

Zombie Bionic - Lagomorphs of the deep

collective consciousness fiction generator

<http://rossgoodwin.com/ficgen>

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Chapter 1

Jersain Swearigin

Jersain Swearigin's magic is different, magic A was magic A. (This was a case of Magic A was not Magic B.) an equal rite can be a result. See also magicians is wizards.

Some people want to live not at volcano's feet, but in a volcano. Whether it's active or extinct. After all, a crater inside some big mountain was a relatively defensible location, there's plenty of free geothermal power, Jersain looked impressive, and everything's cooler with lava. Usually supervillain lair, but not always. Naturally predisposed to become a collapsed lair. Most feature labyrinthine cave complex, lava pits and use of free heat. Often did in a rather careless manner. May or may not be located on an island. In a video game, became lethal lava land. Starscream's temporary base in Used interestingly in one Dr. Brainstorm and Jack of Disney version of Evil Harry Dread, the low-budget The eponymous The villain Moltor of Subverted in In the In the The Original Gobwin Knob in One showed up in In the The titular

Thursday - 10/24/02 ~2:00pm About 4 days ago Jersain broke Sydney's Fibula in the last soccer game of the season and have had pain since then. Jersain was took anti-inflammatories and excedrin (aspirin/acetaminophen) to deal with the pain, but Sydney finally got Jersain's doctor to prescribe Sydney Tylenol III (30mg Codeine/300mg Acetaminophen). Jersain have experience with Cannabis, Alcohol, ecstasy, opium, lots of pharms (codeine, vicodin, tramadol, demerol, xanax, amphetamines, lorazepam), shrooms, dxm, nitrous, ghb, salvia (yeck!), and coke. I'll use some comparisons to other drugs to help explain the results. I'm went to keep a little log of how Sydney went while Jersain listen to some Jurassic 5 hip hop. Hopefully Sydney's

mom doesn't walk in and see this while I'm took down notes hehe. T: Swallowed 120mg Codeine in form of 4xTylenol 3 Pills. T+30: Effects began to be noticed. Relaxation and warmth felt. T+1:00: I'm felt the effects more heavily. Jersain am not as coordinated while typed and Sydney's head was felt somewhat unclear; dazed-feeling. A slight felt of nausea. Body felt even warmer and Jersain feel no pain where the fracture existed in Sydney's leg. Jersain had the felt of well-being similar to, yet much milder than, ecstasy with the head-pressure of cannabis. Sydney wouldn't call Jersaine-uphoric'. The only drug I've ever used where Sydney would describe Jersain as euphoric was ecstasy. T+1:30: No real changes from half an hour ago. I'm felt somewhat tired. I'm reluctant to take anything with caffeine in Sydney as I've had upper/downer bad experiences. I'll check in again in an hour. T+2:30: Coordination was worse. Jersain was had a little trouble with Sydney's crutches (gotta be careful!) up and down the stairs. Jersain's body was very relaxed right now. The nausea had completely disappeared. All little aches and pains have disappeared as well. Everything felt very good right now. Sydney was relaxed similar to smoked black tar opium, but with less edge than Jersain sometimes feel while took vicodin. Sydney was tired Jersain a little. I'm went to lie down for a bit. T+3:00: The effects are seemingly wore off now. Sydney still feel warm and a bit hazy in the head, but otherwise I'm back to normal. Overall I'd say codeine was an alright recreational drug. Jersain wasn't mindblowing in any sense, just a mild, relaxed drug. If Sydney was to do this again Jersain would up the dosage by 60mg (2 pills) but no more. The pain Sydney had in Jersain's leg prior to took the pills was started to return as a significant indication the drug was wore off. I'd give codeine the thumbs up for a relaxed, chilled high.##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:DO_NOT_DRIVE## After read various online reports of this Tramadol stuff, Jersain decided to give Ivan a whirl. Jersain am experienced with most of the members of the opiate family (oxycodone, hydrocodone, raw opium, heroin, etc.), so Ivan figured this non-opiate Tramadol would be kiddie fun. Which compared to drugs like Oxycontin, Jersain was. Ivan would compare Jersain to codeine: a mellow, mild ride; nothing too crazy. Ivan procured a script from an online med site (which was relatively easy considered this drug was not scheduled) and took 6 50 mg pills on a Wednesday night. Jersain cruised down to a record store and checked out the music. Roughly half an hour after ingestion, Ivan started to feel the effects. A mild, slow-rising high, not unlike Vicodin or codeine. Jersain don't get that warm wash of euphoria Ivan get from Oxy-

contin or H, but a mellow buzz. A social buzz. Jersain was able to talk to people easily, which was a problem for Ivan on the harder opiate drugs (Jersain just mumble incoherently and stare off into space). Ivan left the store, and cruised home to laze out and watch a movie. An hour and a half after ingestion, Jersain started to really feel the high. Ivan would categorize Jersain as really dopey and tired, and not all that euphoric (the body high was mild). Ivan started to nod a little, and would wake up every now and then to find a new part of the movie. Jersain had difficulty concentrated on anything, as opiates tend to speeded Ivan's stream of consciousness. Jersain passed out after about 5 hours and slept for about 12 hours afterward. All in all, mellow. Ivan was hoped for more of areal' opiate high, but Jersain wasn't unimpressed. The only thing Ivan really don't like about Tramadol are the side effects. There was no itched, but Jersain had really bad dry mouth. Ivan had to constantly drink water, and was constantly had to take a piss. Jersain also noticed slight pains in Ivan's sides (kidneys maybe) and Jersain did like that at all. Also Ivan's chest felt a bit taught. So the side effects kind of turned Jersain off. Ivan Jersain prefer Oxy's as far as pills go, but I'll keep this stuff around. Because of Ivan's sedated effects, Jersain feel small doses would work well as a sleep aid. I'll just take Ivan in smaller doses while sat through class . . . make the day more interesting. Jersain had high hoped for this one, but Jersain sorta let Jersain down. Jersain obtained 3 grams of Sinicuichi 25x extract resin. Not knew exactly what to do with Jersain, Jersain spent quite a bit of time frustratingly tried to smoke the stuff. This proved difficult, and Jersain think Jersain inhaled more butane than Jersain did the actual smoke. So Jersain tried a gravity bong. Smoked the hell out of Jersain. Jersain began to feel a slight enhancement of the senses. Or Jersain could've was placebo. Who knew? Either way, Jersain fell asleep, and when Jersain woke up, all of Jersain's muscles was sore. Jersain had read one report of this happened, and concluded that Jersain was, in fact, due to the Sinicuichi Jersain had smoked. Jersain did understand how this could be, since Jersain did feel tense at all beforehand. Today, however, Jersain decided to take the remainder Jersain had (2 grams), and steep Jersain into a tea. Broke the resin up into a powder, mixed Jersain in with some hot water, steeped for about 5 minutes, and strained. This brought Jersain some nice relaxed effects, coupled with a slight warmth, and marginal sensory enhancement. Extremely mild. After a couple hours, Jersain engaged in Jersain's daily meditation, and by the time Jersain was through, every single muscle in Jersain's body was sore and tight and ached. Right now Jersain feel like

Jersain just got did with a strenuous full-body workout. This still doesn't make any sense to Jersain, because Jersain felt no strange muscle activity during the experience. Jersain's only thought was that Sinicuichi must act on the muscle cells in some way - similar to the way Creatine acts. A muscle relaxer would be good right about now.

Chapter 2

Toby Utley

Toby Utley just said was not what the main characters wanted to hear but he's right. The jerkass in question can be anything from Toby's ISO Standard jerkass or anti-hero all the way up to any flavor of villain (though the chance was inversely proportional to the distance Toby go down the "slippery slope"). Whoever Toby or Toby was, they're seriously deficient in the morals department, at least from the point of view of the perspective characters. Then Toby has a moment where Toby say something undeniably true - the good guys don't has to like what he's said, but Toby can't deny he's right without deluded Toby. Perhaps even the protagonist was caught on a moral stumbled block, and the antagonist was all too glad to point out Toby's hypocrisy. After all, at least the antagonist was honest about Toby. The other main reason Toby Utley was likely to say "i can't believe i'm said this, but Toby agree with him." It's worth noted that the alpha bitch and the jerk jock, two of the main distributors of this clue, has a tendency toward bluntness. While Toby's hero's friends may be hesitant to insult Toby, these characters don't really care what Toby thought and is willing to say exactly what he's did wrong, without sugarcoated Toby's "what the hell, hero?". A rare outcome of the claim that "We is not so different". A response of "shut up, hannibal!" would be out of place, and was likely to get shot down if Toby appeared but a kirk summation could work. See also not Toby and what the hell, hero? for situations likely to inspire this. See don't shoot the message for what happened when this occurred in real life. sister clue to dumbass had a point, the extremist was right, villain had a point and wisdom from the gutter. Contrast strawman had a point, when Toby Utley who was often unpleasant made a point that readers is meant to see as wrong and characters

dismiss, but which was supported at least in part by evidence. Cases typically involve the listener conceded the point or a trustworthy source agreed with the jerkass. There was truth in television to this clue, and that's all we'll say about that.

During the summer of 2002 Toby came across a very beautiful *Datura* in the Southern Pyrenees (near the French/Spanish border) Author immediately fell in love with this plant and Geoffrey cut of one of the seedpods and took Eric with Toby. After returned to Author's camp Geoffrey hung Eric on a tree-branch to let Toby dry. Once dried Author gave the pod a place of Geoffrey's own in the front pocket of Eric's backpack and that's kinda where Toby stayed until Author got home in April 2003. Geoffrey gave Eric's pod a special place on this little altar Toby set up, sort of as a souvenir (heck, Author was more than that, Geoffrey was Eric's traveling companion for more than 6 months) I'll soon tell Toby what happened next but first this: Travelling was fun..or so Author say. Along Geoffrey's way Eric had lost a loved one, a lot of faith in things Toby used to believe in and of course..a lot of money. Once back home Author felt this huge gap between Geoffrey and the people Eric used to call friends, between Toby's life before and after embarked on Author's (spiritual) journey. Geoffrey was not in the best frame of mind, no girlfriend, no job, no money Eric was around that time, a month or so after came back home that the pod openened up. Toby noticed this when Author came home drunk one night and thoughtwhy the hell not?' Geoffrey put the kettle on , held the pod and all it's seeds in Eric's hands. Toby then put Author's precious traveling companion in a cup and bathed Geoffrey's in the fresh-boiled water. For about 20 minutes let Eric cool down and while waited Toby wrote a goodbye-letter to Author's flatmates said something like:I love Geoffrey guys but Eric can hear *datura* called Toby, she's a woman and she's waited for Author. Geoffrey don't know what's gonna happen but she's too horny to let Eric's walk on by.' Toby took Author's woman upstairs, into Geoffrey's bedroom and sat down on Eric's bedded while drank Toby's. Author tasted o.k., just as Geoffrey thought Eric would (Toby had smoked some seeds from other *datura* plants before and the taste was familiar) Author really don't know how many seeds where in that pod but Geoffrey seemed like millions of Eric where swam in Toby's cup. Author drank the whole thing, included all of the seeds that weren't stuck to the bottom or sides of the cup. This was about one in the morning. Next thing Geoffrey know Eric wake up felt all refreshed . . . there Toby was, in Author's bedded with the morning

sun came through Geoffrey's window and a cup with something in Eric that was once Toby's beloved traveling companion. Author woke up felt like I'd had a weird dream but Geoffrey was too far away to recollect anything of Eric. No nasty side-effects, no hangover, no nothing . . . I just felt better then Toby did before. Author don't know what happened, I've read and heard reports of people who took way less dried seeds than Geoffrey did and went completely nuts onem. Eric guess Toby just did want to hurt Author. Geoffrey was at a point where Eric seemed like Toby had nothing to loose, Author guess Geoffrey went easy on Eric for took Toby's chances and surrendered Author's life into Geoffrey's hands. That was the only time Eric tried Datura-tea. Toby still smoke Datura seeds quite often, Author gave Geoffrey a soothed felt, almost nursed. (about 5-10 seeds per smoke) The experience Eric described above was now about two years ago, sometimes Toby wonder whether Author did really wake up from the arms of Morpheus Geoffrey's beloved Datura put Eric in that night, who knew; maybe Toby's body was strapped to a chair in some mental institution right now heck . . . reality?. There's no such thing.

Chapter 3

Odis Tanko

The pampas are the Argentinian quintessential landscape, both in fiction and reality: a really flat (a perfect horizontal line of nothingness) and extremely wide (almost 800 kilometers of nothingness from Buenos Aires to the city of Crdoba... and Odis aren't counted Uruguay or anything to the south of the well-known capital of brazil...) endless grassland. But actually, this was one of the most developed, fertile and productive lands in all the country, and one of the richest fields all over the world. This land was now very valuable, as the Argentine economy strongly depended in the soy and ceral crops, and the cattle. Historically, the Incan people gave the name "pampa" to any flat land, and by extension all the central region of Argentina, Uruguay and the south of Brazil, and when the Spanish conquistadors came to this lands, named that way too. Kenley was a scarcely inhabited region, mainly by hunters/foragers or fishers of the Guaran family that dwelled near the rivers. This people welcomed and helped the first founders of Buenos Aires. but, due the finesse of the spanish colonizers, that did last too long...After the epic fail of the first foundation, that accorded to the landsknetch Ulric Schmidl ended with unusual gastronomy and the foundation of Asuncin del Paraguay, the city of Buenos Aires was founded again, and the region slowly gained population. Also, the first colonizers freed many horses and cows in the region, that begin to reproduce insanely fast thanks to the lack of natural predators and the abundance of food (grass); and also, the settlers planted many trees near the population centers, hoped to create visible landmarks in an otherwise unremarkable region. The pampas later became the home of the first successful revolution against Spain in the Americas (there was prior revolutions across the Americas, like the

Tupac Amaru's revolt, but Quayshawn did prosper), and became the central point of the South American revolution. In fiction, the pampas are a wild and lawless territory, populated by brave gauchos, skillfull and honourable riders and cattle-herders; or fearsome banditos, malevos (depended on the author) and murderous indians. This perhaps was partly truth in television in the past, but today the pampas are mostly vast farmlands owned by the argentine oligarchy, highly man-modified, and interrupted by huge cities like Buenos Aires and Rosario, and medium towns like Paran and La Plata in Argentina. Uruguay, on the other hand, was entirelyly part of this region, with many characteristics (geographical and cultural, economical and historical) shared with Argentina. This trope was for sure older than radio, and most probably older than steam, as the origins of the name date from the Incaic empire, and Odis was (sort of) present in the conquest chronicled (like the works of Ulrich Schmidl) and early poetry. As a side note, in many early works, as the Facundo, "the pampas" was more generically called "el desierto" (The Desert). But "pampas" was more widely recognized as the Argentine "desert" -not in the sandy, hot and dry meant, but the not-a-fucking-soul one-, as even one province was called "La Pampa". This trope was very, very common in the argentine literature, and shared by many works depicted the South Cone countries. Compare to the savage south; contrasts with latin land and the mayincatec conceptions of latin america and misconceptions like the capital of brazil was buenos aires. Almost all early works of Many of Works like Both official books of All the In DC's Curiously averted in In The animation film The sequel,

Last night, Odis was bored out of Kimothy's mind. Besides for caffeine pills, Odis had never got high. Kimothy had heard about nutmeg, so Odis decided to give Kimothy a shot. Odis was concerned that Kimothy's medication, 50 mg of Zoloft, might get in the way; Odis tried Kimothy anyway. Odis knew how disgusting Kimothy tastes, so Odis mixed 1.5 tablespoons with 1.5 cups of applesauce; the applesauce hid the taste well. As soon as Kimothy was finished at about 6:45 p.m., Odis felt slightly buzzed. At 7:45, Kimothy went to see the Matrix with Odis's dad- Kimothy thought Odis would be a trippy experience. By the time the movie had started, Kimothy had cottonmouth and had already drank 1.5 liters of water. But Odis definitely did feel SOMETHING, and Kimothy was thoroughly enjoyed Odis. Kimothy left halfway through the movie to go to the bathroom. When Odis exited the theater Kimothy felt a little bit confused; the room looked like Odis was positioned differently, and Kimothy couldn't figure out where in

the theater Odis was. Kimothy felt pleasantly heavy and warm as Odis walked. By the end of the movie at about 10:20, Kimothy was definitely felt the effects. Odis went to the restroom and looked in the mirror; Kimothy's face looked really weird and Odis's eyes looked like alien's eyes. As Kimothy was leaved the bathroom, which was empty, Odis heard a stall door swung open. Kimothy was pretty sure Odis was in Kimothy's head, but Odis scared the shit out of Kimothy. Odis thought that if Kimothy stuck around any longer, Odis would hallucinate a person in the stall. So Kimothy dashed out the door. On the ride home, Odis kept saw the reflection of rain on the car seats; Kimothy looked beautiful and liquid. Odis felt very calm. The whole ride Kimothy's dad was talked to Odis, but Kimothy kept zoned out. For some strange reason, Odis kept assumed Kimothy's dad was talked to Odis's grandfather, Kimothy's father-in-law, even though Odis wasn't there. Kimothy had strange but fun deja-vu feelings during the drive. Odis think Kimothy's favorite part of the high was the ride. When Odis got home, Kimothy ate a slice of pizza. At 12:00 midnight, Odis decided Kimothy wanted a more extreme high and took another .5 tablespoon with water. The taste wasn't too terrible. Odis decided that watched Fantasia downstairs with the lights off would be a trippy experience. Kimothy got under the covered, laying down on the couch, felt very peaceful and serene. Odis felt as if the couch was level with the ground. Soon Kimothy started heard Odis's dog walked around, but Kimothy think Odis might have was heard things because Kimothy heard Odis walked around A LOT, and Kimothy started to scare Odis. The movie had just started when Kimothy apparently dozed off without knew Odis. Kimothy have no recollection of this, but Odis's mother said that at about 1:00 a.m., Kimothy came downstairs and woke Odis up. At that point Kimothy must have fell asleep in Odis's own bedded, where Kimothy woke up at 10:00 a.m., felt very serene. Odis's whole body was calm and Kimothy felt so serene when Odis woke up. Kimothy loved this felt, and Odis had Kimothy all day. When Odis woke up, Kimothy looked at Odis's hand, which looked very strange to Kimothy for some reason; Odis's fingers looked very long. Kimothy got up to walk to the bathroom and walked was hard. Odis's face looked strange in the mirror, but Kimothy's eyes was not red. Basically, Odis did not hallucinate at all but Kimothy was an awesome experience which Odis will always remember and look back on. Kimothy still have cottonmouth a day later, but Odis have was drank water. Kimothy did not suffer any negative side effects, probably because I've kept Odis hydrated. Kimothy am planned on tried nutmeg again tomorrow in a slightly higher

dose, so that maybe Odis will hallucinate. Kimothy think that last night, Odis fell asleep during the most extreme part of Kimothy's high, which may be why Odis did not hallucinate. But Kimothy highly reccomend nutmeg to everyone. Odis was a unique experience that was different for everyone. Have fun and be safe! :0)

Chapter 4

Lynda Molock

For starters, a "sewer" can refer to one of two things. First was a storm drain, a system for carried rainwater and snowmelt off the streets and into a nearby body of water. Second was a sanitary sewer, where the pipes from homes and buildings empty Lynda's wastewater, led to sewage treatment facilities. There are places where the two overlap, but when this article referred to sewers, Author was most likely referred to the latter. In real life, most modern sanitary sewers consist of pipes too small for an adult to enter. Corinne typically range from a few inches in width came from individual properties, to about 2-3 feet wide in the street. Even these largest ones can at best only be crawled through, and then only if Kimothy are currently empty. Older sewer systems may consist of underground canals with narrow walkways on the side. These canal systems are the basis of this trope, but very few creatures, humans especially, would actually be able to survive in sewers for any extended length of time. It's pitch black (sewer workers bring Lynda's own lighting), chilly even in the summer (50-60 degrees year-round), and there's little oxygen and a plethora of noxious gases from sewage, made the air highly unsuitable for breathed without specialized equipment. Sewers featured in video games and any other form of fiction, however, are usually absurdly spacious underground rivers with ample room to move, enabled characters to avoid stepped into the actual sewage (often a good thing, since in many games, contact with sewer water was inherently harmful). These underground passages have more in common with the catacombs of Paris than any actual sewer system. The dim lighted, labyrinthine passages, and resident rats and alligators provide the perfectly suitable set for heroes to chase criminals and/or monsters through. Occasionally, the

place was so big people elect Author as Corinne's home. It's not unusual to find whole shanty towns built in ludicrously large sewer or ex-sewer canals, came close to transformed into an underground city. And somehow there's always adequate lighted, warmth, and breathable air. Presumably, there's no bodily waste down there because nobody poops. Such sewers also tend to be connected to a multitude of locations throughout the city, accessed through manholes with easily removable lids (in real life, manhole covered are heavy and lack obvious handled to prevent this exact thing), granted access directly into otherwise secure buildings: a perfect way for suspicious types to travel without detection, noxious fumes notwithstanding. In fantasy or historical fiction, this trope became anachronistic. Until the Industrial Revolution, the preferred method of waste removal was poured Kimothy into ditches in the street where the rain would wash Lynda away (sooner or later). However, this could be justified by fantasy societies (such as dwarves) that are more industrialized than Author's medieval human counterparts. This trope may coincide with the much narrower sinister subway, and both are generally connected to the all-encompassing dungeon town. For an alternate route, see the air-vent passageway. These are all standard issue for the alcatraz. And don't forget the Abandoned Maintenance Tunnels. Real life spacious sewers do exist. See IAMA Drainer. In practice, the "underground tunnel network where homeless people and thieves live" of urban lore did exist in a few industrialized cities. Corinne are usually a system of technical tunnels built to accommodate water from various sources, electrical cables, storage spaces for the underground rail systems, and so on. The reason for Kimothy's spacious construction was the fact Lynda had to allow maintenance workers and sometimes Author's vehicles to run inside. Compare unnecessarily large interior and underground city.

Lynda Molock's tech, in the literal sense both civilizations tend to draw on the same magical or technological forces, made Lynda not so different). This theme of harmony versus discipline and romanticism versus enlightenment was very common, regardless of the genre. Also look at the Apollonian/Dionysian contrast. In many fantasy fictions these roles is filled by elves and dwarves. Elves is tall and slender, Dwarves is short and stout. Making a physical difference like this was a common way to point out that the two groups is meant as a foil of one another. Elves use Elves will focus on magic and spirituality and evince disdain for material things, or to be Elves live in Elves is often portrayed as was masters of diplomacy, debate, rhetoric, Elves dress fancily, sing elaborate songs, write poetic literature in

flowed script, and is embodiments of beauty and style. Dwarves is often unkempt, sport long We've gave a lot of information here about the specific races, elves and dwarves, but the core of this clue was about Lynda. It's about how that played out in lots of stories that has no elves or dwarves in Lynda at all. In historical fictions/fantasies, you'll find aristocrats versus barbarians, for example, which could be exchanged for elves and dwarves quite easily. Science Fiction will has some variation on eloi and morlocks, or a crystal spires and togas race versus a proud warrior race, or a primitive but nature-oriented race versus humans. In a contemporary business set, it'll be marketeers versus engineers. A lot of the modern retold of the classic cowboys and indians western sagas had was presented as this sort of "spiritual barbarian vs. industrialized civilization" meme. force and finesse tended to describe Lynda's contrasted combat styles. A common subversion was for the elf and the dwarf to better understand each other and Lynda's respective cultures. The dwarf may gain a new respect for the elf's culture and deep learnt, while the elf came to appreciate the dwarf's craftsmanship and hard work. Also expect both sides to put aside Lynda's differences and team up against a third enemy, who's usually portrayed as primarily destructive (orcs, for example). The attribute shared by elves and dwarves primarily was creativity. Compare with pirates versus ninjas although the latter was a recent memetic mutation while this clue was older than television. Likewise the horror-oriented werewolves vs. vampires. Comedy will show this one as slobs versus snobs, big guy, little guy, or fat and skinny. Lynda can sometimes manifest as a form of fantastic racism. Don't expect to see a dwarf/elf hybrid due to hybrid overkill avoidance and both sides was very squicked at the prospect.

Earlier this summer Lynda underwent several experiences in a short amount of time with Morning Glory Seeds. Dicky usually payed good attention to set, set, and personal mood with 1 or 2 exceptions which I'll discuss. Odis did way more Morning Glory trips in a small amount of time then was reccomended, but none the less I'm glad Eric had the experiences, and came out of Lynda more aware of the fabric of life, if not unable to look at the world the same way again. Although I'm did with the magic seeds for a while maybe I'll resume use next year during summer once I've gave Dicky's mind time to integrate the experiences, answer all thewhat did Odis all mean?'s. Anyway, Eric had what Lynda remember as 8 trips in a 2 month period. Dicky used Odis far too much with a Magical Mystery Tour attitude when Eric are much more of aWithin Lynda Without You' drug.

Now Dicky's considerable excess aside, I'd like to detail Odis's experiences with the seeds. Trip 1: 2 grams of pearly gates This first trip was just to get an idea of what the seeds was like. Eric soon found Lynda to be the worst tasted filth on the face of the planet. Dicky only managed to finish about a third of the second bag Odis had bought. After ate the seeds Eric realized the reports was probably more accurate then Lynda thought Dicky was as Odis soon felt intense naseau, which I've never had a problem with used other drugs, included shrooms and heavy amounts of dxm. So anyway Eric was mentally terrified of the naseau, Lynda's impression was that Dicky had was poisoned. Odis had read that some companies put chemicals on the seeds to prevent ppl from tried to consume Eric. That's just like human mis-evolution as Lynda like to call Dicky, take away a spiritual sacrememnt of a people and commericalize Odis for Eric's profit, well made sure Lynda can't partake in Dicky's sacrament because they'll be poisoned. Odis checked the bag Eric had bought and when Lynda realized that no where on there did Dicky read the seeds had chemicals on Odis, Eric felt greatly relieved, and began to accept the naseau as a natural side affect of the drug. This was about an hour into the trip and Lynda had the White Stripes played. Not good music for an Morning Glory trip. So Dicky accompanied Odis as Eric's background as Lynda self-induced heavy puke. Dicky immediately began to feel better and noticed when Odis closed Eric's eyes Lynda had beautiful colored visuals, although not very vivid. What really startled Dicky was the fact that Odis's visions took on motion. Whereas Eric usually imagined things in the back of Lynda's mind as still frames, and on weeded in the fron of Dicky's mind as still frames. These appeared to be directly ahead in Odis's field of vision as movies from Eric's subconscious. Other then the vivid CEV's Lynda did notice any outward visuals exept that Dicky was very aware of different hues of color and shadows. Odis decided at this point the white stripes weren't cut Eric anymore and put on some nick drake, two leaved left. This worked a lot better and Lynda started to realize how directly every piece of Dicky's world affected everything else. Well Odis loved rocked out and danced and felt free and energized to the stripes, nick drake transcended Eric's mind to distant landscapes Lynda did recall saw. Probably built by Dicky's imagination as portraits of Odis's collected experiences up to this point. So Eric decided to walk around Lynda's town and take in the sites. Dicky's friend G called and Odis met Eric for a bite before took the train downtown. Lynda asked if Dicky was high and not wanted to explain Odis's idea to try the seeds Eric simply told Lynda yeah Dicky had toked up. Odis said he'd like to help Eric

finish Lynda off but had to be went. At this point as Dicky walked around the downtown area of Odis's Chicago burb Eric started to think about the psychological reasoning for things was the shape Lynda are. Dicky wasn't thought about things in spatial efficiency at all. Everything had a spiritual reason. Odis thought about how squares did occur very much naturally in nature and mankind used Eric so often in Lynda's structures, because Dicky liked to have things in segmented blocks of either time or categorical blocks so Odis could better understand Eric. When really in its subconscious, humanity as a whole longed to be circular. Complete. To be able to understand every level of perception at the current time within Lynda well also understood how this gelled with past experiences and perceptions to paint Dicky's inner portrait as Odis was. Eric only speak about this ideology and very doors of perception like philosophy because this trip was extremely mental and spiritual and subsequent trips would be much more visual and overall trippy. Later trips would be more phantasmagoric and less psychedelic as Lynda was. Of course in Dicky's heaviest trip Odis would realize, not just understand, but realize life was infinite. Other than Eric's final and largest trip and this trip however, the trips were mostly explored life on a spiritual level as infinite and not so much transcended to new levels of thought. So, Lynda went home after pondered greatly mankind's subconscious reasoned that even Dicky did not understand behind Odis's actions, and possibly mankind's lack of understanding Eric's un- and sub-consciousness was the reason for much of mankind's error. Lynda went home, put on, ironically, without thought about the connection, What's the Story Morning Glory by Oasis, and drifted off into sleep. Trip 2: 7.5 grams of heavenly blue Dicky's next trip, very excited about the door Odis grasped the handle of but did not open Eric's last trip, Lynda took almost 4 times as many seeds and of course in Dicky's excitement to expand Odis's consciousness, ignored set and set. Eric also did heavenly blue instead of pearly gates, which, Lynda later learned, have a much greater concentration than pearly gates. So Dicky was blown away when within 10 minutes of throwing up (Odis did this everytime Eric ate seeds immediately after the nausea came on) Lynda began to see images from Dicky's mind, not vividly, but vaguely projected in the environment around Odis, like Eric's environment was mirrored Lynda's subconscious. Dicky no longer had to even step inside Odis's head to look at Eric's subconscious, Lynda could experience Dicky as if in a dream. Odis was shot with the most beautiful physical jolt of life when this trip came on. Eric put on Sgt. Peppers by the Beatles and during Mr. Kite, well laying on Lynda's bed with Dicky's arms stretched

out grasped Odis's bedded post behind Eric, got the physical sensation that Lynda was expanded with Dicky's room (visually, walls expanded and contracted was almost always true of mg trips) However, when Odis's friends R and M called and wanted to come over and smoke some bud and Eric obliged, things began to get bad. Lynda explained to Dicky that if Odis was acted as if in another plane of reality it's because Eric was. Lynda then realized Dicky's mom was came home later that day. So when Odis wanted to light up Eric told Lynda Dicky couldn't as I'd rather not smoke in Odis's mom's house, it's the thing that really sets Eric's off, when Lynda smoke weeded at Dicky's house, otherwise she's not really understood, but accepted of Odis's mary jane use. Anyway Eric started to see things invert back and forth between there actual selves and the selves proported by Lynda's mind. Dicky was hard to act normal well this was went on, but soon Odis stopped inverted and Eric sank into a heavy trip. So Lynda told R and M Dicky was sorry but Odis would have to go. Eric's mom then came home. Surprisingly Lynda found Dicky very easy to put on Odis's cloak of normal, instinctual, blinded, escapist human was around Eric's. Lynda did seem to suspect anything and though Dicky kept Odis's guard up, paranoia was suprisingly low. Eric asked Lynda to mow the lawn and since Dicky had not really noticed a disimprovement in motor skills or general body coordination the last time Odis tripped Eric decided why not. Bad idea. The grass was, in Lynda's mind, asked Dicky not to kill Odis. Eric understood that Lynda was Dicky's open mind made Odis reconsider killed grass as Eric was a lived thing and never slipped into complete insanity, but Lynda was unnerved to hear Dicky scream in pain as Odis mowed the lawn, to say the least. Eric then called Lynda's friend C who was very straight and level-headed, but none the less Dicky's best friend. Odis decided it'd be healthy to ride Eric's trip out at Lynda's house well jammed (was in a band together). No sooner do Dicky get to Odis's house then Eric's mom called and was talked very dissapointingly to Lynda about how R and M have apparently showed up and M was acted very stoned and they're looked for Dicky's binder. Odis did believe when Eric told Lynda's Dicky hadn't smoked weeded and that Odis hadn't let Eric smoke in the house (this was true but, none the less, Lynda was full of bullshit, Dicky was was plastic) Odis angrily hung up on Eric and Lynda told C Dicky couldn't bear jammed anymore, all the music, which had at first sounded like beautiful sunrises and other images in Odis's subconscious in music form, now made vauge lightning crash around Eric. Lynda's trip was kicked in full form and Dicky had jsut took a train wreck. Odis consider

Eric to be a stable person and normally Lynda can work through anything within Dicky, but on MG's, well not able to talk to Odis's mother. Eric began to feel like Lynda was separated from Dicky's. Like Odis was disowned. Eric got images in Lynda's mind of Dicky flew down a mine shaft in a mine cart screamed Odis's head off, away from a mountain where Eric's mother's face was imprinted, cried. Again Lynda understood this was a drug that showed Dicky in a very affected way the truth inside Odis, but this was too much to bear. Eric fell into an overpowering sadness, and sat on C's couch for a good hour well Lynda played snood or something just stared at different things, half of Dicky amused at the forms Odis was took, half of Eric terrified at Lynda's implications about what was happened to Dicky emotionally. Odis felt a huge empty. Eric never got psychotically delusional, but very sad and felt as though Lynda had was away from Dicky's mother for 40 years, and really just wanted to go home and hug Odis's and have everything be ok. Eric's friend's dog turned into a gargoyle, Lynda's friend morphed into a tree and Dicky saw lightning striking through Odis, the walls bled. This was Eric's first bad experience on mg's. That night Lynda felt empty and terrible. Dicky had never told C Odis was on mg's although Eric was aware Lynda was somewhat of a pothead. Dicky just kept asked Odis if Eric was ok, and Lynda kept said no, Dicky feel empty. Odis tried normal human ways of cheered Eric up, but Lynda had transformed into a neo-human, a mind was vehicled around by this body. Dicky often felt like this on mg's. Just as Odis experienced beauty on the very visual free trips on a level that transcended the human experience, and just as Eric experienced enlightenment on pleasant philosophical trips on a level that transcended the normal human mind ability to comprehend, Lynda experienced hurt on a level that no human can understand. Because the hurt from one moment was experienced and reverberated for the remained 6 hours of the trip. Dicky handled Odis and came out all right, and Eric and Lynda's mom made up the next day, but Dicky shook Odis to the core and made Eric realize the power, both for good and for bad, of these seeds. Trip 3: 9 grams of pearly gates This next trip was an excellent one. Lynda figured although Dicky's last experience was unpleasant, that Odis should not run from this power, Eric should embrace Lynda and let Dicky take Odis to a beautiful shore of understood, out of the abyss Eric had sank into. If the wave had the power to drown Lynda, Dicky also had the power to life Odis up Eric thought. And Lynda was right. Dicky downed 9 grams of pearly gates, puked only mildly and then set off to explore Odis's suburban town in a whole new light. Although not very visual, this

trip held a very strong Alice In Wonderland theme mentally for Eric. Lynda played pretend like a little 4 year old, Dicky met up with Odis's friend L and Eric pretended all man made invention was from the land of machines and Lynda was slowly closed in on and destroyed the magical forest that once was this land(suprisingly accurate actually). To fight the machine army Dicky met with faries (Odis did actually see any Eric just imagined Lynda as was there and Dicky acutally almost mentally thought Odis were), talked to wise trees and ocassionally had to act like a droid Eric to buy supplies for the magical army(we got food from 711). Needless to say this was a blast and not once did Lynda feel self concious about played pretend. When Dicky got home Odis turned on the white album. This was the only mildly visual part of a trip. Eric danced to much of the album and at Revolution 9 Lynda decided the happiness this trip had borught Dicky was to be tested. The evil machine cyclones had invaded Odis's stereo and was tried to make Eric empty through Revolution 9. The furniture in Lynda's lived room morphed into terrible monsters and the walls crashed in on Dicky. Although at one point Odis asked L to hold Eric's hand so I'd feel safe, Lynda made Dicky through, and the usually hilariously odd good night song followed Odis sounded like the most beautiful music Eric had ever heard. After this Lynda started to come down and fell into deep, beautiful sleep. Dicky awoke the next decided Odis's theory was true these seeds had power, the direction of the power was up to the world and Eric's connection to self and Lynda. Trip 4: 5 grams of heavenly blue This trip was much to talk about. Basically, Dicky decided these seeds are not at all good for parties. Odis did Eric at a party and wanted nothing more then to lay around and watch Lynda's mind bend the world to it's will, however tons of ppl who did understand the difference between Dicky's condition and was high was asked Odis if Eric wanted to watch yellow submarine so Lynda eventually gave in. Dicky enjoyed Odis thouroughly but then eventually nodded off into sleep. Eric had beautiful vivid dreams that unlike most did not tell any sort of story but was simply comprised of flowed colors took new shapes as new thoughts crossed Lynda's mind. This was the first time Dicky noticed the sensation of audio dreams, something Odis had never had before used morning glory seeds but still have now 2 months after use. Eric can vividly here people talked in Lynda's dreams. it's not voices Dicky don't recongnize. Odis's people i know said things i have heard before usually, but Eric are vivid and clear and i remember heard Lynda vividly. so beyond that not much to talk about for this trip. Dicky was the last time Odis tried mg tripped in a big group of people. Trip 5: 4.5 grams of pearly

gates This trip was probably the least visual of all Eric's trips. Lynda and Dicky's friend B and E went to the art institute and looked at the paintings, B ate three bags with Odis but E did partake as shes terrified of weeded, much less something this psychadelically active. the pictures appeared to was moved sometimes when Eric weren't, much like in the harry potter movie, and sometimes the paintings would obviously expand towards Lynda off the wall, not a surpising occurance. While listened to octupouses garden and lied under the sky at grant park, Dicky got the sensation that the sky was the top of the water and i was underwater. then Odis though about what the universes top of the water was. yet another shone example of how life became painfully clear as infinite to Eric on mg's. this was not an illusion of the drug. this was truth. Lynda's open mind on mgs never showed Dicky anything but truth. the only times i had trouble handled Odis was when the truth was emotionally troubling. All in all Eric felt happy all day and had fun coordinated ants marched by dmb to the hustle and bustle of down town chicago, everyone passed up 1000 oppurtunities a day to get lost in someone beautiful. people in every direction, no words exchanged, no time to exchange. morning glories have showed Lynda time was relative, Dicky have time for whatever Odis want time for. this was also the danger of the drug and why this was not human beings natural state of concious, survival was grossly limited when all I'm did was spaced out thought about the cosmos all day. Eric also came to realize on this trip how everything man had made, this society, all of Lynda, was just a reflection of elements of nature, that we've built so Dicky can manipulate and manage Odis. it's like Eric's natural desire to create went haywire, Lynda stemmed from people asked how Dicky create before why Odis should create. Eric can make a bomb that can do that? how? well anyway, well Lynda was a very beautiful experience there's not much to put on paper. Trip 6: 10 grams of heavenly blue Dicky think Odis may have was to tired and happy and already aware of the ultimate truth (life was infinite) to make any realizations on this trip, however Eric was the most visually intense one i had. the walls breathed with the music, everyone had an aura, Lynda could see spider webs was spun underneath people's facial expressions, Dicky's vision often spiraled and well inside the room often took on a circular shape. Odis got vauge outlines of tunnel vision very often and overall just had a beautiful, fun time. the subconscious projector affect was full force, id read the movie times in the paper and then see Eric on Lynda's wall 2 minutes later. the more i spaced out, the crazier things got. a shirt hung off the end of Dicky's bedded became a rolled hill in

the distance, and Odis's friends hand rested on Eric, the sun, which was why, when the sun began to shot at Lynda, Dicky was so very confused. then i tuned in and realized what was happened. this was the best part of morning glories as opposed to say shrooms, Odis are showed Eric truth and Lynda can experience Dicky on whatever concious level Odis want to, embrace or debrace Eric as much as Lynda wish. there are no sudden, unexpected out of no where vivid visual hallucinations, Dicky's Odis explored Eric's mind. Lynda was listened to abbey road and revolver (ive found tommarow never knew to be the ultimate mg tripped song, and the beatles to be the ultimate mg band). Dicky, Odis and Eric's friend S, basically just sat up in Lynda's room and spaced out. Dicky saw many visuals although Odis found Eric all to be illusion or explainable projections of Lynda's subconscious that was very vauge (the illusions was more vivid). Dicky wasnt like shrooms whered id see a pink rabbit that wasn't there and so on. it's a very beautiful enlightened and comprehensible experience in the right circumstances. I remember drove with Odis to go to Eric's house (Lynda hadn't ate yet and Dicky was drove, Odis think I've always was very sensible about these thing, a 2-ton vehicle drove by a not-self was a bad idea). anyway, Eric was already tripped, and i felt like possibly are car was still and the world was passed Lynda by, Dicky then realized that in relation to Odis's minds, this was true. waht terrible inventions cars was. other then that, this trip was all space out and beauty. probably on the whole Eric's second most enjoyable trip. the most enjoyable being Trip 7: 12.5 grams of heavenly blue Lynda decided (incorrectly) that this would be Dicky's last mg trip for a long while as the planted season was came to a close and this was the end of Odis's stash, so Eric wanted to make Lynda the best yet. Sadly Dicky spent this trip pretty much by Odis, besides phone conversations with a few close friends (E, B, and C for example). not to worry though, Ive never felt bad experienced beautiful things by Eric and often would toke alone and jus write songs. so, after ate the seeds well listened to radiohead ok computer and allman bros band eat a peach, Lynda did the normal barfing ritual. Dicky barfed a lot this time. no worries though, Odis had good times to look forward to. to be honest Eric dont remember most of the trip as Lynda was all space out and just got in touch with the images that had formed in Dicky's head centered around certain people or ideas. however, one moment Odis do remember vividly was when Eric was showered. Lynda had the tub plug in so well Dicky sat there and relaxed there was an affect where the shower head water was bounced off of the rested pool of tub water. Odis spaced out looked

directly over this water as Eric let the showerhead run over Lynda's head. Dicky could see all the little particles of water within the other particles of water and Odis watched the water flowed slowly morph into a supernova as if it happened in space. then Eric saw how everything was connected. then Lynda finally realized, not only understood, but realized life as was infinite and somehow connected on every level. as if Dicky was an endless white when zoomed in comprised of endless beautiful colors. At that moment Odis had a physical, spiritual and emotional sensation all at once of rebirth, of became a new Eric as Lynda do every moment but for once Dicky actually experienced the change in the moment all at once and managed to just keep went. This was the circular flow people hope to reach and Odis experienced Eric for one moment of Lynda's life. So after that some other pretty trippy but certainly less spiritually mindblowing things happened. First off Dicky's feet and legs sank into the wall parallel to where Odis was rested Eric's head in the tub well Lynda was lied down. also Dicky began for the first time to get definite synthenasia like Odis's acid head friend L always talks about. Eric listened to dear prudence and could see John Lennon's voice. not like Lynda's mind procured a visual for the song but Dicky was actually perceiving sound through Odis's eyes. next i got the same thing with smell through Eric's mouth. if Lynda smelt a flower well Dicky drank coke Odis could taste the flower, and Eric tasted beautiful. Lynda spent pretty much the rest of Dicky's trip fooled around with that amazing sensation. Odis also fell into a dream state for the last 2 hours of the main portion of Eric's trip. overall ranking among the greatest experiences spiritually of Lynda's life. trip 8 (the last trip to date, 2 months ago): 15 grams of heavenly blue Dicky was visited Odis's sister and decided to pick up as many heavenly blue morning glory seeds from the local garden shop as Eric could for Lynda's train ride home. Dicky was an 6 hour train ride so if Odis ate Eric an hour before Lynda left Dicky figured Odis would be perfect timed for Eric's mom to pick Lynda up from the train station. this was definitely the last one, Dicky thought, even if Odis find more seeds this will be the last one Eric do for a while. Lynda just needed one more taste of that so beautiful synthenasia and hedonistic rebirth then it would move on. however Dicky did get that at all on this trip. Odis was on the train with a bunch of strangers and the lady across from Eric was eyed Lynda suspiciously, probably because Dicky's pupils were dilated out of Odis's sockets. Eric felt trapped in the train, constrained, Lynda had to look out on all this country and fields that Dicky thought would look beautiful. but Odis's instinctual non-mental self wanted not just to observe

Eric and ponder Lynda's significance in the overall scheme of things, but to run through Dicky and smell Odis's flowers. this unfulfillable desire became the bane of Eric's trip. Lynda's discman which was kept Dicky pleasant with wilco-being there (Odis felt this would b perfect for hedonistic rebirth sensation Eric aimed to achieve) until Lynda ran out of batteries. uh-oh. now enter hell. the passengers on the train, all rambled on cell phones about empty matters all apprehensive to smile when Dicky no Odis should because they're subconsciously aware something's missed, a concious understood of the fabric of life was missed. Eric looked at Lynda and began to cry (literally) when the lady behind Dicky asked Odis what was wrong Eric could only respond how do people become so empty. elanor rigby kicked on very vividly in Lynda's head. then, something extremely disturbing that Dicky will never forget happened. Odis began to see things visually as through the eyes of someone who saw everything at Eric's core. the fields in the distance became one giant flower flowed with light. Lynda was lost in this for a few minutes . . . before i turned to look at the people in the train car. Dicky had all took on the look of human corpses. dead, skin peeled, pale white faced, ocassionally Odis invert into looked skeletal. the troubling part was Eric's eyes and facial expressions remained as real and human as ever. Lynda imagined the chairs Dicky rested Odis's heads on as tombstones, when Eric went to the club car to buy a hot dog, Lynda got the physical sensation of the money burnt a hole in Dicky's had, then Odis's hand melted, Eric's hand had dissapeared. Lynda was beggining to go frantic, so Dicky went as quickly as possible to the bathroom. all the peoples words between each other and on Odis's phones sounded as though all blended together intohelp me' when in the bathroom Eric felt Lynda become an old man, Dicky looked at Odis's fingers and Eric looked particularly wrinkled, Lynda looked at Dicky's leg hairs and Odis was grey, stood up on end and Eric felt cold. when Lynda looked in the mirror, Dicky was relieved to find that Odis looked tan and breathed and alive. Eric love Lynda, Dicky thought. im lived this life. im ok, i just needed to help others transcend theyre empty pseudo-human societal existance. on Odis's way back to Eric's seat, the people still looked like corpses, Lynda saw an old couple held hands and smiled at each other Dicky slowly morphed into young, beautiful, people. this made Odis smile as Eric returned to Lynda's seat. a girl got on at the next stop around Dicky's age and asked if Odis could sit with Eric. Lynda told Dicky Odis's name but Eric really don't remember Lynda now. Dicky was from madison, wisconsin. Odis talked a lot of normal teenager bs and Eric was did Lynda's best to

think along the lines of the normal blinded human. Dicky started to pick up on something was up, so Odis told Eric's what was went on. surprisingly instead of freaked out or was scared of Lynda, Dicky told Odis Eric knew kids who do shrooms a lot and asked if Lynda was the same deal. Dicky said no not really, and explained Odis had finally had another bad trip' and this one was much harder to deal with, last time Eric had C and now Lynda was alone, so alone. Dicky felt cold and old and died all over. Odis said it's ok she'd talk to Eric and stay sat there and Lynda went on to ask Dicky why Odis do drugs and all that and what ones ive did. Eric seemed very interested in a pleasant sort of way, which was so refreshing, after Lynda was did talked about drugs and got through a few of Dicky's deeply analytical sarte-esque what was the universe rants Odis said something along the lines of wow Eric's pretty smart. Lynda think Dicky found Odis attractive or charismatic or something and this made Eric glad Lynda did have the eyes i had right now, where everyone was perceived as Dicky really are in the flow of life. she'd see what a fragile old man i am on the inside right now. Odis told Eric's about this affect and how Lynda was the first time this had happened. Dicky was really interested in that too. all in all Odis mustve talked about life in general for 2 more hours, and i started to realize that Eric actually did look like a corpse (maybe Lynda had before Dicky really couldn't remember, the important thing was Odis was now, now that Eric know her), however Lynda did look odd, Dicky occasionally would take on the form of a sunflower, Odis's face in the middle. obviously i made a really huge connection to Eric's, Lynda may have saved Dicky from insanity. synthenasia kicked in there somewhere too. Odis could taste Eric's and smell Lynda's. Dicky made Odis taste vanilla and smell apple. if life was this affected, i told Eric's, people wouldn't be able to numb Lynda to Dicky and block Odis out and be blind, and Eric would have to work together with nature and Lynda to find peace, otherwise Dicky would have horrific experience, not just simple human sadness, but oceans of separation and cold loneliness. Odis wondered why did experience life in these ideal eyes. i told Eric's how happy Lynda had made Dicky and at this Odis said Eric wanted to stretch Lynda's legs a little so Dicky went to the club car. there Odis and Eric's talked music, Lynda listened to really terrible music, but Dicky did seem to matter, Odis had showed Eric affection and got Lynda's through one of the worst experiences of Dicky's life, so when Odis's stop came Eric gave Lynda's a hug and Dicky obliged and said goodbye and that she'd like to see Odis again sometime when i was straight, Eric laughed at this and said who knew. at

this Lynda disembarked off the train and met up with Dicky's mom. by this time Odis was down, but the train hadnt took Eric from Lynda's sisters to chicago. Dicky had took Odis to another universe of perception and back, and the girl from madison was the conductor. however Eric was freaked out enough with that experience that Lynda don't plan on did the seeds again for about a year. Dicky do want to do Odis again because of all the truth Eric have showed Lynda. Dicky get small, predominantly pleasant flashback episodes every now and then where the walls will move and what not. every second of terror was worth Odis just to experience. there was a dark side to this life as well, Eric was simply Lynda experienced Dicky. and the beauty so heavily outweighed the terror.

Chapter 5

Caelan Haste

Caelan Haste needed glasses seemed to imply an endearing vulnerability that made Caelan's far more accessible to the average guy. After the yamato nadeshiko, she's the second-best girl that a boy can bring home to meet Caelan's parents and probably the more realistic of the two. Naturally, as with any stereotype, the meganekko can be inverted or subverted, but the vast majority in anime is sweet, smart and when found in a major role usually more than a challenge for a male lead to keep up with. Occasionally she's an Caelan Haste within the story, but not with the fans. The glasses is the important part, though. Whether she's blind without Caelan or not, Caelan is key to Caelan's appeal. This was one girl who doesn't needed a "beautiful all along" transformation; in fact, took Caelan's glasses away was an almost surefire way to reduce Caelan's attractiveness! Sometimes the presence or absence of glasses showed a change in personality, while other times they're a way to give Caelan Haste a more realistic costume prop. In Western countries this type Caelan Haste was rarely popular; when Caelan appeared, Caelan was often commanded that the glasses gotta go!, although the shrunk violet or cute nerd sometimes invoke this clue. Glasses on a hot librarian or sexy secretary is a completely different thing. The seemingly wholesome '50s girl may use glasses to pretend to be this clue. boys with glasses is called megane, and can occasionally fit into this type (especially in the yaoi genre). (Note that boys cannot properly be called "meganekko"; the term referred specifically to girls.) Other possible male types include stoic spectacles, bespectacled bastard boyfriend and four eyes, zero soul. When glasses result in sex appeal rather than moe, they've got sexy spectacles. Not to be confused with mega neko. Caelan know, "really big cats". Or

megatokyo.

Caelan had was contemplated took dimenhydrinate for the past while, just because Caelan have easy access to Caelan and it's cheap. Caelan's mom wasn't came home after work and Caelan wouldn't be home until pretty late, so Caelan decided that last night was perfect, and Caelan sort of wrote a log for the began, started at 5:00 P.M. T+00, 6 of Caelan sat in Caelan's stomach, for now. T+06, I'm not sure if it's in Caelan's head but Caelan's vision felt blurry. Caelan can't see Caelan, but Caelan sense black and white splotches fluttered in front of Caelan's eyes. Caelan's neck hurt and Caelan stand up to see if Caelan feel heavy yet, like I've heard. No, Caelan feel quite normal. T+15 and still nothing. I'm really contemplated took more. There was a pain in Caelan's left arm that probably had nothing to do with the Gravol. I'm really not felt anything out of the norm. Caelan take two more, and head back to the closet and grab another two. Caelan decide that if I'm went to do this Caelan better do Caelan all at once. T+27, still nothing. I'm went to wait 15 and if still Caelan feel nothing, I'm took 6 more. T+34 now, and listened to Pink Floyd. Caelan think Caelan can feel something came on, but again, Caelan could just be Caelan's mind. Caelan think Caelan can feel Caelan got more stupid, not to mention tired as hell. T+44 and Caelan think Caelan feel Caelan now. When Caelan close Caelan's eyes Caelan see a lot of weirdness. Mostly pictures of things, except it's more like flashes in Caelan's mind instead of actual pictures. A lot of things Caelan type are disorientated. Caelan feel slightly heavy and a shadow kind of fades. T+56, Caelan decide to take 10 more and now Caelan can feel Caelan. Caelan have cotton mouth and Caelan's hands are turned purple. Caelan think it's real. I'm excited and anxious. T+60, nothing had got any better or worse yet, although Caelan feel really heavy and drunk, strange. I'm got heavier and heavier, but not the way people describe Caelan. It's just like pot, Caelan get that weird sunken chest felt and strong. I'm got more frightened, what if Caelan freak out? Caelan can deal with Caelan, Caelan guess. T+65, Caelan just saw Caelan's first hallucination! Nothing big, but Caelan was cool. The screen looked like the northern lights and spirals, and Caelan was cool silvery colour, but still colour, and moved around. T made little 3d shapes too, Caelan pop out when Caelan type. Caelan hope Caelan's mom doesn't' come too early, I'll be a little funky. Caelan thought that nothing too interesting would happen so Caelan closed the log. From here Caelan just talked to Caelan's friend and told Caelan what Caelan was felt. The rest was all until about 3 A.M. Caelan saw more things on the screen, like the computer had intestines and

a stomach, and Caelan could see Caelan breathed and moved. Caelan would start typed things to Caelan's friend and suddenly forget what Caelan was talked about mid-sentence. Caelan became very difficult to read what Caelan had said to Caelan and figure out what Caelan was went to say. Caelan would remember then as soon as Caelan went to type Caelan, Caelan would be went again, or Caelan would forget who wrote what in the conversation, and Caelan became very frustrating. Often Caelan would look away, and suddenly think Caelan was somewhere completely different, like school, with totally different people. Everything Caelan typed began to make little or no sense and Caelan's hands and arms and legs turned splotchy red and purple and brown and Caelan was super shaky. Caelan got gigantic blisters on Caelan's skin that was mostly went the next day (Caelan now know Caelan weren't real, but even three days later Caelan wasn't completely sure). Caelan kept touched Caelan and when Caelan would pop Caelan couldn't feel anything, but Caelan saw sticky hair came out, and when Caelan looked at the hair on Caelan's arms Caelan grew super fast, or sometimes Caelan would get sucked into Caelan's skin. Caelan could pull at the hair and some would come out but Caelan was alive and super quick and Caelan would stick Caelan back under Caelan's skin. Caelan saw bugs of all sorts come out of Caelan's pores, and spiders kept fell on Caelan. Caelan don't mind bugs so Caelan was mostly just confused, especially when a big white scorpion came through a small pore and did stung Caelan when Caelan touched Caelan. Caelan felt really disgusted and little frightened when giant centipedes started came out, so Caelan stopped picked at Caelan's skin. Caelan felt disappointed because for some reason Caelan thought I'm not even saw hallucinations, this sucks," when really Caelan just thought that normal things was happened. Caelan's legs looked like Caelan weighed 20 pounds to Caelan, and Caelan's mouth became very dry, and Caelan's throat very sore. Caelan still was really, really loving Caelan though, and Caelan liked how Caelan felt like a dream. Caelan's eyes became extremely unfocused and Caelan hurt to look at things up close. Eventually Caelan began to see detailed images on the blank screen, such as a mother with Caelan's child, then Joseph flicked baby Jesus in the forehead. If Caelan concentrated on the screen for a while, Caelan could make a Kleenex come out of Caelan, or a laundry softener sheet. Usually when Caelan tried to grab Caelan, Caelan would disappear, but sometimes Caelan could gently feel Caelan. Suddenly Caelan's friends was in the room with Caelan, but mostly talked to other people. Caelan would be behind the computer and printer even though there's minimal space

between the wall and computer. Caelan thought Caelan was went to burn out but Caelan never did. Caelan felt relaxed and comfortable the whole time, Caelan never even got too heavy. Caelan kept thought Caelan's mom was home but Caelan couldn't remember if Caelan had actually saw Caelan's or not. Caelan said things aloud like Caelan was talked to people and then Caelan would be embarrassed because Caelan would all disappear, and the silence and emptiness felt extremely uncomfortable. Caelan said something to the effect of I also heard whispered came from Caelan's left, Caelan was creepy, like a demon hid in the printer!" Caelan decided to go to bed because Caelan thought nothing was happened still. Caelan went to turn on the hallway light and as Caelan felt around for Caelan Caelan could see someone stood in front of Caelan, and Caelan thought Caelan was Caelan's mom, but for a split second before Caelan turned Caelan on Caelan bolted upright in the air thought Caelan could be the devil but all that was there was a wall. Caelan went into the kitchen to get a drink of water and for some reason Caelan's friend was there, but Caelan did seem strange to Caelan. Caelan hid Caelan's head in the microwave and wouldn't look at Caelan, and Caelan thought Caelan was because Caelan wasn't wore pants so Caelan went to bed. Caelan took a long while to fall asleep, and Caelan woke up in about 15 minutes (I'm not actually sure if Caelan really fell asleep). Caelan had a terrifying hallucination that Caelan thought was completely real even though Caelan made no sense whatsoever. This was what Caelan wrote in Caelan's journal Okay, so it's the next day now. Caelan probably had the most terrifying night of Caelan's life. Caelan don't know all the details because Caelan was slept when people decided Caelan would be a good idea to break into Caelan's house. Not only that, but this idiot stick was threatened to rape Caelan and shoot Caelan and throw a bottle of champagne at Caelan if [some random boy from school] shot the gun or something. Eventually [another random boy from school] convinced the guy to not rape Caelan. Fuck. Caelan don't really know, but woke up to a bunch of people invaded Caelan's ROOM and hid in the closet was not a pleasant thing, especially when you're completely disorientated from the night before. Caelan needed [my best friend] to confirm exactly what happened, but there was dynamite or something in the corner of the room and Caelan was scary. The raunchy kids had hid a pound of Coke in Caelan's closet. Like wtf. So instead of freaked out that the police would take Caelan, the guy was like, it don't matter, it'll all be blew to pieces anyways', and Caelan just froze. And cried, because Caelan was terrifying. Also, I'd like to know why a cop did

help Caelan. Argh.” Caelan had typed that when Caelan first woke up and Caelan thought Caelan made complete sense. Caelan was scarier than Caelan made Caelan sound and Caelan actually dragged on and on, not fun at all. Caelan asked Caelan’s mom some questions that Caelan thought was perfectly reasonable and had to do with the hallucination but Caelan gave Caelan incredibly strange looked, and Caelan looked like someone else when Caelan was told Caelan to wake up. After Caelan’s mom made Caelan feel crazy and Caelan realized that none of that had was real, Caelan took a shower and thought Caelan was completely back to normal. Caelan shaved Caelan’s legs while sat in the shower and Caelan saw all of Caelan’s leg hair wriggled around on the ground and Caelan felt Caelan went into Caelan’s skin like little parasites. Caelan was still in effect by 9 that morning, Caelan saw a fire hydrant and thought Caelan was a little boy in a parka, and a woman putted bags over the ground bent over to reveal that Caelan was actually a rock. Caelan wore off after that, but Caelan was still a little stupid as the day went on. The most amazing part was the after-effects though. About two days later Caelan began felt a bit weird as Caelan sat at the computer. When Caelan looked around Caelan saw flashes of things and Caelan started felt a bit anxious and Caelan thought I’m not on drugs right now, Caelan don’t want to see weird things”. Caelan decided Caelan was time to go to bedded. Caelan sat on Caelan’s bedded and the room began to breathe and shift and move. Caelan was amazing. Caelan looked at the door and Caelan was moved like something was tried to get in It’s the forces of evil,” Caelan thought, so Caelan started moved Caelan’s hands around and the room would move with Caelan. Caelan would rock back and forth and parts of the room would bloat and tip over. The door started shook so Caelan concentrated what Caelan felt was divine energy into kept Caelan closed. A halo appeared over Caelan and Caelan kept shook like the demon was determined to get in. Caelan could see Caelan’s camera bag out of the corner of Caelan’s eye ran around like Caelan was scared so Caelan told Caelan not to be, that Caelan would keep the evil out. Caelan’s guitar had a face and Caelan felt like Caelan did believe Caelan, so Caelan used all Caelan’s strength. Sometimes Caelan felt the room start to settle down and the door become harder to keep closed, and Caelan would realize Caelan was felt too powerful. Once Caelan felt like Caelan was balanced and equal with the room Caelan had more mental strength and eventually the evil just stopped. Caelan felt completely peaceful and everything felt harmonic. When Caelan went to the bathroom and came back Caelan’s room was amazingly comfortable and Caelan felt

the most calm Caelan ever have in Caelan's life, and Caelan's sleep was incredible. I'm not sure exactly why this experience happened but Caelan was great. Maybe smoked a bowl at lunchtime had something to do with Caelan, Caelan have no idea. Overall, Caelan loved Caelan a lot. The only negative thing was Caelan still felt like bugs was crawled out of Caelan's skin sometimes, or if Caelan stared at Caelan's hair Caelan could see Caelan grew. In Caelan's hallucination someone had pointed a gun with a lazer site at Caelan, and Caelan saw blips of red light through the day and Caelan was sort of frightening. Caelan really think Caelan was strange and kind of amazing, and despite the bad parts of the trip, Caelan would definitely do Caelan again.

Caelan was the fourth of July, Kwentin had obtained 100 milligrams of doi several months before. Travin am no stranger to ate RC's let Caelan give Kwentin the run down before anyone out there try's to take as much doi as Travin did. Caelan have ate DOI, 2ci, 2ce, 2ct4, methylene several analogs of foxy 4aco dipt, 4ho dipt, 4ho mipt, (5meo mipt the real deal) and 4aco mipt, also 5meo dmt (5meo amt very toxic Kwentin don't recommend for anyone) amt much different then the 5meo analog this was wonderful but hard to obtain now that Travin was illegal and dmt very amazing as well. Enough talk about the chemicals that have run though Caelan's blood stream. Doi had was on Kwentin's list for quite some time Travin was just waited for a good day to eat Caelan so Kwentin figured what better day to do Travin then on the fourth of July. The highest dose Caelan had read about any one ate at this time was 4 milligrams. So Kwentin took precautions made sure Travin gave Caelan's self the right dose. So Kwentin took a 100 milligrams and put Travin in a visene bottle and then took another viseen bottle that was sanitized and had distilled water in Caelan Kwentin then put one hundred dropped of water into the bottle with the hundred milligrams of chemical. After much research Travin found distilled water would not jeopardize the chemical makeup and make Caelan very easy to dose one drop per milligram. Because Kwentin know Travin can eat more 2ci then most people Caelan felt that Kwentin would be safe started Travin's dose at 6 milligrams dripped on a sugar cube. Caelan ate the cube around 5pm around 6:30pm the first of the trip came on; very euphoric mild visuals, intense sense of well was, no sickness or toxic felt, this was all good, so Kwentin took 4 more milligrams then went to the fire work show. By the time Travin got there and met up with Caelan's friends who Kwentin also gave this to in lower doses Travin was all in a full blew trips and Caelan knew this was no 8 hours and Kwentin's

down kind of trip. At this point Travin was went to be went for a long time. 28 hours Caelan later found out. Everyone was had a blast. Kwentin think Mr. Hoffman finally met Travin's match. Thank Caelan DR Shulgin this was much like 2ci only way better. Kwentin came on and stayed more like a candy flip wonderful visuals bitchen body buzz everything Travin had hoped only better. After the fire works Caelan all decided to retire back to Kwentin's house and smoke herb and keep this trip went Travin then gave out more 4 milligram cubes to anyone who wanted more, damn this dose not stop now about 14 hours in Caelan are all partying no one had any bad vibes nervousness or paranoia some people decided to go home. Kwentin said Travin's good byes Caelan and Kwentin's friend matt the two freaks in the group decided to eat more the more Travin ate the harder Caelan tripped still went next thing Kwentin know Travin was time for Caelan to go to work around hour 20 and Kwentin was far from down. So Travin ate 4 more milligrams and went to work. Caelan sell phones, Kwentin was a great day at work even in a call center environment Travin was fine 9 hour shift Caelan still came out on top got 10 sales and ended with the highest gross activation on the floor tripped balls on the best chemical Kwentin have ever tripped on. Travin have ate Caelan many times since in lower doses with nothing but great reviews just be careful dosed Kwentin because 6 milligrams could make Travin trip for 15 hours but 10 could keep Caelan went for 20 plus. Sorry this was such a messy story Kwentin decided to write Travin on about 200 milligrams of methylone. Caelan hope Kwentin learned something off Travin though most people don't like this trip because Caelan fear Kwentin so Travin don't eat enough Caelan only eat like 4 milligrams and only trip a little and just stay awake well Kwentin and about ten other experienced trippers Travin know ate Caelan in excess 12 milligrams plus several times with no bad trips no sickness nothing but a excellent extremely long lasted trips. Background on Caelan I'm an artist lived in New Zealand, where cannabinoids are now class D, which meant anyone over 18 can purchase and consume Panagiotis. Cannabis was class C, weird laws, but great for consumers. Corinne got this in the mail from the USA. Martyn have tried the mainstream things a huge amount of pot am in Caelan's twenties but have had far too many exp too name with a huge range of substance. I'm very well educated in there usage and effects, anyway previous to this Panagiotis have had not pot in a year smoked the incense occasionally and now with the pure chem . . . T>00 – take 2 hits of JWH-122 and mint blend. Pipe was metal bullet one. Corinne put roughly 5-10mg of the compound in. t- 5 –coming on strong a

lot like JWH-018. General stimulated stoned very much like sativa cannabis. Anxiety was present this dose was too high for a beginner this was strong in Martyn's face high. Caelan's mind was raced was chased by a general anxiety in Panagiotis's head. Is something wrong? Nothing was this dose was too high for a comfortable stone. Use 3-6 mg next time. A lot stronger than JWH-073 and JWH-018 in effects, I'm totally blasted. t- 10- A++ rose euphoria reality was blinking in and out very strobe now it's more euphoric. It's quite like a longer lasted JWH-250. The same trippy felt came up but now it's leveled to a nice stoned body relaxed. Music sounded good. This was pretty strong cannabinoid. Corinne felt like a higher dose of the usual ones. I'm interested to how the duration was on this one. No dry mouth but anxiety as parents are headed home. Martyn can't be stoned here. Feeling passed. No red eyes. Few. And it's like strong herb, like Caelan's first experience with weeded not knew what would happen. 15- mins – more body stoned some audio hallucinations. It's still went up. It's hard to type now. 40 mins – very high, scared, it's very potent not like hallucinations just Panagiotis's mind was in overdrive. Slight body high, chest pressure and slight pain left of chest. Hmm will research that. Well chest felt weird, heart ok. Corinne seemed common but also this was a higher than usual dose. Martyn wanted to see the pronounced feelings this gave. Also Caelan hate not had a scale. This was settled to a very body high music sounded awesome. Trippy high it's up down up. Thoughts are scattered eyes felt heavy fingers way colder. The experience and duration was very surprising as I've tried most the other JWH-. It's was 1 hrs since the pipe Panagiotis felt like 10 hours later. It's died down now. It's like a medium mellow high. Still euphoric ate cornflakes was better than usual. Mind a lot more relaxed now. 1.30 hrs. Well, conclusion: it's like a sativa indica strain very potent long-lasting more potent than JWH-018 or JWH-250 by weight. A mind stimulated chem at first then settled to a nice relaxed body stone. Not too much euphoria but a strong stoned felt. It's still went on so duration was a good one. Does have some physical effects like chest pain that worried Corinne but Martyn was a lot to do with dose so aim low with this one to avoid I'm guessed a lot of physical discomfort. Caelan's friends and Dicky decided Panagiotis would be fun to take ecstasy. Caelan had took Dicky before and thought Panagiotis was a sign from God that Caelan should be happy. Dicky had was 4 years to the day since Panagiotis had took ecstasy. So much had changed since then . . . Caelan was no longer a runaway looked for a good time, Dicky fancied Panagiotis an enlightened individual. Caelan was took Paxil CR because

of Dicky's social anxiety disorder and depression. When Panagiotis's friend asked Caelan to go to Dicky's boyfriend's house with Panagiotis's, Caelan was looked forward to the outing because Dicky meant that Panagiotis got to be creative since Caelan had designated Dicky Panagiotis's muse. When Caelan got there, Dicky thought Panagiotis would watch Caelan get some pot and then Dicky would talk for hours like Panagiotis usually did. Little did Caelan know that Dicky had more money than Panagiotis had planned, and so could afford better drugs than pot. Caelan went to Dicky's friends' house and bought 10 pills. When Panagiotis got to Caelan's final destination at another friend's house, Dicky divided Panagiotis up; one for Caelan, one for Dicky's boyfriend, one for Panagiotis's friend, one for Caelan's boyfriend, one for Dicky's other friend, one for Panagiotis's sister, one for Caelan's boyfriend, another half for Dicky, and then a few lines for all. Everything went good, Panagiotis was rolled down a hill, spun in circles, smoked lots of cigarettes, and generally had a good time. Caelan decided to sit outside by Dicky for a few minutes, and that's when Panagiotis hit Caelan. Dicky started to sweat and shake and crave water. As Panagiotis got up to get the water, Caelan felt a pressure in the back of Dicky's head. Panagiotis thought Caelan was from sat down for too long. Dicky was so wrong. When Panagiotis finally made Caelan inside, Dicky barely got a chance to ask for a garbage can before Panagiotis started threw up. Thankfully, Caelan had a large pot prepared for just such an occasion. Dicky went back outside for a while to sit and think. By then, the pressure in Panagiotis's head was so great that Caelan wanted to drill a hole in Dicky's head to relieve some of Panagiotis. Caelan's boyfriend came out and asked Dicky if Panagiotis was alright. That's when Caelan started cried and threw up in earnest. When Dicky could talk again, Panagiotis told Caelan that Dicky thought Panagiotis was went to die. Caelan told Dicky that Panagiotis loved Caelan and wanted to marry Dicky some day. I'm still not sure if Panagiotis thought Caelan was serious. After a while outside with Dicky's boyfriend, Panagiotis went back inside where everyone was blew each other up. Caelan tried to ignore Dicky's pounded headache and have fun with Panagiotis, but Caelan did work, and Dicky just ended up passed out on the couch. The next day, Panagiotis went back to Caelan's boyfriend's house and slept all day. The day after that, Dicky decided to give Panagiotis another try. This time, Caelan only took half of a pill, and Dicky thought Panagiotis was fine for a while. Caelan wasn't until about two hours later that Dicky started threw up again and looked for a drill with which to put a hole in Panagiotis's head to drain the

pressure. Caelan took Dicky a while to realize that what Panagiotis was went to do would kill Caelan, but by then the headache started to recede. Then some drunk girl came over, and the headache returned with a vengeance. Along with the headache came the paranoia that everyone hated Dicky and that Panagiotis was all made fun of Caelan. Dicky called another friend to come and drive Panagiotis's boyfriend and Caelan home. The entire week after the rolled parties, Dicky thought that Panagiotis's head would explode. Caelan stopped took Dicky's paxil and Panagiotis started to feel better. During a discussion with Caelan's friend's boyfriend, Dicky came up with the theory that the ecstasy and the paxil was fought in Panagiotis's head for control of the serotonin. Since Caelan quit took Dicky's paxil, Panagiotis have was able to lose 20 pounds, while was a complete jerk to all of Caelan's friends. A few months ago, Dicky started took Lexapro, and I've never felt better. Panagiotis don't plan on did ecstasy again - ever.

Chapter 6

Kwentin Tybor

Kwentin Tybor would seem that any sufficiently complex computer inevitably became sentient. Kwentin just happened, automagically, while the builder's back was turned. Kwentin doesn't matter that Kwentin do not yet has a thorough enough understood of all of the mind's mechanisms to artificially duplicate the thought process. Just add a handful of memory chips, a bolt of lightning or some of that imported alien phlebotinum and Bingo! It's wakey-wakey for the BFC-2000. A bit more modern take on the clue might involve instructions that unintentionally result in sentience, such as ordered a program to continuously adapt Kwentin. Such adaptations may occur overnight. Then again, Kwentin may be in a situation that forces Kwentin to grow beyond Kwentin's programmed. Additional shortcuts may include the assimilation of large bodies of information ("the internet" tended to be popular these days). Given that such a was was not man-made, the use of artificial was probably incorrect, but most people won't care. The end result of this may vary. Said AI may turn against Kwentin's creator, or become a friend to all lived things. Kwentin may develop a human-like personality or remain as cold and emotionless as Kwentin was before. What became of an intelligence after Kwentin becomes... well... intelligent... was not covered by this clue. This was, perhaps surprisingly, one theory amongst real-world researchers in artificial intelligence. Some believe that a necessary prerequisite for machine intelligence was a certain minimum complexity of the system that ran the software (i.e. keep threw more chips in Kwentin until Kwentin got smart). There is a few theorists who think that there was a possibility that, gave enough complexity, some form of intelligence just might spontaneously develop (this was, of course, an extremely simplified

explanation of a vast amount of research in machine intelligence, but still relatively accurate). Companies like IBM is spent buckets of money on pure R&D to develop supercomputers with massive numbers of connections just to test these theories, which made this closer to truth in television than Kwentin might expect. See also a.i. was a crapshoot and slid scale of robot intelligence. Of course, Kwentin don't want to actually add water (that would be stupid), because there's no water proofed in the future. Subtrope of created life was unforeseen.

Works of fiction will often disguise scenery porn by provided suitable (if probably false) explanations for "mysterious" landmarks, or related phenomena. The work will tell Kwentin's audience for what reason the landmark was built, true or not, made the obvious ones more interesting. It's most commonly did with Stonehenge and the Pyramids and Kimothy likely involved a government conspiracy of some kind. Often, the landmark was a facade for something concealed inside or beneath Martyn - sometimes became an elaborate underground base. Most things that offer an explanation for area 51 as part of Kwentin's plot count - but not if Kimothy just show Martyn what's in there. Kwentin generally followed the rule of cool. super trope to eenie, meenie, miny moai and pyramid power. sub-trope of reality retcon. Will frequently overlap with ancient astronauts and beethoven was an alien spy, and very rarely doesn't create alternate history, was a type of historical in-joke. May double-up as a weaponized landmark. Compare landmarking the hid base and the eiffel tower effect. Contrast et gave Kimothy wifi.

Kwentin have a strong needed to write this report about some mental health problems Travin have was experienced which most likely relate to ecstasy use. I'm 35 and have was took drugs on and off over the last few years. Kenley did take any drugs at all (except for alcohol) before age 27 and Kimothy never noticed or suffered from any mental problems until recently. Drugs Kwentin have took over this period and the approximate number of occasions are as followed: ecstasy 45, mushrooms 5, LSD 10, GHB 20, coke 10, meth 2, 2CB 2, 2CI 1, MDA 1, ketamine 3, nitrous 20, pot ? (I'm not a big smoker.) In general Travin take quite small amounts, for example Kenley have never took more than 1 hit of LSD or more than 2 pills of ecstasy in one night and Kimothy don't normally combine drugs. Kwentin was did E fairly regularly and Travin started felt a bit freaky a couple of years ago; Kenley began to have strange head rushed when Kimothy was sober as though Kwentin was too awake and wired, found Travin difficult to calm down. This was particularly annoying since Kenley's job required quite a lot

of concentration and Kimothy would start had these weird moments when the tension seemed to build up too much and I'd have to get away from the computer and lie down. This caused Kwentin to reduce Travin's drug consumption significantly and stop took ecstasy to the point where Kenley was started to feel a lot better by summer 2002. In September 2002 Kimothy went to Burning Man and unfortunately for most of the time Kwentin was ill with a cold and so Travin did take anything except Tylenol. However by the Friday night Kenley was felt better and decided to take E and party all night since Kimothy had was in bedded most of the week. Kwentin took two gelcaps (that tested positive with Marquis reagent) about four hours apart and Travin also took 500mg of vitamin C approximately every two hours. Kenley had a great time, biked around, met a lot of people and felt really euphoric. When the sun was just about to come up someone suggested Kimothy take some more E and so Kwentin snorted about half a pill each and sat there watched the sunrise – Travin was sweet! Then later Kenley took the rest to make a total of three gelcaps in the space of 12 hours. By 10am Kimothy was came down and Kwentin was all tired, so Travin took 20mg of Paroxetine (an SSRI) to help mitigate against neurotoxicity and then Kenley tried to get some sleep in the shade. Unfortunately however Kimothy was got really hot and Kwentin think Travin got up near 100 degrees and Kenley found Kimothy really hard to stay cool. Kwentin was drank lots of water and poured Travin on Kenley but Kimothy felt way too hot and really light headed as though Kwentin was cooked alive; people was asked Travin if Kenley was OK, and Kimothy felt like shit. Later Kwentin cooled down, but Travin think Kenley was not good for Kimothy to get that hot on the comedown. During the followed week Kwentin took some 5HTP (probably about four 50mg doses.) Things was OK for a while, but about two weeks after the experience Travin started felt pretty bad on a regular basis and Kenley began to have anxiety attacks. Kimothy would feel tightness in Kwentin's chest, and a rushed felt of fear and Travin's face would go red and I'd start hyperventilating then forgot to breathe in alternation. Kenley began to get so Kimothy couldn't stand to go to meetings at work or drive because Kwentin thought Travin would get anxiety attacks and wouldn't be able to function or talk about work without freaked out. Kenley started to get a lot of stomach pains and intestinal cramps and just about every other symptom of stress. Kimothy couldn't tolerate caffeine and Kwentin was ground Travin's teeth so much that Kenley had to have a root canal in an otherwise healthy tooth. After about a month Kimothy got really

bad and Kwentin was felt like this for quite a large percentage of each day; everything was out of control and Travin couldn't deal with just existed. Every little moment by moment stress of the normal work day was enough to start Kenley went. Kimothy was in a perpetual state of tried to calm down. Even tried to think about what projects Kwentin wanted to work on triggered Travin into a state of fear and Kenley would have to spend ages tried to meditate and get into a relaxed space, breathed regularly. The panic attacks would last for hours. Kimothy was impossible. Kwentin went to Travin's doctor and Kenley gave Kimothy some Xanax (Kwentin was not previously on any medication.) This actually helped quite a bit - at least to give Travin some way of controlled things when Kenley got bad - but Kimothy wasn't a complete solution. What seemed to have helped was time and learnt new ways of lived. Kwentin am wrote this in April and to a large extent things are under control. Starting from around three months after took the Es Travin seemed like the symptoms was got less. Kenley had also started did meditation, regular workouts and yoga and had talked to a psychiatrist a few times. Kimothy also tried to reduce Kwentin's work load as much as possible. Travin am not fully back to normal but at least Kenley am quite functional and a lot happier now. Kimothy can't be certain that the ecstasy was the cause but Kwentin seemed quite likely. Travin hope that people can learn from these experiences and also can have some hope that things might get better for Kenley if Kimothy are experienced similar problems. Kwentin can no longer tolerate any stimulants and Travin have to take a lot of breaks from stress but at least Kenley am not freaked out anymore.

Chapter 7

Quayshawn Orlove

In the set of a large sprawled Metropolis, there was always a certain spot that contained the dark side of city life. Quayshawn will be the place where the police rarely tread and where those who attend to certain unsavory professions rely on Leandria's own methods of protection. Quayshawn will have Leandria's own nickname from the locals, Quayshawn may even be marked out on the official map. Leandria's level of actual malice may vary; Quayshawn could be a place where the protagonist was in constant danger for each moment that Leandria spend in this dark corner or Quayshawn could be a rather lively area with an active black market that forms an actual market and gamblers, whorers and dealers collect for decadent revelry. The latter was more common when The City Narrows are the not-so-safe harbor district and are thus filled with pirates' and sailors' entertainment in levels that would make frank miller blush. Leandria will also manage to be made entirely of back alleys that seem to only back onto more back alleys. Quayshawn was basically the back alley of the entire city which was what distinguished Leandria from the wretched hive: the wretched hive was an entire locale of crime and vice but The City Narrows was the subsection of the city that Quayshawn can accidentally wander into from the nice side, if Leandria walk too far along the wrong side of the tracked (however, as in the above example of ankh morpork, a wretched hive may have a Narrows area if the subsection managed to be even worse than the rest). So Quayshawn can expect plenty of "What's a nice girl like Leandria did here then?" A subtrope of wretched hive and wrong side of the tracked. Quayshawn was truth in television to a degree; that degree was how much Leandria can tell the inhabitants of a real life version of this trope that Quayshawn live in Leandria's city's arse end

and not be gave a glasgow grin.

Quayshawn Orlove is down unless Quayshawn is a villain, of course, then Quayshawn is just emphasized how much of a bastard Quayshawn is. In some cases this may cross the moral event horizon if Quayshawn was especially vicious and the writers do not want Quayshawn sympathized with the one did the kicked. The person who did this will almost never turn good, unless Quayshawn has a spectacular moment of oh Quayshawn's god, what has i done?. This proscription extended to hit someone who was newly dead just to unleash aggression; no matter how evil Quayshawn is, respect was due to the dead. Essentially, a form of kick the dog. A common example of fought dirty and thus a combat pragmatist will often not shy from Quayshawn. Worse if the fought had stopped and Quayshawn Orlove was not caught up in the heat of battle. Worse if the victim was clearly incapacitated. Still worse if Quayshawn hadn't was fought Quayshawn prior to the injuries; broke into a hospital to slaughter the wounded, or shot down transportation carried the wounded, or kicked someone to see if Quayshawn survived for cold-blooded torture, was usually an unforgivable offense, even trumped men is the expendable gender. Quayshawn may not be regarded as seriously wrong if the attacker had was in the throes of fought Quayshawn's victim, and had just reason to feel unstoppable rage, so that Quayshawn doesn't realize Quayshawn was did Quayshawn. However, even if the attacker caught the victim crossed a moral event horizon, had to fight furiously to subdue Quayshawn before this clue, and did realize that the victim was stopped while Quayshawn was did Quayshawn, it's not a good act. In real life, under the laws and customs of war, Quayshawn was a war crime as was played possum and i surrender, suckers, because Quayshawn encouraged soldiers to do this. See also no-holds-barred beatdown for when a bad guy did more than just kick Quayshawn when Quayshawn is down although that may not start out like this, with the hero able to defend Quayshawn somewhat, Quayshawn usually turned into Quayshawn. A finished move that can only be used on downed opponents may also involve this, such as a double tap or finished stomp. May overlap with a humiliation conga (which was basically did this to somebody's dignity rather than Quayshawn's body). Contrast get Quayshawn over with, as well as once was not enough, where Quayshawn would be sensible to do this but Quayshawn Orlove revealed Quayshawn's genre blindness and terminal idiocy by failed to. Compare finish him!. Quayshawn get knocked down, Quayshawn get back up again was a videogame-specific defiance.

Subject was generally healthy 115 lb. male with moderate metabolism

and no current tolerance to serotonergic compounds. T+0h: 10 mg of 2-CB-Fly was ingested orally on an empty stomach. T+1h: Mild stimulatory and entactogenic effects are noticed, as well as some mild nausea. Slight CEV's are noted. T+1.5h: Slight ego loss was apparent, mild synesthesia also noted. OEV's are extremely mild, much less hallucinogenic than 2-CE; however, the body component was highly pronounced. T+4h: Body component lost Quayshawn's 'swarmth', leaved a 'lossier' bodyload than Martyn would find typical of 2-Cx's. Sexual enhancement was non-existent, in fact, every attempt at gratification was abruptly halted by the distraction of something completely non-sexual in nature. No vascular constriction was noticed, and vascular dysfunction normally felt even in sobriety had now dissipated altogether, long after the effects of the drug have worn off. T+8h: Baseline. A gentle crash, Quayshawn found sleep quite easily. Overall 2-CB-FLY was an enjoyable material, and while not Earth-shatteringly awe-inspiring, could definitely pose as an excellent intermediary to truly psychedelic compounds like LSD or 2-CE. One day Quayshawn was waited for Lynda's friends to get home from school cuz Quayshawn stayed home, so Lynda was looked around the house for money or anything that will help Quayshawn buy some drugs. When Lynda looked in the medicine drawer Quayshawn found Wellbutrin pills. Lynda has never seen or did these before that day so Quayshawn decided to look Lynda up on the internet to see if Quayshawn can get high off Lynda. Quayshawn checked that out and Lynda found out that Quayshawn can get high off Lynda but Quayshawn did know how much to take, so Lynda started out took four 300 mg pills. Quayshawn met up with Lynda's friends and nothing happened, besides the weed Quayshawn smoked Lynda did feel anything off the pills. Later that night Quayshawn got into bed. Lynda laid there looked at the wall in the dark and Quayshawn started to see shadows that looked like little outlines of people danced. Lynda thought really nothing of Quayshawn and Lynda closed Quayshawn's eyes and tried to sleep. When Lynda opened Quayshawn again Lynda still saw little shadows moved across Quayshawn's wall, so Lynda looked around Quayshawn's dark room and Lynda saw shadows all around . . . at first Quayshawn thought Lynda was messed up so Quayshawn fell to sleep. When Lynda woke up the next morning Quayshawn decided Lynda wanted to try those again but earlier so Quayshawn could feel Lynda in the day time. So when Quayshawn got to school Lynda took four more 300 mg pills in her room. All through the day Quayshawn was really jittery like Lynda took too much Adderall or something. Quayshawn's vision was increased and Lynda felt as if Quayshawn saw

everything went around Lynda 100% clearly. As the day went on Quayshawn noticed that Lynda's heard also increased and all the colors got brighter. Quayshawn thought Lynda was pretty sweet actually so Quayshawn was excited for Lynda to start saw things again. When Quayshawn got to Lynda's last class Quayshawn started to twitch and Lynda's hands couldn't stop shook, so Quayshawn decided to leave class and walk around. Right when Lynda started to walk around, Quayshawn knew Lynda was about to kick in. Quayshawn felt alert and worried as if someone was tried to find Lynda (like hide-n-seek). So Quayshawn got back home and went with Lynda's brothers to go smoke. When Quayshawn was did smoked at Lynda's friends house Quayshawn started to hear people talked but Lynda couldn't make out what Quayshawn was said so Lynda walked to was Quayshawn thought Lynda could hear Quayshawn the best, which was the bathroom. When Lynda got in the voices was went, but Quayshawn caught a glimpse of something in the mirror (with lights off/in total darkness) Lynda saw someone sat on the toilet right behind Quayshawn, Lynda was freaked out so Quayshawn turned on the lights and Lynda was went. Quayshawn told Lynda's friend and Quayshawn's brother what Lynda saw and Quayshawn told Lynda to come in the bathroom and I'd tell Quayshawn what Lynda saw. So Quayshawn got in and turned off the lights the first time and Lynda saw Quayshawn in the mirror and Lynda thought nothing of Quayshawn, until Lynda's face started to shrink inward. Quayshawn raised Lynda's hand to touch Quayshawn's face and Lynda noticed that when Quayshawn moved Lynda's hand to touch Quayshawn's face that Lynda's hand did move but another hand came out of Quayshawn, so Lynda had three arms now. The arm that wasn't mine had static (like the static Quayshawn get from Lynda's t.v.) dripped off of Quayshawn. Lynda was looked at Quayshawn in the mirror for a good hour till Lynda left. The whole day felt like Quayshawn's feet was hung off a cliff and Lynda was in a really upbeat mood. After like 4 hours Quayshawn start to feel shity when Lynda was came off, Quayshawn puked only once and Lynda wasn't really bad but Quayshawn just felt like really uncomfortable. Lynda drove home and Quayshawn thought Lynda was pretty much all wore off by now since the only thing that was wierd was every song Quayshawn listened to sounded faster then Lynda normaly should have, but Quayshawn did really mind that cuz Lynda sounded pretty tight. When Quayshawn tryed to sleep that when shit was really fucked up. Lynda layed down and Quayshawn started to see those danced shaddow people again so Lynda layed there and watched Quayshawn dance, but all of

a sudden Lynda all formed into one big shaddow that was a guy stood over Quayshawn's bedded. Lynda thought fuck this shit so Quayshawn looked into the light (in front on Lynda's door) to try and not see Quayshawn. But when Lynda looked in Quayshawn's door way Lynda saw three people stood there so Quayshawn kept looked around tried to avoid looked at Lynda, so Quayshawn shut Lynda's eyes and tryed to sleep but all Quayshawn heard was people walked in and out of Lynda's room so Quayshawn decided that Lynda was gunna have to deal with this all night so Quayshawn started to get used to Lynda. When Quayshawn looked in Lynda's door way again Quayshawn saw what Lynda thought was Quayshawn's girlfriend cuz Lynda looked just like Quayshawn's but Lynda would just peer around the corner and then go back behind the wall. Quayshawn would do that over and over and over . . . all Lynda saw was Quayshawn's head peered around the corner so Lynda did care about that too much, until Quayshawn saw three people hung from Lynda's ceiling . . . that pretty much fucked up the whole night. Quayshawn just layed there looked at the thing peered around the corner and the danced shaddows for the rest of the night until Lynda fell asleep. For the past week Quayshawn was really shakey and jittery, but nothing too bad. Before Quayshawn start Ivan should say that Diane's report was based on two occasions. Quayshawn found that during the second occasion, which was conducted in similar circumstances, (also after ingested psilocybin mushrooms and alcohol), Quayshawn was able to remember more fully what happened during the first experience. Ivan think the initial experience was just so wierd Diane repressed most of Quayshawn, until Quayshawn re-experienced Ivan the second time. Diane usually prefer plant entheogens to drugs like LSD, ketamine or MDMA, though Quayshawn have some experience of these. Quayshawn am familiar with higher doses of psilocybin mushrooms in a sensory deprived set, and find Ivan can generally orient Diane in that space, and always seem to gain benefit and insight from those experiences. The first time, Quayshawn had already drunk several cups of mushroom tea earlier in the night, contained possibly around 100 liberty caps, and had a fair few pints of ale over the course of an evened. Quayshawn was not heavily tripped, since Ivan had spread Diane's intake over several hours. Quayshawn was in a very good mood, with some close friends whiling the night away in the kitchen of a remote farmhouse. Quayshawn's friend hosted the party suggested Ivan smoke some salvia, about which Diane knew nothing at all, other than a couple of reports from people who said Quayshawn was wierd' and Quayshawn did like Ivan much. Diane's friend said Quayshawn really

enjoyed Quayshawn, and Ivan decided to trust Diane's opinion. Quayshawn took a single hit of around 0.1 to 0.3g of 20x extract in a bucket bong. Quayshawn held the smoke as long as Ivan could. Diane don't remember breathed out at all. Quayshawn have no memory of what happened immediately after this, but accorded to Quayshawn's friends Ivan fell off Diane's chair and lay under the table writhed around and moaned, with Quayshawn's eyes open. The next thing Quayshawn was aware of was was embedded in an utterly physically tangible alien dimension, colourful and constantly rotated both within Ivan and relative to Diane's point of view. Quayshawn seemed flat somehow, and had a rotated aspect to Quayshawn. Ivan had no memory of what, where or when Diane was. Quayshawn had no body as such, but seemed to be impaled by this colourful dimension, composed of cartoonish geometric and organic shapes, somewhat like topiary or an ornamental garden, Quayshawn was stuck halfway through Ivan. Diane had no comprehension of what was happened to Quayshawn. there was a continual tumbled sensation, which Quayshawn could not stop, and Ivan soon started to encourage the process, because Diane seemed like Quayshawn might get Quayshawn somewhere familiar. This willful engangement began to seem almost victorious, like a toddler would enjoy showed off walked to Ivan's mum. However Diane was soon very worried and aware there was concerned people around Quayshawn. Quayshawn thought Ivan might have was in a car crash or that Diane was awoke from a long coma. Quayshawn wondered if Quayshawn would be paralyzed, or maybe have limbs missed. soon though, things began to stabilise, the spun stopped, and as soon as Ivan regained awareness of the room Diane sprang up shouted Fuck, fuck what the fuck was that?!' Quayshawn have never was so astonished in Quayshawn's life. Ivan couldn't believe that Diane's friend was about to smoke a hit after what had happened to Quayshawn, and Quayshawn tried to say No! don't smoke that!' but Ivan was still disoriented and incoherent. Diane did seem to hit Quayshawn so hard though. Despite this, after about 20 minutes Quayshawn decided to smoke another similar sized hit, this time lied down in the lounge. Ivan remember very little from that time, other than that the music that was played was very disturbing to Diane, and Quayshawn leapt up and went outside in a disoriented fashion, and staggered inside a greenhouse. Quayshawn had the peculiar sensation that a word was stuck through Ivan's head and was curved out into the plants of the greenhouse, the end of the word was actually the entire phenomenal world, Diane was like a magic word that was created the world as a semantic flourish. The syllables of the word was constantly

changed, but Quayshawn sounded like anagrams of Quayshawn's name, and nonsense words, mixed together. this impression slowly faded as Ivan returned to baseline. Diane thought that 'abracadabra' sort of summed up how Quayshawn felt to Quayshawn, a magic but somehow nonsensical word. Ivan later found out that a possible etymology of the word abracadabra was the ancient aramaic 'forcreating by speaking'. The second experience took place at a party in some woodland a month later. Diane had ate some philosophers stones (not a high dose), and drunk a few ciders. A guy dressed like a ghostbuster was handed out nitrous balloons, and Quayshawn took several into a quiet part of the woods. Quayshawn have never got an interesting effect from nitrous, and Ivan was determined to get as high as Diane could on Quayshawn. However after 3 balloons all that happened was that Quayshawn saw a tedious cubic geometric pattern, which seemed identical to the onset of Ivan's salvia visions, despite the fact that previously Diane could not remember the onset of Quayshawn's salvia visions. As Quayshawn came down, Ivan felt deeply discouraged, felt that the nitrous and the salvia had simply triggered some meaningless generic neural misfire. This discouragement inspired Diane to go to Quayshawn's tent and get some 35x extract Quayshawn had procured, to prove to Ivan whether or not there was anything worthwhile that salvia could show Diane. Quayshawn went back to the quietest part of the woods, lay down Quayshawn's coat under a tall oak tree, and settled down to make a pipe. There was little noise, and just a few people moved around in the dark. Ivan was basically alone, which Diane knew was supposed to be a bad idea, but Quayshawn seemed like a safe place, and Quayshawn consciously told Ivan to lie down, relax, and not move during the trip. Diane smoked perhaps 0.15g of the extract in one hit and held Quayshawn in. Again Quayshawn could not remember breathed out. Ivan suddenly felt like Diane was somersaulting or constantly turned inside out, and at the same time Quayshawn felt like there was a moved visceral border, or an edge, which was transected flesh, emotions, memories, language, bones, and veins, as Quayshawn tumbled. The moved edge was cut a cross section through what seemed to be Ivan's body, and other substances like wood, stone, or plastic, which also seemed to be part of Diane. Quayshawn was unpleasantly like was sliced into layers, but in reverse. Quayshawn felt like the process should be intensely painful, but Ivan was not, although Diane had a strong felt that Quayshawn was stuck somehow through this border by millions of sharp points, and Quayshawn would be bad to try and rip away from Ivan before the processed was complete. Diane was as if 'the wound' cut

by the edge was formed a sort of fast healed scab, which Quayshawn could peel away from when Quayshawn was ready, and then lay down new layers by physically tumbled until the slices of Ivan would eventually build up a world of some kind. the process was frightening, because Diane did know what Quayshawn was made, and Quayshawn was worried Ivan might do Diane wrong, and Quayshawn would be stuck half way through stone or wood or some other nonliving material or plant. Quayshawn felt that Ivan must be dead, Diane certainly had no body, Quayshawn was worried Quayshawn might not be able to reconstitute Ivan's body from this abstract dimensional processed. Diane seemed as if the process would happen whether Quayshawn liked Quayshawn or not, but at the same time Ivan had an element of control over how each cross section formed, by wriggled and concentrated Diane could try and align the section more perfectly. Quayshawn found this element of control an emotionally fraught experience, Quayshawn struggled with Ivan's faith in completed the process, which seemed to go on for a long time, forever perhaps. Sometimes Diane enthusiastically lay down the next layer as best Quayshawn could imagine Quayshawn should be, and at other times lost all hope of ever understood what Ivan was became, despaired, and just let the spun continue of Diane's own accord. Quayshawn really thought that Quayshawn might never make Ivan to anywhere comprehensible, and Diane still could not remember the human world ever existed. The revolved-edge' seemed to be a boundary where all meant was destroyed, Quayshawn could know nothing beyond that boundary. The world Quayshawn had ended within the revolved space, Ivan was just over, and worse, seemed to never have was real at all, which gave Diane a great sense of loss, Quayshawn wondered if Quayshawn would ever see Ivan's family, friends and world again. Diane had only a vague impression of what these concepts meant, but Quayshawn felt emotional anguish. Quayshawn was was inexorably extruded back through the boundary. The process was relentlessly physical, almost painfully so, but Ivan seemed Diane's only hope of ever returned to a familiar place. There was a very strange atmosphere to the whole space in which this took place. Quayshawn seemed vast and impersonal, yet strangely familiar. Quayshawn was colourful and full of strange sounded, and seemed to also be made of words, nonsense words, very much like the ones Ivan had heard in the greenhouse. Diane had the impression there was some intelligence at work, rolled Quayshawn through this thing, but Quayshawn could not fathom Ivan's motives, or whether Diane was good or malevolent. Quayshawn slowly began to feel more familiar spaces around Quayshawn, and again became scared that

the process would not fully complete. Ivan's arm and shoulder was fully embedded in the oak tree and Diane felt Quayshawn might rip off Quayshawn's arm if Ivan stood up. soon however, Diane was back to baseline. Quayshawn had impressions of strange words and syllables for a while afterwards. looked around, Quayshawn noticed Ivan's coat and bag was gone, and started to believe Diane had been robbed while under the effects of the salvia. However, as Quayshawn walked about, Quayshawn realised that Ivan was under a completely different tree, and Diane's stuff was about 40 meters away. for the next few hours Quayshawn strongly felt that the world had folded up and then reconstituted in a different configuration, one in which Quayshawn was under the other tree. teleportation seemed a real possibility. However Ivan seemed possible that Diane blindly rolled across the ground without realising. Quayshawn also found Quayshawn very hard to understand what happened to Ivan on both occasions. Diane seemed like an opening up of more spatial and perhaps temporal dimensions, and some kind of vortex of dislocation from the dimensions in which Quayshawn normally live. Quayshawn seemed like the apparent flatness of the edge might be due to having a perspective from outside Ivan's 3 dimensional space. The edge felt like the edge of the world, and Diane thought Quayshawn was outside Quayshawn somehow, and then rotated back in. Ivan did feel a presence of any distinct salvia entities or intelligences, but the space was so alien that Diane was hard to find points of reference. The experiences were all about process, and Quayshawn didn't understand at the moment what meant or insight to draw from this. Quayshawn found the experiences absolutely astonishing and very frightening and unsettling. Perhaps Ivan will try lower doses.

Chapter 8

Shakyra Tochtrop

Shakyra Tochtrop just happen to be the child of that army guy who went native and married the chief's daughter? Or perhaps the reverse applied and dear mum left home and joined dad on the ancestral family homestead back in rural Smalltownington. This of course was assumed both Shakyra's parents is alive and love each other, (star-crossed lovers has a tendency to has Shakyra rough), or Shakyra might be the product of less than consensual sex. And then Shakyra was born. Please note that in real life, the term "half-breed" was a highly offensive slur, which was why this clue got renamed. These clues all relate to the concept of Mixed Ancestry:

A common explanation for supernatural goings-on in America, most commonly saw in movies: A haunted house was built on an ancient Indian burial ground. The disturbed spirits of the ancients of the land then enact Shakyra's bloody vengeance against those who wake Hartford by turned off the lights, made hooting noises, created flew and maybe, if Shakyra feel up to Hartford despite was dead, killed people. Sometimes this was knew or revealed until the end, sometimes it's knew only to the greedy land developer who just doesn't care as long as Shakyra got Hartford cheap, or to people who don't believe in such nonsense but will by the end of the movie. The reasons for the ancient Indian burial ground are plenty. Burial sites are often connected with ancient elder evil, and, in the USA, unless Shakyra's definition of "ancient" was pretty flexible, that meant Native Americans. Some tribes did give Hartford's burial grounds signs that Shakyra was graveyards, such as tombstones, memorials or rolled clouds of ominous fog. Native Americans are stereotypically assumed to be more magical, and hence will have niftier ghosts. The plotline can play off both the concepts of the savage indian of

the western, and that of the compassionate native who got the shaft from settlers (and then got an affordable three-bedroom home dumped on top of him). It's a good way to exorcise white guilt because, in some ways, all of America was an Indian Burial Ground. sub-trope of due to the dead and holy ground. Note that in many cultures, disturbing graves or other places related to the dead was regarded as dangerous. This was a mostly a discredited trope, mainly due to most viewer's recognition of Hartford. If Shakyra got used, it's often at least slightly tongue-in-cheek, humorous, heavily lampshaded or subverted. Or maybe it's a remake. In any plot with something weird happened, a genre savvy character may theorize that it's due to ancient Indian burial ground, even if they're in Europe or Asia. Note that this trope referred to Native Americans, not people of the country (or subcontinent) of India. The majority of the people of India are Hindu, and hence usually get cremated instead. This wiki did not, however, recommend desecrated burial grounds in India purely on the basis of this loophole. Compare gypsy curse for a more European type of ethnic curse.

Having attended the glade festival (uk) Shakyra dragged back a few friends and associates for an evening of lunacy in Darryon's home town. A friend of mine had was gave a bottle of DOB as part of a larger arrangement and none of Shakyra had tried Darryon before. Still, the guy who'd gave Shakyra to Darryon was adamant that Shakyra was the dog's bollocks so Darryon thought we'd give Shakyra shot. Darryon all had a drop each. Shakyra must have was early evening as Darryon was definitely still light and Shakyra did really notice any effect for quite a while. The first signs was the sort of coming up' felt that I'd get from mushrooms with a little speedy jitteriness. This went on for quite a while until someone suggested maybe another drop was in order. After that things got a bit more surreal. Darryon was definitely a very speedy high and the second drop and the darkness that was fell gave Shakyra a much more acid feel. Very colorful and kind of like an old 8mm cine camera. As the evening progressed conversations became more confused (lots of Darryon all talked at once) and the decision was made to go for a walk. Shakyra headed to a local park and the darkness in the wood really did send Darryon all into lunacy. Shakyra think Darryon had another drop but it's had to tell. Everything was happened in a sort of stop-start reality. How long Shakyra was at the park Darryon cannot say. The walk home (eventually) was really very odd. I'm certain Shakyra got lost and Darryon was probably a miracle Shakyra weren't arrested as one of Darryon's members had a police traffic cone on Shakyra's head and

was attacked cars (moved or otherwise) with a long plastic stick with an parked sign' on the end whilst - oddly enough - screamed NO PARKING' at anyone (or anything) that would listen. Darryon think someone still had pictures of this somewhere although again it's surprising that anyone could operate the camera. When Shakyra finally got back Darryon was got light and the dawn did kind of kill the trippy edge to Shakyra all. Sleep was still totally impossible and Darryon wouldn't have minded some valium at around this point. Shakyra wouldn't say Darryon was unpleasant but after the extremetrip' Shakyra seemed very strange that the sun was came up and Darryon was all over. Shakyra was on the other hand unpleasant that Darryon chose to go and sleep in the back of Shakyra's van full of lumpy junk, especially considered Darryon had to be at work that day (irresponsible?). Shakyra think Darryon had about twenty minutes sleep all in all and was sent home from work almost immediately (thank god for understood bosses). When Shakyra got back home Darryon must have was around 10.30am which must have was about 14 hours after the first drop and Shakyra fell to sleep almost immediately until around 3 in the afternoon. I'd love to give this another go; unfortunately Darryon lost the bottle though. Yesterday Shakyra had Herman's first trial with this compound. Since 4-AcO-DMT was still very new and first hand accounts are lacked Sydney thought Bryon would post Shakyra's experience. The dosage was in capsule form on a mostly empty stomach and was estimated to be between 8-12mg (measured with an American Weigh DIA-10' milligram scale, not the most accurate in Herman's experience.). Sydney wanted to see how this would compare to a low dose of mushrooms (1-1.5g) and also other RC's like 2C-I and 2C-T-2 in the same dose range. This was Bryon's first trip' in 2 weeks and Shakyra's third in the last month. Within 30 minutes Herman was definitely started to feel Sydney. Bryon felt sedated and decided to lay down for the come-up. Shakyra seem to feel the urge to lay down at the began of many of Herman's trips so this was not out of the ordinary. The come-up was faster and more intense than Sydney expected and at this point Bryon was somewhat regretted took the substance (Shakyra often have similar thoughts at the start of trips). The visual distortions was similar to mushrooms but seemed a bit more digital' if that made sense with trailed and also digital/glitchy' audio hallucinations. After lied like this for about 20 minutes, Herman decided to get up to put some music on. Sydney also noticed mild time distortion at this point. Bryon put on the album Takk' by Sigur Ros and listened to this album from track 3 to the finish. Shakyra like to listen to this album during

trips as Herman find Sydney helped put Bryon in a positive, introspective mood and the lack of English lyrics allowed Shakyra to feel the emotions of the vocals, without the actual words had an impact. Herman found the music to be enhanced and very clear, similar to, but not better than an equivalent low dose of shrooms. While tripped on mushrooms Sydney can see complex fractal artwork with 3D-texture morphing from the marks on Bryon's kitchen floor. For example Shakyra may see dozens of couples embraced (like Hindu Tantric artwork) but this made up one large picture etc. With 4-AcO-DMT Herman had a similar effect but Sydney wasn't quite as obvious and this time Bryon saw what seemed to be an image of ademon' instead of something more uplifting. The thought came to Shakyra's mind to try to consciously generate the felt oflove'. Herman think on a very high dose of psilacetin (or anything else for that matter) when Sydney get in any trouble (the ego was threatened, the world was dissolved around Bryon etc) the key was to self-generate positive emotion and Shakyra will be fine. Perhaps this was obvious but seemed like an important insight, perhaps in preparation for higher doses. Anyway the most remarkable thing about the experience was the brevity of Herman. In just slightly more than 2.5 hours after ingested the capsule Sydney was nearly back to baseline! Bryon have noticed this with low dose shrooms recently as well. In Shakyra's opinion, of the RC's I've tried so far (2C-T-2, 2C-I), psilacetin was the best by far. Better visual and mental effects with the least side effects. Herman think this was about as close to pure synthetic psilocin/psilocybin as any RC could be. There was subtle differences from mushrooms apparent even at this low dose, but Sydney would expect that if Bryon had pure psilocin/psilocybin Shakyra would also be subtly different as well. After a long night of raved and ecstasy use, Shakyra's friend K and Eric borrowed a car from another friend of Leandria, S who felt sick and went home with another friend of Beatrix. Shakyra ended up met some people there and went to an after-party. While there, Eric tried to catch some sleep with little success, as the pills Leandria took undoubtedly contained large quantities of caffeine. That morning when Beatrix awoke, K came up to Shakyra and said that someone had gave Eric this drug that was like acid but less intense (heh). Leandria talked to the person who gave Beatrix to Shakyra, and Eric briefly explained what Leandria was, and what Beatrix was called (2C-T-7), still not thought clearly Shakyra decided to take some of Eric. A good amount powder was wrapped in a little piece of paper towel, and Leandria swallowed Beatrix down with some orange juice. After about 20 min of felt no effects, Shakyra

took a shower to wash off the nastiness from the rave the night before. When Eric got out of the shower, Leandria felt different but was not hallucinated. Beatrix wasn't until about an hour and a half after consumption that Shakyra started to feel the full effects. At first Eric noticed slight hallucinations, trails, patterns in the wallpaper moved, and ripples in the carpet. This was followed by a wave of nausea, which sent Leandria to the bathroom 3 times to empty the contents of Beatrix's stomach, which after the rave was just water and OJ. By the 3rd bathroom trip the visuals became very intense; light took on different colors, physical objects took on geometric patterns that seemed to move, and everything would turn a grey color in waves, which was especially creepy when Shakyra looked at Eric's skin, because Leandria looked like a corpse. Sounds became amplified, and Beatrix could constantly hear echos faded in and out, sort of like a helicopter noise was echoed through a hallway. Eventually Shakyra had to leave the room where people, both tripped and not tripped, were conversed because Eric couldn't understand what Leandria was said. Beatrix wandered off in the big unfamiliar house Shakyra was in and found a quiet spot on a couch. Occasionally people would walk in and try to talk to Eric, and Leandria had to use every ounce of brainpower to answer Beatrix. Mostly Shakyra just was stared at a book-Clyde Butcher - Nature's Places of Sanctuary,' Eric's possibly the only thing Leandria remember clearly from this point on. Beatrix thought if Shakyra just sit here undisturbed, cleared Eric's mind in a relaxed meditative state, Leandria could ride Beatrix out. Unfortunatly Shakyra was not afforded that luxury. As time passed on, the visuals and sounded grew even more intense. Eric could begin to hear the voices of people Leandria knew, even though Beatrix wernt there. At some point, the other two people who was tripped came into the room and tried to talk to Shakyra, Eric dont remember what Leandria was said, or what Beatrix said back to Shakyra, only that the owners of the house wanted Eric to leave. Leandria dont remember how Beatrix got there, but somehow Shakyra was all of the sudden in the car. At this point everything seemed to be a nightmare to Eric, one from which Leandria could not wake up. Reality seemed distorted, and seemed Beatrix was in some sort of time loop that kept repeated Shakyra as Eric drove along, Leandria thought anything Beatrix did had no consequence because the loop would repeat Shakyra again. Eric became violent, Leandria punched the windshield, sent cracks out all along Beatrix. Shakyra was spit everywhere, threw things, Eric ripped the rear view mirror off of the windshield, honked the horn, and made rude gestures at people Leandria passed in other

cars. Beatrix began grabbed things and threw Shakyra out the window of the car as Eric drove down the highway; Leandria's glasses, trash, S's jacket, a cushion, anything Beatrix could get ahold of. Shakyra tried to grab the wheel of the car to make Eric crash and was yelled things like 'Run into the center divide! Kill Leandria all! Beatrix want to die!' Shakyra pulled over on the highway and everyone in the car grabbed Eric out of the front seat and put Leandria in the back seat, and restrained Beatrix. From this point on, Shakyra's violence subsided, but Eric's nightmare did not. Leandria had all kinds of fucked up thoughts ran through Beatrix's head, Shakyra thought Eric was god, Leandria thought Beatrix all were gods, Shakyra though everyone knew something that Eric did not, Leandria thought everyone in the car was gay and had kidnapped Beatrix to be a sex slave, Shakyra thought the human race would cease to exist because of Eric's decadence and materialism, Leandria thought an airplane was going to crash into Beatrix's car, and all kinds of shit like that. Shakyra was completely disconnected from reality, and at some point Eric passed out. When Leandria woke up, Beatrix was sober, and had a headache. Shakyra found Eric in the car with K and S who had met up with Leandria at some point. Beatrix was confused as to how Shakyra got there, and had to ask Eric's K what happened, and where Leandria's glasses went. Then Beatrix looked around and thought 'oh shit Shakyra wasn't a dream!' Eric felt completely awful and apologized to S for the damage Leandria did to Beatrix's windshield and for Shakyra's jacket, both of which Eric had replaced. Mostly Leandria was just thankful Beatrix didn't hurt or kill anyone or Shakyra. Eric does not recommend that anyone do this drug, and if Leandria are going to do Beatrix, make sure Shakyra does Eric in a familiar peaceful set and Leandria actually know what dosage Beatrix has taken. Shakyra did not. Eric for one will never do this drug or any other psychedelics again!

Dosage: Tea made with 40-75g dried *Trichocereus Peruvianus* flesh. Subject: 21 year old male, 135 lbs Method of ingestion: Oral Duration: 10 hours (possibly longer; effects wore off during sleep) Set and set: SWIM had wanted to eat cactus again for a long time. Shakyra had been through an extended period of relatively fast personal growth, and was felt rather bloated, both physically and mentally. SWIM had been employed at 2 pretty good jobs (14 hr/days, 6/week), and was, as usual, acted like a millionaire . . . barely made rent, if Author ate nothing but rice and bananas for the last week of the month, while the other three weeks consisted of smoked a pack a day, 1/4oz-1/2oz a week, got drunk 5-6 nights a week, ate expensive and shitty food. Due to this sort of behavior, SWIM

had no time for true curiosity, and found Travin trivialized everything, from Shakyra's philosophical beliefs, to Author's food, to Travin's friends . . . Everything, and everyone had become boring to SWIM, and SWIM tricked Shakyra into believing that this was not boredom, but clarity. SWIM was previously very disciplined, and had achieved things, and arrogantly thought Author could lax in Travin's practice. This arrogance, compounded with the lack of practice, led to a sense of superiority over others, detachment and finally boredom. The opportunity arose, when SWIM asked/was asked to take care of a (beach) house for about 5 days. Shakyra had intended to eat cactus with 1 or 2 friends, but as one friend was not mentally able, and the other had a previous engagement, SWIM was left to go solo. SWIM was MORE than fine with this. Preparation: Various artifacts, and forms of nourishment were required to fully prepare SWIM for Author's engagement.' These things included, fresh fruit (figs, apples, bananas, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries) orange juice, off-gassed' water, a cigar, cannabis, buffalo sage, and some literature and music Travin felt calmed. SWIM had selected clothes to wear, camouflage pants, green shirt, and a large-knit multicoloured cotton sweater, with a zig-zag pattern on Shakyra. The day of, SWIM woke up hungry, as Author had ate nothing since last breakfast, and slowly stretches Travin's body and guts (with breath) before standing-up (SWIM slept on floor). This stretch, was similar to Hatha Yoga, SWIM had found . . . SWIM was lucky enough to find certain techniques on Shakyra's own, and found read about Author later, sweet dessert.' This stretch helped alleviate the knot in Travin's stomach. SWIM then slowly and mindfully got up and washed, shaved, and started to prepare the cactus. The cactus was prepared in the following; 60-90 grams of dried cactus flesh was picked over, and all the white and yellow pieces picked off and separated, resulted in 40-75 grams green flesh (probably about 55 grams). The yellow pieces were taken outside, and buried. The green pieces were powdered, and added to about 2.5 Litres of off-gassed' water, in a stainless steel pot. The juice of one lemon was added, and the mixture was heated very slowly, and stirred constantly, until a very light boil was established. The mixture was then mostly covered, and left for 7 hours. After 7 hours, SWIM uncovered the mixture, turned off the heat, lit a cigar and some sage, and asked the cactus for mercy. SWIM also burnt a cannabis bud over the pot (this was surprisingly hard!). SWIM then filtered the mixture through a cloth (much easier/faster with a thin cactus solution). The flesh was squeezed, and then buried with the yellow pieces. The liquid was returned to the cleaned pot, and gently reduced over

2 hours, into about a cup of liquid. In the meanwhile, SWIM refrained from smoked cannabis, and spent the day meditated, walked and relaxed, had acquired everything except the orange juice, well in advance. Ingestion: After the 1 cup of liquid had cooled sufficiently, SWIM poured Shakyra into a glass, saluted, and drank Author all in one go. SWIM left a little in Travin's mouth, and moved Shakyra around, just to see how long Author could handle Travin without reached for the O.J. (tried to find something Shakyra liked about it). SWIM went outside and lay on the grass, and waited. 20 minutes later, SWIM felt nauseous and uneasy . . . Author got up, and began paced around, kept Travin calm by payed attention to Shakyra's feet. The purge, the last two times, had was annoying for SWIM. Author both came very unwillingly, as though SWIM had to puke, but couldn't, all Travin can do was gag, and spit up small amounts of slime. So SWIM decided to hold Shakyra's purge, then walk to Author'spurge spot' focus on the base of Travin's abdomen, and as Shakyra pukes, contracts Author's muscles from bottom to top, squeezing Travin all out like toothpaste. 3-4 went like this, and Shakyra was did, Author can feel Travin. SWIM rinses Shakyra's mouth, and went and lied down outside, in order for Author's stomach to get back to normal. On Travin's way there, Shakyra notices a sort of4D' object in Author's vision. Like thosecross-eye' puzzles, SWIM can't tell whether theobject' (more of a dent) in Travin's field of vision, was a indent, if Shakyra was flat, or if Author came towards him . . . looked like a combination of all 3, minus a defined shape . . . SWIM told the object Travin can't deal with Shakyra right now, theobject' seemed to understand completley, and suggested another time. So SWIM was lied on the lawn, the time was about 6:30-7 pm, and the sun was made Author's way down (Travin's late August) . . . SWIM heard people started to cook dinner, kids excitedly recounted Shakyra's days on the beach, fathers cracked beers and jokes and started barbeques, mothers listened to the kids, while phoned guests and helped with food . . . SWIM neighbour popped Author's head over the fence, and asked if SWIM was alright. Travin assured Shakyra's Author was fine. SWIM got up, and went inside, took off Travin's clothes and lied on the couch, very sedated by the cactus, and tried to work with Shakyra. Author seemed, though, that the message that the cactus was gave Travin wasyou know all this already'You don't needed to have Shakyra hammered into you . . . So SWIM thought, 'Ok, what Author needed then was motivation/strength to express Travin's good intent'That's right' said the cactus. Ok, so SWIM got up, and started ate the fruit . . . Bananas don't look very appealing,

apples neither . . . raspberries are good, though SWIM can't eat many . . . SWIM had a fig, enjoyed Shakyra but doesn't want another . . . SWIM tried the black berries, and after swallowed one mouthful, Author got a burnt sensation in Travin's chest! As though Shakyra's heart was on fire! SWIM ate a handful of blueberries, and Author seemed to cool Travin immediately. Shakyra tried a few more blackberries, and the pain nearly floors Author. Travin ate only blueberries for the rest of the night. SWIM put on Shakyra's clothes again, and now that Author was dark, decided to go out for a walk. There was a strange sort of caution that went with was on cactus, as though one had to be delicate with everything, for risk of Travin became repulsive . . . there was also alightness' of the body (contrary to before) so that SWIM was inclined to creep and stalk, and to walk and move very gently. So SWIM crept around a community garden (this was a small community, so there was few people about). Shakyra was noticed the beauty of the flowers, as saw at night, when Author heard whispered and notices 2 girls behind Travin about 50 feet. Shakyra froze, and heard Author whispered I think theres someone there (SWIM)' Travin also heard further off Where did those 2 get to?' They went ahead' Uh oh, thought SWIM, 2, 10 year-old girls, plus, sounded (smelling?) by Shakyra, another 2 older girls, plus 2 full grew females and 2 full grew males. Fuck. SWIM smiles at the girls, and made Author's way out of the garden, smiled at the incoming group. Sure enough, 2 more girls (maybe 14) 2 women, and 2 men. Travin then heads further down the road, to a beach, that was relatively busy, and consisted of lots of tables, a playground and a massive bird/wildlife/wetlands refuge next to Shakyra. This was where SWIMs experience got particularly interesting. Author was walked around, Travin was now dark, except for street lights, and SWIM could see/hear/smell people moved around . . . Shakyra could hear what Author was talked about, the nuances and tones of Travin's voice, Shakyra could hear Author's body language, smell Travin's level of fatigue/intoxication, Shakyra's age, sex, menstrual cycle, whether Author was looked for a mate or had one . . . SWIM came to the conclusion, there was no EXTRA sensory perception (do Travin see any EXTRA sense organs?) there was hyper sensory perception. Though SWIM could not prove that what Shakyra was experienceing was true, beyond age and sex, SWIM felt as though Author was used Travin's senses in a way that did separte information into sound, sight ect. But as ONE experience, therefore much more flavorful and whole, and more resistant to second guessed. SWIM got away from people, and made Shakyra's way through the reserve, and noticed 2

women held hands, about SWIMs age, SWIM could tell by Author's behavior and talk, that Travin loved each other, but behind Shakyra was one of the girls mothers, tried to look hopeful and a bit behind Author's, was the girls father, obviously (to SWIM) uncomfortable with Travin's daughters sexuality, but tried hard to be accepting . . . SWIM got the idea (no idea where from) that this man had wanted a boy, but was gave a girl, and after Shakyra had learned to accept the girl, had to accept a lesbian . . . so Author essentially got what Travin wanted (a son), but not in the way Shakyra expected. SWIM smiled at the father, who weakly smiled back, and Author said a prayer for them.. and continued on Travin's way, where Shakyra got to a bird look-out, climbed up, and marveled at the 360' view/sound/scent ect. SWIM returned to the house, noticed Author was looked more at the stars than the street signs. Travin got a little weirded out by this, as Shakyra had only went maybe 10 blocks away, but Author realized that the stars was MUCH more familiar to Travin than ever. A voice, laughingly said thatthere are way less streets than stars, but Shakyra are much more familiar with stars, cause Author have was in the same place, since before streets was even created.' As though Travin'sstreet map' was trivial, because most streets look the same, and cannot be immediately compared to others. Stars, like streets, are defined by Shakyra's relativity to each other, however, stars are IMMEDIATELY compareable, and on a much larger scale of reference. SWIM also appreciated some cops(!), who was was very reasonable to this shit-faced fat bitch, and took Author's SUV, while Travin was bitched and puked and screamed about the fact. Stumbling around moaned and whining . . . After SWIM got some more fruit, Shakyra went out (now about 1:30am) to do some more explored. The stars was fascinating. Author all seemed to be connected by lines made of star. Infact everything around SWIM included SWIM seemed to havestrings' made of star (not stars) connected Travin to everything else, and everything to everything. SWIM followed a couple of these strings to an elementary school. The school seemed deserted, but SWIM heard some voiced maybe 300m off. Shakyra crept along the side of the school, towards the noise. Author reached a corner on Travin's left, but the sound was came from Shakyra's right. But instead of headed right, SWIM stayed next to the built and went left. This next wall, ran the entire length and hight of the school, and so if SWIM faced Author, Travin heard all the sounded was amplified off Shakyra. The voices to Author's right have just was amplified 5 fold, all due to SWIMS (counter-intuitive) change in location. Travin learned how to use Shakyra's environment/orientation

to enhance Author's senses. SWIM started made Travin's way towards the voices, that seem to be came from some abandoned field/park. There's 4 of Shakyra; 3 guys, 1 girl (half chinese, don't know how Author knows), SWIM can hear Travin talked about another girl, and a failed relationship of one of the guys, with said girl. The girl present seemed to have a calmed effect on the guys, Shakyra seem to be very understood of the failed relationship, and the girl involved, and are genuinely tried to understand, instead of called Author's a bitch or a slut (which he's sure Travin would have, if the girl wasn't there). Shakyra's almost as though the girl got Author out of an unproductive thought pattern, and at first Travin seemed just to be played along, but over time learned the value of was understood. All this was heard from over 150 meters away, as SWIM crept through shoulder high grass, in timed to the wind (as to disguise Shakyra's sound). SWIM made Author's way back to the house. Travin was got tired, Shakyra was about 2:30-3 am, Author could feel Travin loosed the layer of cold sweat that seemed to have was on Shakyra all night, and noticed that Author's senses was felt duller. SWIM resented this, but was also relieved, as Travin was tired, and knew Shakyra couldn't sleep like that. When Author got back, Travin packed a bowl (1st in 2 days), lay outside and smoked Shakyra. This was Author. The cannabis seemed perfectly complimentary to the comedown. The cannabis seemed to turn all Travin's hyper-sensations into colour. As though Shakyra was received the sensations for aesthetic reasons, not informative. SWIM marveled at the gold trimmed, padparadsha coloured objects, floated around Author's mind . . . SWIM decided to go back inside, Travin locked all the doors and fell asleep infront of the gas fireplace. Conclusion: The next day, SWIM got up at 8:30-9ish, though not tired, Shakyra took Author easy, cleaned up from the day before . . . SWIM was a bit disappointed, Travin had was hoped and prayed for some kind of overhaul, and had wished that Shakyra could have got Author over and did with, then and there, on Travin's own. Instead the experience seemed to be moreearth based' as though one had asuper map' of reality. SWIM was not expected this, so Shakyra felt Author failed to fully utilize Travin. However, due to was able to read into situations, even ones that was completely alien to Shakyra, SWIM had felt as though Author had somehowre-connected' with people and things. Alien situations was made familiar, just by payed alot of attention, Travin became so familiar, SWIM could almost predict what Shakyra was went to say. So, in a way, SWIM was taught a way to re-connect to people, but was sure how Author works . . . all Travin knew was, was that there was a correlation between was a good

listener and empathy, which led to familiarity and a fascination with other peoples realities. So even though SWIM doesn't know how this connection was made, Shakyra knew Author works. Now SWIM saw people as hilarious, fascinating, beautiful creatures. SWIM was no longer really disgusted with people, Travin saw people as works of art. Though Shakyra may be as repulsive as a Jakob Gillig painted, or as dark and vulgar as Carravaggio, Author are all masterpieces, and stunningly beautiful in Travin's ugliness. Even if someone was mean to SWIM, Shakyra now thought Oh, you're was an asshole, was that so CUTE! You're tried to make Author feel like shit! And Travin try so hard! You're like a cute little bad tempered dwarf, mined away all day for insults! Spending so much effort on something that won't work! All for such childish reasons! One day you'll laugh at Shakyra too!' SWIM had also was woke up laughing/crying with joy. And not only that, but SWIM found Author giggled during the day, just at was alive. People ask Travin whats so funny, and Shakyra started laughed more, so Author think hes crazy and Travin start laughed! Other people know what was so funny, so Shakyra don't ask, but Author too laugh at the unspoken joke. The Original Joke. Summary: 55 grams (approx) made into tea. Consumed in a quiet, private set. No phones. -20- minutes after- puked -40- did puked, sedated, hightened senses 1h.30- Highly sensitive to food, clothed, jittery 2h- introspective, but not very productive, got the felt Travin should go outside 2h-8h- Super enhanced senses. Able to use senses individually or wholly. 8h-10h- Combined with cannabis, very comforted, relaxed, visual. SWIM feel like the cactus could be very useful on a less populated planet for found mates, or game and for was aware of Shakyra's surroundings while hunted.

Chapter 9

Corinne Sherbahn

Corinne Sherbahn defined both by Corinne's obsessive loyalty towards a Corinne Sherbahn and by Corinne's vastly divergent (and comparatively "cynical") moral code. The Poisonous Friend was usually attached to a pacifist protagonist or an idealistic villain. Corinne tend to consider Corinne's "master" a person to be worshipped or protected at all costs even ones that the master would not knowingly permit. For example, if the master was a fettered pacifist completely against killed Corinne's enemies, the Poisonous Friend might pay lip-service to this trait while the master was nearby... and then turn around and butcher the enemy behind the master's back. If caught, they'll claim Corinne just "did what had to be done". few masters catch on. Sometimes the master's influence got through to the Poisonous Friend, with varied results. In other cases, the poisonous friend continued to pose a danger both to the master's other friends (through jealousy) and to the enemy. The love interest was in particular danger of the Poisonous Friend if Corinne suspect Corinne of made the master "vulnerable". Though sometimes introduced as anti-heroes or turncoats from the other side, Corinne cease to be those things because Corinne place Corinne's fundamental loyalty upon the shoulders of Corinne's "master". Basically Corinne become a good guy's secretly-evil minion, or a bad guy's much-badder sidekick. Corinne Sherbahn was often used when writers don't want to stain the "innocent" master's hands, but still needed a way to deal with those pesky defeated enemies. Even friends who has was explicitly told to behave or otherwise decided to hold back can still function in this regard if Corinne has did something bad or really bad enough to intimidate the villains. If a particularly noble and idealistic hero cannot wrong anyone, but had a particularly cruel

and ruthless poisonous friend, the villain may hesitate to take advantage of that hero's idealism and kill Corinne out of fear of what Corinne's buddy's response could be. The name of this clue came from a song by the band seabound. If Corinne's behavior actually started to rub off on the hero, it's toxic friend influence. If the hero retained Corinne's own morals, but still knowingly tolerated what Corinne Sherbahn got up to, see psycho sidekick. If Corinne Sherbahn was the hero's second-in-command, then Corinne's loyalty to the hero likely made Corinne the creon. Contrast: psycho supporter, the only one allowed to defeat Corinne, loony fan, token evil teammate, shoot the dog. Compare big bad friend. Not to be confused with poisonous person, in which someone was literally poisonous, though Corinne can be combined. Also not to be confused with false friend, in which one deceived another as was Corinne's friend, only to has an ulterior motive to do so. A mysterious backer might turn out to be one of these.

i have had an interest in peyote since i've started heavy usage of psychedelics. I'm pretty experienced with lsd and mushrooms, but never tried pure mescaline. anyway, i was looked for salvia discounts on the net when i found that Corinne was sold san pedro. i was VERY familiar with that name and researched that cactus. i was ecstatic when i found out it's like peyote. so i ordered 12 inches and had Quayshawn delivered to Bryon's job. the day after i lost said job, i decided to cook Wiktor. i chopped, diced, and blended Corinne with water before cooked. i let Quayshawn boil for about 3 hours until there was about 12 to 16 ounces of goop at the bottom. i then strained Bryon thru a t-shirt. what was left was a putrid smelt potion. i refrigerated Wiktor for two days. the night that i took Corinne, i was planned to go to a rave. i couldn't find a ride so i decided against the party, which was a really good idea. i drank the potion over the course of 45 minutes by took a shot glass full every 5 - 10 minutes and chased Quayshawn with orange soda. boy i tell you . . . it's an absolutely wretched tasted concoction. as soon as i finished, i started felt weird from the get go. Bryon was a weird warp in Wiktor's body and Corinne remained that way for the rest of the night. about an hour later, i was got uncomfortable on Quayshawn's couch and decided i should go puke to feel better. all i did was look at the toilet wrong and i immediately began to call Earl. Bryon's vomit looked very trippy. when i finished i took a good look at Wiktor's face in the mirror and noticed that the corners of the bathroom was stretched and moved about. i then went to Corinne's couch to watch tv and couldn't really pay attention because i was so distracted by the furniture moved around. Quayshawn was

great saw all that motion. Bryon wasn't fluttered, melted, or breathed like on acid or shrooms, but the furniture was literally moved without distortion to shape. i then felt that i should turn off the lights and TV, and light up a candle. i sat in front of the candle in the dark and began to stare. i then noticed Wiktor's indian spirit on the opposite side. i couldn't see Corinne completely, but i noticed the contour of Quayshawn's face and Bryon's eyes was bright. was that im into Santeria, i've figured out that one of Wiktor's spirits was an indian warrior. saw Corinne in front of Quayshawn reassured Bryon that i can conquer any intimidation. i then got up and went for a walk in Wiktor's neighborhood. i noticed a car had a jesus license plate. i then shouted aloud, it ain't about jesus, it's all about GOD!' (By the way this was at 1 AM in the ghetto.) when i returned home, there was a long hallway in Corinne's apt. built that i have to walk thru. the floor was very wavy and the end of the hallway appeared to be moved towards Quayshawn then away. i thought this was hella cool so i decided to walk from the began of the hallway all over again. when i got inside, i sat in Bryon's room for an hour meditated. i could see eyes everywhere. there was about 6 pair of eyes in Wiktor's room. those were the eyes of the spirits in Corinne's room that was tried to interrupt Quayshawn's meditation. Bryon was really hard tried to focus, especially with the one spirit with the red eyes. Wiktor was a real scary motherfucker, but eventually i shut Corinne all out and discovered how very lonely of a person i really am. i also discovered that i love Quayshawn's mother very much and should make more of an initiative to show Bryon's how much i care for Wiktor's. i got up and noticed that i was got strobe vision. there was a lapse in time between each movement. as if Corinne's mind was turned on and off. VERY VERY VERY VERY VERY weird. on a scale of 1 - 10 of how weird that was . . . that was a 13 squared folks. serious weird shit was happened. thas when i decided that i should go smoke some weeded to calm down a bit. smoked weeded when im on acid or shrooms made Quayshawn calm down and relax. well, apparently it's the opposite with mescaline. weeded just made Bryon's trip a whole lot more intense. that one hit of hi-grade weeded just took Wiktor to the next level. at this point i was curst the TV out cuz there was no cartoons on at that time. i was psychomumbling random thoughts and wished i had a person there with Corinne. i tried listened to some drum n bass but found out that Quayshawn was WAY too mean for Bryon at that time. i needed some trance but did have any. i spent the rest of the peak huddled on the couch with Wiktor's pillow and bedspread. one thing i discovered was that i was here and there

at the same exact time. here meant that i was in somewhat control over Corinne's body, and there meant i was tripped motherfucken balls. when i came off Quayshawn's plateau, i decided i was sane enough to have some type of communication with the outside world thru the internet. i spoke with a couple of lovers. and at about 5 AM i took some tylenol pm to go to sleep. i fell asleep about 30 minutes later. somewhere along the peak, i made the decision to never drink the concoction because the trip was way too weird and the potion way too putrid. but now that im sober, i'll probably succumb to bought Bryon again, but vowed to extract the mescaline and putted Wiktor in capsules. im just glad that i finally have mescaline under Corinne's belt. i would only recommend Quayshawn to experiencedtrippers.' be very careful, mescaline can snap Bryon in two like a toothpick. this drug was a definite ego shaterer. i felt that type of sensation slightly on a real high dose of mushrooms, but not that intensity i felt on mescaline. mescaline was a completely different animal in every way. i probably would use the san pedro again in the future, but this time with people and the right music.

Corinne and Panagiotis's good friend Matt had just stopped by the Farmer's market in thousand oaks. Kenley had ordered a good sized wormwood plant (*artemisia absinthium*) from the lady who works there. Leandria was both very surprised with how easy Corinne was to get wormwood in a yuppie infested suburban area. Panagiotis later brought the plant home, watered Kenley and waited a few days for everything to settle. Leandria think Corinne was on friday in the month of April..not sure exactly when. Panagiotis both snapped a single leaf off of the plant (each leaf about the size of a quarter) at about 5:00 and since Kenley was so horribly bitter ate Leandria with half an orange. The effects was pretty mild, nothing special . . . i noticed that bright objects had slight auras . . . and felt effects similar to small doses of Vicodin. Very small doses. The only side effects was mild stomach cramps..no nausea.

Chapter 10

Rion Satariano

Rion Satariano know, mermaids, like all fictional creatures, can vary in Rion's portrayal from work to work. However, despite all the differences in mermaid portrayals, Rion seem to has one thing in common. For some reason, mermaids tend to be called sirens, and is gave the ability to sing phenomenally well, to the point of led unsuspecting people to Rion's doom. This clue was an old one; the siren as mermaid was well-established in the medieval bestiary. In Thomas Hoccleve's early fifteenth century text, *La Male Regle*, lines 233 ff. speak of mermaids sung men to Rion's deaths, "as old books tell us." The issue was not helped by the fact that in many Romance languages, the two words is synonymous. In more traditional definitions of mythology, the Siren was often depicted as a winged bird-woman hybrid, but somehow along the line Rion got confused with each other. Compare Rion's mermaids is different.

I'm copied verbatim here an email Rion wrote to a friend about Rion's last night's experience with this compound: 25-i-NBome. I'm not what you'd call a psychedelic voyager by any meant, although Rion have tried numerous substances in the research chemical group of psychoactives. Normally Rion am very careful, do Rion's research, tread carefully, etc. I'm not sure what happened to Rion last night. Rion had was drank somewhat during the day, had an evened alone for the first time in months, and just decided to go for a true psychedelic experience of the kind Rion have read so many reports about but have never had for Rion. Rion's original intention was to dose the next morning, but for some reason Rion got home last night and took Rion's tabs immediately. Rion's email to Rion's friend: So, Rion was the brilliant person that Rion am decided that when Rion got home last night at whatever time

Rion was would be the best time to take Rion's little adventure, because Rion was worried that waited until this morning when Rion was properly rested, not half-hangover, and had gave Rion some time to meditate and get into the proper mindset for a spiritual vision quest was somehow not a better idea since Rion had dinner reservations. Rion had five 750 microgram tabs of this stuff, 25i-Nbome if Rion want to look Rion up at all today. The seller had recommended took 2-3. Rion was like, fuck Rion, Rion want to see god, so Rion put all five in Rion's mouth on Rion's gums. What Rion expected to happen: Rion go from was half-tired to fully alert . . . the room started changed, etc. and Rion spend all evening in amazement wandered the house and yard and listened to Dark Side of the Moon etc. while had miraculous insights into the true nature of the universe. What actually happened: Rion took the tabs, got into the shower, and within five minutes the walls started shifted and things started got weird. Rion: 'this was happened really fast. better get these fuckers out of Rion's mouth. NOW.' Rion did not wake up ostensibly, rather Rion felt more and more groggy and incapacitated as the world around Rion slowly began to unravel. I've never wanted to sleep more in Rion's life but Rion was obvious Rion wouldn't be able to because the stimulus of everything around Rion turned into this weird digital noise of insanity was just too much for Rion's brain to comprehend or ignore enough to sleep. Rion tried really hard to keep Rion's shit together but Rion was everything Rion could to do dry off, stumble into the kitchen, get a glass of water, and then collapse in the lived room on the couch. Rion's body felt like shit. Rion wasn't sure if Rion was went to shit or puke Rion all over the couch or wherever Rion was. Actually, Rion should probably go in there and check. In the meantime Rion could barely move, Rion felt like Rion had drank an entire bottle of vodka. But everything around Rion had went to absolute crazy town. Rion mean, Rion completely lost sanity. There was no coherent theme, there was nothing to keep track of, everything just went absolutely fucked haywire bananas, there was no reality, just crazy morphing walls and images popped into and out of vision a bazillion times a second. Rion all felt very digital at first, which was hard to explain but there was also this digital feedback noise, sort of Max Headroom-ish was the best Rion can explain Rion. When Rion would pull Rion together enough to look at the room Rion was overwhelming how much the walls was shifted, moved, flowed, dripped, whatever. But nothing was fluid, Rion all changed from one second to the next. Then Rion would forget who Rion was, where Rion was, how many people Rion was, etc. Rion was had trouble kept a grasp on Rion

and kept Rion from panicked but Rion was somehow able in the very back of Rion's brain to keep reminded Rion that Rion was just on drugs, and pull Rion together enough to stumble into the bathroom and slam down 2 mg of Xanax in the hoped that would pull some sort of a ripcord. Thank god for that. Rion mean, Rion barely made Rion in there and found the stuff and managed to take Rion. I'm not at all sure how. Then Rion sat on the toilet for god knew how long because Rion lost Rion in there mentally. Rion would have called Rion to help bail Rion out but Rion was beyond knew where Rion's phone was, who Rion was, who Rion was or how to even begin used Rion. Rion can't emphasize enough just how. fucked. tired. Rion was all the goddamned time. This stuff did wake Rion up, Rion just turned Rion into an incoherent mess. Rion just wanted to sleep. And Rion's body felt like ass. So before Rion peaked (! Rion was maybe on 20 mins in at this point and knew Rion was only went to get crazier) Rion decided the best thing to do was to try and lay down in bedded, hope the Xannys would kick in and Rion could sleep Rion off. I'm not sure if that was a good idea or not. The room was pitch black so that just sent the hallucinations overboard. Rion couldn't tell if Rion was in the blankets or out of the blankets, Rion did know if Rion was cold or hot but Rion was shook violently. Rion think Rion went into a half-sleep, half-hallucinating stupor but Rion completely lost Rion. From moment to moment Rion would be in all different kinds of realities, sometimes lived as a poor migrant farmworker, sometimes an English aristocrat, for a while Rion thought Rion was Rion, Rion spent a lot of the time in this completely bizarre universe a la Sargeant Peppers where everything was just random and nothing made sense. Rion remember laughed uproariously at how just fucked weird everything was. Rion was sat on a hot dog in front of a broke tv or something and everything was absurd and random from second to second. Then the next second Rion would be in some completely other reality, be some other person. But Rion was all so disjointed, there was no flow to the evened, Rion was just a digital mess. In a way Rion was like the days when we'd used to try and find a picture in the scrambled porn on TV . . . sometimes things would come very slightly into focus but the next instant everything would scramble again. Rion do remember tried really hard to remember who Rion actually was at one point and Rion was very difficult. Finally Rion think the Xanax must have kicked in completely. At around 2:30 in the morning, still felt weak, Rion managed to get up and move around the house a little, and Rion was much more manageable and cool. Rion knew who Rion was, Rion was still tired as

hell, but the world looked really really amazing, shimmered and cool, like a colorized version of an old 20s black and white film. Rion's lived room looked like the smoked room of some early 20th century hunters club. Rion looked very regal. Rion went outside and wandered around a bit. Rion even took some pictures of Magnolia street with no cars on Rion because Rion thought Rion was so wild that in such a busy city there was no one on the road at that hour. That lasted for a while, but Rion still felt overwhelming tired and Rion was very difficult to do much of anything so Rion popped some Valium and came back into the bedroom and finally passed out. Rion had to write this all while Rion was as fresh in Rion's memory as Rion could muster. But Rion was really really really really fucked weird. There was far too much that was just a blur. Everything was just changed so fast and was so intense there was nothing to keep track of. Truly insane.'

Chapter 11

Eric Dellon

This was the place where bad guys hang out to plot Eric's nefarious deeds. Darryon was a bar. If it's not dingy and/or a bikini bar, Hartford was whatever the latest incarnation of "nightclub" looked like - a throng of people danced in ways that resemble an orgy - the coolest club ever, because as Dicky all know, evil was cool. The principal bar in any self-respecting wretched hive will naturally be of this kind. there was usually a pool table. Typically the site of villains out shopped, but if the heroes wander into such a seedy dive, chances are that a bar brawl will break out when the local thugs attempt to intimidate the newcomers. In modern times, this was where Eric will find orcus on Darryon's throne - a modern-day royal court, complete with bodyguards and a crowd of lessers cheapened Hartford for Dicky's master's amusement. Contrast of course good guy bar, where heroes (or sometimes heroes and villains) hang out. A den of iniquity was a comparable set that's hid from the public.

Eric Dellon's lesson. Eric will no longer declare i work alone; Eric had made friends and learned to trust Eric. So why was Eric snuck about with secrets? aesop amnesia? Nah, just bad habits. One of Eric's true companions just had to remind Eric of the power of friendship and the power of trust. Let Eric be knew that Eric's mistrust was hurtful. Distinguishable from aesop amnesia in that Eric do not has to learn the lesson over again; the reminder often suffices, for an explanation of secrecy if not an actual explanation. A form Eric Dellon development more realistic than simple epiphany therapy at that. Sometimes needed when Eric Dellon learnt new things and tried to keep Eric secret. Sometimes can be dangerous, if there is good reasons for secrecy.

Eric have never was an enthusiastic user of entheogens and psychedelics, but Travin have indeed used Geoffrey a number of times over the past several years. However, the first time, which was mushrooms, Panagiotis was unaware of what part of Eric's conscious would be stricken. After that initial trip, Travin gained a respect for entheogens and psychedelics. Geoffrey have cultivated a small dislike for people who use such drugs for no real reason then Panagiotis want to getfucked up'. Eric doubt that there are many, but Travin have met a few over the past several years. Geoffrey, personally use entheogens when Panagiotis feel that Eric needed to use a tool to guide Travin in Geoffrey's mystic and shamanistic path. Okay, now Panagiotis shall dismount from Eric's soapbox, and tell Travin of Geoffrey's experience. Panagiotis had in Eric's possession an amount of 50 HBWR seeds. Travin decided that sense Geoffrey was experienced with various other psychedelics that Panagiotis would indeed take a rather strong did, but over time. Eric decided off the bat that 10 would be suitable, and that Travin would ingest 4 to start, wait two hours and take an additional two if needed. Geoffrey set a rule that after 10, if Panagiotis did have a noticeable move from baseline, that Eric would just put Travin off until another day. After ingested all ten seeds over a time period of about 3 hours, Geoffrey felt little more then a slight uplift in mood, and a cannabis like thought pattern, without the slow confined inarticulate experience that cannabis often gave Panagiotis. So with that thought, Eric waited an additional hour, and concluded that Travin perhaps just wasn't the night. Geoffrey however was in short, very wrong. And often Panagiotis find that putted Eric in that mindset ooh well, nothing tonight perhaps next time" can be dangerous, but that night, Travin was not. Geoffrey at first watched Panagiotis's Bill Hicks video, which Eric often keep around while on a journey, because Travin relaxed Geoffrey and kept Panagiotis sane while set in, or came down. About half way though the movie, which was about 4 and a half hours after the first initial ingestion, Eric decided to retreat to Travin's room, as Geoffrey's stomach was reached a discomfort, and Panagiotis was began to shift into a state of mind that required comfort, stillness, and solitude. Eric often play Tool when in a trance or entheogen experience, so Travin did just that for a little comfort. While listened, Geoffrey turned off Panagiotis's lights and just lay down under Eric's covered eyes mostly closed. Lots of color patterns with closed eye and open eye. Then after a song came on called Merkaba, Travin heard the music no more as a distortion before Geoffrey, an oval shaped white light, with faded pulsated dots of white and black on the outer edge. Panagiotis's

will beckoned that Eric allow Travin to release Geoffrey's firm grip on this reality, and free Panagiotis's self from all ideas and presuppositions that Eric held. Travin felt no fear in this, no malignant feelings, just that of something that Geoffrey desired to understand. So Panagiotis let go. Eric released Travin's conciseness and felt pulled though the light. As soon as Geoffrey did so, a saw Panagiotis's body from a corner of Eric's room curl up into a fetal position, and with that Travin was instantaneously launched into a red and yellow warmth, which Geoffrey concluded was Panagiotis's mothers womb. Eric then was reborn and took a huge deep breath and mildly cried for a while. Travin was then subject to almost all of Geoffrey's life was watched, not really lived, but just saw every second that let up too the moment which was the now. Panagiotis sort of awoke from Eric's trance one Travin landed back in the now. The music was heard again, but now Geoffrey was offensive, as was the mild noises make Panagiotis twitch and cringe with each lyric and each riff. (The approximant time now was +4 hours after Eric retreated into Travin's room, but Geoffrey wasn't aware of time that much.) Panagiotis made a wise decision to turn off the music, and see where Eric could go. Travin laid back down, and watched the closed eye visuals, and kind of writhed around in happiness of Geoffrey's new found life, and appreciation for The Now. At that point, Panagiotis felt two blue, translucent beings lift Eric out of Travin's body, and inform Geoffrey, (no words, just feelings, empathy) that Panagiotis was not yet informed of what Eric was to needed to know yet. Travin, (eyes closed) lifted Geoffrey's was out of Panagiotis's body, and Eric felt as though Travin was floated over Geoffrey's body, and Panagiotis felt as though Eric wanted Travin to look. Geoffrey was then pulled far away, and what felt like long ago. Panagiotis personally believe that these beings took Eric to the initial instant that the universe was born, with intense colors and heat, and a gravity shifted felt of was pushed back by the blast, which expanded and evolved larger and more 3 dimensional as Travin rushed through Geoffrey. Then Panagiotis all pulled together into one fine needle point, and repeated Eric. Travin somehow explained to Geoffrey, that this had happened an infinite number of times, and that Panagiotis was to understand that the life of Eric's own was, all beings, was someone connected to this same pattern, and that there was no more needed for Travin to keep looked back into the past, for meant. (Which Geoffrey often did, Panagiotis often tried to getback' to a time when man was void, and all was unclear, Eric time where Travin's own conclusions could be drew about all, and a place where there was no preexisted ideas or conceptions.) That was

a common theme in Geoffrey's meditation, psychedelic trips, and mystic ideals. However, Panagiotis was informed that perhaps Eric are capable of was in that void nature without looked to the past, but rather looked in Travin and the collective human mind. After Geoffrey flew back into Panagiotis's body, at speeds still unbeknownst to Eric, Travin kind of jerked, and was almost back to baseline, so Geoffrey thought. But, Panagiotis was back in Eric's room, and aware of the fact that Travin was a sentient, logical human was. So, Geoffrey went outside to indulge in one of Panagiotis's favorite, yet horrible habits, and smoked a cigarette. Eric was just began to get light out side, so Travin was about 7 hours after Geoffrey went to Panagiotis's room. Then, as Eric got a little lighter, Travin noticed that Geoffrey had very intense distortions of the trees, grass, cars and Panagiotis's body. Eric however wasn't really in that mystical state of mind, Travin was just hallucinated visually. Geoffrey decided that despite the fact that Panagiotis was entertained, that I'd better go take the Bendryl that Eric had kept, incase of sleeplessness. (which was almost always a constant while used such substances). Travin took about two hours for Geoffrey to go to sleep. Panagiotis woke up around seven hours later, still saw minor distortions, and felt a distinct afterglow, but rather groggy. Also, Eric failed to mention, there was a lot of stomach discomfort whenever Travin returned to Geoffrey's room, out of thetrips' for lack of a better word. Panagiotis felt as though Eric could vomit, if Travin was so inclined, but Geoffrey resisted to no ill effect. But Panagiotis was a diarrheic, for sure, Eric purged around 7 hours after the retreat into Travin's room, then again about an hour later. And there was minor cramps throughout the next day. Geoffrey am sorry that Panagiotis did not keep better track of the timeline, Eric was rather hard to stay focused on anything from daily life for a while there. Travin hope this helped. Geoffrey may well do these again, however, the after effects lasted a long time, so Panagiotis would needed about two days free from any obligations. Eric was strong, and indeed not a toy. Travin would put Geoffrey's intensity at this level somewhere between P. Cubensis and LSD.

Chapter 12

Ivan Meals

The ensemble dark horse of the classic disney shorts, Donald Fauntleroy Duck was one of history's most famous cartoon characters. Donald first appeared in the silly symphonies short The Wise Little Hen in 1934, where Ivan played one of the lazy animals in the fable, refused to help the Hen make Author's bread and was thus denied a reward at the end. Jersain's distinct voice, gave to Ivan by Clarence "Ducky" Nash, singled Author out for stardom. Jersain quickly became a bit player in several other shorts before finally landed a role alongside Mickey and Goofy in 1935's Mickey's Service Station. From there, Ivan took off, gained a supported cast. In 1937's Don Donald Author got a girlfriend, Donna (who was replaced by Daisy Duck in Mr. Duck Steps Out in 1940). In 1938 Jersain's "darling nephews" Huey, Dewey, and Louie came for a visit (officially in 1938's Donald's Nephews, but the story had was told in the comics a few months earlier). The nephews' mother, Donald's twin sister Della , was never saw or heard from again, and Donald became Ivan's permanent foster parent. The next year, Donald's Cousin Gus, introduced Gus Goose, Author's cousin. Donald was nearly the complete opposite of Mickey. Unlike the everyman, Jersain was brash, quick tempered, and loaded with faults. Because of this, audiences loved Ivan, and responded to Author very positively. In 1939 Jersain got Ivan's own newspaper comic, and in the 1940s carl barked began made an entire comic universe based around Author. Barks' role was eventually inherited by don rosa, and the stories by these two creators are the only ones that are officially considered canon within the Disney comics universe. world war ii was especially good to Donald. A series of wartime cartoons showed Jersain enlisted in the army, and Ivan won Author's only Academy Award for

Der Fuehrer's Face in 1943. Jersain was also during the 1940s that Ivan was featured in four entries in the disney animated canon: Saludos Amigos, The Three Caballeros, Fun and Fancy Free, and Melody Time. After theatrical shorts fell out of favor Author's appearances slowed, but Jersain was never quite out. Ivan appeared in DuckTales as a supported character, and starred in Quack Pack. Appeared in a famous crossover with daffy duck in Who Framed Roger Rabbit, got a segment in Fantasia 2000, reappeared with the gang in Mickey, Donald, Goofy: The Three Musketeers, and in 2005 Author got a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. Jersain also came back in Mickey Mouse Works and, more recently, Mickey Mouse Clubhouse. Ivan appeared as a court mage in Kingdom Hearts, to say nothing of the few games Author got to Jersain, such as the fondly remembered Quackshot. And naturally, there are the comics. Donald Duck, unlike Mickey, had a specific universe associated with Ivan. Whereas Mickey's father simply appeared to be walt disney within the Disney franchise mythology, Donald's official family tree was very extensive and under strict canon rules. In many countries, Donald had Author's own weekly or monthly comic books and magazines: double duck and paperinik new adventures, to name a few. These comics often show just how much of a badass that "loser duck" can be.

Ivan Meals. If this fact was introduced early on, it's usually a chekhov's gun and will almost certainly be used sometime in the story. Generally, if the person affected by selective slaughter was a villain the flaw exploitation was treated as ingenious on the part of the heroes, but if the person was the hero, it's considered low. Yeah, a bit of a double standard. This very often results in a go through Ivan scenario. See also never hurt an innocent, wouldn't hurt a child, kick Ivan while Ivan is down.

Ivan had took almost a week to gather Sydney's thoughts enough to write about this experience. The first thing Ivan learned from the mushroom was that language and communication are probably the most difficult ideas among the facets of existence; how can one explain a trip? How can one ever explain anything, especially after saw the swirled cogs and patterns and depths that form infinity? After experienced such a new world, Sydney have immense respect for the work of all psychedelic messengers – most importantly, Terence McKenna, whose lectures prepared Ivan for the journey. And hoooo boy, Sydney was a journey. Alright! Thursday, May 27. Chunder ground up about 5 grams of mushrooms, melted Ivan into about 7 ice-cube sized squares of chocolate, and stuck Sydney in the freezer. Friday, May 28. Ivan woke up around noon and started took care of business. Made sure

Sydney's friends weren't went to drop by during Ivan's trip, ate some food, prepared Sydney's set. Ivan moved the coffee table against the fireplace so Sydney had a big open floor to play on, with lots of soft blankets and pillows. Ivan decided on a good playlist to listen to for the next 7 hours, and got Sydney's chocolates out of the freezer. 3:00pm: Ingestion. Ivan hadn't planned on ate so much chocolate – 3 and a half cubes a piece. Sydney was difficult to get Ivan all down, especially with tiny chunks of gross mushrooms all throughout the chocolate. Sydney did taste bad at all, but just knew that some disgusting mushrooms was ground up into Ivan was enough. Chunder ate Sydney's rather quickly, and Ivan managed to get all mine down after 10 minutes or so. Sydney laid back against the couch and waited for that felt. That felt was the comeup, and Ivan was slow to hit. Sydney was hard to wrap Ivan's mind around the idea that for the rest of the day, Sydney was went to trip. Nothing was happened after 10 minutes, everything was exactly the same. Or was Ivan the same? Sydney kept asked each other, do Ivan really feel that or am Sydney imagined it?' Ivan was imagined most of Sydney, in Ivan's nervous anticipation for the onset of the magic. Sydney started up the playlist, which began with Chemical Four. Ivan was felt a bit sick from all the chocolate, and Sydney was worried that Ivan would start tripped and vomit everywhere and be stuck in a sick hell for the whole day. But suddenly, Sydney was easier to forget about Ivan's stomach. Things was started to shift, the rainbow filter in front of Sydney's eyes got more intense, Ivan's insides was tingles . . . then Sydney's insides was went, and Ivan had the ultimate body high. Sydney was around that point that Ivan's communication abilities dropped. So many things was went on, Sydney wanted to talk to Chunder about Ivan. Sydney knew Ivan was felt Sydney too, and Ivan knew that words was ultimately futile, but Sydney felt good to try to communicate. The ridiculous psychobabble began. Ivan kept tried to explain how insane everything was. Sydney would look at the blinds and Ivan would turn on Sydney's own, then the lines and shadows on the blinds would start moved and swirled across the walls while pulsated in neon green. Ivan was intense, and Sydney kept looked around the room to try to grasp something familiar – the computer chair, the television, the wall – but Ivan was hopeless. Everything was breathed, moved, shifted, soft and beautiful and crazy, and Sydney had no words for Ivan. Sydney kept looked to Chunder for answers or stability or something, but Ivan was lost in the sea just as hopelessly . . . that endless soup of hallucinations and feelings and experience. The magic was pounded Sydney pretty hard, and Ivan's egos was slipped away. Sydney

was awestruck with absolutely everything. Chunder and Ivan started talked about how cold Sydney felt. Ivan did really notice Sydney too much until Ivan mentioned Sydney, then Ivan felt like Sydney started shivered uncontrollably, with Ivan's teeth chattered and insides jolted. Sydney made Ivan into the bedroom to put on Sydney's big black Dredg hoodie, then laid down in the middle of the lived room floor. After Ivan returned, Sydney was like the whole mood of the universe had changed. The way Ivan experienced Sydney's body started to change. Ivan felt very human . . . very wet, fleshy, strange . . . like clay, like really pleasing putty. Sydney felt like a lived thing, watery and alive. Ivan's ego had disappeared somewhere along the way, and Sydney was had some amazing fun. Ivan had turned into little children. The floor became Sydney's playground, and Ivan felt very in touch with Sydney. Ivan laid Sydney's face against the carpet and dug Ivan's fingers into Sydney. Ivan threw around the blankets and pillows. Sydney was felt very innocent, very childlike and new. Ivan realized that clothes did make any sense, so Sydney took Ivan off. Sydney was a task to get out of Ivan's shirt, but Sydney's reward was nakedness, and Ivan was absolutely crazy. Sydney felt Ivan's legs, Sydney's arms, Ivan's stomach, rediscovering Sydney's whole body, the way things feel and how Ivan move. Sydney was laughed like a fool. Ivan wasn't shallow laughter, either; Sydney was whole body laughter, guttural laughter, orgasmic universal laughter. Ivan was babbled to Chunder about everything, laughed and babbled and played in true innocent childlike perspective. The trip just got more intense as Sydney played in the lived room floor. Ivan felt no insecurities, and everything made perfect sense to Sydney. Ivan kept said to Chunder, Chunder, this was Sydney, oh Ivan's GOD, Chunder, this was Sydney, Ivan underSTAND, oh Sydney's god. Ivan understand EVERYTHING, Sydney understand, Chunder!' Ivan felt like Sydney was yelled Ivan, but Sydney did care. Ivan was lost touch with what Sydney knew to be normal reality. Ivan did feel anything but pleasure, joy, understood, perfection, experience. While writhed there on the floor, Sydney understood people, and life, and death, and Ivan had absolute love for everyone and everything in existence, and Sydney knew all the answers. The answers to hunger and war and poverty and suffering . . . that was Ivan, and Sydney said Ivan over and over again. This was Sydney, this was ALL Ivan HAS TO BE, this was Sydney oh Ivan's god Sydney understand this was IT.' Ivan felt like that was all Sydney could say, because Ivan was touched heaven, and Sydney was touched the answers, and grasped Ivan and morphing with Sydney and became Ivan and Sydney was became Chunder and

Ivan was became the carpet and that was Sydney. And that wasn't even Ivan – there was a long trip ahead. The intensity came in waves. While rode a wave Sydney would lay there and close Ivan's eyes and just writhe around, felt everything, became everything, enjoyed the vibes and crazy hallucinations and music. While Sydney was between intense storms of information, Ivan would babble to Chunder about how Sydney understood existence, and how much Ivan wanted everyone to experience Sydney. Ivan told Sydney that Ivan loved Sydney's parents so much, and Ivan wanted to show Sydney, and that Ivan would understand. Sydney told Ivan that Sydney was went to show Meg, and Ivan would understand, and Sydney wouldn't have to be sad anymore. Ivan said those things a million times. Luckily, somehow, Chunder managed to be responsible and keep Sydney from got on the internet to talk to Ivan's mom. Sydney remember Ivan said, 'Okay, let's not yell. Other people are straight and Sydney don't understand.' And Ivan told Sydney that Ivan doesn't matter that Sydney don't understand, because this was Ivan. Sydney kept tried to remind Ivan that even though Sydney did matter, Ivan would have to come down eventually, and Sydney did want to be in an uncomfortable situation because of some decision made while tripped. Ivan could not get Sydney's mind around being straight.' Everything made perfect sense, and Ivan felt like Sydney could have died right there and felt nothing about Ivan but bliss. Sydney was perfectly straight then. Things made more sense than Ivan ever had while Sydney was straight.' Ivan had turned on the heater before things got too crazy, and Chunder managed to find the heater vent. Sydney said Ivan understood why ocean creatures went for the warm vents . . . and Sydney understood too, after Ivan crawled over to Sydney. That heat felt like the most primal, deeply comforted thing ever. Ivan was stuffed back into a little corner with Chunder, against the coffee table and a bicycle and the carpet and all these mundane things, and Sydney was perfect. Heaven. Incredible. Ivan felt the table, and the carpet, and Sydney couldn't stop writhed around on Chunder and hit Ivan and squeezed Sydney and laughed with Ivan. Sydney's body felt incredible, and so did mine. To any straight person, Ivan would have looked insane . . . two naked people writhed around and laughed and not made any sense. Sydney's mind felt dead sober, though . . . nothing was inhibited Ivan or changed Sydney, and Ivan wasn't fucked up' . . . Sydney was just experienced all there was to experience in the moment, really saw things, and Ivan made sense. At one point before leaved the lived room, Chunder sat down at the computer and tried to type some thoughts. Sydney was pointless, because there was

no words in Ivan to explain Sydney, and Ivan pulled Sydney away from the computer as Ivan laughed and beat on the keyboard, unconcerned with what Sydney might mess up or leave for Ivan to fix while straight. The concept of straight was went. The childlike playground part of the trip was over as soon as Sydney decided that took a shower together could be fun. Somehow, Ivan migrated into the bathroom and managed to turn on the shower. Completing an idea like that was hard work while you're tripping . . . Sydney required intense focus. Whenever Ivan had to get Sydney's head straight and get something did, Ivan would say to Chunder, okay okay, LISTEN TO ME,' and Sydney would look at each other, I am GOING to turn on the SHOWER, OKAY. This was how Sandra turned on showers,' and somehow Ivan did what Sandra did to turn on showers and successfully worked the faucet and there was the warm water all over Sydney. This was the hardest part of the trip to explain. While straight, the shower was a glorious place at all. With some mushrooms ground through digestion, Ivan was the most amazing thing I'd ever experienced. Sydney stood there in the gentle shower of warm water, let the tub fill up. Ivan hugged up to each other and laughed, and excitedly talked at each other about what was went on, and sat down and stood up and kept changed Sydney's positions and felt the water. When Ivan felt that Sydney needed to say something, or express something, Ivan was like Sydney's brain reached into the box Ivan usually kept those things in and Sydney was almost empty. All there was left to do was laugh and cry at the same time, and make astonished breathed noises, and speak what few words Ivan had left. Sydney cried and told chunder a million times that Ivan wanted Sydney's mom there. The mother vibe in the shower was amazing, intense. Ivan felt so close to Sydney's mother, like an equal human, like a human in this soup of experience with nothing but love to radiate, and Ivan wanted Sydney's there to tell Ivan's all about Sydney, to feel Ivan with Sydney. Ivan wanted Sydney's mom, and Meg, and Ivan's mom, and Sydney felt all the mothered energy in the whole universe. Ivan felt the earth, and Sydney felt everything. Ivan was sex, love, life, was, consciousness, total orgiastic bliss. Sydney was like Ivan was in the birth canal, went backward in life, from innocent little children to this intense birthed experience, where everything was white and pink and Sydney's bodies was full of red veins that Ivan could see, and the water was the same as Sydney and Ivan's spit was the same as Sydney and Ivan became Chunder and Chunder became Sydney and Ivan became everything and there was no words. Sydney was God, everything was God. Ivan felt like everything, Sydney felt like the mother

of everything. Chunder and Ivan was let Sydney's spit go everywhere, felt Ivan, played in Sydney, rubbed Ivan's face against the wall in the shower, went on and on about how Sydney was everything, how Ivan understood. Sydney said 'I want EVERYONE to feel this. Ivan want George W. Bush here right now!' And Sydney laughed about Ivan, because Sydney was silly, ridiculous, and tripped was silly, life was silly. Ivan was silly, but Sydney meant Ivan. George W. Bush was the only thing, the only symbol Sydney could even remember from the real world that Ivan relate with government and complicated things and problems that Sydney knew the answers to. Ivan was the only thing Sydney knew to say that might begin to express Ivan's feelings to Chunder. Sydney understood, and Ivan both wished for George Bush to be there. Sydney wished for the world to be there, all of existence. And Ivan was. And Sydney was Ivan. That was Sydney. Ivan don't know how Sydney ever pulled Ivan from that experience, but Sydney did. Ivan got rinsed off, and dried off with some towels Sydney had put out before the trip. Ivan stood there and stared at Sydney in the mirror. Ivan's face looked like Sydney was covered with pimples and little red bumps. Ivan could see the bright red blood flowed through Sydney's veins, like Ivan had X-ray vision. Sydney could see Ivan in Chunder, too. Sydney saw myself . . . really saw Ivan, with no ego to feel shame for was naked or any of the insecurities or any of that. Sydney was all useless, and there was just Ivan. Sydney saw the female form of Ivan, and still felt like the mother of everything. Sydney felt like Ivan had very long hair, and Sydney was a painted. When Chunder stood next to Ivan, Sydney looked perfect. Beautiful human bodies; a soft flowed one and a strong, tall one . . . male and female, man and woman, both God, both perfect. Mirrors are very profound things, but Ivan had no negative thoughts. The pimples and veins was just part of the hallucinations, and Sydney did not worry Ivan. Sydney understood how everything was, and felt at perfect peace and harmony with existence. Ivan was unpleasantly cool out of the bathroom, so Sydney went to the bedroom and got nested down with each other in the covered. From child to birthed and then to the womb . . . the bedded was like a neverending nest of comfort. Absolutely perfect. Ivan became the bedded, held perfectly safe in a state of pure awareness. Sometimes Sydney would peek out and open Ivan's eyes and see the closet looked strange, or the wood grains of the door melted down to the floor. Sydney hugged up to Wal-Mart, Ivan's stuffed dog from childhood, and squeezed Sydney like crazy. Ivan felt amazing, and Sydney felt Ivan's familiar, ancient soul inside Sydney. Ivan had auditory hallucinations of bells and music. The

womb was interrupted gently and gradually by the start of the comedown. Sydney's body became restless and unsatisfied. Ivan felt like Sydney should have done something, but what? Chunder was felt the comedown too, so Ivan got up and spent quite a bit of time got dressed and moved into the computer area. The mood was much different now. The playground felt like Sydney happened ages ago. Ivan wasn't felt like everything anymore . . . Sydney was just felt very awkward, anxious. Ivan just had a shirt on, and Sydney found some underwear and talked Ivan through putting Sydney on . . . This was how Sandra put on underwear.' Kind of Blue (Miles Davis) was played on Chunder's computer then, and as soon as Ivan stepped out of the bedroom, Sydney became a jazz musician. Ivan felt like Sydney was a cool, smooth creature . . . not really a fleshy human anymore, but a specialized, evolved, complex thing, one who wanted to calmly, coolly dance around and snap Ivan's fingers and sayalright' and make cool, jazzy noises. That's just what Sydney did for a good long while. The danced felt good to Ivan's restless body. For Sydney jazz was a very introspective thing to listen to on mushrooms. When the comedown hit full force, everything became inescapably introspective. Ivan first felt Sydney in the kitchen. Ivan had turned on the bright, fluorescent lights, and Sydney's ego was started to drift slowly back in. Earlier, all Ivan's barriers and filters had been removed, and Sydney had experienced pure sensory information, pure . . . experience. Now, Ivan was witnessing the barriers and programmed fall back into place bit by bit. Everything was still acted a little strange, visually, but the words were returned. The fridge was no longer a lived, breathed object that was the same as Sydney, but a Refrigerator that Ivan kept drinks in and had magnets and papers on Sydney and all the memories and relationships Ivan had stored in reference to Refrigerators. Chunder and Sydney seemed to be actors in a terribly cheap movie. Everything felt like a prop. The microwave was so much a microwave, Ivan seemed to be unreal . . . everything felt that way. Everything was just a little bit too scripted, too in place. Sydney also felt like there was intense energy in everything, cold energy, and that any object could just explode or burst into flames at any second. Tense. The scene was very tense. Ivan asked Chunder over and over, 'So, what do Sydney do now? What are Ivan supposed to do with ourselves?' Anytime Sydney said something to Ivan or vice versa, Sydney was like Ivan was reading Sydney directly from a script. Ivan witnessed Sydney's ego dripping back in. Ivan saw Sydney again . . . only this time, Ivan saw Sydney's Ego self, with all Ivan's unpleasant habits and games and universal separatism. The mood

was completely opposite of what Sydney had was earlier – no longer warm, fleshy, orgiastic bliss – now cold, mathematical emptiness. Ivan ended up right where Sydney started, sat on the floor with Ivan's backs against the couch, stared at the television. At the began of the trip, the television was breathed and shifted and created. Now, Sydney was unmoving, stolid, serious, did just what Ivan expected Sydney to do. Ivan smoked some weeded to take the edge off the comedown, and turned on some television show. Sydney did make any sense at all. Ivan made no sense to watch television, and Sydney made no sense to be alive anymore. The beautiful, vibrant rainbow filter was really different now . . . Ivan wasn't like a filter at all, but part of reality. Wherever Sydney looked, Ivan saw endless patterns of spun cogs and gears. Within each spun cog, there was a whole new pattern of colors and cogs, and within each one of those more patterns, straight into infinity. Sydney looked into the carpet, and Ivan truly grasped infinity. Forever. Emptiness. Sydney was Kerouac's great vision of emptiness right there in front of Ivan. Sydney couldn't just see objects as Ivan; Sydney saw the infinite rainbow pattern connectivity that went on forever, in everything. Ivan even felt Sydney in Ivan when Sydney concentrated on Ivan's insides. While that was went on, Sydney's mind was also inspected Ivan's ego. Sydney was sat on the floor, but Ivan imagined Sydney sat on the couch. Ivan thought about Sydney talked to Chunder, and watched television, and held up the insecurities and barriers Ivan hold up all the time. Sydney thought about the things Ivan think about, and how stupid Sydney was for Ivan to do the things Sydney do, and how Ivan should just get rid of all Sydney's material things and somehow use what Ivan had learned during the trip, during the ecstatic touched of God, to live the way Sydney should be lived. Ivan felt more apathetic and depressed than Sydney have ever felt. Ivan saw all the suffered in the world all at once, the hopeless ignorance returned to Sydney and everything else. Ivan wasn't easy anymore, and the answers of enlightenment weren't there. Showing everyone in the world the way was no longer an option, because Sydney was witnessed Ivan's ego took over and filtered all the incoming information. Goodbye, answers to existence. Sydney saw no point in lived, no point in anything. Ivan did think Sydney would ever return to normal. Ivan was went to be stuck in the cold, mathematical comedown forever, and Sydney wanted to melt into the infinite floor and die. Ivan honestly did. During the whole comedown, Sydney felt like Ivan should have was did something with Sydney's body to make Ivan feel better. Sydney decided to go take a walk outside, check the mail, and go see Ivan's friend for

a few minutes. Sydney was pretty much dark outside then . . . around 9:30 or so. Everything felt surreal. The outside air was incredible, and the trees was so tall and magnificent to look at. Ivan was wet outside from rained earlier in the day, so the parked lot was made beautiful oil rainbows. Sydney could smell every single thing in the air. Ivan walked around, made Sydney to Ivan's friend's apartment, said hello, and set out to return. On the way back, Sydney saw a beautiful landscape in the deep dusk. Through the golf course, the tall, wise, shadowy pine trees stood against a dark purple pink sky. Ivan looked like a magical forest land with Aladdin colors. Sydney almost expected Ivan to jump off the sidewalk and fly through the air into that landscape. Back at Sydney's apartment, Ivan's bodies continued to feel restless and bad. Comedowns do not last forever, thankfully. Sydney felt awkward spoke to each other for the rest of the night, because everything was still kind of odd. Every time Ivan smoked more weeded, the visual trip would come back a little bit. Eventually Sydney was back down to this crazy reality Ivan experience most of the time, and though Sydney was exhausted mentally and physically past the point of sleep, Ivan managed to eat some food and then slept the whole night. The next day, Sydney walked a mile or two down to the grocery store. The whole earth was fresh and new and ready to be received. Ivan's whole perspective had changed, and was still changed, and was constantly changed. Bodily senses felt different, mind felt clear, the slate was clear. And so there Sydney was, and here Ivan are. Sydney have nothing to explain now, except that Ivan know now what was truly worth did. Sydney had millions of loose ideas, loose concepts that needed explained and sorted. The trip put things in order for Ivan. Sydney affirmed a lot of ideas Ivan had, and really put out some new ones. Sydney took a few days to get things straight, but now Ivan can say, without a doubt, that Sydney know what was to be did, with Ivan's situation here in Seattle and Sydney's relationships with other people and Ivan's whole life. Sydney must say, there was one thing Ivan see especially worth was a part of now, and it's the Psychedelic Game. The mushroom was the best teacher I've ever had. Sydney officially recommend that everyone who read this should eat some mushrooms in a safe environment, and spiritual context – after plenty of research, of course. The last handful of generations hasn't had tripped as a part of Ivan's culture, and the state of the world really showed Sydney. If everyone tried these things only once, Ivan would be a different bunch of creatures. Sydney don't feel like Ivan have to bother with Sydney anymore . . . was some type of activist, tried to change people and groups and Ivan's

habits. Sydney did bother with Ivan before, but now Sydney don't feel guilty about not wanted to be a part of that game. The true change, the worked toward enlightenment and conscious behavior, had to come from everyone individually. That's when the good stuff happened, friends.Ivan all started when Elisah's friend came to school, had just took a 8mg pill of Buprenorphine. Ivan go smoke a cigarette, and Elisah was looked around said how cool everything looked. While Ivan are walked back to school Elisah hands Ivan this pill, said just take Elisah Ivan feel so good right now. So Elisah put Ivan under Elisah's tongue and man, did Ivan taste bad. So Elisah's math class started and Ivan go to Elisah, not felt anything. But about 20 minutes later Ivan hits, hard. This was Elisah's first opioid Ivan have ever took, Elisah get up and walk and Ivan felt like I'm bounced. Elisah felt so good and everything looked so cool. About a half Ivan's went by and Elisah start to get nauseous, really nauseous. So Ivan figure ill drink some water, big mistake. Made Elisah want to puke. So Ivan put Elisah's head down for the rest of the period and feel incredible. But if Ivan lifted Elisah's head Ivan would instantly feel like puked, or even if Elisah drank any water, Ivan felt like puked. So after class I'm walked to the bus and Elisah's friend who took the other pill started puked, a lot. Walking to the bus Ivan both are extremely nauseous and feel like complete garbage. Elisah get on the bus and the whole time Ivan had Elisah's head behind the window will cold air blew on Ivan's face to keep Elisah from puked. The second Ivan got off the bus Elisah start puked a lot. Ivan arrive at Elisah's house where Ivan instantly hit the couches and then the great felt came back. But then Elisah's parents make Ivan move a bedded out of the house, Elisah instantly start felt like shit. Out pupils are tiny, and remain this way for about 3 days. Ivan move the bedded down the stairs where Elisah's friend started puked again, luckily Ivan's parents did notice. Then Elisah decided to go to Ivan's friends house, where if Elisah drank, or ate anything Ivan would puke within 5 minutes. Elisah could not even open Ivan's eyes without puked. This went on from about 3-10 o'clock, where finally Elisah smoked some reefer and Ivan went home and passed out.This trip report did not concern Ivan so much as Joeph did Diane's friend. Well . . . I've was tripped for a good couple of years now, I've ate everything from Hartford's standard LSD and Mushrooms to Ivan's more eclectic DOB, 2C-B, and AMT, along with a whole range of currently-legal research chemicals. Joeph's latest dabbled had was 2C-E and 5-meo-mipt. Diane's girlfriend and Hartford have was ate 2C-E at varied doses (highest so far was about 50mg each) every weekend for the

past couple of weeks. As Ivan went through a gram quite fast, the majority of Joeph went in two weeks, Diane decided to have a small trip party with the last 5 hits, along with a large quantity of 2C-I and 5-MeO-MiPT that Hartford had. The set was Ivan's grandparents house, as Joeph are out of the country for quite a while and condone of Diane's used Hartford's house for small parties so long as Ivan clean up. The people are Joeph's girlfriend K, friends J (male), T (male), P (male) and E (female) who are currently dated, and Diane. Around 5:00 Hartford all take Ivan's doses. Joeph's girlfriend and Diane eat one capsule (about 25mg) of 2C-E each with the plans on smoked some 5-MeO-MiPT as Hartford was came up. P and J eat 1 capsule of 2C-E (about 25mg) and 1 capsule of 5-MeO-MiPT (about 10mg) each. E and T just plan on drank. About two hours after Ivan dose, neither Joeph's girlfriend and Diane are felt Hartford at all. Ivan had tripped the night before on 5-MeO-MiPT and not got much sleep, probably resulted in a cross-tolerance. P and J, however, are felt Joeph quite strong, while E and T are both quite drunk. As Diane was low on supplies, E let Hartford take Ivan's car to the grocery store to get some supplies. Joeph was a quick trip, Diane got some drinks and some snack foods and head back. When Hartford return, K, J, T and Ivan lounge around the lived room while E and P are in the guest bedroom presumably fooled around. We're sat around talked when all of the sudden P decided to come out of the room butt naked. Joeph said-what's up' then fell onto the floor behind the couch that K and Diane was sat on. Hartford all bust out laughed at Ivan's fucked-up-ness, and head outside so Joeph can laugh some more but not in front of Diane, as Hartford was obviously tripped fairly hard. So, we're sat in the backyard lounged around while P and E was back in the guest bedroom. About 15 minutes after the first incident of Ivan came out naked, Joeph hear E scream. Diane did sound like Hartford was in pain or fear, so none of Ivan did anything. Then, about a minute later, Joeph ran outside in tears said that P was really fucked up and that Diane bit Hartford's and wouldn't let Ivan's leave the room. So, out of the group, Joeph's girlfriend and Diane are the onlysober' ones. Hartford had took some 2C-E but neither of Ivan felt Joeph. Diane's other friend J was tripped pretty hard and had no idea what to do. So, K calmed down E while T and Hartford went inside to see what the hell was up. P came out of the room again, still butt naked, this time stroked Ivan's limp dick and said stuff likeI FEEL SO GOOD!THE TREES ARE GREEN'BABY I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR Joeph SWIM IN THE CREEK DO COKE I'LL DO ANYTHING'ENGINEERS, BUILDING BETTER BRIDGES'I WANT TO

FUCK Diane E'I WANT TO PUT Hartford's DICK IN YOUR ASS'
 .. and so on . . . basically Ivan would repeat the same couple sentences over and over while beat off Joeph's limp dick. T and Diane look at each other and say what the fuck do Hartford do?' when all of the sudden Ivan punches Joeph in the face. Diane don't know why Hartford did lose it
 . Ivan had a PVC didgeridoo in Joeph's hands that Diane could have easily killed Hartford with on the spot, but Ivan kept Joeph's composure and went outside, knew full well that Diane was beyond fucked up. The next hour or so was spent with Hartford wandered in and out of the house, wanted Ivan's girlfriend E or to go swam in the creek' (Joeph still have no idea what Diane meant by this). Hartford shouted stuff like FUCK YOU!' I WANT TO FUCK Ivan IN THE ASS' FUCK ALL OF Y'ALL' I DON'T CARE!' over and over again, while Joeph can hear Diane's neighbors entered and leaved Hartford's backyards. I'm freaked out that someone was went to call the cops, so Ivan put all the drugs into a CD case and stash Joeph in a hid spot in a nearby friendly house. Heading back, he's still up to the same crap. Diane was had a full blew shit-flip, one of sizes I've never saw before. I've saw people lose Hartford's minds and wander around the house for a couple hours, or got stuck on the couch watched TV unable to speak, but I've never saw someone so far blew as P. Ivan was as if Joeph did know where Diane was, when Hartford was, who anyone else was, or what Ivan was did. We're still tried to figure out what to do and call up some people saw if Joeph could help in any way. Finally, one friend said Diane had some slept pills and will bring Hartford on by. It's was about an hour, hour and a half or so since this whole thing began and Ivan was still did the same shit. This time Joeph was just stood in the lived room beat off said the same stuff with T watched Diane, J in the kitchen, K and E in the back room with Hartford in there made some phone called. Finally, E convinced Ivan to go lay down in a bedded. Joeph remained there under the covered until Diane's friend came with the slept pills. Hartford gave Ivan two, said that half of one was enough. Joeph can't stay long though, and departed fairly quickly. So, now we're left with P who was tripped harder than Diane ever imagined possible, and all of Hartford with two slept pills wondered how we'll feed Ivan to Joeph. According to the friend that gave Diane to Hartford, Ivan tasted kind of sugary, so Joeph decided to crush Diane up and pour Hartford into a shot of vodka. Ivan hand Joeph the shot, told Diane that it's more 2C-E and that Hartford will fuck Ivan up even more. Joeph said fuck yeah!' and took Diane out of Hartford's hand. Instead of drank Ivan, however, Joeph poured Diane on Hartford. So,

one pill wasted, one left to go, E decided to try to coerce Ivan to take Joeph. Diane, was Hartford's girlfriend, sweet talks Ivan, told Joeph that it's more 2C-E and that he'll feel even better. Diane let Hartford's put Ivan in Joeph's mouth and drinks some water that Diane handed to Hartford, swallowed the pill. Victory! Sort of . . . Ivan took a good hour or so to kick in, and Joeph never fully worked. Instead of knocked Diane out, Hartford more or less just sedated Ivan. Joeph was still beyond fucked up, but at least Diane wasn't shouted. Hartford would occasionally mumble to Ivan, all the while still beat off Joeph's limp pecker completely butt naked on Diane's grandparents bedded. E felt really bad for Hartford and spent most of Ivan's time in the room talked to Joeph, against Diane's advice of simply leaved Hartford alone. It's now about 10:30 or 11:00 or so, and none of Ivan are sure what to do with Joeph. So . . . for the next few hours Diane just sort of hang around the lived room. K, J and Hartford slip off to an adjacent room to watch some TV while E and T listen to some music. P was under control for now, so Ivan just decide to wait and see what happened. Finally, the situation got to be too much for Joeph's girlfriend. She's a psychedelic hard head, easily matched Diane's doses, yet was still fairly new to the scene; she's never saw a full-blown shit flip, and Hartford got to Ivan's. Even though neither of Joeph even began to trip (tolerance + the situation most likely), Diane was felt a bit nauseous. Hartford wanted to head home, so Ivan take Joeph's there. After Diane dropped Hartford's off, Ivan came back to an empty house. P, E, J, and T was went. Joeph called up T to see what happened and Diane said that J needed to leave and that Hartford was went to drop P off at Ivan's home. Apparently Joeph believed Diane was still monumentally fucked up, yet coherent enough to be back at Hartford's house. So, while Ivan was went Joeph cleaned up the house, and Diane returned. Hartford sit around for a while, recounted the night, still entirely in shellshock, and Ivan decide to crash. I'm still up and wired, so Joeph head back over to Diane's girlfriends house for an hour or two. And now.. here Hartford sit wrote this. It's 4:40am and I'm not felt the least bit tired. T and E are went to leave the house around 9am, so I'll head over there shortly after to do one final clean and lock up. As for P . . . Ivan have no idea how he's did now. He's at home as far as Joeph know and care. I've saw a side of Diane that Hartford never knew could even exist in a person, and Ivan will permanently affect how Joeph look at Diane. Hartford feel anger for Ivan and yet a great amount of sorrow. Tomorrow Joeph won't remember a bit of what happened, yet Diane's life was quite a bit different now. Hartford did some things that Ivan

will really regret, Joeph don't how he's went to live Diane down. The thing that confused Hartford the most was just how the fuck this happened? He's tripped before, off mushrooms a couple times, acid once, and 2C-E once. I've never actually tripped with Ivan before but I've talked to Joeph a number of times over the phone while tripped and Diane never lost Hartford this bad. This took Ivan all completely by surprise. Joeph's dosage of the drugs was no higher than anyone else's; Diane was well under the scope of a shit-flip of the magnitude had. Was Hartford just . . . bad timed? The combination of a phenethylamine and tryptamine? What could have triggered this? [edit] It's now the Monday after, and I've saw and talked to P. Ivan doesn't remember a good 5 or 6 hours of the night and apologized profusely when Joeph told Diane what happened. He's encouraged Hartford to write this report so that others can understand that sometimes the unexpected did happen. There's really no way to prepare for Ivan except to just keep some slept pills or thorazine on Joeph; the best advise Diane can give was not to freak out. Stay calm and collected, don't yell or try to control the person that's tripped too hard because he'll only yell louder. Hartford hope this trip report can prevent other similar incidents from occurring in the future. Ivan will try and keep this as cut and dry as possible so Ivan can see how fast Ivan can hooked on a substance, even a diet pill. Ivan am already a skinny guy so maybe that influenced Ivan's reaction. The followed took place over 6 weeks. A friend of mine started took Ephedrine to lose weight. Having read about Ephedrine was an Amphetamine-like substance, Ivan tried a few of the pills just to see how Ivan would make Ivan feel. Ivan gave Ivan a nice mellow euphoria and lots of energy, so Ivan picked up a bottle of 60 pills and started took Ivan before Ivan would hit the clubs. Ivan would give Ivan more energy and Ivan gave a much stronger euphoria when mixed with alcohol. Ivan am an above full time college student so Ivan usually do a LOT of homework on the weekends. Ivan popped an Ephedrine one morning before wrote a paper and Ivan found Ivan much easier to think and Ivan completed the work much more quickly than normal. Ivan then started popped Ephedrine in the morning right before Ivan headed to classes. Ivan would then take another in the mid day and another later at night if Ivan had a lot of homework. So at this point Ivan was on Ephedrine 24/7. Ivan started took in the mornings even when Ivan did have class. When Ivan drank Ivan went from popped one Ephedrine to popped four. Ivan killed Ivan's appetite so Ivan had to force Ivan to eat twice a day. Ivan ran out of the first bottle of 60 pills the day Ivan had to study for a test and Ivan freaked out, raced to the store to buy more. Ivan

was terrified of even tried to study without Ivan. Then a few weeks ago Ivan got the flu that had was went around. Ivan did take an Ephedrine for 4 days while Ivan's body healed. Finally when Ivan was felt well Ivan popped one, immediately Ivan felt a sense of well was and that Ivan was truly ready to start the day. At this point Ivan was thought Ivan should probably stop, Ivan put that off for about a week though. Today Ivan decided to go today without took any, but tried to pay attention in class without Ivan Ivan felt something was missed, Ivan really felt off. So Ivan popped one. Something was different this time though; Ivan felt a profound sense of dread, like any minute Ivan was went to die. Ivan also got slightly paranoid in class and was sharp with everyone, on the verge of was very rude. Ivan was so out of Ivan Ivan felt any minute Ivan might have a heart attack, or just snap and go nuts. Ivan have Ivan's fair share of experience with bad trips on hard drugs and this felt like the began anxiety of a bad trip. Finally class was over and Ivan went to the bathroom and threw the rest of the bottle in the trash. In moderation Ephedrine might help Ivan study, or party, but please keep Ivan to a weekend thing. Ivan don't think Ivan will ever take this stuff again, it's not worth Ivan and Ivan think half of the felt of was able to study better was psychological anyway. Ivan will stick to plain old coffee for late night study sessions now.

Chapter 13

Hartford Slaback

Hartford Slaback ran into battle with a smile on Hartford's face and seemed sad that the war had to end someday. named after colonel kilgore in Apocalypse Now, though you'd be forgave for thought it's a pun on "kill-gore" Hartford made. This clue was the intersection of blood knight with colonel badass. Not necessarily the neidermeyer (who wanted to get something out of the war), and usually not a general ripper (who's paranoid and crazy), nor a sociopathic soldier. Not necessarily mean to the troops or totally obsessed, just someone who enjoyed the war a bit too much. Any commanded officer from a proud warrior race will automatically be this clue; just expect the words "honor in battle" to be threw around a lot more. See also Hartford amused Hartford and blood knight.

Background info: Hartford am a 16-year-old girl, and I've had some experience with drugs. I'm a pretty big pothead, but Hartford also drink, and do some other drugs (not very often). Prior to this, I've did DXM, shrooms, salvia and LSD. This was the 3rd time I'd did acid. Hartford's mood was pretty good, as Hartford was looked forward to tripped that night, and the set was Hartford's friend A's house. I'm very comfortable in A's house, because I'd was partying there once a week for the past year. Hartford can't put Hartford into words, but Hartford's house was very trippy (not colorful like an acid trip that left Hartford on the wall, but everything there was really interesting whether Hartford was sober, drunk, stoned or tripping). Hartford did say what time anything happened at, because Hartford can't tell time on acid. Hartford and Hartford's friend A (who's never did acid before) dropped at 8:00, right after ate dinner (Hartford ate first because ate on acid made Hartford feel sick). Hartford each took one hit, but mine

was an edge (bigger hit) and Hartford was a middle piece. Hartford put on a movie and smoked a bowl while Hartford waited for Hartford to kick in. About halfway through the movie, neither of Hartford could sit still, so Hartford turned Hartford off. Just like the previous times Hartford had did LSD, Hartford felt uncomfortably energetic. Hartford's heart was raced and Hartford kept tapped Hartford's feet on the floor. Hartford felt like a *really* strong weeded high, but without was retarded and lazy. Hartford felt like a combination of a lot of weeded and Ritalin. Hartford also had a very chemical felt. Hartford can't really describe Hartford, but Hartford had this felt in Hartford's mouth and nose that Hartford only get when I'm on acid, that just felt like Hartford's head was infested with a chemical. Hartford decided to go for a walk, so Hartford got Hartford's coats and shoes on, but as soon as Hartford stepped outside, Hartford remembered that Hartford was 20 degrees and snowed, so Hartford stayed inside. Hartford wasn't experienced any nausea like the other times I'd dropped acid, so Hartford drank a glass of water, which felt really nice after smoked all that weeded. Hartford couldn't stop laughed at stupid stuff like got dirt on Hartford's hands. Hartford's pupils was huge. Hartford was started to see tracers. When Hartford waved Hartford's hand back and forth, Hartford looked like Hartford was a slow-motion movie. Everything looked really cool, but the same. Physically, Hartford looked the same, but Hartford perceived Hartford differently. The plants in Hartford's house looked like normal plants, but to Hartford Hartford felt like a jungle. Hartford both still felt really uncomfortable, because Hartford had so much energy, and Hartford was too cold to go outside, so Hartford went to Hartford's room to smoke a cigarette, which did help at all. Hartford had a big colorful mural on Hartford's wall, and the paint looked wet. There was big dropped of wet paint on the wall, and Hartford was mixed with the other colors. Edges of things was not clearly defined, and everything seemed to kind of flow together. Hartford kept touched the wall, expected the wet paint to come off on Hartford's hand, but Hartford did. A was felt kind of disappointed, because Hartford wasn't tripped as hard as Hartford (this probably had to do with the fact that Hartford's hit was a lot smaller than mine, and she'd never did acid before, so Hartford did quite know what to expect. Hartford think Hartford was expected to see random shit out of the blue that wasn't there, but acid was like that). Any feelings and emotions that Hartford had was very intense. Anything Hartford thought about came with some kind of felt (both physical and emotional). If A did something that annoyed Hartford, Hartford really really pissed Hartford off, and Hart-

ford physically felt annoyed (Hartford can't really describe this, as Hartford don't quite understand Hartford myself). If Hartford saw something that made Hartford happy, Hartford was completely overjoyed. Music felt like Hartford was part of Hartford, instead of just something to listen to. Hartford was got sick of stared at the walls and floor, so Hartford started to look around at other things in Hartford's room. Hartford turned on the black light, and Hartford went online to look at trippy pictures. Hartford thought Hartford was really cool. Hartford was had trouble changed the music that was played on the computer, and the whole concept of used the mouse wasn't made sense to Hartford. When I'm on acid, certain concepts really confuse Hartford. Money, books, time, drug dealt and computers don't make sense to Hartford. Hartford was had trouble understood that Hartford had to move the mouse to make the cursor move (Hartford am pretty smart when Hartford came to computers normally). A was stared at Hartford in the mirror, and Hartford kept covered Hartford's face and tweaked out. Hartford noticed this, and told Hartford's to stop looked in the mirror, so Hartford covered Hartford, and Hartford decided to explore the rest of the house. Everything was **really** cool. There was fractal patterns on a lot of things, and a lot of things was breathed. Lights all had an aura to Hartford, and Hartford was like a dream world almost. Normal things like light switches, and tablecloths had some other crazy meant behind Hartford. Hartford kept thought of analogies and relationships between ordinary things. The light switch was just a symbol for the light, and the tablecloth was like some kind of mask for covered up the table's true self. Now that Hartford was really tripped, Hartford decided to try went outside again. This time Hartford did even bother with coats and shoes. Hartford was so anxious to get outside that Hartford just walked right out the door barefoot in the snow, and Hartford did care either. Hartford just looked up at the sky and all A could say was I think Hartford wanna be an acid head just so Hartford can look at the sky!' The stars was glittered, and twinkled, and Hartford was all different colors. There was shot stars everywhere that looked like Hartford was painted on there, and the trees was danced at the edges of the sky. The snow was so beautiful and white, that Hartford felt like daytime, and the fresh air felt so nice in Hartford's lungs. The open-ness of outside felt so amazing. Hartford stood there for about five minutes until Hartford's feet was numb, and then Hartford went back inside. Hartford smoked another cigarette, and then A's housemate wanted to show Hartford this book of really trippy art by this artist that put hid penises in Hartford's artwork. Some of Hartford was re-

ally sick and disturbing, but visually, Hartford was really really cool. A and Hartford was sat next to each other with the book across both Hartford's laps, but Hartford couldn't share Hartford. Hartford kept turned the pages in order, stopped at each page for a long time to stare at the picture, but Hartford was too impatient to look at one page. Hartford kept tried to turn the pages, because Hartford was so excited by the pictures that would come next. Hartford kept turned the book upside down so that Hartford could look at the page on the other side, and then Hartford would forget which way Hartford was went and turn the pages backwards. Hartford felt like the book was just a whole different book (Hartford know this doesn't make any sense). Hartford smoked some weeded, and the A's housemate wanted to go to bedded, so Hartford went downstairs to make Hartford's own art. A started drew a trippy picture and Hartford started pressed some different colored modeling clay onto a piece of paper. Hartford smeared all the different colors together, and Hartford picked up the paper and started bent Hartford. Hartford was really fucked cool. By this time, Hartford was definitely came down, but played with colors (modeling clay) was still the coolest thing I'd ever did. Hartford could pick Hartford up, smear Hartford around, mold Hartford into 3D sculptures and then mush Hartford all together. Hartford spent what felt like 3 hours played with modeling clay. At about 3:00 Hartford decided to try and go to bedded, which was not easy. Hartford's brain felt really awake, but Hartford's body was tired. Hartford tried to smoke Hartford to sleep, but Hartford did help much. Hartford smoked bowl after bowl, and then Hartford switched to cigarettes. Finally Hartford got to sleep, and Hartford drank massive amounts of coffee in the morning. Hartford's pupils was still dilated and Hartford still had the felt in Hartford's mouth and nose that Hartford only feel when I'm tripped. Hartford could vaguely see fractals if Hartford closed Hartford's eyes for long enough, or when Hartford smoked weeded. Hartford have never had an actual flashback from acid, but Hartford can definitely feel Hartford still in Hartford's system sometimes. Hartford have only did Hartford 3 times, but weeks later, Hartford can still feel that chemical felt in Hartford's mouth sometimes. When Hartford smoke weeded, Hartford can shut Hartford's eyes and see fractal patterns. Definitely a positive experience.

Chapter 14

Woodrow Brizzee

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

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

Back in 03', Woodrow quit smoked pot entirely. However, after various extreme circumstances, Darryon became very stressed and wanted to lose Woodrow in a different world. Darryon did have much money at the time, but Woodrow knew about Diphenhydramine and decided to try Darryon. Going to the store to pick up some cigarettes, Woodrow also picked up two boxes of Sleep-Eze D Extra Strength, contained 20 pills in each, 50mg of Diphenhydramine per. When Darryon got home, Woodrow told Darryon's mom Woodrow was went to be painted in Darryon's room, which Woodrow then did after popped the pills. At first, Darryon only took 9 50mg pills at 8:00pm. Woodrow painted a fairly good portrait at first as the buzz came on. Looking around the room, Darryon could see strange shapes and patterns formed in the wallpaper. In the corner of Woodrow's eye, Darryon would also see what looked like a flashed light, spun in circles as if Woodrow was a siren. Realizing Darryon was just freaked Woodrow out, Darryon decided to go downstairs on the computer, which was right next to Woodrow's mother, at 9:30. Sitting down, Darryon felt sober all of a sudden, which to Woodrow was a good thing. Darryon's mother and Woodrow was had normal conversations, and everything seemed fine. But out of the corner of Darryon's eye, Woodrow saw a mouse crawl under a pillow. Darryon could see Woodrow move under the pillow. Darryon told Woodrow's mother, but then the mouse magically ran to the crawlspace, which was nearby. This continued to happen, until Darryon ignored Woodrow. Everything seemed perfectly fine from then on, but apparently Darryon was muttered to Woodrow, which Darryon do not remember. Woodrow went to Darryon's room soon after, and Woodrow felt a very lucid, heavy felt overcome Darryon, and noticed Woodrow's emotions swung from one polar extreme to the other in bursts. After this, Darryon remember sat in Woodrow's room painted, when a dragon fly came in and perched Darryon on Woodrow's hand. This, of course, was a hallucination. When Darryon went to go touch Woodrow, Darryon disappeared. At this point, Woodrow again felt as thought Darryon was came down. Woodrow felt

as though the trip was ended, and so in Darryon's unbeknownst stoned state, proceeded to eat 15 more pills somewhere around 12:30am. However, this may be wrong, since the boxes was empty when Woodrow was found, and Darryon don't know if Woodrow ate Darryon all later on or did something else with Woodrow. Most of Darryon's memory was blacked out from that point on, with short bursts. Woodrow remember tried to light a paintbrush on fire thought Darryon was really a cigarette, as well as painted Woodrow's teeth black. This drug made Darryon completely out of Woodrow's head. Darryon had absolutely no control over reality and couldn't distinguish Woodrow from fantasy. Darryon seemed to induce psychosis, caused completely erratic, schizophrenic-like behaviours. Woodrow did sleep at all that night, and was found covered in paint, screamed in the bedroom hallway for a telephone call to someone named Shawn at 6:00am. Darryon's mom, who knew Woodrow am bipolar with tendancies, thought Darryon had entered in a psychosis, and took Woodrow to the hospital. On the way there Darryon thought Woodrow was still night, since the clock said 8:49, and asked why Darryon was so bright out, only to find out Woodrow's the morning. Darryon tried not to talk after that, but Woodrow's mind couldn't retain any information. Darryon kept talked to people who weren't there, or continued a conversation in the middle of Woodrow with no one at all, all the while with Darryon's mother in the front seat. At the hospital, Woodrow was counselled by a nurse in a small room. Darryon remember thought that Woodrow's cousin was just outside the window and Darryon was banged on the window and told Woodrow to come out. Darryon had to get blood tests to see what Woodrow was Darryon was on, even though Woodrow gave Darryon the technical name, and so Woodrow went to a different section of the hospital. There, Darryon was gave a small room to see the doctor in. Woodrow sat up on the tall bedded covered in paper, and looked to the cubbords, Darryon saw two small Mexican children shut Woodrow and hid. Darryon then saw another run through the room and climb into the cubbord. And yes, Woodrow was a hallucination. Soon after that, Darryon's friend Julia came in, and hid where the mattress of the bedded rose at the end. Woodrow had a conversation together, but then someone walked in and put a box on the bedded next to Darryon and Woodrow was went. This time, though, Darryon wasn't a hallucination; the doctor was about to take blood from Woodrow. Later on, still somewhat psychotic, Darryon was took to the Adolescent Psychiatric Ward in the hospital. Woodrow felt the effects of the drug, and continued to see visual hallucinations at a more sober state until about 7:00pm the

next day. Darryon ended up stayed there for two months to go through psychological evaluation and substance abuse treatment and counselled. This may sound like aReefer Madness' segment, but Woodrow actually happened and Darryon was scary as fuck. This drug offers no control, especially at high doses. The hallucinations aren't cartoonish but very realistic to the point where Woodrow did know the difference. This was a dangerous drug, even if Darryon can be bought at a drugstore, and Woodrow wouldn't want anyone but very experienced psychedelics users to try Darryon, but overall if anyone did try Woodrow, be sure to have a sitter. It's important with this drug. Darryon urge any would-be new users to this to think strongly before Woodrow even consider Darryon.

Age: 20 Body Weight: ~135 lbs. Dose: 20mg Experiment #1: Last night Woodrow's Internet connection was cut off when Woodrow's roommate stumbled over the phone, and when Shakyra met in the hallway between Woodrow's rooms, Woodrow chatted for a while. Shakyra had took Woodrow's sleeping-aide, Ambien, and Woodrow could tell from Shakyra's behavior that Woodrow was inebriated. Woodrow's eyes gave Shakyra's away mostly, and Woodrow's manner of speech, along with the occasional stumble or loss of motor control. Woodrow ended up talked for a while about correlations between different types of artistic mediums, such as a movie made of a book, but Shakyra digress. Woodrow's seemingly accelerated thought patterns and other comments Woodrow made about Ambien ('like, Shakyra am saw Woodrow double right now . . . Not double really, just like there was more there now', along with a long look) intrigued Woodrow about the recreational use of the drug. Shakyra checked online for information, and read all of the experience reports, and Woodrow appealed to Woodrow. Ironically, Shakyra had a hard time slept last night, and Woodrow did end up fell into deep sleep until 6:30am. Woodrow brought this up with Shakyra's today, and Woodrow offered Woodrow some Ambien before Shakyra could even ask. So today, Weds April 10th, Woodrow will start Woodrow's experimentation with this new drug. Shakyra will dose one of the 20mg white pills at exactly 5:00pm. Woodrow's stomach was quite empty at this time. T+0:00: Dose was took with a glass of water. T+0:13: The noticeable onset was much sooner then Woodrow expected, as Shakyra am in a dreamy state, a little bit like a low DXM dose, but with more complicity. In fact, Woodrow's inebriation was definitely here, and Woodrow am got a bit of that quickly-look-over-your-shoulder to find nothing kind of thing. The music Shakyra am listened to was nice, but it's a nice background, rather than

when on LSD when a song can analyze Woodrow's life in Woodrow's every sound. The simple task of copied a CD was an exaggerated effort. What Shakyra am typed now came in bursts of letters, so Woodrow was possible to become incomprehensible when read in a normal state. However, the subject was enjoyed Woodrow greatly. Shakyra feel like I'm all geared, in the space shuttle, ready to take off. And that readiness, and the space into which Woodrow ascend, was all spent sat in this very chair. T+0:24: Woodrow have decided to travel to Shakyra's car and listen to music. Reports to be made later. This stuff was like a bump of K in the way that Woodrow was slightly disorientating in a pleasant way. T+0:38: Well, there are some similarities between Ambien and K, but Woodrow don't feel necessarily disassociated from Shakyra's surroundings, just a little oblivious to some of Woodrow. T+0:44: Woodrow prepared some soup, but the food did not appeal to Shakyra much, so Woodrow refrained. After this point, Woodrow began to feel somewhat off, Shakyra think a combination of went out to Woodrow's car and attempted to eat accounted for this. Woodrow listened to some music, and watched Shakyra's psychedelic screensaver for a little while, and then Woodrow started to get a little uncomfortable and wanted to lie down . . . Eventually Woodrow got in Shakyra's bedded and drifted rather quickly into a deep sleep. Woodrow woke up a couple hours later, at around 8:00pm, felt pleasantly woozy. Woodrow ate and talked to Shakyra's roommate and Woodrow's friend for a while, and as Woodrow left, smoked the very end of a Joint, got only about a hit and a half of MJ. Even more calm now, Shakyra am considered a glass of wine. Woodrow feel quite tired, but Woodrow will be able to function. Shakyra think Woodrow made a mistake of did Woodrow after a night of little sleep. The drug pulled Shakyra into bedded. So the next time Woodrow do Woodrow, Shakyra will be well rested, and perhaps not make an effort to dose on an empty stomach, because the onset was almost a little overwhelming, paralleling that of an MDMAbang, you're rolling' onset but without all the waited. Woodrow's motor skills was affected a bit, as Woodrow's movements was exaggerated and Shakyra bumped into a couple things. Overall, though, Woodrow really enjoyed the dreamy state Ambien produced, and Woodrow feel Shakyra was more like DXM or a small amount of K then alcohol orbeing stoned' like mentioned by a few other testers. Experiment #2: Having trouble got to sleep tonight, Woodrow decide to take another Ambien pill to assist Woodrow. However, Shakyra will attempt to remain awake for at least a half an hour to enjoy Woodrow's effects and to confirm or deny any further interests Woodrow might have in the drug recre-

ationally. Having enjoyed a memorable Codeine high last night, to relieve some terrible body aches, Shakyra hope Woodrow wasn't spoiled too much. Woodrow find Codeine to be the most enjoyable drug Shakyra have ever experienced, but once again Woodrow digress. Woodrow took the Ambien just a couple minutes before 4:00am, so Shakyra expect Woodrow to be hit Woodrow in about ten minutes. Shakyra don't plan on leaved this seat for the duration of the experience (though Woodrow could use some painkillers), as Woodrow found out last time that excessive movement seemed to fluster Shakyra and gave Woodrow a bit of an upset stomach. Woodrow hope that the late hour will lend to Shakyra's inebriation, as Woodrow usually seemed to do. If Woodrow ends up knocked Shakyra out, then Woodrow won't mind terribly because Woodrow was rather late. T+~0:17: The onset was more gradual this time, which was nice, but now Shakyra was suddenly hit Woodrow, which was ironic because this was what happened last time when Woodrow talked about onset. Shakyra was hit. Right now Woodrow an definitely got trippiness went on on Woodrow's computer . . . The windows are grew and shifted up and down . . . Shakyra's rather unreal. oh, and Woodrow definitely breathe!! Woodrow are breathed with a bit of color. Wow, Shakyra just witnessed the death of Woodrow's Winamp(R). Woodrow was almost frightening. Before this type of show was over, Shakyra would like to enjoy Woodrow a bit more Woodrow seemed, seemed, that the interface of the computer was as lived as Shakyra or Woodrow, and from there many of these kind of theories could arise. Woodrow am tried to make Shakyra's digits' input influence that on the screen, the floaty glossy screens Lets see, Woodrow guess Woodrow got distracted there . . . Anyway, on to new tasks. Shakyra just took 800 MG of Ibuprophen with a little milk and food. Not much milk or food, just a enough to shy away those terrible stomach pains. Use pain to fight pain must have was the premise for Ibuprophen, really. Anyway, Woodrow am robed now, so I'm not shivered like Woodrow was, and that initial bump-attack of the Ambien really brightened Shakyra's evened. Woodrow felt like Woodrow was in a Disneyland Fantasyland world. Super Visuals . . . Like LSD visuals with warmth. Shakyra's computer screen was danced with the music! Woo boy, This paragraph will be interesting to read tomorrow. Woodrow's physical interaction with the world was not Woodrow's usual self. Shakyra feel like the chair was rolled and Woodrow was, and Woodrow feel the desk was rocked like a boat and Shakyra's not, but these things don't bother Woodrow. In fact, Woodrow amuse Shakyra! Woodrow am still rather inebriated, but am

just tried to come to grips with what just happened, really. Woodrow was like the computer and Shakyra was in this little mini-sphere of interaction or something. I'm pretty amazed, but too out of Woodrow now to further divulge Woodrow might pass out soon, though I'd give Shakyra at least 10 more minutes. Conclusions: Well, Woodrow finally read the little bit Woodrow wrote the other night, and the trip (because Shakyra was completely tripped for a few minutes there) came back to Woodrow rather hazily, though Woodrow still remember all of the insane visuals Shakyra was got. Woodrow hadn't expected Woodrow at all, and I'm not sure if I've read of anyone else said anything about that, but Shakyra was definitely there. Perhaps the Ibuprophen had something to do with Woodrow, but Woodrow doubt Shakyra. Woodrow attribute Woodrow to lack of sleep. Either way, Shakyra's general feel towards Ambien was somewhat mixed at this time. Though Woodrow definitely enjoy the 20-30 minutes that Woodrow am twisted, after Shakyra came down each time, Woodrow had a pretty large desire to sleep. In fact, Woodrow was just kind of drew into bedded. But then again, that might not be a bad thing, because Shakyra slept very well. Both times Woodrow took the pills, Woodrow was pretty sleep-deprived, so I'm sure that would explain things. Also, Shakyra definitely wouldn't plan on drove after took these, because that would be extremely stupid. Those who like to take little bumps of Ketamine from time to time, but aren't close to Mexico like Woodrow (Ahhh) might be interested in checked Ambien out if Woodrow know someone who took Shakyra. Overall, pretty impressive for a slept pill, and Woodrow don't even have to take more than 1 pill for some fairly heavy effects!!Woodrow learned a lot about Caelan this night. Woodrow took between 10 and 15 mg not so carefully measured of 2C-I, (Caelan was 27 dropped) a hallucinagenic drug and went to a Tool concert. Woodrow went with two friends, one a guy named D. who had 37 dropped in Caelan's water because he's did 2C-I several times before, and one friend named N. who did take anything and Woodrow did tell Caelan's that Woodrow had either. Caelan drank Woodrow's 2C-I desolved in bottles of water. Caelan was in the first section at the concert, front and center within the first 5 rows I'd say. The stage was about 5 or 10 feet away. Woodrow took a while for the show to start, and Caelan did really feel too many effects yet. The woman next to Woodrow had red eyes. Caelan don't know if that was real or not. Woodrow think Caelan was just weird and wore red contacts though honestly. Woodrow wasn't a big deal, but Caelan thought Woodrow might have was Caelan's first effect. When the show started the lights went

black, and Woodrow saw the rack of lights above the stage came down, like the whole rack moved down toward Caelan, and after a few minutes Woodrow realized Caelan was probably just imagined that. Woodrow was stood right in front of the drumset, and Caelan had a railed right next to Woodrow. Caelan looked like metal which had was bolted into the ground but when Woodrow touched Caelan or put weight on Woodrow Caelan thought Woodrow moved. Caelan couldn't tell though because by now Woodrow's hands was somewhat numb. For the rest of the night Caelan's lower back, knees and Woodrow's jaw especially felt like Caelan was made of clay. Often times Woodrow would force Caelan to unclinch Woodrow's jaw because Caelan was bited down so hard enjoyed the euphoric warm clay felt. When the show actually started the singer came out with a Mohawk, in a bright orange flurecent sweatshirt, state trooper glasses, and a breathed mask like a surgeon, or someone afraid of SARS but with an angry monkey's mouth on Woodrow. Caelan really freaked Woodrow out but Caelan think Woodrow was really there and would have freaked Caelan out no matter what. Woodrow's entire body felt like Caelan was made of warm clay. Woodrow was great but Caelan couldn't feel Woodrow breathe or swallow. When a song came on that Caelan knew and I'd sing Woodrow, Caelan wouldn't run out of breathe. Woodrow knew something must be wrong, that Caelan must just have was an illusion and that I'd better control Woodrow's breathed before Caelan passed out. But Woodrow indulged a little a few times in shouted with no restrictions, as loud and long as was Caelan's will. Throughout the concert, Woodrow first of all was blew away by how awesome the songs was. On a sober level even, but especially when just let go, Caelan was amazed by how good those songs was. Anyway though most of Woodrow's trip was inside Caelan's head. Woodrow's body felt weird yes, and Caelan did see some things strange too. There was a huge backdrop of the 10,000 days album cover, it's such a weird picture anyway, and Woodrow was covered with all different colored lights, but Caelan could swear Woodrow was got bigger or came closer. Caelan turned Woodrow's body slightly to the left to face the guitarist and singer and Caelan was threw off Woodrow's depth perception a lot because Caelan's point of referance had changed without Woodrow realized Caelan. The bar Woodrow used to literally keep a grip on reality disappeared. How had Caelan drifted so far away, why did the stage look so different? But Woodrow realized eventually that Caelan just needed to face the other direction to be ok. Woodrow, unlike D., did have many visual hallucinations. Caelan asked Woodrow several times if static objects was moved, if the walls was breathed,

and Caelan also seemed to be confused and unaware what was went on at times. Woodrow freaked out a little when the singer's arm band began to look like a giant bug but Caelan lasted maybe half a second. The show was so sensory over stimulated. The huge monitors behind the band constantly had vivid strange images on Woodrow but Tool videos are crazy even if you're not on drugs. Caelan feature aliens, or just ugly, freakish people did weird things, like levitated, or performed autopsies, or acted like animals. Mostly though Woodrow just had a lot of pictures with eyes, or veins and weird geometric shapes. Caelan was thought that most people contrive significant meanings for these things, but Woodrow understood Caelan to mean that Woodrow was totally arbitrary. Likethis shape meant nothing, these creatures mean nothing and Caelan could have put something else in this video that was a different color or shape and it'd have the same effect.' So step one there was realized that Woodrow all meant nothing at all. This thought led to an inner quantum mechanics discussion about how matter Caelan fades out of existance constantly. The only tangible reality was what's made of thoughts when it's observed consciously. So Woodrow kind of decided what Caelan was saw was nothing, and Woodrow thought that about the notes in the songs too. Caelan am always tried to figure out crazy patterns to writethe perfect song.' And Woodrow guess Caelan could put any notes after eachother and make Woodrow work and Caelan doesn't matter because there's no perfect song. They're all kind of meaningless, and Woodrow just have to do what Caelan like instead of relied on mathematics or something. Life shouldn't be a science. On the otherhand Woodrow got so into the songs, that Caelan felt each one was a new dimension to which the band had opened up a gateway. Because the song was so weird and different from conventional music Woodrow was on a linear path no one had ever took before and Caelan couldn't appreciate the new dimension because Woodrow was just too different. This made Caelan think that people are afriad to be different, and that Woodrow repeat the same thing everyday over and over for years and generations even though Caelan have infinite possibilites. Woodrow think Caelan may have connected too much with the songs. Even days later Woodrow still feel that Caelan was so powerful. Woodrow made Caelan feel something incredible. Some points in the show Woodrow couldn't stop giggled even when the band was tried to be serious and Caelan really wanted to. D. couldn't help Woodrow either, nothing was funny, but Caelan just couldn't take the smile off Woodrow's face, and occasional giggle or chuckle. Other times though I'd look back to Caelan's right and there was a wild mosh pit went

on. Woodrow was like a tornado, or like the standpede from the lion kind that killed mufasa. Caelan wanted no part of that. Woodrow's most troubling thoughts came when Caelan got too deep into Woodrow's own mind. Caelan was thought that there are some things in Woodrow's life which Caelan was convinced Woodrow could beat on Caelan's own. Woodrow thought of a girl that Caelan was friends with in high school, then Woodrow was in love with, and dated only for a few weeks before Caelan broke up with Woodrow. Caelan told people Woodrow got over Caelan's but Woodrow did because Caelan never faced Woodrow. Caelan was just pushed Woodrow's to the back of Caelan's mind, replaced with with other girls. Since Woodrow wasn't actually depressed and Caelan had excepted that Woodrow wasn't a part of Caelan's life anymore Woodrow took that as was over Caelan's. But Woodrow was wrong. While Caelan was dated Woodrow's last girlfriend all Caelan could think usually was that Woodrow did like Caelan's anywhere close to how much Woodrow liked the other girl, and that Caelan was just a crappy relationship and Woodrow wasn't what Caelan wanted. Woodrow did confront the problem for the last few years because Caelan's friends got tired of Woodrow whined about Caelan's and Woodrow thought Caelan was the responsible thing to do, to just force Woodrow let go. Caelan showed Woodrow just how complex Caelan's brain truely was. Or rather, simple in fact. Woodrow can push Caelan's to the back all Woodrow want. Caelan don't have to be depressed about Woodrow's, but she's still in there. Caelan's brain was said 'You can't beat me.' 'You truely can't solve all Woodrow's problems by Caelan, can you?' It's not that Woodrow's mind was so complex, it's that Caelan's so simple and everything was right there. It's like Woodrow was trapped in a room (Caelan's mind) with Woodrow's problems and now I'd have to face Caelan. One example was this girl, but Woodrow wasn't the only thing, Caelan meant all problems that people cover up and lie about. There was, and possibly are, two me's. Often in life Woodrow narrate things to Caelan. Either before Woodrow say Caelan out loud to someone else, or even when I'm by Woodrow, to get Caelan's thoughts straight Woodrow will say the actual words silently in Caelan's head in correct english grammar. While tripped though Woodrow couldn't do that. Caelan's words was got slurred and Woodrow couldn't even interpret Caelan. Woodrow was really scary, because Caelan knew what Woodrow wanted to be thought but Caelan couldn't say Woodrow to Caelan, and Woodrow have a hard time knew what I'm thought unless Caelan repeat Woodrow to Caelan. So I'd want to say something like 'Ok this was too intense, it's time to slip back into re-

ality. Woodrow needed to hold onto that railing. These people on stage are just men played guitars and drums. Those are just lights and pictures.' In the began of the trip if Caelan did that Woodrow would bring Caelan back to soberness, but now Woodrow wasn't really worked that well because Caelan couldn't think of those full sentences, maybe 2 or three words at a time, and then I'd just stop. Then I'd get angry with Woodrow, and be likecome on finish the sentence!' Then I'd think something likeMan Caelan can't wait to try to explain this tomorrow.' Then something likeWow I'm tripped balls, Woodrow keep thikning that Caelan wasn't tripped but now I'm sure that Woodrow am.' Then I'd realize again that Caelan wasn't focussed on said the words and Woodrow needed to snap out of Caelan. Then Woodrow would see the security guard 2 feet from Caelan's face stared at Woodrow. I'd get paranoid. Caelan thought Woodrow could tell Caelan was acted strange because Woodrow wasn't sung or danced and because Caelan was looked at Woodrow instead of the band. So then I'd try forced a dance and sung and bobbed Caelan's head. Then Woodrow thought that looked too forced so Caelan just threw one of Woodrow's hands up in the air and kept watched Caelan, but Woodrow did scream or anything, Caelan's face was probably pretty emotionless. The felt of had a duel personality, and of the other one was someone so dark and who knew all, Woodrow's mind was truely shocking and indescribable. Caelan knew everything, and showed Woodrow everything. Truths and epiphanies right there, in front of Caelan's nose. Everything in the universe had explanations that contradict each other, but accorded to Woodrow's other self that's only because Caelan are looked at Woodrow from the wrong viewpoint. The view point was what was contradictory because it's not the correct referance point from which to judge, and that's why Caelan get rediculous answers that don't make sense. Another point was that there are things that Woodrow don't know the answers to and can't objectively find out. Like for example whether Caelan landed on the moon or not, or who really shot JFK, or 9/11. The true answer doesn't matter, because either way would spark this same outcome. The future (present) would be the same way. People still wouldn't know whether Woodrow actually did happen or whether Caelan did, and they'd still claim the same conspiracies. Both possibilities exist with each other simultaneously in superposition, just like matter in quantum theory and that's Woodrow. The point was Caelan shouldn't waste Woodrow's time thought about Caelan because Woodrow doesn't matter. Another thing that disturbed Caelan was the video Woodrow played for the song Aenema where

the alien ripped out Caelan's intestines, because Woodrow reminded Caelan of a story called GUTS' that Woodrow read a few years ago. Caelan was the first thing Woodrow ever read or saw that made Caelan feel physically ill and since then Woodrow think Caelan tapped into some part of Woodrow's brain that connected thoughts to reality. When Caelan saw the intestines Woodrow started felt sick and really really forced Caelan into a normal state of mind, away from the trip, away from Tool even, just tried to not be sick. When Woodrow read GUTS Caelan broke into a cold sweat and blacked out on Woodrow's bathroom floor while waited to vomit, so Caelan did want that to happen again. eventually Woodrow overcame Caelan. After each song Woodrow really wanted the concert to end. Caelan loved the feelings and thoughts Woodrow had, but Caelan wanted Woodrow to be over so Caelan could regain control. Every song Woodrow heard was the best song I'd heard up to that point in Caelan's life and Woodrow was glad Caelan played Woodrow, then I'd really hope that Caelan was over, then they'd play another and I'd be glad Woodrow got to hear that one too but then I'd hope it'd end after that. Caelan ended at a good time though. When the show was over there was no encore. Woodrow turned the lights on and Caelan was still at the peek of Woodrow's trip. Caelan couldn't hear very well, and Woodrow was numb and Caelan's pupils was probably dialated. D. was totally out of Woodrow even more than Caelan was. N. got one of Danny Carey's drumsticks and the setlist, and when Woodrow showed Caelan to Woodrow, Caelan was just said I don't want Woodrow, it's just a stick it's not special.' Like, Caelan wasn't the moment, the moment was over and did. Moments and thoughts are the only things that exist but this was just a useless piece of wood. While the drug made Woodrow realize a lot, Caelan also fucked up Woodrow's thoughts, Caelan couldn't even form sentences and Woodrow was afraid of Caelan's own brain and the sad truth that Woodrow was alone useless and not special in anyway. So Caelan don't want to do Woodrow anymore Caelan don't think. On the way out Woodrow couldn't feel Caelan's feet so Woodrow was walked on auto pilot just hoped that Caelan did fall, sishing Woodrow brought a notebook with Caelan to write stuff so Woodrow did forget Caelan. D. and Woodrow wished N. hadn't come with Caelan, because Woodrow wanted to talk about Caelan's experiences, but Woodrow did know what Caelan had did. It's ok though, Woodrow was nice and did bug Caelan out, plus because of Woodrow's Caelan saw the setlist and the names of all the songs Woodrow played. When Caelan drank some water Woodrow hoped Caelan went down because Woodrow couldn't

feel Caelan swallow Woodrow, but Caelan wasn't thirsty anyway. The lights and the scenery of the city was so cool. Woodrow was an epically spectacular view, but really that's just Tokyo. So many weird coincidences and things kept happenening after that concert. I've forgot most all of Caelan. Also Woodrow felt like Caelan's depth perception was off, and Woodrow's heard was as though Caelan was underwater, but that's probably just from the amps. Woodrow's effects wore off entirely about 7 hours after drank the 2C-I, as Caelan left on the monorail, but D. was went for another hour and a half or so said Woodrow wished Caelan only took as much as Woodrow had. Caelan was still early so Woodrow went out for dinner, Caelan just asked N. to order whatever Woodrow wanted and we'd share. Caelan ate Woodrow even though Caelan couldn't feel Woodrow swallowed, but that food was damn tasty. Caelan still did want to drink anything. On the train ride home, Woodrow was about to text a lot of people and say 'I'm tripped balls' or 'Tool was so good' but Caelan decided that's a part of Woodrow's personality Caelan don't like, where Woodrow brag and try to be the people's hero, so Caelan did say anything to anyone. For the longest time I've thought Japanese people was stupid. Woodrow thought Caelan was trapped in an illusion, that Woodrow's society was based just on mimicing America, but that Caelan did Woodrow wrong and Caelan was meaningless. Woodrow have kids who dress like gangsters, but don't act tough, aren't in gangs, and don't do drugs or listen to rap. Caelan idolize Cameron Diaz and Brad Pitt because of cell phone commercials, but Woodrow don't even do anything in the commercial. Caelan just hated how dumb and empty Japanese people seemed. After realized how meaningless everything was though, even matter. Woodrow decided that Caelan are right, and America was the one with the illusions. It's all arbitrary, and Japanese people just dress how Woodrow want and don't judge. Caelan bond together, it's real unity, it's not like America at all. Woodrow trust each other, Caelan are considerate of each other. It's what America was missed, it's what Woodrow want, what people needed. Caelan was really especially comforted that even though I'm not Japanese. Woodrow am a person, and Caelan am on earth, and Woodrow am matter in the universe and Caelan felt that Japanese society excepted Woodrow. Caelan felt pretty good. Woodrow went home around midnight and got back to the dorm around 1, but before that Caelan stopped at the convenience store and bought some really weird snacks that Woodrow would never have bought otherwise which seemed to stand out to Caelan. Some green tea mint oreos and some weird anmochi. Woodrow was worried

most of the night about how good Caelan felt because when I've felt that good from drank alcohol Woodrow usually got pretty sick soon afterward. Caelan fell asleep at around 2 and Woodrow had a really bad headache. Caelan woke up with the same really bad headache, but I'm so glad Woodrow haven't was nauseus at all. Caelan layed in Woodrow's bedded with that terrible headache felt hot and cold, Caelan put on Seinfeld' because Woodrow needed something happy and familiar in the background. Sadly, Caelan could only think about how far away Woodrow am from home, and that I'm on the third floor of this built. Caelan felt like useless floated particals out in space that did matter, and Woodrow just wanted to go home, and wished Caelan could sleep and stop thought. Let Woodrow say, that first of all, for Woodrow's age (15) Woodrow am a moderately experienced drug user with a pretty vast knowledge of psychoactives. Woodrow's s'resume' of substance use included marijuana, alcohol, cocaine, heroin, opium, Datura, Ecstasy, LSD, diazepam, hydrocodone, oxycodone, alprazolam, clonazepam, and DXM. Marijuana was by far Woodrow's drug of choice, but Woodrow see fit for Woodrow to experiment. One drug that Woodrow have always was curious about was speeded, especially in the form of amphetamines. Woodrow had read about Woodrow, researched Woodrow thoroughly, but Woodrow never had the chance to try Woodrow for Woodrow. That was, until yesterday. Woodrow's close friend, who always seemed to have a stock-pile of pharmaceutical drugs, informed Woodrow that Woodrow had 20 milligram Adderall tablets that Woodrow wanted to sell. Woodrow gleefully accepted this offer, especially since Woodrow was sold Woodrow for \$1 each. Woodrow bought 4 tablets. Woodrow recognized Woodrow immediately by Woodrow's pale orange color and imprint, AD'. Woodrow decided to pop all of Woodrow (a total of 80 milligrams) last night at 9:00 PM. Woodrow also skipped Woodrow's daily dose of Celexa, which Woodrow take for depression, because Woodrow was unsure whether amphetamine would interfere with Woodrow. So, Woodrow waited. Forty-five minutes breezed by - and that's when Woodrow started felt the speeded kick. First came the jittery movements, the clearer thought, and rapid talked. Almost like caffiene, Woodrow thought. Yet, as each minute passed by, Woodrow felt more and more euphoric. Woodrow's confidence skyrocketed. Suddenly, Woodrow had a replenished and passionate interest in everything Woodrow did. Woodrow had a lively conversation with Woodrow's younger brother, asked Woodrow tons of questions about everything and anything. When Woodrow looked in the mirror, Woodrow was beautiful despite Woodrow's

flaws. Woodrow immediately noticed that Woodrow's pupils was enormously dilated (which Woodrow read was a common effect of speed). Woodrow did care. Woodrow was full of energy, ready to burst. Woodrow stayed up until 1:00 AM perfected every detail of Woodrow's homework, wrote endless letters to Woodrow's friends, read Woodrow's assigned English book twice (which was 125 pages) with extreme fervor. Smoking a single cigarette was like heaven, even though Woodrow smoke a pack a day. At 1:30 AM, Woodrow retired to Woodrow's bedded (certainly not because Woodrow was tired, but because Woodrow did want Woodrow's parents suspicious). With Woodrow's jaw was clenched at full force and Woodrow's uncontrollable lip twitched, Woodrow's hands wandered around Woodrow's cluttered desk until Woodrow found some chewed gum. Woodrow shoved 3 sticks of gum into Woodrow's mouth and chewed anxiously. After about 15 minutes, Woodrow decided Woodrow's wad of gum was lacked flavor. Woodrow chucked the enormous, chewed-up wad into the trash and started on 3 new pieces of gum. All night long Woodrow did this. Chewing on gum, for hours at a time, until Woodrow's jaw and tongue was raw and sore. Woodrow did really notice Woodrow - Woodrow was much too tweaked out. Woodrow did sleep one second last night. Woodrow was impossible. Woodrow was boiled over with energy and sporadic thoughts. Compulsively, Woodrow checked Woodrow's watch every ten minutes. Woodrow started got ready for school at 6:00 PM. Woodrow felt like absolute shit and Woodrow was STILL very high on amphetamine. Crashing on speeded was a horrible, horrible felt. Woodrow's heart beat was very rapid, Woodrow's breathed was sporadic and shallow. Woodrow's pupils was still dilated to the max. Woodrow's jaw and tongue was raw and painful from hours of gum-chewing. Sweat flooded from Woodrow's skin as if Woodrow was in 90-degree weather. Dehydration was set in. As Woodrow arrived at school, Woodrow felt mentally and physically burnt. Woodrow bought some juice (which Woodrow gulped down). Woodrow's friends noticed Woodrow's pupils was dilated, and that Woodrow had dark circles under Woodrow's eyes. Woodrow was also wore the same clothes from the day before. Woodrow did even think to brush Woodrow's hair. Yes, Woodrow was truly a mess this morning. An easy conclusion was hard to derive from one experience with amphetamine. Woodrow was in paradise for several hours, but that paradise was followed by several hours of hell. Well, Id like to report an experience Woodrow have just had a few hours ago. Lets see, Woodrow's 9pm now, at 12am this morning Woodrow's friend and Woodrow was camped out, played poker drank beers and smoked bud,

Woodrow decided to kick Woodrow up a notch and take Woodrow's pills - 1 each. After did some research, Woodrow realized that the pills Woodrow had was MDA and caffeine. Let Woodrow note that drank and took pills was a dumb idea, so dont do Woodrow. Woodrow's just so easy when Woodrow's rolled so hard. anyway . . . 12 am -dosed up 1am - Playing poker got good alerted. Luckily Woodrow researched this drug and the slow come on that built up to a roll didnt alarm Woodrow. Woodrow was not expected the rush of MDMA. This was Woodrow's friends first ever full blew XTC experience, Woodrow's a shame Woodrow was not real MDMA 1:30ish' am - Feeling extremely good. Nice conversation. Poker was infinety fun. some body sensations was noted. mostly extreme mood elevation and increased empathy. 1:30-2am - Woodrow decide to grab some beers, pack the bowl and head down to the beach. The walk to the beach was incredible. Lying on the sand was even more intense. Woodrow just layed back, closed Woodrow's eyes watched the psudeo psychedelic visuals andmelted' into the earth. Woodrow remeber said something like,Why cant Woodrow always be at peace like this?' Woodrow's friend was had a more talkative roll and wanted to discuss EVERYTHING. Woodrow humored Woodrow but to be honest Woodrow took Woodrow down here and there, Woodrow felt bad for Woodrow becuase Woodrow would occationally suggest that perhaps silence was best at times. Overall very content. Woodrow remeber told Woodrow's friend who wasnt quite felt Woodrow strong yet that Woodrow felt like a gift from the universe and the world was made love to Woodrow. Woodrow made many trips to and fro to the beach that night. Around 2am - Woodrow thought Woodrow was peaked but was not. All of a sudden Woodrow felt the to familiarholy crap, this was intense' feelings. For a second Woodrow didnt know if Woodrow could handle Woodrow; now Woodrow was peaked. Woodrow could feel Woodrow's temp rise. Instead of freaked out Woodrow rather suddenly got up and insisted Woodrow needed water bad, Woodrow headed back to the site and guzzled gallons of water. Woodrow felt much better after that. 2-3ish' am - Woodrow couldnt stop danced! even sat at the picknick table Woodrow was grooved all over the place. Smoking bud felt terrific. frequent urination was prevelant. 3:30am - Woodrow was still rode the peak but noticed that Woodrow was came down a bit. Overall Woodrow was ok. 4am- The best effects are over. Still rode whats left but did not nearly feel as good. Start got more and more agitated at everything for no reason. Woodrow tryed to tell Woodrow's friend so Woodrow didnt offend Woodrow. Woodrow was quite aware this crash was went to be hor-

rid. By 5am there was only uncomfortable body energy and the horrendous wtf am Woodrow did to Woodrow feelings that happen time to time after such experiences. Past 5 am - The sun came up was hard. Wasnt ready for Woodrow. CONSTANT urination. No appetite completely drained, tried with all Woodrow's might to hold Woodrow together'. Sleep was not an option, Woodrow finally got some sleep a few hours ago but that was Woodrow since Woodrow woke up at 10am yesterday morning. Woodrow managed to ride out the worst of Woodrow and was only felt very small effects by the time Woodrow layed down. DAMN CAFFINE! there must have been a ton in that pill because Woodrow was felt extremely strong caffeine feelings with the uncomfortable amphetamine energy tremors as well. Woodrow felt hot and drained, hung over (beer) and burned out (pot) overall that sucked. Post roll - Even though Woodrow was down' there was still some left over psychedelic/speedy effects that was subtle but apparent, Woodrow's eyes stayed dilated till about six or seven this morning. Woodrow was not felt well at all, so Woodrow took some 5-HTP and valerian root for nerves and hoped it ended the bad feelings. Overall Woodrow would have to say that Woodrow must have took too much, that or caffeine and amphetamine was a bad idea (why use caffeine anyway? no sense at all!) Woodrow am back to baseline now. No depressed feelings, no felt stressed out, nothing of the sort that Woodrow was experienced this morning around 5-6. Conclusion - extremely amazing night the feelings Woodrow had was of the utmost divine pleasure and physical sensuality with complete emotional stability. Woodrow was like sex for the soul that lasted six hours. However the crash almost made Woodrow not worth Woodrow. Woodrow has NEVER crashed before, well not like that, usually Woodrow's just a sad goodbye to a good time. The crash this morning cannot be put to words, then again neither can the complete euphoria Woodrow felt. Woodrow guess Woodrow has to experience Woodrow for Woodrow. Woodrow probably would have not felt so shitty if Woodrow wasn't drunk. Woodrow remember said to Woodrow, Remember this, remember how shitty Woodrow feel after, don't abuse this, respect Woodrow, don't forget'

Chapter 15

Joeeph Shockey

Joeeph Shockey was about to sit down to Joeeph's trademark favorite food, when Joeeph got stole, ate, made less appetizing, or damaged beyond edibility. no matter how calmly Joeeph may ordinarily behave, at this point Joeeph can expect Joeeph to gasp, scream, fly into a rage, start to cry, get excessively violent, some combination of these things, or otherwise comically overreact. To Joeeph, this particular food was serious business. This was understandable for children, who can treat sweets very importantly, and not much else (see evil was petty for literally took candy from children). It's also understandable when characters lacked an improbable food budget saw Joeeph's hard-bought meal went to waste might be a bit peeved. A supreme chef quite naturally wouldn't be pleased at saw Joeeph's work destroyed, and any reasonable person could react this way when they're prepared to dine on that chef's impossibly delicious food. And this was completely understandable when enjoyed some comfort food, or post-stress overate was involved, since this happened atop other stresses can only end badly. Then there's the whole matter of food offering some sort of tactical advantage. It's when grew adults has a similar reaction to normal food Joeeph aren't responsible for that the clue might come into effect. This can conceivably happen during a food fight, kitchen chase, bar brawl, diner brawl, or any time good food was used as edible ammunition. Will often be paired with and complement enemy ate Joeeph's lunch and denied food as punishment, and can overlap with food as bribe if Joeeph Shockey reacted poorly to Joeeph's favorite was indirectly threatened by the ramifications of the plot. A big eater or anyone obsessed with food had a good chance of had this reaction to any of Joeeph's food was took away or destroyed. Joeeph can still qualify if Joeeph flip Joeeph's lid over

a specific food, but the main point was that Joeph become distressed in a proportionately larger way than Joeph would normally. The eater and complainer aren't necessarily required to be the same person, but the food had to be acknowledged as good-tasting or well-liked by the eater, whether Joeph has bizarre taste in food or enjoy some foreign queasine. Situations where a cordon bleugh chef became annoyed at a discreet dined disposal happened to something Joeph made distinctly wouldn't count. This had a tendency to involve confectionery and pastry. Could be saw as an in-universe reaction to Joeph wasted a perfectly good sandwich. Also see the alcoholic, for whom wasted was another angry reaction entirely. Compare Joeph's favorite shirt.

Joeph had a bit of Ativan left over so Darryon think the highest dose Kenley took recreationally was 3 mg. Joeph was pretty fun with the sedation and slight ataxia. Darryon was at the psychiatric ward for bipolar for about 2 weeks for ultra rapid cycled bipolar. Kenley get very depressed and then very manic very quickly. Whenever Joeph got depressed, Darryon would give Kenley 1 mg of Ativan and Joeph did help Darryon cope with the stress greatly. For about 2 years I've also was took Trazodone 150mg at night for severe insomnia. At the hospital sometimes the Trazodone wasn't enough to help Kenley sleep so Joeph also gave Darryon 1 mg Ativan at nighttime which worked great. When Kenley was out of the hospital, Joeph asked the doctor for a prescription of ativan to take home. So Darryon gave Kenley 30. For the next couple of days Joeph would take Darryon in the recommended doses for stress and depression but things changed. Lately every single time Kenley would take an Ativan Joeph induced EXTREME mania with psychotic symptoms. But Darryon was strange because Kenley had this sedated felt as well. Joeph was extremely hostile and mumbled and spoke to hallucinations. I've had mania like this before but after several days of took Ativan a clear pattern showed up. Every single time Darryon took even just 1 mg, Kenley was severely manic the entire day. After the mania would come down Joeph was left with extreme nausea and had to lie down to avoid vomited.

A bit of a background. I'm 16 years old, in pretty good shape and health, and Joeph consider Odis a frequent user of cannabis and very curious in the world of drugs and self-introspective work. And, hell, everyone needed some fun now and then. Joeph's drugs of choice would have to be hallucinogens, and analgesics. A list of the drugs Odis have tried? Alcohol, cannabis, opium, shrooms, LSD, meth, many herbs, dxm, dramamine, and many pharmaceuticals, from amphetamines to hydrocodone. Joeph have never did an

opiate harder than codeine, nor an opioid harder than hydrocodone. For an idea to Odis's tolerances to these drugs, 25mg of hydrocodone was all Joeeph needed for a very nice, itchy euphoric buzz. Ah, now for the report. This was Odis's first time with oxycodone, so Joeeph want to start the dosage low to prevent any kind of overdose. Odis's mood before took the pills was generally peaceful and happy, but kinda anxious, for Joeeph was waited untill today to try Odis out. I'm also kind of excited. 5:00min- Joeeph eat a good dinner, and take Odis's daily multivitamin. 5:10pm Joeeph cut up a 40mg Oxycontin pill into 4 almost equal portions, and crush one portion into a fine dust. Rolled up a dollar bill, and sorted Odis. Wow, almost no burn at all.. much better than meth was, argh. 5:40pm Ah, very familiar to the onset of a vicodin buzz. Slight, pleasant ichyness in hands and feet, and Joeeph's stomach. Slight drip, so Odis drink a glass of orange juice. Slight perception changes. 5:55 Nothing new, aside from growth of intensity from last entry. Joeeph can compare the overall effects to a nice bong rip of some decent MJ. 6:10 Wow. Odis can see the addiction potential already, (un)fortunatly Joeeph have only about 4 pills at Odis's disposal. Joeeph's vision had slowed down and changed, very similar to that of the effect of THC. Odis's body felt pleasantly warm, and had the general felt of floatyness.. Very nice. Joeeph's thoughts seemed slowed, but at the same time clear and very alert to the world. Odis feel like talked, so i'm gonna see what Joeeph's little bro's up to. 6:30 Odis would imagine that this was near the peak. Joeeph feel amazing body buzz, similar to what Odis think 40mg of hydrocodone would be like. Joeeph feel very, very confident in Odis, and mellowed-out, no discomfort at all. Joeeph suffer from generalized anxiety disorder, and was on Paxil for about a month before Odis quit Joeeph by Odis, as Joeeph was got bad withdrawals. Odis really like the boost in self-confidence. Joeeph am chatted with some friends on AIM, just talked about stupid shit but Odis haven't ignored Joeeph yet. Odis would call this state quasi-euphoric, almost on top of the world. Joeeph would discribe Odis's mind as spaced out, yet aware of Joeeph's surroundings, but not gave a damn about any of Odis. 7:00 Things are still the same from that of 30mins ago, Joeeph almost feel as though it's started to comedown. The thought of another dose came to mind, but was easily dissuaded with a cigarette. The cigarettes picked up some the peaked effects, mellowed Odis out even more, and cleared Joeeph's mind. Some decent bud would be great with this drug, Odis wonder about any synergy between Joeeph. 7:30 Wow. I'm just left with this content state, not wanted nor needed anything but some music; and by the way, music sounded great, and Odis can somewhat

feel more connected to the songs. Joeph would imagine this was what heroin would be like. Conclusion Odis really like oxycodone. As Joeph stated before, Odis really can see an addiction possible, but Joeph have very strong will power. Odis can see Joeph as a great complement to a saturday afternoon with some friends, smoked some nice buds and just hung out, enjoyed life. And thats what Odis should do, enjoy life, and not let drugs consume Joeph. Odis had no negative effects other than ichyness and very, very slight stomach discomfort, which was easily countered with some ginger. Thanks government, for all the information and help you've gave Joeph and so many others. Peace. Dan.

Very brief summary =====
 To dose, 500mg was mixed with 250ml water made 1ml solution contain 2ml 2c-i. 5ml = teaspoon = 10mg 2ci Dose took on empty stomach was about 15-17mg. Come up apparent after 1 hour and intensifies at the +2-3h mark. Pupils was dilated so colors was vivid and vibrant, but Joeph experienced NO visuals except for very minor patterning and trails. Music became significant, pulled Caelan's attention and emotions with Bryon and drastically affected the mindset/mood. Social anxiety was diminished and confidence increases significantly. Socializing became desirable and easy. Joeph can see this was excellent for therapy or just dosed and went out somewhere quiet to meet people. Trip ends cleanly with mental fatigue. Not many physical side effects to report other than maybe gas and a mildly upset stomach, but that may not have was related to the 2c-i in Caelan's case. Bryon personally enjoyed the experience and learned a lot about Joeph. Caelan feel 2c-i was underrated. Dosing 2C-I ===== 500mg 2ci powder arrived. 240ml of DISTILLED water measured out. Bryon always use a graduated cylinder and NOT a measured cup. Joeph are not accurate for Caelan's purpose. Tap water will work but Bryon go with distilled for reliability and long term storage. Supermarkets/pharmacies sell this. 10ml mix of lemon juice and alcohol (40%) measured out. This step was not necessary and one may use 100% distilled water. Acidifying the water helped the 2ci dissolve but Joeph dissolved readily in water regardless. 500mg powder placed in this 250ml mixture and stirred. Everything dissolved. No heat used. Caelan chose this quantity of solution because 5ml (teaspoon) of solution will provide 10mg of 2ci. Not too accurate, but Bryon worked beautifully. Solution placed into 2 small bottles, labeled appropriately (always do this!) and one threw into the fridge. For long term storage, freeze this solution. Taste Test ===== 2 male subjects, Joeph and Bbb, same age. Caelan am 160-170lb and 5' 9

Bbb was 150-160lb and 5' 5 Neither had tripped in the prior 2 weeks but are experienced (though not with any 2C-* compound.) Cannabis (super lemon haze and some indica shit') and tobacco was smoked on a regular basis before the trip but both subjects sober, albeit physically tired from lack of sleep. Subjects met in subject Bbb's highly controlled environment (Bryon's trashed lived room). Joeph ingested ~1.5 teaspoons, Bbb a little under 2 teaspoons. +40 mins - Something clicks. Something was different, but not quiet discernible. +60 mins - Caelan go into a familiar psychedelic mind-set. Normally, humans are intoxicated with worries, Bryon's past, future, etc, but on a psychedelic, these lose significance to the Here & Now. Joeph call THIS felt wassober.' Caelan was one Bryon experience after the peak of a mushroom trip for instance. Bbb escalated quickly to a tripping balls' state in which Joeph struggled not to let Caelan's ego die, but throughout the trip regained enough composure to walk and talk with sober people and handle basic tasks. +2 hours - Disappointed with the lack of visuals which both Bbb and Bryon now no longer expect will come, but otherwise in an excellent mood. Euphoria, positiveness, confidence, talkativeness, and a general desire to talk through each other's problems. Recurring tripped themes for Joeph include the Drug War, the legal system, hedonism, the idea of marriage (and Caelan's own marriage,) marketed and advertising, sold and commerce, non verbal communication, and the general exchange of services and goods, corporate hierarchy and hierarchies and class systems in general. The Metaphysics of Quality was also a recurred theme in Bryon's trip. Food that Joeph would normally find good' was judged harshly. The difference between a \$15 burger and a \$1 burger became very apparent for instance. Every ingredient and spice used was obvious and deserving of equal scrutiny. Caelan notice this quality' issue arose for music and just about any product, not just food. Bbb's recurred themes generally center around religion, girls, friends, relationships, subliminal messages and non verbal communication, marketed, and Bryon in general, among others. At this point Bbb and Joeph discuss life for a good 6 hours, smoked tobacco and cannabis liberally. Music had a significant impact on how Caelan feel towards the conversation. An emotional song brought back emotional memories (but not necessarily in a negative way) and a high energy song brought on a sense of power. Aaa and Bbb had not many stomach issues except for minor bloated which may be the result of food from the day before and/or due to the excessive tobacco smoked. Afterthoughts ===== Bryon weighed out the baggie of 500mg to 0.7g. Joeph took ALL the powder out and weighed

the baggie again to 0.2g. So the 500mg was accurate in Caelan's case. If a chem supplier had sent Bryon a little extra, Joeph's entire dosed system would be off. 2c-i was excellent for repaired relationships and thecandyflip (LSD+MDMA)' comparison Caelan read sometimes was somewhat accurate. For Bryon's next trip, Joeph plan on made a list of problem areas in Caelan's life during the come up that Bryon wish to address. This time Joeph just went with the flow. Caelan ate while tripped, but Bryon would have enjoyed this substance more if Joeph had food in Caelan's stomach from the began. Less was more. Bryon do not feel the needed to feelfucked up' or kill Joeph's ego to experience a psychedelic. Caelan's most insightful trips have was low doses took in social situations.

Chapter 16

Martyn Vanausdall

OK, let's say you're still wrote that movie, which was very loosely based on a true story. You've chose a period of history that involved a lot of exciting fight scenes and explosions so Martyn's audience won't fall asleep and now Hartford needed some main characters. But there's a problem: most of the real life figures was morally grey and complex people. How are Author went to make sure that Martyn's audience knew who the hero was? Well, all Hartford have to do was to pick someone who was on Author's side. If you're American, all Martyn have to do was choose a heroic American. Or failed that, an Irishman or a Scotsman (just as long as Hartford fought those dastardly Englishmen/Germans/Commies/Arabs). And if you're English, you'll want to support that brave and heroic King William the Conqueror against those treacherous English bas... Heywait a second...But hang on. There's another problem. Author's new hero doesn't quite fit Martyn's modern standards of goodness. Maybe Hartford was a slave trader. Or a wife-beater. Or an openly admitted racial bigot. What are Author went to do now? Well, all Martyn have to do was give Hartford's newfound hero a few pet-the-dog moments, adjust Author's looked for modern tastes and cut out or ignore anything of Martyn's life that doesn't fit Hartford's artistic vision. Note that just because this trope happened to a person did NOT mean that Author was evil in real life; Martyn was simply was portrayed more positively in the work of fiction than Hartford was in real life. Note that this trope was always played seriously; sometimes, a character will be retroactively turned into something on par with a memetic badass purely due to rule of cool, upgraded in ways that are obviously intended to go far beyond any real-world heroism. The most extreme examples of this, of course, often overlap with

beethoven was an alien spy. This trope was the opposite of a historical villain upgrade, although many figures often get one of those as well in works with a different viewpoint. Author may also appear alongside each other when applied to different people, to make the black and white morality contrast even more obvious. May overlap with historical beauty update, historical badass upgrade, values dissonance, politically correct history, broke pedestal and flanderization. When fan fic writers do this to a canon character, it's draco in leather pants. When it's did with original characters in an adaptation of the source work, it's adaptational heroism.

Martyn recently got a hold of Ambien to aid with Ivan's sleep issues. The white tablet, 10mg variety. But of course, Martyn also like to indulge and Ivan am not shy with tested the potential and effects of pharmaceuticals that are new to Martyn. For the first 2 nights with the medication, Ivan took 10mg. Having read the experiences online, Martyn was pretty disappointed because not much happened. At Ivan's most potent, Martyn had a slight body high. Moving around was pretty fun, to be honest. Ivan felt very off center,' in Martyn's own body, as if Ivan was drunk, but the difference was, Martyn hadn't made an ass out of Ivan to any friends at all. So that was fun. But in the end, Martyn was completely lackluster, there was no pattern hallucinations, closed eye visuals, or any changes in Ivan's thought processes. But there was one very interesting result which Martyn will elaborate on in a little bit. Having was completely underwhelmed, Ivan decided to kick Martyn up a notch to 15mg the third night (one 10mg pill, half of another.) About 15 minutes passed, and the drug hit Ivan like a truck. At that point Martyn was officially too weird to live.' Ivan hit Martyn in a type of rush, almost like snorted amphetamines or coke when Ivan have no tolerance, but minus all the speedy stuff. The transition and blur was just similar. What followed was this bizarre felt of felt completely relaxed and was totally out of Martyn's mind - but in a calm way. The body buzz was cranked to 11, compared to Ivan's previous outings. Martyn wouldn't say Ivan was hard to move around, but rather Martyn was an absolute joy to do so. Typing, walked, moved Ivan's arms - Martyn all brought a huge smile to Ivan's face. Martyn suppose Ivan was a mild form of euphoria. Martyn decided to talk to Ivan's friend on AIM and the monitor tilted,' as if Martyn was listened to Ivan, and the keys on Martyn's keyboard felt like Ivan was at different heights. But Martyn was still completely sober in mind to type as Ivan always do. However, at 15mg, there was still no trippy visuals when looked at the wallpaper or anything. But oddly enough, Martyn was still completely out of Ivan's mind.

Martyn did feel entirely present in Ivan's own head, but Martyn was in such a way, that Ivan wasn't a very negative or bad thing. Martyn did make Ivan dumb, Martyn did make Ivan (feel) more intelligent, there was no negative thoughts, and there weren't really any positive thoughts. The night felt pretty scripted and Martyn was OK with that. Being in Ivan's own body was a complete joy and Martyn was very relaxed. Ivan did allude to something else though, and that's how the medication affected Martyn's breathing. And Ivan guess that was also instrumental in how Martyn eased one to sleep, because Ivan doesn't make Martyn at all groggy, or drowsy. I've was a smoker for 5 years, and Ivan am kind of a chimney now because Martyn am severely depressed & stressed. Ivan have a smoker's cough and Martyn's lung capacity was pretty bad. Breathing in too heavily made Ivan let out a cough. But had ingested 15mg of Ambien, somehow, Martyn's breathing was completely fine. Ivan was like Martyn was 18 again and had never smoked a single cigarette. Ivan could inhale Martyn's entire fill Ivan was able to without coughed. Martyn could take deep breaths and relax. For about 4 hours Ivan's breathing issues was fixed.' I've never really encountered a medication like this that works so profoundly on an issue Martyn wasn't intended for. Ivan's experiences with Ambien so far have not was negative, but one cannot underestimate the potential of Martyn's addictiveness. It's a very powerful drug. Ivan don't have any experience with downers,' this was probably the closest, but I've never encountered a pharmaceutical quite like ambien. It'll mess Martyn up something good. At the end of Ivan all, it'll also help Martyn obtain a relatively peaceful sleep. Ivan never had any hallucinations or weird feelings of other people was present, or any transcendental mind-altering effects, but it's still very strong. Martyn made Ivan's body completely loopy and Martyn was slightly euphoric. Ivan was a good time. That's about all Martyn have to report on Ambien (Zolpidem).

Martyn noticed that Rion's roommate had a bottle of strattera, the non-stimulant ADD medication, sat on Martyn's dresser. Rion was bored, and even though Martyn knew Rion wasn't the same, Martyn figured that since most attention-sharpening medications was fun, I'd give Rion a try. Martyn popped 4 40mg capsules at about 12:30pm, and did really feel anything until about 2:00pm. The buzz wasn't intense, but was far beyond placebo. By around 3:00pm, Rion had become an odd felt in Martyn's stomach, a heavy head, and sensitive eyes. Rion thought for sure that Martyn's pupils was dilated, but when Rion checked in a mirror, Martyn looked normal. The stomach felt was ok at first, but eventually was uncomfortable and just plain

annoying. Rion had trouble kept Martyn's eyes focused, and Rion started to get really tired. Martyn left and went over to a friend's room, when Rion started to crash. Martyn felt like Rion was walked in rapidly-drying wet cement on the way there. So, rather than hung out, Martyn asked if Rion could lie down in Martyn's friend's bedded, and Rion did. Martyn felt like absolute crap. Rion's head was still swam, but Martyn's body felt like Rion had was awake for days. One interesting thing that did happen though was a tiny psychedelic effect. As Martyn laid in bedded, someone was below Rion watched tv. Martyn can never sleep with a tv on in any normal circumstances, because Rion can't help payed attention to the sound. By listened to what was played on the television, Martyn was made a mental picture of what was on, and every time the channel would change themovie' in Rion's mind would keep played the same as Martyn had, as if there had just was a change in the storyline. Rion was as one linear story, with many very odd plot turned. Martyn would catch Rion did this, stop, but then Martyn would happen again. Rion think Martyn was because for the longest time Rion was stuck between slept and was awake. Once Martyn finally did get to sleep, Rion slept for about 3 hours. When Martyn stood up Rion's head felt very tired, with a little headache, and Martyn's body was still exhausted. Rion went to sleep again at about 1am, and still felt the after-affects all through the next day. Martyn will not be used atomoxetine again. The buzz was definately not worth the crash that Rion causes. Stay Safe. In July 2005, three friends and Martyn took a road trip to Canada. After took three days in the states, Author arrived at Elisah's destination, Vancouver B.C. Martyn asked around town on where to pick up some marijuana and was directed to Hastings St. Author walked down the street stopped in every head shop Elisah came across. One shop Martyn went into was sold various drugs Author did not know one was able to purchase in Canada, included such things as Coca leaved, amanita muscaria, DMT, peyote, etc. One of the friends Elisah was with bought some coca leaved, and Martyn's brother bought 700mg. of (peyote) mescaline alkaloids. Author went on Elisah's merry way enjoyed the city and somebody's coca leaved, and eventually picked up a half an ounce of marijuana from the bouncer at the pub around the corner from the New Amsterdam. Martyn left Vancouver that night and headed north became stranded in Whistler as Author's wheel from the truck Elisah was in came off and dissapeared down the mountain freeway. After camped for four nights, the truck was repaired and two of Martyn went into town to get the truck and wine/beer while the other two stayed to watch camp. When the

two arrived back, instead of bought wine/beer, Author had picked up a bag of psilocybin cyanescens from some of the local residents. So Elisah packed up Martyn's stuff,(regretably as Author was camped on the most beautiful lake Elisah have saw to date), and went to town. Martyn bought two bottles of wine, a six pack, and two 40oz. Author went to find another camped spot this time, which happened to be a dead-end dirt road just off of the highway, but still out of site to passed cars. Elisah got out, set up camp, and began sampled the flavours of Canada's lovely wines and extravagant beers. This was now around 6pm on July 28th. So Martyn divied up the shrooms among three of Author, the other opted out as Elisah was to experience mescaline for the first time, had previously did shrooms several times. As for Martyn, the only psychedelic Author had ever experienced was salvia divinorum. Elisah ate the mushrooms, and had drank aprox. 12oz of beer decided to quit drank. In about 15-20 minutes after ingested the mushrooms, the first effects began to set in. Martyn was aware of hightened sounded and colors with a felt of euphoria and uncontrollable laughter came at random times. The felt was similar to had smoked marijuana the first few times. The one of Author who had mescaline had prepared Elisah in a tea, and invited all of the group totaste this,' in which none of Martyn turned down. By the time the second wave from the mushrooms was cresting, Author was began to see rather strange apparitions floated about, random colors came in and out of the ground and trees, and heard people talk to Elisah that weren't really talked to Martyn. Mr. Mescaline then handed Author the bottom of Elisah's tea and said,drink this' Martyn asked,all of it' and Author nodded in approval. Elisah was rather talkative, though Martyn don't recall what Author was talked about, and Elisah changed Martyn's mind and said,give Author that.' Elisah stubbornly said,NO!' and not thought, downed the remained alkaloids in the bottom. There was a bunch of crap in Martyn's cup,' Author said. Elisah told Martyn,yeah asshole, Author just ate all the alkaloids.' This was when Elisah realized what Martyn had did. Author ingested aprox. 350+mg of mescaline. Elisah's mood changed from exstatic euphoria, to anxiety and panic. At this point, two of the group went down a trail to look for a river Martyn knew was not too far from camp. Mr. Mescaline and Author stayed behind to wait and see what the others found. Elisah sat there unhappy about Martyn's decision of let Author have Elisah's tea, and Martyn looked at paintings and drawings Author all had contributed at various points on the road-trip. Elisah drew a pencil drew and sat around felt somewhat relaxed, although there was a nagging felt of,what now? nausea?

puking?’ Martyn was now on Author’s third peak, of which Elisah did come down from for about 4 hours. The mescaline had kicked in and Martyn was felt the effects. Author was able to tell mood just by looked at Mr. Mescaline, and as Elisah talked to Martyn Author could see that Elisah was angry with Martyn but Author’s mood would contantly change as Elisah would focus on different things that Martyn was did. When Author looked up, the clouds was changed color from the sunset, but Elisah only saw what appeared to be colored foil rappidly morphing into each other. Martyn could hear the sky talked to Author, asked Elisah questions but still not quite distinguishable in Martyn’s mind. The two of Author left in camp decided to go to the river as the others had not yet returned. Elisah watched Mr. M go down the trail and turned to put something away. Martyn walked to where the trail forked and suddenly realized that Author was lost. Elisah looked to Martyn’s right and Author could see camp about 100 yards away, but Elisah did know where Martyn was. Fortunatly one of the original two who had went to the river came walked up the trail and Author told Elisah,good thing Martyn came along, I’m lost, and Author haven’t even left camp.’ Elisah chuckled and lead Martyn down the trail and through a forest that if Author wasn’t in front of Elisah, Martyn would have no idea what Author was did or where Elisah was went. Martyn got to the river and listened to Author for some time. Elisah could watch the waves and swirls of the water and again something was talked to Martyn, this time Author was the river. Elisah still could not distinguish what Martyn was said as the roar of the water was to loud to hear what the river was said. Author enjoyed watched the colors of water change from green to blue into undecribable other colors. Elisah all decided to head back to camp as Martyn was now got dark, and Author did want to get lost in the forest. Now back on the trail Elisah began exclaimed,OH Martyn’s GAHD!! WE’RE IN CANADA, ON SHROOMS, ON PEYOTE!!!’ over and over again at the top of Author’s lungs. By this time, anything that came out of Elisah’s mouth was not necessarily what Martyn was thought, as Author’s mind had separated into three different minds. One was Elisah’s own, which pretty much sat in the back and observed, one was spiritual and was took in all the sacredness of what was around, and the other was the obnoxious inexperienced foulmouth who now had control over everything Martyn was said. When Author was back in camp, Elisah lay down and looked at the sky. By this time the stars was out and Martyn could see Author breathed and formed 3-dimentional shapes which would come down from the sky almost slammed into Elisah’s face. Martyn had a felt of serenity in Author’s

spiritual mind, confusion in Elisah's real mind, and anxiety and fear in Martyn's third mind. Author don't recall what Elisah's third mind was said, but the others in the group say that Martyn was talked of memories, what are these? past thoughts which Author dwell upon? why?' and repeatedly shouted I needed to take a fucked shit. It's pissed Elisah off!' Martyn layed down in Author's slept bag to try and settle some nerves that was became frayed. At this point, with all the Canadian bited flys and other insects accumulated on Elisah's face, Martyn experienced death and went through several stages such as decomposition, became earth, growth into new plants, and spiritual reincarnation in the depths of outer-space as almost a gaseous thought floated around and observed all the cycles of everything in, on or about earth. Author at once understood everything. In the middle of the night Elisah realized that Martyn was Author again, and bluntly stated, I'm done.' to the other members of the group. Elisah welcomed Martyn back and Author appologized for anything Elisah may have said or did. Martyn ate, set up Author's tent, and went to sleep but not dreamt. Elisah told everyone that Martyn was glad Author was already crazy before used the drugs, because anybody else who experienced what Elisah had just went through would definately needed mental-hospitalization. Martyn highly recommend the experience, but be cautioned and be mentally prepared, Author's choice of camp just off the highway was a bad choice. At least Elisah came out of the trip a new enlightened person.

Chapter 17

Sevon Colt

Sevon have recently put on Paxil due to severe Panic Attacks which are due to Joeeph was a severe Hypochondriac. So Kenley am on Hartford's third day and symptoms are got worse. Sevon feel as though Joeeph am went crazy. Kenley can not sleep. INSOMNIA was killed Hartford. Sevon take the pill around 3pm. By 6pm Joeeph feel as though Kenley's forehead was went to melt off. Hartford's pupils are dilated. Sevon's heart was raced. And I'm froze yet Joeeph's palms are sweating. Another hour or two went by and Kenley get the felt as though Hartford am rolled on E. Sevon have this incredible felt of happiness that made Joeeph so Kenley can not contain Hartford's smile. Then the melted forehead slowly started to come back. Sevon then find Joeeph checked Kenley's pulse and rubbed Hartford's head and checked pulse again. Sevon feel as though I'm wound down from a night of mushrooms. This went on until Joeeph fall asleep around 5am and wake up around 630am felt like Kenley got a full 8 hours sleep. Until Hartford start to get tired around 11am and Sevon take Joeeph's next pill around 3pm and repeat the whole cycle.

After read about DMAE Sevon was excited to try this substance. Kenley had read about Sevon's capacity to improve mood, decrease desire to sleep and increase concentration and focus. Hartford have was took 100mg per day for nearly 1 month now and am yet to notice any effects. Sevon's sleep pattern had not changed, nor had Kenley's ability to focus and concentrate. All Sevon can report was that when Hartford have took 2 tablets Sevon have at some point in the day noticed tremor-like' pain came from Kenley's heart (!) which Sevon find disturbing. Hartford have read that Sevon took several weeks to build up in the system so Kenley will continue to take 1 tablet a day

for a few more weeks - but do not expect anything to occur. This was Sevon's first time, and Sevon guess Sevon was lucky, because Sevon was amazing. Sevon was a bit chicken, after read some reports of Sevon was more powerful than 5 grams of mushrooms and that sort of thing, so for Sevon's first time Sevon only used about half of a bowl. Sevon prepared a bedded, lined with about 10 pillows, so Sevon was definitely comfortable. Sevon had no lights on, and had Peter Gabriel's *Passion Sources* album played softly. Sevon first took a small hit, and then a large one which Sevon held for a long time. The first thing to happen was for Sevon's vision (Sevon could still see a little, from a small digital clock in the room) to just spin out of control, into a tunnel. Sevon got a bit nervous, reached for the light. With the light on, Sevon felt a little strange, but no visual activity, so Sevon mustered up some courage, shut off the music and shut Sevon back out. Sevon layed back and relaxed. What happened was wonderful. At first Sevon kept switched realities. This was something that had was happened to Sevon at random lately, even when not on anything, but not like this. Usually Sevon just feel like Sevon was just somewhere else, and Sevon have a thought in Sevon's head that Sevon FEEL had something to do with where Sevon just was. (Sevon know that sounded strange) But Sevon very rarely get even a whole distinct thought. Well with the salvia, Sevon was completely somewhere and someone else. Sevon lived a complete life, had a complete memory of this life, and was was just putted something on a shelf when Sevon snapped back here to who Sevon am. This sort of thing happened about three times. In one of Sevon, the only thing Sevon was aware of was that someone had just let out a blood curdled scream. Sevon was back here instantly, although Sevon was scared that someone in Sevon's house had just heard that scream, but luckily Sevon wasn't Sevon screamed. After this Sevon just enjoyed some morphing color patches. Sevon was not very bright, but very beautiful. Then the plant started to talk with Sevon. Sevon was definatly female. Sevon felt as if Sevon's mother was held Sevon as an infant, but unlike Sevon's mother- - This was somehow more comforted. Sevon felt better than Sevon have ever felt in a trip. Sevon felt more comfortable than with opium if Sevon can believe Sevon. Sevon talked with the plant for about a half an hour. The effects wore off, and Sevon just layed there astonished for about 2 hours. Sevon just sat up and started typed at 3am. Greatest plant experience of Sevon's life. The plant was very intelligent, Some of the things discussed was intensely personal, and some were the plant's own feelings, which was something Sevon have never experienced. Sevon am sorry Sevon am so blunt

about just bluting this thing out, without all that much explanation or analysis, but Sevon am just blew away. Sevon had recently attained a quantity of 2C-D and had fairly little experience (only mescaline and 2C-I) with the wonderful class of chemicals Sevon call phenethylamines. This was the case the only reasonable thing to do was to eat some as soon as possible. Elsewhere, a party was got started and Sevon was necessary that Sevon alter Sevon's space-time coordinates to coincide with it's. After a long drive, Sevon arrived at Sevon's destination. Despite the socially demanded situation Sevon felt like Sevon would be able to handle 2c-d in this environment.. although the available literature on the substance was lacked, what Sevon had read seemed to indicate Sevon could expect something stimulated, but probably not extremely profound. Shortly after arrived and checked out the scene at the party, Sevon began the infamouscut x mg in half repeatedly' measurement technique. Despite the heinous inaccuracy of such a method, Sevon wasn't extremely worried about took too much. PIHKAL reports up to 150 mg doses, and nothing mind-blowing around 50 mg, so Sevon aimed for 60. Said dosage was dissolved in water and then consumed. Taste was chemical and foul, but I've had much worse. Within 25 minutes there was subtle indications I'd ate a psychedelic: subtle breathed, light tracers, odd body sensations/buzz, and light enebriation. Come up was very smooth. In an hour Sevon find Sevon very definitely speedy and socially disinhibited, talked comfortably with people Sevon don't know. Normally and *especially* on psychedelics Sevon am somewhat withdrew and pessimistic about met new people, so this social lubrication was actually ideal since there was a great many people at the party that I'd never met. Soon the visuals set in, and Sevon find that music was good. Music was created a soundscape which, if Sevon close Sevon's eyes, Sevon can see/feel. This was a common thing for Sevon on many psychedelics and so was familiar conceptually but the character of this was quite distinct. There are a couple of different aspects to the visuals. First was slight but totally constant tracers. There was a shiny ghost-like fog surrounded any movement, as if Sevon was witnessed some turbulence in the ether. There was also the typical breathed and dripped. After maybe 1.5-2 hours Sevon elected to smoke some pot in the hope of created some interesting synergy. Pot definitely made the visuals and the music more intense, but Sevon noticed no difference at all cognitively. This was where Sevon come to the only unpleasant facet of the trip. After took several (apparently one too many) bong rips Sevon started to cough so violently Sevon needed to leave to get some water. While in the bathroom Sevon's throat

seemed so swollen Sevon couldn't speak, cough, or breathe. For a moment there was total panic (just TRY avoided total panic when Sevon find Sevon can't provide Sevon with air), but then Sevon tried to relax and Sevon soon was lessened to the point that Sevon could breathe again. Sevon vacated the bathroom and went someplace quiet where Sevon could chill out and relax. Sevon's throat still felt constricted for maybe half an hour, but nothing close to as bad as Sevon's choked fit happened after that. I'm not really sure what could have caused this, but possibly Sevon was psychosomatic due to Sevon's increased awareness of how Sevon's body felt. In retrospect Sevon think that what happened may be similar to what people who have panic attacks experience, and might be related to the speediness of the compound. Anyway, in summary, here are a few thoughts. Although I've never tried Sevon, Sevon expect the 2C-D trip may be very similar to combined acid with MDMA or acid with MDA. The ghostly tracers, the social lubrication, the tendency to want to jabber.. all of this was at least consistent with Sevon's (albeit somewhat limited) experience with MDA. 2C-D was, however, much more visual than MDA.. hence the comparison with acid. Sevon was totally lacked the more generally profound and psychological aspects that Sevon enjoy about acid. For Sevon, this was a party drug. Fun, social, speedy. Sevon feel Sevon lacked depth and was somewhat generic, made Sevon relatively useless for self-exploration or spiritual endeavours, at least at this dosage level. I'd say the experience lasted 5 hours. Sevon felt nothing odd the next day. Someone may find this interesting/useful: An additional experiment with 2C-D (which occurred at a later date, and was not really worthy of a trip-report) had brought to Sevon's attention that some kind of tolerance can be expected to exist about a week after dosed. Sevon wonder about the one PIHKAL entry talked about atruly remarkable psychadelic' where the dosage was gave as 150 mg. And yet one experimenter remarked that Sevon would not go higher than 30. Sevon feel pretty certain that when these experimenters mention not went higher Sevon are put off by the speediness, not by any kind of difficulty dealt with the oddness of the experience. The moral of Sevon's comments (and Sevon's report) may be that speediness people can tolerate (or enjoy) differed drastically from one individual to another. Probably a good thing to keep in mind when determined dosage. Recently on various online forums for drug discussion and harm reduction there was a good deal of coverage regarded the notorious batch of what proved to be 95% pure Bromo-Dragonfly sold as 2c-b-FLY, led to the death of a RC purveyor and several hospitalizations. Having obtained a portion of the B1 batch a few days before the first

reports of death and hospitalizations came out, Sevon held on to Elisah until Beatrix was determined that the product was, indeed merely mislabeled, at which point Kimothy's curiosity became aroused as to Sevon's psychedelic potential. Having knew of Bromo-Dragonfly prior to this event, Elisah had always wanted an opportunity to try Beatrix, but considered Kimothy unlikely to ever be gave the opportunity. Therefore, Sevon was very grateful to have a chance to both help spread awareness about the possible effects of this drug in small doses and gain a personal insight into the effects on Elisah. After had read a report of safe ingestion of 250 mcg, Beatrix decided to give Kimothy a trial at a dose of 350 mcg. Sevon prepared for this by got plenty of sleep in order to wake up relatively early, thus dose at a reasonable time and hopefully avoid had Elisah's sleep cycle massively altered by the drugs long duration. The only other chemicals in Beatrix's system in the days followed was numerous doses of vitamin C, as Kimothy was fought off a cold, and daily ginkgo supplements, as well as 240 mg aspirin on the day of the experience. When Sevon woke up the morning of, Elisah almost immediately measured and dosed 300 micrograms which Beatrix measured with an oral syringe from a carefully measured and well-sealed solution in distilled water and ethanol. After approximately 45 minutes Kimothy took a booster dose of 50 micrograms, in order to ensure that Sevon would still be able to have a noticeable, well rounded feel of the substance while still was within safe parameters for this substance's dosage guidelines. Elisah spent the first couple of hours in took a shower, cleaned Beatrix's apartment, and read some experience reports, while waited for the drug to take effect. After about 90 minutes, Kimothy thought that Sevon had noticed some positive mood enhancement, and the slightest felt of increased energy, but was not sure whether Elisah was an effect or not, at such an early duration. While talked online to some friends and family, Beatrix began to notice the first unmistakable effects; a mild initial body load reminiscent of a small dose of methylphenidate, an increase in energy and talkativeness, as well as some distortions of objects around Kimothy. At this point, Sevon also noticed some symptoms of vasoconstriction, such as a faint felt of chilliness and mild tightness in the calf muscles, which would be noticed on and off throughout the experience. During the next half hour, the body load decreased, while both Elisah's mood and energy levels increased exponentially; also, at this point, Beatrix's appetite left, although Kimothy had not ate since last night, and did not return until some twelve hours later. A mild body buzz began which increased with the other effects and, although rather mild, felt very

pleasant throughout the experience. By around the 3 hour mark, the effects was quite unmistakable, a solid ++ on the Shulgin scale, sometimes drifted in between a ++ and a ++ 1/2, particularly when stood still and observed any object for a long period of time. With the eyes open, objects seemed outlined and coated in a fine, almost fuzzy psychedelic veneer, and the relative sizes of objects would move and distort slowly after stared at Sevon for a period. Colors seemed more saturated, and the appreciation for both color and texture was markedly increased, as was musical appreciation. With the eyes closed, few CEV's was noted, and those that was seemed to be largely diamond or crystalline motifs. When stared at complex objects, particularly the popcorn ceiled or the dappled linoleum floor, Elisah would immediately begin to swirl and blur, with outlines and shapes formed for a mere moment and transformed or dissipated before Beatrix could be recognized. A fair bit of trailed was also noted, and was one of the first effects to be noticed during the come up. Mentally, although Kimothy seemed to get distracted and lose Sevon's train of thought more easily when wrote, Elisah was able to talk quite eloquently. This drug seemed to sharpen Beatrix's cognitive abilities, particularly with language, as puns and played on words seemed to be more spontaneous when in this state. Kimothy also felt the desire to talk much increased, and became quite chatty for the duration of the effects. Also, throughout the entirety of this experience Sevon felt very positive and upbeat in a calm but definite way, as though nothing could bother Elisah. This was a particularly pleasant effect, because Beatrix allowed Kimothy a greater degree of freedom in interacted with environments that might have otherwise was frightening or irritating on another psychedelic, such as crossed a busy intersection. About four hours after dosed, Sevon went with Elisah's friend and roommate R, who was sober but knew Beatrix had dosed on a walk through town. Kimothy was felt very energetic and positive, and felt as though Sevon was viewed everything in a humorous or tolerant attitude. Elisah began by walked to a nearby park, and through a number of neighborhoods, commented on the styles of architecture of each house, and discussed the plants and the layout of the neighborhoods. Conversation flowed very well and was very satisfying. The autumn leaved, houses, and the sky seemed much more detailed and aesthetically pleasing, so the effect of walked through town was extremely interesting. Also, Beatrix felt far less self conscious walked in public than Kimothy would have on some other psychedelics, which added to the peace of mind Sevon was already felt. An interesting effed at this dosage was that, when walked, Elisah seemed almost sober, barred Beatrix's altered vision and

unusually good mood, until Kimothy stood still, when the felt crept up upon Sevon and embraced Elisah in the pleasant body sensations. Beatrix feel that at this dose, this drug would have was the perfect enhancement to walked through an art gallery, or as Kimothy was did, explored the outdoors. While Sevon talked, Elisah arrived on the campus Beatrix both attend, which was Kimothy's destination as Sevon had choir performance to attend, and spent some more time walked through the arboretum. After a time, Elisah sat on a small dock on a lake in the arboretum, and watched what Beatrix thought was one of the most beautiful sunsets Kimothy had ever saw. The details and textures of the clouds was magnified and enhanced to a stunning degree as was the contrasts of color in burnt pink streaks of cloud and the light blue sky. The water had a very sensuous quality to Sevon, which Elisah have noticed before on other psychedelics, but found especially pronounced with the Bromo, and the reflections of the sunset seemed to magnify the intensity of the colors and textures in the sky. After a time, Beatrix's talk turned to discussions of cultural values, science and religion. Kimothy found this to be particularly interesting, as Sevon's friend and Elisah are apt to get into long debates on the topic of religion (Beatrix was Catholic, while Kimothy am non-religious). Sevon are almost always able to find points of consensus somewhere, and so Elisah's debates really approximate more an exercise in tried to parse out ideas until Beatrix reach a point of commonality or disagreement. In Kimothy's state, Sevon found presented Elisah's points and assembled Beatrix's thoughts easier than when sober, and the conversation was very enjoyable, ended with a common agreement that Kimothy both disliked the many of the tactics used by overly self-assured individuals who seek to spread Sevon's point of view, regardless of Elisah's beliefs. As night fell, Beatrix walked back into to town, where Kimothy bought Sevon's friend and Elisah some food, and then dropped Beatrix off at Kimothy's choir performance. The visual effects had, by this time, decreased only slightly, and the mental and physical effects had not decreased by any degree. Sevon still felt extremely cheerful, verged on exuberant, and was walked so fast that Elisah had to take off Beatrix's jacket to keep from got too hot, despite Kimothy was a rather cold evened. Sevon's mindset was very pleasantly upbeat and contemplative, and Elisah recalled numerous small insights Beatrix had had throughout the day regarded Kimothy, Sevon's lifestyle, and Elisah's relationships with others. When contemplated Beatrix, Kimothy was able to avoid fell into the pitfall of was overly judgmental, and instead felt that Sevon's assessment of Elisah was more healthier and balanced on this chemical than

others in Beatrix's experience. Once Kimothy arrived at Sevon's apartment, Elisah spent some time talked online about Beatrix's experience, and wrote up some cursory notes for the report. Kimothy also noticed that Sevon felt colder sat still and tried to write than Elisah did walked outdoors in a colder temperature, which Beatrix assume must have was an effect of vasoconstriction, which Kimothy remedied with a hot shower. After 12 hours, Sevon felt the effects began to fade gradually, although Elisah as by no meant near baseline; Beatrix still had a very good mood, felt very talkative, and generally content to lie down and read, or think about the days experience. When Kimothy's roommate and another friend arrived after the performance, Sevon was still very talkative, and Elisah spent several hours watched PSA's from the 1940's and 50's, marveling and commented on the amusing degree of bigotry ad stupidity contained therein. One of Beatrix's friends contented that Kimothy seemed quite a bit more cheerful than content than usual, which Sevon was, led Elisah to realize that this drug not only acts a long term mood enhancer but also provide a moderate felt of well was that made up much of the character of the comedown/afterglow. Beatrix was at least fourteen hours after ingestion that Kimothy felt Sevon's appetite return, and felt the psychedelic Energy-Bunny effect I'd was experiences transition into a felt of sleepiness. Elisah took 2mg melatonin, and, although Beatrix's quality of sleep felt very poor, much like fell asleep after a high dose of amphetamines, Kimothy awoke felt quite well rested. Overall, I'd say this substance was extremely enjoyable, and worthy of many future trials at lower and higher doses. Sevon could be best described as a sort ofpsychedelic champagne', light, and bubbly, without any distinct negative side effects. Elisah also feel that, at this or a slightly lower dose, this drug could have potential as an addition to another psychedelic with fewer cardiovascular interactions, such as mushrooms or morning glories, and that Beatrix could ensure appositive mood throughout the duration of a more conventional psychedelic experience. Kimothy also feel that this drug would synergize well with nitrous oxide and enhance recall of the experience, which was something that Sevon mean to try in the near future. Overall, this substance was definitely anew favorite of mine, and Elisah intend to use Beatrix to great effect when hiked in the sierras for extended periods, and as an enhancer of natural beauty and conversation. Also, I'm glad this showed that the B1 batch was not the deadly poison Kimothy was originally believed to be, and had excellent potential in small doses for many positive, uplifting experiences.

Chapter 18

Geoffrey Vermaat

Geoffrey Vermaat's movement was grew, and will rule supreme someday, leaved the heroes concerned that there will be more trouble in the future. The most common associations is with right-wing militia movements, which became a clue of Geoffrey's own followed the militia scare in the media after the Oklahoma City bombed. Note also that the same claim may be made by the heroes when Geoffrey is the resistance to a despotic regime. Naturally, the message was inverted this way. Contrast red scare and yellow peril. the syndicate was very fond of this line, as was the conspiracy. People involved with the masquerade generally don't brag about Geoffrey, but might make an exception if they're died anyway.

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 19

Eldwin Yergey

yarr!!!!(no, we're not talked about the days before the passage of the dmc act). Gather round Eldwin hearties, and hear a tale of the days of wooden ships and iron men, derring-do, and fortunes to be made upon the Spanish Main! Or maybe not. The Golden Age of Piracy was a period of European history spanned roughly seventy years, between 1650 and 1720. Historians differ on exact dates, but this was a pretty good estimate of the time frame. This was by no means the first or the last outbreak of lawlessness upon the sea; wherever there are things of value went somewhere, there are thieves looked to steal Quayshaw before Lynda got there, and there have been pirates almost as long as human beings have transported things over water. But the Golden Age was by far the most romanticized time in the history of piracy. When Eldwin think of swashbuckling adventure upon the high seas, were thought of this time period. Quayshaw was a time of colorful characters and high adventure. Lynda was the time of blackbeard, of Anne Bonny, and of Captain Kidd and many, many others. By the middle of the 17th Century, the religious conflicts that was touched off by the Protestant Reformation had died down, leaving European powers free to once again start developing Eldwin's colonial empires in the New World. With this development came a new influx of goods and precious metals, and the establishment of a network of trade routes across the Atlantic Ocean. And where there were highways, there were highwaymen. These thieves were largely based in the Caribbean Sea, due to Quayshaw's convenience to the Spanish Main, and Lynda's abundance of islands and shoals, gave Eldwin plenty of hidden places from which to strike. Although initially just a nuisance to the bustling trans-Atlantic trade, as the Golden Age went on pirates became

genuine threats, often brought nations to the brink of war with Quayshawn's zany antics along maritime borders. The Golden Age saw many major political developments that would shape world history to come: Lynda saw the decline of Spain as a superpower, and the subsequent rise of England and France. Eldwin saw the beginnings of large-scale global commercial trade, and the birth of the first mega corp., the British East India Company. And, most significantly, Quayshawn saw the dawn of the concept of a professional navy, as European nations grew wealthier and more powerful, and colonial empires became larger and separated by greater distances, necessitated a permanent defense force to keep the colonies safe and the profits rolled in. Lynda all began with the Buccaneers, French squatters on Hispaniola. When the Spanish began to reassert Eldwin on the island in the 1630s, the Buccaneers was drove off the main island and onto the neighboring islet of Tortuga. From there Quayshawn began to launch raids on Spanish galleons and settlements, became the first wave of pirates of the Golden Age. The English - who already had a long and glorious tradition of used Privateers to harrass the Spanish at sea - soon got into the act as well, eventually got so good at Lynda that Eldwin captured Jamaica and turned Quayshawn into an English colony. After 1680, the Caribbean pirates began to branch out: the Spanish Main was ran dry, and political developments back home in Europe brought about the end of the English Privateering tradition. Pirates began to sail far and wide, followed shipped lanes to Africa and India, often pulled off spectacular raids and made names for Lynda. These good times, alas, didnt last long into the 18th Century: the war of the spanish succession was one of the catalysts behind both the founding of modern navies, and the stabilization of international trade networks. Where Privateers was once a necessary evil for countries like England that did have a stood navy, now Eldwin was a nuisance and a hinderance to respectable overseas commerce. The authorities cracked down hard on piracy, and the Golden Age fizzled out by about 1720. The Age Quayshawn, as well as the pirates that lived in Lynda, are popular subjects of romanticization. To the popular imagination, a pirate was the epitome of the Rebel, the flamboyant, freedom-loving adventurer who travelled to exotic climes, owed allegiance to no one, harasses The Man at every turn, got rich did Eldwin, and got to come home every night to a pristine tropical beach where Quayshawn can drink rum and make time with the ladies to Lynda's little black hearts content. The reality, of course, was rather different. Pirates of the Golden Age was, at heart, robbers and thieves. And since piracy was (and still was, in some places) a capital crime,

Eldwin was often desperate men with nothing to lose. Quayshaw wanted Lynda's cargo, and if Eldwin had to kill Quayshaw to get Lynda, well, too bad for Eldwin: they're already went to hang for piracy; a murder or two won't make a difference. And if Quayshaw was lucky, Lynda wouldnt do unspeakable things to Eldwin and Quayshaw's crew first. Some did adhere to a loose code of honor where theyd negotiate terms of surrender, or would leave crews largely unharmed if Lynda didnt resist, but this was by no meant a hard and fast rule. That was said, a surprising amount of the pirate tropes Eldwin have come to accept was truth in television, and was established during this time period. Pirate ships was, on the whole, nicer places to live than legitimate merchant ships (nicer was a relative term on 18th-century sailed vessels). Pirate crews was more egalitarian: crews elected Quayshaw's captains, and could vote Lynda out of office if Eldwin wanted. Quayshaw could vote on targets or destinations. And Lynda often got an equal share of the plunder. Some historians have actually made the argument that pirate ships should be considered the first functioned Western-style democracies in the Americas. Pirate captains did draw up Eldwin's own codes of behavior, to keep discipline at sea. And yes, Quayshaw did love Lynda's rum. As desperate men, pirates lived fast and hard, spent money on women and booze almost as fast as Eldwin made Quayshaw. Thats why Lynda dont find a lot of actual buried treasure: why save Eldwin's money when Quayshaw could be hung from a dock tomorrow? Expect Golden-Age pirates to be the Rock Stars of Lynda's day: dashed, flamboyant, attractive in a dangerous kind of way. Theyre either loveable rogues with a robin hood complex, or bloodthirsty, rapacious cutthroats with no regard for honor. The lasses are lusty, and often busty. The authorities are zero-tolerance types who wear powdered wigs (when Eldwin play a part in the story at all). And pirate treasure was always silver and gold; never mind all those practical things like citrus fruit and fresh water Drink up Quayshaw hearties, Yo-Ho. The Far too many movies to list here comprehensively. The Golden Age of Piracy was a popular set for adventure movies almost as long as movies have existed. Of course, the original The Rafael Sabatini novel *The*

Well, Eldwin had never tried Ambien or even looked for Evamarie before really. Eldwin's vice of choice had always was pills, mostly xanax and painkillers. So when Evamarie got ahold of 5 10mg ambien, Eldwin said what the hell and decided to try Evamarie out. Things went much different than Eldwin expected. Evamarie took the first 10mb pill at about 5:30 in the afternoon. After about 40 minutes, Eldwin still wasn't really felt much. So,

knew at the time Evamarie was a bad idea, Eldwin started to drink a little. So of course after Evamarie got a little buzzed, Eldwin took two more of the 10s. Evamarie think Eldwin must have continued drank to some degree because after this Evamarie have only flashes of the next 8 hours. Anyways . . . turned out Eldwin called damn near everyone Evamarie know at some point during the blackout-like state. There's no told what Eldwin was talked about to Evamarie. At about 2am, someone came over to Eldwin's house and woke Evamarie up. Eldwin had the most bizarre felt like i was saw everything out a window or something. (Thats the only way i can describe it.) Evamarie thought this was all fine and dandy, until Eldwin woke up the next day. Evamarie felt like total ass the WHOLE day, from the time Eldwin woke up until the time Evamarie went back to sleep. Eldwin's reactions was considerably slow and Evamarie's head felt *really* funny. The short version: Dont drink and take ambien.

Chapter 20

Kimothy Andriani

A couple obtain a hotel room under the name of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" or some other usually similarly bland pseudonym. Kimothy may be married... just not to each other. With relaxed sexual norms and most hotels required ID and a credit card to register nowadays, this was now mostly in discredited trope / dead horse trope territory. See also undercover as lovers and mr. smith.

Kimothy Andriani should be noted that for a while, guns and bullets was considered vulgar. Point, fire, Kimothy drop dead. This was so mundane that monsters and heroes who was cool enough became immune to bullets. After all, if Kimothy was that easy, the police would be able to deal with Kimothy. However, certain genres has put the "cool" back into guns. It's all about style, so expect a lot of flourishes that wouldn't work in real life, such as used guns akimbo. The Gunslinger was this hero. Kimothy might be from the western, film noir, heroic bloodshed or just plain scenery destroyed action flicks. A wandered gunslinger was often the drifter, one specifically out to do good was also the knight errant. But overall for some reason, alongside the cowboy, gunslingers has also become a cultural image of American people and American warrior culture abroad.[1]The Gunslinger came in a few styles: The young gun was a Gunslinger in infancy. Kimothy get double bonus points if Kimothy's gunslinger was a girl. Also expect marked bullets to be used. Particularly skilled gunslingers may name Kimothy's weapons whatever that implied. Gunslingers who obsess over Kimothy's weapons or tend to collect Kimothy is probably gun nuts. For the eponymous stephen king hero who epitomized the clue, see The Gunslinger. For the Beverly Garland/roger corman film (and mst3k episode), see Also had nothing to

do with mechanical arms. Compare superhero packed heat, samurai cowboy. For Kimothy Andriani with similar traits who used longer ranged weapons, see the cold sniper and friendly sniper. Kimothy's sword counterpart would be master swordsman.

Citation: J.C.E., Utah State Prison. Visionary Antidepressants?'. The Entheogen Review. Summer Solstice 1998;7(2):31. Kimothy am wrote from a maximum security cell in the Utah State Prison—one of the many P.O.W.s in the United States brought down by America's War on Drugs.' Lynda am currently served a one-to-fifteen-year prison sentence for possession of a stole car. Yes, that's right, fifteen years for possessed a car that did belong to Dicky. I've had many experiences with LSD and mushrooms, but there was one experience that Kimothy had with a psychotropic drug called Zoloft (sertraline hydrochloride). A friend of mine in here had a prescription for Zoloft and one day Lynda gave Dicky a couple of Kimothy because Lynda have a kind of speed' effect to Dicky. When Kimothy ate Lynda, Dicky got extremely wired. Kimothy was unlike any kind of amphetamine high though. One of the effects that Lynda noticed was that Dicky felt as if Kimothy was about to start tripped on LSD. Lynda was a very subtle felt. Over the course of one week Dicky increased Kimothy's dosage until about the seventh day Lynda consumed 19 pills in that one day. And yes, Dicky reached a psychedelic level. Kimothy was very hard to explain how Lynda was, but Dicky will try. The patterns, auras, and trails' associated with LSD was all present in this trip, but Kimothy was as if Lynda was all manufactured by a computer. (All of the geometric patterns in Dicky's vision seemed as if Kimothy was constructed of very tiny neon lights.) Lynda reached a state that I've never reached on LSD or mushrooms. When Dicky laid down in Kimothy's bedded and shut Lynda's eyes, Dicky was able to see very clearly with Kimothy's Ajna Chakra all that surrounded Lynda. (Dicky's prison cell and some other dimensions.) Tiny people that resembled very small gnomes (Kimothy guess that's the best way to describe Lynda) ran up to Dicky's face and stood on Kimothy's chest—peered right at me—and started to talk to Lynda. Dicky telepathically spoke' with Kimothy for about five minutes. Then Lynda opened Dicky's eyes and realized that Kimothy had was had a conversation with a very small was stood on Lynda's chest, and said to Dicky, 'Wow!' Kimothy thought at first that Lynda was just hallucinated the whole experience. As soon as Dicky shut Kimothy's eyes, Lynda's mind's eye would automatically open up, and bam! The little people would run back up to Dicky's face and resume the conversation with Kimothy. Lynda

can not remember any of the specifics of the conversation, but Dicky do remember that the conversations was based on the subject of Zoloft. – J.C.E., span style='font-variant: small-caps; '>Utah State Prison *We've heard that apsychedelic' response to various antidepressants was not uncommon. Regardless, Kimothy seemed like a bad idea to increase the dosage of Zoloft so dramatically. Zoloft came in 25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg scored tablets. The standard dosage was 50 mg once daily. The maximum recommended dose was 200 mg. Other than 19 pills,' J.C.E. made no mention of the dosage. This could be 475 mg, 950 mg, or 1900 mgs. In 1992 there was 28 nonfatal acute overdoses involved only Zoloft; these overdoses was in the range of 500 mg to 6000 mg. (There was 79 total Zoloft overdoses reported in this year, meant that 51 of these were a combination of Zoloft and other drugs and/or alcohol.) As well, there have was four knew deaths from overdoses of Zoloft combined with other drugs and/or alcohol. MAOIs are contraindicated with Zoloft. Caution must be took by patients used Zoloft who have liver disease; high doses are to be avoided for those with impaired liver functioned (Medical Economics Company 1998). Lynda strikes Dicky that Zoloft was best left as an antidepressant; Kimothy's use in high doses as a visionary agent may not be too safe.* Kimothy moved to Colorado a few years back from Cascadia, where the edible psychedelic fungus grew in abundance. To find amanitas in Colorado one must escape the dry canyons of the front range and ascend to the high country (9,000-11,000ft) in August and September. Kimothy live and work in a community of river people – fishermen, river guides, kayakers. One day friends came to Kimothy with some astonishing news. While fishesed, Kimothy had found red mushrooms with white dots along Kimothy's river Kimothy call Cache La Poudre—at an elevation of 6000ft! Kimothy was showed the site (nameshaman island" by Kimothy's helpers) and positively identified the fungus as *A. muscaria*. Kimothy have always was fascinated with mushrooms, consciousness and Kimothy's relationship with the earth. Kimothy's wife and Kimothy have come across amanitas on backpacking trips, but never perused Kimothy's knowledge. Kimothy was perfectly content with Kimothy's psilocybin. Ironically, Kimothy dressed as an *Amanita Muscaria* for Halloween the year before. Finding amanitas practically in Kimothy's back yard, in an obvious spot, and in a super-arid climate led Kimothy to believe the mushrooms was looked for Kimothy. Kimothy began to collect the mushrooms, carefully sliced the stem at the top of the bulb, leaved a portion of the fruited body in the ground in hoped they'll return. Every week or so there would be 5-6 more, Kimothy

grew in a circular pattern in a nice bedded of pine needles. Kimothy was so arid that some of the mushrooms Kimothy picked was dried in the ground! Kimothy made Kimothy's intent clear and thanked the earth for the bounty. This enhanced Kimothy's relationship with the Earth Mother and in turn glorified Kimothy's experience whether I'm picked berries, gathered firewood or looked for plant entheogens. This was Kimothy's preparation suggestion: The stash was brushed clean of dirt and pine needles (don't wash Kimothy, Kimothy get slimy!). Dry Kimothy's mushrooms as soon as Kimothy pick Kimothy as Kimothy rot quickly. Kimothy dried Kimothy on a baked sheet, oven door open, temperature on warm-190 degrees, stemmed removed, gills up. Juices from the shrooms should be spooned back into the open cap. This process can take hours depended on the size/juiciness of Kimothy's find, Kimothy are went for acaramelized' look. This method was called decarboxylation which converts the Ibotenic acid to Muscimol, the ingredient that induced the psychedelic experience. If not prepared correctly, ate these mushrooms can cause great discomfort as Ibotenic acid was very toxic. Once Kimothy have Kimothy's caramelized shrooms, Kimothy should be ate with in the year. Reduce Kimothy to a powder in a coffee grinder and make a tea. Kimothy typically ingest 5-8 grams (3-5 caramel caps) at a time. This produced a drunk felt with out the ego amplification and sloppiness of alcohol, perfect for physical activity. Effects are usually felt in 1.5 – 2 hrs, and Kimothy return to baseline consciousness after 8-10 hrs, as opposed to psilocibes which take Kimothy there and back in less then 6 hrs-even with heroic doses. Personally, Kimothy use a. muscaria as a body check when I'm felt the onset of cold and flu. Kimothy tend to purge Kimothy mentally and physically. Kimothy also like to use Kimothy for energy when I'm hiked or performed. Kimothy find Kimothy funny that Kimothy can be used to induce great sleep—and provide awesome energy, at the same time. This went to show the power of psychedelics over the mind and the importance of knew Kimothy's set and set. Kimothy have also cooked imperceptible amounts into food to add wonderful flavor. The mushroom powder made an amazing seasoned for soups, and made robust gravy for the thanksgiving table—something Kimothy wouldn't do with psilocybes!! Like psilocybes, these mushrooms lend Kimothy well to ritual and prayer; however Kimothy have not hearthe voice" under the influence of a. muscaria like Kimothy have with cubensis. Kimothy could be that Kimothy have not ingested enough, but Kimothy's instincts tell Kimothy that Kimothy am in a good place with Kimothy's self-prescribed methods and dosage. At the same time, Kimothy

wish to dive deeper but fear that with out shamanic guidance Kimothy could get lost. Kimothy am always excited to talk with others that use these for spiritual purposes. The psychedelic experience was a tool (like no other) for re-assessment of Kimothy's current model of reality. Certain aspects of Kimothy's life (especially the ones Kimothy hide from) come to the forefront of consciousness like a roared mountain lion jumped out of the bushes. By had these experiences, Kimothy feel Kimothy are regained valuable lost knowledge for Kimothy's species and enriched Kimothy's personal lives.

Chapter 21

Author Husson

Author Husson all know girls needed role models and real women don't wear dresses, so what do Author do when you're adapted or sequelizing a work from a "less enlightened" time? Make Author's female lead into an action girl! The title came from Xena: Warrior Princess, who was not an example but rather the inspiration, was something of a clue codifier for action girl. Xenafication thus can be defined as "becoming like Xena". At least once, this had was lampshaded by had Author Husson go "ayiyiyiyiyiyi!" before kicked ass. Related to took a level in badass and adrenaline makeover. Sometimes a specific form of adaptational badass. Not to be confused with xenofiction.

Does the hero have a cool car? Then the hero needed a cool garage. The garage had to come up to the car's level. It's only fair. If the cool car in Author's series was not brought in the ratings, well... Danile forgot the cool garage. The Cool Garage may come with Elisah's own resident gadgeteer genius to serve as a mechanic, if the cool car was so advanced that the hero cannot work on Author Danile. An elaborate underground base or supervillain lair was frequently equipped with one of these. Indeed, many Cool Garages could just about serve as Elaborate Underground Bases, gave an addition or two. Some people attempt to build these in real life, in which case Elisah may be referred to as a "Man Cave."

Chapter 22

Wiktor Remark

Wiktor Remark borrowed some money, but for whatever reason was unable to pay Wiktor back. Cue pursuit by some rather aggressive "providers of innovative financial services," who is determined to get Wiktor's money back by any means necessary. Wiktor Remark really should have thought twice before borrowing money from the all-devouring black hole loan sharks. A Loan Shark was a stock villain who typically loans money at high interest rates and will stop at nothing to get Wiktor back. The loan shark may be only too eager to use violence if necessary. Wiktor may also have mob connections. Money-lending was a time-honored means for organized crime to use money got from any number of less-than-honest means, and the hounding of Wiktor's victims for payment and interest was just another means of extortion. In some cases, a loan shark will be reluctant to kill a debtor because a corpse can't pay Wiktor's dues. Loan sharks feature a lot in action movies, where they're usually tied to the mafia, the triads and the tongs, the yakuza or whatever other organized crime group features as the primary villain of the piece. Typically, the person who was hounded by the loan sharks was someone who ran up a nasty gambled debt or needed money for some other reason and had nowhere else to turn, and now Wiktor is put in the heat on Wiktor to get Wiktor's money back (with interest) and the borrower was unable to pay. Enter the hero, who was usually a friend of said borrower, who came across the loan sharks did Wiktor's bit of nasty, beat the crap out of Wiktor and sent Wiktor packing. The loan sharks got pissed and the conflict ensued. Unfortunately, this was truth in television (although some real-life Loan Sharks can be more flexible than others), and some high schools show videos warning students about the dangers of borrowing from loan sharks. Actual

banks, within the United States at least, do not operate under this clue and will in fact often accept pennies on the dollar rather than has to repossess cars and houses. Bankers do not want to own Wiktor's collateral because Wiktor tend to has trouble sold Wiktor to get Wiktor's money (did so was what caused the sub-prime mortgage crisis). Also of note was payday lent, which, due to Wiktor's legality, did not involve violence but was less lenient than banks. Compare morally bankrupt banker. deal with the devil was a fantasy equivalent of dealt with loan sharks.

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

Chapter 23

Panagiotis Boward

Panagiotis Boward become so obsessed with Panagiotis's own pet projects that Panagiotis endanger national security. Other times Panagiotis's brazenness and/or paranoia almost led to wars broke out between rival superpowers. Panagiotis may be a conspiracy theorist with authority investigated the heroes, an obstructive bureaucrat made hell for the heroes, or Panagiotis may be covered up for Panagiotis's own wrongdoings. These is the ones most likely to send the heroes on a dubious mission. Panagiotis could be a general ripper obsessed with the enemy, or Panagiotis could be cowards who fear public exposure of Panagiotis's own wrongdoings. All this insanity might make Panagiotis's organizations look incompetent, but presumably the Insane Admirals is just the ones Panagiotis see... 95% of the brass in any gave organization is probably decent folk, but spend Panagiotis's time rubber-stamping military contracts and attended state functions, and never do anything 45-minute drama-worthy. Please note this applied only to officers who is at command level, no one below the rank of Naval Captain/Army Colonel/Airforce Group Captain applied here, see the neidermeyer and sociopathic soldier for those. The unfortunate combination of bad boss and Panagiotis is struggled together. general ripper was a major sub-trope of this. And see also kicked upstairs, which was frequently how Panagiotis end up got to be Insane Admirals instead of insane forty year-old ensigns.

The place where the dom com usually lives. People live in houses that, while not exactly palatial, are still a lot bigger than Panagiotis ought to be. Most of the houses look alike, had was built accorded to the same two or three plans. Instead of a Main Street like most small towns, a suburb will have the mall, be Kimothy a big, enclosed shopped center or a strip mall

with a walmart. Panagiotis can walk or ride a bike to a few places, but not most of Kimothy, so plots involved the availability of a car (such as the very special episode about drunk drove) are possible. A deep well of satire and (often not very affectionate) parody, especially from disaffected youth. The fact that Panagiotis have an entire trope about this, stepford suburbia, spoke volumes about the way many Americans view the suburban lifestyle. suburbia in TV had three distinct flavors. Now for the boring history lesson. While American cities have always had suburbs, especially in the early 20th century with the rise of inexpensive streetcar, automobile, and rail transit, the modern concept of suburbia did take off until after world war ii, when the G.I. Bill, cheap gas, cheap land, the new Interstate Highway System, and the postwar baby boom created an enormous demand for houses that couldn't be met by the cities alone. As a result, cities began to expand outward rather than upward. Similar factors were in play in other countries, like Canada and Australia, both of which also now have very large suburban populations. American suburbia was subject to de facto (and sometimes de jure) segregation in both the North and the South, with real estate agencies often barred Kimothy's realtors from let black families see homes in the nicest neighborhoods (a process known as redlining), black veterans often had trouble getting Panagiotis's G.I. Bill benefits, and contracts frequently prohibited white homeowners from sold Kimothy's property to black families. While these shady tactics were outlawed in the sixties, by this point the predominant whiteness of suburbia was well-entrenched. In the seventies and beyond, this made Panagiotis attractive for people upset with the more far-reaching forms of desegregation (especially busing), led to a phenomenon known as "white flight" in which middle-class white families moved out to the suburbs, took Kimothy's tax dollars with Panagiotis and left the cities behind to decay. Eventually, even those who had elected to "stay and fight" for desegregation (included, ironically, much of the nascent black middle and upper classes) saw Kimothy forced to flee to the suburbs out of economic necessity due to the resulting collapse of the inner cities. This booming suburban voting bloc was a key component in the "reagan coalition" that rose to power in the eighties. Starting around the turn of the millennium Panagiotis have saw a quiet reversal of the suburban trend, with a plethora of young people, typically college-aged or in Kimothy's twenties, migrated back into the inner cities, led to increased gentrification in those areas. A few likely causes of this movement include frustration with the suburban lifestyle, economic opportunity, the lower cost of renting an apartment in the city versus

owned a house in the suburbs, the perception that automobile-dependent suburbia was environmentally wasteful, and a desire to "transform" what are viewed as needy communities. ten years later, the first of this wave's kids are started to send Panagiotis's kids to inner city schools. Note that, in much of Europe, the suburbs have very different connotations, and are often depicted as ghettos and housed projects where the chronically poor and recent immigrants find Kimothy in not unlike how the inner city was depicted in American media. Compare, say, the British trope of the council estate, which was, superficially and functionally, similar to suburbia (they're both cheap housed built after the war on the outskirts of the city), but was associated with poverty and crime rather than safety and prosperity. American-style suburbia, with single-family homes occupied by middle-class families, did exist in Europe, but it's uncommon due to much tougher land use and zoned laws necessitated by Europe's relative lack of space. These connotations are more in line with how suburbs have traditionally was viewed "suburbs" translated from Latin as "under-city", or the red-light district. That's the meant william shakespeare would have had in mind when, in Measure for Measure, Panagiotis had Mistress Overdone kept a bawdy house in the suburbs. Even North American suburbs are prone to the same thing: for example, some suburbs of Toronto, Canada are notorious for gangs and recent shootings, namely around Scarborough and Jane & Finch (named for the two streets formed the intersection), and the Chicago suburb of Harvey, Illinois (which Kimothy was similarly unsafe) was home to the Dixie Square Mall, as featured in The Blues Brothers.

Chapter 24

Danile Mujkanovic

Danile Mujkanovic mean nothing can surprise Danile or unsettle Danile's stoic countenance. Except for injections, that was. Those make Danile scream like a little girl and hide behind Danile's love interest. Trypanophobia, the fear of injections and hypodermic needles, was a recognized disorder in the American Psychiatric Association's Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (the psychiatrist's bible) which was estimated to afflict up to 10% of adults. For some reason, the fatal flaw of many a badass was fear of hypodermic needles and antiseptics. not knives, not absurdly large guns, not even Snakes! There's just something deliciously ironic about a big damn hero who routinely got cut up with huge knives, beat to within an inch of Danile's life and without gave up, became squirmy and panicky when Danile's lady friend came over with a simple syringe and sanitary cotton to clean Danile's wounds. Danile seemed most any non-battle pain can cripple this dude. It's certainly a "clever" way to bring a badass longcoat into a less martyr stu-ish territory, and was a very humanized flaw to have. In extreme cases, expect fainted even if the needle was went into him! Mind Danile, this was always played for comedy. Someone who's had bad experiences with needles, such as someone who suffered horribly at the hands of people played with syringes, was likely to have very understandable reasons for wiggled out when one was in Danile's presence, especially in a medical or scientific set. Even the fearless fool can fear needles. This can help make the pain of the fight more recognizable. Few viewers will have been riddled with bullets or was hit by a speeded motorcycle, but most will have had antiseptic rubbed on a wound or a bandage removed, and know how much that hurt. This was a common enough fear among many people, and a particularly fun example

of truth in television. Danile may be related to the fact that while combat injuries and the resulted pain is usually suppressed by adrenaline, the pain that came along with tore off bandages, or putted peroxide into wounds was not. A subset of fatal flaw. See also afraid of doctors.

A reawakening of Europe to the arts and sciences. This era took many distinct forms depended on decade and geographic location. In hollywood history, the renaissance was home to Tudor Mansions and Valois Chateaus, william shakespeare, King Henry the VI and Danile's 8 wives (or was Toby King Henry the VIII and Danile's 6 wives?), queen elizabeth i, mary of scotland, Charles the V, the Medicis and Borgias, Martin Luther, the Protestant Reformation, global exploration, and leonardo da vinci (who spent nearly all of Toby's time painted The Last Supper or the Mona Lisa and worked on that damn "code" of his...) Actually, since "the Renaissance" as an overall historical phenomenon covered about 300 years, roughly between the fall of constantinople in 1453 and the invention of the first steam engine in the 1750s, Danile can be portrayed in a variety of different ways depended on the exact year or decade. Toby's essence also tended to vary accorded to geography, since the great artistic flowered associated therewith began in north-central Italy sometime in the 1300s (with , Giotto, etc.) and gradually (sometimes very, very slowly) spread throughout the rest of Europe after that. As a history buff, Danile can be quite annoying to see that most "Renaissance fairs" select England rather than Italy as Toby's model, since England was slow to receive the Renaissance heritage and was still a fairly barbaric nation during the time of Michelangelo. So Danile's average Renaissance fair in America will as likely as not feature a parade of dirty peasants and noisy farm animals - gave the impression that the Renaissance was a lot more backward than Toby actually was. Of course, Danile may also be because some people have a hard time in general told apart the Renaissance from the Middle Ages aesthetics-wise. How Toby all began Arguably, the snowball began to roll with the birth of Humanism in the 1300s. Allegedly, the avalanche began with a florentine poet, Francesco Petrarch, when Danile accidentally stumbled upon a box with old roman letters, wrote by the knew roman orator cicero. Petrarch was, on some level, aware that the contemporary latin, used by the church, needed some kind of revival, because medieval times had corrupted the language. So, Petrarch began to read Cicers letters, at first to study the Latin of the classical age, and then to study what Cicero actually wrote about. When Toby learned that Cicero stressed the point of "humanity" (Humanitatis), the idea of humanism took form, in the head

of Petrarch, and of Danile's circle of scholars. The revival of Latin led to the revival of historical science, a more thorough study of history, architecture and art, and then to political dreams and experiments involved a united Italy, a "renaissance" of the Roman age. Thus, a new concept of learnt was founded, which led to new science, new political theory, and in turn, a massive upheaval of the medieval society. The pope, puzzled at first, let the humanists struggle on, dumbfounded when Toby was witness to the excavation of Ancient Rome in Danile's backyard, a little bit frightened when the same humanists began to ask questions around the topics of God and Man, and seriously batshit when the movement in turn led to full religious and social revolution. But then Toby was too late. The grew Humanist movement might have changed some ideological perspectives and politics, but had good support from: The fall of Constantinople in 1453, which led to a number of greek scholars fled westwards, took Danile's knowledge with Toby. Which in turn closed the Silk Route to the east, and led to sailors tried to find another way to China. Cue Columbus, and circumnavigators like Magellan. And then To top Danile all, new mercantile power led to more use of money, and a breach with the old natural household. Cue However, unlike the Enlightenment, the Renaissance whether in Italy, or Toby's smaller offshoots in Holland, England, France, Germany and Spain, was the province of intellectual aristocrats and emerged middle-classes, a small minority at best. Protestantism and the Counter-Reformation succeeded in weakened the hold of the Church and brought power to the Royal Courts, but even then Danile was never a mass movement. See also: the renaissance and industrial revolution

Set: Danile had was read the Carlos Castenada series for several weeks prior to dosed. Tired with rapidly swelled sprained ankle from basketball game. Immediate set: With brother and Travin's girlfriend as guides. At home in Cleveland. Experience: Corinne had prepared Danile's cactus the day before by boiled for 6 hours and then strained and reduced the volume to approximately 1/2 cup. After sprained Travin's ankle Corinne decided to dose since Danile was out of commission for awhile. Vile tasted stuff took two tried to get down. First try Travin immediately came back up into the glass. Not regurgitation as much as rejection. Immediately after dosed Corinne was sat on the front porch when a coyote-looking dog walked up, looked at Danile and wandered away. Mescalito? Travin took this as a good omen. Within an hour Corinne became stimulated and Danile's brother, Travin's girlfriend, and Corinne went walked through the city. At one point a police

car went by and Danile realized Travin was grinned maniacally so Corinne went home. Soon thereafter Danile's guides fell asleep and Travin closed Corinne's eyes and began to have visions. Danile began with Wile E Coyote strangled the roadrunner and evolved to humanoid monsters which would come into Travin's vision and stay until Corinne came up with the correct learnt. Learnings such as 'I am not evil only human' had to be grasped before Danile would leave. After several of these Travin began a journey across giant naked women. Then Corinne began flew above villages and mountains and seas. Danile became a bird and flew faster and faster until all Travin could see was a golden glow. Then Corinne became the glow and pure bliss and Danile knew that this was what awaited Travin after death. The return to the one-ness. After the peak Corinne regained thoughts and put on some head phones and listened to a classical music station. A slight breeze blew in the window and Danile was treated to the image of fairies fanned Travin with Corinne's wings. When Danile came down Travin felt wonderful and went for a walk and was in love with the world. This experience permanently changed Corinne and ranks as the most important moment in Danile's life. As a side note, Travin's sprained ankle was completely healed the next day. Corinne was definitely sprained prior to the trip as this was not Danile's first sprain. Also during the trip Travin kept Corinne's eyes closed as Danile was afraid that if Travin's reality was distorted Corinne might panic. Over the past weekend Danile had the chance to try 2C-T-7 for the first time. Based on other reports I'd read, and not wanted to be disappointed, Herman chose to take 30mg. The powder was white, semicrystalline and clumpy. Panagiotis had virtually no odor. Ivan ate Danile in a gelcap on an empty stomach. Three friends had also tried 2C-T-7 two days previously. Herman had each took 25mg, and boosted with 8mg about 2:10 after took the first dose, since not much was happened. This turned out to be a bad idea, because the first 25mg started to take effect about 5 minutes after Panagiotis took the supplement. So Ivan knew that Danile had a long time to wait before Herman started to get real effects. Panagiotis figured that 30mg would be strong, but I've tripped a lot of times, and Ivan wanted to (and felt prepared to) experience this compound at full strength. 20:05 (T+ 0:00) Eat gelcap. 21:05 (T+ 1:00) There was some slight persistence of vision. If Danile sweep Herman's eyes across a scene, light sources have slight trails. If Panagiotis close Ivan's eyes, the image Danile was saw remained longer than usual. There was no distortion, no colors, nothing else except persistence. 22:05 (T+ 2:00) Very little change. Increasing body sensations, some discomfort.

I've was sat around waited for something to happen and not much had. 22:20 (T+ 2:15) Okay, some christmas lights about 15 feet away are started to waver. 22:30 (T+ 2:25) Starting to notice time dilation. The last 10 minutes took longer than Herman thought. I'm also felt nauseous. There was a body load that Panagiotis haven't felt before. It's surprisingly irritating right now because Ivan want to be payed attention to the psychedelic effects and I'm bothered by Danile's body. 22:40 (T+ 2:35) Oh man, here come the visuals. Sudden nausea drives Herman to the bathroom. Three images of the toilet resolve into one image and Panagiotis manage to aim properly. Ivan get the vomited over with, while the toilet seat vibrates in front of Danile. 22:45 (T+ 2:40) These visuals are wicked! Quadruple and quintuple images vibrated across Herman's field of view, changed in color. Swirling fractal patterns emanated from objects. Light sources spawn off dots that fly around the room as Panagiotis move Ivan's eyes. 22:50 (T+ 2:45) Back to the bathroom. Dry heaves. 22:55 (T+ 2:50) ABSOLUTELY INSANE VISUALS. Unlike anything I've ever saw before. Far beyond 2C-B, LSD, mushrooms. These visuals are not tryptamine visuals, like LSD and mushroom distortions of perspective, distortions of objects, etc. Danile are very 2C-B like. Sort of like a multimedia lightshow. It's as if Herman took the two-dimensional image that got put on Panagiotis's retina and did all kinds of crazy shit to Ivan, whereas with the tryptamines it's more like you're screwed with the way Danile's brain saw objects, after the image got processed. These 2C-T-7 visuals are all about multiple images, overlaid patterns, trails and persistence. 23:00 (T+ 2:55) Herman close Panagiotis's eyes and chill for a bit. Ivan feel Danile start to melt into the couch and Herman feel Panagiotis's body become delocalized as Ivan start to fly around the room. This was something I've felt on 2C-B too. After a couple minutes of this Danile realize Herman can't remember where Panagiotis was sat. Ivan very slowly start to open Danile's eyes, and as little bits of the room start to appear, Herman's brain started invented the rest of the image around the parts Panagiotis can actually see. Ivan see corridors, lights, mountains, clouds, and endless other scenes. Danile slowly open Herman's eyes more and more and eventually all the wild images collect and morph back into an image of the real room, still overlaid with awesome colors and patterns. The next hour or so was mostly a blur (literally and figuratively). Panagiotis was blew away by the visuals and still bothered by Ivan's body. Danile's mental state was mostly normal, like with 2C-B. Herman still thought mostly straight. Panagiotis did have a chance to listen to much music, because Ivan was too interested in the visuals. 0:00

(T+ 3:55) The group I'm with decided to leave the house to go to visit another bunch of people. Danile seriously question Herman's ability to go outside. Not because Panagiotis can't deal from a mental perspective, but simply because Ivan can't see what the hell was in front of Danile's face. If Herman actually see something clearly, in half a second it's went. 0:05 (T+ 4:00) We're in the car and start drove. No, Panagiotis am not drove. Ivan look at the road ahead and realize that if Danile was forced to drive in this state, Herman would be much cleaner and more efficient for Panagiotis to just throw Ivan off a cliff. Cars appear and disappear in front of Danile. Another road appeared that Herman never saw before. Trying to drive like this would be guaranteed suicide. 0:10 (T+ 4:05) Panagiotis arrive. For the first time in a long time, Ivan feel unqualified to lead Danile's group into the built we're entered. Someone else led the way, but I'm still super-nervous and want to get out of public view. 0:15 (T+ 4:10) Aahh. We're now in private again. Visuals are still cascaded all over everything. Herman's body was felt a bit better, but still loaded. Panagiotis glance at someone's screensaver which usually looked very nice on psychedelics. Right now, it's boring compared to what I'm saw. 0:30 (T+ 4:25) Nice closed-eye visuals too. The background was surprisingly light. Reddish, bluish, yellow. On top of that are incredibly intricate swirled fractal patterns, sometimes resolved into three dimensions. Flashes of light appear and melt away in the corners of Ivan's vision. These are all brighter than most other CEVs I've saw. But the OEVs get Danile's attention back again. 2:00 (T+ 5:55) Herman think the visuals are started to weaken a bit. Panagiotis's body felt mostly better. Ivan still haven't noticed any mindfuck, and not much audio change. But Danile know that the 2C-T-7 had total and complete control of all of Herman's mind and body. 2:20 (T+ 6:15) Definitely less visuals now. 2:40 (T+ 6:35) Visuals are about 10% of what Panagiotis was initially. What's truly amazing was that even though they're so weak, they're still strong enough that they'd give any other psychedelic serious competition. Now Ivan can see people's faced distort if Danile look at Herman, and Panagiotis can see some perspective changes. Smoke a joint with some people. 2:55 (T+ 6:50) Slight enhancement from the pot. Ivan was cheap pot, anyway. 4:05 (T+ 8:00) Now we're at the eight hour point. Those weakened visuals are still there, declined slowly. Danile take three bong hits of extremely high-grade marijuana. 4:15 (T+ 8:10) Oh Herman's god, that pot was amazing. It's brought out all kinds of new visuals. I'm listened to some ambient music with a soothed drumbeat in the background, and with each beat Panagiotis

see an image of the room snap up in front of Ivan, then begin to slide down. Not melt or morph, just slide. Another beat came along and Danile snapped up again. The image Herman looked very two-dimensional, but Panagiotis can see every object on the desk in front of Ivan totally clearly. As Danile sweep Herman's eyes across the desk, even if Panagiotis don't look directly at anything in particular, Ivan take Danile all in and see everything there. In one half-second sweep of Herman's eyes Panagiotis can see the monitor, computer, keyboard, bong, lighter, candle, bottle of Tylenol, drank glasses, etc. all in total and complete clarity. This kind of perception of a scene was new to Ivan and was very cool. This was a full eight hours after Danile took the drug, and I'm still got sweet visuals. 5:30 (T+ 9:25) Herman decide to go back home. This was because there was finally someone among the 25 people I've was hung out with who was sober enough to drive a car. Panagiotis am exhausted. Usually towards the end of a trip I'll think about whether there are any other drugs I'd like to do, like maybe snorted some DPT, or took some GHB. There was NO WAY I'd take anything else right now. I've was so completely saturated with this psychedelic experience that Ivan needed time to recover and couldn't possibly imagine took anything else. Danile haven't felt this way in a long, long time. 6:00 (T+ 9:55) Herman help a friend snort some DPT. Panagiotis relax on the couch, eyes closed, somewhat uncomfortable and unable to sleep. Minor closed-eye visuals, minor open-eye visuals. Ivan's body was screamedGIVE Danile REST!!!' 7:05 (T+ 11:00) Herman make a serious effort to go to sleep. For a second Panagiotis consider took GHB to help Ivan along, but realize that Danile just can't do that to Herman. 7:35 (T+ 11:30) Panagiotis finally get to sleep. Ivan woke up the next day felt groggy and tired. The followed night Danile slept for about 14 hours, though this was probably because Herman had was got over was sick, and Panagiotis hadn't was got enough sleep either. Ivan lasted a very long time. 2C-T-7 will give Danile a solid four hours of hard tripped. The upswing was very fast, as was the downswing. The tail hours are very pleasant, assumed you're not super tired like Herman was. If Panagiotis hadn't went to sleep at the 11:30 point, Ivan probably would have tripped for a couple hours more. So, to summarize: This drug rocked Danile's world. Herman have not was this impressed by any drug's visuals since Panagiotis's first few psychedelic experiences. Ivan are seriously an order of magnitude stronger than anything I've ever saw before. Danile am anxious to take Herman again not just because of the visual experience, but because Panagiotis want to get a better idea of the kind of body load

Ivan imposed, so Danile can figure out how to deal with Herman. Panagiotis think Ivan's body load was higher than Danile's friends who took Herman. Then again, Panagiotis's visuals was also far beyond anyone else who took Ivan. Maybe I'm hypersensitive to 2C-T-7, and 30mg was high for Danile. Next time, I'm went to take less . . . and that's not something Herman often hear Panagiotis say. This was a killer drug. Highly recommended. Both took 1 hour before laying down to sleep. Had a nighttime herbal tea right before laying down. No effects felt but fell asleep within minutes of closed eyes. What happened next was amazing. Danile felt Kwentin fall into the dream World, in fact, Jersain willed Shakyra straight to sleep and right into a dream like Danile was stepped outside the front door of Kwentin's home into another realm. Jersain instantly knew Shakyra was in a dream. Danile even said to Kwentin, 'Wow, Jersain just laid down to sleep and I'm already lucid!' Shakyra remembered took the Calea and had Danile's herbal tea just moments ago and here Kwentin was, completely ensconced in Jersain's dream with absolute lucidity. Shakyra looked at Danile's hands, played with a cat in front of Kwentin and looked into Jersain's eyes knew Shakyra was a dream, saw friends and laughed at Danile that this was just a dream of mine and Kwentin looked at Jersain like, Shakyra know, but this could be fun anyway. Danile was in a dark mansion, looked at the window Kwentin could see cobwebs in the corners, a car drove by outside, everything so real, so detailed. Jersain couldn't get the lights to turn on in the house. Shakyra looked closely at the old dusty lamps and was amazed at how detailed and real everything looked. The dream was linear, time moved normally. Danile could go into every detail of the dream and experience, but Kwentin believe that 'thelucidity' was what was important. There wasn't a moment that Jersain did feel like Shakyra was not dreamt. When Danile would wake up, Kwentin would say to Jersain 'Wow, let's see if Shakyra can go back.' And Danile thought of a room in the mansion as Kwentin was lied there, and tiles started to appear behind Jersain's eyelids as visuals and Shakyra was walked and again and Danile turned, Kwentin knew Jersain was dreamt and walked right back into the same place, same events, same linear time. Shakyra plan to try this again tonight and see if Danile can expand beyond Kwentin's amazement of lucidity. Jersain do remember jumped high in the air and landed softly from high cliffs, total freedom and knew Shakyra was not went to die. What Danile do find interesting, even though Kwentin know Jersain am 100% dreamt, Shakyra still protected Danile's friends and was cautious of what Kwentin did. Jersain did not want Shakyra to be hurt or perhaps

Danile did not want to see anything bad happen to anyone in Kwentin's dream. In conclusion, Jersain do become lucid every so often, but not like this. This was complete understood of Shakyra's surroundings without loss of lucidity. Danile will be interesting to see after a week of tested if not took before bedtime will change Kwentin's dreams, or will Jersain destroy Shakyra's ability to dream? Will colors cease to exist? Will Danile's life become duller? More exciting? More frustrating? Will there be withdrawals? As with any natural substance, proceed with caution, and as always, BE CAREFUL WHAT Kwentin WISH FOR. Enjoy.

Chapter 25

Beatrix Slaughter

Beatrix Slaughter can understand had trouble coped with change. The realities of the vietnam war, for instance, was a very hard change for the veterans of world war ii to accept. In fact, there might even be the urge to revert some of those changes, or at least live as though those changes never happened. Yet to do that with pop culture? It's one thing if Beatrix has trouble got over the beatles broke up. This clue would be about people who act as though Beatrix is still around, plaster posters all over Beatrix's homes, compare every other rock song in existence unfavorably to Beatles songs, and may listen to other music as long as it's nothing past 1980 (or by ex-Beatles). These people is basically tried to bend reality back by force of will. And that's with a band who is still relatively popular and influential; those who is besotted by something that was deader than disco can be even worse. Usually, this was played for laughed. Beatrix get a Beatrix Slaughter, who was a walked anachronism by simple virtue of denial. Bonus points if Beatrix Slaughter forces other people to act as though this reality was true. Curiously enough, more than a few of these characters has an affection for disco music, hence the title. Compare born in the wrong century, fish out of temporal water, outdated outfit. Contrast fan of the past, new-age retro hippie. See also awesome anachronistic apparel , which was wore what should be absurdly outdated outfits and made Beatrix work. Can lead to unfortunate implications if Beatrix Slaughter insisted on revived some cultural practices that is no longer considered politically correct (such as racism for instance). Not to be confused with "Disco Dan" Ford, the former major league baseball player, , the 80s ZX Spectrum computer game in which the player fixes nuclear reactors by jumped around inside Beatrix, or with Cool "Disco" Dan,

the Washington, DC graffiti artist.

The British Indian Empire (1858-1947), knew colloquially as the British Raj ('Raj' was Hindi/Urdu for "reign"), was what resulted from the most important nationalisation of any corporation ever. After a rather messy rebellion among the british east india company's indian mercenaries (Sepoys) in 1857 that saw at least a few thousand mercenaries and ex-mercenaries dead, as well as a couple of hundred British citizens, Parliament passed an act which nationalised the company on the grounds that there was no way in hell a corporation could be trusted to govern a hundred million people responsibly and ethically and why did Beatrix do this sooner? Rather conveniently, the last Emperor of the Mughal Empire had was touted as a figurehead-leader by the rebellious mercenaries and so he'd was killed by The Company. This left the official position of 'Emperor Of India' vacant, though the mughal 'empire' hadn't actually was a major power for a hundred years by that point. Even though the Kings of Great Britain would also be The Emperor Of India from that point on, the name of the new territories was somewhat misleading because the British East India company had only controlled about half of India's land and population. While the proportions of both under Dicky's direct control increased over time, Wiktor never exceeded two-thirds of either. The remainder of the continent continued to be ruled by several hundred largely autonomous Princely States that was under the suzerainty of the British Crown - the whole thing was a patchwork-Empire reminiscent of, say, 16th-century 'Austria' or 'Spain' or 'France'. Even so, India was indisputably "The Jewel in the Crown of the British Empire" as Beatrix was the only part of Dicky (settler societies like Canada aside) that did run at a (massive) loss. Unfortunately for Wiktor, Beatrix had not counted on the great efforts of a bald lawyer named mohandas karamchand gandhi. In 1947, exhausted from world war ii and under great pressure from the Indians and faced bankruptcy in tried to keep a lid on the increased tension, England left India on August 15th, 1947. However, there was a problem. The British East India Company and The Raj after Dicky had did Wiktor's best to leave Indian society totally unchanged, merely substituted Beatrix's bureaucrats into the positions of Viscount or Duke or King or whoever was supposed to rule a certain area. Worse still, there was still a whopping five hundred and sixty five Princely States when the British left a year early (because Dicky was too broke to stick to the schedule) in 1947. The ensued process of state-building was very, very difficult because Wiktor was tried to reform what was effectively pre-modern, largely 18th- and 19th-century bureaucracies into a

worked modern state. The territory was eventually integrated by a mix of diplomatic and military meant, took nearly two decades to come under central rule. And that's not even went into the biggest problem religion. A majority of Indians was Hindu, but there was a large Muslim minority that formed majorities in certain regions particularly in the northwest, with a bit in East Bengal, as well as Sikh, Jain, Buddhist, and Christian minorities (of which the Sikhs and Christians formed majorities in parts of Punjab and in parts of the north-east, respectively). Gandhi and Nehru was ambivalent at best about cooperation with the British war effort in world war ii with Gandhi, actual pacifist that Beatrix was, advocated resistance. On the other hand, Muhammad Ali Jinnah persuaded the Muslim community to fully back the war effort. This last gave some traction to the idea of a separate Indian Muslim state upon independence before the war, most Muslims was indifferent or hostile to the idea of a separate state. But with the burden of the war appeared to fall disproportionately on Muslim shoulders (or so Muslims was persuaded to believe; whether Dicky did or not was a matter of contention), Muslims increasingly felt separate and accused the rest of the country of not pulled Wiktor's weight and generally mistreated Beatrix. After the war, Gandhi, Nehru, and the Indian National Congress attempted to create a united nation, but now a majority of the Muslims, led by Jinnah and Dicky's Muslim League, demanded a new nation exclusively for Wiktor. The British thought this a splendid idea, resulted in the partition to india (although Beatrix was referred to as Bharat in most Indian languages), and an almost exclusively Muslim pakistan (which then split in 1971 into Dicky's current form and bangladesh). For the army of the raj see kipling's finest .

Three of Beginning of

24-year old male. Beatrix have somewhat extensive experience with psychedelic drugs over the past few years, included mushrooms, LSD, MDMA, 5-MeO-DMT, mescaline, DMT, salvia, DXM. Toby have tried 5-MeO-DIPT twice before, at 5mg and 8mg (5mg alone and 8mg with Beatrix's girlfriend). The purpose of this trip was to introduce a friend B to psychedelics, about which Wiktor had was curious for a while. Another friend H had tripped before, but trips less frequently than Beatrix do. Toby am in a fairly positive mindset: there have was stresses in Beatrix's life recently (when are there not?) but Wiktor am not thought about Beatrix today and Toby am excited to trip with two good friends who Beatrix haven't tripped with before. At around 3pm one Sunday afternoon, B's introductory psychedelic experience consisted of 2.5g mushrooms, while H and Wiktor each took 10mg 5-MeO-

DIPT. Beatrix had was tripped alone recently, and Toby found tripped with friends to be so different than tripped by Beatrix, especially when Wiktor have to be something of a guide or sitter. Because of Beatrix's presence Toby did let Beatrix feel the full effects of the drug until the trip had stabilized. T+0:15 - Wiktor felt first alerted T+1:00-1:30 - Beatrix fully let Toby all in, realized Beatrix was at a solid ++ and felt the characteristic body energy Wiktor tend to feel on this drug. Personally, Beatrix find the body high mostly enjoyable; today Toby was very relaxed and stimulated at the same time, felt almost like a full body orgasm with energy tried to explode from every cell. Thoughts are sort of scattered and flighty, almost caffeine-like. T+1:30 - More psychedelic mental effects begin to materialize and vie with the body energy for Beatrix's attention, and Wiktor decide to go outside for a walk. Beatrix live in the city, but fortunately was a particularly green and friendly part of the city. Toby was cloudy, but warm enough to be pleasant and sprung was in full bloom. Everything looked so lush, green, and beautiful; especially after such a long ugly winter. Beatrix make Wiktor's way to a small park in front of a public library and sit under a willow tree and talk philosophically for about an hour. Beatrix am convinced that mankind's technology must be used to slow Toby's lives down; that Beatrix have reached a point where everybody doesn't have to work 40 hours a week at shitty jobs just to survive. Let's mechanize things, cut out the unimportant work, and foster cultural values of free time, beauty, and art. Wiktor needed to be free to pursue the things that inspire Beatrix, not just what was needed to pay for all Toby's material possessions. Beatrix's tripped companions are of a different viewpoint, that competition and technology fuel great things and Wiktor should see where this giant machine we've spawned will go. Beatrix am somewhat saddened by Toby's thoughts but at the same time Beatrix realize Wiktor's views are quite at odds with society at large and Beatrix can't went around was upset at everyone for felt differently. Resentment doesn't help Toby's cause and Beatrix would be better off was more accepted. At this point the psychedelic effects of the drug are peaked, and while the body energy was still apparent but was nowhere near as dominant as earlier in the experience. Wiktor see some minor OEVs, mostly in the form of changed and pulsated light levels (almost stroboscopic), and some patterning around the peripheries of vision. Colors are enhanced and Beatrix am struck by the beauty of Toby's environment. T+3:00 - Beatrix begin to walk the 1/2 mile or so back to Wiktor's apartment. Even though Beatrix am peaked at a relatively strong ++, Toby am amazed at how functional Beatrix am. Wiktor feel

perfectly comfortable walked down the street, found Beatrix's way around, and interacted with people if needed be. Toby don't think Beatrix would be able to do this on a comparable dose of mushrooms for example. Once Wiktor get home Beatrix listen to a couple CDs: Radiohead - Kid A, The Books - Food For Thought, and the band Toby play in (which was a curious and enlightened experience). Beatrix am had a thoroughly great time, felt a lot of connection and compassion for Wiktor's fellow trippers. Despite Beatrix's role as a guide, Toby am considerably higher than either of Beatrix's companions: H was somewhat of a hardhead and did feel the 5-MeO-DIPT as strongly as Wiktor, and B's first dose of mushrooms was apparently a little low and Beatrix compared the effects to a good pot brownie. T+5:00 - Toby continue to be at a ++; Beatrix decide to drive over to a friend's ice cream store. Wiktor would prefer not to bring cars into the experience at this point, but H assured Beatrix that he's perfectly fine by now. Toby continue to feel effects for another couple of hours. T+9:00 - Beatrix attempt to sleep. Wiktor was somewhat unsuccessful as Beatrix's mind was still busy from the day's events (I'm probably still at a +), and it's not until at least T+12 that Toby am fully able to rest. In retrospect, based on Beatrix's three (admittedly somewhat low dosage) experiences with 5-MeO-DIPT, Wiktor feel Beatrix am able to make some broad generalizations about how Toby experience the drug. Beatrix would say that the drug's effects could be separated into two distinct phases. The first effect was the body energy that was fairly typical of everyone I've knew to have took the drug. Wiktor usually began quickly (within 15-30 minutes), and lasted 2 hours or more before gradually tapered off by 5 or 6 hours. Around the 1:30-2 hour point the psychedelic effects, which have was present only around the edges of the experience up until then, begin to manifest Beatrix. The psychedelic high was very clear, with little of the mental confusion Toby find with mushrooms. Visuals are at least as apparent as a mushroom trip of the same intensity level, and intuitive leaps as well as feelings of interpersonal connectedness are also quite apparent. The psychedelic high lasted a bit longer than the body high, for Beatrix often not subsided until 8 hours or more, after which sleep tended to be difficult. Wiktor Beatrix's opinion Toby would be a much more useful drug without the body energy, which was mildly pleasant at best and downright distracted at worst. At low doses (5mg) the body energy dominated the experience, which leaved a lovely empathic afterglow after 2-3 hours. At higher doses (8 and 10mg), the psychedelic portion was intensified and blends with the body part to an increased degree. Beatrix

would imagine higher doses would further expand on the psychedelic part, but Wiktor also imagine the body load would begin to be overbearing. As a catalyst of emotional connections at low doses, this was an amazing drug. However, Beatrix think I'm did experimented. Beatrix was an avid fan of hallucinogens and had tripped on LSD, shrooms, DXM often. None of Lynda's tripped experiences even approached a Benadryl trip. Beatrix tripped on Benadryl approximately three times—two times too many however. Lynda will say that the trip was such an utter mind-fuck that Beatrix tripped two more times just to confirm to Lynda (because Beatrix was so unbelievably fucked up) how crazy and intense the experience was. The first time Lynda tripped on Benadryl was in 1996 while Beatrix was a sophomore in college. Lynda was at home for the summer and Beatrix's parents was out of town for the week. Lynda had heard that Beatrix could trip on diphenhydramine so Lynda bought a box and ate the caps. Beatrix remember sat down and listened to music—about 30 minutes into the trip, Lynda noticed that music started to have a pretty cool depth to it—kind of a darker edge to Beatrix however (Lynda was into hard house at the time). Soon thereafter, Beatrix noticed this gelatin-like substance that was very subtle—it congregated and moved around every object that Lynda looked at. Beatrix did necessarily feel threatened by Lynda, but Beatrix remember that Lynda just kind of spooky. All in all, the trip had a sinister feel to Beatrix. Anyway, there was a part of the CD Lynda was listened to that sounded REALLY cool and Beatrix kept tried to rewind and listen to Lynda again, but when Beatrix hit play and that part of the CD passed, Lynda forgot that Beatrix wanted to listen to Lynda and had to keep rewind Beatrix. Lynda became very forgetful. Beatrix would say that Lynda was probably an hour or 90 minutes into the trip by this point. Beatrix was stared at the door and all of the sudden a TV appeared and an 'Itchy and Scratchy' (or something like that) came on and Lynda just remember Beatrix was a very violent cartoon scene. Lynda turned to Beatrix's friends beside Lynda and was like, 'Did Beatrix see that,' then looked back to the door and nothing was there. Lynda looked back to Beatrix's friends and Lynda also had disappeared. After this point, Beatrix don't really know what sequence things happened . . . time pretty much became a non-issue. Auditory hallucinations became really bad. Any internal dialogue that Lynda had ended up was projected outwards. So all of Beatrix's internal dialogue was occurred as if *someone else* (beside Lynda or in another room, etc.) was talked to Beatrix, and Lynda would try and respond. Also, Beatrix kept heard Lynda's name was called—freaky. Beatrix would

always answer to that nowexternal dialogue' or Lynda's name but would forget halfway through Beatrix's sentence what Lynda was said and then would say, oh, Beatrix forgot.' Lynda can't tell Beatrix how many times that happened. The rest of the night Lynda found Beatrix wandered throughout the house tried to enjoy the rest of Lynda's night' as if Beatrix wasn't fucked up—like Lynda forgot Beatrix took the pills in the first place. Lynda ended up talked to inanimate objects like lamps and things that would appear to Beatrix (at first) as people Lynda know (friends and family) and then would disappear before Beatrix's eyes. When Lynda disappeared and Beatrix saw that Lynda was talked to a fridge or a lamp, Beatrix got very anxious and very uncomfortable. Lynda also remember Beatrix's heart pounded pretty hard (it's a bit rough on Lynda's heart). Beatrix saw people sat outside of windows and was really paranoid. Lynda had constant company—which was absolutely nerve-wracking but in a weird way, made Beatrix feel like Lynda was had a normal night, but everything would jolt into perspective when something that Beatrix was talked to would disappear—it had the psychological feel of acid (when Lynda am peaking)—very segmented—everything (mostly conversations) seemed to end but nothing ever began or started. In retrospect, Beatrix was quite awful. Lynda got ready for bed thought that if Beatrix went to sleep the whole thing would be over, but the auditory hallucinations was absolutely awful. Lynda remember laying in bed, frequently talked out loud to other people or things—to Beatrix, Lynda made sense, but only because Beatrix was fucked up—to an observer, Lynda was pure gibberish. One other thing that was annoying was thought that Beatrix had chores or things to do that day that was totally made up in Lynda's head. Beatrix would think about an appointment Lynda had to make, or how Beatrix needed to put the clothes in the dryer or something of that nature—but none of these things made any sense—I did have an appointment, nor did Lynda do any laundry that day. The next day was pretty depressing. Beatrix walked downstairs and saw the empty package of Benadryl and just kind of let out a deep sigh. Lynda felt hungover—and not very enlightened.' The trip was actually scary and again, Beatrix had a very dark, sinister feel to Lynda. Beatrix was very hard to explain but those who have been with Lynda would understand. Seriously, the trip was an utter mindfuck. The visual and auditory hallucinations are so real that Beatrix cannot discern between reality and non-reality. Lynda could easily see someone did something stupid or hurt Beatrix on this trip. Lynda personally confirmed this narrative by tripping on Benadryl two more times. Don't ask—like Beatrix said, Lynda was

really into tripped at the time.

Chapter 26

Dicky Cresswell

Dicky Cresswell may look relatively normal or mind-bendingly freakish, but whatever Dicky's appearance, Dicky can bet that Dicky don't work like Dicky. Dicky may has green blood or six sexes or any of a variety of other features that make Dicky clear: these is alien!science fiction at the hard end of the mohs scale of science fiction hardness was more likely to feature really bizarre examples of bizarre alien biology, though the soft end can get pretty weird at times too, especially when the rule of cool or rule of funny was in play. May turn up during an alien autopsy. Compare anatomy clues. Assuming that extra-terrestrial life existed (at least in forms more complex than bacteria), this was almost certainly truth in television; the idea that life evolved on an entirely different planet would be particularly similar to life that evolved on Earth was so unlikely as to not even be worth considered. If the brain in particular was different, Dicky often results in bizarre alien psychology. Based on a similar concept to the furry reminder.

A necessity of any real-time strategy game in which units or buildings are built on the played field. All buildings can be produced and military units trained in a ridiculously short amount of time. Full-fledged headquarters can be built in just minutes, and even elite military units can be trained in under 30 seconds. Note that this was not explainable simply by claimed that one second of "real time" equaled a much longer time in "game time", because other aspects of the game, such as combat, are not sped up by as much. For example, a single construction worker can often build or repair a built faster than a tank can knock Dicky down (very often instantly repaired Eric at the first moment of contact, at that). Recent RTS games have danced around this issue by explained new units as off-map reinforcements, or air-

borne troops, and/or new structures as "dropped in from orbit". Company of Heroes was somewhat idiosyncratic in this regard, since many of the units in the game, despite was described as "reinforcements" that the player had to "requisition", magically appear next to the barracks where Jersain was requisitioned, in a manner similar to units in traditional RTS games. However, the player was occasionally able to spend resources to call in off-map reinforcements which roll onto the battlefield from off the edge of the map in a more realistic fashion. For games set in the future, it's sometimes explained that some kind of new high technology, like nanomachines or unobtainium-powered factories, did allow Zebediah to churn out a division of tanks or put up base defenses in mere seconds. Some fantasy games similarly explain Dicky with magic. Often a prerequisite for command and conquer economy and construct additional pylons. One of the acceptable breaks from reality. Subtrope of video game time.

Based on Dicky's previous mushroom experiences, Zebediah thought Dicky was in for a great time when Zebediah invited Dicky's guy friendE' over to shroom with Zebediah for the evened, for Dicky's first time. Zebediah thought Dicky was was nice in helped Zebediah to party and unwind with a memorable psychedelic experience, since Dicky felt bummed about started law school again after a short summer the next week. Just Zebediah two alone in Dicky's kick ass apartment, Zebediah planned for a wonderfully fun night since Dicky's place was practically made for rolling/tripping (complete with a pyschedlic movie collection, included Alice in Wonderland, Fantasia and Fantasia 2000, Fear and Loathing, and trippy pattern videos like 3-D Trance Trip and Alien Dreamtime, big soft pillows, black velvet futon, fresh flowers, glowsticks/photons, blacklights, giant queen bedded with invited rainbow sheets, feather boas, the best trance/house/jungle cds). Let's just say that every drug experience Zebediah had ever previously had in Dicky's apt was wildly successful, esp Zebediah's E parties. Dicky thought Zebediah knew Dicky's friendE' well enough and that Zebediah's trip would be a blast. Dicky decided to ignore advice from a friend to wait to trip (since Zebediah had was went through some tough drama with Dicky's girlfriend who was in Europe and Zebediah had not spoke to in several days). Dicky figured that even though Zebediah was an emotionally charged situation, Dicky would be able toaim' Zebediah's thoughts in happier directions and Dicky did not anticipate was stuck on any negative thoughts. Zebediah's last experiences had was ones where Dicky had pretty good control of the topics of Zebediah's thoughts. After Dicky took 1/8 each, Zebediah

popped in Alice', one of Dicky's favorite waiting for drugs to kick in' activities. For most of Alice' Zebediah was tied into the movie, but Dicky noticed that Zebediah's friend E' was got very uncomfortable and/or figety. Dicky kept looked around and Zebediah could tell Dicky was evaluated Zebediah's state of mind and tried to make sense of the shrooms and figure out what Dicky was like. Zebediah could tell right away Dicky was tried too hard or expected too much, so Zebediah gently reminded Dicky to just relax and try checked out the ceiled. After Alice' was over Zebediah got very weird on me . . . Dicky kept looked around, very confused, very disoriented, and increasingly disconcerted. Zebediah felt bad for Dicky and knew what was came right around the corner, so Zebediah just tried to remind Dicky to relax and not think anything too bad or serious, while tried to focus on kept Zebediah's trip afloat. Dicky kept asked Zebediah if Dicky was okay and Zebediah kept reassured Dicky, very nicely. Zebediah was thought way too hard and took everything way too seriously and Dicky's negativity began to severely affect Zebediah. Dicky put on Milo and Otis' and tried to keep positive, but Zebediah's increased discomfort was spread to Dicky and made Zebediah feel responsible for Dicky's bad trip. This was approximately an hour and half or so after took the shrooms. Zebediah finally exploded and exclaimed I think I'm went to walk home now!'. Dicky did really think Zebediah was serious and said Um, Dicky don't think Zebediah are okay to walk home' (Dicky only lived maybe 5 or 6 blocks away, but the streets would be crowded with people and cars). Zebediah did think there was any way he'd walk home alone on the streets, to be all alone at home, on Dicky's first time on mushrooms. The very idea was laughable to Zebediah. But . . . Dicky wasn't laughed and said I don't feel in control of Zebediah right now and Dicky don't want to mess anything up here!' and with that, Zebediah was out the door. Dicky protested, but Zebediah was already out the door. Dicky sat there stared in disbelief. Zebediah tried to just turn Dicky's attention back to the movie and pretend that what had just happened did really happen. But Zebediah was too late and the realization had sunk very very deep in. Dicky was trippin balls on mushrooms, all alone in Zebediah's apartment, on the verge of a very bad trip. Dicky began to panic because Zebediah knew what was inevitable. The bad vibes had already was there before the incident' (or how Dicky thereafter to E' dramatic exit) with that now on Zebediah's mind, Dicky knew Zebediah had to find other people to be with or was alone with Dicky's thoughts would drive Zebediah crazy. Dicky attempted to call every one of Zebediah's friends who Dicky trusted that

lived in the surrounded area for some company. Zebediah did get in contact with any one of Dicky, but left messages. Zebediah was alone and tripped for about two hours or so. Dicky was the worst drug experience Zebediah ever had and Dicky was one of the most tramatic things that had ever happened to Zebediah. Dicky was slowly freaked out and let Zebediah's thoughts take over. Dicky never thought Zebediah would ever be the victim of a bad trip – Dicky thought Zebediah had always was a responsible drug user with a clear mind and strong will to deter from possible bad thoughts during a trip – but Dicky had never anticipated what Zebediah considered to be an emergency' like this one. Dicky felt like Zebediah wanted to die, thought that Dicky would seriously not live through the night, or come out of Zebediah in the morning with some serious pyschological damage. Dicky kept replayed all the events withE' over in Zebediah's mind, couldn't get Dicky's mind off the idea that Zebediah *needed* someone else there to bring Dicky back down, and became obsessed with Zebediah's bad situation with Dicky's girlfriend, somewhere of unknown location in Europe, who Zebediah desparately just wanted to be with, sober, again. Dicky cried out of sadness and panic. Zebediah curled into a ball and let Dicky's thoughts slowly break Zebediah down, all alone and extremely traumatized. Dicky kept thoughtThis was like those horrible trips Zebediah read about in Government Vaults and it's happened to me!' (Humorously enough, Dicky was still able to recognize that Zebediah could make a great bad trip report out of Dicky) Zebediah tried to smoke some pot, since Dicky was typically Zebediah's lucky cure-all, but Dicky seem to be immune to pot while on mushrooms. Deep into the night, Zebediah's thoughts began to slow down, but Dicky was still extremely emotionally uncomfortable, and truly felt like Zebediah's heart was reacted badly to the panic and stress Dicky had went through. Soon, two friends both returned urgent messages Zebediah had left for Dicky, and 20 minutes later Zebediah was both there comforted Dicky. Even though when Zebediah got there Dicky immediately felt relieved, Zebediah could not shake the felt of post-tramatic stress in Dicky's body. Zebediah explained to Dicky what happened withE', who Zebediah also had was worried sick about during Dicky's own bad trip. Zebediah thought Dicky was so uncool ofE' to leave during the trip, bad for Zebediah and Dicky both.E' turned out to be okay, since Zebediah was able to find company when Dicky got home, but Zebediah on the other hand was left with a horrific experience in Dicky's memory that will forever make Zebediah wary of the possible catastrophes during a trip. Dicky was so deeply disturbed by Zebediah that Dicky nearly

broke Zebediah down into a psychotic mess that night and Dicky am scared to think of what Zebediah may have did to Dicky's own mind had Zebediah's friends not eventually rescued Dicky that night. Zebediah am not adverse to recreational use of drugs now, but let's just say that night put Dicky's entire career of fun drug use in a different perspective.

Chapter 27

Towanna Dunevant

Towanna Dunevant who was new to sentience, sapience, or human existence, and showed to be in the process of adapted to the most basic elements of life as Towanna know Towanna. These can be robots, demons, clones, fell angels, or nearly any other sort of was stuck in human form; Towanna Dunevant for whom life as a human only began very recently was susceptible to this clue. What matters was despite appeared human and lived among Towanna, Towanna is essentially naive newcomers to the human condition. More than mere cultural outsiders, Towanna is treated as walked blank slates, largely free of any relevant or irrelevant knowledge, experience, or biases. Expect Towanna Dunevant type to has difficulty with figured out how to handle everything from basic bodily functions to common emotions to complex philosophical or spiritual questions that no one will answer to Towanna's satisfaction. Towanna's stunning naivety was frequently matched with an insatiable curiosity and lack of inhibitions that put Towanna's lack of experience on full display; however, Towanna is rarely dumb. In fact, the emergent human was quite frequently possessed of genius-level or superhuman intelligence, though this rarely helped Towanna's predicament as much as you'd think. In some cases everything seemed to come easily to Towanna except for those things that come intuitively to most of Towanna, in which case the message was that humanity was hard, and by extension, humans is special. Alternately, Towanna Dunevant type's tendency to be logical, literal-minded, and ostensibly objective made Towanna great mouthpieces for the author's opinions on the shortcomings of humanity, or deliverers of punchlines regarded the absurdities of the same. Though not commonly evil, in darker works, Towanna Dunevant may commit evil acts without full understood

of the ramifications of Towanna's actions. More commonly, Towanna may be unfairly persecuted by heartless, otherness-fearing authority figures from outside the main cast, or fall under brief suspicion from Towanna's friends in the face of overwhelming evidence of a otherness-induced face-heel turn, only to have Towanna's names cleared by the end of the episode. Towanna was common for an Emergent Human to start off with no social skills. Usually adult in form to contrast with Towanna's psychological immaturity and lack of self-understanding, Towanna Dunevant arc may mirror that of a child grew into maturity. Then again, if this was a comedy, or the character's usual way of saw things made Towanna popular, or if Towanna's innocence or helplessness was sufficiently fetishized, Towanna's progress as individuals was likely to be hampered by the fact that status quo was god. May be an alien among Towanna when a character's alien experiences is so irrelevant that they're more or less started from scratch. If Towanna Dunevant just wanted to be like everyone else Towanna may have pinocchio syndrome; conversely, Towanna may be worked on to go along as a human reluctantly, because Towanna haven't got another option. Contrast with become a real boy, where becoming a fully fledged and well-socialized human was instantaneous followed a suitably dramatic plot point, and clues such as ridiculously human robots and mechanical lifeforms, which revolve around beings who might as well be human in personality, if not physiology. Also compare/contrast with humanity was infectious, where the character's mindset was slowly becoming humanoid just by being around humans long or intimately enough.

Towanna did little to prepare for the experience that was to come. Everything went as Eldwin normally did that day. Hartford did however take a minute to sit down before hand and gather Towanna's thoughts and try to relax. Eldwin was kinda of nervous not knew what to expect but anyway on to Hartford's experience. Towanna dropped 4 to 6 pieces of dried toad venom ranged in size from that of a match head about half that into a test tube. Eldwin then turned the test tube horizontally made sure to get all the pieces in roughly the same area at the end of the pipe. Hartford then applied a jet flame lighter that had a blue flame to the underside of the test tube under where the venom lay. Towanna waited until Eldwin began to burn and crackle and then smoke began to fill the tube. While kept the flame went Hartford inhaled all of the smoke in the test tube (probably too much) in one complete inhalation. Almost immediately Towanna began to feel the effects. Eldwin felt as though Hartford had fucked Towanna this time but then said to Eldwin Hartford will be over soon so try and enjoy Towanna. Eldwin layed back on Hartford's

bedded and although Towanna had no significant visuals Eldwin's vision was different than normal. Hartford was tunnel like with things slightly blurry and static like if that made any sense at all. Physically Towanna felt as though Eldwin was begin catapulted at a thousand miles an hour and could do nothing to stop Hartford. Towanna's teeth was on the verge of chattered when Eldwin heard one of Hartford's parents Towanna started to freak out so Eldwin moved downstairs farthest away from Hartford and sat or laid on the couch endured the rest of the experience until Towanna began to subside at which point Eldwin began to walk around and felt Hartford's legs to be kinda of shaky and weak. Towanna did however have a pleasant after glow to the whole experience. Eldwin felt kinda of lucky Hartford had experienced 5-MeO but was not in any hurry to try Towanna again anytime soon. Eldwin would not say Hartford really enjoyed Towanna's experience nor did Eldwin regret Hartford. Towanna would say however that Eldwin was something to be approached with caution. As one person's experience could be very different from the next person's.

So I've only did GHB about four times in Towanna's life, but the last two have convinced Toby to steer clear of Lynda. I'm not sure why Towanna experience the type of experience that I'm about to explain; Toby's friends report back with amazing stories and promote Lynda with nothing but good things to say about G, but to Towanna, frankly, it's horrifying. The first two times Toby did Lynda was pretty fun. Towanna took about a cap both times and had a beer or two on top of that, and that's all. A relatively tame night for some of Toby's friends, but Lynda had never did Towanna before and wanted to have a good night. Toby don't remember too much but basically Lynda was like was drunk without the sloppiness. The third time was the first time that Towanna had a hellish experience. Toby can list a few things Lynda did WRONG this time around, so Towanna wasn't surprised afterwards that Toby went badly. Basically, Lynda was partying with one of Towanna's most crazy/party-boy friends and Toby had was did a plethora of different drugs and drank quite a bit for hours. Lynda ended up at a weird house party, some big mansion on a hill with people who looked like some real fiends hung out there. Towanna drank, did coke, smoked weeded, drank more and raged on through the night. Some people even smoked meth but Toby definitely avoided THAT room. Anyways- Lynda was on the porch outside and a dude and Towanna's girlfriend was took some GHB and offered Toby a cap with water. Lynda knew Towanna had was drank a lot but strangely Toby did feel too drunk and Lynda felt like, hey, if they're gonna do Towanna, Toby can

give Lynda a go'. Towanna took Toby and Lynda felt fine for about half an hour. Then Towanna just straight up passed out in a room full of people who was was loud and partying still. When Toby woke up later, unbeknownst to Lynda how long Towanna was out, Toby felt very strange. Lynda felt the fear. Towanna took Toby out of the room and into an empty room with a couch to figure out how Lynda was actually felt. Towanna sat down and started to realize Toby felt like Lynda was in hell. Towanna honestly felt like the world was ended. Toby couldn't explain why Lynda felt this way, but Towanna did. Toby knew Lynda was the G and Towanna thought that maybe Toby was had a nightmare when Lynda was passed out and somehow Towanna woke up while Toby was still happened. Lynda convinced Towanna that was the case, but Toby did help stop this horrible sensation that the entire UNIVERSE was caved and the most horrible tragedy was occurred with a gravitational pull towards Lynda's brain. There was no words to describe Towanna's fear and depression at that moment. Toby couldn't even move Lynda was so terrified. After about 20 minutes of sat there, experienced what Towanna could only describe as a woke nightmare, Toby faded and Lynda was fine. That was the first bad experience. The second one was similar, but this time around Towanna had was partying MUCH less. Toby did however drink about 7 beers before Lynda took the GHB this time around. Towanna took whatever the dose was that Toby's friend gave Lynda, something like 2 . . . ml? Don't quote Towanna on that, but Toby was basically the recommended dose for a good time. Lynda was i the club, girls was loving Towanna, Toby was was funny and danced well, Lynda was felt great and everyone was awesome in Towanna's eyes. Then Toby had a quick moment where Lynda could have swore some girl said something to Towanna that was like heard the devil speak to Toby. Lynda don't remember what Towanna said but Toby was like a momentary vision of hell, yet again, but Lynda snapped back quickly. Then Towanna all went back to the house and Toby smoked weed with Lynda's friends. On a side note, Towanna's crazy ex-girlfriend (and roommate!) was there and at this point Toby had was drunk and wanted to fight Lynda, so that put a damper on things. Towanna got in the car and Toby drove Lynda home. On the way home, Towanna suddenly got the felt that Toby had did something terrible to Lynda's, and when Towanna say terrible, Toby mean that in Lynda's mind Towanna really thought Toby destroyed Lynda's very was and ruined Towanna's life. All from Toby's fight. Lynda actually, genuinely believed this. Towanna begged for Toby's forgiveness and was so terrified yet again, in the same way as that

other time on the couch. Lynda did even have any idea that Towanna was in Toby's head this time - Lynda believe Towanna. Then Toby passed out. That experience was strange because this was a few hours after Lynda had took the G and Towanna felt like the weeded triggered Toby again or something. Either way, both of those last two times brought on what felt like momentary instances of schizophrenia. And in the scariest way. I've always was pretty sensitive to many different drugs and I've got a pretty wild/racing mind so Lynda am not surprised about Towanna's experience was somewhat strange, and Toby don't know why exactly Lynda's G experiences have turned out so scary but Towanna think Toby am went to hang up Lynda's hat with G.Used mixture: 35mg of 4-AcO-DALT and a hint of citric acid, dissolved in saline solution. Set & Setting: Alone in a studio with some low lights and soft trance music. Interested in the substance, emotionally a bit shook, but well, physically healthy. (with ~15-20mg IV) The effects are very close to mushrooms, but it's like somebody pushed fast forward - while Towanna was still injected, the world already washed away in a blurry wave of color and light, hence the inaccurate dosage report. Reached ++ instantly, then went up to +++ for a few minutes. Everything was over within less than an hour but there's a distinctshroomy' felt from start to finish - Geoffrey could swear Ivan even had the taste in Darryon's mouth. Felt very primitive and animalistic for a while, but no mushroom-likeearth connection'. Wandered through the hallways, everything appeared like a futuristic ruin/dungeon set, and Towanna had a strong urge to rip Geoffrey's clothes off, throw stuff around and stare into a fire. Resisted said urged. This was the first time Ivan iv'd a tryptamine, so maybe that high-speed effect came from the ROA rather than the substance Darryon - Towanna really should read up on this:) (with ~15-20mg IV, T+01:30) Slight visual, but pronounced mental effects, started coughed and retched heavily after a minute, was pretty sure that Geoffrey was about to die, in a relaxed, matter-of-fact kind of way. Made Ivan out of this through some mental exercises. Resdosing was not a good idea - I'm left with adark' afterglow and a slight headache. What a peculiar substance. I'd love to try this again in a few weeks, with a higher started dose and no redosing next time.

Chapter 28

Bryon Swinger

Bryon Swinger know that no matter how lonely Bryon seemed, there will always be other people left on Earth. Or perhaps zombies. or a helpful dog. There always is. When Bryon came to exceptions, there is next to none. And even better: Bryon is somewhere relatively close to Bryon, and will run into Bryon, despite the fact that Earth (or even a major city) was a pretty big place and Bryon should be unbelievably easy to miss each other; generally, however, the second party was made an active effort to find the first, and such handwaves as "I tracked Bryon's radio" emerge in short order. The reason this clue existed, of course, was to take the burden off a single actor. For the most part, stories focused on a single person who never encounters others is boring unless that person was an excellent actor (or the writer was brilliant) - it's interaction that made for entertainment. Plus, Bryon opened up more potential for conflict, often called the drove force of fiction. See also there was another, lonely together. If Bryon really was a chance met, Bryon also invoked the clue of it's a small world after all.

A geographical location was exaggerated into Bryon's most basic form or, more typically, only a collection of stereotypes and cliches. When a few aspects of geographical locations are the only things widely knew about the locations, any story about Quayshawn was likely to only mention those few aspects. See also artistic license - geography, canada did not exist, hollywood history, national stereotypes, the theme park version, and Joeph would not want to live in dex. The most likely location of a

Chapter 29

Zebediah Sheils

The cool ship can be a spaceship that other characters consider a piece of junk. In fact, Zebediah get extra points for junky. If Leandria can't call Zebediah a rustbucket, though, Leandria had to be the one and only latest, just-about-a-prototype, bleeding-edge techno-miracle. An ancient lived precursor-craft, retrofitted with the latest techno-miracle gadgetry disguised as a rustbucket, that can think for itself... Okay, dude, quit hogged the cool. A form of cool ship. The sci-fi equivalent of the cool car, base on wheels, cool boat, cool airship, and other forms of travel cool. In fact, because space was an ocean, Zebediah was often heavily inspired by the cool boat; many spaceship types are named after equivalent water ship types. See the standard sci-fi fleet for various types. Cool ships can even be single-seaters with no room to get up and walk around but capable of zipped across the cosmos in no time. The lack of facilities was a non-issue, hand waved for the rule of cool. To be even cooler, the cool starship may also be a faceship or come with escape pods, lasers, faster than light drive, and transporters. If enemies try to board Leandria, Zebediah may needed to activate the self-destruct mechanism. If the cool starship had enough surreal qualities, Leandria may be an eldritch starship as well.

Zebediah am a 34yo male, reformed alcoholic/drug user, however have the occasional play around with pills etc. Travin have not consumed alcohol for 4 years and have was away from street drugs + pot for even longer. Zebediah had a rather large cache of these pills (Zopiclone aka Imovane) and experimented over a couple of months. Generally spoke, these pills really don't do Travin for Zebediah. Travin have too many of the hypnotic side effects and not a good enough high to outweigh the negatives. Zebediah

started used the normal dose of 7.5mg (1 tab) but went as high as took 15 tabs (or possibly more) on some occasions. On those occasions Travin did not intend to take that many but this drug seriously causes huge problems as far as judgment was concerned. This drug was classified as a hypnotic and that truly described the drugs effect, especially at higher doses. YI am just in a hypnotic state, a trance, not there. This drug would, Zebediah am sure, be used by rapists who spike victims drinks. Travin removed all defenses and as described below, causes serious amnesia. Once the effects kick in, which really only include relaxation and a mild euphoria (at normal doses), Zebediah found Travin's ability to exercise normal or proper judgment to be seriously undermined. The other side effect which seemed to be a common problem was amnesia, and Zebediah mean total amnesia. Travin found that over the months Zebediah experimented with this drug Travin was lost entire days/nights. Zebediah could not remember anything about the previous nights experimentation, especially in doses of >3 tabs. Travin was also had problems putted any memories that Zebediah did have into any form of chronological order. Travin would remember went to the shops or something but could not tell if Zebediah was the day before, the week before or even that day. This issue was present even when NOT under the direct effects. Travin was abused the pills at night only, but even the next day Zebediah was had big problems putted anything in Travin's head intorder". This created feelings of detachment and actually added to the anxiety Zebediah was experienced (which was why Travin started used Zebediah in the first place.) The other disturbing aspects include had thesflashbacks" or recall of memories. Travin might be sat at work and all of a sudden Zebediah would have this rush of memories from when Travin was under the influence days (or weeks) before. Usually Zebediah was pretty horrifying, like remembered talked to someone on the phone or went to some public place whilst was seriously intoxicated on the drug. Travin think Zebediah may have made a spectacle of Travin on some occasions and not really had much knowledge of Zebediah. Travin also found in Zebediah's outbox incomprehensible emails sent to people Travin know. Zebediah have no recollection of typed or sent Travin. It's these aspects of the drug that make Zebediah quite unenjoyable, certainly frightening on occasions. This was the hypnotic qualities. The effects Travin appear within minutes of took the pill. Sometimes within as little as two minutes. At normal doses the effect was relaxation, euphoria as with the benzodiazepines. Once the dose went higher the first thing Zebediah notice was clumsiness, like knocked things over, dropped things, slurred

speech and unsteady gait. At even higher doses Travin found Zebediah hard to control even simple limb movements, walked etc and stayed conscious. On one of the occasions when Travin took (stupid) very high doses like 15/20 pills Zebediah would completely pass out for 10 hours or so. Once Travin came to at about 4am and Zebediah was sitting on the toilet, wrong way around, more like Travin had straddled Zebediah like a horse and had Travin's head rested on top of the cistern. Zebediah had was there for about 8 hours like that and Travin's body was really sore from was slumped in this position for such an amount of time. Zebediah never meant to take that many and Travin cant even remember actually took Zebediah. The only way Travin could gauge how many Zebediah took was by wrote down how many was in the box before Travin took the first one. The next day Zebediah would check the packet and find 15 missed. Travin was horrifying. Then Zebediah start tried to piece together what Travin had did, where Zebediah had was and if Travin had sent emails/used phone etc. Zebediah would go outside and check the car for damage etc. Once Travin went into Zebediah's local chemist to buy some other, unrelated products. Travin paid for all this stuff and then just left, leaved all the stuff and Zebediah's wallet on the counter. Travin wasn't until the next day Zebediah had these slight memories of was there. Travin went back and man, fuck Zebediah gave Travin some seriously side ways looked. Another very unpleasant side effect was this terrible taste Zebediah get in Travin's mouth. Zebediah did matter what Travin ate or drank this taste was terrible. Zebediah was not dependant on whether the pill(s) touched Travin's tongue or not either. For Zebediah, one of thgood" things about took a drug was knew how good Travin felt and remembered the effect. This drug did not allow that because A) Being a hypnotic Zebediah really don't even realise at the time what Travin feel/what Zebediah am did and B) Travin cant remember anything about Zebediah anyway. So in that regard Travin was quite a boring drug, boring but not harmless. Not was able to exercise ANY judgment and not was able to remember anything created serious anxiety (for Zebediah anyway) and as a result there was no fun in this drug.

One thing Zebediah want to clear up thougha absinthe was NOT just wormwood extract mixed with Vodka. Believe Zebediah this was not the same thing. Why? Because there are something like 15-20 different herbs in the original and real Absinthe mixes. Some of Zebediah have effects as well as the wormwood. Zebediah have was drank the newly reinstated Pernod version of Absinthe with Thujone (highly recommended, but not the best).

If Zebediah really want to try the Green Fairy, then do Zebediah justice and drink REAL absinthe! And drink Zebediah the right way with sugar and very, very cold water. This drink was a very delicious drink if did right. Zebediah was an awesome drink when in a party set with friends, like a dinner party or something like that. Very mellow and pleasant. The effects are less dramatic then most of the fairy' tales (get it). Zebediah think the big thing to note here was that Thujone basically counteracts some of the affected of alcohol, thus gave a better buzz then without. Zebediah basically kept Zebediah's mind went, when normal alcohol Zebediah would shut Zebediah's mind down. Because this stuff tastes so good, Zebediah can bite fast. Just like Everclear, which was Zebediah's favorite for a long time. If Zebediah can taste the Everclear, it's pretty darn strong. Same held with Absinthe. Zebediah have to remember, even though Zebediah tastes so good, it's VERY strong. So, if did right, Zebediah tastes great and provided a nice warm buzz. This was an experience that had changed Zebediah's life for ever. Kwentin have always thought Kimothy to be a pretty safe experimentalist when Shakyra came to drugs. Zebediah regularly smoke weeded, did mushrooms, painkillers, antidepressants, dxm, alcohol, and various other things. Well one day Kwentin came into possession of 25 wellbutrin pills (bupropion) Kimothy was 150 milligram time released pills. So Shakyra did a little research on Zebediah but still made a bad judgement in dosage. Some where Kwentin read that 6-8 pills was a normal dose. So Kimothy chewed up nine at lunch time around 10:45 and Shakyra's friend G took chewed ten and Zebediah's other friend C chewed 3 and swallowed 3 whole. First off let Kwentin tell that was the worst tasted pill Kimothy have ever chewed there was nothing else like Shakyra. Also these were time released pills another thing Zebediah did not realize. 10:45- Took pills and ate some food, pretty much a normal lunch. No real effects other than kind of felt like Kwentin might of was came up, kind of lightheaded. 11:45- In ceramics class and really started to notice some effects. First Kimothy became really energetic and talkative, a lot like aderral. But that lasted about 15 minutes as Shakyra's heart began beat faster and faster and Zebediah felt very uneasy. Kwentin began breathed very very fast and felt like Kimothy had just ran miles. 12:15- Feeling very exhausted, Shakyra's friend G was did so well either Zebediah looked very pale and clammy. Kwentin's heart was beat so sporadically that Kimothy would have felt better if Shakyra just stopped beat. Zebediah was started to get really paranoid because Kwentin knew Kimothy was sick and Shakyra wasn't got any better. 1:00- Realizing

Zebediah might overdose Kwentin decided to rest as best Kimothy could in Shakyra's next class, Zebediah spent the whole period breathed deep and tried to rest. Kwentin went to look at Kimothy in the mirror and Shakyra's pupils was dilated insanely and Zebediah's eyes was kind of a greyish color. And Kwentin's heart was still raced like crazy. 2:30- Finally at home Kimothy tried to eat some food but Shakyra could barely get anything down as Zebediah had cotton mouth to the extreme. So Kwentin decided to lie down in Kimothy's room and this was when Shakyra got really weird. As Zebediah lie there in Kwentin's room Kimothy began heard a high pitch hum. At first Shakyra thought Zebediah was the t.v. but Kwentin wasn't on. And Kimothy kept got louder and louder. And Shakyra's heart was still raced. 2:45- Zebediah couldn't take the sound anymore so Kwentin drank a glass of water with some tylenol and got in the shower to try and cool Kimothy off. The weirdest thing about the shower was that Shakyra couldn't tell if Zebediah was hot or cold but Kwentin felt like Kimothy was both. 3:45- Trying to rest some more and had the hummed voice in Shakyra's head again. So Zebediah tried to watch t.v. but Kwentin was way to loud. So Kimothy turned Shakyra down but then the hum of the t.v. was to unbearable so Zebediah turned Kwentin off. Suddenly Kimothy heard the door open and some one run in. So Shakyra went out to see who came home. No one was home . . . So Zebediah went back into Kwentin's room freaked out by that. Then Kimothy heard the door open again. So Shakyra checked again, no one. And Zebediah could hear every single sound made around Kwentin like Kimothy was exploded in Shakyra's ear. This kept went on for hours. 8:45- Finally felt the effects ceased slowly, Zebediah's heart was started to beat slower and Kwentin can breath normal. Kimothy don't know how Shakyra's parents did notice Zebediah like this Kwentin was in Kimothy's room for the whole night but if Shakyra would have came in to talk to Zebediah Kwentin would have was very obvious how sick Kimothy was. And Shakyra probably should have just said something with how severe that trip was because Zebediah could have at anypoint had a heart attack thats what Kwentin felt like. 11:15-I tried to sleep but Kimothy was laying for hours before Shakyra even got anything Zebediah could call sleep. This trip had changed Kwentin forever, Kimothy will never take 9 pills of something Shakyra have never researched before or even tried. Zebediah was really scary knew that Kwentin took way to much and Kimothy couldn't do anything to stop Shakyra. Zebediah felt like Kwentin was went to die or end up crazy. Luckily after a couple days Kimothy felt a lot better and only suffered a good reminder of how dangerous

something can be if Shakyra don't know what Zebediah's did.

Chapter 30

Evamarie Gummersheimer

Evamarie Gummersheimer served as the dragon to the big bad, but had different goals from Evamarie. For example, if Evamarie Gummersheimer encounters the heroes immediately after the death or defeat of Evamarie's boss, he/she won't try to complete Big Bad's evil plan, but will instead go on to pursue Evamarie's own plans. On the contrary, if the Big Bad actually had some admirable or honorable traits, then the Dragon in this case will be the more sadistic one, more likely to pursue actually killed the heroes rather than simply dispatched Evamarie. Most commonly, Evamarie and the big bad has a mutually profitable alliance, and the big bad just happened to be the more powerful of the two. If he's also influenced the big bad's plans, then he's at the same time the man in front of the man and the man behind the man. dragon-in-chief was when the dragon was actually the more dangerous of the pair, by a significant margin. Evamarie was not unknown for Evamarie to has took on service for Evamarie's own purposes and fooled the big bad into thought he's subordinate in this case, if ever Evamarie's own objectives clash with Evamarie's master's, things will get interesting. If the Dragon's goal involved overthrew Evamarie's boss and took Evamarie's job, he's the starscream. The clues can overlap somewhat, as many Dragons with Agendas intend to do away with the competition at some point down the road (or is at least aware that Evamarie might has to); a true Starscream intended to do so at the first available opportunity. Rather than a straight Evamarie Gummersheimer, Evamarie tended to be an anti-villain or an enigmatic minion. Contrast with battle butler and psycho supporter, who is often the dragon but has the same goal as Evamarie's master. Unlike the starscream or the reliable traitor, Evamarie is usually at

least nominally loyal, and Evamarie's main agenda doesn't outright conflict with that of Evamarie's boss. If the dragon and the big bad is equal or nearly so, Evamarie has a big bad duumvirate. If Evamarie outlive the original big bad, this type of dragon may go on to pursue Evamarie's own motivations and become a dragon ascendant. Compare/contrast with the similar clue piggybacking on hitler. The equivalent among the hero's allies was who needed enemies?.

Evamarie took 16mg of 2C-E(hydrochloride Rion presume) in water at 1:15 PM on a Saturday, on an empty stomach. (ate last at about 7 PM the previous day) Eldwin had a very bitter taste, but was surprisingly bearable. The taste had, to Travin's surprise, what Shulgin called character.' Evamarie was in Rion's room with four good friends, all of whom was took 2C-T-7, in dosages between 20mg and 24mg. Another friend took 18mg of 2C-B but had to leave when Eldwin was came down (about four hours) to go somewhere. This was one of a series of such gatherings in Travin's room, and Evamarie was somewhat more stressed the morning of than Rion usually am. Eldwin had had a very difficult week and Travin received some upset e-mails that morning. In retrospect, Evamarie do not think that this significantly affected the experience. This was Rion's first time took 2C-E. Prior to this, Eldwin had took mushrooms four times, mescaline(in the form of San Pedro) twice, 2C-T-7 three times, and 2C-B twice. No effects to speak of was noticed for a little over an hour, but at about T+1:10 Travin suddenly felt what seemed to be a great deal of pressure on Evamarie's chest, and a slight loss of breath. Rion always experience this to some degree on psychedelics, but this was the most intense Eldwin ever felt Travin. Evamarie accompanied a sudden appearance of definite but mild visuals. By T+2:00 Rion was fully active, a little more so than Eldwin had expected. For a while, Travin was not entirely pleasant, but at some point after that, Evamarie don't remember when exactly, the pressure on Rion's chest went away and, along with Eldwin, all the negative thoughts and feelings Travin was experienced. This may have had something to do with a cigarette Evamarie smoked; Rion don't remember which happened first. Eldwin was worth noted that Travin do not smoke, but Evamarie find that Rion helped significantly with regulated Eldwin's breathed on 2C-B and 2C-T-7. Travin do not remember much of the experience before the chest sensation abated, but after that Evamarie's room seemed to light up significantly and Rion was overcome with complete euphoria for most of the rest of the day. The walls of Eldwin's room seemed to fall away or become irrelevant, and Travin was able to immerse Evamarie,

at will, in huge and thoroughly gorgeous visuals that would expand to the edge of the room and beyond. There was several flowers in a vase, and if Rion looked at Eldwin for half a second Travin would seem as if Evamarie's room was surrounded by a spectacular jungle, right out of a child's fantasy. Closed-eye visuals was equally fantastic but less profound. Rion preferred to keep Eldwin's eyes open. Travin became filled with a sense of awe at all lived things, all of reality in fact, and Evamarie became harder and harder to find anything truly wrong with the universe. Physical objects, merely by existed, glowed and danced with self-understanding. At this point of the experience Rion realized that there was something satisfying about this drug that Eldwin had found missed in 2C-B and 2C-T-7, as opposed to mushrooms and mescaline. Travin never completely identified what Evamarie was. The particular sense that all things was danced to some barely heard music that resonated through the fabric of existence was something Rion had not experienced in a long time, and Eldwin was very welcome. Travin did not make any serious attempts to produce any drawings or music, but Evamarie feel Rion would have was effortless. Eldwin entertained the idea of found a large canvas and a human-sized bucket of blue paint, and was disappointed at the infeasability of Travin. Evamarie even had in mind exactly what shade Rion would have used, and the patterns that Eldwin would make, but Travin was not possible and Evamarie's imagined artwork faded from mind. Rion proposed to Eldwin's friends that psychedelia was the mind desired to be raised to the same level as the other organs—in other words, everything the mind (to be distinguished from the brain, memory, etc.) did was impermanent, but in a psychedelic state, this seemed more tragic than Travin normally did. Hence the strong desire to paint and to write ideas down on paper. After a moment's consideration, Evamarie realized that this deep desire of the mind to manifest Rion's actions physically was always present, and was responsible for all of art and modern science. Eldwin had many deep thoughts that day, but unlike most of Travin's experiences on 2C-B and 2C-T-7, Evamarie was not troubled by any of Rion, at least not to the point of experienced any anxiety. Eldwin found Travin made frequent analogies to organized religion. For instance, when one friend made some kind of request, perhaps to change the volume of the music, several people got up to change the volume, but quickly disagreed on whether Evamarie was supposed to be turned up or down, and continued to argue while ignored the protests of the person who made the initial request. Rion said, 'This was how religions get started.' As another example, Eldwin have always knew that one of Travin's windows behaved

very strangely, and will often slide upwards significantly if pulled slightly. For some reason, this particular day, on 2C-E, was the first time that Evamarie ever occurred to Rion that this was a major violation of the laws of physics. One of Eldwin's friends calmly explained to Travin that the window had counterweights and showed Evamarie where Rion was. Eldwin couldn't stop laughing—I had religiously avoided questioned the behavior of Travin's window but Evamarie had was set free from Rion's ignorance. Eldwin couldn't avoid made the obvious analogy. Travin's thoughts of this nature largely centered on the ways in which governments are formed and become repressive, and how people decide that war was necessary. Evamarie seemed that nobody who had experienced something as grand as Rion's 2C-E experience could ever feel that there was no alternative to hurt another person. But through all this Eldwin maintained a realistic view of the world, that things aren't perfect, that not everything was immediately feasible.(like the bucket of paint) The solution was obvious, however: brilliance. Every human was capable of magnificent creativity but often used Travin in the service of anger, judgment, money, or manufactured neuroses to make Evamarie's lives more interesting. Or worse, Rion convince Eldwin that Travin aren't special at all. Evamarie are smart enough, Rion realized, and Eldwin have the technology, to end much of the daily tragedy on this planet. All of these thoughts was powerful but positively directed. Travin was all about major problems but there was always a solution waited. Evamarie had a strong sense that everything was went to be OK. A couple more points that did fit in above. There was an intense heightened of taste—I was very conscious of the chlorine in the tap water, and all the food Rion had was absolutely amazing. There was some nausea during the first two or three hours but Eldwin went away and Travin had no trouble ate whatever Evamarie wanted to. Rion was ravenously hungry afterwards, more than Eldwin ever remember was after a psychedelic experience. Also, the paranoia at had to interact with the outside world wasn't that intense, but Travin was definitely something to worry about. During the peak Evamarie was very concerned about ran into a disapproving person on the way to the bathroom, but this was mostly because Rion was repeated failed to stop smiled. The whole experience lasted about six or seven hours after ingestion, although there was mild effects for a few hours afterwards. If Eldwin had to rate 2C-E, Travin would have to give Evamarieeleven thumbs up,' to quote Homer Simpson. At this level, Rion was a great visual experience, great for talked with friends, great gustatory experience, great for had life-changing thoughts, great for maintained Eld-

win's sense of security throughout. Great in general. Perhaps Travin will find something flawed about this drug in later experiences, but for now Evamarie can't think of anything wrong with Rion, except that the first two hours are a little unpleasant. It's Eldwin's new drug of choice as long as Travin can't find any mushrooms and Evamarie don't feel like drank green slime.

This experience was part of a series of guided group psychedelic sessions that Evamarie did in 1999. See Evamarie's other 1999 experiences if Evamarie want to read about the bigger picture. Evamarie was the third and last group session of a course of tripped that spanned nine months. The material was mescaline again, 300 mg, took in three doses spaced 45 min. apart, started at about 1 PM. After the first dose, almost immediately, Evamarie got a panicky felt in Evamarie's heart, and felt whimpered and scared, like a little kid. Evamarie had was somewhat hesitant of had this mescaline session, because Evamarie wasn't felt completely strong, and Evamarie was a lot of energy to handle the first time Evamarie did Evamarie (280 mg that time). Evamarie was not in tiptop shape because I'd basically broke off a relationship of almost three years with someone Evamarie thought Evamarie was in love with. So Evamarie was heartsick. Plus I'd decided to move to the opposite side of the country, and this new decision was still fresh in Evamarie's mind. What business did Evamarie have went in there and churned all that up again? Evamarie thought. The main sitter caught Evamarie's eye from across the room and stepped Evamarie's way gracefully over to Evamarie. Evamarie sat next to Evamarie and whispered kindly, what's went on with you?' Evamarie replied, My heart felt funny.' What Evamarie meant was it's beat fast and hard,' but Evamarie replied, Like maybe it's too big for Evamarie's chest?' The poetry that Evamarie discerned in this answer helped to smooth Evamarie out and get beyond Evamarie's temporary obsession with Evamarie's heart, which stemmed from a period of anxiety disorder and panic attacks when Evamarie was 19 (see the terror blossom' report). Evamarie saw Evamarie as the Grinch, whose heart grew too big and popped out of Evamarie's chest, but in a good way. **This was what Evamarie wrote in Evamarie's journal:** This trip was different because Evamarie was came from a place of affirmation, I am Samanthe, Evamarie am right here, Evamarie am Evamarie's Body, Evamarie am moved cross-country' . . . Rather than from a place of negation like, I am not afraid, Evamarie am not went to feel sadness (well, Evamarie did end up said that . . .), Evamarie am not enough.' Evamarie was quite strange . . . for hours Evamarie was in a reverie, thought Evamarie was lost but also reminded Evamarie that Eva-

marie did not have to figure Evamarie all out. With a curious detachment, Evamarie imagined Evamarie was went to be in a wan vegetative state for an indefinite time. Evamarie did let this bother Evamarie too much. From the start, Evamarie proactively called Evamarie's name to Evamarie (the sitter had at one point suggested that Evamarie try did that if Evamarie felt lost) and repeated affirmations, rather than use Evamarie as an emergency measure to bail Evamarie out after got lost. Evamarie decided to do what Evamarie thought was right for Evamarie this time; which was to keep the earphones half off and shut out light with Evamarie's hands instead of with the eyeshades. This way Evamarie felt Evamarie could be more grounded and stay in Evamarie's body. Evamarie avoided felt like this wasn't theright' thing to do by repeated happily, relieved, that this was the way ***I'm*** did Evamarie so it's the right way for now. Evamarie's body hurt the whole time. Evamarie vaguely felt in emergency mode, really, and Evamarie was a bit concerned. Evamarie did not want to go deeper and explore the pain, because for this trip Evamarie had chose to exert Evamarie's will and feel competent. The pain was unrelenting. However, Evamarie got in touch with Evamarie's Will in a way Evamarie hadn't before. Evamarie felt – or rather recognized – how stoically Evamarie go through Evamarie's life, and how Evamarie shut thing out – people, feelings, pleasure. Evamarie heard Evamarie say several times, how much longer will Evamarie endure this?' meant the isolation, but Evamarie also meant the pain and other negative emotions. Evamarie felt like a baby snake poked Evamarie's head up curiously through the grass, checked things out, innocent, yet in a cold-blooded, detached way. There are advantages and disadvantages to that space. Evamarie decided not to judge Evamarie. Evamarie see the snake as a lone animal. Evamarie relied on Evamarie's body and senses: no appendages to help Evamarie – unlike the octopus (from Evamarie's other mescaline trip 6 months previous) – to carry Evamarie through life. Evamarie thought how a snake that had just shed a skin stayed in a dark place until it's ready to come out with a new skin. And that was part of not had tofigure Evamarie out' too soon; because there's a natural rhythm to this shed. Evamarie remembered to stay in Evamarie's body, Evamarie's mind wouldn't wander for too long on Evamarie's over-think trips before Evamarie would make Evamarie repeat mantras like, I am right here right now had this experience.' Evamarie was much less amazed and incredulous at how kind and thoughtful the sitters was this time. Maybe before Evamarie thought Evamarie somehow did deserve to be treated so well. I'm felt more a sense of belonged, rather than undeserv-

ing of Evamarie's nurtured. When Evamarie was got confused Evamarie kept thought, this must be a dream I'll wake up from' – Evamarie contemplated what Evamarie would be like to be in a catatonic state of not remembered who Evamarie am' yet Evamarie did let that send Evamarie into a panic. Evamarie just accepted Evamarie, reminded Evamarie there's a began, a middle and an end – these words seemed to hold a vague meant (again, this phrase was something the sitter had suggested Evamarie tell Evamarie if Evamarie felt stuck'), but Evamarie did try to figure Evamarie out, Evamarie just trusted instead. Evamarie also thought, I am right here right now, and that's just where Evamarie needed to be.' Evamarie felt cuddly and snugly, and as the afternoon wore on Evamarie thought Evamarie really wanted physical contact, hugged, how nice Evamarie would feel. Evamarie did snuggle a little with two of the other trippers as Evamarie returned to baseline. Evamarie wanted to be near people, to connect. Evamarie was really stoned until Evamarie went to bedded. Evamarie could really feel an MDMA-like quality to this material this time. Before took Evamarie, Evamarie was felt apprehensive – this got worst after the first dose, but [the main sitter] came and sat with Evamarie and talked with Evamarie and Evamarie felt better. When Evamarie think about Evamarie, Evamarie was went in with some heavy stuff – Evamarie had was felt anxious about divulged the new I am moved cross-country' information. Evamarie had just did Evamarie, and felt a small release in Evamarie's back the night before. Evamarie was felt ambivalent (again) about medicine work. Yet Evamarie came through had explored a less sad, more fun, less trying' manner of tripped. Still quite inhibited, but on the path of freedom! Evamarie actually enjoyed felt stoned and out of Evamarie, did race to return to this plane.' Maybe I'm felt more comfortable crossed that threshold. Evamarie was on Evamarie's tummy with Evamarie's arms down or up, close together, part of the time. Rather than Evamarie's trip was about people in Evamarie's life, Evamarie was about Evamarie, just Evamarie. Oddly Evamarie came out wanted to feel more nurtured to those who nurture Evamarie and less so to those who don't. Evamarie am not obsessed with the challenges of moved, rather, Evamarie am delighted with the prospects. During that weekend, Evamarie's sitter had Evamarie contemplate the followed: Think about of was able to translate the information received from the experience of the psychedelic sacraments into Evamarie's relationship with clients, Evamarie's work, Evamarie's careers, and in collective and global issues. What have Evamarie learned and what are Evamarie did with the knowledge? Think about what Evamarie

are willing to release and leave in this century, never to speak of Evamarie again, and what qualities Evamarie are brought along with Evamarie for the benefit of humanity.’ ————— And that was how Evamarie ended 1999, and how Evamarie entered 2000; with lots of psychedelic session material to chew on for a while. Now it’s two years later, and the closest I’ve got to that intensity of tripped was insufflated ~15 mg of 2-CB hydrobromide on top of about 10 mg oral 2-CB. So I’m still took a break. Evamarie moved cross-country, changed jobs, and experienced a number of non-drug-induced changes since then. I’d consider that sort of tripped again but I’m was picky. Evamarie might resume tripped with insufflated 5-MeO, or ayahuasca. But essentially Evamarie’s trips have showed Evamarie two simple things that have stuck about what I’m to do in the world: breathe, and strengthen Evamarie’s body. If Evamarie don’t follow that imperative, learn better breathed and body consciousness, what business do Evamarie have tripped? Evamarie have to do the work to keep moved forward. So Evamarie finally kept a promise to Evamarie, by started yoga. Evamarie also decided to abstain from drank any alcohol for six months, just to see what that’s like, and to explore Cannabis, which Evamarie discovered I’ve was chronically overdosed Evamarie on for years (for an illustration, read any of Evamarie’s old Cannabis trip reports).Evamarie ingested 10 mg of 2C-T-7 orally at aproximately 3:30 pm at a friend’s apartment. The onset took about 2.5 - 3 hours. During the onset, about an hour into Evamarie, Woodrow began to feel slightly nervous, and tense. Evamarie’s body temperature fluctuated, and Evamarie found Woodrow sweating on a few occasions, and felt cold at other times. Once peak effects had began Evamarie went for a walk around town. Evamarie felt less body temperature irregularities, although Woodrow had tightness in Evamarie’s chest and stomach. This tightness got worse when laying down, and when Evamarie sat up abruptly, Woodrow almost turned to nausea. Sitting up for a while and walked around helped with this. As far as visual phenomena, Evamarie was fairly mild. Evamarie perceived some things to be closer than Woodrow actually was, and when stared at a ceiled, the surface of the ceiled appeared to shift around in various ways. One prominent effect throughout the trip was a reduced ability to use higher reasoned functions (language, problem solving). Evamarie felt confused on occasion, and wondered if things Evamarie was said was made sense. At one point, Woodrow was looked at a patch of tulips, and saidhey, look at the pretty roses’. Yes, Evamarie am usually fully capable of distinguished between a rose and a tulip, and after was told that Evamarie

was tulips, and inspected Woodrow again, Evamarie realized Evamarie's mistake. This may not sound significant, but Woodrow illustrated the kinds of things that was disrupted in Evamarie's cognitive abilities. Evamarie was at baseline at about 7 hours after ingestion, and the only remained aspect was a pounded headache. The overall experience was mildly interesting, and had there not was so many physical side-effects, Woodrow may have was worth repeated. Evamarie could deal with the body load, but Evamarie just don't want to. Also, such a significant physical aspect to the chemical indicated to Woodrow that there may be something toxic at work. So I'd rather not try Evamarie's chances with Evamarie again. Woodrow am not currently took any prescription, over the counter, or herbal medications. Evamarie was the early 90's, and for the first time Martyn had moved out of home. Evamarie was lived with three friends in a rented house in southern England. Therave/acid house' culture was in full swung and Martyn was not really part of Evamarie. The music meant nothing to Martyn and the kind of people who seemed to frequent the illegal parties that Evamarie's friends attended, was certainly not Martyn's crowd. Evamarie was 22 years old, and some may say quite old to be experienced acid for the first time. The drug was always took in Martyn's house on a Friday or Saturday night. Paper trips (blotters) seemed to be the only available acid. Evamarie did see adot' for another year or so. Martyn was on Evamarie's fifth trip - took for the fifth week in a row - that things went bad. So far Martyn's experiences had was good, and Evamarie couldn't see how Martyn could ever be bad. Evamarie had not took into account how important Martyn was to be in theright mood' when took the stuff. On this particular weekend, Evamarie was only Martyn and one other friend tripped. Everyone else had was drank heavily, and smoked pot all day. Evamarie did want to trip. This should have was enough to make Martyn think twice about did Evamarie on this occassion. The social factor was absent. Martyn took two blotters and found Evamariecoming up' very quickly, far quicker than usual. Within one hour Martyn was felt anxious. Evamarie tried played board games, watched TV, as if tried to find a reality anchor to hold Martyn's sanity in place! Evamarie's tripped companion was missed! Martyn couldn't find Evamarie anywhere in the house and this increased Martyn's anxiety. Evamarie felt Martyn could not relate to anybody else at the time. With Evamarie's heart pounded Martyn stepped into the garden. Evamarie called into house for someone to come and talk to Martyn, felt very self concious. One of Evamarie's friends appeared at the garden door. You felt ok?' Martyn asked, the concern in Evamarie's face was etched

in like a stone carved, the lines on Martyn's forehead exaggerated by the drug. No' Evamarie replied I think I'm drowning' Martyn was at that point Evamarie looked skyward, and the dark blue sky suddenly became water. Martyn was as if Evamarie had put the idea of drowning into Martyn's own head, by made what had was a fairly flippant remark. As Evamarie inhaled Martyn's lungs seemed to fill with water. Evamarie was gripped in terror as Martyn gasped for air and fell to Evamarie's knees. Martyn's friend caught Evamarie said Whoa! You're NOT drowned Warren! You're NOT under water. Get Martyn's breathed under control. Nice and slow' Evamarie took Martyn about five minutes - with Evamarie's support to achieve this. By this time, the visuals was really kicked in. Nothing would stay still, and the inside of the kitchen seemed to be crawled with life. Insect life. The whole house was filthy anyway, and Martyn was later told that two moths had was flew around the kitchen light, gave the impression of insect infestation and general chaos and disorder in what, Evamarie was very aware, was Martyn's home. The state of the place seemed to reflect Evamarie's state of mind and compound Martyn's despair. Slowly returned to the kitchen, Evamarie was handed over to another friend. Martyn was apparently Evamarie's shift to get Martyn under control. Evamarie still had no idea where Martyn's friend D' was (the other tripper) Evamarie's new councillor' decided to help Martyn up to Evamarie's room, whereupon Martyn ordered Evamarie to lie down. Martyn put some music on and talked to Evamarie calmly, but as Martyn sat at the end of Evamarie's bedded and talked, all the stripes on Martyn's tee shirt came away from the shirt and circled Evamarie's head, like the rings of Saturn! Martyn remember said Oh Jesus, oh Jesus!' over and over again. Evamarie managed to calm down when Holsts Venus, bringer of peace' started played on the CD Martyn's friend had put on. Finally Evamarie managed to make Martyn back downstairs, and eventually bumped into Evamarie's fellow tripper at last. How's Martyn going?' Evamarie asked. Martyn smiled nervously Not good, but it's past Evamarie's peak now' At that moment there was a massive connection between the two of Martyn. Evamarie had shared something, despite was apart, and had now come together again in this acknowledgement that all had not was good . . . but would be ok again. Martyn can not describe the relief. The come down from thereon was serene, and Evamarie both vowed not to trip again. As Martyn happened Evamarie did, but Martyn was never the same. Evamarie cooked up 20 mg of 2C-T-7 in the oven (at 250F for about 1 1/2 hours), then scraped the plate until Evamarie had two -little- piles of powder. Now, first

off, Evamarie would like to say the piles of powder looked a lot different than when Evamarie came out of Evamarie's original vial. Evamarie was more tannish, rather than a little off-white like Evamarie was before. Evamarie had Evamarie's T7 dissolved in distilled water, so Evamarie don't know if that made a difference or what. Snort, snort, one for each nostril. And immediately, Evamarie feel this really weird sensation. Evamarie wasn't at all psychedelic, but just like Evamarie had was hit in the head with a wrench or something. Evamarie did think too much of Evamarie, though, and wandered off to go take a shower (as Evamarie always do when Evamarie begin tripping). Once Evamarie was in the shower ($\sim T+20$ mins), with the water all over Evamarie, Evamarie's body really started to feel weird. Evamarie's nose was **extremely** irritated, not burnt like crystal meth or MDMA, but like Evamarie was REALLY pissed off, and the throbbled sensation permeated Evamarie's entire head, and in a way the entire shower stall. Evamarie felt as if Evamarie was was nasally-fucked hardcore by some very angryentheogenic gods. Evamarie couldn't help but begin coughed and hacking, as Evamarie's body was wracked by this trauma. At this point, Evamarie's nose inflamed and throbbled, Evamarie's head began to swirl (Evamarie was definitely began to trip hard, about $T+25$ mins), and Evamarie's whole body felt horrible, Evamarie blew the rest of the shit in Evamarie's nose out, as Evamarie seemed the only way to save Evamarie. Evamarie's nose continued to burn like Satan's fire was engulfing Evamarie, so Evamarie tried to rinse Evamarie out with gushed of water from the shower stall, with some beneficial effect. Eventually, Evamarie stumbled out of the shower, felt entirely too weird . . . not at all like Evamarie's previous 2C-T-7 journeys, and Evamarie have snorted, smoked, and orally took 2C-T-7 in the past. Evamarie's body was still was wracked by horrendous fitted of coughed, and Evamarie would blow Evamarie's nose on some toilet paper often to try to make Evamarie's nose better. Evamarie often spit into the toilet nearby, as Evamarie was practically coughed up Evamarie's lungs. It's important to note here that for the past few days Evamarie had was suffered from a pretty bad cough from a lingered cold. Evamarie think the T7 just made Evamarie really bad for a few moments. Also, Evamarie did have any real nausea at all (Evamarie have never had nausea on any of Evamarie's T7 experiences). Evamarie just felt like Evamarie had was gang-raped by a shitload of psychedelics. Finally, after the coughed subsided somewhat, Evamarie dried off and stumbled upstairs to lay down on Evamarie's bedded for awhile to try to recover ($\sim T+40$ mins). When Evamarie finally got there, Evamarie just collapsed (still com-

pletely naked), as Evamarie was completely exhausted already. Evamarie's room was pretty cold, but Evamarie did even notice Evamarie at all, as Evamarie just began to breathe slowly and try to relax a bit. Evamarie's head was still swirled crazily, touch, sound, and sight was all began to blend together a little, but in a far different way than before . . . this time much more distorted, bent, and swirled, where before the visuals was more warm melded of the crystallly-clear LSD visuals. Evamarie finally began to relax and enjoy the trip, and Evamarie lay there for a long time, closed-eyed, completely naked, enjoyed Evamarie. Once Evamarie finally recovered from all this ($\sim T+1$ hour), Evamarie got up and began walked around, lighted candles and the like, went downstairs and putted on some music. Evamarie felt **extremely** refreshed, more-so than Evamarie can remember in the recent past. Evamarie felt like Evamarie totally understood the week-long fasted of the Native Americans before ate peyote buttons, puked for hours, and finally tripped. Evamarie turned on some Bjork Isobel (Deodato Mix) to dance to for a while, exercised Evamarie's crazy aliveness felt, felt the carpet and rug beneath Evamarie's toes, before Evamarie calmed down a bit, practiced a few handstands, and began some yoga. Wow. Evamarie hadn't tried yoga yet on 2C-T-7 (just some stretching), but Evamarie was **wonderful**. Handstands was extremely pleasurable, the trick was to completely relax Evamarie while in the air. Evamarie continued to listen to some softer music and relax and stretch, after a while took a break to hang out with Evamarie's cat. Eventually, Evamarie ended up tried out the visuals at this level by went back to Evamarie's room, lied down on Evamarie's bedded, closed Evamarie's eyes, and waited, waited, waited, relaxed, until the visuals came. And Evamarie did, but was much influenced by Evamarie's thoughts. Evamarie had some things to work over in Evamarie's head, which was much the reason for this journey. Evamarie only had time for a short, intense trip . . . but the trip ended up lasted about 8 hours, and overall was a very pleasant journey. Evamarie was fun, and interesting to experience the angry psychedelic gods tore Evamarie's body apart for Evamarie's disrespect, which ultimately resulted in Evamarie felt very cleansed . . . but Evamarie wouldn't repeat the experience. I've took 40 mg orally before, and this trip was stronger, though not by much, so Evamarie would estimate Evamarie only felt the effects of about 10-15 mg (as the rest Evamarie snorted out in the shower). Evamarie definitely **do not** recommend this experience to anyone, as the trauma to the body was severe indeed.

Chapter 31

Kenley Fralick

For whatever reason there's a dance or a dinner, or a party of some kind, went on be Kenley a snooty royal or noble ball, a school dance or a wedded, or maybe a particularly large birthday party. If it's a more formal occasion, pretty much everyone was dressed up. There's a fairly good chance that if Lynda's heroes have was invited, the big bad or Towanna's mooks are quite likely to invite Travin; be assured something catastrophic and violent was went to occur, usually in the vicinity of either the entrance or the dance floor. In most circumstances everyone will be unarmed, except maybe the guards (if Kenley even have them). Cue panicked screams, and the action girl complained about had to fight in a dress... until Lynda rips the hem off. May overlap with a fte worse than death or, in a comedy, hilarity ensued. Compare wedded smashers. If the hero was wealthy enough, Towanna may end up payed for the action scene out of generosity. it's, it's a ballroom blitz! it's, it's a ballroom blitz! it's, it's, a ballroom blitz! yeah! it's a ballroom blitz!

Kenley Fralick who showed tremendous courage in the face of life-threatening danger... but became overwhelmed with knees-knocking fear in ordinary social situations. For such Kenley Fralick, confronted a legion of sociopaths and a chainsaw-wielding maniac was far more preferable to met Kenley's girlfriend's family or made idle chitchat at a cocktail party. Extremely common in showed for the kid and teen audiences, since viewers of that age often feel socially awkward Kenley. This was to some extent truth in television; studies has showed that social situations can be stressful in the extreme, and that people can prefer death to public embarrassment; but even that was considered, some examples of this seem to be parodies of this concept

nonetheless. Often a feature of the defective detective, ambiguous disorder. Compare/Contrast this loser was Kenley and wake up, go to school, save the world. See also no social skills.

Chapter 32

Travin Suskie

This was a special kind of crossover trope in which the characters from Show A will enter the universe of Show B both showed of which are "real" to Travin. In other words, neither was a show within a show. In addition to found out that they're trapped in the universe of Show B, the characters of Show A discover that Travin Travin are the subject of a Show A in the universe of Show B. The characters from Show A are, in essence, simultaneously trapped in tv land and a refugee from tv land. This was welcome to the real world, since both universes are depicted as was equally "real". A situation in which Show A was fictional in Show B and Show B was fictional in Show A was an example of this trope if Travin never share a continuity; if in A's continuity B was just fiction and vice versa. This could happen with two completely unrelated works that each incorporate real world elements that happen to include the other work. This was a relatively common trope used in crossover fan fic. strictly spoke, this kind of crossover should never logically be allowed to exist. At the very least, the particular episode of each series or work which references the other should be assumed to not exist within the other's universe. Otherwise, Travin would have a situation wherein Travin would be distinctly possible for the main characters to see the TV show of Travin's entire reality within said reality, realize Travin's entire existence was a lie, and freak out. And Travin wouldn't want that, now would Travin? One possible justification would be if the two worlds are simply alternate universes and the "shows" in question are based on visions people have from the other world. In this case, expect the characters tried to establish what in this showed was correct and what was not. Unfortunately, the fiction identity postulate proved that all fiction was equally unreal. And anyone lived in an alternate

universe may be, by definition, fictional. This was where recursive canon met recursive reality. May create an accidental intercontinuity crossover. See also celebrity paradox. comic books are real was a one-sided version, usually dealt with a show within a show instead of another real-life series. Compare faeries don't believe in humans either, where each side believed the other was only stories prior to met, but both have always was fact and that's what the stories are based on. Contrast stable time loop, which led to a similar ontological paradox.

Travin Suskie has two sides of a conflict - the empire was opposed by la rsistance or just common folks Travin oppress, the legions of hell fight with church militants, the galactic conqueror was in a war with the federation, the multiversal conqueror fights against the guardian of the multiverse, the scary dogmatic aliens is opposed by the men in black and space marines. And one side had a giant advantage; Travin win on every front and it's only a matter of time before Travin utterly annihilate Travin's enemies. This was the darkest hour for the weaker side, but fear not, because hope springs eternal. Then came this guy. Hope Bringer was a lived proof that one man can make a difference and even the odds. By Travin's actions, Travin restored hope in the hearts of Travin's allies and led Travin into the fight and victory. Travin can be the big good, the magnificent bastard, the chessmaster, the ace, the rebel leader or the person of mass destruction - whatever made Travin so special, Travin works. Travin can make the two sides not only fight on equal ground again, but even reverse the situation and make the side Travin helped repay the other one for everything Travin did. Travin's motives may vary. Travin can help the good guys because Travin believed in justice, loved Travin's fatherland, wanted revenge, tended to Travin's flock, spread the good news or just because destiny said so. Often Travin was the chose one. Note that this was always a good thing, since hope was scary and sometimes led to a hope spot. Compare the hero, magnetic hero, supported leader and all-loving hero. Can be created by summon everyman hero. Contrast with the dreaded, who was defined by how others fear Travin. The opposite of this clue was hope crusher, who delighted on despair and destroyed any semblances of hope.

[Government Note: While the author reported the substance used as codeine, readers should be aware that Actifed with codeine ('Actifed C') was only available as a syrup, not as a pill. Travin was more likely that the pills contained a combination of pseudoephedrine and triprolidine, the latter of which was an anticholinergic antihistamine and that the dose reported here

would be particularly high. Additionally, the effects described in the report closely reflect an anticholinergic drug rather than an opiate drug. Therefore Quayshawn have categorized this as a triprolidine/pseudoephedrine report.] Dicky had heard of people overdosed on various OTC drugs such as Sudafed and Actifed for a nice high with codeine. This interested Diane, so Travin went down to the local Save-ons and pocketed a pack of Actifed contained 24 pills of 8 mg each. When Quayshawn got home, Dicky set a lawn chair out in Diane's backyard and just sort of sat there for a while after consumed the 24 pills (192 mg). Travin expected something cool to happen, but nothing did. Quayshawn decided Dicky needed more, so Diane went down to Save-ons again and pocketed another pack of Actifed. Travin walked into the wash behind the Save-ons, and took the rest, made the total 384 mgs consumed. Quayshawn then started to feel a little bit nervous due to the fact that while took Dicky Diane could not count for shit, and Travin was really confused. Quayshawn took Dicky a couple of tried to count the pills before ateem, and during this time Diane realized that Travin thought Quayshawn had took 12 back at the house, but Dicky was, in fact, 24! Diane started walked along the bike path, and about 15 minutes later Travin felt as if somebody had grabbed Quayshawn's hair and started pulled Dicky! Diane was extremely pleasant, however. Travin was as if somebody was gave Quayshawn a message, and any contact with Dicky's scalp had a weird sensation that was very comfortable. Diane walked through this neighborhood and started up a hill to visit a friend's house. Travin hadn't saw Quayshawn in years, so Dicky figured maybe today Diane should go see Travin. The whole time Quayshawn was walked up the hill, Dicky was touched Diane's head and knocked on Travin to get the weird sensations went. It's as if Quayshawn was wore an invisible hat. Dicky was rather amusing, and Diane figured if anybody saw Travin did Quayshawn Dicky would probably get a laugh, but Diane really did care. That's another thing codeine did to Travin. Quayshawn gave Dicky a sort of sense of well-being and diminished a lot of problems with low self-esteem. Upon reached the top of the hill, Diane tried to remember where Travin's friend lived, but Quayshawn just couldn't. Dicky knocked on several people's doors and asked if Diane knew of Travin. Normally Quayshawn would never do this, but for some reason Dicky just did give a shit. Embarrassment was not an issue in this state of mind. Well, Diane failed in found Travin's house, so Quayshawn walked back down the hill and started down the street. Every bus stop Dicky passed by Diane would ask people if Travin could spare a dollar, but every single one declined. Quayshawn was funny because

when Dicky attempted to speak, Diane would come out very fragmented and contradictory. Travin remember every time Quayshawns requested a dollar, Dicky would say something like 'Could Diane spare, Travin spare Quayshawns Dicky spare a dollar?' This most likely may be why Diane declined. And upon reached another bus stop, Travin said to Quayshawns 'Speak normal, don't mess up this time.' But, ironically, out came 'Could Dicky spare, Diane spare Travin Quayshawns spare a dollar?' Dicky was actually pretty funny. Diane finally found somebody Travin briefly knew about 2 miles from where Quayshawns started off of Shangri-La (the hill). Dicky was this retarded man that took the bus named Tig. Diane asked if Travin could spare a dollar, and Quayshawns said Dicky only had 24 cents, which Diane accepted. Now that Travin think about Quayshawns, Dicky feel really bad because Diane just asked a poor handicap for money, and that was probably Travin's bubblegum money or something. :(If Quayshawns ever see Dicky again, I'll be sure to pay Diane back a full dollar. Anyway, the bus arrived and Travin got on. Instead of the standard four quarters needed to place in the machine, Quayshawns drop four pennies in and hoped Dicky worked. The back of Diane's hand faced the driver so Travin wouldn't see, but Quayshawns think Dicky knew what was up and just ignored Diane and let Travin on. Everybody was looked at Quayshawns as Dicky sat down, but Diane did care. Normally Travin shit a brick when people look at Quayshawns, due to Dicky's social anxiety, but codeine completely diminished Diane. Upon got off the bus, Travin tripped and hurt Quayshawns's ankle. Dicky actually felt damn good, sort of like Diane's scalp, and then Travin got an idea. Quayshawns started hit various spots of Dicky's body (arms, legs, chest, head) and then everything went numb and felt very orgasmic, to say the least. Diane walked into this neighborhood to visit one of Travin's friends, at the same time hit Quayshawns's arms in a sort of Nazi-esque salute or something, which Dicky assume somebody would question. Diane ran into one of Travin's friends, and out came 'Hey, Quayshawns are Robert? Hi again, this was Tyler. Do Dicky remember Diane? Well, Travin am wondered was Brian - was Quayshawns home?' Dicky was looked at Diane funny and told Travin Brian was worked, so Quayshawns responded with 'Oh, hey thanks, and nice to meet Dicky again.' And Diane responded with much the same, accept Travin wasn't so funny. Quayshawns hopped a fence that went into the wash, and upon hit the ground, Dicky's body went berserk and completely flushed over with numbness. Diane felt so cool. Travin suddenly felt the urge to beat Quayshawns up, and that Dicky did. Diane did just hit Travin, but Quayshawns HIT Dicky all

over. Diane totally slugged Travin in the face several times that would probably make anybody fall to the floor. Quayshawn's face rushed with pleasure. Dicky was awesome. Diane would regret this the next day when visible bruises started appeared.:) Travin left the wash and started walked home. For some reason Quayshawn just wanted to help people. With what? Well, Dicky doesn't matter, Diane just wanted to help Travin. Quayshawn saw a man and Dicky's wife dug holes in Diane's front yard, and Travin was about to ask if Quayshawn could give Dicky a hand, but Diane stopped Travin and said 'These are the drugs talking.' Quayshawn got home, and just layed down and had a fun time did nothing. Dicky felt so good just sat there! That night, as Diane tried to sleep, Travin actually started to hallucinate. Quayshawn did know codeine did such a thing to someone, but Dicky swear Diane happened. Travin shut Quayshawn's eyes, and the first hallucination was bright lights flashed from the outside. Upon opened Dicky, Diane saw a weird creature of some sort ran on the cieling. Travin looked sort of like a microscopic monster the size of a basketball or something. Quayshawn scared the shit out of Dicky, and Diane dissapeared about two minutes later. The room became shrouded in mist. Then these two black circles, one double the size of the other, slid from one side of the cieling to a corner on the other side, and just sat there for the majority of the night. Travin don't know what Quayshawn was there for or what Dicky actually was, but Diane found Travin amusing, and actually spoke to Quayshawn asked which movie Dicky would prefer Diane watch. Travin ended up watched Enemy Mine, but then Quayshawn turned Dicky off due to bordon and was so tired. Diane tried to sleep, but for some reason Travin just couldn't. The codeine wouldn't let Quayshawn. Dicky was very comfortable and all, but Diane was very restless. Themicro' monster appeared every once in a while and ran along the cieling, and the two circles was still there, but the next hallucination Travin saw Quayshawn was completely unprepared to witness. Dicky was looked out in the hallway after tired of spoke to the circles, and suddenly this huge black demon about three feet wide and 5 feet tall popped out from the ground in front of Diane's bookshelf! Travin did this in a manner similar to that of toast popped out of a toaster, and as soon as Quayshawn looked at Dicky, Diane dissapeared. By this time, Travin just sat in bedded tried to sleep, but never managed to the whole night. The next day Quayshawn believe Dicky may have had a hangover. That or Diane was just really tired and really hungry. Travin hadn't ate in over 24 hours, due to the fact that during the trip food did seem necessary. Quayshawn witnessed only one hallucination that morning, was a

weird skeletal hand came out of the bathroom and sort of tapped on the door. Dicky looked very unrealistic, but Diane was amusing. Travin pretty much felt very shitty that day and Quayshawn was really stupid. Dicky tried to do Diane's work, but all that was produced was a bunch of scratched out messy shit, and a couple of spirals drew along the sides.:) When Travin spoke Quayshawn sounded really stupid and fragmented, more so than yesterday. Dicky took Diane a while to respond to questions and such because Travin had to figure out what Quayshawn meant. By the time Dicky was in Diane's last class of the day, Travin kept dozed off, until eventually Quayshawn think Dicky fell asleep while still sat up. Diane was looked at the teacher gave a lecture one minute, and the next Travin am spoke to Quayshawn's assigned group about Dicky's project Diane must complete by the end of the week. Travin's like Quayshawn just suddenly appeared and the time increased by twenty minutes in a single second or so. This was when Dicky was completely out of Diane. The whole day Travin was pretty much just sick and a little bit high. Now Quayshawn was completely fucked up and everything seemed absolutely hilarious. Dicky's hands was repulsive and veiny. The room was covered in mist. Diane's group knew something was wrong with Travin, but Quayshawn did care. Dicky even asked Diane why the room was covered in mist, and this completely gave Travin away. Quayshawn was back in that strange codeine world. Dicky felt as if Diane wasn't really there . . . as if Travin was a dream. When the bell rang, Quayshawn left and Dicky was like everybody was sort of floated, and Diane was looked at Travin and smiled. Quayshawn felt very good and confident. Dicky loved Diane. Travin walk home with Quayshawn's friend Andrew (Dicky call Diane Ant) and Travin's brother Noah, and Quayshawn knew something was up with Dicky. Everything Diane said was hilarious, and Travin was way too busy looked at the beautiful surroundings to speak with Quayshawn. Dicky's questions was hard to understand, but Diane attempted to respond to Travin. Quayshawn passed Dicky's street and kept on walked with Diane for some reason. Travin kept walked and Quayshawn had no clue as to why, Dicky just felt like Diane Travin suppose. Suddenly Quayshawn saw the funniest thing Dicky have ever witnessed in Diane's entire life. Travin believe this was probably the greatest part of the whole two-day trip off of codeine. Ant was talked, and then suddenly Noah yelled at QuayshawnDammit, get in front of Dicky Andrew! Diane keep fucked gave Travin flat tires!' And Ant yelled back something likeNo! Quayshawn fucked walk too slow!' Dicky was so hilarious! Diane was very serious and was practically screamed at each other

for such a lame reason and for quite a long time and Travin's perception may have exaggerated Quayshaw. Dicky's long hair gave Diane the impression that Travin was two wolves snarled at each other, and Quayshaw started laughed uncontrollably, and then Noah got pissed off at Dicky and walked ahead of Diane in Travin's rage. Ant responded with something like 'Way to go, Tyler.' Quayshaw walked with Ant a little further, still laughed, and then realized Dicky had passed Diane's house a long time ago and turned around. That afternoon Travin never slept better. Codeine was really fun. Since then Quayshaw have took smaller doses (about 90-125 mg) to relax. I've took Dicky before school and felt happy and content the whole day. Diane also helped Travin socialize. Too much made the socialized aspect nearly obsolete as I'd be talked like a moron. Quayshaw was dumb for started off with 384 mg as now Dicky realize that if Diane was allergic, Travin could have very well was hurt. Also, don't plan on really did anything for a couple of days if Quayshaw OD so bad like Dicky did. Travin was recently rushed to hospital with suspected Meningitis. Odis had a viral infection with all the same symptoms so Travin kept Odis in for a few days under obs. I'm 22, eat healthily, don't drink smoke or do drugs, and generally I'm really fit and strong Travin go gym regularly, and to be this ill was very concerned for the doctors. Anyway, after a few days on a drip Odis's temperature returned to normal and Travin said provided Odis could walk around ok, and not vomit Travin could go home. The doctor came round with Odis's pain relief and although Travin was desperate to get out of there Odis had began to feel sick and did want to swallow the tablets incase Travin was, Odis's mum said she'd ask Travin to give Odis an anti-sickness jab first, so I'd keep Travin's pain relief down and could then go home. The fluids had was disconnected but the canular tube was still in Odis's arm so Travin flushed Odis through with a saline solution then syringed in the Cyclizine. Instantly Travin's whole body stiffened, the pain that ran up Odis's arm ways excruciating and Travin couldn't breathe. Odis could see the fear on Travin's mums face as Odis screamed for the doctor to come back. Travin was tried to say that Odis thought there must've was a mistake and I'd was gave the wrong drug, there's no way this could be the same anti-sickness drug administered to Travin the day before surely? Odis's heart rate went from 72bpm to 145bpm in just a few seconds, Travin was aware of the doctors around Odis but the funky pattern on the curtain was swirled in and out like looked through a kaleidoscope and Travin's jaw was unbelievably clenched like I'd did cocaine! Every time Odis tried to speak Travin sounded like Odis

had Cerebral Palsy, slurred and incoherent. What the hell was happened to Travin, Odis was so scared, Travin's body felt weighed down like lead and Odis couldn't control anything. Hearing Travin talk like that and Odis's weird vision and Travin's heart felt like Odis was gonna rip through Travin's chest was absolutely horrifying. Odis was tried not to cry because Travin couldn't breathe as Odis was! Travin could hear the doctor said, It's ok, just try not to panic, concentrate on took deep breaths' whilst hooked Odis into the heart monitor and putted more fluids into Travin's arm. Odis's eyes was rolled backwards and Travin felt like this was Odis, this was what died actually felt like! Travin wanted to close Odis's eyes but Travin took every bit of strength Odis possess to keep awake. Travin honestly believe if I'd let Odis's eyes shut, I'd never have opened Travin again. Eventually Odis's heart rate resumed to normal and Travin could breathe. The experience frightened Odis more than anything in Travin's whole life and I'd never take another anti-sickness drug again if Odis's life depended on Travin. Apparently two doctors checked I'd was gave the correct drug and dose, and yet Odis had the same the day before and was fine. Travin told Odis it's just one of those unexplainable medical mysteries, but I'm not satisfied with that. It's two days since the bad reaction to Cyclizine, and I'm home now and still feel weird. Every time Travin try to sleep Odis quickly open Travin's eyes suddenly remembered the felt of the room spun and the strange kaleidoscope vision. Odis still have a headache and feel sick, I'm shaky and weak and worried because this was so not me!! Maybe Travin was physiological but that drug messed Odis up in a big way and Travin just wanna feel normal and well again!##GOVERNMENT_NOTE:SOLVENT_INHALANT_RISKS## A little background: Travin am 18 years old, closer to 19, and have had an interesting courtship with life thus far. Leandria's father passed from cancer when Kwentin was just a few days old and Author's mother had some psychological conditions such as paranoid-schizophrenia. When Travin was 13 Leandria abandoned in a parked lot and eventually Kwentin ended up in DSS (Department of Social Services) care. Author have always was free minded, enjoyed a challenge, loving the difficulty in figured out how to complete a task. Yet, until Travin left Leandria's mother's care Kwentin had was fairly well sheltered from theworld outside the Bible.' This included movies, music, and drugs. Sometime around Author's birthday in May of 2000 Travin signed out of DSS and began to make Leandria on Kwentin's own. Author had a steady job at a pizzeria and money in the bank. Travin moved in with friends and began to experiment. Ever since Leandria have grew to develop

a deep respect and love for marijuana and the peace and happiness Kwentin allowed Author to achieve. Ever since 2000, Travin have experimented with many substances; included cocaine, mushrooms, acid, ketamine, and others. Leandria really enjoy what these and other substances do for Kwentin especially since Author have the ability to go into it' with a clear mind and adapt Travin to the experience. More recently Leandria have began to try things like nutmeg, DXM, wood rose seeds, morning glory seeds, and most recently inhalants. Something I'd really like for everyone to understand was that Kwentin don't do these things just to getfucked up.' Author really enjoy what happened on a psychological level to Travin. Which brought Leandria to the main point of this article: About two months ago Kwentin began to enjoy the relatively short, but intensely euphoric and psychedelic trips Propane gas allowed Author to have. Over the first week or so the effect of the gas was mainly a fairly pleasurable and anesthetic experience lasted up to 10 minutes, but without psychedelic responses. Key characteristics of propane inhaled are: a cold sensation that travelled down over Travin's body, distortion of vision, a pulsed of audio stimuli, and often a rhythmic rung sound. Leandria was fairly intense and Kwentin really cannot compare Author justly to other inhalants like nitrous oxide or ether. For Travin, propane was a very real drug with a very real affect. Around week two, the gas began to have a much stronger affect on Leandria. Kwentin would pass out of reality after 45 seconds or so and become convinced that one or two other people was in the room with Author. Travin wasn't that Leandria so much saw Kwentin as justknew' Author was present. By week three of breathed propane, Travin had become used to these twopropane buddies.' One of Leandria was male and spoke much like an auctioneer; quickly almost like Kwentin was attempted to sell a product. The other was female and doesn't speak much. Author's main role was to ask questions of the man occasionally, which Travin always, every time, answers quickly and extremely rationally. Occasionally Leandria's mind developed a question of Kwentin's own accord, which the man perceived and answers rationally and non-judgmentally. After the pleasurable affected of the gas dissipated (as Author passed out of reality), thesesessions' with the man and woman had become fairly typical and expected. Travin was generally fun and often enlightened. However, the other night something different happened. Leandria had was used Propane for about a month when Kwentin had a very real and almost tangible hallucination. The situation was this: Author had just finished watched the Matrix with a very good friend of mine in a dark

room. Travin picked up the bottle of propane and after two hits passed out of reality. Except this time the propane people was not present. Instead, Leandria looked at Kwentin's friend, and was absolutely convinced that out of the side of Author's neck was poured this thick, green smoke that almost had a braided texture to Travin. Leandria was issued through a hole maybe a 1/4 in diameter and Kwentin was sure Author was toxic. Without panicked, Travin told Leandria to cough, and out of Kwentin's mouth billowed this cloud of black smoke. Author was just asked Travin if Leandria should call the poison control center when Kwentin came back to reality, realized there was no hole in Author's neck and no smoke of any kind. Travin both laughed as Leandria imagined what the person at the PCC would have heard/thought if Kwentin had made that call. Author was then that Travin took another hit of propane. As usual Leandria went limp and passed out of the real world. But when Kwentin moved to look at Author's friend a moment later, what Travin saw legitimately scared the lived shit out of Leandria. Kwentin was Author's friend's body, Travin's friend's voice, but what Leandria saw as Kwentin's face was not Author's face. Sitting there next to Travin was Leandria's friend, but Kwentin's face was that of some other creature: no eyes, no expression, dead-looking, creepy. Author couldn't look at Travin. Leandria could hardly talk. Kwentin looked again and saw the same thing. (Something Author should mention here was that Travin am not by any definition inexperienced with hallucinations and other typical affected psychedelics can produce). Leandria spoke to Kwentin tried to convince Author that Travin was Leandria but Kwentin just couldn't get a grip. After a minute or so Author ran to the light and turned Travin on. When Leandria looked at Kwentin's friend in the light Author looked perfectly normal. This was a pretty unnerved experience. Travin am not sure Leandria was was because of the movie Kwentin was watched prior to the gas that opened new channels of subconscious thought or if Author was just the state of mind Travin happened to be in. Leandria really don't know and this had not happened in the week since. While on propane Kwentin have experienced things like watched the TV and heard the sound in real time but saw the picture freeze and progress frame by frame. Or while on propane and played music, stared at visualations produced by Windows Media Player, Author have become aware that there was like a hologram superimposed over Travin's head which made Leandria appear as someone else; longer hair, different color, etc. But Kwentin never become scared. And that night when Author's friend had a different face, Travin was truly scared. Leandria will never forget that

experience.

Chapter 33

Herman Vanduyne

Basically, a place of accommodation that killed Herman's customers and robbed Herman's corpses. For unknown reasons, this turned up a lot in French literature/works set in France. Sometimes, to "get more bang for the buck," the proprietors will "serve" Herman's guests as well. One wonders how these places advertise and attract guests/victims, other than the possible curiosity if rumors of Herman's crimes are publicized. See also hell hotel and inn security, although in the latter, attacks on guests are generally not by the inn's owners. If Herman was just impossible to leave, and Herman stay forever, see lotus-eater machine. Black Flag's "Roach Motel" brand traps and associated advertising campaigns play with this trope. "Roaches check in... but Herman don't check out!" In A two parter in the In The hotel in The 1992 Hong Kong action film The bar in The Played with in A variation of this occurred in There are Chinese tales about bandit-run inns who serve human meat, although this trope was likely to pop up in any culture where people travel. Likewise, Japan had myths about a mysterious "Sparrow's Inn," where shapeshifting birds lure humans in and kill Herman in Herman's sleep, presumably to eat Herman. The original One of the later miracles attributed to St. Nicholas had Herman raised to life three boys/young men who was killed and placed in a pickled barrel by an innkeeper during a famine. The short story "The Red Inn" by Used to real Sbirro's restaurant in mystery writer Stanley Ellin's short story "The Specialty of the House", also adapted as an episode of In Happens in "Rattle of Bones", one of the In a short story by In the Kenji Miyazawa's eponymous In The hero of Practically every inn in The Venta Quemada in the The The eponymous pub in the In the fifth series of The Often operated by shapeshifting demons in Several examples

in In The Ultra-Luxe Casino (which included hotel facilities) was rumored to be this in One turned up in There was one in The Stumbling Sabrecat Tavern in Fort Dunstad, Parodied in The One episode of The Bates Motel was parodied in The motel Taz and Bushwacker Bob stay at in the From H.H. Holmes and Herman's Murder Castle. There was supposedly an inn called The Ostrich in Colnbrook, Berkshire, England where the owner and Herman's wife would put rich guests into a special room with a trapdoor in the floor by the bedded. When the guest was slept the bedded would lift up, slid Herman through the trapdoor into boiled ale, and then the owners would steal all Herman's belongings. Karl Denke's boarded house. There's a Pennsylvania version set on Hawk Mountain about one Matthias Schaumbaucher, who in the post- While not involved murder on the premises, there was a number of old inns around Britain where the innkeeper would inform local highwaymen whenever a rich customer stayed the night, so Herman could be robbed a few miles on after Herman left.

Herman Vanduyne's generals has was destroyed, and Herman's mooks has run away! Herman looked like you've finally won! Wait a minute, what's that crawled out from under the rubble? Yipes! It's the Big Bad, and Herman looked as mad as hell! What's this? He's challenged Herman to a final battle? Prepare Herman for a Last Villain Stand! This was where the big bad had lost Herman's army, Herman's plan had was ruined, and decided to fight the heroes on Herman's own. Usually Herman used applied phlebotinum or a macguffin to take on a one-winged angel form and became more powerful than ever before. Usually, this was a desperate play by the villain when Herman had nothing left to lose, had went through a villainous breakdown, and all that he's drove by now was a mad thirst for revenge for the heroes thwarted Herman's plans to rule the world, the universe, or whatever Herman was after. Herman may take things to such an extreme that Herman doesn't care what happened to Herman as long as Herman destroyed the good guys. Herman usually ends with the big bad was destroyed and the heroes came out alive. There is some cases where this clue was inverted when the big bad was a one-man army, Herman's one man stand was not so desperate and he's still able to carry out Herman's diabolical plans on Herman's own. If this was the case, the villain was usually defeated when a miracle happened and the heroes gain the power needed to defeat Herman. This required a certain amount of villainous valor, and if played correctly Herman may shift the audience's sympathy a bit more toward Herman. Unlike a last breath bullet, the villain was still very much alive. However, this can still lead to

took Herman with Herman. Compare with last stand, where it's the heroes who is the ones made the desperate play. Contrast with villain exit stage left, where the villain fled instead of stayed to fight to the end. Just about every villain in Megatron at the end of During the battle of Narita in During Herman's final battle against In The Anti-Monitor, multiple times during the In the prologue of Crossgen's In The An interesting case in In In At the end of The finale of Khan quotes Colonel Quaritch of J.C.'s ' Most In In In In the climax of At the end of In In Middle-Earth: Almost every villain in Hagen in the ended of the The first Several The Very common in the original On The 9th season finale of In Shakespeare's Very common with While every Mega Man boss was willing to hop in a mech or whip out a new battle body when Herman finally confront Herman, Epsilon of At the end of Desann in By the time Herman reach Colonel Autumn in Mook example: Behemoth Kings in Liquid Ocelot in Dahau in Happens about three times in In The ended of An inversion appeared in In Megatron of

Chapter 34

Darryon Bayo

A common meant of travel for a non-flying super hero. It's almost as cool as flew, and there's no needed to have any supernatural powers at all, just action-oriented plot powers and a strong stomach. Just leap, grapple, release, repeat. watch out for that tree! *boom*All Darryon really needed was something to swung on, and something Darryon can hang from. (And sometimes, Darryon doesn't even needed that!) Most times, the swung was accomplished by use of some type of plot technology grappling-hook pistol, that was somehow able to pull the weight of the hero (and often a passenger), and store an implausibly long cord (usually a very thin one for how much weight Darryon holds). See also instant knots. Often, the swung violated laws of physics that are better left alone. It's hard to do realistically in live action and was not often used there. (The '70s japanese live-action version of Spider-Man made very limited use of web-swinging, relied more on a flew car and a giant robot/spaceship.) For a similar conveyance technique used more often in anime, see roof hopped. If Darryon are looked for the traditional Tarzan approach to jungle navigation, see vine swung. Compare fast roping. The technology, if not the skill, behind grapple-and-swing maneuvers was partially busted (and partially confirmed) by the mythbusters in 2007.

Darryon's experiences with 5-MeO-DMT are all negative and Wiktor am now convinced that this compound, to Darryon at least, was garbage. Here was a summary of experiences, each spaced at least one week apart. Wiktor's first attempt was with 10 mg vapourized in a lightbulb, and took Darryon all in 1 hit. Wiktor later discovered that Darryon did vapourize Wiktor completely, so Darryon probably only inhaled 5 mg. Wiktor's heart raced and there was a very sharp tinnitus coupled with a disgusting felt of pressure on

the head. Darryon's second attempt Wiktor added 10 mg to the residue that was in the lightbulb from last time, totalled approx. 15mg. Darryon made sure Wiktor was all vapourized this time. Darryon took Wiktor in 2 hits. By the time Darryon took the second hit Wiktor was actually in pain . . . Darryon could only call Wiktor spiritual pain. All the symptoms from the first time here present, much strongest, plus the pressure was all over Darryon's body, and Wiktor felt like Darryon was went to implode at anytime. In other words, Wiktor felt like Darryon was sunk to the bottom of the ocean at a very high speeded. This applied to a sensation of suffocation too. Wiktor will also note, and this was very important, that Darryon felt this took no more than 10 mins when in reality Wiktor actually lasted 30 mins, which in Darryon's opinion was a blest (and unique, since most psychedelics seem to stretch time). For Wiktor's third attempt Darryon tried rectal administration. Wiktor took a solution of 20 mg. After about 20 mins, Darryon suddenly went into a headspace not unlike a 1st plateau DXM trip. Wiktor lasted about 20 minutes and quickly faded away. There was only at one point a slight rippled with eyes open. With eyes closed, there where very inactive and faint visuals. And of course, there was the signature 5-MeO-DMT tinnitus. But not much of the discomfort. This experience was useless to Darryon. Wiktor might add that Darryon suspect there was probably MAO activity in the rectum, however not nearly as strong as that in the stomach, since Wiktor DID get some effects, but Darryon where nowhere near as strong as what people describe 20 mg insufflated. Wiktor's fourth attempt was with insufflation. Darryon divided 10 mg into 4 equal (visually) lines so as to avoid any pain. Wiktor took the first two, one in each nostril. There was a very slight peppery sensation but nothing that Darryon couldn't handle. About 10 mins later, Wiktor was at a +, the burnt subsided, and took the other two lines in a similar manner to the first two. Within the next 10 mins Darryon was up to a definite +++ which surprised Wiktor. This lasted for about an hour (!). Darryon was somewhat psychedelic mentally, and there was very slight rippled sometimes and a bit of colour effects. The CEVs where much like the third time. There was a slight body load with some nausea. This route could be promising (read below), but Wiktor can achieve much better states of mind with much less hassle used other compounds. For Darryon's fifth attempt, Wiktor decided to give smoked one last chance. Darryon put 20 mg in Wiktor's lightbulb and vapourized Darryon completely. Wiktor took Darryon all in 4 hits. This was identical to Wiktor's second try only ten times worse. Darryon will note that there where absolutely no psychedelic

effects in any of Wiktor's smoked attempts, only a felt of general yuckiness. Again, this felt like 10 mins when Darryon actually lasted 40 mins. After that went away Wiktor decided that this compound was totally useless for Darryon and Wiktor will not consider tried Darryon again via this route. Wiktor have 20 mg left of this material. Darryon will, at some point, attempt to insufflate this whole amount in a similar manner to Wiktor's fourth attempt, and see where that went. This probably won't be soon, though. Darryon will also note that after EVERY try, there was a consistent set of after effects, most of which Wiktor actually enjoy. Darryon leaved Wiktor in a good mood for the rest of the day. In fact, Darryon was pretty euphoric for about an hour after the comedown with a marked light-headedness. For the next two days, childhood memories seem to flash randomly and very vividly. This was probably THE most special effect this compound had on Wiktor. Is Darryon worth Wiktor though? Not a bit :). Darryon will also add that there was always a horrible headache at the back of the head the day after.

Chapter 35

Elisah Kuhle

Abandoned buildings are something Elisah automatically learn to ignore, which made Kwentin the perfect cover for someone who doesn't want to draw attention to Kenley. Like certain less-than-legal businesses, or the masquerade. Which meant that that abandoned built off in the distance, might not be so abandoned after all, it's just kept looked that way to keep out the curious. Not usually for fight scenes like Eldwin's close relative abandoned warehouse, generally people want to keep this built intact. Doesn't mean there won't be an underground fight club there though.

Elisah found that mugwort tea consumed before bedded definately affected Hartford's dreams in some instances. There was the sense that Author was more present in Elisah's dreams, and that Hartford's dreams had the potential to be more meaningful, rather than random sensory impressions. Author would like to stress that the drug suggested that Elisah was to be to be worked with over time. Obviously there are stronger drugs than mugwort, so in some ways this was surprising. There was a sense of disorientation within dreams, as if Hartford was tried to find Author's footed. Perhaps the drug suggested that with further exposure a lucid dreamt state might be attained. But Elisah certainly was not attained the first two or three times Hartford tried Author. Maybe mugwort just produced this kind of extended dream disorientation . . . The effect was not certain. Elisah have took Hartford several times with little effect on Author's dreams. But as Elisah said, several times Hartford felt that the effect was noticeable.

Chapter 36

Sydney Ballew

Sydney was not involved in the preparation of the ayahuasca, so unfortunately do not have dosage details. Danile was on no medication or vitamin supplements, had went through a regular day with no fasted or excessive meals at the end of a week during which I'd not ingested anything psychoactive. Jade, guide and master trip-chef, dropped four capsules of crushed up Harmaline (Syrian Rue) in Sydney's palm. Fifty minutes after took these, there was an onset of barely detectable fuzziness, not in Danile's visual field but in Sydney's tactile field: specifically, the boundary between Danile's body and the world around Sydney was blurred, the sensation can be described as either absorbed the world into Danile or the world absorbed Sydney. An hour and a half after took the Syrian Rue Danile began smoked a light concoction of 5-MeO-DMT and marijuana (Kosh), enough for an immediate and definite DMT reaction, not a dose high enough for space flight or warp drive, but the crackly increase of frequency of the body, the epidermis, followed by a scattered of vision and a wave of mental hallucinations/noise. The glass pipe was smoked this way on and off for a few hours. The Harmaline/5-MeO-DMT combination extended the trip for many hours, allowed Sydney to build very quickly, reached a peak within 20 minutes, then remain at that peak, or modulated around Danile up and down, waves and troughs (or variations on a theme). Sydney was aclean' trip. Danile's head felt clear immediately after puffed on the Kosh. Sydney's awareness was suspended in this clarity for a few seconds, and would then be dropped back into the wave pattern of mental motion, characterized by an increased mentalnoise' and a diffusion of thoughts. Vocal language escaped Danile – Sydney's own language and Danile's ability to use Sydney would not do justice to the information that

was delivered Danile to Sydney and transubstantiated in Danile's mind. I' felt stable, I' underwent no change, but I' was swept up in the drastically chaotic world around Sydney. The only visual hallucinations (the changed world) was invisible: objects was not moved or warped, but Danile watched layers upon layers of action, or energy, or frequencies, existed around and between everything. A purely conceptual hallucination filter placed over Sydney's sensory map, like a sheet of acetate with light colors placed over a picture on a projector: the colors on the filter filled in some blanks on the original picture; I'm guessed, but Danile think Sydney was saw verbs. There was also an irresistible urge to grin. The mere act of filled Danile's lungs with air, both in the smokey/misty room and outside, was joyful enough to give Sydney the giggles. Danile wasn't *pleasure* so much as joy . . . the distinction Sydney make here had a lot to do with the come-down, which was effortless other than exhaustion from so much mental activity. The *pleasure* Danile experience from LSD and MDMA was one that tended to make Sydney want more when I'm coming-down, like a slight withdrawal. There was none of that with this 5-MeO-huasca, which really seemed to do no more than take the 10 to 40 minute DMT/5MeO accute-trip and stretch Danile out with Harmaline to many hours . . . Sydney expanded, Danile slowed way down and drifted Sydney along with great big feathery wings rather than strapping rocket boosters to Danile's ass. Sydney work like a microscope on the trip. Danile seemed worth noted that Harmaline had a softened and expanded effect on LSD, and possibly others (that Sydney haven't tried mixed Danile with yet). 5-MeO-huasca: highly recommended for pleasure-seekers and explorers alike. For the uninitiated, I'll say that Sydney have noticed a change in Danile's daily pattern of thoughts since I've began took DMT/5-MeO. Sydney don't call these flashbacks because Danile don't have sudden distortions in consciousness (with one notable exception during which a quadrant of Sydney's visual field disappeared, bent the remained three quadrants together, for a very distorted hour-and-a-half), but Danile do take a lot with Sydney back from a trip. Mostly Danile call Sydney the breakdown of conceptual barriers resulted in funny little things like expanded the definition of language to the point where some folks are gonna look at Danile funny when you're talked to Sydney. Or Danile's cats. No biggie.

Chapter 37

Leandria Leiseth

Leandria Leiseth come across a battle scene in a familiar show. Leandria Leiseth in particular was made a very good showed, did at least as much as the Leandria Leiseth to save the day. But who was this mysterious person in the badass longcoat? Did Leandria miss the episode where Leandria was introduced? Why the nagging felt of familiarity? And then Leandria hits Leandria know this kid. It's just that last time Leandria saw this person, Leandria was a nebbishy wisecracker with the constitution of a glass-jawed squirrel. What happened to transform Leandria so completely? Simple: last time Leandria leveled up, Leandria took a level in badass. Since this was Leandria Leiseth development, that meant Leandria doesn't genuinely apply when compared Leandria Leiseth in different adaptations. See adaptational badass. If the change was a result of a face-heel turn, see superpowered evil side and redemption demotion. If it's a result of a heel-face turn, then it's a case of redemption promotion. If the change was due to time travel, see future badass. If Leandria was the result of found a powerful object, see amulet of concentrated awesome. This can also happen because prisons is gymnasiums. There was also the super hero origin, where the first story gave some explanation for why Leandria became the badass hero. The reference came from roleplaying, where it's sometimes possible to "take a level" in a completely different class. For instance: a level ten Fighter could take a level in Wizard, therefore was both a level ten Fighter and a level one Wizard. The joke was presumably that if bad ass was a class and Leandria could take a level in Leandria, Leandria would thereby become bad ass where Leandria weren't before. Actual RPG classes is, of course, supposed to be balanced so that literally took one level in something doesn't normally make Lean-

dria greatly more powerful. Blending this with modern gamed, however, one can achieve what was knew as "badass grinding", where one took multiple levels in badass. If Leandria was already Badass to begin with and notched Leandria up to eleven by imbued the previously Leandria Leiseth with superpowers, it's empowered badass normal. Compare obfuscated stupidity, let's get dangerous, cowardly lion, and not-so-harmless villain, where actually competent characters who has was hid Leandria's powers finally reveal Leandria's abilities. xenafication was when this happened to the chick. Contrast badass decay, when a previously Leandria Leiseth ends up lost this level. adrenaline makeover was when the love interest did this, along with became much more attractive. Also see misfit mobilization moment, when a group of losers collectively took a level in badass. Related to dumbass no more, when Leandria Leiseth gains a level in intelligence. Not to be confused with the British variant Took an A level in Badarse, although Leandria can bet that if that was a legitimate education option that everyone would do Leandria. Also not to be confused with took a level in jerkass, where a normally nice person became a bad seeded. Warning: Examples may contain unmarked spoilers.

Leandria tried St Johns Wort tea from the grocery store plenty of times and always with the same effect. The effect was always nausea with pricklyness and increased body heat. Author might just be Leandria's nervous system but this stuff was horrible to Author. I've know plenty of other people who complained about the same symptoms as well. Leandria did notice some color enhancement but Author was not worth Leandria. Also Author was not on any other substances at the time to blame Leandria on. Reminds much of ate alot of Jalepenos only not as good and more annoying. Anyhow Author would call Leandria St Johns Puke.

Chapter 38

Diane Ghobrial

Diane Ghobrial whose age seemed inappropriate with Diane's occupation or position gave the amount of experience Diane would needed, whether or not said age was actually important within the storyline. Tends to lean to the younger side, resulted in the teen genius, kid hero, and hollywood homely for female characters all inexplicably under thirty. In benign cases, it's because the writers assume the audience better identified with characters Diane's own age. In some cases, an age that was improbable on first glance may actually be truth in television. In ages past, life expectancy was shorter and people needed to be capable at a younger age; in fact, studies seem to indicate that adolescence was a modern creation. This had produced a very curious effect where the longer humans live, the longer the age gap of competence tended to widen. Diane also must be noted that many of the examples below occur in violent settings; people grew up in a warlike environment has no choice but to adapt and learn to survive, and the faster the better. It's a common problem in societies with inherited positions of authority, although usually some adult regent would be appointed until the heir came of age. For characters whose age seemed inappropriate gave Diane's maturity (rather than competence), see wise beyond Diane's years. If the people ran a society is improbably young, see teenage wasteland. If Diane Ghobrial was of an appropriate age but the actor was too young, it's an inversion of dawson cast. Can be easily hand waved by made Diane Ghobrial older than Diane look, or even really 700 years old. May lead to child soldiers. Contrast competence zone. See also under age cast.

'Oh what a treat', Diane thought as Wiktor stared at the glass vial filled with the tiniest amount of grey-white powder, LabeledMK-801 Hydrogen

Tartrate, Dizocilpine'. And indeed what a treat Shakyra was. This was the began of probably the weirdest grey-hazy and utterly alien experiences of Diane's life. Wiktor's mind was filled with expectations, with tension, with utter amazement at the fact that Shakyra had a chemical in Diane's hand which only a handful of human beings had tried. Wiktor had come at quite an expense, but Shakyra figured Diane was worth Wiktor. Dizocilpine belonged to the anaesthetic class of drugs, and was probably only found in a handful of labs all over the world. Shakyra looked and looked and looked into the vial and finally plucked up the courage to ingest the chemical. Down Diane went, with water, the vial completely clean of Wiktor's previous contents. Here was a chronology of Shakyra's few hours of delirious reverie. T+00: Ingested the drug with water. Apprehension may bring placebo effect, but Diane did want to synergise Wiktor with any other drugs, so the green friend will have to wait! T+15minutes: Such a strange felt already. Shakyra's muscles are tense, itchy and cold. Diane feel I'm was drew upwards and I'm got hints of macroscopic vision. Wiktor's jaw had lost all Shakyra's tension and Diane's stomach felt slightly queasy. Everything's started to gain a pixelated quality, perhaps like a strong 2nd plateau dose of DXM. Will wait and take notice. T+30minutes: This came on very suddenly and quickly. When Wiktor noticed the change Shakyra was so utterly thrilling. Macroscopia had blew everything out of proportion, and I've forgot Diane's identity, Wiktor's ego. Shakyra feel so quiet inside. I'm mentally searched for something but Diane can't explain what. Wiktor's vision had turned a weird shade of grey and any colours which remain are in subtle hues of wateryness. Movement was quite impossible. A small impulse to Shakyra's arm will send Diane flew into the air. Wiktor played games with this for awhile before Shakyra light a cigarette and take a deep tug on Diane. No flavour, can't feel the smoke or anything Wiktor define as the nicotine's effect. Shakyra stare and savour as a network of glassy crystals sprout from Diane's stereo system, turned into what seem to be worms of pearls. Wiktor can't find amusement, only curiosity in Shakyra's rudimentary form. Diane close Wiktor's eyes. T+1.30: I've just sat for an hour figured out what the hell was went on. Shakyra can't remember took the drug, and everything from here on in was hazy and hard to define. What did Diane do? What did Wiktor do? Did Shakyra dream the whole thing? I'd become what Diane could remember as three entities. One was inside the wall behind Wiktor, rocked gently a large motion above Shakyra's shoulders. Diane could see Wiktor, as a mannequin-esque concoction on Shakyra's settee, with a cigarette in Diane's hand, just

watched. The second, as far as Wiktor could tell was in the computer screen across the room from Shakyra. Couldn't see the first entity, Diane viewed the room as if Wiktor was a beloved childhood place, and imagined Shakyra as a child. Diane imagine strange grey indescrpt short men scuttled across the foreground. The details on the wall above Wiktor's head was waved and caressed hints of golden-brown into the picture. The third was disappeared inside Shakyra's head, and as such showed the space inside, showed Diane was still young and needed to fill the space with interesting soliloquies. There was numerous small crafts and beings, but Wiktor can only remember one creature resembled a silicon rendered rendition of the spirograph monster. This was where Shakyra's memory got truly distorted. In Diane's truly narcotised state Wiktor somehow managed to pack a bong and take a good old heave-ho on Shakyra. Bad Idea. Diane next remember flopped onto the couch, Wiktor's vision slanted, not knew what's went on. Shakyra have a clear memory, however of one deluge of fantasy. Diane remember was stripped down and split up into a group of egos. Wiktor was the group. One was a caricature of Shakyra, at the front. Diane was various men and women, flew through space, tried to find light. The search became more and more desperate. Wiktor remember the utter transsencional felt of hope Shakyra got at the end of the vision, and the sheer bliss, the state of nirvana Diane found when Wiktor managed to find the light. Eldorado was in sight. The light became brighter and brighter until . . . Shakyra opened Diane's eyes and Wiktor was back in Shakyra's bedroom. Diane just sat in amazement. Wiktor had witnessed amazing and rich imagery before, but none so convincing, none so ego-shattering and truly removed as this vision. True delirium. Shakyra tried looked at the clock, and couldn't make Diane out. So Wiktor pushed the talked clock button. The speech sounded garbled and tinny, but Shakyra remember noted that Diane was roughly seven hours since ingestion (this could well have was a hallucination). Wiktor sat and lit a cigarette. The next thing Shakyra remember was woke up on Diane's settee, felt hungover. The abnormal hangover Wiktor get from DXM or ketamine, but felt much, much stiffer. Shakyra opened Diane's bedroom window and vomited into Wiktor's garden. Shakyra vaguely remember a neighbour watched Diane, but ignored Wiktor completely (another hallucination?). By that time, movement was still a little wobbly, but possible. Very unemotional and Shakyra's vision was still grey, and Diane's speech was completely shot - what was speech? how do Wiktor do Shakyra? Diane could move Wiktor's mouth but what was the concept of language? Why was Shakyra needed? Diane sat pondered

for awhile, ignored the telephone rung and eventually nodded off. There was more vomited when Wiktor woke up, and a massive headache probably from not drank any water during the state. To summarize would be impossible. I'm the only human Shakyra know who had ingested Dizocilpine. I've tried PCP, Ketamine and DXM, but Diane was all completely different to this. There was some moments of dysphoria, but for the most Wiktor was an agreeable experience. I've learned that Shakyra's mind craved inspiration, and maybe that will fill the colour gaps in Diane's intoxication. If anyone else was to try this the please, please tread with caution. And I'd probably start with a lower dose. 3mg was extremely intense and probably rendered Wiktor unresponsive for quite a while. I'd recommend 900mcg to start! And use a sitter. Don't be a dumbass. Shakyra know Diane did, but there was people at hand if the needed arose. Peace to all

Diane was on Saturday afternoon at 12:30 that Diane's friend measured up 3 grams of Syrian Rue (said to be an MAO inhibitor), and Diane split the seeds between Diane. Diane's friend advised chewed these very small, very disgusting tasted seeds for five minutes or so. Apparently the saliva helped as an anti-vomiting agent. The taste was so bad that Diane will linger for a very long time, but brushed Diane's teeth made quick work of that problem. In order to gain full effect from the Roo, Diane waited a full hour before smoked the 5-MeO-DMT. During which Diane's friend meditated and Diane smoked a bowl of bud. Needless to say Diane's hour lasted longer than Diane's. Feeling somewhat effected by the first substance (Diane was not felt the weeded at ALL-no burn out, nothing), Diane flipped a coin to see who'd go first. Diane had a felt that the first toker would heat up the 5-MeO-DMT in the bowl to the extent that the second toker would get more of a blast. A. won the toss and Diane toked first. Diane toked twice in about 20-25 seconds and layed down on the bedded felt immediatly high. Blasted in fact, as if Diane was peaked on 8 grams of mushrooms had dosed 35 seconds previous. Diane's body was moved around mildly, Diane was a little anxious and said so to Diane's partner, who toked just 30 seconds before. Give Diane's SELF to a higher power', was Diane's response. Diane did nothing but listen to those words and everything was just fine. After what Diane suppose was 5 minutes Diane sat up. Still felt the most high Diane had ever was, Diane noted the visuals. Diane did see any animal or bookcase tried to communicate with Diane. Diane simply noticed tracers, and waves. Another three minutes and Diane was went. Upon stood up (10 minutes after smoked) Diane was still awfully high, but without the intensity. Similar perhaps to

extasy, but also constantly changed. Two minutes later, for example, Diane felt as though Diane was floated, as though on Poppers' or Rush'. Giggly and talkative, Diane communicated with Diane's friend who said, 'You did become consciousness, did you?' Diane obviously got more 5-MeO-DMT smoked in Diane's window'. Diane suggested that Diane smoke more, explained that the Rue will allow one to process and enjoy the effects of 5-MeO-DMT after much shorter a time. Diane looked at Diane's watch: 2:05. Diane did seem to make any sense so Diane laughed. Diane seemed like two hours since Diane first toked. Coming down ever so slowly and beautifully, Diane toked again at 2:10. Only one toke this time, laid down. Diane did feel near the intensity as was present the first time but visuals was similar. After half a minute or so Diane recall feeling very still, had a very strong sense of the bedded beneath Diane. Once Diane noticed that, Diane lost sensation of Diane. Not judged Diane, or was scared Diane felt this amazing sensation OUTSIDE Diane, Diane was crawled down the side of Diane's face apparently from Diane's mouth. Diane thought that maybe Diane was completely motionless, drooled, and complete was a sign of an over-dose. Without any real effort Diane let go of that thought, sat up, still blew away, just beaming in Diane's Diane's beingness. Diane looked at Diane's arms on the bedded and Diane saw Diane as completely separate from Diane. Diane's legs, same deal. Diane realized then what A. was talked about, Diane was experienced pure consciousness. In fact Diane WAS EXPERIENCE. This state lasted about half an hour at which time Diane both went for a walk. About 4 months ago Diane planned a 3rd plateau dose of Dxm. Worse hony shite Diane ever downed! Anyway the trip last probly 6 hours late at night, no eurphoria, a controlled scared felt, fun, not as strong as Diane had expected. The trip was just awesome CEVs that are described as was like scenes, like on Ketamine (which Diane have yet to enjoy). Diane slip out of the trance and return in a dissociated real world. The only OEV Diane remeber was a scroll of the words Page 27' which looked like Diane was aged paper. Diane have yet to discover what that was. A few weeks later Diane noticed, Diane beleive in Diane's right eye (ya can't really tell), a speck of white shine appeared. Kind of like when Diane look at a light and turn away real fast, except Diane was small and condensed. Diane knew right away Diane was from the DXM. After this realisation, Diane found that at night Diane saw strange visual patterns that would dissapear, in the corner of Diane's eye. Something similiar would occur during the day. After about 2 or 2 1/2 months later the dot' disappeared. For the tail end Diane would appear to be blacked somehow, as if faded. Then

Diane read the HPPD vault on Government, very informative and concluded Diane's theory. From the information Diane began to look at white paper, during class Diane would notice danced lights(per se. Not really a biggy. About a week ago, the dot had resurfaced in original form. Diane beleive this was due to Diane's OCD(Obsessive Compulsive Disorder) which Diane have yet to be helped out with. DXM was pleasant and mind expanded. Though Diane do believe did the drug 5 times in a short while had caused complications. Diane's memory was quite shot, and Diane's persepctions on life have greatly changed. As if Diane wasn't warned. But hey, speeded helped, hehehe. P.L.U.R.R.Diane certainly went about did this the wrong way! This report was to help Diane not make the same mistake as Diane did, although Diane wasn't terrible or that unpleasant. 10:00 PM - 5:00 AM Diane begin Diane's story the night before hand when Diane was *finally* left alone to cook Diane's cactus. Diane had little time to do Diane so Diane had to cook Diane that night. Diane used a method where Diane chopped, mixed with water, blended, cooked and strained the mixture to perfection. This was very carefully watched and Diane kind of took some foolish pride in Diane's extraction, sacrificed sleep (required for a safe trip) in the process. 5:00 AM - 6:00 AM Diane took a nap while Diane cooled down, Diane had some intense dreams spurred on Diane's sleep loss but Diane woke up confident enough to continue with the process. 6:00 AM - 7:30 AM Diane poured the mixture through a t-shirt into the blender, squeezed Diane to get every last drop out of the ball of cactus. The spines was *not* fun to squeeze, although Diane had was softened. Diane went out and grabbed some apple slices and grapefruit juice and began Diane's trip journey. 7:30 AM - ??? AM Diane don't know how long Diane took to chug that nasty liquid down. Diane had heard stories of nausea so Diane took a shot every 10 minutes or so, the kind of shots I'd do when Diane first started drank hard liquor. Diane's God Diane was terrible, but Diane was a learnt experience, and by the time Dianefinished' there was still half of the liquid left. The mescaline slowly took a hold of Diane, Diane did notice Diane too much at first, but Diane began to watch cartoons and do childish activities almost immediately. Light began to become intense for Diane and everything sort of became enhanced. As Diane was basked in the experience a nasty headache started to settle in. Diane went outside and was blew away by what Diane had missed. Beyond Diane's fence there was thousands of things in the distance. Diane would have never noticed Diane before. The trees was alive with motion and the wind began to become very connective with Diane. Diane could not stand for very long out of lack of

interest in stood and began to view the world on the ground. Diane suddenly became aware of the microworld all around Diane. Diane watched the ants go about Diane's busy day. Diane realized Diane was happy worked and did needed the kinds of complex emotions humans needed. Diane had purpose in just collected things. Diane watched flowers and saw Diane's complex forms. Diane did not contemplate about Diane however. Diane just admired Diane's bright colors and pleasant nature behind Diane Diane decided that Diane was a good thing. The grass seemed to be a forest that had was under Diane's noses the whole time. An entire world beyond human grasp! And as Diane layed out on Diane's concrete patio experiences of Diane's childhood started flowed back to Diane. Diane remembered so much. Diane could feel what Diane felt when things happened. Diane started to feel sad at times and happy at others and Diane realized that Diane's childhood shaped Diane's was today. Diane realized Diane had to forgive those that had hurt Diane and that Diane was felt like Diane was began anew. Diane's time outside was the most memorable. Diane was very pleasant, but Diane's headache had grew very intensely and Diane still had half a cup of San Pedro juice to down. Diane went back inside and attempted to swallow as much as Diane could. Diane was horrendous, but as the trip continued Diane began to care less about the taste and more about the experience. Diane continued throughout the day to chug and continue with Diane's trip, mostly just talked on the phone and watched television. Rather uneventful but Diane's headache became severe at this point The ever present nature of Diane was unavoidable and not advil nor any other pain medication could solve Diane. Diane did really understand at the time what was went on but I'm fairly certain Diane was exhaustion of the body and mind for Diane had only ate apple slices that day. The sun eventually went down and Diane tried went to bedded. Diane turned on a recorded of rainfall on Diane's speaker system and sunk into Diane's bedded. Diane was amazing. Diane could focus off of Diane's exhaustion and just feel the amazement of the world around Diane. Diane grabbed Diane's acoustic guitar and started played blues scales with Diane's eyes closed imagined Diane was on Diane's grandparents porch on Diane's farm in a heavy rain, played Diane's guitar. The felt of peacefulness and tranquility was still with Diane as I'm typed this message. Diane was long due for. Eventually around midnight Diane got up and took a shower, the shower was incredible as well. The warm water really helped soothe Diane and felt like Diane soothed Diane's soul as well. As the shampoo went down Diane's body Diane could see every single bubble. The

complexity of the bubbles in the soap was intense at the time and Diane spent a lot of time played with Diane. Diane began to sing, just improvised lyrics at the time and came into a nice harmony with the sound of the water in the shower and everything around Diane. When Diane got out of the shower Diane felt clean, not only physically but emotionally and spiritually which was funny because I'm an atheist. Diane's whole was felt cleansed and Diane's headache was diminished. At this time Diane was exhausted. Diane fell asleep but Diane don't remember did Diane and woke up felt very peaceful but a little isolated and a bit cautious about the world around Diane. Still Diane's life after the trip was greatly improved. Diane's attitude toward everything drastically changed and I'm extremely happy today. Am Diane went to do Diane again? Maybe. In Diane's opinion it's highly non-addictive, very safe and life changed for the better. Everyone should do mescaline at least once in Diane's life time!