

# QUAD

EXPLORE CAMPUS

## Blissfully Unaware

*Molly has captivated concertgoers, but what is the drug really made of?*

BY SARAH EHLEN



Strobe lights pulse in time with the bass of blaring dance music originating from a single laptop on the stage, managed by the young, messy-haired DJ. There are sweaty bodies everywhere, scantily clothed in shorts and tank tops, neon fishnet tights, furry boots and glow stick necklaces. The room is loud, hot and crowded—you're not really sure why you're here. You don't like the music, you hate being so overheated and you don't know anyone around you aside from a few friends. And then suddenly, like the flip of a switch, you're floating, glowing and having the time of your life.

But the pill you just took might not be as pure as you think.

CONTINUED

Photo by Sean Magner and Jeremy Gaines

Illustration by Hanna Bolaños