

“After the tragic disappearance of our saviors, we were left to figure out a cruel destiny. Some were not ready to withstand the onslaught that would be the ensuing despair. When given the chance to just look away, to not face hardships and receive flimsy happiness on a platter of Crier— Who wouldn’t ?

No one can judge those who choose this path. We die no matter what we do. No matter how hard we struggle, fight, resist, and overcome... Something always beacons our demise.

A pouch of silvering powder, and a promise of joy...

Am I so wrong to have chosen this fate of mine?”

30ml Magnesium : Happiness from carbon and oxygen is fleeting. This biomass is a carrier of happiness, but every disease eventually kills its host. Carbon and oxygen are not compatible with dopamine. If you wish to pursue true happiness, you need Magnesium. 30ml specifically.

§ *“Never meant for happiness. We breathe something that does not allow us to be happy. You want that fucking smile drawn on your face— You gotta become magnesium. Eating that pill is just a temporary solution. Fuck Carbon and Oxygen. Become Magnesium.”*

{ + 12 Volatile / + 10 Vehemence / - 30 Analytical / -1000000000 Nihilii }

Trito Astera : The wind has a horrible sensation on your skin. Imagine not feeling anything on your skin. Contact lacking senses and skin hair wanting something other than a bunch of dust scratching. Touching something warm and soft. Thick water and cream should be breathable. Fill your lungs and make you feel loved by the world.

§ *“No more thinness and fucking clearness. Opaque and thick. Make me feel every moment, every breath I take in. I need to feel like I am breathing.”*

{ + 12 Augury / + 12 Sagacity / - 30 Sufferance / - 30 Bastion / - 30 Body Contrivance }

Miwi Seed Linen : Music that stops is music that dies. Your heartbeat has a split second of pause. This means you are dying and being rebirthed every second. This is why we change. This is why we grow up, and become bitter and weak. Just don’t make that pause take hold, and you will never die. Just think about it : you die when your heartbeat stops. So if you stop that stop, you stop dying.

§ *“Loud and banging with a kick to it that makes you feel exalted. You tellin’ me I am supposed to move in acts and pauses when I can be a perpetual machine? You died countless times just as you told me that. But I am still who I am.”*

{ + 12 Welfare / + 30 Odium / + 40 Body Contrivance / - 20 Volatile / - 50 Augury / - 12 Sagacity / - 20 Analytical / - 50 Mercurial }

Koranos : Light of the stars can not illuminate one to the world's truth. A spectrum of colors so limited in the sun's light, and the moon's is just a cheap ripoff. The more colorful the world is, the better. You must be able to see the twists and wraps that elude all senses. There is something within the formations of these new spectrums, things you can only understand when your eyes are wide open.

§ *"Neon lights of salts and crystals. You can feel the night hug you as you embrace a new world, overlapped to the one you currently inhabit. We are lacking in senses. But when you take this in, you can tell this world isn't all that there is."*

{ + 50 Twilight Presence / + 10 Analytical / + 60 Inland Judgment / - 80 Bastion / - 10 Body Contrivance / PERMANENT - 5 Welfare }

Dust flickers wings : Tasting what you see, and feeling what you hear. The things you experience are one dimensional, in multiple senses. But this dust harmonizes all these wonderful sensations. From a single dimension to five, overextending to many more.

§ *"A heart that pumps sounds and blood directly to your nerves. What you see is exactly what you feel, and your tongue salivates at the sunlight hitting your skin."*

{ + 5 Augury / + 20 Sagacity / - 10 Analytical / -10 Mercurial / -50 Welfare }

Rummer : The stick of truth. Light up an end and huff it from the other. The key to the lock of the brain's reward system. You can rest at ease after a single puff of the smoke. Your lungs feel warm, and your blood feels thick. A true consumable wand of lax and ease.

§ *"A weary face coupled with a drink needs a special, tacky stick to make it all blend together nicely. Just light it up and relax. It doesn't get any better than this."*

{ + 15 Analytical / + 5 Odium / + 20 Orchestrator / - 40 Welfare / - 10 Sagacity / - 20 Twilight Presence }

Black Smog : A heavy heart will feel like a feather on fresh snow when your lungs are filled with The Smog. Shit the feeling straight out of your flesh, and make room for the super duper heavy Smog. Feeling like you're too squeamish, rolled out by the weight of the world? Take in The Smog and stand firm like a pillar.

§ *"Blackened lives and blackened tongues and blackened lungs all because of blackened hearts. A small phial is enough to rival that murky darkness."*