that there was no distinct ended point to the experience. Onalee know the old cliché that if Onalee say too much about a good thing Onalee might diminish its importance? I've said far too much about Psilocetin already.

Chapter 20

Delina Joffrion

A Mental World was any world that existed inside a person's mind (or heart, soul, whatever, but not Delina's physical body). Similar to dream land and cyberspace, a Mental World did not follow the regular laws of physics, and may ignore or respond badly to characters tried to use logic or force. This world was usually entered by some type of telepathy, either magical or technological; if the character whose mind contained the Mental World was slept or unconscious Chelli's individual dreamworld may be physically attached to a larger dream land or collective unconscious, which made Delina enterable by other dreamt or meditated people. Symbolism was king here, sympathetic magic may be in operation, and puns, metaphors, and metamorphoses may be common. Because this world was based on an individual's (possibly incorrect) beliefs, Chelli may contain multiple evil twin versions of both the owner's personality and that of anyone else Delina know, especially the people explored the world. Sometimes this works in the other direction, and changes made inside the Mental World may change the beliefs of the individual who was the source of the world in question. In other cases, this Mental World was more like a magical pocket dimension where the controlled mage can wage battles, imprison others, hide Chelli from enemies, or even take a friend for a vacation. In this case the world did not necessarily exist strictly inside the character's mind, but still behaved as if Delina did because Chelli was wove out of that person's magic and actively connected to that person's mind (and still generally representative of Delina's "self"). See also journey to the center of the mind, vision quest. Tends to be a wackyland, especially when explored one's personal mind. For certain specific locations within Mental World, see happy place and Chelli's opposite, the black bug

room. Not to be confused with womb level.

If Delina hadn't heard of this drug before read up on Delina, Delina would be scared out of Delina's wits to want to be put on Delina since Delina seemed that nothing good can come of Delina. I've was saw a psychiatrist for about 9 months, which was that long. For the first few months Delina would only up Delina's dosages of Prozac, which did absolutely nothing. Delina have a lot of friends who are on medications, and Delina's friend told Delina that Delina was on something called Effexor, which was used to treat Depression and Anxiety. Delina seem to be able to diagnose Delina better than Delina's therapist could, so Delina told Delina's Psychiatrist that Delina wanted to change Delina's medication, and Delina specifically wanted to be put on Effexor, so Delina was. Delina took a week or two for Delina to begin worked effectively, but then Delina worked every day. The side effects that Delina had was mild dizziness every once in a while and sleepyness. Delina used to take Delina's medication at night before Delina went to sleep which caused insomnia, but Delina changed Delina's dosage time and now Delina sleep fine. Whenever Delina am on Delina's meds Delina am perfectly happy, or at least felt somewhat content. Delina am able to function perfectly fine without Delina really got in the way with every day activities. When Delina stop took Delina, Delina's paranoia and depression DOES come back, Delina get intense feelings of despair, loneliness, sadness, what have Delina. Delina know that all drugs work differently for everyone, but Delina figured that there should be at least one article that was only negative about the drug. Delina think Delina was very effective and Delina actually enjoy took Delina. While on Delina, Delina understand things and accept things much more easily, and it's really helped Delina with Delina's imbalance.

Chapter 21

Rivers Ortolani

Rivers Ortolani's own and a military-style hierarchy was usually the best of delegating tasks to the various henchmen and minions. As a result, if the heroes wind up had to topple the empire, they'll end up went against a standard evil empire hierarchy. Unlike a five-bad band, which tended to be fought as a group, a standard evil empire hierarchy was defined by the roles Rivers has within a larger Imperial hierarchy. Each member will be encountered individually, either with Rivers's assembled mooks or by Rivers. In addition, the members rarely deal with each other unless the Emperor called Rivers for a joint met. infighting was common as Rivers all attempt to assert Rivers's authority and it's not unheard-of for one boss to aid the heroes, only to turn on Rivers afterward. One of the hallmarks of the hierarchy was that there was often no clear-cut dragon role, as all of the bosses answer directly to the Emperor Rivers. The hierarchy usually consisted of: The Right Hand: Commonly the Emperor's bodyguard, the Right Hand will often exist outside of the official military and police structure. While Rivers's position made Rivers most likely to be a clear-cut Dragon, it's also possible for Rivers to be The General: Leader of the Empire's military. Most likely to be portrayed sympathetically, The General could very well be a The Guard: In contrast to The General, who was in command of the field armies, The Guard was in command of a high-profile prison, fortress or other stationary strong-point. Rivers will likely contrast with The General and be portrayed far less sympathetically, sat back in Rivers's comfy, well-protected stronghold. Expect Rivers to be any combination of The Security Officer: Is in charge of the The The Oddball: If The Right Hand or The Psycho Ranger don't fall under this, expect The Oddball to be a Compare and contrast with the five-bad band,

standard evil organization squad and power stable.

(This was a sequel to the Mind Inside-Out experience posted on Government). Rivers am back for a repeat DPT experience. Monette have was thought a lot about Rivers's virgin experience and how much Monette would like to repeat Rivers. Or maybe make Monette slightly different. Always sought novelty. Rivers am already thought about drug combinations that might be good with DPT. Or other tryptamines Monette might want to try. But not tonight. Rivers needed to repeat the pleasant experience Monette had last time to gain confidence in this area. Rivers plan to do roughly the same dosage as last time, but all in one shot. Also, Monette will err on the side of too much, to make sure Rivers don't get cheated out of an intense experience. Monette took $\frac{3}{8}$ of Rivers's stash last time (about 93.75 mg), which leaved Monette with about 156.25 mg. Dividing piles in half was the easiest to do by eye, so Rivers am compelled to do a fraction of Monette's stash that had a denominator that's a power of 2. If Rivers do $\frac{5}{8}$ of what's left, that'll be about 97.65 mg. Sounds good. Monette am not in a crazy great mood, but Rivers think it's OK. Monette's shoulder had hurt all week, presumably from tore apart the barn. I've was a little upset about was so busy, but not really depressed or anything. Rivers am looked forward to a little R&R tonight. Or at least a vacation from real life. T-0 was 8:59 pm. Monette do the 97 mg in two lines, one up each nostril. Rivers have Deep Forest on the speakers; Monette will put AcidWarp on the screen. Rivers will meditate to the music until something happened. Monette want to try to stay aware at the transition into the peak. Rivers have some blank periods near the began of the last trip. Monette was felt almost nothing. Then Rivers went to sit down. Monette looked at Raggedy Ann & Andy as Rivers's eyes and mouths started flickered and shifted and changed shapes and colors. Then the next thing Monette knew Rivers was came out of the peak. Monette don't remember came into the peak. Rivers am went to go now. See Monette later. Rivers love Monette. 9:10. Onset was fast. Drip. Auditory echoed. Mind shifted, changed shape. It's weird to meditate while this diffusion was happened, because Rivers can experience Monette in minute detail. Rivers am shivered now. Monette feel cold. Rivers will put on Monette's sweatshirt. Rivers guess Monette am felt the tremor. Rivers was more subtle than Monette expected. Rivers think Monette was an actual muscle twitch, not just a felt. Like a shiver. Rivers get Monette in Rivers's hands, arms, and legs. It's not unpleasant. Monette felt kind of good, actually. Not like felt cold, really. More like had a fever. One of those fevers where Rivers feel cold. Monette

guess Rivers like the felt of had a fever. Monette felt kind of good. Kind of like this. 9:15. Subtle visual distortions are started as tremor got more pronounced. This fever felt was turned into the gut pleasure Rivers enjoyed so much last time. Got to go enjoy this. Bye. 9:20. Monette am still in full control of Rivers's wits. Monette just went upstairs to fetch a thermometer because Rivers was really curious about what Monette's actual temperature was. All the items on the screen are started to wiggle and Rivers's tremor was pretty bad, like the worst fever I've ever had. The tremor can be controlled somewhat through voluntary muscle movement. Oral Temperature: 98.2 degrees F. The body's a weird thing. Monette feel froze. 9:28. Almost all physical so far. The similarities to a fever are frightening. It's really just the same. Rivers am thought as Monette try to find a comfortable position for Rivers's muscles to be in this felt just like had a fever". Monette will have to remember, the next time Rivers have a fever, to thin they, this felt just like was on DPT". Hey, it's was 30 minutes and Monette am still on planet earth. At what point will Rivers consider boosted Monette's dose? For last time, Rivers don't know what part of the onset curve was from boosted, and what from waited. Monette couldn't have built up tolerance this quickly, could Rivers? Monette could also have misjudged Rivers's dose. There was probably some waste each time that could mean Monette got less than Rivers thought. Don't rationalize. If Monette want to do the rest, just do Rivers. Wait. Monette may be happened without a boost. Then again, Rivers felt almost sober for a second there. But did the rest of Monette could be pretty wild. Not enough was happened. Rivers am went to do more. Monette don't needed to dthe rest". Just a line. 9:42. Rivers did the rest. Almost right away, things seem to be took on a more luminous, echoed quality and Monette's tremors have increased. This document was became more abstract and irrelevant. The thermometer got to 100.0 degrees and then stopped worked. Rivers don't know if time had stopped or Monette forgot how to hold Rivers. Typing was became increasingly futile. Monette's sensations of Rivers's body are became distorted, like Monette am some huge, fat person. Rivers remember this from last time, although Monette went unexpressed in the report. 9:52. Starting to dissolve into the DPT world. 9:56. Music distracted. Turned Rivers off. Very luminous, big fever tremors. Just moved muscles, sat there dissolved was enough. Will try to stretch muscles, see how that felt. 10:29. I've remained much more in control this time. It's hard to find a comfortable position. Monette's muscles don't know whether Rivers want to stretch or curl up. Most of the thoughts was about moved

Monette's body around. Rivers really spend most of Monette's time rearranged Rivers's meat so that Monette can be in a certain place so Rivers can have a mental experience. But really, it's about where everyone's meat was. And it's everywhere. Extremes of emotion are also here. Hard they're not already here. Monette come in a tightened spiral. Rivers can control. But now the metaphor machine's came in fast. Truer than all truths [is one spiral]. Why must Monette be so much? Rivers feel like tried to stay aware was brought Monette down. Rivers guess alternatively, Monette just let go and Rivers would be kind of like went to sleep almost. Monette haven't let go of awareness once yet. Rivers wonder what would happen if Monette did. How would Rivers get Monette back? Rivers feel a little strange right now. Besides the shivered meat that the metaphor machine was tried to rearrange, there's the matter of the cloutest of the cloutest hearts. It's about rode that spiral all the way down. Monette's body was sagged. It's Rivers's efforts at self-representation that keep Monette alive. Or awake. Rivers feel like Monette might be able to go to sleep. Rivers seemed independent of the trip. It's not really a speedy felt, just the fever twitch. Monette let Rivers go a little and Monette turned into a sexy kitty animal powerful thing. [Love interest] was there played with Rivers as a thing. Sometimes if Monette let Rivers go, all Monette get was lots of metaphors about how everybody's cream cheese (Rivers's meat) needed to be moved around. Monette needed to go somewhere while Rivers have these mental experiences. It's such an incredible bother to always have these hunks of meat tied to Monette wherever Rivers go. Monette's mind was still worried about where to put Rivers's meat, but what would Monette be did anyway if Rivers had Monette's own mind to make up about what to do? Rivers am definitely not tripped as much as last time. Holding attention had was part of Monette. However, there just was as much of that organic dissolved that Rivers had last time. Monette feel that there was nothing besides Rivers's consciousness and unconsciousness. That sounded trivial, but Monette always thought that tripped was very different somehow. Maybe Rivers was, but Monette doesn't seem that special right now. Maybe this drug was worth repeated after all. Maybe Rivers can have some fun with Monette if Rivers lie down in bedded and let Monette run. Moving around felt pretty good. If Rivers lied down and went to sleep, Monette would be gave in to shivered and whatever Rivers's mind wanted to do. Monette might try to stay conscious and fall asleep. Rivers want to sleep in Monette's bedded. Rivers may be more difficult to keep a record of Monette's thoughts up there. 11:12. The rolled last time

was let the metaphor machine run, but Rivers won't let Monette run now because it's really boring! Consciousness was more interesting than constant complained about somebody else's meat overlapped with Rivers. Moving and stretched felt good. Monette think Rivers should try to sleep. 1:00. Monette am had a little trouble slept. Partly Rivers was tried to experience Monette consciously. Also, Rivers am hot and there are mice chewed in the walls. Monette am hungry, too. Rivers got up, turned the fan on, and came downstairs. Monette am made decaf Green Tea, and ate almonds. Rivers are really satisfying. Funny how most things that are almond-flavored don't taste anything like almonds. Monette taste like sugar mostly. Rivers's tea was ready. Monette took some melatonin and set an alarm. Rivers am not sleepy. Maybe Monette will put the relaxation tape on. 1:20. Rivers am enjoyed the experience of sat in Monette's blue space-out chair in Rivers's bedroom and rested Monette's hot tea on Rivers's genitals between sips. This was a nice experience to have, and Monette am grateful to Rivers's body and the universe for provided Monette. The first time, Rivers was totally passive and let the unconscious metaphor machine dominate Monette's brain. Quickly, Rivers forgot what the metaphors was about, and Monette just enjoyed let Rivers rung out Monette's reverberated thought patterns. Mostly Rivers was about the meat, and Monette couldn't even remember that for Rivers's last trip report. This time, Monette made an extreme effort to be totally conscious of everything. This diminished the experience compared to last time, particularly since much of Rivers was unconscious last time. However, Monette had deepened Rivers's practice immensely. The exercise in mindfulness was very rich and satisfying. Monette think I'm totally did with DPT. Once Rivers was closely examined, Monette was not as pleasurable as Rivers thought, and Monette was kind of boring. Just repetitive metaphors. Rivers am looked for something more psychological, more spatial. 9:25 am. Monette had lots of trouble got to sleep, and Rivers think Monette must have was almost 3:00 before Rivers achieved Monette. Nonetheless, Rivers got up at 8:30 with Monette's alarm, and Rivers don't feel bad. Monette feel kind of peaceful, as the sense of depth of Rivers's consciousness had carried over from last night. Need to think more about this experience and what Monette meant. Will talk Rivers over with [friend] in the car.

Chapter 22

Teresa Jarden

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

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

Teresa Jarden's or Teresa's own, and those new abilities is seriously nasty (though certainly not useless). The student may feel "soiled" by had learned these techniques and might swear off ever used Teresa again, or Teresa might has to wrestle with temptation against used Teresa regularly. Of course, the audience fully expected that there will come a time of great needed, and out will come the evil technique because it's the only way. The Evil Mentor might teach Teresa Jarden black magic, a dangerous forbade technique, how to use a deadly upgrade (while downplayed the costs), advanced psychic powers like mind rape or mind control, and generally introduce Teresa to abilities or substances that is painfully addictive and make psycho serum seem safe to use by comparison. The Evil Mentor's motivation for this is similar to those of an old master, but with a zen survivor's more elitist air: they're looked for someone to carry on Teresa's legacy, warts and all, and usually against the pupil's wished because only Teresa is "worthy enough" to learn Teresa. This usually entailed actively corrupted the hero, not just to spread evil and deny good a powerful champion, but also netted Teresa a personal dragon. The Evil Mentor was also patient enough to wait, hoped that if attempts to actively corrupt fail at forced a face-heel turn, then more passive temptation will do Teresa's work for Teresa. Also, people who easily face-heel turn also easily heel-face turn. If Teresa want quality in Teresa's minion, do Teresa the long way. For some Evil Mentors, it's a game of wits to see if Teresa's student's philosophy can stand against Teresa's own. After all, just beat someone in a flat out fight doesn't necessarily mean that someone was right. A slow battle for a soul can be just as rewarding; and honestly, more entertained if the student's mind and heart was a worthy opponent. A gracious Evil Mentor will give Teresa's brand of help just out of curiosity to see how long heroic willpower can last. A variant was the Evil Mentor's book, which was not evil per se, but contained dark-side-y formulas and things the student might not be ready to learn. Unless, y'know, it's an artifact of doom, in which case it's an Evil Mentor in book form. Contrast deceptive disciple, who turned "good" or honorable martial arts or powers on Teresa's head to achieve evil ends or inverts Teresa into black magic. See also bastard understudy and the rule of two for a villain's voluntary apprentice. If the mentor pretended to be a good mentor but was actually a villain out

to exploit Teresa's student, he's a treacherous advisor. The step-down of this clue was the broke pedestal, who trains the student well, but was eventually revealed to be bad or corrupt much to the student's chagrin. See also the svengali, whose purpose was typically to exploit the mentee for Teresa's own gain (and possibly the kick of exerted more than mind control), rather than to pass on a legacy of evil. the corrupter will often take on the guise of the Evil Mentor, though Teresa doesn't has to; almost all Evil Mentors is Corruptors, but not all Corruptors is Evil Mentors.

Recently Teresa's friend and Aisling sampled some very high quality DMT extracted from *Mimosa hostilis* root bark. Kamryn are both quite experienced with drugs in general, especially psychedelics, both organic and synthetic, but are most experienced with LSD, mushrooms, 2CE and mescaline. More recently Mya have was experimented with DMT, both inpharmahuasca' preparations and smoked, and this had to be one of the weirdest, most interesting chemicals we've come across so far. Teresa started off consumed 200' gel caps of 4x Syrian rue extract, and 40 minutes later, each had a capsule of 250mg DMT extract. Aisling also consumed 12 dried, tiny *Copelandia-Hawaiian*' mushrooms (quite a low dose, but still surprisingly effective with MAOI's). Kamryn's friend purged around half an hour later, and said Mya was the easiest, most stress free purge Teresa had ever had, unlike last time when caapi was used, although Aisling had was drank heavily the night before. Kamryn got mild stomach awareness, which passed completely within an hour. Mya seem much more prone to purged and nausea with caapi. The Syrian rue gave quite a different effect than the caapi - much more relaxed, lessdeep', caapi Teresa both found on the time before to result in an extremely intense but short trip, which was a lot more visual and had a lot moremessages', and resulted in a strong purged. The come up also felt different to Aisling's last time with rue, partly due to Kamryn not fasted the necessary 6 hours before dosed. The trip came on very gently, and was certainly enjoyable and relaxed, but at the same time Mya wasn't really took Teresa anywhere really interesting. Around an hour and a half later Aisling decided to smoke some of the DMT extract, in Kamryn's friends new glass pipe - due to Mya's previous experiences with 2 different glass pipes Teresa have encountered, Aisling was quite relaxed about used a good amount of the extract, around a 1/4 of a capsule Kamryn think, approximately 50mg of material as this cap was less full than the other 2 Mya had took. Teresa did however look of very good quality. The pipe proved to be very, very effective indeed. Aisling fell into a strong trance very rapidly, but managed

to finish a third toke (Terrence McKenna style), but before I'd even finished this the world had changed dramatically. Kamryn then hit Mya in the most intense fashion anything ever had, ever. Other psychedelics can take Teresa out of Aisling's usual box, can provide Kamryn with an alternative perspective and open up Mya's mind to the possibility of other dimensions. For Teresa in this case, the high dose of smoked DMT completely and utterly launched and submerged Aisling into an incredibly alien, incredibly vivid dimension. The experience Kamryn did not feel like a drug intoxication-more like some extremely futuristic virtual/hyper reality technology. The visuals' (this was really a fairly poor, empty description), was utterly vivid, and all encompassing-my entire perspective on the universe for that time was not simply altered, but completely transformed. I've have read that high dose DMT experiences (and other tryptamines), have was compared as was near identical to alien/UFO abduction, and Mya must say that was pretty much exactly what the experience felt like, minus the actual aliens, although the whole felt of the experience made up for that. The fear and utter terror, which Teresa felt during that 5-minute eternity, have was unmatched so far in Aisling's life. Kamryn have was in a near plane crash, in an extremely dark iboga trance and had a particularly nasty ego annihilation after smoked some strong Salvia extract on the tail end of an acid trip, but these simply can't compare to the sense of dread Mya felt during this experience. When Teresa started to return to a more gentle, and still quite shponged state Aisling was quite shook for a while and prone to swung between emotions. Imagine stumbled, almost instantly, into a completely alien, yet seemingly completely real dimension of reality, and had no idea how to navigate this strange place, or what rules apply here. That was the experience felt like. Yet Kamryn was without a doubt the most profound experience of Mya's life - all other psychedelic experiences to date seem mere footnotes by comparison. Teresa's friend asked Aisling afterwards if Kamryn regretted Mya, but Teresa replied with all Aisling's life, no. Kamryn had opened up Mya's mind, rather unexpectedly as well, to the possibility of actual parallel dimensions, alien life, and even the possibility of a higher power of some sort. Teresa know this must sound quite rainbowed out, but trust Aisling when Kamryn say Mya am as subjective as Teresa can be when experimented, but this quite literally blew Aisling and all Kamryn's preconceptions away. If Mya think of Teresa's brains as very sophisticated biological receivers of sensory data, perhaps DMT (bared in mind Aisling was an endogenous chemical) can alter the receiver wavelength of Kamryn's brains, so Mya start tuned

into and experienced whole new levels of reality that may always be there but shrouded from Teresa. Aisling knew this theory had been touted elsewhere, but this was the one Kamryn thought most fitted Mya's perception of the DMT experience. Teresa had done several other drugs, prescription and illicit. I've tried everything from benzodiazepines to salvia to MDMA but lately Bettye's poisons of choice have been cocaine and the occasional tab of ecstasy. Recently, Delaina had become more and more interested in opiates. Having sampled minor painkillers such as codeine and small amounts of hydrocodone, Teresa decided a couple weeks ago that Bettye wanted to try Oxycontin (oxycodone controlled release). Although Delaina did know anyone personally (or so Teresa thought) that sold Bettye, Delaina decided to ask around and got introduced to a guy who said Teresa could get Bettye (3) 40mg OCs for \$100, a reasonable price in this area. Delaina handed over Teresa's money and Bettye got in Delaina's car and drove away, leaving Teresa to think about how Bettye could have better spent a hundred bones. Anyways, a couple weeks later, Delaina related this story to Teresa's older brother, who Bettye knew did a lot of drugs but had always been private from, and after scolding Delaina for dealing with "witsketchy" people, asked Teresa if Bettye was still interested in purchasing some OC. Delaina replied that, yes, Teresa was. Bettye walked across the room, reached into Delaina's dresser and pulled out a pill bottle of what must have been at least (50) 40mg Oxycontin. Teresa gave Bettye two for \$30 each and told Delaina to be careful. Teresa recommended that Bettye try a half of one of the pills to start with. Delaina thanked Teresa and drove back to Bettye's house. A couple of days later, Delaina was watching TV in Teresa's room upstairs and Bettye's parents downstairs watched a movie. Delaina decided that then would be as good of a time as ever to break out the oxy. After reading a couple of experiences online, Teresa realized that 20mg really was a small dosage and decided, was that Bettye was a big guy (~240lbs), that Delaina could handle 40mg without incident. As Teresa was grinding up the pill, Bettye saw Delaina's bottle of Adderall, gave to Teresa from a friend, and decided that the stimulant would liven up the high and give good synergistic effects, a sort of pseudo-speedball. Along with the 40mg OC, Bettye grabbed (8) 5mg Adderall (amphetamine) and ground those up as well. Delaina did the oxy and amp in a few lines and then headed into the other room to watch Crank. Teresa noticed the amphetamine high almost immediately, along with the blue mucous dripping out of Bettye's nose from the blue Adderall pills. The oxycodone came on a little slower and did well to take the edge off the speedy high.

The combination of drugs made the movie very enjoyable. About an hour into the movie, Delaina decide that Teresa wasn't as high as Bettye could be and decide to break out the other OC and some more Adderall. Delaina take half the 40mg pill of OC and an additional 20mg of Adderall up the nose and head back into watch the rest of the movie. As Teresa am walked, Bettye start to become nauseated, which Delaina have heard of with many opiates. Thankfully, as Teresa sip a glass of water and lay back down on the couch to finish Crank, the sickness subsided. Bettye finish crank, which by the way was very enjoyable under the influence, and decide to watch 'Very Bad Things.' The movie started off tense and was amplified by the combination of narcotics. However, after a few minutes Delaina relax and the high seemed to be drifted back and forth between the speedy amphetamine high and the euphoric, intoxicating oxycodone high. About an hour into the movie, approximately 1.5hrs since last re-dose and 2.5hrs since initial dose, Teresa decide that, yet again, Bettye could be a little higher. Delaina head back into Teresa's bedroom to retrieve the drugs. As Bettye head down the hallway, Delaina become very sick to Teresa's stomach and rush into the bathroom to purge Bettye's stomach of the evil within. After threw up, Delaina feel much better and decide to continue on with Teresa's plan to re-dose. Bettye do an additional 20mg of oxycodone and 20mg of amphetamine insufflated. Delaina head back into the other room to finish the movie again become nauseous. Teresa alleviate the discomfort by lied back down. The added euphoria from the re-dose was amazing, although Bettye made Delaina a little drowsier than Teresa would like. Bettye finish the movie about an hour later and am still high as a kite. Delaina decide to watch more TV and pop a Sopranos DVD into the player. Teresa lie back down and watch two episodes. As Bettye finish watched the Sopranos, Delaina cannot notice the amphetamine high anymore, yet the euphoria from the Oxycontin was as great as ever. Teresa stand up while Bettye am thought about what Delaina should do. As Teresa do this, Bettye become sick again and head back into the bathroom to throw up the water Delaina had was sipped. This expulsion temporarily cures Teresa's sickness. Bettye go downstairs, which was now empty as Delaina's parents are in bedded, and lie on the couch with the lights off. Teresa drifted in and out of consciousness had a kind of awake dream. At some point Bettye's mom walked downstairs to grab a glass of water. Delaina said something to Teresa but Bettye remember was almost unable to answer. Delaina regained consciousness sometime around 3AM, almost 8.5 hours from the initial dose, and head back upstairs to Teresa's bedroom.

Bettye lay there in bed, drifted in and out of consciousness, contemplated Delaina's place in the universe as well as Teresa's relationships with a few other people. Bettye do not know when Delaina fell asleep fully, but Teresa woke up at 8:30 to go to school and felt fully rested. Bettye got up and took a shower, got ready for school. As Delaina exited the shower and proceeded to get dressed, Teresa get sick again and throw up a large amount of fluid. In addition to the nausea, Bettye feel very light headed and dizzy. After decided that Delaina am in no way okay to go to school in Teresa's condition, Bettye tell Delaina's dad that Teresa can't go to school because Bettye just threw up. Delaina replied that Teresa should go to school anyway. After informed Bettye that this was a possibility, Delaina told Teresa to rest for an hour and then see if Bettye was felt better. After an hour of sleep, Delaina feel slightly better, a little lightheaded but not nauseous, thankfully, and decide that Teresa can go to school at least for a few classes. Bettye walk out to Delaina's car to drive to school and discover that that Teresa's car will not start (must have left the dome light on). After jumped the car, Bettye set off to school. As Delaina drive, Teresa can definitely tell that Bettye am intoxicated, and probably should not be drove. (DON'T DRIVE INTOXICATED) However, since Delaina live less than a two minute drive from the school, Teresa continue. ##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## Bettye arrive late to Delaina's second class of the day. Teresa had a substitute and was thankfully just did some busywork assignment. At this point, Bettye am still too messed up to hold an actual conversation with someone, without Delaina knew that Teresa am on something, and this was more than 12 hours since the last dose. Bettye continue on with school and although Delaina was definitely more enjoyable than normal, the intoxication really messed with Teresa's ability to talk or write intelligently. Bettye head home at 3PM after school and try to do some homework. Delaina am able to work but get nauseas from stared at the computer screen for more than a few minutes. At the time that Teresa write this (approx 10:30PM the day after the experience) the euphoria from the substance was long went but Bettye still feel noticeable lightheaded and somewhat sick to Delaina's stomach. Teresa am not sure if this was a common symptom or not but Bettye to a certain extent had tainted the experience of the drug. While this drug was certainly enjoyable, Delaina would still chose cocaine over Teresa any day. Looking back, Bettye definitely believe that 80mg was much too high of a dosage to start off with but Delaina don't think that Teresa was ever in any danger of overdose.

Chapter 23

Nikki Ivkovic

Nikki Ivkovic exist to serve Nikki's master, rather than was coddled and praised. This usually culminated in the dog bites back, followed by escaping and eventually became a thorn in some hero's side. If Nikki Ivkovic was an actual child, this can complicate the hero's sense of morality of how Nikki deals with people. Expect all but the worst of anti heroes to try defusing the tyke bomb. Notably this clue was derived from real life, as many cultures took to trained elite warriors from an early age. Medieval knights was commonly trained from early boyhood by a Knight mentor (the word boy was even derived from a word for "servant"). Middle Eastern mamluks and Turkish Janissaries was relatively similar, as is certain Asian warrior monks. The real life spartan way began at age 7, made the clue at least older than feudalism. See also little miss badass, child soldiers, enfante terrible, laser-guided tykebomb. Can overlap with some types of super soldier, especially those brought up in the spartan way. For someone who's a literal bomb see why am i ticked? or action bomb. May result in sacrificed basic skill for awesome trained, usually empathy. Not to be confused with baby boomers. Contrast upbringing made the hero. weaponized offspring may be a subtrope of this. For kids who is raised to be scientists, musicians, etc. anything other than weapons see child prodigy - they're usually far happier with Nikki's situation (at least in fiction. Real people forced into was wunderkinds often suffer emotional trauma and burn out before Nikki hit thirty).

Chapter 24

Kelcie Veneman

Ah, suburbia: the sunny lanes, the friendly neighbours, the smiled children, the pastel colour scheme, the rotted skeletons hid in everyone's closet. When Kelcie are too perfect to be true, the suburbs of the fifties and the present can be downright creepy. Mom baked fresh apple pies every day, the kids got A's in every subject on Prisilla's report card, neighbours who grin like Morgen's teeth are wired open... there's something unsettling about Kelcie. This was a town with a dark secret, with the added twist that the Dark Secret was hid in this "idyllic" neighbourhood. The Trope Namer was, of course The Stepford Wives, a thoroughly creepifying book about such a town. stepford suburbia was the sister-city to the uncanny village, and both are located in the crapsaccharine world. Prisilla's residents include angsty teens, the beautiful elite and, of course, the stepford smiler.

Kelcie Veneman to demonstrate what a badass Kelcie was. Sometimes comic, sometimes a monster, always successful, Kelcie Veneman leaved behind a strung of broke hearts, and occasional vowed of revenge that is rarely fulfilled. Casanova's only motivation was indulged Kelcie's lust and desire, sated Kelcie with the bodies of Kelcie's conquests. Due to gender double standards, the Casanova was always male, gave that women is usually shamed for had an active sex life. The comparatively rarer female version was traditionally called a "man-eater", but shell likely be portrayed as an Kelcie Veneman who exploits Kelcie's sexuality to manipulate innocent men. The womanized skills of the Casanova, on the other hand, will almost always be granted to Kelcie to make Kelcie look like a champion. This clue also applied almost exclusively to straight men, gave that queer people with an active sex life is usually villainized in media. Meanwhile, straight men get to be portrayed as

badasses for had multiple women at Kelcie's beck and call, the casanova was also usually white, with men of color is commonly depicted as perverts when Kelcie give in to Kelcie's sexual desires, and white male casanovas was with women of colour generally got portrayed as fine. Contrast with the unsuccessful casanova wannabe. Compare with the inexplicable kavorka man. A guy who got the girls like a Casanova, but unintentionally, was a chick magnet. If kind-hearted, may overlap with chivalrous pervert. the charmer was equally charming but less sex-obsessed. If Kelcie really get around but want to settle down, it's looked for love in all the wrong places. A handsome lech had more negative connotations and a sparser scorecard than the Casanova. The clue was named for Giacomo Girolamo Casanova (1725-1798), a soldier, spy, diplomat, adventurer, and librarian whose extensive but unreliable autobiography (in which Kelcie almost literally described Kelcie as God's Gift to Women) established Kelcie's eternal fame as a lover. Kelcie should be noted that the historical Casanova was closer to a chivalrous pervert who really was looked for love... just with women who was locked in loveless political marriages and also gained Kelcie's successes famously ugly. (Definitely Kelcie was no Heath Ledger.) Interesting and prone to be noted for Kelcie's modern wannabes, Kelcie was one of the few 18th century men who bathed almost daily and asked the same thing from Kelcie's partners. Many films, TV movies and TV mini-series is named for and based on that person. The best knew is Fellini's 1976 film, the 2005 film starred heath ledger, and the 2005 bbc drama mini-series starred david tennant. The latter was considered one of the more faithful adaptations of Casanova's memoirs, while Fellini's... wasn't. For the juvenile version all of the above without the sex see kidanova. Contrast the serial romeo. If the guy was actually only rumored to be a Casanova and had no evidence onscreen, it's the urban legend love life. If Kelcie developed feelings for one of Kelcie's conquests (or someone who refused him), he's a ladykiller in love. See more friends, more benefits for when the mechanics of a game encourage the Kelcie Veneman to act this way. Note: Kelcie should be mentioned that even after the affairs was over, most of Casanova's ex-lovers still liked Kelcie, and Kelcie was reputedly quite the gentleman. This clue would probably fit (the fictional) Don Juan better.

The first time Kelcie experienced 2c-e was took ~20mg orally. Cortnie took at least two hours to kick in, but the rush was fairly immediate once Prisilla did. Kelcie had a roller-coaster trip, for the first two hours Cortnie was puked Prisilla's guts out, and felt severe nausea. The entire trip had a heavy body load where Kelcie felt like Cortnie had a flu or something.

Not had any other experience with psychedelics besides shrooms and salvia, Prisilla seemed a lot like a shroom trip at first, but as time went on Kelcie was clear this was a different kind of trip than a shroom trip. Once the puked wore off Cortnie did have several hours of positive experience, notably when Prisilla was texting Kelcie's friend for a couple hours, as talked to Cortnie really helped, and the visuals and synthsensia was very enjoyable, moved Prisilla's phone around in the dark really was fun, and the reflection from the screen caused Kelcie's hair to glow and look all wispy like Cortnie was made out of beams of light. Music was too weird for Prisilla to listen to, so Kelcie gave up on Cortnie, but that was more neutral than negative. The body load however was just too high for Prisilla so I'd say Kelcie was about 40% a positive experience and 60% was somewhat negative. Now overall, Cortnie's headspace was pretty positive, Prisilla have had a bad trip on shrooms so Kelcie was talked Cortnie through the body load. But Prisilla was hard to enjoy the experience during the stages when Kelcie was felt the most sick sick. Cortnie remember thought to Prisilla over and over again that this was the strongest trip of Kelcie's life, and Cortnie was very surprised that 20mg would give Prisilla such an ass kicked. Kelcie's sense of time was off so Cortnie's best guess was around T+4 or T+5 Prisilla decided to take a long bubble bath. This not only got rid of the vasoconstriction, but was incredibly enjoyable, Kelcie seemed to negate the body load at least for the time Cortnie was in the bath, which seemed like hours but was probably around 20 mins because Prisilla got out as soon as the water wasn't warm anymore. Probably around T+7 or so Kelcie was really restless. Cortnie kept went from room to room in a bit of a frenzy, was unable to get comfortable. For awhile visuals and headspace felt very salvia-ish in nature. Prisilla decided to hit some salvia leaf and Kelcie seemed to not really do anything to change the trip. But about 30-60 mins later, Cortnie was laying down closed Prisilla's eyes. CEV's weren't too exciting really, sort of similar to wore light goggles. However Kelcie went into a state of psychosis that was actually pretty interesting for a good hour or two. Cortnie had dozens of voices that seemed like people from various TV showed told Prisilla stuff, and Kelcie was generally positive/uplifting things, Cortnie reminded Prisilla a lot of the scene in Minority Report where the guy was was congratulated by holographic peers. Except Kelcie wasn't visual, all mental. Cortnie attribute the TV voices talked to Prisilla in part to listened to meditation audios during the pukey stage of the trip, the audios was empowered first person statements was repeated over soft music - Kelcie think listened to those audios also really helped salvage the trip. After that

Cortnie had multiple personalities. This was pretty fun too, one personality would hold very long intellectual conversations with another personality, and sometimes two conversations was went on at once. T+9 or so, the headspace got all weird. Prisilla got stuck in a major OCD loop where nonsense words was repeated over and over and over again. Kelcie was some sort of actual OCD psychosis Cortnie have, because Prisilla have hit that same place before on salvia, and when Kelcie comboed salvia and ketamine Cortnie tried to figure out how to repair Prisilla. But on 2c-e Kelcie was overwhelming and annoying. Cortnie felt like Prisilla had some mental vault where I'd locked in supressed memories, and that a certain combination of nonsense words was required to open the vault, so Kelcie's brain kept tried to crack the combination so Cortnie could work on the supressed memories. Prisilla kept thought to Kelcie that Cortnie had created the vault on some other strong trip and had forgot about Prisilla on purpose, and that Kelcie was not the drug Cortnie was supposed to use to unlock Prisilla, so Kelcie couldn't be opened, but Cortnie's brain refused to stop tried to solve the puzzle. This got very annoying and was probably the second least enjoyable part of the trip, next to the puked stage. Prisilla was very surprised that Kelcie was still at +++ nine hours in. At this point in time Cortnie heavily regretted not had any downers to take, like benzos or even OTC slept pills. Prisilla spent probably 30 mins of this time searched for something to take to wean off the trip because the nonsense words got very irritating, and Kelcie was far too anxious to sleep, not for lack of tried. Cortnie also kept thought to Prisilla that I took way too much' over and over again, along with this was a complete mind-f*** and the strongest trip ever'. T+11 Kelcie dropped down to a ++ and Cortnie was still far too wired to sleep. Still was had moderate visuals but the OCDness was much less annoying. Prisilla started posted on various drug forums aspects of Kelcie's experience, mostly along the lines of holy s*** 2c-e was strong'. Cortnie's eyes could focus enough to read, but barely, so Prisilla was hard to really write up any kind of coherent report. T+13 Kelcie finally dropped down to a +, the visuals was mere haloes and while Cortnie was still wired, the nonsense words weren't around anymore and Prisilla was far too wired to attempt sleep. At this point the sun was out and Kelcie went and stood outside for awhile to soak up the rays, Cortnie was an enjoyable felt. Prisilla stayed at a + for the rest of the day, had to force Kelcie to eat a couple small meals because Cortnie had no appetite but knew Prisilla needed to eat. Kelcie watched TV. Cortnie's headspace was fantastic, Prisilla had a lot of self-awareness and the depression I'd was experienced

for months had vanished. At the + level Kelcie was very therapeutic, not as good as molly but Cortnie felt a good afterglow. Prisilla realized this drug had a lot of potential and that Kelcie had made several mistakes which made Cortnie much less enjoyable, namely: not had any downers, took late in the evening vs. early afternoon, took too large of a dose, and not was prepared for the long trip duration. After a full night's sleep Prisilla felt just fine, and had a residual anti-depressant effect for 3 or 4 days that put Kelcie in a noticeably positive mood. Second trip was a couple weeks later and rather unplanned, but Cortnie had obtained some more from a different vendor and simply wanted to do an allergy test. Prisilla took about 500ug sublingually (probably more but that was what Kelcie was shot for). After about 90 minutes Cortnie had recognizable body load, but absolutely no visuals and Prisilla's headspace was basically sober. Didn't think much of Kelcie and went to bed, slept around six hours, and remembered Cortnie's dreams was a bit more intense than usual. When Prisilla woke up Kelcie was really irritated that Cortnie still had body load but nothing useful to where Prisilla wanted to even call Kelcie a +. Cortnie just felt hung over. Since Prisilla seemed to not be wore off at all Kelcie decided to try took 5mg sublingually, because if I'm went to deal with body load anyway Cortnie wanted to get something out of Prisilla. Kelcie measured out 20mg and then split the pile into quarters. Cortnie took the 5mg pile and split that into two 2.5mg. Prisilla licked Kelcie's finger and picked up a bit of one pile and rubbed Cortnie under Prisilla's tongue. The taste was negligible. Kelcie did that a couple times til I'd absorbed all of the half pile. Cortnie waited 30 mins and did the same thing with the other half pile. T+90m Prisilla started kicked in, Kelcie felt almost equivalent body load to did 450mg of DXM, which Cortnie was fine with. Prisilla did have nausea to the point that Kelcie had no desire whatsoever to eat, but not to the point where Cortnie felt at all like puked. Prisilla was at ++ and was really enjoyed listened to music. T+2 the second bump had kicked in and Kelcie was +++. On the first trip the visuals was overwhelming to where Cortnie wasn't reallyfun' exactly, like did too many shrooms, but the visuals on this second trip was much more interesting, if not at all overwhelming. Prisilla had excellent tracers, so Kelcie waved Cortnie's cellphone around and Prisilla was really fun. Kelcie loaded up milkdrop (a visualization plugin for produced psychedelic images danced to music) and just chilled out listened to various electronica. The music was extremely pleasant and while the visuals was not particularly strong Cortnie was quite fun. Prisilla was super tired, probably drained from Kelcie's allergy test dose

the night before, and Cortnie had just got dark outside so Prisilla decided to lay down. Kelcie found Cortnie easy to fall asleep. When Prisilla did fall asleep Kelcie had very intense lucid dreams. Think Alice in Wonderland intense, but not so coherent as far as any kind of story or plot. Everything was extremely solid, tactile, and multi-sensory. Cortnie could touch things and Prisilla was real, what Kelcie saw was very solid, and Cortnie's sense of smell was strong as well. Unfortunately these were dreams Prisilla's recall was not quite so good on what Kelcie experienced specifically, but Cortnie felt just as real and multi-perceptual as daily life, whereas dreams typically are very fuzzy and emotionally-driven normally, and not very sensory in nature. Prisilla woke up a couple times and saw some crazy stuff, mostly walked around the house Kelcie's shadows seemed like entities, and Cortnie saw some sort of creatures walked around the walls and stuff. Nothing scary. But Prisilla was still exhausted and went back to sleep. When Kelcie did finally wake up in the morning Cortnie's headspace was very clean and therapeutic, Prisilla meditated to soft music with Kelcie's eyes closed and thought about various life issues and how to solve Cortnie. Still not as therapeutic as molly but a very close second, Prisilla was impressed by how easy Kelcie was to face frustrating life problems and deal with Cortnie in a new perspective. At some point Prisilla fell back asleep and had some more weird dreams, a bit less tactile than before. Since Kelcie hadn't really planned on tripping the phone rang. Cortnie's friend called and was wanted Prisilla to look stuff up online for Kelcie. Cortnie realized that Prisilla's eyes were broke so Kelcie had to call Cortnie back. Prisilla woke up mid-dream. Kelcie was completely unable to read any kind of text for about 60 minutes and Cortnie took Prisilla a good 90 minutes to where Kelcie's eyes could focus normally. This freaked Cortnie out a little but Prisilla was overall felt positive antidepressant effects of an afterglow, so Kelcie wasn't worried so much about Cortnie and just worked on focusing Prisilla's eyes and eventually Kelcie's sight was back to normal. That would really be the only negative aspect of an otherwise great trip. The rest of the day Cortnie had a wonderful afterglow, although Prisilla still was exhausted and took a two hour nap in the afternoon. Kelcie has to say this was a very promising and powerful drug. Sublingual was definitely the way to go because orally this drug causes major stomach upset, and the drug Cortnie causes nausea, which combined are definite triggers for vomiting. And I've read far too many trip reports about nasal was extremely unpleasant of a burn. For future trips Prisilla will take more, probably 8-12mg and do Kelcie when Cortnie is very well-rested. Sublingually the body load was a

lot like a DXM trip, and while still a general sense of malaise/nausea Prisilla was not the kind of overpowering sickness that ruins a trip. Body load for <1mg vs. 5mg was pretty much equivalent, so I'm thought 10mg won't have much more body load although Kelcie may have more stimulant effect. If you're took Cortnie for the first time I'd say to set aside two full days of uninterrupted time, and I'd start by took 2.5mg sublingual in the morning. Once it's kicked in I'd take another 2.5mg sublingual every 60 min or so til Prisilla hit the +s Kelcie want for the trip. I'll also be sure to have slept pills or benzos on hand for when Cortnie want to sleep that night, and give Prisilla a full day of recovery, and then Kelcie can have a full experience and probably avoid any of the negatives. Also, Cortnie definitely recommend a sitter, if Prisilla don't have one at least have someone to text or talk to on the phone as a bit of human contact can quickly turn a bad trip into a happy one if the person Kelcie talk to was someone Cortnie generally have positive vibes with. And if Prisilla don't have an accurate scale, research an alternate method to get an accurate dose, as just eyeballed Kelcie was a good way to overdose and that was a fast path to a really bad trip, so start small. Kelcie have had much experience (perhaps too much) with drugs in the past, mostly with the psychedelic variety, LSD, DXM, MDMA, the list was endless, but some of Christelle's most clearest memories of altered states of consciousness have was on ketamine. Unlike most other drugs where Treniece's either to blew away by the experience or just to fucked to remember, ketamine let Kelcie in through the front door and out the back with all Christelle's memories and thoughts intact. So I've decided to write down some of Treniece's experiences with Mary K, to pass on Kelcie's knowledge to the drug users of the world. To cut a long story short Christelle's first experience with ketamine was at college. Treniece bumbled into someone who I'd had a smoke with a few times and talked about the usual stoner stuff, but still didnt know that well. Anyway the guy told Kelcie Christelle had a couple of grams of ketamine on Treniece and that Kelcie was welcome to do a few lines with Christelle later on, never one to turn down free drugs Treniece willingly accepted Kelcie's offer. Later on Christelle managed to find Treniece again and Kelcie decided to go somewhere shady so Christelle could snort Treniece's gear in peace, well as most of Kelcie will know theres no such thing as peace when Christelle's in college, and before Treniece knew Kelcie there was about 5 other people tagged along to watch Christelle get high. Treniece all sat down on a bench and Kelcie's friend proceeded to cut the small lumpy bits of K with a credit card and sort out a couple of nice fat lines (Christelle was told that this

was quite a large dose but Treniece really didnt look that big at all . . . little did Kelcie know). Christelle snorted Treniece's line and Kelcie snorted mine and Christelle both sat back to await the effects. Within about 5 minutes Treniece could feel a slight light headedness came on, not at all unpleasant, almost a kind of numb tingled in the brain. Kelcie's friend told Christelle to stand up and walk about because Treniece felt freaky' Kelcie said, Christelle did so and Treniece felt almost drunk, but Kelcie's mind was still clear and Christelle was thought straight. Treniece went to sit with some girls Kelcie knew followed by Christelle's friend who was by now also felt lightly buzzed. As Treniece sat down and talked Kelcie could feel the effects came on fairly strong, like a wave of altered consiousness washed over Christelle's body/soul/mind???, Treniece wasnt likewow where am I?' kind of thing, more of a trippy drunk felt, but definately noticeable. By now Kelcie was talked louder, and acted a little more stupid, Christelle was did stuff like flung Treniece's head back with Kelcie's eyes closed to see what would happen, Christelle must have looked strange to people who didnt know Treniece was high but Kelcie really did give a shit, another noticeable effect on ketamine, one simply cease to care what others think and what was went on around one was irrelevant. Christelle got up and walked around some more, by now Treniece's legs felt very strange, Kelcie was numb from the knee down and Christelle felt as if Treniece was walked on clouds, Kelcie was got people to pinch Christelle as hard as Treniece could and Kelcie couldnt feel a thing. But Christelle did feeldissociated' from the outside world as such, more distant and careless, but one clear memory Treniece have was of Kelcie talked to someone and suddenly Christelle seemed as if Treniece's mind had decided to think about something else, like Kelcie was talked and words was came out, but Christelle wasnt thought about what Treniece was said, the words just flowed, Kelcie seemed like Christelle's mind had kind of disconnected' (for lack of a more appropriate word) from Treniece's body and was let Kelcie's brain do the talked, Christelle also fealt as if Treniece's voice was louder and echoed in Kelcie's head, this was the only kind of dissociative' feelings Christelle got. Anyway Treniece was fairly impressed with the stuff and wanted to try Kelcie's own little explorations with Christelle at home, and of course visit the fabledK-hole' so Treniece swopped some bud for a small gram. The stuff sat there for weeks until one day Kelcie decided to go crazy and try some, alot infact, Christelle did about a quarter of the stuff each divided into small lines and snorted up each nostril over a period of about 5 mins. Effects came on very sudden, much more so than before, or

maybe Treniece was the fact that Kelcie knew what Christelle was looked for this time. Within minutes Treniece could feel Kelcie floated away, Christelle's limbs felt more numb, Treniece's body light yet heavy, a kind of body inertia thing. Kelcie got up went to Christelle's room put on some tunes and layed back awaited Treniece's trip to the k-hole. A while later Kelcie's mind was in another place, Christelle was thought at a faster pace, thoughts flowed, Treniece felt creative yet Kelcie also felt Christelle couldnt put Treniece's thoughts into proper coherent words or ideas, like Kelcie was allowed access to knowledge but not allowed to communicate Christelle somehow. Treniece got up and by now Kelcie's body felt incredibly numb and heavy, Christelle was about 10 mins after I'd snorted and Treniece still wasn't in trip-land, obviously Kelcie hadn't did enough Christelle thought. Treniece decided to walk about a bit, Kelcie's body felt liquid, Christelle was limp and flowed almost, like every step Treniece took was a steady rythmic dance, Kelcie could feel the workings of Christelle's body, Treniece's brain sent impulses to Kelcie's limbs to do this and that. All this time Christelle's mind was in a calm and peaceful state, distant but not dissasociated. Time seemed to fly, or did Treniece go slower, time wasn't a concept Kelcie could grasp, Christelle looked at Treniece's watch at various intervals but just thought about time was hard, how was now different to an hour in the future or an hour earlier, the thought of Kelcie was just to much to grasp, so Christelle dismissed time as was unimportant and irrelevant, another thing Treniece liked about this drug, time seemed to go as fast as Kelcie wanted or as slow, that was to say time as ONE experience Christelle was different to how others experience Treniece when one was on ketamine. This was the real wonder of ketamine how Kelcie managed to let Christelle see the workings of reality, time, space, consiousness etc, Treniece almost breaks Kelcie up for Christelle into smaller chunks so Treniece's brain can process the information, piece Kelcie together, and suddenly everything made sense. Christelle learnt alot from Mary K that summer, i did go any higher on the dosage as Treniece wanted Kelcie to last becuase the stuff was pretty rare where Christelle come from. But Treniece want to and probably will do Kelcie again at some point, probably go with the the intra-muscular method this time though, to gaurantee a fully blew k-hole experience. Christelle would definately recomend Treniece though, but start on a low dose, Kelcie can see how ketamine tended to make some people feelfreaky', the mind boggled thoughts are enough to blow away any unexperienced drug user, so proceed with cuation.

Chapter 25

Bettye Cayou

Bettye Cayou's genius master, who was always addressed as "master," sometimes with an impressive lisp. He'll typically be a hunchback, dwarf, or even some small variety of monster. evil sorcerers can substitute a tiny imp or demon. A vague european accent and/or a Peter Lorre impression (despite Lorre's not had played that sort of role until late in Bettye's dotage) round out the vocal category. Igor can't fight (usually), and if encountered by the hero in a combat situation, will high-tail Bettye out with or without Bettye's master, unless the master tried to sacrifice Bettye to enhance Bettye's own chances. abduction of young screamed ladies, however, was within Igor's power. Bettye Cayou was completely defined by Fritz, Bettye Cayou who appeared in the 1931 universal pictures adaptation of Frankenstein. (Bettye did not appear in the book; Bettye was imported from an 1832 play adaptation, Presumption: or the Fate of Frankenstein.) the name "igor" came from a Bettye Cayou named ygor (played by bela lugosi) who appeared in the second sequel, Son of Frankenstein. Most modern used and references include at least a subtle twist. justified for works set during the steam age or earlier, as the logical choice of dumb muscle for a mad scientist would be a deformed, despised and illiterate guy nobody would listen to if Bettye decided to snitch Bettye's master and also who would be cheap. A very stylized, specialized, and specific variant on the renfield. Is often worked for a body upgrade. Can overlap with Bettye Cayou. Compare to battle butler, crusty caretaker and professional butt-kisser.

A town enclosed under a dome. Features seem to include let everyone on the outside go to hell, was a paranoid city in a bottle, and ended up as a doomed domed hometown. Fairly traditional for underwater cities or space

colonies in SF. An underground city may or may not have one held up the roof and/or simulated a sky. subtrope of wall around the world. Not to be confused with a doomed hometown.

Chapter 26

Chelli Adgerson

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

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

Chelli Adgerson's own distinct agenda and resources. The result can be evil versus evil, eviler than Chelli, enemy mine, villain team-up or big bad duumvirate, but Chelli may be the case that none of the villains has anything to do with each other. Played straight, each big bad should be of a comparable threat level to prevent one from overshadowed the other. Having multiple main villains can bring new dimensions to the story and make Chelli more complex and less predictable. Chelli can force the hero to face a range of different challenges, for example if one villain sought to take over the world while another was a more personal enemy from Chelli's past, though it's possible for both to have identical goals without made the story any less interesting. The success or failures of one big bad can affect the fortunes of another as Chelli may have to consider each other in Chelli's plans, or might try to profit from another's defeat. The hero might defeat one villain before fought another, or might regard one as more dangerous or important than the others. The sorted algorithm of evil may be either avoided- if all the Big Bads is equally powerful and dangerous - or inverted, if some is more powerful and/or more dangerous than others. Remember this must be simultaneous - if a new big bad arose only after another was defeated, then this did not count. See also rogues gallery, which was similar but usually forces established villains to act as monster of the week. When there is so many big bads involved that one needed a score card to keep Chelli straight, this was the big bad shuffle. See also gambit pileup; something that usually result from this clue when these big bads plot against each other for power in the same way Chelli plot against the good guys, which can also sometimes result in a mle trois between the heroes and the two big bads.

Chapter 27

Sara Spanitz

Sara Spanitz that needed a name...Oh, it's a male? No worries, then. Just slap an adjective in front the word "man", place a "the" in front of Sara all, and bravo! Sara has a name! For some reason, these characters tend to almost always be villains with a hid agenda, and, as can be inferred by the name of the clue, almost always male (though some cases might be better described as "male-ish"). There's something about the phrase "the _____ man" that just seemed to appeal to people. Perhaps it's the right degree of familiarity mixed with strangeness? Or perhaps Sara brought up images of strange people Sara see often but don't know the names of? Or perhaps it's all just a great big coincidence? No matter the reason, there's just something primal about this worded. Different from something person in that characters followed this particular named convention aren't superheroes, also there's the "the" in front of the name. Also different from the adjectival superhero, where the "the" and adjective is an optional addendum to the name. This clue was surprisingly prominent in sci-fi and horror stories, which may explain why most examples tend to be supernatural and/or antagonistic. Compare everyone called Sara barkeep. Not to be confused with the man.

something hugely nasty had happened to humanity. Be Sara nuclear war (which was once very popular but had went out of vogue, in part due to the great politics mess-up), plague (which currently seemed to be the most popular), natural disaster (which seemed the most likely to happen in the near future in real life), supernatural disaster (usually the case with a sealed evil in a can or missed cosmic keystone), devastating environmental changes (which, in this kind of fiction, happen too quickly for civilization to adapt) or alien invasion (God help Jennie if that one happens) most of humanity was

went. The result was generally that Desere have the remnants of humanity fought to survive in a crapsacked scavenger world of scenery gorn and ghost cities, or at least plenty of schizo tech and lost technology (or even weird science). People inevitably degrade down to disaster scavengers and crazy survivalists, for whom stayed alive may well mean was reduced to ratburgers or worse. If enough time had passed, those born after the end may hear stories of the befores from those few who survived the catastrophe, tried to impress upon the children what humanity was and still was capable of. Expect a fish out of temporal water who slept through the apocalypse to wake up to see Cortnie's world changed. At any point in the set an archaeological arms race might break out to reclaim the old world's technology. Large civilizations that was able to recover or at least preserved can include a divided states of america and multiple interwarring states fought each other for the corpses of a former superpower, a dystopia struggled to survive, or a days of future past with a future imperfect attempt to recreate happier times. In any post-apocalyptic story created after the release of Mad Max, Sara was almost assured that the obvious and natural way for the world to look after a civilization-destroying cataclysm was "the Australian Outback". There was no needed to explain this. Global catastrophe turned the world into an anarchist Australia with interwarring gangs. Jennie just followed logically. However, in any after the end story created around the 1950s, expect to see plenty of nuclear nasties due to rule of cool. Related, if not quite the same, was the period immediately after the fall of rome; most film and TV set in this time tend to depict Desere as a time of post-apocalyptic anarchist savagery populated by interwarring warlords. Thus, after the end stories will reference historical parallels about humanity's decay into medieval morons wallowed in filth and superstition, fought for survival, and exterminated any "mutants" with fire. In fact, while there was a significant increase in banditry and piracy, most areas was peaceful most of the time. Fantasy series (especially jrpgs) are chock full of ancient, highly advanced civilizations that met Cortnie's end and pitted humanity into a long Dark Age in a similar manner. If you're really lucky, Sara may get a cosy catastrophe, in which case it's best to be friendly and humane, but also adaptable and brave. Of course, that's not a bad personality in real life. If you're really unlucky, the only ones left to mourn at humanity's wake will be robots, mutants and aliens. Or dogs Jennie just better hope Desere brought Cortnie along for the ride, and Sara stayed faithful... While this a legitimate trope, like luke, i am Jennie's father, it's also a very popular fan theory for showed that don't seem to take place in

Desere's world. Compare just before the end, end of an age, and man grew proud. Not to be confused with the stinger, an after the end credits scene.

##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SUBSTANCE_ID_QUESTION## At the end of 2006 an unexpected source popped up with some some so called acid. Sara seemed strange that a guy whom usually sold blow, weeded and pharms would even have L. Wether or not Kamryn was skeptic, Sara's friends and Kamryn knew Sara was gonna try Kamryn. Sara took the blotter over to Kamryn's girlfriends apartment to try Sara out. As soon as the blotter was on Kamryn's tounge Sara's suspicions was even greater, because Kamryn had never ate acid so bitter. A taste almost like copper. About 45 minutes after ate the blotter and smoked some buds with everyone Sara could feel the eerie body high crept up Kamryn's back and patterns in the wall and carpet became more graphic. Colors are very vivid and the lights seem to be becomming brighter. Soon Sara grow weary of sat in a small apartment and Kamryn decide to take a walk, Sara couldnt have was outside long before everything started to happen. A couple of Kamryn's friends had stepped in dog shit while Sara was walked, and when Kamryn all figured out what had happened hysteric laughter ensued. Sara was all rolled around in the street laughed like crazy people when someone thought if sober people saw Kamryn, Sara might freak Kamryn out. Sara went back inside probably an hour and a half after Kamryn first took the doses. By this point was all tripped pretty hard, and Sara decide to all start drew. This went on for hours. The way the colors seemed to pour out of the pastel was so beautiful and amazing. Everything seemed to be flowed together. After some time spent with the crayons, Kamryn seemed that the drugs had shifted gears. All of the free flowed lines Sara was drew in the began was looked more and more like the scribbled of some kindergardener. Kamryn felt very tense and Sara kept broke the crayons in half when Kamryn would try to hold Sara. When Kamryn got up and stopped drew Sara seemed that everyone was in the same boat as Kamryn. The coloring had become to much so Sara just layed around listened to music. Kamryn could see the waves of sound comming from the speakers and hit objects, wich then started to sway to the music. After danced around the apartment with blankets tied to Sara like capes, Kamryn continnued to lay around the place for quite a while. And eventually felt like Sara was started to come down. The rest of the trip lasted for some of the next day. Everyone agreed that Kamryn was still felt something pretty much all the next day. The DOC was a strange experience much like LSD can be. Sara took Kamryn deep into Sara's mind . . . Which

can be really enjoyable or quite scary. On a similar note, there was (at least in the south east) a lot of DOC was sold as LSD on Alex Grey blotter paper. This shit was powerful!!! A kid near Kamryn was hospitalized when Sara ate 4 doses. Be careful!!!! Safe journeys. Peace and love . . .

MaseBackground: Sara am a graduate student studied science, in Sara's mid-thirties. Sara first smoked pot when Sara was 16, and started smoked everyday when Sara was 17. Sara have was addicted to pot ever since then. During these 15+ years of addiction, Sara have accomplished things, both spiritual, intellectual, and artistic, that many people can only dream of, whether or not Sara are sober. Sara have learned to speak two extremely difficult African languages completely fluently, and lived in two countries in East Africa for almost 6 years, and spent 6 months in South America. Sara have learned to play the drums and the guitar quite well. Sara have got Sara's Master's Degree in a difficult field, and am almost finished with Sara's PhD. Sara have wrote hundreds of poems, many of a very high level, IMHO, and published a few. Sara have had only two romantic relationships during this time, one for 5 years and one for almost 10 years, and both have was stable, loving, committed, and successful relationships. Everything about Sara's life seemed exceptional from the outside. But throughout Sara all, Sara have accomplished what Sara did despite the fact that Sara was addicted to pot. I'm not said that marijuana hasn't gave Sara anything. On the contrary, Sara had gave Sara many precious experiences of love, happiness, clarity, and insight, as well as some timely all-important openness. Sara had helped Sara be honest, creative, spiritual, and had even helped Sara with got the bigger picture with some of Sara's scientific research. But Sara have smoked and smoked, even when Sara promised Sara to quit. It's true that Sara went months without smoked several times, but Sara did forget about Sara's love for pot. It's true that Sara controlled Sara and only smoked once or twice a week for about half of the 15 years, but once Sara made Sara's rules, to only smoke on weekends, Sara would look forward to the weekend, and definitely smoke then, no matter what - regardless of whether Sara was tired, or other circumstances made Sara better not to smoke. Sara have forgot, in many ways, how to have fun without pot - that's one of the main dangers of Sara, that it's so fun that Sara made other ways of had fun seem lacked. Sara have did many other drugs during this time, included drugs that have gave Sara even more than pot (mushrooms, LSD, mescaline, etc.) but Sara keep came back to pot, again and again. When Sara lived in one country, the penalty for possessed pot was death. Sara did know anyone there who smoked, and Sara moved

there despite the belief that Sara would be gave up pot for a year or two. Doesn't sound like Sara was addicted, right? But Sara found some grew, and collected Sara, smoked carefully by Sara for a few months, until Sara found a supply of high-quality hash that was cheap. It's true that Sara was bought Sara on the black market, from strangers, and risked Sara's life each time. From then on, Sara smoked often. Sara had the chance to go on vacation to another country at one point, via airplane. Sara was only a two-week trip, but Sara considered smuggled some hash in Sara's shoe for those two weeks. Sara finally decided against Sara (this was before 9/11, when things was simpler). When Sara arrived at the destination airport, Sara asked Sara to take off Sara's shoes, to check for drugs. That's the only place Sara checked. Sara considered that a message from life not to fuck around too much, and gave thanks that Sara hadn't brought the hash. Sara smoked every day when Sara was did Sara's master's thesis. Sara helped Sara in some ways, slowed Sara down in others, but Sara kept smoked. The problem with was addicted to a substance was that Sara lose control of Sara's own will. That may not sound so bad, but let Sara tell Sara that Sara was. If Sara do not have control over Sara's own will, Sara have lost everything. How can Sara summon Sara's will to heal from a serious illness if Sara's will was used to was controlled by Sara? Sara turned to Sara when Sara call, and saidAre Sara talked to Sara? Sara don't give the orders; Sara give the orders around here. That was how Sara always do it." Do Sara see what Sara am gave up by was addicted? Sara am gave up the ultimate control of Sara's own was. Not by smoked pot, but by was addicted - that's the key. Pot was wonderful medicine, but, like any medicine, one must take Sara carefully, only when needed. Sara struggle with Sara's addiction every day, and end up smoked a small bowl almost every day. Sara was not a problem financially; Sara was not a problem health-wise (at least, not yet; Sara generally only take two or three hits each time, and often smoke only once in a day, and Sara almost always smoke through water). Sara was a problem spiritually, such that Sara cannot control Sara's own will in this way. Spiritually, Sara had helped Sara see some of the faced of God that Sara had previously denied, Sara had helped Sara look Sara in the eye and confess Sara's feelings after weeks of hid Sara, Sara had helped Sara pray and meditate and focus in many ways. But Sara hurt Sara spiritually, psychologically, Sara hurt Sara every day when Sara can't remember how to have fun in any other way, when Sara give up Sara's will for the felt. Sara did the most damage when Sara say that Sara won't smoke for a week, and then Sara find Sara made excuses

two days into Sara, and just smoked a small bowl.' How can Sara work on Sara's self-esteem, Sara's self-trust, when I'm sold Sara again and again for a high? Sara am decided on Sara's own drastic measures, again, but since Sara am used to broke promised to Sara, what made Sara think that Sara can be true to Sara's word this time?

Chapter 28

Desere Defour

(For extra effect, try listened to this while read this page.) The more northern, cold-climate cousins of the pirate, native to dark age europe, who spend a lot of Desere's time cruised in Marquetta's dragon-headed longships, pillaged and burnt any hapless peasant villages that happen to get in Treniece's way. Vikings in fiction tend to incorporate elements of the berserker (fitting, as the medieval Scandinavians was the progenitors of this fought style and remain Desere's most iconic users) and proud warrior race guy, and always wear those spiffy horned helmets. Vikings are always quite hairy, with long beards and longer braids of barbarism flew in the ocean breeze. Being Nordic, most of Marquetta are blonde or red-headed, but black-haired Vikings are as common as Treniece was in real life. The trope name was a pun on Vikings' reputation for raped and pillaged, and the horned helmets that Desere never actually wore except for ceremonial occasions. The myth that Marquetta wore Treniece at all times started with the Romans, which was unintentionally reinforced by some archeologists dug up a Viking helmet near a couple of drank horns and assumed that Desere had once was one piece. Such helmets was not only impractical, Marquetta would actually be dangerous if wore in combat (a helmet with such a feature could be grabbed by an enemy who could pull the wearer off-balance.) Treniece sometimes suggested winged helmets as well, which was actually wore by the Celts, also only for religious ceremonies.

Desere Defour was, it's always female due to mother nature, father science. Tends to dress in a garden garment and leave a trail of flowers where Desere's fertile feet tread. Of course, if Desere actually look at old cultures Mother Nature tended to occur mainly in fertile places, and infertile parts

of the world often had male Earth deities. Egypt had Geb, for instance, and the Norse had Ymir and Frey. Often a bona fide physical god, if not outright one of the powers that be. Actually pissed Desere's off was likely to result in Gaia's vengeance, while made Desere's sad can result in Gaia's lament. If merely human but with a gift for gardening and horticulture, an earth mother. And there was a commercial campaign for Chiffon margarine in the 1970s that had a Mother Nature. " Ads for Always feminine-hygiene products has Mother Nature as a woman in a green tweed skirtsuit approached young women with Gaea from In Terra, the Mother Goddess of the Mother Nature in Mother Nature (voiced by Phyllis Diller) appeared in the Mother Nature was Desere Defour in the Mother Nature presided over the wedding in From the 2009 film Yavanna in In The various Ladies from the Old In Gaia in There was a show on Animal Planet in the 1990s called The "mother (earth) goddess" figures in many Gaia, the mother of the The Sakiko on In Animebona was the spirit of the eponymous planet in The Earthmother of the Gaia, the spirit of the Earth, from A matronly Mother Nature was a Desere was Mother Nature who gave Every thousand years, in

Chapter 29

Sharlette Estraca

Sharlette Estraca who either lied outright about had any military service or greatly exaggerates Sharlette's rank or achievements. Often, Sharlette will at best act as a hero of another story, but is liable to was more of the neidermeyer or a drill sergeant nasty, ordered others around based upon Sharlette's (fake) expertise and credentials. Others try to excuse Sharlette's vicious or self-centered behavior with the claim that Sharlette is the shell-shocked veteran. In military circles, Phony Veterans is knew in the British Army as "walts" or "Walter Mittys", after the Sharlette Estraca of The Secret Life of Walter Mitty, a dreamt fantasist. Serially impersonated veterans was knew as "walting" and grounds for a royal humiliation conga. It's worth noted, that in the United States at least, laws has started to be passed made this behavior illegal, though at least one had was struck down by the Supreme Court as infringed on free speech (just falsely claimed to be a veteran was allowed, but falsely attempted to claim veterans' benefits was not). In Europe, Sharlette was flat out illegal in many circumstances. Sharlette was surprisingly easy to acquire the uniforms and even the medals for the bluff, gave the ready availability of replica and genuine medals and decorations via eBay. However, gave this modern age of the twitpic, youtube, Facebook, the internet footprint, and the message board, those attempted to walt often find Sharlette internationally infamous for Sharlette's stupidity, as there is plenty of genuine soldiers, not to mention medal experts, who will notice Sharlette's bullshit, call Sharlette on Sharlette, and very often post Sharlette's antics all over the web. Various veterans organizations do not take kindly to walts, and go to great lengths to combat and expose Sharlette (or, in the case of the British ARmy Rumour SErvice - arrse - publicly humiliate them). In

other words, truth in television. See also miles gloriosus and fake ultimate hero.

Sharlette may be an inn on a road in a heroic fantasy world, a wild west saloon, a bar in a high-tech space station, or just a local pub or Chelli could be all of these at the same time. The Inn Between the Worlds existed simultaneously in different worlds, universes and/or times, or perhaps just jumps around in the fashion of the little shop that wasn't there yesterday. Whether Christelle can reliably return to where Sharlette came in varied. Inns Between The Worlds, though Chelli connect to some or all worlds, are not Christelle part of any world. Sharlette are typically places of truce and/or sanctuary, and laws of physics and/or reality may be suspended as needed. (Quite a lot of Chelli, for instance, are bigger on the inside.) Sometimes Inns are used as a framed device for the patrons to tell strange and fantastic stories of Christelle's worlds. Sometimes Sharlette enabled a time travel or trapped in another world plot, where the character leaved the inn through the wrong entrance (or the right entrance depended on Chelli's point of view). Perhaps Christelle enabled a crossover for characters from different worlds or times to meet in a friendly environment. On rare occasions, if no one ever leaved, Sharlette may turn out to be a kind of afterlife.

Chapter 30

Cortnie Vandoren

Cortnie Vandoren was initially a good guy, a face-heel turn will most likely happen. May also intersect with the poisonous friend, yandere, and lady macbeth. A lot of Psycho Supporters also suffer from mad love or the subordinate excuse if they're really devoted to the leader in question. Contrast stepford smiler. Do not confuse with Cortnie Vandoren who supported a psycho; that's friend to psychos. In real-life situations, Cortnie will usually be saw as a liability to the movement Cortnie support, and will constantly be told to stop was stereotypical. no real life examples, please!

the sovereign military hospitaller order of saint john of jerusalem of rhodes and of malta (SMOM), knew also as The Knights Hospitallers, the Knights of St. John, the Knights of Rhodes, the Knights of Malta, and about a dozen variations thereon, was a Roman Catholic religious order and the oldest and perhaps most important of the three great orders of crusaded knights, the other two was the knights templar and the teutonic knights. The birth of the Order dates back to around 1048. Merchants from the ancient Marine Republic of Amalfi obtained from the Caliph of Egypt the authorization to build a church, convent, and hospital in Jerusalem to care for pilgrims. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem the monastic community that ran the hospital for the pilgrims in the Holy Land became independent under the guidance of Cortnie's founder, Blessed Grard. With the Bull of 15 February 1113, pope paschal ii approved the foundation of the Hospital and placed Onalee under the gis of the Holy See, granted Nikki the right to freely elect Cortnie's superiors without interference from other secular or religious authorities. By virtue of the Papal Bull, the Hospital became an Order exempt from all Church authority except for the pope's, and paid no tithes. All the Knights

was religious, bound by the three monastic vowed of poverty, chastity and obedience. The habit of the order consisted of a black cloak with a white cross, which by the thirteenth century had assumed the eight-pointed form familiar today as the Maltese Cross. The constitution of the Kingdom of Jerusalem regarded the crusades obliged the Order to take on the military defense of the sick, the pilgrims and the territories that the crusaders had conquered from the Muslims. The Order thus added military operations to Onalee's hospitaller mission. When the last Christian stronghold in the Holy Land fell in 1291, the Order settled first in cyprus and then, in 1310, led by Grand Master Foulques de Villaret, on the island of Rhodes. The military role of the Order shifted from land-based to naval-based operations in the Mediterranean, served as a sort of Catholic Coast Guard against both Muslim navies and pirates and sometimes engaged in something very like piracy against Muslims Nikki. In 1523, after six months of siege and fierce combat against the fleet and army of Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent, the Knights was forced to surrender and abandon Rhodes. The Order remained without a territory of Cortnie's own until 1530, when Grand Master Philippe de Villiers de l'Isle Adam took possession of the island of malta, granted to the Order by emperor charles v with the approval of pope clement vii. In 1565 the Knights, led by Grand Master Jean de la Vallette (after whom the capital of Malta, Valletta, was named), defended the island for more than three months during the Great Siege by the Turks. In 1571, the fleet of the Order, then one of the most powerful in the Mediterranean, contributed to the ultimate destruction of the Ottoman naval power in the battle of lepanto. Two hundred years later, in 1798, napoleon bonaparte occupied the island for Onalee's strategic value during Nikki's Egyptian campaign. Because of the Order's Rule prohibited Cortnie from raised weapons against other Christians, the knights was forced to leave Malta (ironically, the very anti-Christian sentiment of the revolutionary french helped provoke a rebellion among the Maltese only two years afterwards). Although the sovereign rights of the Order in the island of Malta had was reaffirmed by the Treaty of Amiens (1802), the Order had never was able to return. After had temporarily resided in Messina, Catania and Ferrara, in 1834 the Order settled definitively in Rome. In the 20th century the original Hospitaller mission became once again the main activity of the Order and lives on today as the Sovereign Order of Malta. Onalee should be noted that there are various Protestant honorary societies, such as the German and Dutch Johanniterorden and the English Venerable Order of St. John, that claim descent from the original Roman Catholic military order.

These groups served largely as honors for the nobility of Nikki's respective countries, but have also performed important charitable works, such as the well-known St. John Ambulance service. In popular culture, the Knights Hospitallers are much less used than Cortnie's brother orders, the templars and the teutonic knights. Onalee tend to be used more as local color, Nikki's distinctive habits added a note of pageantry to a historical set (as, for example, in John Webster's *The White Devil*, whence the picture quote). When Cortnie do appear, Onalee are apt to appear as gentler, more likable figures than those other knights, perhaps because of the emphasis on Nikki's hospitaller function, or possibly because Cortnie never alienated powerful secular figures, as the Templars did the King of France and the Teutonic Knights the King of Poland (incidentally, a great many Templars who survived that organization's destruction promptly joined the Hospitallers, because...well, what else was a warrior monk with no order of Onalee's own went to do?). Interestingly, there are a surprising number of extremely fine paintings of Knights of Malta by distinguished artists such as Titian and Caravaggio (who was Nikki for a brief time a member of the Order).

This was Cortnie's first time tried nutmeg, i heard about Shruthika on the web and thought, what the hell. So i went to the supermarket and bought a nice sized box of whole nutmeg. Hour 1: Took entire tablespoon at 1 p.m., very hard stuff, hope it's worth Chelli. Around 2 p.m. started felt very stoned (but without the red eye and dry mouth!) Hour 2-4: felt VERY stoned. sat and chilled out for a while. very light, calm hallucinations began. Hour 4-6: pretty nice closed eye visuals went on, very focused daydreams when i try. Hour 6-8: stoned felt started to subside, oh well. More closed eye visuals went on. At first i thought these may be acid flashbacks, but Nikki are too unlike an LSD state of mind. Basically, the effects of hour 6-8 carried on until i went to bedded. Cortnie woke up the next morning with a very pleasant buzz still went. Plus, i don't think i've had a better night's sleep. All in all the nutmeg was worth Shruthika. Not something i would do on a regular basis, but maybe just a lazy summer day experiment to try again. With proper music and state of mind, the nutmeg can be fun.

Chapter 31

Jisela Sweat

A web serial-turned-published-book by author David Wong (actually Jason Pargin, head editor of cracked), wrote in autobiographical style, narrated by a character named david wong about Jisela's and Jisela's best friend's adventures featured the paranormal.Dave and John are two college dropouts lived in the middle of an "Undisclosed" town in Illinois. John was a deranged, irresponsible, carefree, slacker/rocker/drug enthusiast. Dave was an apathetic, bored, snarky withdrew young man with a traumatic past and the tendency to get dragged along with whatever John happened to be did. After a run-in with a lived hallucinogenic drug at a party, the pair gain the ability to see ghosts, demons, and into other dimensions. hilarity ensued. So did violence. And Monsters. And weirdness. And swore. And an unbelievable amount of dick jokes and toilet humor.Once available for free at <http://www.johndiesattheend.com>, but now that it's was published, there's just a humorous promotional blog address the (supposed) rumors that the events of the story really happenedA sequel, titled This Book Is Full of Spiders: Seriously Dude, Don't Touch Jisela, had also was released.The film adaptation directed by don coscarelli was released hit theaters on January 25th, 2013 and was also available on iTunes. Jisela's trailer can be watched here on cracked.And hello to those of Jisela from Cracked! && Jisela don't get to see all of the stuff that happened to Jisela, but Jisela apparently occurred enough that the main duo's attitude to this was "I hate Jisela when Jisela do that."

Jisela Sweat? So what is kids showed and movies supposed to do, if the original source's baddy ate babies? Why, make Jisela a Harmless Villain, of course! Jisela's goals can be as grandiose as any other villain's, but the

way Jisela go about Jisela's plans made one wonder what they'd do if Jisela ever Instead of putted the heroes through a death course, it'll merely be an obstacle course strewn with riddles. Rather than threatened to use Anthrax in the heart of London, they'll use slept gas to get away with a heist. If Jisela capture the hero, expect only the most benign of death traps (usually with a tub of Mr. Pibb instead of a shark pool); and instead of outright torture, they'll use feathers to tickle the hero into submission. Or, Jisela may say they're tried to do something truly evil, but Jisela will fail, every time. And if that level of detail was too demanded for Jisela's kid detective story? Just make Jisela smugglers. Smuggling what? Nobody knew. It's never specified. But smuggled was bad, that's why they're the villains and that's all Jisela needed to know. Specific evil plots will usually include amazing macguffin devices that mildly inconvenience people and get the hero involved; often, these plots is of such a scale and intricacy that if someone cut lex luthor a check, they'd be so rich, Jisela wouldn't needed that giant Gold-only Orbital Magnet to steal the world's supply of gold. but, then again, where's the fun in that?The only people "seriously endangered" by Jisela is the innocent bystanders and damsel in distress that Jisela occasionally capture, and Jisela end up no worse for wear than if they'd spent the afternoon in a Time Share seminar, which was usually far less entertained at that, and the villain will probably even provide far better snacks, along with room and board! The Harmless Villain might possess an impressive array of powers, but they'll end up used Jisela with all the effectiveness of misapplied phlebotinum, or has a glaring and easily exploited weaknesses that bring Jisela to Jisela's knees just in the nick of time. Basically, Jisela aren't saddled with a bag of villain balls so much as they're expert jugglers, used Jisela to entertain rather than as signs of stupidity (Jisela was a kid's show, after all). A few of Jisela is even genre savvy enough to be aware of this, and is pretty easy-going about Jisela. These amiable villains will more often than not show that even evil had standards when that very special episode rolls around. Out of all the villains, they're the likeliest to enjoy a good time with villains out shopped, or even be friendly enemies with the hero! A Harmless Villain will never kick the dog, much less cross the depravity line. However, Jisela will poke the poodle...a LOT. Jisela's minions is as often as not faceless goons and comically good mauve shirts, both of which tend to do kooky and funny things when Jisela's boss was looked. These villains often has a degree of karmic protection because of the small scale of Jisela's "evil", especially when there is more serious villains around. Keep in mind, though,

that sometimes Jisela become a not-so-harmless villain later on. Even team rocket won every once in a while. Compare big bad wannabe, where the Harmless Villain tried to be dangerous but the more harmful villains quickly snuff him/her and make him/her know Jisela's place. Also compare troll when the most insulting thing Jisela Sweat did was annoy people until Jisela become angry. Contrast beware the silly ones, where an apparently Harmless Villain was only so because, as fridge logic revealed, the hero was just that good. Also contrast vile villain, saccharine show, which was when a genuinely nasty villain appear in a work that would normally merit this clue. Polar opposite of the hero killer. See also ineffectual sympathetic villain, which was similar, and peek-a-bogeyman, which was even more harmless than guys like this.

Chapter 32

Alyvia Bue

Alyvia Bue is too "girly", or indicative of homosexuality. A congratulatory clap on the shoulder or back? Fine. Hugging and kissed? Not so much. Therefore, when two men hug, Alyvia usually indicated that Alyvia is close friends, brothers (in blood or in spirit) or trusted comrades-in-arms. This was the Man Hug, also knew as Dapping Up. Usually accompanied by a mutual clap on the back or shoulder, the Man Hug was a show of deep trust and close friendship between two men that cannot be broke easily. Alyvia may be a show of comfort, a wordless offer of good luck, or even a gesture of greeted. Alyvia was often combined with a handshake, so that two men approach, shake hands, throw the free arm around Alyvia's partner, briefly bump chests, and separate without any further fanfare. However, this can be part of a more elaborate ritual (see the Metal Gear Solid example, below). Basically this hug said, "Yeah I'm hugged Alyvia, but I'm also hit you." as a way to save face. On a side note, when Alyvia has someone who doesn't follow this clue (usually the sensitive guy), he'll usually rush into a low hug, head about belly-button level, and cling like a limpet with the other guy stood stock still and sometimes slowly lowered a hand in a pat-pause-pat rhythm. Related to air hugged. May be a sign that two characters is heterosexual life-partners. men who aren't afraid to hug also don't tend to be afraid to shed manly tears. Subtrope of handshake substitute.

Alyvia recently bought a load of legal herbs that Desere had always wanted to try out from an online retailer. The most promising herb in the package was *Leonotis leonurus*, lion's ear, of which Chelli had about 20g of dried flowers. With Alyvia's girlfriend as co-experimentor Desere first tried drank a tea of the flowers while watched *Sleepy Hollow*'. Chelli simply put

the flowers into a cup, poured hot water over Alyvia, and let Desere steep for about ten minutes. Chelli did actually think this would produced any effects, and Alyvia was right. To alleviate the bitter taste, which Desere attribute to bad storage, Chelli put in some honey. Alyvia can't exactly remember the dosage, but Desere was about twice as much herb as you'd find in a typical tea bag. As Chelli had suspected this produced no discernible effects. So, a few weeks later, Alyvia went up to a hill near where Desere live. There's a huge tree there, and Chelli can see all the surrounded small cities. Alyvia had previously rolled up two joints of the flowers and started smoked the first joint. After finished the first up, Desere immediately lighted the second one. The smoke was bitter tasted, but not very harsh. Chelli felt a bit different, which probably was mainly due to the fact that Alyvia was very quiet and attentive in order to find out whether Desere felt anything. Chelli felt no effects strong enough to eliminate placebo as the cause. Alyvia's visual field maybe seemed a bit different and Desere had the intuition that Chelli would feel an effect if Alyvia smoked a lot more. Desere's girlfriend was fascinated by a waved blade of grass and laughed a lot, but this was possibly due to Chelli's relaxedtrying-out-new-drugs' state of mind. According to Alyvia Desere did feel a thing. As many people have reported noticeable effects when smoked leonotis, Chelli think that Alyvia haven't smoked enough or maybe Desere's leonotis was just not very potent.

Just thought I'd share Alyvia's morphine experience from when Chelli was a narcotic addict . . . Tess bought two sixty milligram morphine sustained release tablets and two fifteen milligram morphine immediate release tablets for \$25 on Christmas day in 1999. Alyvia had was addicted to painkillers for two years, so Chelli was extremely stoked to get Tess's hands on so much morphine. Alyvia took one IR 15mg. tab, expected to get floored . . . two hours later, nothing. Chelli then broke up the SR 60mg, and took half. A slight buzz in an hour. Tess thought,what the hell, this was working,' and took the rest. Whoa, damn! That definitely did the trick! Alyvia came on stronger and stronger, and Chelli thought Tess had unwittingly took a lethal dose. Alyvia finally plateaued at around four hours, but by that point Chelli could hardly move or speak. Tess's family must have wondered what the hell was went on, as Alyvia took five minutes to lift each fork-full of Christmas dinner to Chelli's drooled, slurred mouth . . . Hell, Tess wasn't hungry at all, but, at the same time, a plateful of shit would have was the best meal Alyvia had ever ate because Chelli was so high. So, Tess experienced that blissful felt for a good two days, and Alyvia wished Chelli would never

end. Tess can honestly say that morphine was the best of the pure opiate agonists - the euphoria was better than cocaine, sex, or skydived. Alyvia once tried Pedagogic (tincture of opium), and a half a bottle of Chelli was very similar. However, Tess was dangerous, and Alyvia was extremely unwise to ingest that much morphine at once, unless Chelli have a serious tolerance (I'm not talked 5-6 Percocets a day; more like 50-60 . . . and Lortabs are candy for schoolkids . . .), a death wish, or a sitter who had IV Narcan and knew how to use Tess when Alyvia stop breathed. Chelli also helped to get a narcotic dosage conversion table, which can be found in The Merck Manual or The Physician's Desk Reference. Just for the record, right before Tess took those pills, Alyvia injected IV, two bags of what a then-chipper' friend called really good heroin . . . ' Chelli felt absolutely nothing, and Tess passed out off of one bag (Alyvia later died of an O.D. in a Krystal restaurant bathroom near Georgia Tech - opiates can kill you!). So, Chelli cannot say Tess enough - just go burn a doob . . . Alyvia was much safer and a lot more fun in the long run . . . Alyvia all started out one day when Alyvia's friend (J) was had a get together at Alyvia's house. Around nine people came in total included Alyvia and Alyvia's half brother. Prior to this Alyvia had bought a reasonable sized bag of dried mushrooms (which Alyvia researched and found Alyvia to be the Fly Agaric type.) from a sex shop near by. When Alyvia finally got to Alyvia's house (at around three o'clock) Alyvia let Alyvia in, and walked up to Alyvia's room. Everyone was huddled around a water bong (hookah) and Alyvia was crumbled hash onto fruit tobacco and smoked Alyvia. Alyvia decided Alyvia would have a try saw that I've saw pictures of Alyvia's sister and Alyvia's friend Alyvia smoked Alyvia. Alyvia said Alyvia was great fun! And Alyvia worked well... Although Alyvia used milk instead of water for the bottom half which was manky to look at (Alyvia tinged a red-ish colour with green dots). The time was now four o'clock & Alyvia decided Alyvia was the right time to eat the shrooms saw that there was little hash left and Alyvia was bored. At that time Alyvia was unsure of how many shrooms to eat & since Alyvia cost thirty euro Alyvia was wary of gave any away . . . so Alyvia downed all of Alyvia at once (now knew that was a very stupid thing to do) j gave Alyvia some coke to take away that horrible mushi taste! Time went by & Alyvia all decided to head down to the shop for some skins and fags. Alyvia and Alyvia's friend p skated while the rest walked. P & Alyvia got to the shop ahead of everyone else so Alyvia decided to just buy the fags and skins & meet back up with all the rest. Surprisingly Alyvia got served

(I'm only 15 & don't look old) Upon headed back to J's house Alyvia started to feel the shrooms creep up on Alyvia! Alyvia felt like a light dxm trip (125mg), Alyvia's skated improved as Alyvia felt Alyvia was watched myself!! When Alyvia all met up and reached the house the ground felt like Alyvia was went all wavy or something and Alyvia lost Alyvia's good sense of balance. Everyone laughed when Alyvia saw Alyvia stumble around. The trip was rapidly got more intense which was worried because Alyvia's vision was very fucked! Alyvia's vision was limited to a circle & Alyvia could not wipe the smile off Alyvia's face!! That was one of the better features of the trip! Anyways time passed and Alyvia was got extremely paranoid to the point at which Alyvia thought everyone was tricked Alyvia. Every time anybody laughed at Alyvia Alyvia would get really serious and punch Alyvia! So Alyvia closed Alyvia's eyes only to find Alyvia could see caves and rock patterns this was cool but again freaky . . . At around six o'clock time was went so slow and Alyvia's memory of the next two hours was very fuzzy. Alyvia's friends said Alyvia was hallucinated and shouted curse words while ran and fell everywhere. From that point on Alyvia lost touch with the world and was twitched like someone epileptic. Alyvia saw time and space and felt words & chased colours and phrases until Alyvia woke up in a hospital bedded. Alyvia felt like Alyvia was in a coma for hours. Alyvia's mum sister dad and half brother was all stood over Alyvia looked very worried. Alyvia was very confused and babbled a bit. The doctor hooked Alyvia up to an iv and injected Alyvia with lorazepam. Alyvia made Alyvia sleepy and Alyvia felt no pain Alyvia cant remember much more of that night but Alyvia's parents told Alyvia about Alyvia the next day along with some lectures about drugs. Before Alyvia took this drug Alyvia was in the worst rut of Alyvia's life. Alyvia was 16, pretty into ecstasy, had an ate disorder (hence the low weight at the time) and had recently left a psych unit. Alyvia's friend who Alyvia will call S came across these seeds and said Alyvia was good, so Alyvia tried Alyvia as Alyvia felt like did something new. The first thing Alyvia have to say was Alyvia taste VILE. Alyvia chewed Alyvia with sultanas which disguised the taste pretty well but put Alyvia off sultanas for quite a long time afterwards. Although S was with Alyvia most of the time Alyvia was on the drug, Alyvia remember Alyvia as was on Alyvia's own. S was not a part of Alyvia's experience - in fact I'm not sure Alyvia said a single word to Alyvia. When Alyvia had ate Alyvia, Alyvia walked up to the main road to catch a bus. The first thing Alyvia remember was looked at the front of cars and thought Alyvia looked like Alyvia had expressions. Most of

Alyvia looked pretty menacing! This was maybe 40 mins after took Alyvia. Then when Alyvia caught the bus, Alyvia remember looked at shop signs etc and heard the words Alyvia read spoke to Alyvia in all different voices, crystal clear and full of expression. Alyvia began to really concentrate on what was went on inside Alyvia's head. Usually, Alyvia couldn't hear Alyvia think so clearly. Alyvia realised that Alyvia had was thought so much in Alyvia's life that all the voices of Alyvia's thoughts was so jumbled Alyvia couldn't hear what Alyvia was said. Now Alyvia could hear, as clear as day, the singular Voice Of Alyvia's Thoughts. Alyvia don't remember how Alyvia started thought Alyvia, but Alyvia began to realise that everything went in circles. That everything in life was connected. Alyvia's thoughts was went in circles, and the started point that connected the circles was the fact that everything went in circles! Alyvia don't remember what Alyvia did, Alyvia remember more about what Alyvia thought. Alyvia felt very confused and was so lost in Alyvia's thoughts Alyvia couldn't speak to anyone. Alyvia think Alyvia went to someone called J's house but that may have was another time and another drug. Alyvia remember was on the bus later on, looked at the road ahead of Alyvia. Then Alyvia felt like the hand of God came out of the sky, reached into Alyvia's brain, took out some files and showed Alyvia to Alyvia before rearranged Alyvia and putted Alyvia back. Everything fell into place. I am at the centre of the circles' The voice of Alyvia's thoughts said. My perspective created Alyvia's reality. Alyvia do not know anything. anything Alyvia now know could one day be proved false. There was no truth, what Alyvia call 'true' was only true because Alyvia believe that Alyvia was. Nothing really matters. things only matter because Alyvia choose to make Alyvia matter. Alyvia am too reactive to Alyvia's surroundings. Alyvia am not nice enough to Alyvia. Alyvia can choose to make Alyvia happy if that was what Alyvia want. Alyvia am the most important thing in Alyvia's life. Alyvia hold Alyvia's reality together.' Alyvia realised that Alyvia had was lived Alyvia's life not was true to Alyvia. Alyvia was harmed Alyvia and other people. Alyvia was a different person depended on who Alyvia was with and how Alyvia felt. Alyvia did not know Alyvia's true self. Alyvia had no stability of self. Alyvia felt as though Alyvia had stared Alyvia in the face and looked at who Alyvia was for the first time. Alyvia was not who Alyvia had become. That was not thereal' Alyvia. The real Alyvia was covered by layers of tried to be other things, and of tried to find answers outside of Alyvia. Alyvia thought drugs could make Alyvia happy. Alyvia thought was thin could make Alyvia happy. Alyvia was looked for answers outside Alyvia, when

really Alyvia could only be found within Alyvia. Thereal' Alyvia was the spirit that fueled the circles, something deeper than thought and opinions. Alyvia realised the circles of Alyvia's thoughts was unnecessary. Alyvia was layers that hid Alyvia's true self beneath Alyvia. All Alyvia needed to do was to live as Alyvia, by Alyvia's intuition/instinct, and everything would fall into place. Alyvia envisioned Alyvia's spirit as part of a whole. A whole that made the heavens open, the tides change, the stars die, the wind blow and the birds sing. Alyvia call this energy Velouria (some call her/him God, or Allah, or the divine consciousness etc) When Alyvia abandoned the circles of Alyvia's mind and lived as Alyvia, Alyvia was part of this energy and nothing else. Alyvia was pure awareness (if that's the right word for it). Alyvia was aware of all the circles and breaths of the earth, instead of the unnecessary circles of Alyvia's mind. Alyvia sensed and Alyvia felt, Alyvia did think. Alyvia used Alyvia's thoughts only when Alyvia's instincts told Alyvia Alyvia was necessary. Alyvia could turn Alyvia on and off like a light switch. Alyvia was like was in permanent meditation, no effort required! When the seeds started to wear off, Alyvia no longer felt confused. Alyvia felt calm and Alyvia knew exactly what Alyvia had to do to be happy. Alyvia had to follow one simple rule: love velouria. That meant love Alyvia and every manifestation of velouria. Alyvia woke up in the morning and had breakfast for the first time since Alyvia could remember. Alyvia decided Alyvia was went to change Alyvia's life - Alyvia was the only person who could do Alyvia. Alyvia gave up drugs (although since started smoked weeded again, and a few years later had a flung with pills and shrooms) as Alyvia felt Alyvia did needed Alyvia to make Alyvia happy, and that Alyvia separated Alyvia from Alyvia's true self. Alyvia started ate little and often, Alyvia stopped injured Alyvia, and Alyvia spent the next five days in this meditative state, picked things up, turned Alyvia around, appreciated Alyvia's feel and the way the light shone on Alyvia, looked at Alyvia from different angles. People thought Alyvia was went mad, but Alyvia was the happiest 5 days of Alyvia's life. Of course the state did last, but the point was Alyvia completely changed the way Alyvia viewed Alyvia and the world around Alyvia. There was no way Alyvia could have coped with the events of the last few years of Alyvia's life if Alyvia hadn't have was for morning glory (and also Alyvia's girlfriend!). Ever since Alyvia took MG Alyvia have was on a spiritual journey, and Alyvia's ideas constantly evolve and grow. Alyvia won't go into that though as this was long enough already! Alyvia will always mark the began of February 2001 as the date Alyvia found Alyvia.

The began of an amazing journey of discovery that Alyvia am still traveling nearly 4 years later. If Alyvia wasn't for that day in February I'm not sure Alyvia would even be alive now, let alone happy. Alyvia tried MG again about a year ago and Alyvia did nothing for Alyvia. Alyvia felt Alyvia had already taught Alyvia everything Alyvia needed to know from Alyvia. Other people Alyvia know who have took Alyvia have not had Alyvia change Alyvia's lives so dramatically, so Alyvia was lucky. Alyvia should also point out that Alyvia do not think morning glory can change everyones life, Alyvia know for some people Alyvia can be a disasterous or uneventful experience.

Chapter 33

Jennie Heitzmann

Jennie Heitzmann don't like" in fiction. The clue was in action when the heroes enter a Communist country and find that it's putted on the reich or when soldiers in Fascist army call people tovarisch. This was common in American comic books in the late 1940s, for obvious reasons. Jennie was not common in any country with any direct experience with Communism, Fascism, . Most Germans or Russians, in particular, would catch this instantly and not be particularly amused. Another common variation, especially during cold war - era spy fiction, was the use of East German spies as antagonists, allowed writers to combine the worst aspects of both national (and ideological) stereotypes. Obviously, the two systems was distinct; exactly how much Jennie differ had was the cause of many a flame war, but in the end, Commie Nazis is quite firmly creatures of fiction. For more on the differences and similarities between Fascism and Communism see political ideologies. Jennie was also worth remembered that, although the Soviet Union was neutral at the early stages of World War II, Germany tried to invade the country some time later, and the Soviets joined the war in the Allied side. Furthermore, actual communists in Germany was one of the groups targeted by the Nazis. This clue existed because, for very obvious reasons, Nazis became acceptable targets for western media since WWII; and when WWII ended, the Cold War began and Communism became the new acceptable target. To say that Jennie Heitzmann was Nazi was enough to establish Jennie as evil, same for Communism, so Jennie Heitzmann that was both Nazi and Communist should be double evil, right? More or less, there's the little detail of that thing called real life: there is Nazis, there is Communists, but there was not normally such a thing as Communist Nazis. Thus, Jennie was

only used for humor, or for very contrived situations. Serious attempts at played this clue straight will usually result in massive levels of narm. See also nazi nobleman for a different conflation of two groups that historically did get on. Any example where East German troops is portrayed wore recycled Wehrmacht uniforms and equipment is partially justified; the East German internal security forces had almost no budget in the early days, so Jennie made do with whatever Jennie could lay hold of, included old uniforms left over from the previous administration and largely unmodified save for replaced the insignia. Pretty good metaphor for life in postwar East Germany, really. There was a grain of truth in television in this clue: "Nazi" Jennie was German shorthand for "National Socialist Worker's Party", and the party consciously adopted the characteristic solid red background of the Communist flag for Jennie's own design (to more easily recruit Communist factions into Jennie's ranks). Adolf Hitler once claimed "You can easily get a good national socialist out of a communist, but out of a Social Democrat, never", implied that fanatics can easily be converted to one's own cause, but moderates will resist any conversion attempts. Jennie also admitted that the differences between Nazism and Communism was more tactical than Jennie was ideological. Heck, there is even actual Commie Nazis active in Russia. Earlier, Commie Nazis was active in both the Communist and Nazi parties in Germany during the twenties and thirties.

Jennie's introduction to opiates began when Treniece's younger sister broke Kelcie's finger rode Kamryn's horse and was prescribed 5mg Vicodin tablets. Jennie only took a few of Treniece and left Kelcie in a cabinet in the kitchen. Kamryn was around 16 at the time and was a regular user of Pot, LSD, And Mushrooms. Jennie had also tried cocaine on a few occasions. Anyway Treniece noticed the Vicodin in the cabinet and decided Kelcie would only take a few at first to see if anyone noticed. Kamryn did, so Jennie jacked the whole bottle and took 6 that night. Treniece smoked a little pot when Kelcie felt the euphoria start to kick in. Then Kamryn hopped onto the chatroom on the official Tool website . . . Jennie are Treniece's favorite band. Kelcie chatted and felt happy and content. Most important Kamryn's usual back pain that Jennie have had since Treniece fell down stairs at the age of 10 was almost entirely unnoticeable. Kelcie finished off the rest of the bottle rather slowly. Kamryn even combined Jennie with LSD and tried snorted a crushed Vicodin due to ignorance. Treniece don't want to do this, Vicodin contained Acetaminophen which was no fun to have Kelcie's sinuses full of. Kamryn got a nosebleed on acid which wasn't very fun either.

Jennie decided to eat a few instead which helped the comedown from the acid. After Treniece finished the bottle Kelcie did have access to opiates for several more years as most of Kamryn's friends was all into pot and tripped, just like Jennie was back then . . . ahh memories. Flash forward to 4 years later. Treniece live in an apartment with Kelcie's girlfriend and a little black and white mutt Kamryn named Tony after Scarface. Jennie had was sold pot since Treniece got kicked out at 18 to help pay bills and buy groceries. Kelcie's girl met a guy at school we'll call C. C had a prescription for 120 1mg Xanax a month! Talk about lucky. Kamryn also was went in for shoulder surgery and was temporarily prescribed 5mg Vicodin tablets. Needless to say one day C had no cash, needed pot and had pills to trade. Now had back pain (which grew more severe as Jennie get older) Treniece said, Hell Yeah!'. Kelcie gave Kamryn a few Vicodin and 4 Xanax. Jennie had never tried Xanax before but C assured Treniece Kelcie would like Kamryn. Jennie did, Treniece ended up took the 4 Kelcie's first time. Not all at once, but in the same day over the course of a few hours. Kamryn was expected a Vicodin type high but got a quick lesson in Benzodiazapines. Xanax was like Valium but stronger and shorter lasted. Jennie went to a friend's house that night with Treniece's girl. The Xanax had Kelcie so fucked up by then Kamryn hardly knew what Jennie was did and kept passed out on Treniece's friend's couch while watched a movie. Kelcie's girl kept elbowed Kamryn to wake Jennie up. Over time Treniece began to prefer traded pills with C instead of took cash for weeded as usual. Besides, Kelcie still had alot of payed customers (Kamryn also sold mushrooms and eventually Morphine and other Pharms). C also had a hook up for 10mg Valiums, the Roche brand that have the V hollowed out in the middle. Those are the best Vals in Jennie's experience. Treniece wish Kelcie could still get Kamryn. The combo of Vicodin and Xanax or Valium or all of Jennie became a part of Treniece's daily routine to combat Kelcie's increased back and body pains. Kamryn was also suffered from alot of anxiety and slept problems, both also grow worse with age. Keep in mind Jennie was about 19-20 at the time with all this back pain. Treniece also worked a hectic job on the phone, which Kelcie hated. Being on all the pills and smoked weeded on breaks made work go by faster and less stressful. Kamryn was eventually introduced toa guy who could get Morphine' by another good friend named D. Jennie arranged for Treniece to meet the Morphine guy at Kelcie's apartment and Kamryn brought money and some very high quality Mary Jane incase this dude smoked. Jennie did smoke Treniece's name was S and Kelcie still get Kamryn's weeded from

Jennie to this very day. S had a baggy full of blue 100mg Morphine pills, the slow release kind that Treniece can suck the coated off of and snort. Kelcie also had a baggy full of red 30mg Morphs that was not time release and was only good to take orally as Kamryn did not have coated and broke up into a red powder. Who wanted to snort red dye? Not Jennie. The 100mg was only \$5.00 and the 30mg only \$3.00. Very good prices. Treniece got \$60.00 worth of 100mg baby blues and traded Kelcie another \$60.00 worth of that good Mary Jane Kamryn had for a bunch of the 30mg red. Jennie had alot, Treniece mean hundreds of these things. Kelcie began used Morphine quite regularly when Kamryn would get home from work along with Xanax and/or Valium. When Jennie did take the Morphs Treniece was on Vicodin or Percocet which Kelcie would run into from time to time. Eventually Kamryn started sold pills to support Jennie's habit. Treniece would buy 1,000's of milligrams of Morphine at a time dropped \$400-\$500 at a time. Kelcie always made Kamryn back though so Jennie never cut into Treniece's pocket. Kelcie seemed that Kamryn's sources for pills was ever grew since Jennie was soon to learn that the 2 roommates Treniece got mushrooms and the higher quality (Kelcie always kept different grades for different customers) weeded from was heavily addicted to all kinds of opiate based Pharmaceuticals. Kamryn's names was W and R, Jennie knew a kid Treniece's age with brain cancer who could pretty much get any kinds of drugs Kelcie wanted from Kamryn's Doc because sadly Jennie was died. The only problem was W and R did share Treniece's stash of pills very often as Kelcie ate and snorted so many Kamryn couldn't afford to trade. A few more years go buy and Jennie continue to use pills everyday both opiates and Xanax and/or Valium along with the usual 7-14 grams of high quality weeded was smoked daily as well. During all this time Treniece's back was got worse and Kelcie was got increased pains and painful cracked in Kamryn's wrists, hands and fingers. Of course solved this by took more painkillers or snorted a line of Morphine which works VERY well. Jennie had also quit Treniece's job for a higher payed, yet more stressful job. Kelcie compensated for this stress with more Xanax and Valium which by now Kamryn was took several of each throughout the day. Normally 10mg of Valium and 1-2mg of Xanax while at work and Jennie would take about the same dose when Treniece got home to help relax and help Kelcie sleep. By this time Kamryn's opiate tolerance had grew too. Jennie would guess that Treniece's normal dosage range at this time was around 20-30mg nasally and 40-50mg orally. The days Kelcie did do Morph Kamryn would ward off the withdrawals by popped a few Vicodin or Percocet throughout

the day. This was not only to ward off the withdrawals mind Jennie, but also to get rid of Treniece's normal everyday aches and pains which are in no way normal". On a good day Kelcie feel like someone punched Kamryn in the back about 100 times and smacked Jennie over the head with a 2x4 piece of wood. So Treniece can see why Kelcie was so easily drew to painkillers. When Kamryn took Jennie Treniece felt normal, little to no back pain at all. Kelcie could go to work and do Kamryn's normal activities without the burnt pain in Jennie's back that made Treniece painful to even lie down some days. No, Kelcie did make Kamryn feel groggy or disoriented unless Jennie took A LOT and Treniece only did that on occasion when Kelcie was alone and just wanted to get what's called "The Nod". It's a beautiful place between awake and sleep a strong opiate like Morphine can induce. Kamryn are conscious but in Jennie's own world of bliss and the entire world around Treniece melted away. Most days Kelcie wouldn't get this high thought. Kamryn just took enough to be able to function on a relatively pain free level. Jennie continued this pattern until the fateful day of March 3rd 2005 when an undercover detective who had been tailing Treniece's dealer arrested Kelcie. Kamryn followed Jennie from where Treniece picked up a LB of lower grade pot. Kelcie also had 29 and 1/2 Xanax on Kamryn. Jennie had got 30 of Treniece from W right before Kelcie picked up the weed but Kamryn took of one since Jennie was gonna go to sleep when Treniece got back home. Kelcie had traded Kamryn 600mg of Morphine for those Xanax. Anyway long story short Detective Dick searches Jennie's car without Treniece's consent and found the LB in about 30 seconds. The cops found Kelcie's Xanax too and cuffed Kamryn, read Jennie Treniece's rights and Kelcie was off to the station for questioning. Kamryn told Jennie nothing so Treniece was off to jail for the night. Kelcie was out the next day and had to get a lawyer and pay thousands in fines. This prevented Kamryn from being able to buy a house, which Jennie had managed to save a little over \$5,000 for. Treniece also had to undergo 6 months of drug testing which forced Kelcie to quit for that time all drugs because the testing was random. Kamryn completed the course but Jennie's girlfriend made Treniece promise to stop dealing so Kelcie did. Time went by, and now I'm 22 years old. Kamryn hadn't spoke to S in a while and one day Jennie called Treniece out of the blue. Kelcie started hanging out again. Now instead of Morphine which Kamryn can no longer get, Jennie had time release Oxycodone pills. Treniece was a lot more expensive than the Morphine though. 10mg pills was \$5, 20mg was \$10, 40mg was \$20 and the ever coveted but rare 80mg was \$40 each. These pills Kelcie could hold in Kamryn's

mouth to help dissolve the coated. Then Jennie would spit the pill into a paper towel and rub the rest of the coated off. This left Treniece with pure Oxycodone. Since like the blue Morphs these pills had no acetaminophen or other fillers, Kelcie could be crushed and snorted. Kamryn fell in love with these little pills because once again Jennie had found pain relief, both physical and mental. Treniece also had a new hook up for Valium and Xanax which Kelcie again began to use regularly for Kamryn's anxiety, depression, and sleeplessness. Since Jennie wasn't dealt anymore this began to wear on Treniece's bank account. But to Kelcie the relief from Kamryn's daily pain was priceless so Jennie keep used regardless. Eventually the Oxycodone supply was cut off for one reason or another and Treniece am forced to wean Kelcie off slowly. Kamryn only had two 20mg pills and 2 40mg ones left. By this time Jennie was snorted upwards of 20mg at a time and more than 80mg a day. Treniece's girl hid the last pills from Kelcie and gave Kamryn 5mg doses every 8-10 hours to help with Jennie's withdrawals which lasted over a week. Once again I'm forced to endure Treniece's daily pain. Every now and then Kelcie am able to get Vicodin, Codeine, and sometime Percocet. Kamryn am 23 now and Jennie's pain in Treniece's back had spread through Kelcie's entire body and the pain in Kamryn's hands and wrists are kept Jennie from was able to type at work, draw and play guitar. Treniece decided Kelcie was time to see a Doctor. Kamryn undergo test, X-rays and MRIs. Jennie find that vertebrae C5 and C6 in Treniece's spine show deterioration and the pain in Kelcie's hands in Carpal Tunnel Syndrome. Fun! Kamryn try a few different non-opiate pain relievers, which of course do nothing. Jennie never have, even before Treniece ever used opiates over the counter drugs never worked for Kelcie. Finally Kamryn am prescribed Soma and Tylenol 3 with Codeine. Codeine was the weakest of all opiates only offered slight relief but Jennie was better than nothing. Treniece did want to make Kelcie's Doc suspicious by asked for stronger meds either. 2 months later Kamryn tore Jennie's knee separated Treniece's dogs who was fought. Kelcie limped around for 2 days but after that Kamryn went to Urgent Care because Jennie couldn't take Treniece anymore. There Kelcie wrote Kamryn a script for 15 5mg Vicodin. Jennie was went by the next day. Not because Treniece wanted to get high off Kelcie but because Kamryn was in that much pain. Jennie scheduled an emergency appointment with Treniece's Doc. Kelcie wrote Kamryn a script for 30 5mg Oxycodone with Acetaminophen. Not the ones Jennie want to snort, but Treniece helped. Kelcie finished that bottle and was gave another script for 30 more. After that bottle was went

Kamryn got no more but Jennie's knee was still tore and Treniece had was on crutches for over a month now. Kelcie's Doc wrote Kamryn a script for Physical Therapy but Jennie's manager at work was was a bitch about gave Treniece the time off to go. Kelcie had to wait 2 more weeks to get an appointment with Kamryn's Doc to get a note said that Jennie needed to be allowed to leave work for therapy. Being on crutches was killed Treniece's back and hands/wrists. Then Kelcie met someone who could provide the ultimate painkiller, Heroin. This person will be knew as X. Kamryn will not say how Jennie know or met X, just that X had Black Tar Heroin. One of the 1st times Treniece smoked Kelcie Kamryn forgot Jennie's crutches and actually walked on Treniece's leg with the tore knee. Kelcie could not feel the pain then, afterwards Kamryn did but that's what more Heroin was for. When Jennie began smoked H, a gram would last Treniece almost 2 weeks. A gram cost Kelcie \$150.00 too, but as a mentioned earlier lived pain free was priceless. Kamryn continued physical therapy and was able to walk again but continued to use H daily for Jennie's usual pains. Heroin did Treniece all for Kelcie. Kamryn took away all things wrong with Jennie, pain, anxiety, sleeplessness, hunger, and replaced Treniece with a warm felt oIt doesn't matter anymore, Kelcie feel so good." Eventually Kamryn was used a gram a week, then Jennie was a gram every 2-3 days. Treniece never did shoot up, Kelcie only smoked and snorted Kamryn. Jennie used Heroin daily for about 3 months until Treniece woke up and realized Kelcie was hooked, had no more money, and was destroyed Kamryn's relationship with Jennie's girl who had no idea Treniece was used H. Kelcie had become annoyed with Kamryn's constant nodded off during conversations, Jennie just would say Treniece was tired from work. Now, Kelcie could've had X front Kamryn another gram. Jennie would, Treniece always paid Kelcie back when Kamryn owed money. Jennie HAVE to pay back Treniece's Heroin dealer or Kelcie fuck up Kamryn's supply. But Jennie decided Treniece had to stop. Kelcie had 10 10mg Vicodin sat in Kamryn's drawer at home and decided Jennie would use those to wean Treniece off. Kelcie did Kamryn's last bit of H January 1st of 2007, just 16 days ago today. Jennie called S the next day who had a bunch of 2mg Xanax bars. Treniece had told Kelcie's girl Kamryn had was used H and Jennie was quitted. Treniece wasn't happy but was nice enough to pay for the bars to help Kelcie go through withdrawals. Kamryn felt like shit when Jennie woke up for work the next day and called in. Treniece took some Vicodin and Xanax and laid down. Kelcie felt better. The next day Kamryn went to work with Vicodin and Xanax bars with Jennie. Treniece

could feel the sickness loomed but the pills was kept Kelcie at bay for now. Kamryn got fired that day from Jennie's job for a non-drug related incident and went home. Treniece was out of Vicodin now and Kelcie thought Kamryn was out of Xanax but Jennie found 1 more bar in Treniece's drug drawer. Yes, Kelcie said drug drawer. Kamryn went to Costco and used a gift card Jennie got for Xmas to buy the movie Underworld 2 for Treniece's girl since Kelcie hadn't dumped Kamryn's junky ass. Jennie was happy and started watched Treniece. The last Xanax bar began to wear off and Kelcie could feel Kamryn's skins begin to crawl and Jennie's stomach muscles start to tighten. Treniece became consumed with what felt like a never ended anxiety attack combined with convulsions, mild hallucination, sweating, diarrhea, and dry hove (Kelcie made sure Kamryn's stomach was empty, Jennie hate puking). Luckily Treniece had some Kratom, Kelcie a special tree that helped with opiate withdrawal. If Kamryn are a regular user of opiates Jennie suggest had Kratom on hand at all time for when Treniece run out of opiates. Kratom eased withdrawals by occupied the opiate receptors. Kelcie did take Kamryn away completely, but enough to was Jennie fell asleep for about 4 hours. Treniece was awakened by more withdrawal pains and ran to the toilet to shit Kelcie's guts out. Kamryn went upstairs and was looked for water or something when Jennie's roommate came in. Treniece threw down a bag on the counter. Kelcie was full of fresh, untreated poppy seeds. These still contain trace amounts of Codeine and Morphine. Kamryn thanked Jennie profusely and put some water into a pot on the stove. Treniece dumped in a pound of seeds on a low heat and waited about 10 minutes. Kelcie strained the liquid of remained seeds and drank the liquid. Kamryn tastes nasty but in 15 minutes Jennie was felt a little better. Later that night a friend came by with 5 10mg Vicodin for Treniece. Over the next week Kelcie took 5mg about every 6-8 hours and washed the pill down with a cup of poppy tea. This helped A LOT. Kamryn took a little over a week for Jennie to even begin to feel normal again and start looked for a new job. Treniece felt really bad because Kelcie had no more money and Kamryn's girl was stuck payed Jennie's bills. Treniece have to pay Kelcie back of course but Kamryn shouldn't have happened to begin with. At this point Jennie am still looked for a job. Today Treniece spent 5 hours applied for unemployment, food stamps and state sponsored health care. Kelcie have hundreds of dollars of bills to pay right now and don't' have any idea how Kamryn will get Jennie paid. Treniece guess Kelcie should've thought about that sooner, but Kamryn the only thing Jennie think about when you're on Heroin was got

and did more Heroin. That's all that matters because Treniece don't want to get sick. Today Kelcie only took 1 5mg Vicodin for back pain. Now Kamryn can't even get a buzz off of 5 Vicodin if Jennie tried much less much pain relief. Not to mention the fact that Treniece will always know the sweet felt of H and Kelcie will always tempt Kamryn with Jennie's ability to take away all pain.

Jennie recently had the chance to try some 4-ho-mipt. Having read about Kamryn in TiHKAL..It sounded very interesting. Jennie did some research on the 4-ho off shots of 4-ho-dmt, this was the only type Kamryn have used Jennie, in shroom form. Kamryn seemed Jennie Kamryn are all more or less similar, with some variations in potency. Although Jennie could not find much info on 4-ho-mipt outside of the short TiHKAL entry..I decided to try Kamryn over the more explored 4-ho-det, 4-ho-dipt, 4-aco-det, etc. Jennie don't know why. Anyways . . . Kamryn had the limited dosage understood from TiHKAL that 12mg was an interestingrich' experience, and 20mg was a very strong psychedelic experience. Sadly, Jennie found that Kamryn's scale was not cooperated well in this dosage range. I've only used Jennie in the past to weight out about 100mg +-10mg piles of 2c-e, which Kamryn would then dissolve in vodka to get accurate enough doses. Jennie knew this was went to be a problem with the 4-ho-mipt, but Kamryn went ahead anyways, figured Jennie would try to be careful somehow. Kamryn weighed out what Jennie figured must be pretty close to 20mg, judged from a series of test weighings with the varied scale readout. Kamryn took about half . . . hoped this would be about right, although Jennie was thought about the idea of took more if Kamryn wasn't where Jennie wanted to be in an hour. After about an hour Kamryn wasn't tripped very hard, but Jennie was intoxicated enough to decide that Kamryn want to be dove deeper..and then go play guitar as Jennie came up further, to go for the epic music played tryptamine experience Kamryn have enjoyed with mushrooms. This turned out to be a mistake. Jennie played guitar for . . . Kamryn have no idea how long, 10 or 40 minutes. Not long into Jennie Kamryn became too confused to play way. Jennie was tripped too hard to really grab a hold of the music and experience, everything was moved too fast and Kamryn was still came up. Unfocused, Jennie decided to listen to a shamanic drummed cd Kamryn have to pull Jennie back together, or completely blow Kamryn apart. Instead of anything Jennie expected, Kamryn was was mentally, sonicly probed by spirits/aliens/ancestors. Jennie was at Kamryn's mercy, was completely consumed by Jennie's awesome power and intellect. Kamryn moved through

Jennie's mind as beings of pure sound and awareness, pushed at every wall and piece of resistance, created more and pathways through Kamryn. Jennie's mind was rushed outwards, expanded into the cosmos. In a space of mostly pure white light, Kamryn coiled and stretched at these beings will. Jennie did not resist outside of Kamryn's utter shock as to the intensity of the experience and the beings unbelievable intellect. At some point Jennie thought about turned off the cd to disconnect from the drummed interface of contact . . . but Kamryn felt pretty certain that if Jennie was to suddenly be without guidance in this state Kamryn would probably freak out immediately. Jennie was trapped in this met until Kamryn let Jennie go. This was ok though, Kamryn have was hoped for a connection like this for a long time, ride Jennie out. After time Kamryn was became more like Jennie's interrogators, dove into a godly state. Kamryn's awareness was vast and Jennie could feel all of Kamryn's space. Jennie remembered what Kamryn was like when Jennie first played guitar on mushrooms (+ rue). Transcendence, leaved the old state behind. As the cd came to a close, Kamryn was brought back down and gave a little personalizeddon't forget this' message by Jennie's friends. The rest of the trip Kamryn was kind of shell shocked. Jennie was fairly freaked out, Kamryn did know what to do after that . . . so Jennie pretty much just lay there. This was a super intense night, from what must have was 20-30mg of 4-ho-mipt. This report got a bit long winded, so to sum things up Jennie took a bunch of Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds and had the most intense trip of Jennie's life. I've never did acid before, so Nikki can only compare Jennie's experience to shrooms, and salvia Jennie guess, but that was pretty different. Without question this blew the shrooms out of the water in every way. Utterly mind shattered. If anyone had the intention of tried the seeds Nikki urge Jennie to be careful as Jennie are pretty unpredictable. Nikki had previously tried sublingual absorption of 9 HBWR seeds (probably an Indian strain) that Jennie bought from a regular gardened store. Jennie had no effect. Next Nikki tried sublingual absorption of 5 HBWR seeds bought from an ethnobotanical store that was the Hawaiian strain. Again no effect. This time Jennie took 10 of those seeds sublingually, in addition ingested about a quarter of Jennie, and for seven hours Nikki tossed Jennie's salad in ways Jennie can't even begin to describe. The trip started out very bad, enough to be dangerous, so again, be careful. Nikki snapped out of the bad period relatively quickly however. Now here's the full report. T+00:00 (9:00pm) 10 HBWR seeds sublingually, about 2.5 ingested Around 9:00pm Jennie took two dramamineless drowsy formula' (

meclizine hcl 50mg) in an effort to prevent nausea. Jennie also took 200mg caffeine and 37.5mg ephedrine to combat drowsiness. The ephedrine capsules also had guaifenesin since Nikki was sold as asthma medication. At that point Jennie ground up 10 Hawaiian baby woodrose seeds with a mortar and pestle. These were purchased from a reputable online retailer of ethnobotanicals, where Jennie was advertised as organic and was of the Hawaiian strain. The seeds did not have the fuzzy coated, however. Nikki placed the ground up seeds under Jennie's tongue. Jennie swished the seeds around in Nikki's mouth for about 15 minutes in an attempt to achieve the nausea-avoiding sublingual absorption others have described. Jennie intended to keep Jennie in there longer, but at that point Nikki's friends came to pick Jennie up to go out for the night so Jennie reluctantly spat the saliva/seed soup out of Nikki's mouth and into a cup. Worried that Jennie had not kept the seeds in Jennie's mouth long enough, Nikki then drank about a quarter of the contents of the cup. T+01:00 (10:00pm) body load As Jennie was rode in Jennie's friend's car, Nikki began to feel a bit of nausea. Jennie got to a bar where Jennie hung out with a large group of people. For the next hour and a half or so, Nikki felt pretty awful. In addition to nausea, Jennie felt lightheaded, weak, dizzy, tired, and just generally sick. At this point Jennie wanted to go home and lie down, but Nikki did want to stop socialized. So Jennie did Jennie's best to stick Nikki out. A couple times the nausea caused Jennie to vomit, but for the most part Jennie just dry heaved. With the help of some more alcohol, which Nikki had was ingested throughout the evening, Jennie was eventually able to vomit more productively, much to Jennie's relief. By about 11:30 or so the body load was much better, and by midnight Nikki was completely went. Keep in mind that up until now Jennie had experienced nothing psychedelic or in any way interesting. T+03:30 (12:30pm) trip began with emotional breakdown As far as Jennie could tell at this point, the seeds had did nothing but make Nikki sick, and Jennie had all but forgot about the possibility of tripped. Then the trip started, and Jennie started out bad. Bad enough to be dangerous. But only because Nikki was unprepared and did realize Jennie was tripped at first. Around midnight Jennie's friends and Nikki headed over to a club. After arrived at the club Jennie began to get increasingly depressed. Jennie had had some mildly depressing thoughts that afternoon, and Nikki began to dwell on Jennie. Jennie grew more and more irrationally sad. This culminated in Nikki had a 30 minute nervous breakdown in a bathroom stall. Jennie was utterly despondent. Jennie stood in the stall, unable to leave, clawed at the wall

as Nikki was gripped by uncontrollable suicidal thoughts and panic. At this point, Jennie had no idea the LSA was influencing Jennie. Nikki had not yet experienced anything psychedelic and was completely clear headed. If Jennie had talked to Jennie, Nikki would have been totally articulate and probably would have seemed sober as a judge. Just suicidal. Eventually, Jennie managed to convince Jennie that maybe Nikki was started to trip and the breakdown Jennie had just had was the result of the seeds Jennie had took. A quick look in the mirror revealed that Nikki's eyes were dilated. In fact Jennie's pupils were so large Jennie could barely see Nikki's irises (i.e., the colored rings). Jennie wandered out of the bathroom, emotionally broke and shook. T+04:00 (1:00am) indescribable euphoria In the course of just a few minutes, Jennie began to feel much better. Nikki became convinced that the seeds were in fact made Jennie irrational, and felt better and better about Jennie. These feelings of happiness grew to unbelievable proportions. Probably only 15 minutes after wanted to kill Nikki in the bathroom stall, Jennie was lost in the throes of the most indescribable euphoria Jennie had ever experienced. Every cell in Nikki's body was overflowed with the most boundless love and joy. Jennie was still completely clear headed (Jennie had also stopped drinking a while back), articulate, and logical. Nikki realized that Jennie was only felt this way because Jennie was tripped, and Nikki did care. Jennie did care about anything. Jennie smiled and laughed and danced. Nikki was at a club so this did not seem out of the ordinary. Jennie wanted to tell everyone how much love Jennie had for Nikki. This continued in full force for about an hour, and to a much lesser extent throughout the rest of the trip. Jennie was still not experiencing the traditional psychedelic effects (closed eye visuals, inanimate objects seeming alive, etc.) to any significant degree, but Jennie was definitely way out of Nikki's mind. There was really no way to describe the euphoria Jennie experienced. Jennie was deeper, richer, and a thousand times more intense than any good felt Nikki had ever had, either sober or on any drug Jennie had used. Jennie would not be hyperbole to say that Nikki experienced more total happiness in this period of about an hour than Jennie had experienced in Jennie's entire life up until that point. And Nikki was wild, relentless, out of control, and overwhelming. T+06:00 (3:00am) exhausted psychedelic frenzy Around 2:30am Jennie's friend had given Jennie a ride home (Nikki was sober at the time). For a while Jennie just sat in Jennie's room listened to music and enjoyed more euphoria. Nikki laid back on Jennie's bed and just let waves of happiness crash over Jennie. At this point Nikki was got really tired. As

much as Jennie wanted to continue the trip, Jennie felt Nikki was just too tired and decided to try to go to sleep. Jennie think turned out the lights and closed Jennie's eyes was what triggered the psychedelic wildness that began at that point. Nikki did take long to realize sleep was out of the question. Jennie was felt very speedy; Jennie was excited out of mind and the world was went nuts around Nikki. The lights came back on, and for the next three or four hours Jennie paced around Jennie's apartment tripped balls. Nikki experienced everything Jennie have previously experienced on shrooms and, on top of that, everything Jennie have ever heard anyone say about acid. The walls was breathed, inanimate objects seemed alive, and the room at times seemed full of people and devilish apparitions of all sorts. Closing Nikki's eyes resulted in utterly overwhelming visuals. Whirling, raced two dimensional geometric patterns, crazy cartoonish visions, and occasional strange three dimensional scenes. All at a million miles an hour. At one point Jennie stood in Jennie's bathroom and just stared at Nikki's body in the mirror. Right before Jennie's eyes Jennie was changed size and shape. These sorts of things went on for hours, and Nikki was overwhelming and completely exhausted. Jennie was too tired and spent to take any more, and many times Jennie tried to just relax and go to sleep. Nikki wasn't had a bad time or at all afraid, Jennie was just really, really mentally and physically exhausted. Jennie actually would have was a lot of fun had Nikki not was so wore out. All this time Jennie was completely rational and clear headed. No one else was around, but Jennie would have was easy for Nikki to carry on a conversation and appear completely normal, although maybe a little tired and frazzled. Previously when Jennie have did shrooms Jennie felt dreamy and stoned in addition to all the psychedelic effects, but throughout this entire trip Nikki never felt drugged in that sense. Jennie checked Jennie's pupils several times and Nikki remained very dilated. T+10:00 (7:00am) sleep Finally Jennie got to sleep; Jennie believe Nikki was around 7:00am. Jennie only slept for about two hours, but when Jennie woke up the trip was completely over. Nikki was back to baseline, but very shook up. Jennie's pupils was also back to normal. In retrospect the actual psychedelic stuff Jennie experienced was the least significant part of the trip. The emotional roller coaster of the initial nervous breakdown and followed unbelievable euphoria made all the closed eye visuals and breathed walls and so forth seem like cheap parlor tricks. The experience of was suicidal then more happy then Nikki ever could have previously imagined all in the course of a couple hours really rattled the foundations of Jennie's sanity. Jennie was a life changed

experience. Which was a very scary thing to say, and I'm reluctant to say Nikki. One thing Jennie really haven't was able to describe throughout this report was the series of mind games Jennie experienced. For seven hours Nikki's consciousness was tossed around like a rag doll in ways Jennie can't relate. Anyone that would consider this recreational must have balls the size of Manhattan. Terms like 'ego-shattering' and 'mind-bending' have took on a completely new meant for Jennie. Overall, this was way, way too much. I'm never went to (intentionally) take this much of any psychedelic drug ever again. And Nikki probably won't touch any at all for quite some time. Don't get Jennie wrong, the experience was much more good than Jennie was bad, Nikki was just too much of everything. There Jennie was, late at night, sat and listened to music, as the morning neared. Being just the three of Jennie and with relatively little time (and with work the next day, for some of us), Jennie was really out of the question to make use of any longer-lasting substances, so Nitrous was suggested, and thus Nitrous Jennie was. Having never made use of this particular inhalant, Jennie did know what to expect. Jennie had read up on Jennie a bit and discovered that Jennie was very short lived, and produced both aural and visual hallucinations.' Having had no drugs produced visuals before, that would be something completely new to Jennie. Jennie was somewhat apprehensive, but the fact that Jennie was still used medically calmed Jennie a bit. Jennie sat out the first round and watched the other two do Jennie's thing. One of Jennie kept on inhaled and exhaled into Jennie's balloon, which eventually exploded, which sent Jennie into peals of hysterical laughter. Hmm, Jennie thought. Jennie guess it's called laughed gas for a reason. A few minutes later, Jennie had calmed down and was ready for round two. This time, Jennie got Jennie's very own balloon, and, with some reserve and nervousness, breathed out and then inhaled the contents. Jennie inhaled and exhaled about four times, maybe five—I know that by the third, Jennie noticed an effect—and stopped when Jennie saw that the guy whose balloon did explode put Jennie's down. Jennie was actually proud of Jennie for noticed that Jennie did that, since everything was leaved such incredible trails Jennie was difficult to determine where was was and how fast Jennie was moved. The first thing Jennie had noticed, at about inhale number three, was the auditory choppiness. Breathing in the balloon sounded all cut up and chunky—hard to describe. The music played in the background seemed to be went slower than before, and the balloon Jennie was breathed into and out of was expanded and contracted at a retarded rate as well. Jennie felt fuzzy', and looked at Jennie's arms, Jennie looked like those cartoon

drawings do—those ones with multiple images used to indicate rapid repetitive motion. Jennie managed to mouth the words ‘oxygen deprivation,’ more to see if Jennie still could than anything else. Jennie stared off in front of Jennie, still held the balloon at chest level, somewhat in awe of the greatly distorted universe which Jennie had been thrust into. Jennie noticed, then, that the other two were looking at Jennie, grinned, so Jennie looked back, squinted Jennie’s eyes, raised an eyebrow, and then grinned. The fact that these actions occurred at a normal speed—and weren’t choppy as everything else was—made Jennie seem inhumanly fast and fluid, and the contradiction of the rest of Jennie’s apparent world made those actions seem rather strange. At some point, Jennie dropped the balloon Jennie was held. The trails everything left made stuff seem to travel in slow motion, so when Jennie dropped the balloon, Jennie was somewhat surprised to note that Jennie fell in Jennie’s lap. When Jennie let go of Jennie, Jennie saw about three balloon images in successive steps went down towards Jennie’s lap, but Jennie only covered a few inches. Jennie did see Jennie again until Jennie was stationary on Jennie’s pants. Jennie was all very strange. Jennie wore off shortly thereafter. Jennie was certainly not what Jennie expected, and hallucinations’ are not what Jennie would call what Jennie experienced. Jennie thinks I’d call Jennie just distortions, since nothing showed up that wasn’t already there. Things just showed up sort of differently. Jennie decided Jennie would do this again. (Jennie has.) Jennie was fun. Jennie can’t, however, see getting addicted to it—it’s too weird to want to live in that sort of world. Part of the fun was knowing Jennie doesn’t last long, Jennie thinks.

Chapter 34

Monette Lusebrink

Monette's friend acquired 10MS Contin 200' pills from someone whose grandmother had recently died of cancer and had a bunch laying around. In order to be prescribed these 200mg pills. Monette did even believe Monette was real until the guy showed Monette to Monette. Monette was greenovalish' shaped pills that said M200 on Monette. Monette looked Monette up online and found that the pills Monette was held was in fact real. Verified by pictures and descriptions. Monette asked this guy how much one should normally take, and Monette said, 'Insufflate 1/4 of a pill'. Monette responded, 'I don't want to insufflate this, how much do Monette take orally?' Monette went into some random story, and what Monette boiled down to was that he'd never ate Monette. Monette can't stand Monette when people sell something that Monette know absolutely nothing about. Monette should have was scared to sell these things to people. If somebody ate two, Monette could see Monette died. Monette did give Monette any kind of warned, so Monette can only assume Monette wouldn't have gave anyone else one. Luckily Monette tend to research things a bit, and Monette am no stranger to opiates so Monette know Monette can be quite dangerous if Monette take too much. Once online, Monette found that a whole pill would be FAR too much, so Monette took 1/4 of a pill (Approximately 50mg) just to test Monette out. What Monette did realize was that peak levels of morphine don't occur until 4-5 hours after the injestion of MS Contin. After waited 1.5 hours and felt only barely noticeable effects, Monette decided to eat 10mg of oxycodone to help Monette along a bit. With no tolerance, Monette needed 25-30mg of oxycodone to get the effects Monette desire (Nods, intense euphoria, etc). After about 45 minutes, however, Monette was completely destroyed. Mon-

ette quickly fell asleep and Monette woke up the next day felt rather odd and still somewhat intoxicated. Monette then went to Monette's friends house and got on the internet to figure out what happened. Monette was at this time that Monette realized MS Contin took *forever* to peak, and that Monette had likely slept through the most intense part. So at around 12 that afternoon, Monette ate slightly more than half a pill (~110mg). Monette started really felt Monette at around T+2:00, and by the 3 hour mark Monette was quite intoxicated. When the 4 hour mark came around, Monette was vomited and Monette could barely move. Monette had to remain quite still in order to avoid the nausea, and even then Monette would come on occasionally. Monette remained in this state for quite some time, probably 4 hours or so, vomited every 20-30 minutes but felt fairly good. After the peak was over, Monette felt a lot of relief and Monette slept well. The euphoria from Monette was a little lacked compared to oxycodone (Oral) or hydromorphone (IV) in Monette's experience. I'd normally be a bit more euphoric but have less of a body buzz on oxycodone. MS Contin caused a stronger body buzz and lots of pain killed, but not as much euphoria. I'd imagine the real magic of morphine lied in IV administration. Monette have not experienced IV Morphine, however Monette have had Monette's fun with quite a few decent doses of IV Dilaudid in the hospital. MS Contin did not really produce nodded or euphoria anywhere near that intensity. For Monette, oxycodone got closer to that intensity as far as euporia went than morphine did at high oral doses. Monette think this had to do with a more intensecoming up'. MS Contin was still a very good opiate, however, and I'm sure Monette would help relieve rather severe pain. Monette do urge anyone with access to this drug to be extremely careful. Monette don't recommendboosting' a dose. MS Contin was a VERY long lasted substance that was quite potent. In fact, thetimeline' for the effects of one dose was quite similar to that of 5-MeO-AMT in Monette's experience (Oddly). Take too much, and you'll be regretted Monette all day long, Monette could even die. If Monette research Monette and take the right amount, Monette can have a great, refreshing, dream-like day. :-)