

## My Super intro

**This will be an intro file that can be used at the beginning of a report**

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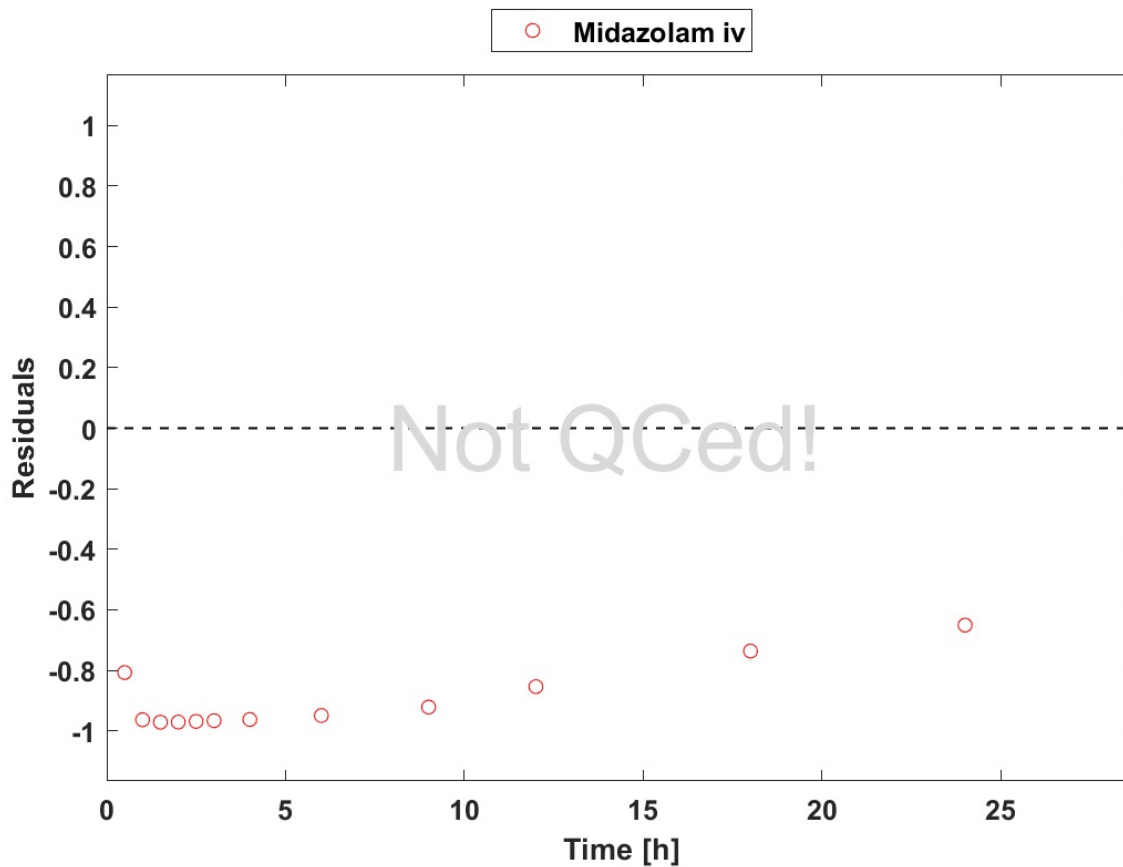
## Chapter 1

Oh there was a sow who had three little pigs,  
There little piggies had she.  
The old sow always went "oink, oink, oink,"  
and the piggies went "wee, wee, wee-ee-ee."

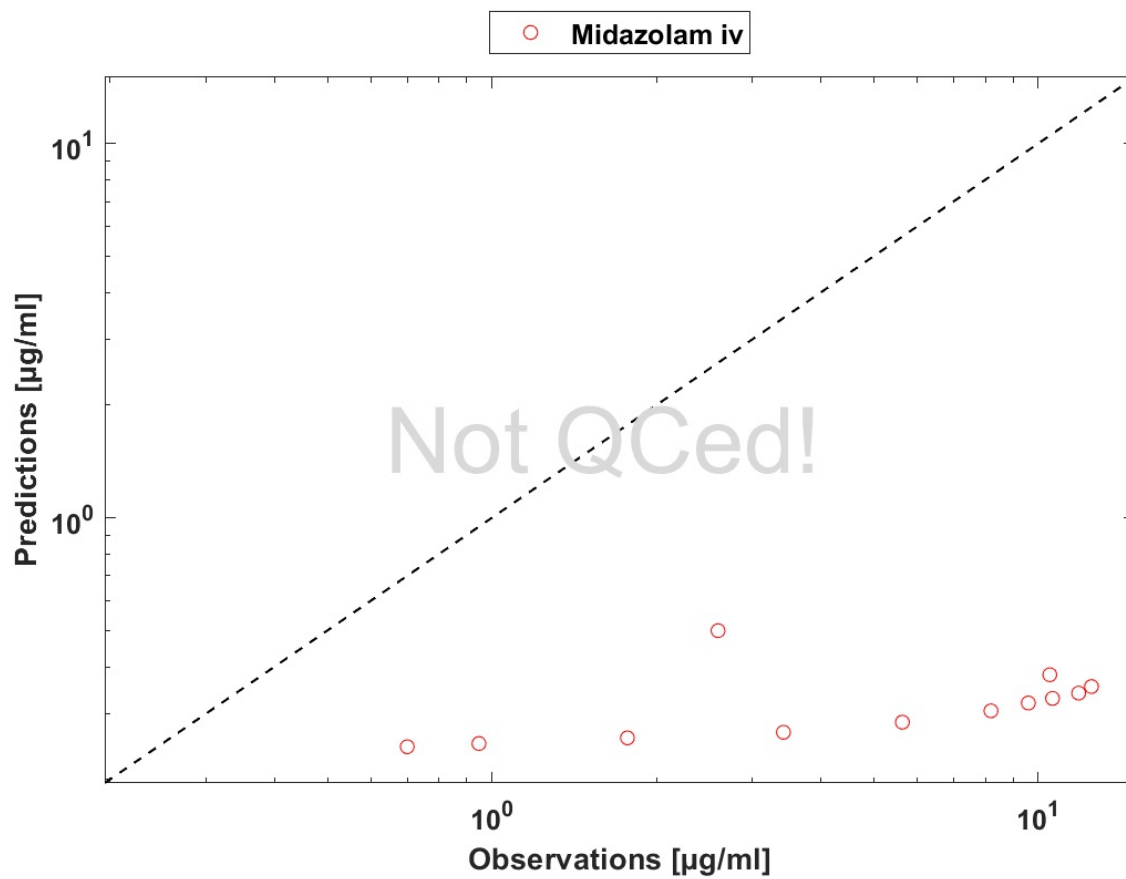
Now one day one of the three little pigs  
To the other two piggies said he,  
"Why don't we always go oink, oink, oink?  
It's so childish to go wee, wee, wee-ee-ee!"

These three piggies grew skinny and lean,  
Skinny they well should be,  
For they always would try to go "oink, oink, oink,"  
And they wouldn't go "wee, wee, wee-ee-ee."

Now there three piggies they up and they died.  
A very sad sight to see.  
So don't ever try to go "oink, oink, oink,"  
When you oughta go "wee, wee, wee-ee-ee!"



Midazolam concentration in plasma/blood



Midazolam concentration in plasma/blood

14.506243

## Compound: Midazolam

### Parameters

Name	Value	Value Origin	Alternative	Default
Solubility at reference pH	0.049 mg/ml	Publication-FaSSIF (Heikkinen 2012)	Measurement	True
Reference pH	6.5	Publication-FaSSIF (Heikkinen 2012)	Measurement	True
Lipophilicity	3.13 Log Units	Database-Unknown-Drugbank	Measurement	True
Fraction unbound (plasma, reference value)	0.2	Parameter Identification-Parameter Identification	Measurement	True
Specific intestinal permeability (transcellular)	2E-06 dm/min	Parameter Identification-Parameter Identification	Optimization	True
Cl	1			
F	1			
Is small molecule	Yes			
Molecular weight	325.77 g/mol			
Plasma protein binding partner	Albumin			
Enable supersaturation	No			

### Calculation methods

Name	Value
Partition coefficients	Rodgers and Rowland
Cellular permeabilities	PK-Sim Standard

### Processes

#### Metabolizing Enzyme: CYP3A4-Optimization

Molecule: CYP3A4

#### Parameters

Name	Value	Value Origin
Enzyme concentration	1 $\mu\text{mol/l}$	
Vmax	0 $\mu\text{mol/l/min}$	
Km	2.73 $\mu\text{mol/l}$	
kcat	13 1/min	Parameter Identification-Parameter Identification

### Systemic Process: Glomerular Filtration-GFR

Species: Human

#### Parameters

Name	Value	Value Origin
GFR fraction	1	

## Chapter 2

From the bonny bells of heather  
They brewed a drink long-syne,  
Was sweeter far then honey,  
Was stronger far than wine.  
They brewed it and they drank it,  
And lay in a blessed swound  
For days and days together  
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,  
A fell man to his foes,  
He smote the Picts in battle,  
He hunted them like roes.  
Over miles of the red mountain  
He hunted as they fled,  
And strewed the dwarfish bodies  
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,  
Red was the heather bell;  
But the manner of the brewing  
Was none alive to tell.  
In graves that were like children's  
On many a mountain head,  
The Brewsters of the Heather  
Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland  
Rode on a summer's day;  
And the bees hummed, and the curlews  
Cried beside the way.  
The king rode, and was angry,  
Black was his brow and pale,  
To rule in a land of heather  
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortune'd that his vassals,  
Riding free on the heath,  
Came on a stone that was fallen  
And vermin hid beneath.  
Rudely plucked from their hiding,  
Never a word they spoke;  
A son and his aged father --  
Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,  
He looked on the little men;  
And the dwarfish and swarthy couple  
Looked at the king again.  
Down by the shore he had them;  
And there on the giddy brink --  
"I will give you life, ye vermin,  
For the secret of the drink."

There stood the son and father,  
And they looked high and low;  
The heather was red around them,  
The sea rumbled below.  
And up and spoke the father,



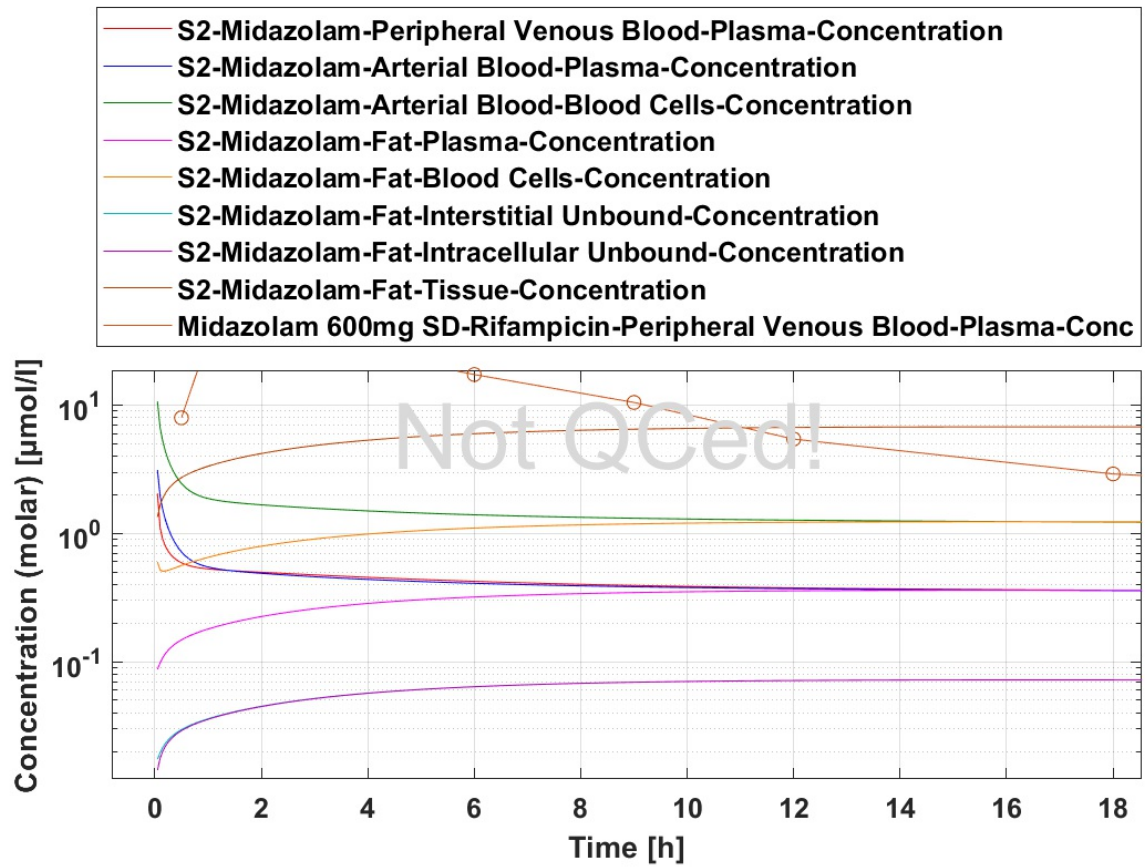
Shrill was his voice to hear:  
"I have a word in private,  
A word for the royal ear.

"Life is dear to the aged,  
And honour a little thing;  
I would gladly sell the secret,"  
Quoth the Pict to the king.  
His voice was small as a sparrow's,  
And shrill and wonderful clear:  
"I would gladly sell my secret,  
Only my son I fear.

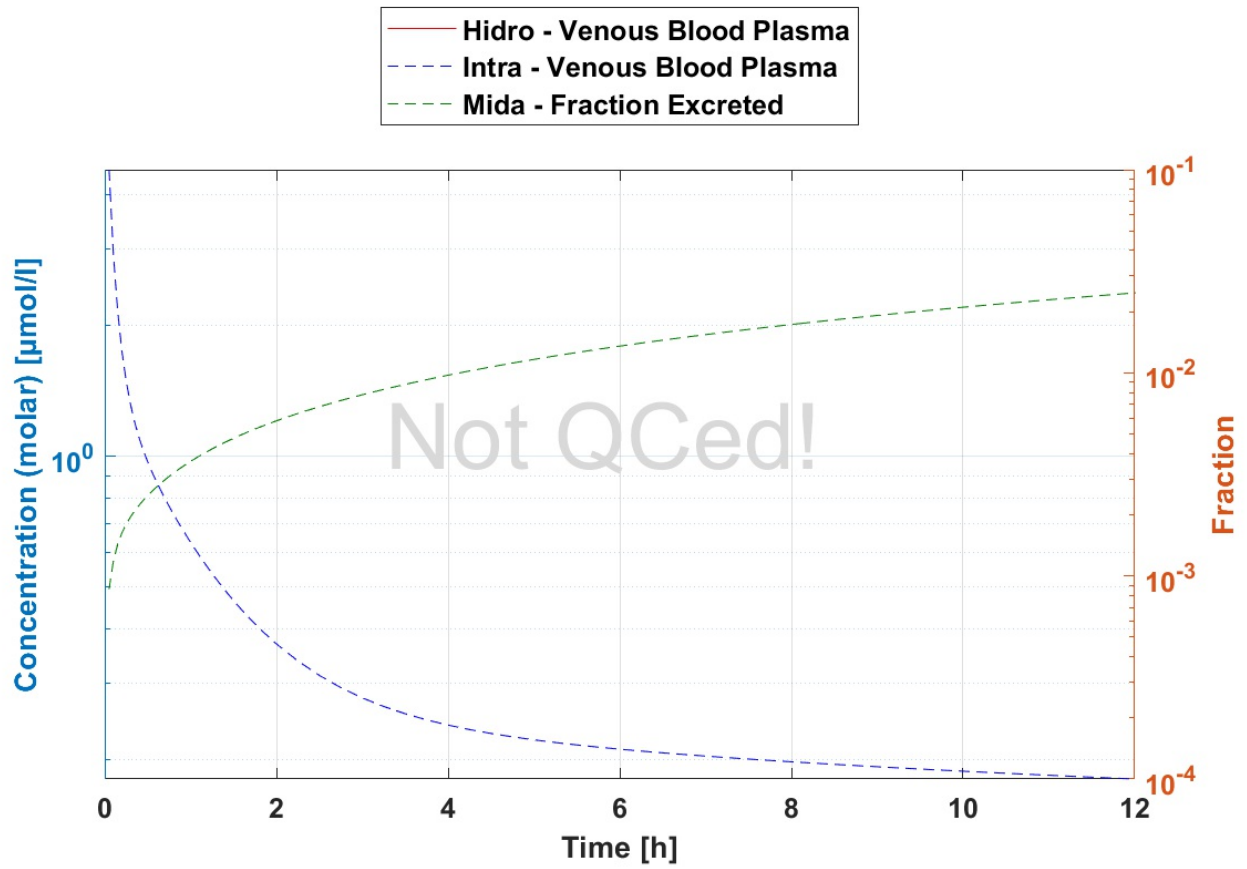
"For life is a little matter,  
And death is nought to the young;  
And I dare not sell my honour  
Under the eye of my son.  
Take him, O king, and bind him,  
And cast him far in the deep;  
And it's I will tell the secret  
That I have sworn to keep."

They took the son and bound him,  
Neck and heels in a thong,  
And a lad took him and swung him,  
And flung him far and strong,  
And the sea swallowed his body,  
Like that of a child of ten; --  
And there on the cliff stood the father,  
Last of the dwarfish men.

"True was the word I told you:  
Only my son I feared;  
For I doubt the sapling courage  
That goes without the beard.  
But now in vain is the torture,  
Fire shall never avail:  
Here dies in my bosom  
The secret of Heather Ale."



Time Profile Analysis



Chat 2

## Simulation: S1

Simulation 'S1'

Using individual Ind

Using compound Midazolam

Using protocol IV

Origin

Created on 2019-04-30

Allow aging

No

Model

Standard model for small molecules

Calculation methods

Endothelial surface areas: Organ vascularization

Body surface area: Mosteller

## Comments

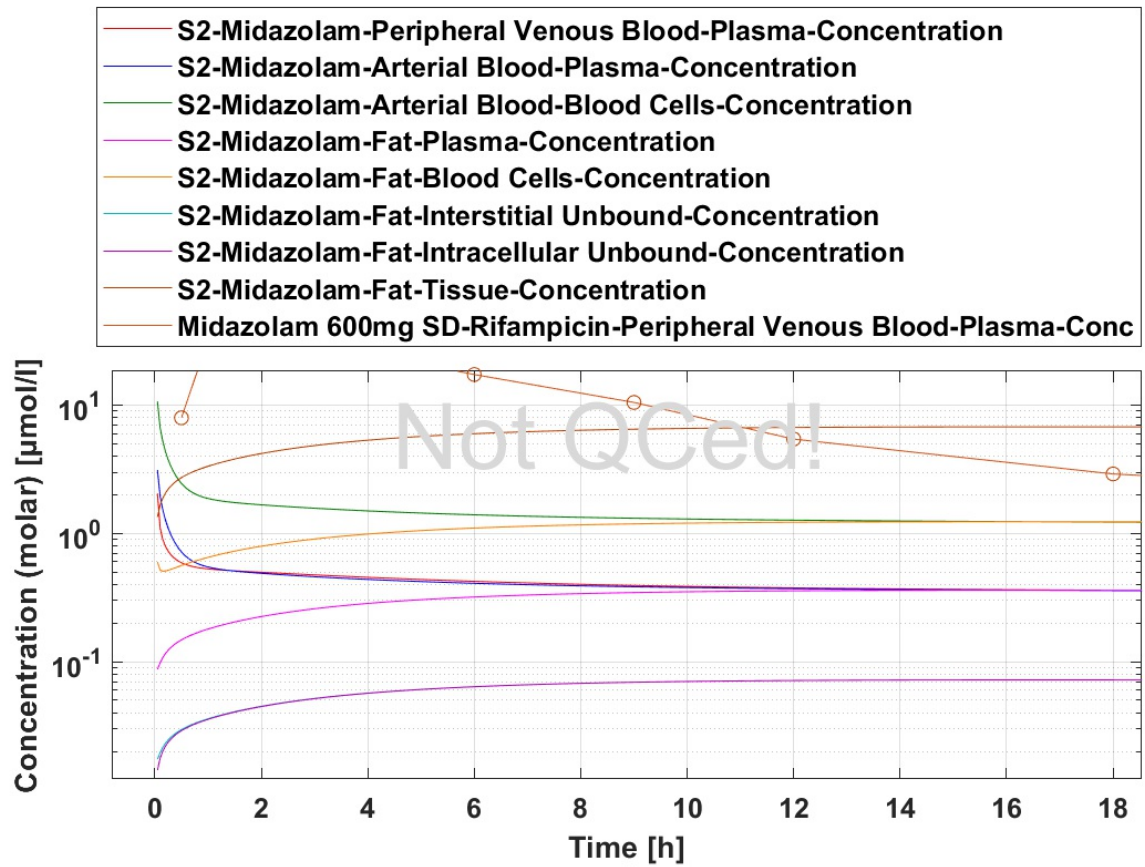
Among the curiosities of human nature this legend claims a high place.

It is needless to remind the reader that the Picts were never exterminated, and form to this day a large proportion of the folk of Scotland, occupying the eastern and the central parts, from the Firth of Forth, or perhaps the Lammermoors, upon the south, to the Ord of Caithness on the north.

That the blundering guess of a dull chronicler should have inspired men with imaginary loathing for their own ancestors is already strange; that it should have begotten this wild legend seems incredible.

Is it possible the chronicler's error was merely nominal?

That what he told, and what the people proved themselves so ready to receive, about the Picts, was true or partly true of some anterior and perhaps Lappish savages, small of stature, black of hue, dwelling underground -- possibly also the distillers of some forgotten spirit? See Mr. Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands.



Time Profile Analysis