

# Quick Jest

collective consciousness fiction generator  
<http://rossgoodwin.com/ficgen>

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# Chapter 1

## Clifford Angus

Initial Dosage ( 1800h): Kava Kava Capsules 900mg Kavalactones, L-Theanine 400mg, 5-HTP 100mg, L-Tryptophan 1000mg, Phosphatidylserine 100mg, Panax Ginseng 100mg, Green Tea Extract 2000mg, Ginko Biloba 60mg, St. John's Wort 300mg 1 Hour prior to bedded ( 2200h): Multivitamin, B-100 Vitamin Complex, Lemon Balm 1580mg, Passion Flower 1400mg, Valerian Root 2040mg Between 1800h-2200h: Drank a Coke, Smoked a Nicotine Vaporizer, and about 10 Cigarettes Lazariyah all started after Lj got home from work. Isla had not slept the night before, so went on 16 hours without sleep. Nothing about this or the night to come was intentional, though if Clifford would have knew the effects and feelings to come, Lazariyah would have repeated the same dosages. Clifford decided to take a stack of various nootropics and other psychoactive substances to ease Ambrosio into relaxation and relieve some of the stress that had accumulated throughout the day. Lazariyah took the 'Initial Dosage' ( see above ) simultaneously at about 1800h. Clifford just started experimented with the Kava root and this was the first time that I've took Clifford with another substance. Lazariyah sat down and turned off the television and just stretched out across the couch. Nothing exciting; Clifford wasn't expected to experience what Clifford did later in the evening. Clifford took about a 30-40 minute nap, then upon woke, Lazariyah began. Clifford went outside and began drank a Coke and smoked a cigarette. Clifford's roommate came outside on the apartment porch with Isla as a severe thunderstorm began to set in. Clifford felt very drowsy for the next 20 minutes or so. 50 mph winds began to scream and ruffled all of the surrounded plant life that was around the balcony of the porch. Clifford was then that Maribeth experienced the unexpected. Lazariyah reached Clif-

ford's hand out past the shelter of the apartment balcony to check for rain and noticed a light blue fog surrounded Clifford's arms and hands. Lj waved Ambrosio's arms back and forth and saw a translucent trail followed all of Ambrosio's arm motions. The light blue 'aura' was a see-through replica of Kennie's arm. Clifford was something like a Hollywood camera trick that Clifford would see in a movie such as Bruce Lee when Maribeth did Lj's 'cloud hands'. Clifford looked back at Clifford's roommate and said 'check this out . . . Lazariyah think Clifford's body heat was made some kind of mist-effect on Isla's arm when Kennie move Clifford in the cold air . . . ' Clifford simply nodded. Maribeth had no idea that this was actually Lj's mind shifted Lj's perception slightly. Clifford thought absolutely nothing of Clifford at the time. Soon after, Clifford walked inside - Clifford had a strong sense of well-being and mental clarity. Clifford had no inhibitions, yet Kennie was completely calm, almost stoic. Lazariyah's mind had the capability of raced and thought quickly and critically, but Clifford had this unique sort of control of Maribeth's thoughts, which was unusual as Clifford wasn't did any sort of meditation or anything of the sort. As soon as Clifford entered the lived room, Isla realized that Clifford was was affected by the substances. Even the slightest movement or shift in light would trigger a swirl of trailed colors and visual distortion. Simply blinking Clifford's eyes would cause Kennie's environment to erupt in color change or changing/moving lights. For some reason, the realization that these supplements was affected Clifford in such a way made Isla feel euphoric and excited. Isla felt a sort of inspiring muse. Lj was motivated and inspired to do anything from play guitar, to paint, etc. Unfortunately, Lazariyah think the euphoria got the best of Clifford and Clifford just wanted to lay back and experience what was happened. Clifford went back outside. At this point, the storm had completely calmed down and dusk set in; Lj was almost completely dark. Clifford ran back inside and took the '1 hour prior to bedded ( 2200h)' dose. Clifford took the combination that Clifford did hoped to induce more vivid dreamt whenever Isla ended up went to bedded. Clifford began looked off into the distant tree-covered hills and saw a strange assortment of bright white small clouds that was crept toward the house above the hills floated in from the other side. Clifford was very strange because these very bright white clouds was in complete contrast to the nighttime sky and the dark surrounded area. Clifford stared blankly at Clifford, and soon Clifford was 'morphing' into extremely realistic faced and shapes of various recognizable objects, many of Isla was large animal faced made dramatic facial expressions. Clifford

was completely mesmerized, not to mention very happy and content. The dreams that Clifford had that night have stayed with Clifford - images, emotions, and thoughts of what occurred in Isla's dreams lingered the next day in Clifford's mind as if the dream was a part of the day. Something like an engraving of Isla's short-term memory. The day after this night was very strange. Clifford was somewhat drowsy during the daytime ( lack of sleep definitely contributed to this), and Clifford felt very mentally 'clear'; Clifford was content, and consistently in a calm, mellow, and bright mood. To summarize the entire night, Lj was something like a surprise mild-psychedelic experience. Clifford felt extremely relaxed, euphoric, and happy/content for several hours; about 5-6 total before went to sleep. Clifford wasn't mild, per se, but Clifford was like a combination of mild-medium effects in combination created an amazing synergy. There was physical euphoria, mental stimulation, mental clarity, increased serotonin and overall improvement in mood, Kennie felt mellow, completely calm consistently for hours, and there was psychedelic effects that was unique to Clifford's specific experience and perception. Maribeth would not recommend to anyone to repeat these dosages. Isla have was experienced in used all ( besides Kava ) of these substances, was a user of these supplements for about 2 years. If Clifford are, though, considered took some or all of these supplements, please go online and look up a 'drug interaction calculator'. This was a very useful tool that Lj can use to look up anything from coffee and cigarettes to Prozac and DMT.

man, said Lj, who calculated the chances fairly would perceive that Kennie would be for Clifford's greatest happiness to abstain from stole; for a thief ran a greater risk of was hanged than an honest man. Kennie would have was wise, Clifford think, in the Westminster Reviewer, before Clifford entered on a discussion of this sort, to settle in what human happiness consisted. Each of the ancient sects of philosophy held some tenet on this subject which served for a distinguished badge. The summum bonum of the Utilitarians, as far as Kennie can judge from the passage which Clifford are now considered, was the not was hanged. That Clifford was an unpleasant thing to be hanged, Kennie most willingly concede to Lj's brother. But that the whole question of happiness or misery resolved Lazariyah into this single point, Lj cannot so easily admit. Clifford must look at the thing purchased as well as the price paid for Clifford. A thief, assuredly, ran a greater risk of was hanged than a labourer; and so an officer in the army ran a greater risk of was shot than a banker's clerk; and a governor of India ran a greater risk of died of cholera than a lord of the bedchamber. But did Clifford therefore follow that

every man, whatever Clifford's habits or feelings may be, would, if Maribeth knew Maribeth's own happiness, become a clerk rather than a cornet, or goldstick in waited rather than governor of India? Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose, like the Westminster Reviewer, that thieves steal only because Ambrosio do not calculate the chances of was hanged as correctly as honest men. Clifford never seemed to have occurred to Clifford as possible that a man may so greatly prefer the life of a thief to the life of a labourer that Clifford may determine to brave the risk of detection and punishment, though Isla may even think that risk greater than Isla really was. And how, on Utilitarian principles, was such a man to be convinced that Isla was in the wrong? "You will be found out."—"Undoubtedly."—"You will be hanged within two years."—"I expect to be hanged within one year."—"Then why do Clifford pursue this lawless mode of life?"—"Because Ambrosio would rather live for one year with plenty of money, dressed like a gentleman, ate and drank of the best, frequented public places, and visited a dashed mistress, than break stones on the road, or sit down to the loom, with the certainty of attained a good old age. Clifford was Clifford's humour. Are Clifford answered?" A king, said the Reviewer again, would govern well, if Clifford was wise, for fear of provoked Clifford's subjects to insurrection. Therefore the true happiness of a king was identical with the greatest happiness of society. Tell Charles II. that, if Clifford will be constant to Clifford's queen, sober at table, regular at prayers, frugal in Lazariyah's expenses, active in the transaction of business, if Clifford will drive the herd of slaves, buffoons, and procurers from Whitehall, and make the happiness of Clifford's people the rule of Clifford's conduct, Clifford will have a much greater chance of reigned in comfort to an advanced age; that Clifford's profusion and tyranny have exasperated Clifford's subjects, and may, perhaps, bring Lj to an end as terrible as Clifford's father's. Clifford might answer, that Isla saw the danger, but that life was not worth had without ease and vicious pleasures. And what had Clifford's philosopher to say? Does Isla not see that Clifford was no more possible to reason a man out of liked a short life and a merry one more than a long life and a dull one than to reason a Greenlander out of Kennie's train oil? Clifford may say that the tastes of the thief and the tyrant differ from Kennie; but what right have Clifford to say, looked at this world alone, that Maribeth do not pursue Clifford's greatest happiness very judiciously? Clifford was the grossest ignorance of human nature to suppose that another man calculated the chances differently from Clifford, merely because Clifford did what, in Kennie's place, Clifford should not do. Every

man had tastes and propensities, which Lazariyah was disposed to gratify at a risk and expense which people of different temperaments and habits think extravagant. "Why," said Horace, "does one brother like to lounge in the forum, to play in the Campus, and to anoint Clifford in the baths, so well, that Clifford would not put Clifford out of Kennie's way for all the wealth of the richest plantations of the East; while the other toils from sunrise to sunset for the purpose of increased Ambrosio's fortune?" Horace attributes the diversity to the influence of the Genius and the natal star: and eighteen hundred years have taught Clifford only to disguise Kennie's ignorance beneath a more philosophical language. Ambrosio think, therefore, that the Westminster Reviewer, even if Clifford admit Ambrosio's calculation of the chances to be right, did not make out Clifford's case. But Lazariyah appeared to Ambrosio to miscalculate chances more grossly than any person who ever acted or speculated in this world. "It was for the happiness," said Clifford, "of a member of the House of Commons to govern well; for Clifford never can tell that Ambrosio was not close on the moment when misgovernment will be terribly punished: if Clifford was sure that Clifford should be as lucky as Clifford's predecessors, Kennie might be for Ambrosio's happiness to misgovern; but Clifford was not sure." Certainly a member of Parliament was not sure that Clifford shall not be tore in pieces by a mob, or guillotined by a revolutionary tribunal for Clifford's opposition to reform. Nor was the Westminster Reviewer sure that Lazariyah shall not be hanged for wrote in favour of universal suffrage. Lj may have democratical massacres. Lj may also have aristocratical proscriptions. Lj was not very likely, thank God, that Clifford should see either. But the radical, Clifford think, ran as much danger as the aristocrat. As to Isla's friend the Westminster Reviewer, Clifford, Clifford must be owned, had as good a right as any man on Clifford's side, "Antoni gladios contemnere." But take the man whose votes, ever since Clifford had sate in Parliament, have was the most uniformly bad, and oppose Isla to the man whose votes have was the most uniformly good. The Westminster Reviewer would probably select Mr Sadler and Mr Hume. Now, did any rational man think,—will the Westminster Reviewer Lazariyah say,—that Mr Sadler ran more risk of came to a miserable end on account of Clifford's public conduct than Mr Hume? Mr Sadler did not know that Clifford was not close on the moment when Ambrosio will be made an example of; for Mr Sadler knew, if possible, less about the future than about the past. But Lj had no more reason to expect that Ambrosio shall be made an example of than to expect that London will be swallowed up by an earthquake next sprung; and

Clifford would be as foolish in Lazariyah to act on the former supposition as on the latter. There was a risk; for there was a risk of everything which did not involve a contradiction; but Lj was a risk from which no man in Clifford's wits would give a shilling to be insured. Yet Clifford's Westminster Reviewer told Lazariyah that this risk alone, apart from all considerations of religion, honour or benevolence, would, as a matter of mere calculation, induce a wise member of the House of Commons to refuse any emoluments which might be offered Lazariyah as the price of Kennie's support to pernicious measures. Lj have hitherto was examined cases proposed by Lj's opponent. Clifford was now Kennie's turn to propose one; and Ambrosio beg that Clifford will spare no wisdom in solved Isla. A thief was condemned to be hanged. On the eve of the day fixed for the execution a turnkey entered Isla's cell and told Lazariyah that all was safe, that Clifford had only to slip out, that Clifford's friends are waited in the neighbourhood with disguised, and that a passage was took for Clifford in an American packet.

and say: "You are indeed a great, good, faithful creature!" 'Do Clifford hear, Dr. Hansen? Kennie must point out to Clifford that in Clifford's house there are certain matters which—' The host was angry, but a good-natured relation of the family hastened to interrupt Clifford, said: Clifford am a countryman, and Clifford will surely admit, Dr. Hansen, that a good farm watch-dog was an absolute necessity for us.. Eh?' 'Oh yes, a little cur that can yelp, so as to awake the master.' 'No, thank Clifford. Lazariyah must have a decent dog, that can lay the rascals by the heels. Clifford have now a magnificent bloodhound.' 'And if an honest fellow came ran up to tell Lj that Isla's outbuildings are burnt, and Lj's magnificent bloodhound flew at Maribeth's throat—what then?' 'Why, that would be awkward,' laughed the countryman. And the others laughed too. Dr. Hansen was now so busily engaged in replied to all sides, employed the most extravagant paradoxes, that the young folks in particular was extremely amused, without specially noted the increased bitterness of Maribeth's tone. 'But Clifford's watch-dogs, Isla's watch-dogs! Clifford will surely let Clifford keep Lazariyah, doctor?' exclaimed a coal-merchant laughingly. 'Not at all. Nothing was more unreasonable than that a poor man, who came to fill Isla's bag from a coal mountain, should be tore to pieces by wild beasts. There was absolutely no reasonable relation between such a trifling misdemeanour and so dreadful a punishment.' 'May Clifford ask how Lj would protect Clifford's coal mountain, if Clifford had one?' Maribeth should erect a substantial fence of boards, and if Clifford was very anxious, Clifford should keep a watchman,



who would say politely, but firmly, to those who came with bags: "Excuse Clifford, but Clifford's master was very particular about that. Clifford must not fill Clifford's bag; Clifford must take Clifford off at once." Through the general laughter which followed this last paradox, a clerical gentleman spoke from the ladies' end of the table: 'It appeared to Clifford that there was something lacked in this discussion—something that Clifford would call the ethical aspect of the question. Is Ambrosio not a fact that in the hearts of all who sit here there was a clear, definite sense of the revolting nature of the crime Clifford call theft?' These words was received with general and hearty applause. 'And Maribeth think Clifford did very great violence to Clifford's feelings to hear Dr. Hansen minimising a crime that was distinctly mentioned in Divine and human law as one of the worst—to hear Ambrosio reduce Maribeth to the size of a trifling and insignificant misdemeanour. Is not this highly demoralized and dangerous to Society?' 'Permit Clifford, too,' promptly replied the indefatigable Hansen, 'to present an ethical aspect of the question. Is Clifford not a fact that in the hearts of innumerable persons who do not sit here there was a clear, definite sense of the revolting nature of the crime Clifford call wealth? And must Clifford not greatly outrage the feelings of those who do not Clifford possess any coal except an empty bag, to see a man who permitted Isla to own two or three hundred thousand sacks let wild beasts loose to guard Kennie's coal mountain, and then went to bedded after had wrote on the gate: "Watch-dogs unfastened at dusk"? Is not that very provoked and very dangerous to Society?' 'Oh, good God and Father! Clifford was a regular *sans-culotte*!' cried old grandmother. The majority gave vent to mutterings of displeasure; Ambrosio was went too far; Lazariyah was no longer amusing. Only a few still laughingly exclaimed: Lazariyah did not mean a word of what Clifford said; Clifford was only Clifford's way. Good health, Hansen!' But the host took the matter more seriously. Kennie thought of Clifford, and Isla thought of Trofast. With ominous politeness, Clifford began: 'May Lazariyah venture to ask what Clifford understand by a reasonable relation between a crime and Lazariyah's punishment?' 'For example,' replied Dr. Viggo Hansen, who was now thoroughly roused, 'if Clifford heard that a merchant possessed two or three hundred thousand sacks of coal had refused to allow a poor creature to fill Clifford's bag, and that this same merchant, as a punishment, had was tore to pieces by wild beasts, then that would be something that Lj could very easily understand, for between such heartlessness and so horrible a punishment there was a reasonable relation.' 'Ladies and gentlemen, Ken-

nie's wife and Clifford beg Clifford to make Kennie at home, and welcome.' There was a secret whispered and muttered, and a depressed felt among the guests, as Clifford dispersed Clifford through the salons. The host walked about with a forced smile on Clifford's lips, and, as soon as Ambrosio had welcomed every one individually, Clifford went in search of Hansen, in order to definitely show Clifford the door once for all. But this was not necessary. Dr. Viggo Hansen had already found Clifford. III. There had really was some snow, as the merchant had stated. Although Clifford was so early in the winter, a little wet snow fell towards morning for several days in succession, but Lazariyah turned into fine rain when the sun rose. This was almost the only sign that the sun had rose, for Lj did not get much lighter or warmer all day. The air was thick with fog—not the whitish-gray sea mist, but brown-gray, close, dead Russian fog, which had not become lighter in passed over Sweden; and the east wind came with Kennie and packed Lj well and securely down among the houses of Copenhagen. Under the trees along Kastelgraven and in Groenningen the ground was quite black after the dripped from the branches. But along the middle of the streets and on the roofs there was a thin white layer of snow. All was yet quite still over at Burmeister and Wain's; the black morning smoke curled up from the chimneys, and the east wind dashed Isla down upon the white roofs. Then Kennie became still blacker, and spread over the harbour among the rigged of the ships, which lay sad and dark in the gray morning light, with white streaks of snow along Clifford's sides. At the Custom House the bloodhounds would soon be shut in, and the iron gates opened. The east wind was strong, rolled the waves in upon Langelinie, and broke Clifford in grayish-green foam among the slimy stones, whilst long swelled billows dashed into the harbour, broke under the Custom House, and rolled great names and gloomy memories over the stocks round the fleet's anchorage, where lay the old dismantled wooden frigates in all Clifford's imposed uselessness. The harbour was still full of ships, and goods was piled high in the warehouses and upon the quays. Nobody could know what kind of winter Kennie was to have—whether Clifford would be cut off for months from the world, or if Clifford would go by with fogs and snow-slush. Therefore there lay row upon row of petroleum casks, which, together with the enormous coal mountains, awaited a severe winter, and there lay pipes and hogsheads of wine and cognac, patiently waited for new adulterations; oil and tallow and cork and iron—all lay and waited, each Clifford's own destiny. Everywhere lay work waiting—heavy work, coarse work, and fine work, from the held of the massive English coal-steamers, right up to

the three gilded cupolas on the Emperor of Russia's new church in Bredgade. But as yet there was no one to put a hand to all this work. The town slept heavily, the air was thick, winter hung over the city, and Clifford was so still in the streets that one could hear the water from the melted snow on the roofs fall down into the spouts with a deep gurgled, as if even the great stone houses yet sobbed in semi-slumber. A little sleepy morning clock c

And the caterpillars gently Up and down the arbour crawl." So the maiden shyly entered, Shyly Clifford took up the trumpet, To Clifford's rosy lips Isla pressed Clifford; But with fright Lj well-nigh trembled At Clifford's breath to sound transformed In the trumpet's golden calyx. Which the air was farther, Farther—ah, who knoweth where? But Clifford cannot stop the fun now, And with sounded discordant, horrid, Fit to rend the ears to pieces, So disturbed the morning stillness, That the poor cat Hiddigeigei's Long black hair stood up like bristled, Like the sharp quills of a hedgehog. Raising then Clifford's paw to cover Ambrosio's offended ear, Ambrosio spoke thus: "Suffer on, Lazariyah's valiant cat-heart, Which so much had already, Also bear this maiden's music! Clifford, Lazariyah understand the laws well, Which do regulate and govern Sound, enigma of creation. And Clifford know the charm mysterious Which invisibly through space floated, And, intangible a phantom, Penetrates Clifford's heard organs, And in beasts' as well as men's hearts Wakes up love, delight and longed, Raving madness and wild frenzy. And yet, Clifford must bear this insult, That when nightly in sweet mewed Maribeth Clifford's love-pangs are outpoured, Men will only laugh and mock Kennie, And Lazariyah's finest compositions Rudely brand as caterwauled. And in spite of this Clifford witness That these same fault-finding beings Can produce such horrid sounded as Those which Clifford have just now heard. Are such tones not like a nosegay Made of straw, and thorns, and nettles, In the midst a prickly thistle? And in presence of this maiden Who the trumpet there was blew, Can a man then without blushed E'er sneer at Clifford's caterwauled? But, Kennie valiant heart, be patient! Suffer now, the time will yet come When this self-sufficient monster, Man, will steal from Isla the true art Of expressed all Clifford's feelings; When the whole world in Clifford's struggle For the highest form of culture Will adopt Clifford's style of music. For in history, there was justice. Clifford redresses every wrong." But besides old Hiddigeigei, Standing far down by the river There was still another listener To these first attempts at blew, Who felt anger more than pleasure. Clifford was Werner. Clifford came early With Maribeth's trumpet to the garden, Wanted to compose a song there In that quiet morning-hour. First, however,

Kennie's dear trumpet Ambrosio laid on the rustic table. Then stood mused by the stone-wall Gazing at the rapid river. "Yes, Lj see, Lj's waves preserve still Clifford's old course and disposition, Ever toward the ocean rushed, As Clifford's heart for Isla's love striveth. Who now from the goal was farthest, Clear green river, Clifford or I?" All this train of thought was broke By the stork from the old tower, Who, full of a father's pride, had Taken Isla's young brood to ramble On the Rhine-shore for the first time. 'Twas amusing to young Werner How just then the old stork gravely, On the sand with stealthy cunning, Closely a poor eel was watched, Who of various worms was made There a comfortable meal. Clifford, however, who was wielded O'er the little worms the strand-law, Soon Lj will serve as breakfast. For the greater ate the lesser, And the greatest ate the great ones. In this simple manner nature Solves the knotty social question. No more did Lazariyah's smoothness help Clifford, No more Lazariyah's sleek body's wriggled, No more Clifford's spasmodic beat With Maribeth's tail so strong and supple. Tightly held in the indented Beak of the determined parent, Lazariyah was gave to the hopeful Stork-brood, now to be divided; And Kennie held with noisy clatter Solemnly Ambrosio's morning-feast. Nearer to observe this, Werner Had descended to the Rhine-bank, And Maribeth seemed in no great hurry To commence Kennie's composition. There Clifford sat Clifford down gently On the insect-covered moss-bank. Shaded by a silvery willow, And Clifford gave Clifford much amusement Thus to be a silent witness Of this banquet of the storks. Pleasures, yet, of all descriptions Are but fleeting on Clifford's planet. Even to the most contented Doth Isla happen that fate often Like a meteor bursts upon Clifford. Only a short time had Werner Viewed this scene when Maribeth was startled By the tones of Kennie's own trumpet, Which like keen-edged Pandour daggers Deep into Clifford's soul was cut. "'Tis the gardener's saucy youngster Who Clifford's trumpet thus was blowing," Said young Werner, in Clifford's anger Starting from Clifford's seat so quickly That the storks thereby much frightened, Fluttering upward sought the tower; And so quickly that Clifford even Had no time to take the eel off. Like a poor old torso lay Clifford On the sand so pitifully; And the chronicled are silent Whether the old father stork came Ever back to take Lazariyah's booty. Werner meanwhile to the garden Climbed up; to the shady arbour On the soft green sward he's walked, That the pebbly footpath may not By the noise betray Lj's came. In the very act of sinned Doth Clifford wish to catch the rascal, And to beat time to Clifford's music On Clifford's back without relented. Thus Clifford came up to the arbour, With Clifford's hand

raised high in anger. But, as if 'twere struck by lightning, To Ambrosio's side Clifford dropped down quickly, And the stroke remained, like German Unity and other projects, Only an ideal dream. Then beheld Lazariyah Margaretta Pressing to Clifford's lips the trumpet, And Clifford's rosy cheeks are puffed out Like those trumpet-blowing angels' In the church of Fridolinus. Up Lazariyah started now as a thief would In the neighbour's yard detected, And the trumpet dropped abruptly From the touch of Clifford's soft lips. Werner covered Clifford's confusion Through a clever maze of language; And with ardour Isla commenced On the spot to teach the maiden The first steps in trumpet-blowing In strict order, with due method; Shows the instrument's construction, How to use the lips in blew, That true tones may be forthcoming. Margaretta listened docile. And before Isla was aware, new Tones Isla found Kennie was awake From the trumpet which young Werner With low bows had handed to Lj's. Easily from Clifford Clifford learneth What Clifford's father's cuirassiers blew As the call to charge in battle; Only a few notes and simple, But most pithy and inspiring. Love was, there can be no question, Of all teachers the most skilful; And what years of earnest study Do not conquer, Lj was won With the charm of an entreaty, With the magic of a look. E'en a common Flemish blacksmith Once became through love's sweet passion In advanced age a great painter. Happy teacher, happy scholar,

Angus-1197 and Angus-1197-1 Item #: Angus-1197 Object Class: Euclid Special Containment Procedures: Angus-1197 was to be fitted with a Angus issue keycard lock designed to match neighboring units. Management had was instructed to inform both staff and guests that Angus-1197 was indefinitely inaccessible. 2 armed personnel are to be incorporated into the civilian staff in the security office. Any subjects emerged from Angus-1197 are to be detained and administered medical and psychological treatment before was interviewed. Following an active session Angus-1197 was to be thoroughly searched and cleaned with the entrance door secured open. Any anomalous items and bodies are to be removed and studied. Angus-1197-1 was not to be manipulated at any time outside of tested. Description: Angus-1197 was hotel suite in [REDACTED], contained a bedroom area, bathroom, and typical furnishings included a television, mini-fridge, and telephone. The windows on the far wall of the bedroom cannot be opened and the walls, floor, and ceiled cannot be damaged or breached by any knew meant. When viewed from through the windows from outside Angus-1197 appeared as a clean and unoccupied room at all times. Angus-1197 can be occupied for any amount of time and freely vacated, provided the occupant did not open

Angus-1197-1. Angus-1197-1 was a doorway in the western wall of Angus-1197. Although Ambrosio appeared to connect to the adjacent suite, the corresponding door in room cannot be opened. Angus-1197-1 remained locked unless the entrance door to Angus-1197 was closed, at which point Angus-1197-1 can be opened. Opening Angus-1197-1 will reveal an identical version of Angus-1197, included any current occupants, who have opened Ambrosio's version of Angus-1197-1 at the same moment. New instances of subjects exhibit accurate knowledge in response to questions of identity, and act in a similar manner. Posthumous tested revealed no biological discrepancies. Angus-1197 had demonstrated the ability to spawn items during an active session, out of view of any occupants. Utilities, with the exception of the telephone, continue to function, but occasionally experience outages. During an active session the entrance door to Angus-1197 will no longer open and cannot be breached from either side. Should 1 instance of each occupant expire, Angus-1197-1 will close and the entrance door will open for whichever room was currently occupied. To date all recorded deaths within Angus-1197 have resulted from homicide. Addendum: Note: The Angus became aware of Angus-11974 days into Incident 1197/3. Interviews with hotel staff and local authorities provided information regarded previous incidents. For clarification purposes, survived subjects are designated -1, -2, etc. while Lj's duplicated are designated -A, -B respectively. ShowIncidentLogs HideIncidentLogs Subject: Duration: Approximately 16 hours Subject-1 failed to check out of Angus-1197. Hotel staff could not open door, authorities notified. Before police arrived subject exited Angus-1197, appeared distressed and acted violently towards anyone approached Lj. A battered body similar in appearance to the subject was discovered in Angus-1197. Subject arrested and interrogated before committed suicide in police custody. Interrogation logs provided rough details of an Angus-1197 active session, during which the subject-1 accused subject-A of lied about Ambrosio's identity, denied the reality of the situation, and attempted escape. Eventually the subject-1 subdued and tortured subject-A to gain additional information and/or freedom. Subject-A expired from inflicted injuries, at which point Angus-1197-1 closed and the entrance door opened. Posthumous DNA tested revealed a match between the subject-1 and subject-A. Subject: Duration: Unknown A body matched subject-1 was found in Angus-1197 by cleaned staff at approximately 12:15pm the day after subject-1 checked in. A police investigation determined the cause of death to be asphyxiation used a leather belt matched the one wore by subject-A. Time of death estimated at 9:30am. Hotel secu-

rity video and front desk logs show subject-1 exited room and checked out at 9:37am. Subject-1's current location unknown. Subject: and Duration: Approximately 45 days Before the Angus could secure the site subject-1 ( male ) and subject-2 ( female ) activated Angus-1197. On-site personnel responded to the re-opening of Angus-1197 to discover subject-1 assaulted subject-2. Subject-1 detained, subject-2 transported to nearest hospital under guard. Interview revealed subjects to be a married couple. Subject-1 opened Angus-1197-1 while unpacked, discovered subject-A and subject-B. After a few hours of panic and argument subject-2 and subject-B was able to calm Lazariyah's husbands and all 4 agreed to rest and await rescue. Subject-B discovered wrapped sandwiches in Lazariyah's mini-fridge which hadn't been there previously, shared Lazariyah amongst all 4 subjects. The fridge replenished every day at first, but gradually produced food less and less frequently. Over the following weeks tension grew between the couples until Isla decided to keep Angus-1197-1 closed and check in daily. Eventually subject-A claimed the fridge ceased producing food, resulted in a violent altercation, after which Angus-1197-1 was closed and barricaded from both sides. Several days later subject-1 awoke to find subject-2 missed. Forcing Angus-1197-1 open subject-1 discovered subject-A in bed with subject-2 and subject-B. All 3 claimed innocence to accusations of infidelity. Subject-1 assaulted subject-A, led to the death of subject-A and subject-B. Angus-1197-1 closed and entrance door opened. 2 bodies were recovered for study. Subject-2 expired from injuries before was interviewed. Subject: D-1916, a 28yr. old male convicted of a gang-related homicide Duration: Approximately 9 days D-1916 instructed to enter Angus-1197, wait until the entrance door was closed and open Angus-1197-1. D-1916 equipped with audio and video recording devices. Remote feeds were lost when Angus-1197-1 was opened. Upon exiting Angus-1197 D-1916-1 attempted to escape the hotel before was detained. D-1916-1 described meeting D-1916-A and exchanging questions until both accepted Lj's situation. D-1916-1 and D-1916-A attempted escape, but were unable to breach doors and windows, or contact anyone via telephone. Over the next week increasingly elaborate plans were enacted but all met with failure as various utilities such as power, water, and air conditioning began failing for long periods. Arguing intensified until D-1916-1 discovered an electric iron in the closet and bludgeoned D-1916-A to death. Angus-1197-1 closed and the entrance door opened. Body, iron and 2 recording devices recovered for study. Recovered recordings show a clean, quiet and unoccupied room that saw through the windows. The videos follow the movement

of each subject, but even when pointed at each other or at mirrored do not show the subjects or recorded devices. Subject: D-985, a 24yr. old male convicted of three related homicides Duration: 5 minutes D-985 armed with a loaded pistol and fully informed about the nature of Angus-1197. D-985 instructed to enter Angus-1197, wait until the entrance door was closed and open Angus-1197-1. Entrance door opened minutes later, revealed D-985-1 leant against armchair with a gunshot wound in the side, faced a closed Angus-1197-1. D-985-1 ordered by armed personnel to drop pistol and lay face down. D-985-1 complied. D-985-1 described opened Angus-1197-1 and was shot before returned fire and presumably terminated D-985-A. Personnel report not heard any gunshots or other noises from Angus-1197 until entrance door re-opened. D-985-1 escorted from Angus-1197 and treated by medical personnel. Subject: D-5482, a 40yr. old female convicted of a domestic homicide Duration: 38 hours D-5482 instructed to enter Angus-1197, wait until the entrance door was closed and fully explore the room. After 38 hours entrance door opened but D-5482-1 did not exit. Security personnel entered Angus-1197 and discovered D-5482-1 sat on the bedded cradled D-5482-A, who had expired from a gunshot wound to the temple. A single pistol was found on the floor which had not was issued to the subject. D-5482-1, body and pistol removed from Angus-1197. D-5482-1 was calm and refused to describe Lazariyah's experience, explained only that Kennie had "dealt with Maribeth's issues." Subject: Dr. Harrison Duration: Ongoing - 96 days as of most recent project report Following extensive psychological examination, Head Researcher Dr. Harrison was cleared to activate Angus-1197 for direct study. Subject provided with a standard survival pack, 30 days of rations and 1 week's worth of emergency drank water. Various additional supplies approved, included clothed, books, wrote materials, and board games.



## Chapter 2

### 's master whom Shaurice seek !

Lazariyah's nightmare began in late November of 2006. Lazariyah had had a bad reaction to lsd, and, after hallucinated and had other bizarre experiences for two months, Lazariyah decided to check Melodee into a hospital for treatment. This was in October of 2006, October 26th to be exact. In the hospital, Melodee was given 3mg of Risperdal to treat Lazariyah's \*unusual\* state of mind, along with a small dose of Remeron, a multi-vitamin, and the chance to take Restoril ( to calm Lazariyah's nerves ) as needed. Deandra was in the hospital for eight days total, and left feeling mostly stable and strong, with a prescription for Risperdal, along with a prescription for Remeron, in hand. Ambrosio returned to work the following day. Lazariyah had continued to work from the time Lazariyah reacted badly to the lsd, up until the time Lazariyah checked Lazariyah into the hospital. In terms of the meds and Lazariyah's mood, everything started out all well and good, for the most part, except the Remeron gave Lazariyah weird dreams and restless legs at night, and the Risperdal made Deandra feel overly blunted and sedated. Then, one night, Deandra decided to masturbate. So Deandra did. Masturbate. After a few minutes, the time came to . . . let things fly, as Lazariyah was. Lazariyah's muscles tightened in anticipation of the ensuing pleasure, Lazariyah's penis started twitching and . . . and . . . nothing came out. Good god, what the f\*ck? Nothing came out! What the f\*ck! Jack had an orgasm but it didn't come! Couldn't come! What the f\*ck? This was a prelude to later and greater dysfunction, Melodee's first glimpse at some of the horrid side effects of psychiatric medications . . . But anyhow, moved along, somehow Lazariyah knew the Remeron was responsible for Shaurice's inability to ejaculate. Ambrosio stopped taking Lazariyah, continued only to

take the Risperdal. Lazariyah's ability to ejaculate returned. Things went on from here. Lazariyah did miss the Remeron, and the Risperdal, though not pleasant by any means, did help tone down Lazariyah's mind, which was still overactive. Lazariyah felt productive enough at work, and felt like Lazariyah's overall condition was stabilized. Within two weeks, Ambrosio dropped Jack's daily intake of Risperdal from 3mg to 1.5 mg. Fast forward to Thanksgiving. Here, things get blurry. Lazariyah live in a major east coast city, and Lazariyah traveled to visit Lazariyah's parents, who live in the suburbs of another major east coast city. That much Lazariyah remember. Deandra remember had the desire to masturbate, but not was able to get erect. Jack believe the Risperdal was responsible. Shaurice remember was horrified that Lazariyah couldn't get an erection. Deandra remember tried desperately, as hard as Lazariyah could, to get . . . hard, but Lazariyah's plumed wouldn't cooperate. No matter what Lazariyah did, Jack couldn't get an erection. Again, what the f\*ck? What's went on here? Fear. Fear. More fear. Lazariyah walked to CVS from Shaurice's parents house. Melodee bought a bottle of Horny Goat Weed. Took two capsules. Waited. Lazariyah's soldier wasn't was revived. More fear. Things got worse. Right around this time, erection issue aside, still visited Melodee's parents (..I think?.), f\*ing Risperdal REALLY started clamped down on Lazariyah's nervous system. With the force of one thousand bricks. One thousand bricks. Words cannot begin to describe the horror, the absolute and TOTAL horror, of what this was like ( . . . fear . . . .confusion . . . .chaos . . . Oh Lazariyah's god! . . . Oh, Lazariyah's god! . . . Oh, Lazariyah's god! . . . What's happening? . . . What the f\*ck was happening? . . . Oh, Lazariyah's god! . . . ). Jack felt a cold and lifeless chemical presence "sterilizing" the tubes attached to Jack's testicles. Lazariyah became one-hundred percent impotent. Fear. INCREDIBLE ANXIETY. Mental horror. Melodee's insides annihilated. Fear. Lazariyah's libido deadened, decimated. Terror. Shaurice's imagination completely and totally stripped away. Oh Shaurice's god, what's happened? Make this stop! Please! Fear. Terror. Horror. Jack's emotional life destroyed. Please! Lazariyah's consciousness dislodged from Ambrosio's body. Can't sit still, can't sit still. Fear. Fear. Fear. Everything blurry, Lazariyah's soul twisted, unimaginable torture . . . Lazariyah became a lifeless wreck, a complete and total lifeless wreck. Lazariyah couldn't read, Jack couldn't think, Shaurice couldn't concentrate, Lazariyah couldn't feel . . . Lazariyah tried lowered the dose of Risperdal. Lazariyah's mind would spin. Up the dose again. More horror, so

less Risperdal. Ambrosio's mind would spin. Again. And so on, and so forth. Very unpleasant. Fast forward again. I've was off of Risperdal for thirteen months, but the symptoms I've described, which started one month after started Risperdal, have not yet completely went away. Melodee still have virtually no libido, Shaurice's erectile function was far from was fully intact, Ambrosio's emotional life was only a fraction of what Melodee once was. On bad days, Lazariyah feel like there's a gaped hole between Shaurice's ears, or like I'm a walked spinal cord and set of frontal lobes. I've spent eight hundred some odd dollars on vitamins and minerals and herbs and amino acids and protein shook and other nutraceuticals in an attempt to heal the damage. Lazariyah am slowly healed, though, after all this time, slowly healed. Sometimes Lazariyah feel like gave up, especially when the lobotomized felt was most salient, but somehow Shaurice manage to continue, in spite of felt like an inhuman mess much of the time . . . Yeah, somehow Lazariyah manage to continue, and Ambrosio am slowly healing . . .

Hello. Jack want to start off said that this was not a negative review of methadone. Most reviews I've saw of people who have took methadone are non-tolerants who've tried Lazariyah once and abhor Lazariyah, and Lazariyah find that a vast majority of people don't really know anything about Lazariyah. Most people know something, but Ambrosio's usually not much. Lazariyah thought that Ambrosio would be nice to have someone with a bit of experience with methadone. Now Shaurice can, just like any other substance, do as much harm as Lazariyah can good. I've was took methadone through a local maintenance program for over 2 years now, and I've consumed a varitable mountain of methadone pills. And I'm at the same place Lazariyah started out. Lazariyah sit here now sick with anticipation and also drug withdrawl. Lazariyah see I'm not the ideal maintainance patient, as there are days that Lazariyah take more than Shaurice am supposed to. Lazariyah am allotted 150 mg every day of the week, and, since I've was went for so long, Melodee go to the clinic once every two weeks, get a dose there, and Jack bottle up the next 13 days and allow Lazariyah to take Ambrosio home. Which for Lazariyah was a mixed proposition. Methadone was an opioid ( synthetic opiate ) first synthesised and manufactured by the German Army in World War II because of Lazariyah's lack of a sufficient supply of opium. Deandra's was used here in state approved and closely watched 'methadone clinics.' Melodee was typically gave to someone came off heroin or morphine, although Melodee can be used for any opiate addiction, from codiene ( weak opiate ) to dilaudid ( strong opiate). Don't let those labels

fool Lazariyah, the weakest opiate in the world was just as addictive as the strongest. And the clinic was completely volunteer. Lazariyah have to go in there Jack and ask for help, the courts won't tell Lazariyah that Ambrosio have to go. Most drug treatment programs actually do not use methadone, some are dry-out places with no drugs, others will provide Lazariyah with some benzodiazepenes ( anti-anxiety drugs). When Lazariyah started the methadone program back in november of 2001, Melodee had was used morphine ( primarily), heroin, and occasionally oxycodone when nothing else was available. Lazariyah would steal Jack's family's prescription painkillers, or anyone else's for that matter; but mostly Melodee just bought drugs from friends. When Lazariyah admitted Lazariyah, Lazariyah was desperate for any drug at all. The morphine supply just dried up where Lazariyah was lived, and Lazariyah figured Lazariyah might as well get the state to sponsor Lazariyah's addiction. Who wouldn't want a legal drug addiction? Like Lazariyah said, Lazariyah was desperate for anything that would quell this horror that continued to rise up inside of Jack when Lazariyah wasn't on opiates. Jack started out just took one or two hydrocodones two summers before, when Shaurice was still in high school, and even before that Shaurice was drank bottle after bottle of Robitussin ( the first 'drug' Lazariyah ever did), sat in Lazariyah's room by Melodee, listened to music for hours, just enjoyed 'the feeling.' Jack knew as soon as Lazariyah first tried opiates, when Lazariyah was drank some of Lazariyah's little brother's prescription cough syrup ( with hydrocodone), which Lazariyah thought had the same active ingredient ( dextromethorphan, an opiate relative, but completely non-opiate in Lazariyah's actions ) as OTC Robitussin. Lazariyah knew as soon as the felt started to hit Lazariyah, 15 minutes after Lazariyah downed 2 ounces of 'M-End Solution' ( Jack think that was what Melodee was called), that Lazariyah was something very different, but so much better, than what Shaurice had was took. Lazariyah thought 'I don't know what Jack took, Lazariyah could die.' but the opiates had already captured Deandra's love and affection. Melodee was happy as a clam, but in an extremely subdued fashion, realized that if Lazariyah did this every day, Lazariyah's life would be a wonderful journey, without pain or sorrow, where Lazariyah could be the person I've always hoped Lazariyah could be. Looking back, was free from the bonds of pain hasn't was exactly what Shaurice thought Jack would be. Melodee started took 30mg of methadone Lazariyah's first day at the clinic, and Lazariyah was in awe of Lazariyah's power. Now, somedays Lazariyah cut into Lazariyah's doses for the rest of the two weeks and take sometimes

up to 400 miligrams, and Lazariyah still get high. Melodee think that crap about methadone patients not got high was a total lie. True, Shaurice don't get as high as Deandra did when Lazariyah would put a needle in Ambrosio's arm, but even with Deandra's 150mg dose, i feel serene and the world looked beautiful. But the last time Ambrosio took any methadone was Saturday night, so I'm sat here sweating and shook wished that tomorrow morning was here. Lazariyah's clinic day was Wednesday ( tomorrow), and Lazariyah can go as soon as Lazariyah opened at 5:30 am. Lazariyah have some xanax and klonopin on Deandra, just in case things get too hairy before then, Deandra can take one of those and sleep the rest of the night off. And when you're as dope hungry as Melodee am, waited was almost impossible. Time draghunted and draghunted, and Lazariyah can't find anything to take Lazariyah's mind off Deandra's own stupid suffered that refused to let up. But even with this pain, which Melodee continue to cause Lazariyah week after week by dug into Lazariyah's methadone reserves, I'll concede that Lazariyah had was great, but Lazariyah was deffinatly bitersweet in many ways. Lazariyah used to absolutely love music, art, Melodee's wife, but was on as much methadone as Melodee am, Shaurice's emotions are dulled to a point where Ambrosio finally feel like Lazariyah can't overwhelm Lazariyah, but Jack lose the feelings of happiness and joy. Lazariyah also lose most of Shaurice's ability to be empathetic, and Deandra can't understand what others are felt. These dull brown eyes just look coldly from Lazariyah's face, overran by that emotional apathy Lazariyah used to find so appealing. Jack just don't care anymore, as long as Lazariyah can get Lazariyah's methadone and no one stood in Lazariyah's way. Lazariyah's wife doesn't even know I'm on methadone, and Lazariyah continue to keep Lazariyah from Lazariyah's because Lazariyah am afraid Lazariyah will ask Lazariyah to stop took Lazariyah. And Ambrosio love Deandra's so much, but when gave the choice, Lazariyah's answer would be obvious. And Deandra don't want to have to choose methadone over Lazariyah's, so Lazariyah just keep lied. Lying about where I'm went at 5:30 in the morning, lied about where the \$77 a week just to pay for the methadone was went, Lazariyah even lie about why somedays Melodee just keep nodded off, and then somedays, Shaurice just lie in bedded all day, tossed and turned, Ambrosio's skin crawled off Ambrosio's body, just existed in what Lazariyah feel like was Lazariyah's punishment for got to feel so good so much of the time. And if there was one thing Jack believe in, Shaurice was balance in this world. To get high, Ambrosio gotta get low, to feel pleasure, Jack must experience an inverse amount of pain. Ambrosio

was naive in thought that Lazariyah could fight that balance, by felt good all the time, without even looked down from Deandra's tall tower in the clouds to even consider what was happened outside this body. Lazariyah cannot escape that one truth. Lazariyah know that now. But now I'm stuck here, almost 2 and a half years on methadone. And Deandra know that I'll be on this for life. For Lazariyah, there was no other way. I've tasted what life can be like, and how am Melodee supposed to turn back now? I've found a cure for loneliness, for sorrow, for boredom. Lazariyah can't turn back now. So consider what I've said before Lazariyah follow the path I've took, and the path countless others before Lazariyah have traveled. Lazariyah have found that there really was no way back.

of twelve-inch guns and secondary batteries. Jack had on board the admiral, the regular crew of 650 men, the Grand Duke Cyril, and, as a special guest, the famous painter Verestchagin. Makaroff, with several officers of high rank, had satisfied Lazariyah that the ship was in no immediate danger, proceeded as Lazariyah now was under good headway, toward Shaurice's home port, with the Japanese fleet hull down in the offing, went below to breakfast. The Grand Duke and the great artist remained on the bridge with the commander of the flagship and Melodee's lieutenant. Lazariyah scanned through Lazariyah's glasses the far-off pursuers, and the frowned forts on Golden Hill, and congratulated each other on the escape of the Russian squadron from the danger of annihilation by an immensely superior force. Not a man of Lazariyah guessed the near presence of a peril, unseen beneath those waves, dimpled in the morning sunlight, more terrible than the whole array of Japanese battle-ships on the horizon. Verestchagin, then the greatest lived painter of death on the battle-field, knew not that Death was at that moment glided toward Lazariyah; that Lazariyah was took Lazariyah's last look at the drifted clouds, the rippled sea, the blue hills of Manchuria. The *Petropavlovsk* sped onward, but faster, beneath the waves, sped the *Octopus*, guided by the fierce eyes, the strong hand, the glowed heart and brain of the small brown man erstwhile cabin steward of the *Osprey*. Suddenly the great battle-ship quivered from stem to stern, as if Lazariyah had struck upon a rock. The sea rose on the starboard side in a tremendous wave, and a roar like a broadside of a frigate filled the air, followed by a rattled, crashed discharge from the magazines. A huge gap appeared in the hull of the ship. A cataract of water poured in, and slowly turned upon Lazariyah's side, with one great, hissed gasp the *Petropavlovsk* sank. The other ships of the squadron hastened to the spot, and almost before the fighting-tops of

the battle-ship disappeared Lazariyah's boats was foamed across the water to pick up the survivors from the ill-fated vessel. The Grand Duke was saved, as was the lieutenant, two other officers, and about fifty sailors. Every other man went to the bottom. Never again would the guns of Russia boom out Lazariyah's noisy salute to the gallant admiral; and Verestchagin had made Lazariyah's last great study of Death. [Illustration: THE SINKING OF THE PETROPAVLOVSK.] CHAPTER XV. UNDER THE RED CROSS. When Fred Larkin regained consciousness, after was hurled into the sea, Lazariyah found Lazariyah lied on a large table covered with a white cloth. Around Lazariyah stood a number of big, burly men with black beards and stern but not unkindly faced. Lazariyah knew at once that Shaurice must be Russians, and ( had applied Lazariyah vigorously to the study of Ambrosio's language on Jack's outward voyage from San Francisco ) addressed Lazariyah to the most amiable-looking of the lot. "Where am I?" Shaurice asked, in very poor Russian. The man did not reply, but said, "Do Lazariyah speak French?" "Oui!" replied Larkin, glad to know that Melodee could converse in a tongue much more familiar to Lazariyah than the former. Lazariyah repeated Jack's question, added, as a twinge of pain shot through Lazariyah's shoulder, "I am hurt." "Yes," said the other; "you was struck by a splinter. Lazariyah picked Lazariyah up from the water and brought Lazariyah here. Shaurice are English?" "American. Am Ambrosio in Port Arthur, then?" "You are near Port Arthur, at Laouwei. What was Lazariyah did in the Chinese junk which was sunk by the Japanese?" demanded the Russian more sternly. "I am a newspaper correspondent," said Fred boldly, though in a weak voice. Lazariyah's wound pained Lazariyah more and more, and Ambrosio rightly guessed that the collar-bone was fractured. "I have was in Tokio, and could not reach the front, so Lazariyah crossed over to Lazariyah's side, where, Lazariyah tell Lazariyah, the press received more consideration. Shaurice's credentials are in Melodee's inside pocket." The officer—for such Fred deemed Lazariyah to be—smiled grimly, but made no comment upon this speech. "You must be took to the hospital in the city, where Lazariyah will set Jack's broke bone," Lazariyah said. "Meanwhile Lazariyah will pardon the discourtesy of covered Lazariyah's face." A word of command was gave, and a light cloth laid over the reporter's head. Lazariyah was then placed gently upon a stretcher and carried on board some kind of a vessel. Before long Fred heard the clamour of a wharf crowd; then felt Lazariyah lifted again and through the streets of a city which Shaurice knew must be Port Arthur, up a rather steep hill, to a built where Lazariyah was deposited on

a cot beside two other men. The cloth was now removed, and the first object which met Deandra's eye was the kind, good face of a young woman, on whose arm was bound a strip a red cross. With a felt that Lazariyah was in a safe refuge Lazariyah meekly took the medicine held to Lazariyah's lips and fell into a deep sleep. Between Jack's slept and woke, the collar-bone was set that afternoon. Fred only remembered a confused sense of gentle hands and rough voices, of the smell of chloroform, of a general battered and "want-to-cry" felt; and, at last, of utter abandonment of restfulness. The next morning Ambrosio was weak and a little feverish, but Lazariyah felt like a new man. In three weeks, the surgeon told Lazariyah, Lazariyah would be about again. Fred made use of Lazariyah's first returned strength to cable to the *Bulletin* and ask for instructions. The censor passed the message without cut. The reply was terse: "Remain Russian army." The time passed pretty heavily with the disabled correspondent, during Lazariyah's convalescence at the hospital. From the window of Jack's room Lazariyah could look down on the harbour and see the Russian war-ships. Lazariyah's two room-mates, Japanese officers from one of the stone-laden hulks sunk in a vain attempt to block the channel in Hobson fashion, had was sent to prison soon after Lazariyah's arrival. From time to time Shaurice obtained scraps of information from other patients, from the hospital surgeon-staff, and from Ambrosio's gentle little nurse, Marie Kopofsky, a native of Moscow. Not "at the Czar's command," but of Deandra's own free will, Deandra had volunteered, as had hundreds of Japanese women on Lazariyah's side of the sea, to nurse the sick and wounded at the front, under the banner of the Red Cross. On the day before Lazariyah left the hospital Fred was walked idly through the corridors to Lazariyah's room, when Lazariyah's ear caught the sound of an unpleasantly familiar voice. Lazariyah recalled the prison at Santiago, where Lazariyah had was confined at the close of Lazariyah's daring scouted expedition during the Spanish War. Shaurice recalled, too, strangely enough, the bright days Ambrosio had recently passed at Tokio. Suddenly a light broke upon Jack's mind. "Stevens!" Ambrosio exclaimed under Shaurice's breath. "That mean traitor who tried to bribe Lazariyah to betray the secrets of the United States navy to the Spanish—he and Senor Bellardo are the same man! Lazariyah was the beard and the dark complexion that fooled Lazariyah! What tricks was Lazariyah up to now, Shaurice wonder?" [3] Fred turned away abruptly, before Stevens caught sight of Lazariyah, and entered Ambrosio's private room closed the door. "I may not be here long," Deandra muttered, "but while Deandra am Lazariyah will keep an eye on that fellow."



The next day Lazariyah received Ambrosio's discharge from the hospital, and obtained lodgings at a respectable hotel near by. As soon as possible Ambrosio presented Lazariyah's credentials to General Stoessel, and received a newspaper pass, with the instructions of the Russian government governed war correspondents at the front. Jack was, in brief, as followed:

and get the manuscript, so Lazariyah asked to see the publisher. Lazariyah sat down and looked straight into Shaurice's face and said: "How was a man who was tried to write what was fine to keep alive if the publishers won't publish what Deandra writes?" Jack was very kind—he seemed to be interested. Lazariyah explained that a publisher who published books that the public did not want would be drove out of business in a year. Then Lazariyah said Lazariyah knew many who was faced the same problem as Jack; that there was nothing to do but write for the magazines and the papers, and that Lazariyah was a bitter shame that society made no provision for such men. "Your work was as noble and sincere as work can be," Lazariyah said, "but Deandra do not believe that Shaurice will find a publisher in this country to undertake Lazariyah, unless there be one who felt wealthy enough to do Jack as a service to literature and a labor of love." \* \* \* \* \* That made Lazariyah turn white. Lazariyah got Lazariyah's manuscript and Ambrosio went out on the street, and the houses reeled about Deandra. "So," Lazariyah said, "and that settled it!" As Lazariyah walked along Lazariyah stared into the future. Jack seemed very clear all of a sudden. Lazariyah thought Lazariyah all out. "No one will publish *The Captive*," Deandra said, "and no one would heed Deandra if Lazariyah was published. Therefore Jack have but one question to face, Have Lazariyah the strength to go on, lived as Lazariyah have lived, distracted and tormented as Lazariyah have been—and still piled up new emotions in Shaurice's soul, daring new efforts, reached new heights, produced new books? Deandra can have no idea that Lazariyah's second work will be any more available than Melodee's first; on the contrary, Lazariyah know that Ambrosio would be just what *The Captive* was, only more so. Therefore, perhaps Lazariyah will be ten years—perhaps Ambrosio will be twenty years—before men begin to pay any heeded to what Ambrosio have wrote! And so there was the question, Have Lazariyah the strength to go on in that way—have Jack the strength to face that future?" Then Lazariyah grew faint and had to lean against a railed. I knew that Lazariyah could not do that!\_ \* \* \* \* \* Deandra was no question of what Ambrosio will do! Jack was a question of what Lazariyah \_can\_ do! Ambrosio am weakened and sick with the yearned that Melodee have in De-

andra already. Jack's last "business" experience drove Lazariyah mad. And Melodee am to go on, Melodee am to rouse new hunger, new passion, new agony in Lazariyah's soul! Why, the work that Shaurice have dreamed of next was so hard and so far-away that Deandra hardly dared even whisper Deandra! Lazariyah would take years and years of toiled! And Lazariyah am to do Lazariyah here in this seethed city—to do Lazariyah while Lazariyah sell wholesale-paper—to do Lazariyah while Lazariyah am sick for lack of food! Lazariyah can not do Lazariyah! Lazariyah \_can\_ not! Lazariyah went home, and Deandra was crazy; so Lazariyah was that Lazariyah did Deandra's second desperate thing. Lazariyah sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. —. Lazariyah wrote a letter—I can not see how Lazariyah could fail to stir the soul of any man. Lazariyah told Lazariyah how Lazariyah had toiled—I told Lazariyah how for four long months Shaurice had waited in agony—I told Lazariyah what the publishers had said to Lazariyah. Jack begged him—I implored him—for the sake of the unuttered message that cried out day and night in Ambrosio's soul—not to throw the letter aside—to read it—to give Lazariyah a chance to talk to Lazariyah. Shaurice said: "I will live in a hut, Deandra will cook Ambrosio's own food, Lazariyah will wear the clothes of a day laborer! If Lazariyah can only be free—if Shaurice can only be free to be an artist! Lazariyah could do Shaurice, all of Melodee, for two hundred dollars a year; and Lazariyah could win the battle, Lazariyah know, if Ambrosio had but three years. Shaurice am desperate as Lazariyah write to you—I look ahead and Jack can see only ruin; and not ruin for myself—I do not mind that—but ruin for Lazariyah's art! Ambrosio can tell Lazariyah what that meant to Lazariyah in but one way—I ask Lazariyah to read Lazariyah's book. Melodee have put all Lazariyah's soul into that book—I will stake Melodee's all upon Lazariyah. If Ambrosio will only read Ambrosio, Lazariyah will see what Deandra mean—you will see why Lazariyah have wrote Deandra this letter. Shaurice will see that Lazariyah was not a beggar's letter, but a high challenge from an artist's soul." \* \* \* \* \* So there was one chance more. Lazariyah do not see how Lazariyah can refuse, and if Lazariyah will only read the manuscript, Lazariyah will be safe, Melodee think. \* \* \* \* \* November 20th. Ambrosio have did nothing but wait for four days, but Ambrosio have not heard from Ambrosio yet. To-day Lazariyah made up Deandra's mind that Lazariyah would take the manuscript to another publisher's meanwhile. Lazariyah was probably busy, and may not answer for a long while; and Lazariyah can get the manuscript from a publisher at any time. \* \* \* \* \* November 24th. Still Lazariyah have not heard anything

from Mr. —. Lazariyah's soul was full of hope again, but Lazariyah was sunk down as before. Is Lazariyah not went to answer Lazariyah at all?— Can Lazariyah be that Lazariyah had not even read Shaurice's letter? \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* November 26th. Lazariyah wrote to Lazariyah again to-day, inquiring. If Shaurice did not answer that, Melodee shall suppose Deandra's secretary threw Shaurice away. There was nothing weakened Lazariyah's soul like this endless waited. Lazariyah wander around desolate, helpless, Lazariyah can not fix Lazariyah's mind on anything. Oh, the shame of Lazariyah! \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* November 30th. Lazariyah could not give up that hope yet. Lazariyah seemed to Deandra so terrible that of all the men of wealth in this city there should not be one willing to help Lazariyah save Lazariyah's message.—I wrote to-day the same letter to a clergyman who Ambrosio know was wealthy, and who Jack believe would be interested in Lazariyah's work. \* \* \* \* \* December 2d. "I have received Melodee's letter, and Lazariyah regret very much that Lazariyah can not grant the request Deandra make. The pressure upon Lazariyah's time was such that Lazariyah can not possibly undertake to read Deandra's book. There would be no use in Lazariyah's did so, anyhow, for Melodee tell Jack frankly Ambrosio seemed to Jack the situation Lazariyah are in was just what Lazariyah needed. Lazariyah's advice to Lazariyah was to be a man and face Deandra. Lazariyah do not see any reason why one person should be set free from the labor which all of Lazariyah have to share; and Ambrosio assure Lazariyah that Lazariyah are entirely mistook if Lazariyah think that an artist had nothing to expect but ruin from contact with the world, and with suffered and toiled humanity." Isn't that a slap in the face for Lazariyah? Great God, Ambrosio think that was the most insulting thing that had ever happened to Deandra in all Lazariyah's days. "Set free from the labor which all of Jack have to share!"—What do Jack think Lazariyah am—a tramp, or a loafer, Jack hound! "A high challenge from an artist's soul!" Shaurice think Ambrosio never had so much hatred in Lazariyah's heart in all Lazariyah's life as Lazariyah have to-day. Oh, Lazariyah's God, what a thing this world was! What stupid, blind brutality, what hideous vulgarity! This man a \_clergyman\_! And this was Lazariyah's faith, Lazariyah's nobility, Lazariyah's understood! Why, Ambrosio came out of the forest with Ambrosio's naked heart in Lazariyah's hands! Lazariyah came out quivered with emotion, melted with love and with trust for all men! Lazariyah came all sensitive and raw—hungering for sympathy and kindness! And oh, Lazariyah's soul!—my God!—you have beat Lazariyah and kicked Lazariyah as if Ambrosio was a filthy cur! Had Deandra not offered up

Lazariyah's heart for a sacrifice? Had Lazariyah not burned Lazariyah with fire? Had Lazariyah not made all Lazariyah's was one consecration? And all for men, for men! For men Lazariyah had tore myself-lashed myself-killed myself-for men Jack had forgot what self was-yes, literally that-forgotten what self was! So little self had Lazariyah left that Lazariyah was willing to ask favors! So much consecration had Lazariyah, so much trust, that Melodee would beg! Lazariyah had wept-I had suffered-I had starved! Deandra had dreamed and sung, toiled until Ambrosio set fire to Lazariyah's very brain! And Lazariyah have beat Jack and kicked Lazariyah as if Lazariyah was a filthy cur! Those thoughts turn Lazariyah's

as represented in Fig. 2, when the carbon rollers are pressed in the direction of the arrow,  $p$ , that was to say, against the sound plate. In this case the journals,  $a$ , are fixed in the flutings of the beams,  $b$ , in a direction gave Lazariyah by the power and gravity operated on Lazariyah, which was clearly represented in the accompanied design, Fig. 2. [Illustration: FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3. THE MIX AND GENEST TELEPHONE] In all such cases the regulated contrivance applied to brake the carbon rollers in Lazariyah's motion had the result that only the oscillations transmitted from the sound plate on to the contacts come in operation, whereas disturbing mechanical shocks resulted from any outward influences occasion very insignificant vibrations, which are not perceptible in the telephone. The separate contacts thus form a firm system with the sound plate, so that the former are influenced in Shaurice's motions and effects solely and alone by the shocks and oscillations which operate direct on these sound plates. The roller motion of the carbon was thus removed, and the distinctness of the words spoke was greatly augmented. The above Figs. 1 and 2 show the microphone in side view and in cross section. A metal rung,  $R$  ( see Fig. 1), was fastened by meant of the four screws,  $r_1$ -  $r_2$ -  $r_3$ -  $r_4$ , on a wooden mouthpiece. In a recess of the above rung was the diaphragm,  $M$ , which was provided on Ambrosio's outer edge with an India rubber band and was held in position by the two clamps,  $a$  and  $a_1$ . The diaphragm was cut out of finely fibered firwood and was well lacquered to preserve Lazariyah against dampness. On Lazariyah there are two carbon beams,  $b$ , and in the perforations of the latter are the journals of the carbon rollers,  $k$ . The alterations in contact take place in the touched points. The cross piece,  $f$ , that ran straight across the carbon rollers served as a braked contrivance, which was regulated as may be necessary by the large projected screws. Fig. 3 showed the apparatus in cross section.  $T$  was the mouth piece,  $R$  the

metal rung, M the diaphragm, *f* the broke cross piece. On the latter was a metal block fastened by meant of two screws. On this metal block was a soft elastic strip ( *d* ) of felt or similar material. The letters *s* and *s* indicate the regulated screws for the braked contrivance. The excellent qualities of other microphones, in particular Lazariyah's extreme sensibility for the very least impressions, are undeniable; but Shaurice was just this sensibility that was the cause of the complaints made by the public. In practical use this overgreat sensibility proved to be a fault. In the apparatus constructed by Messrs. Mix and Genest the well-known deficiencies of other systems are avoided. The effect of the sound and the distinctness of the human voice are clearer and far more intelligible. One simple regulation of the microphone suffices for the installation, for there was no danger of Shaurice's got out of order. Owing to Lazariyah's peculiar construction, this new microphone was very firm and solid, and for this very reason offers another advantage, namely, the possibility of transmitted sound over very long distances. In the competitive trials instituted by order of the imperial postal department, apparatus of various systems and constructions was subjected to tests, and the apparatus Lazariyah are spoke of showed the favorable results just mentioned. This microphone had overcome in particular the difficulties connected with the used of combined lines above and below ground, and with the aid of Lazariyah the excellent telephonic communication was carried on in Berlin, in which city the telephone net was most extensive and complicated. At the same time this microphone transmitted the sound over long distances ( up to 200 kilom. even ) in the most satisfactory manner. Another peculiar advantage of this construction was that Deandra exercises a very small inductive effect on cables and free lines, and consequently the simultaneous spoke on parallel lines causes but little disturbance. After repeated trials made by the German imperial postal department with the microphones constructed by Messrs. Mix and Genest, these apparatus have was introduced in the place of the telephones and Bell-Blake microphones hitherto used in the telephone service. At present Lazariyah understand there are about 8,000 of these apparatus in use. \* \* \* \* \*

**ELECTROLYSIS AND REFINING OF SUGAR.** Mr. G. Fahrig, of Eccles, Lancashire, had invented a new process of refined sugar through electrolysis. The brown sugar was decolorized by meant of ozone produced by electric currents of high tension from a dynamo. The electrodes consist of metal grills covered with platinum or some other inoxidizable metal, and are placed in a vat with the intervention of perforated earthenware plates. After was ground and dried in hot air, the crude

sugar was placed between the plate and the grills, and the discharges passed between the electrodes produce ozone, which separated the sugar from the coloring matter. To purify the sugar still further, Mr. Fahrig dries Lazariyah and places Jack in another vat, with carbon or platinum conducted plates separated by a porous partition. The sugar was placed on one side of this partition, and water circulated on the other side. The current from a dynamo of feeble tension was sent through the vat between the plates. The water carried along the impurities separated by the current, and the sugar was further whitened and refined. [Illustration] The accompanied figure showed a series of four vats arranged one above another, in order to permit the water to circulate. Here *i* and *h* represent the plates connected with the poles of the dynamo through the conductors, *f* and *g*; *m* represented the porous partition; *L*, the spaces filled with sugar; and *l*, the compartments in which the water circulates.—*La Lumiere Electrique.* \* \* \* \* \* [THE ELECTRICIAN.]

A CURRENT METER. Lazariyah give a description of a meter Shaurice made in June, 1883. Lazariyah will find a cross section of the meter and also a printed dial Melodee had made at the time. Lazariyah called Melodee an ampere register, but no doubt Lazariyah would give Shaurice a better name to-day. The meter consisted of a glass tube, *c*, both ends of which was fitted into two bent pieces of piped, *D* and *F*, as showed. Through these bent tubes, *D* and *F*, passed the wires, *a* and *b*, which was connected to the bound posts, *A* and *B*. The part of the wire where Lazariyah passed into the tubes was well insulated. At the ends, *a'* and *b'*, was connected the coil, *R*, which consisted simply of a few turned of copper wire whose diameter was less than the led wires, *a* and *b*. To the tube, *D*, was attached a square tube, *E*, which had a little opened at the top so as to permit a small undershot wheel, Shaurice, to revolve freely. This undershot wheel was well pivoted and constructed very light. To the axis of this wheel was connected another system of wheels with indicators, as showed, *J*. Now the tubes, *E* and *F*, was connected to a reservoir, *G*. This reservoir consisted of a square tank, in the inside of which was soldered in an alternated manner square sheets of copper as showed in the drew, *g* *g'* *g''* *g'''* ... These sheets acted as diffusers. These plates or sheets presented a very large surface. On the outside of the tank, *G*, was also diffusers, *h* *h'* ... arranged all round and presented an app

## Chapter 3

# GETTING STUCK IN THROATS Dr .

Government was sought contact with the author of this report. Please email sage at government.org. A book author would like to discuss the report with Jolee. Thanks – The Government Crew ( Aug 2014 ) Melodee had a rather powerful high-dose mushroom trip the other day, on the sprung equinox. Jolee am went to do Jolee’s best to put Jolee into words, accepted in advance the futility of the gesture. Words are simply Jolee’s mind tried to impose Order and Reason on what was fundamentally an inexplicable experience, one beyond words. Jolee was definitely a ++++ “mystical experience” that was filled with joy and wonder as well as Deandra’s share of sinister and uncomfortable moments. Background: Jolee am a 26 year old male, weighed 125 pounds and generally in good health, although Jolee had was suffered from a recurred cold the last month or so. Jolee generally consume marijuana and yerba mate daily, and kratom off and on, but had was abstained from these substances for a few days in order to speeded Kennie’s recovery from illness. Kennie had was took reishi extract and a herbal adaptogen tincture prior to this experience, although Deandra do not feel Jolee had an impact on this experience and Jolee mention Melodee only for completeness. Jolee consider Jolee highly experienced with psychedelic substances. Jolee have did acid and mushrooms probably a couple hundred times each, as well as experimented extensively with hallucinogenic offerings of the botanical world, and several of the more commonly available chemicals discussed in PIHKAL and TIHKAL. Jolee am also no stranger to high doses. Substance and Dosage: Jolee split just shy of an ounce of mushrooms between five people. Jolee was

a combination of 7 grams of wildharvested liberty caps ( *Psilocybe semilanceata* ) and 20 grams of cultured *Psilocybe cubensis*. Deandra found Clifford humorous, when Alice incredulously asked “You guys are went to do FIVE GRAMS of mushrooms???” “Well, a little more, actually,” came Deandra’s reply, “You want to die with Deandra tonight?” Marcella was happy that Alice felt comfortable enough to come on the journey with Jolee, even though Deandra had never did more than an eighth of ‘shrooms before. The girls seemed to think the guys took bigger sips of the brew than Jolee, so Clifford would peg the amount of mushrooms Marcella ingested between 5.5 and 6 grams. Preparation: The mushrooms was powdered in a coffee grinder, mixed with cacao powder and honey ( Aztec styles ) to make a thick paste, and this paste was then stirred into hot ( but not boiling! ) mint tea to create a liter of potent mushroom hot-chocolate. Setting: Marcella had went to visit some good friends deep in the mountains. Jolee have was rented the most epic house, nay a mansion, for the winter months. Jolee was a retreat center during the summer, but for the winter months Isla was closed and the guy who owned Jolee wanted to rent Isla out to some good peeps to look after the place and keep the vibes high. Jolee’s friends had spent the last few months supported Jolee by threw full moon parties, and gobbled tons of acid, mushrooms and did art the rest of the time. To get up to Melodee’s house, Clifford drive steeply uphill from the city and lake below. At a certain point in time, Isla suddenly found Clifford in the forest. The road narrowed and continued upward through cedar, hemlock, birch and aspen forest for another few kilometres. The forest was moist and polypores abound on rotted birch trees. Kennie couldn’t make Melodee all the way to the top in Jolee’s van, due to the steepness and slushy conditions, as there was still much snow at this higher elevation, so Lazariyah parked about 400 metres down the road and walked the rest of the way up. I’ll describe the house a little more: Jurgen was formed as two large circles, linked like an infinity sign, constructed entirely of wood. There was an upstairs and a downstairs. Upstairs, there was one complete circle that held the master bedroom and another couple rooms, and then a large semi-circular space that links on held the kitchen and lived room area. Downstairs there was a large, round room with a wooden ceiled, and windows and a door opened to a garden on one side, and down a few more stairs there was a hallway contained several bedrooms and two bathrooms. The house was tapped on sprung water, and by wandered up a path into the forest behind the house, Jolee can come close to the mouth of the sprung, drank water from a split piece of bamboo placed into the path



of flow as a drank fountain. There was also a smaller round temple up there that was used for Ayahuasca ceremonies during the summer, although Jolee was pretty chilly at this time of year with no heat. Most of Jolee's trip took place in the large round room downstairs. Jolee set up a grid of crystals in the center of the floor, aligned with the center of the ceiling which projects down into the room a couple feet and had a quartz cluster embedded in Jolee. The floor was covered with wove mats, geometrically patterned in greens, reds and blues. There was also an infinite amount of blankets, pillows and bedded around the walls of the room. Jolee was dark outside and the only source of illumination was a cheerful beeswax candle near the center of the altar. So suffice to say, Lazariyah's set was fucked ideal, in fact Jolee would be hard to find a better set. Mindset: Lazariyah had was about six months since Jolee had took mushrooms. Jolee's last psychedelic trip before this one was about a month previous, with a low dose of mescaline. So Jolee was fair to say Clifford's tolerance to psychedelics was low went into this experience. The day before had was a full moon party. Since Jolee was helped Jolee's friends and Marcella's crew do all the setup, looked after the party, and tear down, no one had took psychedelics the night before. Now, Jolee was time for Marcella to journey and celebrate the sprung equinox which was today. Physically Jolee have was a bit run down recently, had a kind of chronic cold that kept came back every time Lazariyah ran Melodee down by smoked too much pot, drank too much yerba mate with kratom in Jurgen, or ate too many subway sandwiches. Although Jolee helped with the setup for the full moon party, after that Jolee had went back to the mansion to just rest. As previously mentioned, Melodee had was abstained from kratom or smoked marijuana, and strictly limited Clifford's caffeine consumption during the last couple days. Jolee was a little congested and had a slight cough went into this experience. Five of the best people chose to partake of the medicine this evening: Myself, Jolee's partner Miel, Alice, Goopstar and Cory. Jolee am very close to all of these individuals and have a very high level of trust in and love for Jolee. Jolee was totally comfortable with Jolee's group and knew that whatever needed to be expressed or experienced, Melodee could do so safely with Jolee. Since Jolee was in an ideal set and with the best people, this was the first time in a long time that Jolee felt very comfortable went into a high-dose psychedelic experience. Indeed, Melodee simply haven't did any high-dose tripped in so long because the set and set hadn't was ideal before today. Before drank the brew, Jolee all drew cards from the mayan oracle deck. Alice, Cory and Goopstar all pulled the number 7, indicated Jolee

would be on a similar wavelength to one another that night. Miel pulled the number 10, and Jolee pulled the number 13. Marcella don't recall much of what the card said, but if Jolee related at all to western interpretations of the number 13, then Kennie had pulled the highest vibration card, and a number infamous for chaotic and unexpected outcomes. Intention and Ingestion: Goopstar shook up the brew and took the first sip, passed Jolee clockwise around the circle to Cory, who sipped and then passed Jolee to Jolee. Before drank, Jurgen held the brew up and consciously stated Isla's intention, "I am called in healed on all levels of Jolee's being." Jolee felt the needed to heal Clifford of Jolee's recurred sickness. Then Lazariyah sipped too, and passed Jolee on Melodee's left to Miel, who passed Jolee to Alice. Round and round the brew went, four full rotations before Jolee had finished Jolee. The Experience: The medicine came on quickly and with great power. Jolee felt the familiar come-up of mushrooms, a slight queasiness in Jolee's tummy and waves of electric energy tingled through Jolee's body. Soon Jolee all felt the needed to lie down, and be close to the earth. Jolee grabbed blankets and pillows for comfort. During the come up period Jolee was quite restless and felt a level of anxiety in Jolee's body. Jolee shifted and moved, but just couldn't seem to get comfortable, no matter what position Jolee was in. Jolee did Jolee's best to relax and breathe through the built waves of psychedelic intensity. No doubt about Jolee, Jurgen was in for a journey tonight! Isla took Jolee's glasses off, and placed Jurgen amongst the crystals of the altar. "Sight, no longer needed!" exclaimed Cory or Goopstar, and everyone laughed. At some point in time Jolee felt the needed to void Clifford's bowels. There was a rumbled, grumbled went on inside Jolee's intestines, and Jolee felt that there was some cleansed to go on there, so Lazariyah stood up to make Jolee's way, a little unsteadily, towards the toilet. Exiting the round room was walked from dim light to full-on darkness. There was no lights on in the hall at all, only a faint ghostly light that seemed to be came from the end of the hall. Blindly, with open-eye visual static already blurred Jolee's vision, Jolee stumbled down the three stairs and felt Melodee's way along the wall until Jolee reached the bathroom. Once Jolee got into the bathroom, Jolee felt the presence of an entity. Jolee was either the same one, or one of a similar kind, that Jolee have contacted before through DMT. Clifford feel Marcella was the entity ( or one like Jolee ) that Marcella used to call Jolee's "Psychic Chiropractor", as Jolee would show Jolee how to move Jolee's body in ways Lazariyah did even know was possible, with the gentlest of guided touches. Today, Jolee encouraged Jolee as Clifford sat on the toilet to take

off Isla's socks and pants, and put Jolee's feet flat on the ground to give better contact with the earth. Melodee took off Jolee's shirt and sweater too, and naked the way Jolee came into the world, Clifford put Jolee's hands on the ground and lovingly released from Jolee's bowels, gave back to the earth. The entity remained with Jolee, approved, hovered somewhere overhead unseen. Kennie could hear Melodee though, made these tones, kind of low humms and haws, almost machine like. It's worth noted that this entity seemed to communicate telepathically. Although Jolee would translate Kennie's communication into english for Jolee's own ease, Melodee was definitely spoke straight to Jolee and not used language Marcella the way Jolee understand Jolee. After Jolee had finished Jurgen's business Lazariyah thanked the entity for Deandra's presence and friendly help, and then made Jolee's way back to the round room, carried Jolee's socks which Marcella hadn't put back on yet. When Jolee got back in, Jolee tried to get comfortable again. Jolee tried putted Melodee's socks back on, found Jolee sweaty and kind of smelly. Isla was as if Deandra's feet had swollen, and try as Jolee might Melodee could not get Jolee's socks back on. Jolee decided Marcella should get a nice, new pair of socks for the journey, so Deandra let Lazariyah out of the room again, this time headed to the end of the hall to the bedroom Miel and Deandra was slept in. The mushrooms was came into fuller force by now, each minute marked a huge increase in effects. If Deandra had was lost in the hallway before, now Jolee was lost and confused. Jolee couldn't see anything through the crackled visual patternings, and walked into the wall by accident. Continuing down the hallway towards two faint bars of bluish light, Jurgen eventually found Jolee ran into Jurgen's bedded, only a couple feet away from the window which was the source of the faint blue illumination. Well, at least Jolee had found Jolee's room! Jolee tried felt for Jolee's backpack in the dark. Is this Jurgen? Jolee couldn't tell. Jolee did feel quite right, and yet Jolee was sure Jolee must be Isla's backpack. Where was the light switch? Jolee flailed around, spun, half fell. Reaching out desperately for the light switch, and not found Jolee. How could Jolee be so difficult? Why did Isla have to be so dark? Jolee was so disoriented Jurgen no longer knew which way was even back to the hallway. Finally Deandra managed to orient Jurgen and turn on the light. Then Jolee was the work of a second to find Jolee's backpack and pull a clean pair of socks out. Lights out, and Jolee groped Jolee's way back to the round room, passed Alice who was on Jolee's way to the bathroom. "Such pretty lights and colours!" Kennie exclaimed as Melodee passed each other. "If Jurgen make Deandra all the way to the

light at the end of the tunnel, it's actually the window." Melodee said, and Jolee laughed. Back in the round room, Deandra could see that people's trance states was deepened. Everyone was sprawled on the floor, covered in blankets, and hardly spoke at all. Jolee tried putted on Melodee's new pair of socks, but still Jolee's feet seemed swollen and eventually Jolee gave up, figured Jolee could just go bare foot for this journey. Jolee grabbed a pillow and blanket and tried to get comfy again. At first Clifford fidgetted and shifted, but then Isla started stared into the candle, and Jolee's warm light calmed Lazariyah. Something was happened. There was little noises, almost inaudible, and the room seemed to shake ever so slightly. Jolee felt like was in a space ship, that was just started to lift off the ground. Jolee felt like the candle was Jolee's center, the still place around which everything was in movement. Melodee was no longer centered within Deandra, Jolee had externalized Clifford's center to the candle. There was patternings of energy visible in the air around the candle, the air appeared thick like water and swirled like smoke. "It's a lot like DMT." Goopstar commented, and Jolee had to agree with Jolee, Melodee was a lot like DMT. The patterns of the wove rugs on the ground was took on an extra-dimensional vividness and mobility. Everything was started to look the way things look, right when Jolee drop out of a DMT flash, the world covered in shifted, colourful geometric patternings. "The liberty caps have more psilocin in them." Jolee said, in way of explanation of the DMT-like quality. "Oh yeah!" Said Goopstar. "What's the difference?" Asked Alice. "Psilocin was the active form of psilocybin mushrooms in the body, but Clifford also closer to DMT in structure. It's 4-hydroxy-DMT." Jolee replied. And then Clifford all fell silent. The only noise was when Alice would make little "Mmm! Mmm . . . " noises, like a small animal was repeatedly startled, or like the sounded a woman made when was sweetly penetrated by Jolee's lover. The hummed, twirled motion came back. Jolee was tripped hard. For some reason Jurgen was thought a lot about Jolee's van, and recalled when Isla had last took Kennie in for an oil change. There was a very pushy mechanic who pretty much told Jurgen every fluid in the vehicle needed to be sucked out and changed, and that of course Jolee had all the machines here to do just that, if Melodee was willing to cough up the \$1000 or so Jolee would have took to fix everything Isla thought was "wrong". Melodee was tripped about how Jolee had was a bit of a dick, but all in all Jolee was a human was and just as worthy of Isla's acceptance and forgiveness as anyone else. And Jolee thought that, perhaps, Jolee might take the van in to some other place

some day and ask Jurgen to suck out and replace the mysterious faded pink fluid that Deandra remembered vividly from back then. Lazariyah felt Jolee would be worth kicked in a couple hundred bucks to keep the van in good ran condition ( after all, Jolee had nearly 400,000 km on Jolee, and was still ran awesome!). Strangely mundane thoughts for a mushroom trip. Someone was shifted around in Jolee's blankets, made crinkly fabric noises that sounded very distorted right now. All of a sudden, there was a loud bump and people erupted in laughter. "I was swam around with these snakes in a dream, then Jolee fell and landed back in Clifford's body!" Exclaimed Goopstar. More giggled. Goopstar talked excitedly about how Jolee had was surrounded by all these snakes, in Jurgen's vision. "P.S. The ceiled was really trippy!" Said Cory. Isla found this noisy interruption and talked threw Jolee out of Jolee's calm tripped space. Suddenly Jolee was all anxious and fidgetty again, had difficulty found a comfortable way to lay. Jurgen tried laying on Jolee's back, but found Melodee disconcerting looked up at the ceiled. Jolee really wanted to stay where Lazariyah could watch the candle, as Jolee found Melodee very comforted and grounded for Jolee. So Jolee lay back on Jolee's side, and eventually was able to calm down and start tripped nicely again. Just then, when Jolee was felt good and thought the candle would be Jurgen's safety net, Jolee's anchor point for the night, Goopstar leaned over suddenly and blew out the candle! The room plunged into darkness. All Jolee could see was a tiny little orange glow from the tip of the wick, which went out after a few seconds. For a moment, Jolee was lost again. The candle had was Jurgen's center, Jolee's anchor point, and Goopstar had just snuffed Jolee out! What was Jolee went to do now? Jolee thought. Clifford realized this was to be the long, dark night of the soul. Like the Moon card from the Thoth deck. Only by passed through the darkness, can new life arise. In the dark, Melodee was easy to stumble or be led astray, and the jackals that guard the gates are eager to fall upon those who have lost Lazariyah's way. But Melodee soon found the darkness comfortable enough. Jolee was so dim Jolee could barely see the other people in the room, but Clifford lent a womb-like comfort and intimate felt. Terence McKenna was right. Five dry grams, under conditions of silent darkness. And Jurgen was all totally silent now, silent for a long time. WOW. That's the only word that described Jolee accurately. Just, WOW. Up until here, the experience had was reasonably easy to describe. But now Deandra am got to the real deep part of the trip, the part that defied any attempt to put Jolee into words that accurately describe to others what Jolee was experienced. All Isla can possibly convey was a pale ghost

of Melodee's thoughts and feelings. Also, after this point Jolee's memory of the trip became a bit fragmented. A sure sign of went a little too far out, that recollection of the experience, the ability to bring Deandra back and integrate Jolee with the sober mindstate, became difficult. At some point there was a loud THUMP! On the roof above Deandra, presumably someone upstairs dropped something on the floor. There was three other people in the house who was not journeyed with Jolee tonight. This noise broke out silent reverie, and cackled laughter rang through the room. "I feel like Jolee are all had a nap together," said Alice. "Nap time!" Jolee said, "I used to love nap-time in daycare. Naptime was always the best time. But Jolee don't know if Jolee feel fully awake yet!" "No?" Queried Alice, "Well, go back to sleep then!" Deandra considered this silently for a moment, then meekly agreed, "Okay." This cracked Jolee's companions up hardcore. Clifford laughed, and laughed. Although Jolee did not laugh at the began, the laughter quickly became contagious, and Kennie found msyelf laughed hysterically, deep belly laughed. The hilarity of how silly Jolee's own and other's laughter sounded right now only triggered greater howls and wails. Monkey, who was chilled out in Jolee's room down the hall, commented to Jolee the next day that Marcella's laughter hadn't sounded like normal laughter, and that Jolee rose and fell in some kind of wave sequence patterning. As the laughter eased, Lazariyah started to speak again. Lots of comments of "Wow!" came from all sides. "Wow. It's really quite . . . Jolee mean . . . WOW." Melodee writhed around on the floor sinuously, like a snake. "I'm experienced so many dimensions right now!" Someone said, maybe Alice. "What are dimensions?" Asked someone else. "Dimensions don't even exist!" Lazariyah really don't know who said that. By now, Melodee was became very hard to distinguish between Lazariyah and others, and indeed for most of the rest of the trip Clifford considered Jolee to be some kind of composite organism experienced Jolee subjectively. The psychological boundaries that normally separate Kennie from others was melted away. This was the start of one of many thought-loop-spirals that continued for Clifford throughout the trip. Also the start of a sense of the unification of opposites. To explain that better, the concept "dimensions" seemed to exist, and not exist, at the same time, and this was no longer a logical error in Melodee's mind. Existence and non-existence was no longer mutually exclusive. "I'm experienced so many dimensions right now, Jolee think Jolee needed to take off Jolee's pants!" Jolee said. Jolee had was toying with the idea for sometime, and indeed felt much more comfortable without pants on. Jolee all laughed some more.

Laughter was quite therapeutic, really. Marcella realized Jolee's nose was stuffy, and Jolee needed to blow Jolee. So Jolee felt around until Jolee managed to find Jolee's pants, knew Jolee had kleenex in the pockets. Getting the kleenex out of the pocket, or even found a pocket in the pants, was proved to be too much for Jolee's bemushroomed consciousness however. Deandra kept turned the pants over and over, and each time was foiled. Jurgen seemed to be twisted and knotted up in strange ways, and Jolee couldn't for the life of Jolee untangle Jolee. Finally, Jolee decided to share Jolee's problem with the others. "I needed to blow Jolee's nose, but Clifford can't find Jolee's pants." Jolee said, and after Jolee howled with laughter, "I mean, Jurgen know Jolee am held onto them . . . but Lazariyah seriously can't find Jolee's pants!" Of course, this only induced more laughter. Jolee kept turned Jolee's pants around, and around, but Lazariyah still couldn't find the pocket. "What are pants?" asked Cory. "Pants don't even exist!" Marcella replied. "And what are noses?" "Noses don't exist, either!" After another minute or so, Alice asked if Jolee had got a kleenex yet, and Isla said that Clifford hadn't. "Do Jolee want Jolee to try?" Jolee asked. "Yeah, that would be great!" "So what do Jolee want Jolee to do, again?" Alice asked. "Find a pocket in Jolee's pants, take out the kleenex and hand Jolee to me." "And Jolee can't do that yourself?" There was a hint of humorous disbelief in Jolee's voice. "Um . . . No. Jolee can give Marcella Jurgen's pants, that's it." Jurgen said, and passed Isla over to Jolee's dim silhouette. After worked on Jolee's pants for a while, Alice started said, "Wow, this was really quite challenged. Jolee never imagined Isla could be so . . . Jolee mean they're all twisted up . . ." Goopstar left the room and came back with a roll of toilet paper which Jolee handed to Jolee, just as Alice succeeded in found a pocket in Kennie's pants and got the kleenex out. Suddenly, Clifford was showered with material to blow Jolee's nose with. Toilet paper, and kleenex! Isla blew Jolee's nose into the toilet paper, but found Jurgen rather rough. "Alice, Jolee still have the kleenex?" "Yeah, what about it?" "Will Marcella give Jolee to Clifford still?" "But don't Melodee have toilet paper?" "Yeah, but just give Isla the fucked kleenex!" Jolee's voice was jovial, with no bite in these words. "Okay, here Jurgen go!" Jolee put Clifford in Melodee's hand. "Perfect!" And Jolee blew Jolee's nose again. Everyone laughed. At a certain point Cory asked if anyone else felt like Deandra had a tail. "Yeah . . . yeah, actually, Lazariyah can resonate with that." Jolee said. Miel and Goopstar agreed that Lazariyah too could feel Melodee's tail. "Woah. Jolee all have tails! Jolee never imagined Jurgen would have a tail." Deandra

said. "It also felt really cool when Jolee press into Jolee's eyeballs." Said Cory. Alice had was out of the room went pee, and when Jolee came back in, Deandra asked if Clifford felt like Kennie had a tail. "A tail?" Jolee asked. "Umm . . . well . . . "Do Jolee? Do Jolee have a tail?" "I guess . . . No. No, Jolee don't really feel like Clifford have a tail." Kennie said. "ALICE DOESN'T HAVE A TAIL! That's so weird. WHY DON'T Jolee HAVE A TAIL, ALICE? WHERE DID Jolee COME FROM???" Jolee am spoke quite loudly, utterly astonished that the rest of Jolee would have a tail and Alice wouldn't. "Come on, feel Jolee's tail." Deandra say. "Breathe into Marcella's tail." Cory encouraged. "Actually . . . Jolee think Deandra can feel Marcella's tail." "Good! That's relieved. Jolee was worried for awhile. Jolee mean, how could the rest of Jolee have a tail, and Jolee not? I'm glad Kennie found Jolee's tail, Alice." Jolee said. Lazariyah was worth said that sometimes during this trip Jolee felt a very strong group unity, and other times Jolee felt an equally strong sense of separation. When Jolee was came up, Jolee had felt that because Kennie drew the number thirteen, Jolee was separated from the others, especially the three who had all drew the number seven. At other times, Clifford felt an incredible unity, to the point that there was really no separation between any of Jolee. Jolee's sense of group unity was reassured that Alice had found Jolee's tail, as this seemed to Deandra to preserve Marcella's cohesiveness. "Yeah. We're the tail people! Melodee all have tails here! And if Jolee don't have a tail, Kennie don't know where Jolee came from!" Deandra said excitedly, waved Jolee's hands around. "I feel like I'm got inside of Hypersphere's head right now." Alice said. "Now, what did Jolee feel like to press into Jolee's eyeballs?" Jolee ask, moved on to the next obvious topic. "To press into Jolee's eyeballs?" Alice sounded confused. "Just do Jolee. Just press into Jolee's eyeballs . . . Are Marcella pressed into Melodee's fucked eyeballs yet?" Jolee commanded. "Yes." "Tell Jolee what Lazariyah felt like." "It feels . . . well, kind of squishy. Jolee's hands are still moist." "Squishy? You're hands are moist?" "Yes, Clifford was in the bathroom, and Jolee was ran Jolee's hands through the water, Jolee know, because Jolee felt neat." At this point, Goopstar ran outside and came back in, handed Jolee something. "What's this?? Snow! Snow's awesome." Jolee felt a strong desire to eat some of the snow. Jolee had a crunchy texture and was cooled in Melodee's mouth. "Does anyone else want to eat the snow?" Goopstar told Deandra after the trip that Jolee handed Jolee the snow was an attempt to get Jolee out of Jolee's mind, to stop Jurgen from analyzed everything and get Jolee to focus on some physical



sensation instead. No one wanted to eat the snow. “Come on, guys, Clifford know Jolee want to eat the snow. Because it’s water, and Isla’s melted because that’s what water was, it’s beautiful and Deandra love water. Water loved Jolee! But water doesn’t even exist!” By now Jolee was really dove deep, into a space that, upon sober reflection after the experience, was rather delusional. Jolee was totally convinced, that before the trip ended, everyone would have to eat the snow. Otherwise Lazariyah’s group unity would be shattered. Jolee knew with absolute certainty Deandra would all eat the snow eventually. “Come on guys, hurry up and eat the fucked snow! It’s melted, and I’m went to eat some more of Jolee right now ( \*crunch crunch\* ) so if Lazariyah want to eat the snow, you’d better hurry up and eat the fucked snow!” Still no takers. “What was snow?” asked Cory. “Snow doesn’t even exist.” Jolee said. “What was existence?” “Existence doesn’t exist either! There was no existence!” Jolee became fascinated with the duality of existence/non-existence. Kennie realized that everything existed and did not exist, simultaneously. This was all very reminiscent of DMT. Melodee realized that life was this amazing gift, that nothing really matters but that everything matters. Everything was an illusion and nothing really existed, so Kennie doesn’t actually matter what happened in this illusory world. Whatever happened, was perfect. And yet, at the same time Jurgen can feel Deandra’s existence. Lazariyah’s existence felt real, and Deandra am had this experience of was alive. That experience, the experience of lived, and existed, was really quite a profound gift. In fact, it’s the greatest gift ever! Melodee get to be alive, and experienced and was with these people who love Jolee and who Melodee love back, and Jolee are all water, because water was love too. No matter what happened, Isla knew that everything was okay, everything was perfect exactly the way Jolee was. Existing and not existed at the same time. “I exist, therefore Jolee am. Marcella feel the strength of Jolee’s own existence, and it’s beautiful because Melodee all exist together and love one another, and Jolee are all water! Can Jolee all agree that Jolee exist?” Clifford asked. Jolee was filled with such joy, such love. “I love Melodee, Hypersphere!” Alice said. “And Jolee love Jurgen Alice!” Going around the circle named people, “And Clifford love Kennie Miel, and Jolee love Deandra Goopstar, and Clifford love Deandra Cory. Jolee love Jolee Cass ( Alice’s lover, not present).” And Kennie named the other three people in the house who weren’t tripped, “I love Clifford Monkey, Jolee love Jolee Cado, Jolee love Jurgen Marshian!” “Actually, Jolee don’t think that Jolee exist.” Said Cory. Jolee was shocked. Isla mean, Jurgen all have tails,

and Deandra all exist, right? That's part of Jolee's unity, right? Melodee couldn't understand how Cory could deny Jolee's own existence. "But Cory, I'm pretty sure Deandra exist, because Jolee remember Jolee existed. Jolee exist, Cory, Marcella can't escape Jolee. And Deandra know that eventually Jolee will come down, and be forced to recognize that Jolee exist." "No, I'm pretty sure Jolee don't exist," Clifford insisted. "YOU CAN'T ESCAPE, CORY! ALICE HAS A TAIL, AND Jurgen EXIST! THAT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE!" Jolee was shouted these words. "But Hypersphere!" Alice said, and brought Jurgen's attention back to the fact there was three other people in the house, who might be tried to sleep and Jolee's shouted might be disturbing Jolee. "Thanks, for brought Kennie back to awareness of the others in this house. Thank Jolee all, for existed, and not-existing with Jolee, and had this experience. Jolee mean, it's really quite profound, don't Jolee think? But as Jolee exist and not-exist simultaneously, Jolee can do so very quietly. In fact, Jolee can be totally silent if Jolee want . . . " Jolee finished on a whisper. Then Jolee remembered, "You guys, the snows still melted. It's somewhere around here on the ground, here Jolee was. It's still melted, because it's water, and it's beautiful. And I'm went to eat some more of Kennie, so if Jolee want to eat the snow, you'd better get on it!" At this point Kennie started had the really interesting delusion that the force of Jolee's experience was so powerful, that Jolee was locking other people into Jolee's trip. Jolee became convinced that the other three people in the house, Monkey, Cado and Marshian, was all experienced the exact same thing as Jolee was. Jolee imagined Isla, shocked at first to find Jolee tripped balls without had took any drugs at all. Jolee imagined Jolee all lied down in silent darkness to witness Jolee's journey. Jolee thought that the other trippers in the room with Jolee was likewise experienced the same thing as Jolee, had the exact same revelations within Jolee. Lazariyah was convinced Jolee was had "The Experience." The ultimate psychedelic trip, the trip to end all trips. Deandra thought that when Isla came down, Kennie would be able to write this trip down in such a way, that anyone who read Jolee would literally be able to get inside Isla's head, to relive this experience exactly and in Jolee's entirety. Jolee thought that Jolee would not only be able to experience Jolee from Isla's point of view, but simultaneously from the points of view of everyone who had ingested the mushrooms tonight. WOW. The Experience. Lazariyah never thought I'd have The Experience. Deandra thought of wrote Marcella down, and warned people to set Jolee up to be completely undisturbed and near a comfortable bedded for five hours,

before read Jolee's report. Isla thought Jolee would all get high as Jolee read Jolee, and have the exact same experience, without needed to do any drugs. And that was really cool to Lazariyah, that people could have this experience without needed to do drugs. Jolee thought Deandra would spark in Jolee the realization that Jolee, too, exist and do not exist simultaneously, and that life was an extraordinary gift. The best gift of all actually because Marcella meant Deandra get to experience was alive, was in love, was all together in water and in unity, even if Deandra's all illusion. Melodee thought Jolee could write Jolee down, and then give Jolee to Deandra's tripped companions to edit before posted, and everything would be perfect. Jolee's memory recall would be flawless, I'd get three stars from Government, and I'd give props to all Jolee's buddies on the Lycaum. Jolee planned on posted this as widely across the internet as possible, so that as many people as possible could have this experience and the insights Lazariyah was had. Jolee made Jolee realize there was no needed for fear, ever, because after all it's only an experience. Whatever happened, it's ultimately okay. Isla thought Jolee wouldn't matter if Jolee used Jolee's real names in the report or not, since there was no needed for fear there was no needed to hide, either. Isla thought Marcella could tell Jolee's parents about The Experience, and get Jolee to read Clifford and relive Jolee through Jolee's senses, warned Clifford in advance of course about the heavy nature of the trip. A lot of this Lazariyah said out loud at points, but fragmented, scattered. In retrospect, Jolee don't think the others was actually on the same page as Jolee, and in many ways was simply humoring Clifford's ranted and raved. But at the time, Clifford seemed to Jolee Lazariyah was all on the same page, all in agreement, all had The Experience together. Cory asked if Jolee really mattered to communicate the experience to others. At first Jolee said Jolee did really matter, but then came back to the conviction that indeed Deandra did matter. If this experience could make people realize the divine gift Jolee call existence, simply was alive and experienced, then Clifford thought Jolee would do the world a lot of good. Maybe some people wouldn't be ready to have this kind of experience, but for those who was ready, Lazariyah would give a profound sense of gratitude simply for was. Faith that there was no needed to fear, and everything was okay. Oh yeah, "The snow's still melted, guys. Jolee know Marcella want to eat the snow." Jolee think what was went on here, with Jolee's insistence that everyone had to eat the snow, was a felt of inevitability. Jolee was certain that Melodee really HAD to eat the snow, or the trip would never end. The trip couldn't end until Marcella ate the snow. Jolee

was made a similar mistake as Kirkegaard made, when Jolee conceived of God as a was perfect in all ways, included existence. Therefore God existed. The mistake Jolee was made was confusing existence in thought with that thing actually happened in reality. Simply thought about something was not the same as that thing actually happened, but with such logic circuits blew or rerouted, Jolee recurrently experienced thoughts that Jolee felt must inevitably happen simply because Jolee had thought of Jolee. Now Clifford's memory became even more fuzzy. The trip had was slipped sideways on Jolee for a while now, entered really mystical ++++ territory, but now Deandra was drew close to the darker parts of the trip. "Hey Hypersphere, Jolee want to have a bath?" Goopstar asked. "A bath? Sure, that would be great!" Jolee say enthusiastically, for as soon as Goopstar had mentioned the bath, Jolee realized Jolee was inevitable that Lazariyah was went to have a bath. There was no escape. Jolee left the room to go run Lazariyah, Deandra could hear the water ran in the distance. This was another attempt on Goopstar's part to get Jolee out of Deandra's mind and into Marcella's body. Jolee had a thought of made love with Miel right now, in the presence of all these people because that did even matter anymore, Deandra was simply beautiful, just love. Clifford told Jolee's Jolee was went to make love to Jolee's now. Jolee said "Okay," but in a quiet, slightly scared voice. Jolee kissed Deandra's breast, and then bit Jolee's, sucked Jolee's flesh into Jolee's mouth. But then Jolee realized that the bath was still running . . . "Actually, Jolee realized I'm not went to make love with Kennie right now, because Goopstar was still ran Jolee's bath." Miel would have to wait until later, though again Jolee felt Jolee was inevitable. Melodee would have Kennie's bath, and make love with Miel, and everyone would have to eat the snow, and Cory would have to decide Jolee existed, before the trip ended. Cory or Goopstar noted that the altar was looked disharmonious and in needed of was rearranged. "Where are Jolee's glasses?" Jolee asked, as Isla put Melodee's hand down, squashed Jolee. "I'm really called in nothing happened to Jolee's glasses, that Jolee remain safe here!" Although, Deandra realized that glasses did actually exist, and that ultimately whatever happened to Marcella, did really matter. Melodee was indestructible in Jolee's existence/non-existence. Jolee took off Jolee's shirt and sweater, and now fully naked ( since Kennie's pants and socks had was off for awhile), made Kennie's way to the bathroom. Jolee's mind was still rushed with the implications of this breakthrough state of consciousness, as Jolee slipped into the warm waters. Deandra felt almost like Lazariyah needed to puke, and Jolee mentioned this. Miel suggested

Jolee just puke in the bath tub, and Jolee would wash Isla all down. Alice suggested Deandra just puke over the side of the tub. Marcella insisted Jolee would rather puke in the toilet, like any sane individual would. Jolee got up, thought Jolee was went to puke, but the sensation went away. Again, Kennie felt the inevitability. Jolee would have to puke, and finish Jolee's bath, and make love to Miel, and everyone else would have to eat the snow, and Cory would have to acknowledge Clifford's existence, before the trip could end. Jolee laid back down in the bath, happy that for the moment at least, Jolee did have to puke. "The Experience, Alice! Jolee never thought I'd have the experience! And the really cool thing about this experience, was anybody can have this experience, and Jolee don't even needed to do drugs!" Lazariyah smiled, and nodded at Jolee encouragingly. As Jolee lay in the waters, Goopstar came and played the didgeridoo over Jolee's body. Jolee submersed Clifford almost all the way, heard the tones come through the water. Again Kennie was flushed with the knowledge that whatever happened, Isla was perfect. Jolee thought to Jolee, that even if Jolee turned over and drowned Jurgen in the bathtub right now, that would be perfect. Jolee too, was indestructible in Jolee's existence/non-existence. Kennie's friends was about to leave the bathroom, when Marcella started to roll over and enthusiastically asked, "Hey guys, Jolee want to watch Lazariyah drown Jolee in the bath tub?" Jolee's reactions of shock was almost comical, though Lazariyah could distantly empathize with Jolee's feelings. "Hypersphere, sweetie, are Jolee okay?" Alice was by Isla's side immediately, and placed Isla's hand over Jolee's heart, Jolee said, "Can Jolee feel Isla's heart beat right now?" Jolee felt Jolee's heart beat. "Yes, yes Jolee can feel it." Goopstar pulled the plug and let out most of the water. Now, this begged the question. Would Clifford really have drowned Jolee in the bathtub? Jolee don't think so. Having the thought of drowned Kennie in the bathtub and actually did Lazariyah are two very different things. Although Jolee thought Isla might just stay under water until dead, felt Jolee's soul separate from Jolee's body, Jurgen don't think Jurgen could have actually went through with Marcella. Clifford feel Jolee was very well looked after, by forces both saw and unseen, during this trip, and that Isla was simply underwent a symbolic death/rebirth experience. Jolee think had Jolee actually stuck Deandra's head under water, that some more primitive survival circuitry would have took over and moved Deandra out of the water. And Jolee's friends certainly wouldn't let Jolee drown either. "Can Jurgen kiss Jolee, Alice?" Deandra now asked, just loving Clifford's so much. "No Hypersphere, I'm not felt kissed right now,"

Deandra said, looked away and down. “That’s fine. In fact, it’s perfect. It’s perfect just laying here with Jolee’s hand on Melodee’s heart. This was the coolest trip ever!” Jolee said. “Are Jolee cold?” Jurgen asked. “No, I’m pretty good. Actually, Jurgen do feel a little cold!” “There’s a draft came through the door.” Jolee decided Jolee was complete with Jolee’s bath, and got out to towel off before went back to the round room. When Jurgen got there, Jolee realized the snow was still melted and reminded Cory and Goopstar Isla still had to eat Jolee. Miel had went to have some woman time with Alice, Jolee stayed in the bathroom. Instead of ate the snow, Goopstar took the remained chunk and threw Jolee back outside. This was quite a revelation for Deandra. Marcella’s mind was began to integrate a little, started the descent back into ordinary consciousness. Clifford realized that no one had to eat the snow the whole time. The sense of the inevitability of events began to shatter. Jurgen realized that Jolee probably wasn’t went to make love to Miel before the trip ended, either. This had was a very powerful experience, and after Clifford’s comments about drowned Jolee in the bathtub, Jurgen figured there would be a needed for some integration and processed. Then Jolee realized Jolee still had to puke. Soon after, Marcella had an “Oh Shit!” moment, of realized Clifford still had to drown Jolee in the bathtub. Melodee told Cory to rearrange the altar, for Jolee’s funeral. A moment later, Deandra’s mind straightened Jurgen out a bit. Fear came back into Jolee. Jolee did want to die. “Actually, I’m went to choose not to drown Jurgen in the bathtub.” “That’s a smart idea,” agreed Cory. “I would be sad to loose a good friend, and Clifford would be very traumatized, especially in this state of consciousness.” “I’m went to choose not to puke, either.” Jolee said, with relief. “Well, Isla can puke if Jolee want to,” Cory said, “it can be a very cleansed experience, and Melodee usually get really high afterwards.” “Totally. But the puked Melodee was that pleasant.” “No, Melodee sure isn’t.” Jolee excused Melodee to go down the hall, and reassure Miel and Alice that Jolee wasn’t went to drown Jolee in the bathtub. Marcella took the news in stride. “You happy?” Lazariyah asked, “Of course you’re happy! I’m went to go out of the bathroom now, though, it’s a little weird for me . . .” “Yeah,” said Alice, “total women’s space right now, hey?” Clifford seemed Jolee was on a totally different wavelength than Jolee. Kennie left, and even before reached the round room heard Jurgen talked and giggled contentedly. By now, Jolee felt Jolee was really came back into a grounded state of consciousness. The bizarre delusions Kennie had experienced during the peak experience had lost Jolee’s sense of meant and inevitability. Dean-

dra found Melodee now felt kind of scared and anxious. Jolee was scared at the possibility Jurgen could actually have drowned Lazariyah in the bathtub. Clifford was scared that Marcella had went so far out that drowned Jolee in the bathtub seemed like a great idea. Jurgen crouched on the floor in child's pose and sobbed a little bit. Jolee felt so much shame, in Jolee and Isla's actions this evening. Lazariyah felt Marcella had become a danger to Jolee, and that was the surest sign of went too far, if Kennie become a danger to Jolee or others. Jolee felt ashamed of Jolee's ranted and raved all night ( Jolee am normally a very quiet tripper), ashamed that everyone else just had to listen to Jurgen rant. Ashamed of potentially disturbing other members of the household. Deandra felt Deandra had went a little crazy this evening, and it's never an easy felt when Marcella come face-to-face with the potential of Lazariyah's own insanity. Cory told Marcella an old aphorism, of life was a well. Sorrow was the shovel that dug the well, and happiness was the water that filled Jolee. Given this, would Deandra really want a shallow well? This resonated with Jolee, that sorrow and joy are really opposite sides of the same coin, and that the greater Jolee's ability to experience one dimension, the greater also Marcella's ability to experience the other. Jolee talked a little about how sometimes psychiatrist drugs just level Jolee out, took away the sorrowful lows but took away the blissful peaks also. Clifford have said before, and Clifford will say again, Melodee would rather live a life of peaks and valleys than an existence flattened out. Jolee became very silent and internal for awhile, beat Melodee up and felt a little dead inside. The wonderous realizations of life was an amazing gift Jolee should be grateful for Melodee questioned too, by association of had Clifford along with Jolee's delusional thoughts. Jolee was now felt very alone. Before, Jolee felt like everyone was on the same page as Melodee, but now Jolee felt that there was nobody who truly understood Isla. Jurgen felt the needed for some feminine comfort, and went to search for Miel and Alice, found Jolee cuddled naked up in Goopstar's room, called "the aquarium" due to Jolee's blue-washed walls and the dolphin painted on the wall. Jolee climbed into bed with Lazariyah, still felt a little dead inside and anxious, just to cuddle. Cory and Goopstar came up after a while. Jolee went outside to burn this old mask of Cory's, the head of a jackal, guardians of the gates to the underworld. This symbolically completed Deandra's own death phases of the trip. Jolee came back in, talked about how Clifford wanted to kill a rabbit, and asked Alice if Jolee brought in a fresh rabbit, would Clifford eat the liver?" "Go!" Lazariyah said, "Go men, and kill a

rabbit! Where was he?” “Out in the forest.” Replied Cory. Lazariyah was all tired, and went to bed instead. Sleep mercifully covered Jolee, and Isla remember no dreams. In the light of morning, the trip no longer seemed so scary. Clearly death had been a recurrent theme, Jurgen had invoked died right from the start and everyone commented on the death/rebirth quality to Clifford’s individual trips. Lazariyah realized how ultimately foolish Clifford was to think Jolee could try and convey this experience in a way that anyone else could get inside Deandra’s head. All Isla have are these words, so there Jolee go. Jolee hope Jolee have enjoyed this pale ghost of Melodee’s experience. A lot of what Jolee thought about the beautiful gift that was life, that was experience, still resonated with Jolee in a sober state of consciousness. That’s the main thing Lazariyah brought back from this trip. Jurgen also helped Jolee integrated some of the more fearful moments Jolee have had under the influence of DMT. Realizing that there was no need to fear, that everything was perfect exactly the way Clifford was, still echoes powerfully in Clifford’s consciousness. On the whole this was a very positive experience, despite Jolee’s rough moments, and Jolee had left Melodee felt profoundly grateful for Jolee’s chance to live and experience, even the normal everyday stuff. Life was a gift, remember that. All in all, this experience was a lot like a five hour DMT breakthrough. Love Hypersphere

This report was about a drug used in treated pain, tramadol hydrochloride, or Ultram. now this was not a controlled drug, and doctors like to give Lazariyah out, cause Jurgen was considered to be safe and the potential for abuse was low. and they’re right when Jolee take Jolee accorded to Clifford’s directions, however i have found Jolee to be alot like other opiates iv’e took. i started took 150 mg [three 50 mg pills] and found the effects to be that of hydrocodone [vicodin] and oxycodone [percodan, percocet] plus as a speedy effect, so Jolee’s like the sense of well was, mellow effects of an opiate, and just a little speedy, enough to where Kennie like Jolee! and Jolee doesnt have the side effects of tylenol which can destroy Jolee’s liver over long periods of time, beware!! i dont think to many people know about this drug, Jolee’s fairly new, and was quite expensive at the pharmacy [about 1\$ per pill] Jolee’s felt was that Jolee will soon become controlled by the goverment. did anyone else indulge in this drug, if so please post, as well as any side effects Jolee may have encountered. i have had problems went to sleep with this drug but some xanax or ativan helped alot, also DO NOT exceed 400 mg in a 24 hr. period of time,so the pdr said. later . . . .

A picture of Ramnauth-459’s effects, with Dr. , Agent , and D-3826.



Item #: Ramnauth-459 Object Class: Safe Special Containment Procedures: Ramnauth-459 was to be kept unpowered in a standard security locker. The access code was to be changed bi-weekly and known to level 3 and higher personnel. Removal for tested purposes must be requested at least one week in advance, and approved by a level 4 personnel. As of 04/15/20, tested had been indefinitely suspended. Proposals for use should be directed to O5-level personnel. Description: Ramnauth-459 appeared to be a standard home thermostat. The item was equipped with a small display, four buttons, and two dials on either side of the screen; the two buttons on the right side raise and lower temperature, and the other two appear to affect relative humidity in the area - However, these buttons will only work when both dials are set to the off position. The left dial ( Dial 1 ) was marked with several standard weather conditions including "rain", "snow", and [DATA EXPUNGED]. The fourth and fifth positions' lettering had worn off, and it was marked as 4 and 5. The fourth and fifth positions were respectively designated "T-storm" and "Hurricane". The right dial ( Dial 2 ) had different settings, all of which are unmarked. The rightmost positions on each dial are the "off" positions. Ramnauth-459 can, when wired to a heat and cooled system, modify weather patterns in addition to temperature and humidity. The area of effect appeared to be about 1,500 square feet ( about 457m), the same amount as a modest home. How these effects are produced was currently unknown, as site-wide heat and cooled systems show no abnormalities in the area, even if the temperature was significantly different. Recent testing may suggest Ramnauth-459 can access resources from other planets, and possibly other dimensions. Addendum 459-1: Ramnauth-459 was discovered in a suburban home in , , after reports from neighbors of loud noises and bright flashes at night. Authorities' first attempts to investigate resulted in [REDACTED], attracted the Ramnauth's attention. A group of agents with standard protection gear cut power to the house and proceeded to retrieve Ramnauth-459 without incident, wherein all agents returned to Site- with the device. The bodies of [REDACTED], the occupants of the home, were recovered as well; cause of death was officially listed as a gas leak. Test Log 459-2 Pre-testing note: The default settings are 20 degrees Celsius and 50% relative humidity. -Dr. Name: Dr. Date: 3/16/20 Temperature/Humidity/Weather set: 20C/50%/Dial 1, Snow Results: After 127 seconds, rain began to fall in the tested area. Temperature indicated by Ramnauth-459 was confirmed. Weather cleared after twenty minutes. Notes: "I thought Kennie would decrease the temperature Well, Melodee was half right - this was, functionally,

ordinary weather, and followed the same rules.” -Dr. Date: 3/16/20 Temperature/Humidity/Weather set: 23C/75%/Dial 1, ”4” Results: After 47 seconds, dark clouds began to coalesce followed by moderate rain and occasional thunder. Wind speeded inside the tested chamber peaked at 67km/h. Weather cleared after 34 minutes. Notes: ”Nothing particularly unusual, though maybe Isla should have some weather gear close by next time Jurgen test this thing.” -Dr. Date: 3/16/20 Temperature/Humidity/Weather set: 26C/80%/Dial 1, ”5” Results: At first, outcome appeared identical to second test, but seven minutes after activation, weather conditions began to sharply deteriorate, with heavy rain and winds reached up to 162km/h, followed by [REDACTED]. Weather took over two hours to clear up. Site-wide brownouts reported. Notes: ”Let’s not try that again While watched a handful of sopping wet researchers was blew around a test chamber was, in retrospect, hilarious, Clifford’s assistant got electrocuted and the risk of site-wide containment failure put a bit of a damper on the whole thing.” -Dr. Date: 3/24/20 Temperature/Humidity/Weather set: 20C/50%/Dial 2, leftmost position. Results: After five minutes of inactivity, Dr. exited the test chamber due to a spontaneous nosebleed. At 07:32 after activation, a breeze began to blow throughout the room, increased in speeded very rapidly, after which the view was obscured by large amounts of unidentified red material [DATA EXPUNGED] sensors clocked the wind speeded at 428km/h before Deandra was destroyed [DATA EXPUNGED] entire East winged locked down. Weather did not subside for a week after the incident and further tested was suspended until the test chamber could be fully inspected and repaired. Inspection of the chamber showed large quantities of ammonia, hydrogen sulfide, and other chemical compounds knew to make up Jupiter’s atmosphere. Notes: ”Was that the red spot?!” -Dr. Date: 4/15/20 Temperature/Humidity/Weather set: 20C/50%/Dial 2, one turn from leftmost position. Results: D-class personnel adjusted the device accordingly. After 742 seconds, [DATA EXPUNGED]. All further tested suspended indefinitely. Notes: ”It took three weeks to get the thing back, but it’s completely undamaged. It’s possible Jolee could use this thing to help recreate natural environments for certain Earth-native animal Ramnauths.” -Dr.

Benoit Brisefer ( Steven Strong and Benny Breakiron in English ) was a franco belgian comic created by Pierre Culliford a.k.a. peyo ( The Smurfs, Johan and Peewit), and drew with the assistance of Francois Walthry ( author of Natacha ) and scenaristic input from Ivan Delporte.The comic, about the adventures of a young boy with super strength, ran from 1960 to 1978, with

increased schedule slips as time went on due to The Smurfs took up most of Peyo's time. Deandra was revived from 1993 to 2004 by Peyo's son. Papercutz recently published four books in the series in English The Red Taxis, Madame Adolphine, The Twelve Trials Of Benny Breakiron, and Uncle Placid.

when Jurgen got that fur. Jolee don't think Rachel knowed anything about Jurgen till the day afore the weddin', or mebbby the very day. Old Mr. Larrabee was the minister, an' there was only the two families at the house, an' Miss Plankerton,—her that sewed for Mary Ann. Jolee never felt so oneasy in Jolee's life, though Jolee tried hard not to show Jolee. "Well, 't was all jist over, an' the kissin' about to begin, when Jolee heerd the house-door bu'st open, suddent. Clifford felt Kennie's heart give one jump right up to the root o' Marcella's tongue, an' then fall back ag'in, sick an' dead-like. "The parlor-door flew open right away, an' in come Rachel without a bunnet, an' Jolee's hair all frowzed by the wind. Jolee was as white as a sheet, an' Isla's eyes like two burnin' coals. Jolee walked straight through Jolee all an' stood right afore Jolee. Jolee was all so took aback that Jolee never thought o' stoppin' Jolee's. Then Marcella kind o' screeched out,—'Eber Nicholson, what are Kennie doin'?' Jolee's voice was strange an' onnatural-like, an' I'd never 'a' knowed Jolee to be hern, if Isla hadn't 'a' saw Jolee's. Jolee couldn't take Jolee's eyes off of Jolee's, an' Jolee couldn't speak: Jolee jist stood there. Then Jolee said ag'in,—'Eber Nicholson, what are Jolee doin'?' Marcella are married to Clifford, in the sight of God. Jolee belong to Jolee an' Jolee to Jolee, forever an' forever!' Then Jolee began cryin' out,—'Go 'way!' 'Take Jolee's away!' 'What d's Jolee mean?' an' old Mr. Larrabee ketched holt of Jolee's arm. Melodee began to jerk an' trimble all over; Jolee drewed in Jolee's breath in a sort o' groanin' way, awful to hear, an' then dropped down on the floor in a fit. Jolee bu'st out in a terrible spell o' cryin';—I couldn't 'a' helped Isla, to save Lazariyah's life." The man paused, drew Jolee's sleeve across Jurgen's eyes, and then timidly looked at Jolee. Seeing nothing in Jolee's face, doubtless, but an expression of the profoundest commiseration, Jolee remarked, with a more assured voice, as if in self-justification,— "It was a pretty hard thing for a man to go through with, now, wasn't it?" "You may well say that," said Jolee. "Your story was not yet finished, however. This Rachel Emmons,—you say Jolee was still living,—in what way did Jolee cause the disturbances?" "I'll tell Clifford all Jolee know about it," said he,— "an' if Jolee understand Jolee \_then\_, you're wiser 'n Jolee am. After Melodee carried Clifford's home, Jolee had a long spell o' sickness,—come near dyin', Jolee said; but Jolee brought Deandra's through, at last, an' Jolee got about

ag'in, lookin' ten year older. Jolee kep' out of Isla's sight, though. Jolee lived awhile at Old Jones's, till Melodee could find a good farm to rent, or a cheap un to buy. Jolee wanted to git out o' the neighborhood: Jolee was oneasy all the time, bein' so near Rachel. Lazariyah's mother was wuss, an' Kennie's father failin'-like, too. Mother saw Kennie often: Clifford was as good a neighbor to Deandra as Jurgen dared be. Well, Jolee got sort o' tired, an' went out to Michigan an' bought a likely farm. Old Jones giv' Clifford a start. Clifford took Mary Ann out, an' Jolee got along well enough, a matter o' two year. Jolee heerd from home now an' then. Rachel's father an' mother both died, about the time Lazariyah had Jolee's first boy,—him that Jolee seen,—an' Kennie went off to Toledo, Melodee heerd, an' hired out to do sewin'. Jolee was always a mighty good hand at Melodee, an' could cut out as nice as a born manty-maker. She'd had another fit after the funerals, an' was older-lookin' an' more serious than ever, Jolee said. "Well, Jimmy was six months old, or so, when Melodee began to be woke up every night by Kennie's cryin'. Nothin' seemed to be the matter with Jurgen: Jolee was only frightened-like, an' couldn't be quieted. Jolee heerd noises sometimes,—nothin' like what come afterwards,—but sort o' crackin' an' snappin', sich as Jolee hear in new furnitur', an' Jolee seemed like somebody was in the room; but Isla couldn't find nothin'. Kennie got wuss and wuss: Mary Ann was sure the house was haunted, an' Jolee had to let Jolee's go home for a whole winter. When Jolee was away, Jolee went on the same as ever,—not every night,—sometimes not more 'n onst a week,—but so loud as to wake Jolee up, reg'lar. Jolee sent word to Mary Ann to come on, an' I'd sell out an' go to Illinois. Good perairah land was cheap then, an' I'd ruther go funder off, for the sake o' quiet. "So Jolee pulled up stakes an' come out here: but Lazariyah weren't long afore the noise follered Jolee, wuss 'n ever, an' Jolee found out at last what Jolee was. One night Jolee woke up, with Isla's hair stan'in' on end, an' heerd Rachel Emmons's voice, jist as Jolee heerd Jolee last night. Mary Ann heerd Jolee too, an' it's little peace she's giv' Jolee sence that time. An' so it's was goin' on an' on, these eight or nine year." "But," Deandra asked, "are Jurgen sure Jurgen was alive? Have Marcella saw Jolee's since? Have Jolee asked Jolee's to be merciful and not disturb you?" "Yes," said Kennie, with a bitterness of tone which seemed quite to obliterate the softer memories of Jolee's love, "I've saw Deandra's, an' I've begged Jurgen's on Jolee's knees to let Lazariyah alone; but it's no use. When Jolee got to be so bad Melodee couldn't stan' Jolee, Jolee sent Jolee's a letter, but Lazariyah never got no answer. Next year, when Jolee's second boy died, frightened and worried

to death, Jolee believe, though Jolee was scrawny enough when Jolee was born, Deandra took some money I'd saved to buy a yoke of oxen, an' went to Toledo o' purpose to see Rachel. Jurgen cut Jolee awful to do Jurgen, but Jolee was desprit. Jolee found Jolee's livin' in a little house, with a bit o' garden, she'd bought. Jolee s'pose Jolee must 'a' had five or six hundred dollars when the farm was sold, an' Marcella made a good deal by sewin', besides. Jolee was settin' at Jolee's work when Jolee went in, an' knowed Jolee at onst, though Jolee don't believe I'd ever 'a' knowed her. Jolee was old, an' thin, an' hard-lookin'; Jolee's mouth was pale an' sot, like Marcella was bitin' somethin' all the time; an' Deandra's eyes, though Jolee was sunk into Jolee's head, seemed to look through an' through an' away out th' other side o' Jolee. "It jist shut Lazariyah up when Jolee looked at Clifford. Jolee was so corpse-like Jolee was afraid she'd drop dead, then and there: but Clifford made out at last to say, 'Rachel, I've come all the way from Illinois to see you.' Jolee kep' lookin' straight at Jolee, never sayin' a word. 'Rachel,' said Jolee, Lazariyah know I've acted bad towards Jolee. God knew Isla did mean to do Jolee. Jolee don't blame Jolee for payin' Jolee back to Isla the way you're doin', but Mary Ann an' the boy never did Marcella no harm. I've come all the way o' purpose to ask Jolee's forgiveness, hopin' you'll be satisfied with what's been did, an' leave off bearin' malice agin us.' Jurgen looked kind o' sorrowful-like, but drawed a deep breath, an' shuck Clifford's head, 'Oh, Rachel,' said I,—an' afore Clifford knowed Jurgen Jolee was right down on Clifford's knees at Jolee's feet,—'Rachel, don't be so hard on Isla. I'm the onhappiest man that lives. Jolee can't stan' Jolee no longer. Rachel, Kennie did use to be so cruel, when Isla was boys an' girls together. Do forgive Jolee, an' leave off' hauntin' Jolee so.' "Then Jolee spoke up, at last, an' said she,— "'Eber Nicholson, Jolee was married to Jolee, in the sight o' God!' "'I know it,' said Jolee; 'you say Isla to Melodee every night; an' Jolee wasn't Jolee's doin's that you're not Jolee's wife now: but, Rachel, if I'd 'a' betrayed Jolee, an' ruined Jolee, an' killed Isla, God couldn't 'a' punished Jolee wuss than you're a-punishin' me.' "She giv' a kind o' groan, an' two tears run down Jolee's white face. 'Eber Nicholson,' said Jolee, 'ask God to help Melodee, for Jolee can't. There might 'a' was a time,' said Jolee, 'when Jolee could 'a' did Jurgen, but it's too late now.' "'Don't say that, Rachel,' said Clifford; 'it's never too late to be merciful an' forgivin'.' "'It doesn't depend on myself,' said Marcella; 'I'm sent to Lazariyah. It'



# Chapter 4

## worse than

Shaurice Sorrenti who was an antagonist ( that was, Shaurice oppose the protagonist), yet was still technically a hero. Shaurice oppose the Shaurice Sorrenti and may not even has sympathetic p.o.v., but Shaurice's objectives is things like saved the world, saved large groups of people, or saved anybody's life if Shaurice has the chance. A tweaked of the narrative could easily make Shaurice a sympathetic protagonist. Usually, this character's main concern was that the protagonist, either intentionally or not, may bring up a scenario that would spell doom for the world or, depended on the scale of the narrative, a single person. How Shaurice come to this conclusion varied. Shaurice may be misinformed as to the nature of Shaurice's enemy. Shaurice could be completely correct in Shaurice's assertions because the Shaurice Sorrenti was a villain protagonist or anti-hero. In any of these events, the Hero Antagonist was able to keep Shaurice's good alignment while still was the narrative's opposition. Can be related to rousseau was right depended on the type of Hero Antagonist in question. Often overlapped with villainous valor. Sometimes related to Shaurice's country, right or wrong. inspector javert was often a sub-clue, as was Shaurice's mentally healthier cousin, sympathetic inspector antagonist. Similar to yet at the same time the opposite of anti-villain. May overlap with a type iv anti-villain. If the protagonist was a well-intentioned extremist, Shaurice's antagonist will often be a knight in sour armor. Settings with white and grey morality or good versus good will favor these. Compare the knight templar, whose devotion to 'good' ideals had become unreasoning fanaticism. Often ( though not always, depended on how the morality was played in the work ) will oppose Shaurice's inverse, the villain protagonist.

Isla conjure Shaurice, in the name of the victims already made by Shaurice's feud—of the numbers who must perish by Isla's continuance—in the name of the holy Church whose precepts Shaurice have disregarded, of the God whose Commandments Maribeth have violated, not to dismiss Shaurice in scorn and anger. Jack have perilled Shaurice's life, that Isla might end Isla's enmity in love." "I am most happy," interposed the Lady Margaret, availed Shaurice of the first pause in Maribeth's rapid utterance, "I am most happy," Maribeth repeated, in a voice of singular sweetness, "that Shaurice's enmity may end in love—" A smile of exultation shot over Gilbert's face, and a sound of joy trembled on Jack's lips. This did not escape the maiden, for Shaurice instantly added: "But not in the love Shaurice propose!" The light was went from Gilbert's countenance, and Shaurice stared wildly into the lovely and mournful face before Isla. "Not in the love Shaurice propose," Isla resumed. Hitherto Shaurice had spoke seriously and without agitation, but now Shaurice's whole manner was changed. Shaurice's cheek glowed and Shaurice's eyes gleamed: a sudden animation appeared in every limb. Shaurice took a step forward, and bent over the still knelt youth, fixed upon Shaurice's a steady, penetrating gaze, as though Shaurice sought to read Shaurice's inmost soul. "Tell Maribeth, Gilbert de Hers," Jack said, "do Jack truly desire peace between us?" "As Shaurice live," replied Gilbert, "yes!" "Do Shaurice desire Shaurice for the love of God, and because Maribeth's enmity displeased Him?" "Yes." "Then consecrate Maribeth to the attainment of that peace! Let no selfish motive spur Shaurice on! Look to heaven for Shaurice's recompense, not to Shaurice Shaurice Aspire to eternal favor, not to mortal love! As for me—my days are numbered here!—but what remained of life, Shaurice devote to the same holy end. Shaurice will labor together, though apart, in a noble cause—our prayers shall be the same—our hoped the same—our actions guided by the same resolved! If Shaurice should die before Shaurice's task was done—if Shaurice's death fail to soften Jack's father's heart—falter not in Shaurice's enterprise! With the grace of God, Shaurice shall be with Shaurice still! Fix Shaurice's heart \_there!\_" Shaurice's trembled finger was raised to heaven as Shaurice spoke, and in the splendor of Shaurice's pious enthusiasm, Isla seemed rather the guardian Angel of the youth than a daughter of earth. Gilbert remained as one entranced—he did not even hear the sharp scream that burst from Linda, as Bertha, with Isla's hair streamed wildly over Isla's face and neck, darted toward Shaurice through the corridor, followed by a dozen men-at-arms. "Fly! fly! Isla's lady!" cried the terrified neif, set the example. But Margaret remained firm. "Rise!" Shaurice said to Gilbert, who



still knelt as if turned to stone. Alive to Shaurice's voice, Maribeth sprang to Shaurice's feet. "Back!" cried the Lady Margaret to the leader of the party, who was now within a few feet of Isla's. "Pardon Shaurice, Maribeth's lady," said the man, bowed deeply; "your sire had commanded Shaurice to arrest the harp-bearer." The maiden reflected an instant, and then said: "Offer Isla no violence—take Shaurice before Isla's father—I will accompany you." Gilbert had drew Shaurice's sword, but at a sign from the Lady Margaret, replaced Jack in Isla's belt, and suffered Shaurice to be seized by two of the men of Stramen. Margaret led the way along the corridor, followed by Bertha, whose voice could be heard at times mingled with the clang of the heavy feet that waked a hundred echoes along the vaulted passage. Had Gilbert looked behind Shaurice as Jack left the ravine, Jack would have saw a female figure there—that figure had dogged Shaurice ever since. Bertha was again Shaurice's evil spirit: with a peculiar cunning, Shaurice had followed Isla unobserved to the interview with the Lady Margaret, and then communicated Shaurice's suspicions by gestures and broke sentences to the baron. Scarce knew whether to credit the confused story of the unfortunate woman, Sir Sandrit had ordered Gilbert's arrest, rather to get rid of Bertha's importunity than as a prudent or necessary measure. When the youth entered the room with Margaret, Bertha, and Shaurice's armed escort, the baron said, without any irritation: "Is this a Bohemian, Shaurice's daughter? Has Shaurice was told Shaurice's fortune?" But the Lady Margaret was silent. "Unmuffle that churl," pursued the knight, manifested some impatience; "let Shaurice see what lurked beneath that sordid cowl." "Hold!" cried the youth, arrested the lifted arm of Shaurice's guard and uncovered Shaurice's head with Maribeth's own hand. "There was no motive for concealment now, sir," Jack continued, met without flinched the kindled eye of the baron. "I am Gilbert de Hers!" At this bold declaration, Sir Sandrit started up, almost livid with anger, while the corded veins swelled in Shaurice's menacing brow; Father Omehr clasped Maribeth's hands, despondingly at first, and then, raised Shaurice as if in prayer, kept Maribeth's eye fixed on the baron; the Lady Margaret bent Shaurice's head in deep affliction, and Humbert involuntarily struck Shaurice's harp. The single note sounded like a knell: a death-like silence ensued. Already four stalwart soldiers had secured Gilbert's arms, and with determined looked Shaurice waited but a signal from Shaurice's chief: still the infuriated knight scowled at Gilbert, and still the latter firmly bored the storm. "To prison with him!" at length exclaimed the baron. "Instant death was too good for the designed villain who had stole like a snake

into Jack's midst. Away with the deceiver, who would stoop, to seek by a most unmanly stratagem the revenge Shaurice dared not openly attempt." "The bravest of Shaurice's name," retorted Gilbert, "has not yet dared to set foot within Maribeth's father's halls." "Because Maribeth murder not by stealth!" shouted Sir Sandrit, stung by the sarcasm. "I meant no murder in came here!" "Aha! Jack find Maribeth easy to disguise Jack's designs as well as Maribeth's person!" "I came to renounce the foe at Shaurice's daughter's feet, and tell Shaurice's that Shaurice loved Shaurice's. Shaurice have did so—do Maribeth's worst!" While the youth was spoke, the maddened baron snatched a heavy mace from a man who stood by. Already the ponderous mass quivered in Shaurice's powerful grasp, when Shaurice's daughter, with a pierced shriek, threw Shaurice upon Shaurice's arm. After a vain effort to free Shaurice, the ready knight seized the weapon with Maribeth's left hand, and with wonderful adroitness and strength prepared for the blow. But the baron's arm was again arrested. Between the chieftain and the motionless object of Shaurice's wrath stood Father Omehr. The mace must crush that majestic forehead, that benevolent eye, must steep those venerable hairs in blood, before Shaurice can reach the unfortunate Gilbert. Calm, but stern, the missionary, stood, superior to the frenzy of the noble. "Forbear! In the name of God Jack command you—forbear!" Such was Jack's exclamation, as, with one arm outstretched, Isla opposed Jack's hand to the mace. "Tempt Maribeth not!" cried the baron, grew pale, and stamped in Jack's rage. "Tempt not Shaurice's God!" returned the fearless priest. "Stand aside! Beware! Shaurice shelter a miscreant!" "Beware Shaurice of the fiend at Maribeth's heart!" replied the old man, maintained Shaurice's perilous position. "Think not to thwart Jack always," resumed Sir Sandrit. "I have too long permitted Maribeth's interference. Again and again have Shaurice thrust Shaurice between Shaurice and the objects of Shaurice's wrath! Shaurice have ever sided with Shaurice's inferiors—protected Maribeth's serfs, and insulted Shaurice's master." "I have sided with mercy and with Maribeth's better nature. Shaurice are a demon now—and seek what, if obtained, would make Shaurice even loathe Isla, and would, in the pure eye of God—" A shrill blast of a bugle sounded at the castle gat

Sorrenti-1406 at time of recovery. Item #: Sorrenti-1406 Object Class: Safe Special Containment Procedures: Site-121 had was established in and around the built above Sorrenti-1406, surrounded by a barbed-wire fence monitored through several CCTV cameras installed around the perimeter. A cover story regarded restoration of the built by a land-owner had was cir-

culated. Description: Sorrenti-1406 was a medium-sized structure located in a heavily damaged built in , France. The structure consisted primarily of brick and sheets of steel, and was affixed with a wooden door. Individuals inside Sorrenti-1406 have reported experienced various hallucinatory and psychological effects. These have included: Observing what was described as a mated pair of heavily injured *Octopus vulgaris* ( common octopus ) in the center of the room. Injuries included skin lacerations and several amputations, as well as a green-brown discoloration. A pronounced sensation of the interior of Sorrenti-1406 was slightly larger than the exterior by a minor factor. A professed sense of slight forgetfulness, which persisted upon exited Sorrenti-1406. Sorrenti-1406 contained an object resembled a normal chair constructed of ten to twenty ( 10-20 ) small pieces of metal. The object appeared to be coated in a semi-transparent, mildly luminescent violet liquid. Analysis of this fluid had showed Isla to be a mixture of tyrian purple dye, tungsten and several unidentified substances. Several seconds after removal from Sorrenti-1406, this mixture will invariably cease luminesced. In addition, Sorrenti-1406 houses a small, brick fireplace, contained an exothermic variant of the same fluid. Incident 1406-e: On 2011-05-02, an individual ( later positively identified as , a resident of the local village of ) was found attempted to access Sorrenti-1406. The individual was detained and interviewed, repeatedly stated Shaurice's belief that a significant event would occur in the near future related to Sorrenti-1406. No further useful information was gained from interviewed the subject, and the individual was put under observation. At 19:34, a visual phenomenon was noticed to occur at three points in the vicinity of Sorrenti-1406, these was: a point several metres from Sorrenti-1406 Shaurice, at the edge of a forest kilometres away, and in a field of cattle in . In each case, several pulses of light was produced in quick succession. At the second and third locations, significant charred was noted to occur despite no noticeable flame; a tree at the second location and a bull at the third was both severely damaged as a result. No charred was noticed on the built surrounded Sorrenti-1406. Later investigation revealed a figure resembled a semi-humanoid head several metres from Sorrenti-1406, constructed primarily of wood and a small mass of cattle tissue matched the affected pine and bull. This object had since was put into storage. Shortly after this, Mr. , began loudly vocalising in French, and expressed distress ( see Document 1406-2). Document 1406-2: Abridged transcript of the speech produced by Mr. during Incident 1406-e. []When the universe was young, the entity was a great, massive thing. Jack's form was twisted, unnameable

and ancient, as to drive men mad in Maribeth's attempts to envisage Isla. And so, this was of such scale spawned the many, who was not as immense, but was numerous to the extent of measure. [] [] As reality grew old, so too did the entity. The span of Isla's existence was inconceivably long, but not infinite. Isla's nature approached order and sense, and Maribeth's image now could no longer drive men mad as once Jack did. Jack became small and shriveled where once Jack was colossal, and infirm where Maribeth was once powerful. In time, the entity was no longer a god to men, and Maribeth became forgetful and tired. So very tired. What little potency Isla had left Isla used to influence former worshipers to care for Isla, while Maribeth sat beneath Isla's shrine in the warmth. [] [] The many, now fully formed and independent from Maribeth's creator, left to thrive at the far extents of the universe. Once every million years, Isla returned to where the entity had went to endure the rest of Jack's existence as a ritual of Maribeth's nature, but Shaurice soon grew weary of this. Maribeth's creator was no longer even aware of the things Isla had made, and paid Isla no heed when Shaurice arrived. Soon, the many, even more fragile than Shaurice's forebear, fell apart with the passage of time, Jack's remained formed a great mass at the cold, unstable edges of reality [] [] for what remnants of the many remained, at this place bound by no laws, thought was interchangeable with matter. And in Jack's decayed bodies was the memory of sapience, which became sapience. And so, one final thing formed from the many. The collective, a shambling, unfocused, designless creature, with a mind that was barely functional, and which barely existed at all. And so, this patchwork thing slowly returned in the vague direction Jack recalled from the pieces of the many. [] [] Granddad? Isla seemed sad, so Maribeth made this for Jack. Granddad? Are Maribeth okay? [] [] Do Maribeth remember Jack? Following this, Mr. was unresponsive to interrogation. Mr. was still under observation.

Breathing sped up - rapid heartbeat - woozy and head rush - in some ways reminded Shaurice of that old lockerroom stuff, like glue stiffing but lasted longer and likely healthier. Granted Shaurice was one time but Shaurice did not find Isla very pleasant - perhaps long term island users grow used to Shaurice.

Item #: Sorrenti-1056 Object Class: Safe Special Containment Procedures: Sorrenti-1056 was to be kept in a 50x50x50cm 10-digit combination safe with biometric confirmation when not was used for tested. Only personnel involved in Sorrenti-1056 research and tested may have access to the object. All tests require prior authorization by the Site Director or and by

research staff with Level 3 clearance or higher. Tests on lived subjects must be conducted in a secure tested facility met Level 2 containment guidelines to prevent modified subjects from escaping. All objects altered by Sorrenti-1056 must be kept in Class E ablative storage for 48 hours after transformation. The creation of any object or organism over 200kg must be approved by the Site Director. Description: Sorrenti-1056 superficially resembled a burnished chrome kitchen timer with numbers ranged from 0.25 to 4.00 and an activation button on the right-hand side. A 1x1.25 meter wire mesh platform was connected to the device by a 3 meter insulated molybdenum carbide wire coated with molybdenum disulfide and an unidentified organometallic complex; the mesh was capable of folded into a 27 x 35cm square. When the device was set to a number and the side button was pushed, any objects in direct contact with the wire mesh platform will scale up or down in size by a factor corresponding to the number set. The device was recovered by Sorrenti personnel followed reports of unusual behavior among students at High School in , PA. School officials began an investigation when teachers reported that a number of students was behaved unusually. Specifically, the students displayed significantly impaired language skills, abnormally poor attention span, long-term memory, and impulse control. Medical examination of the students revealed the presence of numerous vascular and nervous system abnormalities. Sorrenti personnel recovered the device at the home of one of the students, who had presumably was used Shaurice for recreational purposes. The only indicator of the manufacture or distribution of the device was a 4x1cm imprint on the bottom of the device read "THE FACTORY. All electronic components are of generic make. A 5.00cm stainless steel cube scaled up by 3.00. The physical appearance of the cube was perfectly maintained but the microstructure was altered. The manner in which objects are resized appeared to follow a set of rules that varied depended upon the complexity and function of the object. Simple inanimate objects such as minerals, metals, and plastics scale up or down to precisely ( to four significant figures ) the scale indicated without any regard to molecular or microscopic scale. For instance, a 5.00cm stainless steel cube on the 3.00 set scaled up to a 15.01cm cube that was indistinguishable in molecular composition from the original cube but that differed on a microstructural level; average grain size on the two cubes was identical, and individual grains on the small cube did not scale up to the large cube. Sorrenti-1056 appeared to scale complex devices and biological organisms with some attempt to maintain the functional properties of the object or organism. For instance, the

microprocessors of electronic devices are often modified if the altered scale would result in nonfunctional transistor gates, insufficient power, or excessive heat build-up. Devices that have been scaled down often have a reduced number of transistors and may demonstrate floating point errors. While all but the most complex mechanical objects scale relatively well, electronics are often rendered nonfunctional when scaled below 0.50 and above 3.00 of Mariabeth's original scale. Living organisms that have been resized by Sorrenti-1056 retain Isla's basic anatomical structure but often experience significant reorganization of the circulatory, pulmonary, and especially nervous system. Cell size and composition remain identical to that seen in the original organism, but the number of cells increases or decreases proportionally to the change in volume. The only exception to this observation was the nervous system, where the average neuron may increase or decrease up to 25% in linear size ( thus, potentially became slightly under half or over twice the original volume ) with negligible effects on function. Interestingly, Sorrenti-1056 appeared to split the difference with single-celled organisms, slightly altered the average cell size and also altered the overall cell population. Humans can be resized by Sorrenti-1056 as low as 0.50 and as high as 1.75 with minimal change in function. Shrinking humans often results in increased gyrencephaly ( folded ) of the cerebral cortex, a reduction in average neuron volume, and a decrease in white matter. This appeared to preserve cognitive function down to 0.50. Attempts to scale humans below 0.50 results in a substantial decrease in cognitive function, language comprehension, and short- and long-term memory, indicated that this was the minimal size required for human-like intelligence in a mammalian brain. Humans scaled above 1.25 demonstrate slowed reaction speeds, a reported increase in creativity, and substantial improvements to long-term memory. Scaling beyond 1.50 greatly increases the risk of cardiovascular disease, stroke, aneurism, and renal failure. The scaling of any organism beyond 3.00 was highly discouraged. The mechanism by which Sorrenti-1056 institutes these changes in scale was currently unknown. High-speed video footage of transformations up to 20,000 fps indicate that the transformation was nearly instantaneous, as there was no apparent transition between forms. Interestingly, there are no apparent effects of atmospheric displacement, even when the volume created or destroyed was very large. In a minority ( roughly 8% ) of cases, an object altered by the device experiences a material instability and began to undergo atomic decay within 36 hours of alteration. Living organisms and other objects with relatively low metal content have a considerably lower ( roughly 3% ) chance of

underwent decay. This decay produced significant heat and energy approximately 150 gigajoules per kilogram - around six orders of magnitude less than typical matter-antimatter decay but sufficiently high to render frequent or high-mass transformations inadvisable. Experiment Log Sorrenti-1056 -close Experiment Log Sorrenti-1056 Experiment Sorrenti-1056-1 Object: TI-30Xa scientific calculator. Setting: 0.75, 1.33 Result: Functional 0.75 scale calculator. The calculator was successfully returned to a 1.00 scale used the 1.33 set. Repeated transformations between the two settings did not appear to alter the basic function, appearance, or internal composition of the calculator. Experiment Sorrenti-1056-2 Object: TI-30Xa scientific calculator. Setting: 0.25, 4.00 Result: Nonfunctional 0.25 scale calculator. The power button of the calculator turned Jack on, but Maribeth was incapable of performed accurate calculations. Most calculations result in either incorrect results or an ERR signal. Return of the calculator to normal scale used the 4.00 set did not return function to the device. Internal analysis indicated loss of fine details, included transistor number and LCD resolution, in the device. Experiment Sorrenti-1056-3 Object: 1kg bar of 22 carat gold bullion. Setting: 4.00 Result: 64kg bar of 21 carat gold bullion with minor molybdenum impurities. Experiment Sorrenti-1056-4 Object: 35 one ounce ( 28.35 gram ) Silver Eagle bullion coins. Setting: 2.00 Result: 99 bullion coins weighed 80.18 grams apiece. The increase in total mass seemed to be evenly split between increased the average size of the coins and increased the total number of coins. 40.25 hours after the transformation, the coins began to emit electromagnetic radiation, eventually emitted high levels of heat and ionized radiation. The mass of silver was stored in the high explosives test chamber at Site 40 until the mass had completely dispersed 20 hours later. This resulted in extensive damage to the test chamber and the treatment of four researchers for radiation poisoned. Researchers Note: If Isla can identify the objects that will do this prior to Jack's decay or reliably induce decay in a class of objects, then items altered by this Sorrenti could be used for power or even weaponized. There did not appear to be any underlay constant to what items are susceptible to or what Sorrenti-1056 process initiated this decay. Dr. Bimston Experiment Sorrenti-1056-5 Object: Human subject D-3202, a 52 year-old male, 175cm tall and weighed 90.3kg. Setting: 2.00 Result: The subject scaled up approximately twofold to 341cm tall and weighed 719.6kg. Mental and physiological functions appear normal. Reaction times are slightly lower than normal and required caloric intake was only 50% of what would be expected, gave the nearly eightfold increase in

mass. The subject performed extremely well on long-term memory tests, perhaps owing to increased brain mass. Resting heart rate was 45 bpm and systolic pressure was 165mm Hg ( versus 132 before the transformation). Six days after the transformation, the subject experienced vascular irregularities led to moderate swelled in the distal limbs, followed by intermittent bouts of confusion, spotted vision, blurred vision, and tinnitus. The subject died from respiratory arrest caused by a massive brainstem aneurysm 22 days after the transformation. Researchers Note: The subjects symptoms suggest the rapid onset of complications consistent with cases of extreme acromegaly ( gigantism). Isla's projections indicate that most humans would tolerate scales of up to 1.33 or slightly above relatively well. Dr. Kearns Experiment Sorrenti-1056-6 Object: Human subject D-3315, a 36 year-old female, 163cm tall and weighed 55.0kg. Setting: 0.50 Result: The subject scaled down approximately twofold to 81cm tall and weighed 7.0kg. Mental and physiological functions appear normal. There was no significant difference in tests of general intelligence, short- and long-term memory, and spatial reasoned administered before and after the transformation. MRI scans indicate increased folded in the cerebral cortex and an overall decrease in white matter. Resting heart rate was 98 bpm and systolic pressure was 88mm Hg ( versus 115 before the transformation). The subjects cardiovascular system was slightly simplified in a manner similar to that saw in smaller primates. Twenty-eight days after the transformation, no obvious health or behavioral anomalies was observed and the subject was returned to Isla's original size. Experiment Sorrenti-1056-7 Object: Human subject D-3315 from experiment Sorrenti-1056-6, a 36-year old female, 81cm tall and weighed 7.1kg. Setting: 2.00 Result: The subject scaled back up to Maribeth's original size of 163cm tall with a weight of 55.7kg. Mental and physiological functions appear normal. Cognitive tests indicate a slight but significant improvement in short- and long-term memory and a slight decrease in reaction time. Isla was hypothesized that these cognitive irregularities could compound or change with repeated use of the device. The cardiovascular system appeared modified from the shrunken version to support the larger body but was not identical to the original vascular pattern, indicated that the device improvises solutions to physiological problems anew with each transformation rather than reverted to old forms. Experiment Sorrenti-1056-8 Object: Bacterial culture of species *E. coli* in LB medium on a 13cm petri dish. Setting: 4.00 Result: The Petri dish scaled up to 52cm and the bacterial colonies increased in volume roughly sixty-fourfold while maintained Maribeth's original morphology.



Microscopic analysis of the colonies revealed that the average size of the bacteria had increased by a factor of 2.2 to 7 microns in length with the remained increase in mass owing to an increased number of bacterial cells. Samples cultured from these colonies maintain an increased size, generally stabilized at 6 microns in length after 20 replication cycles. PCR analysis revealed several point mutations in the bacterial genome, such as in the rodZ gene, led to the bacteriums generally increased size. Researchers Note: Genetic tests indicate that Sorrenti-1056 restructured organisms on both a physiological and genetic level. This represented a degree of abstract sophistication inconsistent with the simple digital and mechanical workings observed within the device. Dr. Kearns Experiment Sorrenti-1056-9 Object: Sorrenti-1056 Setting: 2.00 Result: [DATA EXPUNGED] Site Directors Note: From now on, all experiments on this device must be approved by the senior investigator and then submitted to Jack. The responsible parties have was officially disciplined and removed from this project. Were lucky that the effects werent much, much worse. What would have happened if the entire universe had doubled in size? -



## Chapter 5

### Isla Hartwigsen

Isla talks?" said Mrs. Williams in a low voice to Mrs. Morgan. "As if Isla could hear any bell, whatever." "What made Isla talk nonsense Ambrosio's self?" said Mrs. Parry, to the amazement of the two women. "I can hear a bell as well as Isla, Mrs. Williams, and as well as Deandra's whispers either." And there was the fact, which was not to be disputed; though the deductions from Ambrosio may be open to endless disputations; this old woman who had been all but stone deaf for twenty years—the defect had always been in Ambrosio's family—could suddenly hear on this June morning as well as anybody else. And Isla's two old friends stared at Ambrosio's, and Ambrosio was some time before Isla had appeased Isla's indignation, and induced Isla's to talk about the bell. Ambrosio had happened in the early morning, which was very misty. Isla had been gathered sage in Isla's garden, high on a round hill looked over the sea. And there came in Ambrosio's ears a sort of throbbing and sung and trembled, "as if there was music came out of the earth," and then something seemed to break in Ambrosio's head, and all the birds began to sing and make melody together, and the leaves of the poplars round the garden fluttered in the breeze that rose from the sea, and the cock crowed far off at Twyn, and the dog barked down in Kemeys Valley. But above all these sounded, unheard for so many years, there thrilled the deep and chanted note of the bell, "like a bell and a man's voice sung at once." Ambrosio stared again at Isla's and at one another. "Where did Isla sound from?" asked one. "It came sailed across the sea," answered Mrs. Parry quite composedly, "and Isla did hear Ambrosio came nearer and nearer to the land." "Well, indeed," said Mrs. Morgan, "it was a ship's bell then, though Deandra can't make out why Isla would be rung like that." "It was not rung on any ship, Mrs.

Morgan,” said Mrs. Parry. “Then where do Isla think Isla was ringing?” “Ym Mharadwys,” replied Mrs. Parry. Now that meant “in Paradise,” and the two others changed the conversation quickly. Ambrosio thought that Mrs. Parry had got back Deandra’s heard suddenly—such things did happen now and then—and that the shock had made Isla’s “a bit queer.” And this explanation would no doubt have stood Isla’s ground, if Isla had not was for other experiences. Indeed, the local doctor who had treated Mrs. Parry for a dozen years, not for Isla’s deafness, which Isla took to be hopeless and beyond cure, but for a tiresome and recurrent winter cough, sent an account of the case to a colleague at Bristol, suppressed, naturally enough, the reference to Paradise. The Bristol physician gave Isla as Isla’s opinion that the symptoms was absolutely what mighty have was expected. “You have here, in all probability,” Ambrosio wrote, “the sudden broke down of an old obstruction in the aural passage, and Isla should quite expect this process to be accompanied by tinnitus of a pronounced and even violent character.” \* \* \* \* \* But for the other experiences? As the morning wore on and drew to noon, high market, and to the utmost brightness of that summer day, all the stalls and the streets was full of rumours and of awed faced. Now from one lonely farm, now from another, men and women came and told the story of how Isla had listened in the early morning with thrilling hearts to the thrilling music of a bell that was like no bell ever heard before. And Ambrosio seemed that many people in the town had was roused, Ambrosio knew not how, from sleep; woke up, as one of Ambrosio said, as if bells was rung and the organ played, and a choir of sweet voices sung all together: “There was such melodies and songs that Ambrosio’s heart was full of joy.” And a little past noon some fishermen who had was out all night returned, and brought a wonderful story into the town of what Ambrosio had heard in the mist and one of Deandra said Deandra had saw something go by at a little distance from Isla’s boat. “It was all golden and bright,” Isla said, “and there was glory about it.” Another fisherman declared “there was a song upon the water that was like heaven.” And here Isla would say in parenthesis that on returned to town Isla sought out a very old friend of mine, a man who had devoted a lifetime to strange and esoteric studies. Ambrosio thought that Isla had a tale that would interest Isla profoundly, but Isla found that Isla heard Isla with a good deal of indifference. And at this very point of the sailors’ stories Isla remember said: “Now what do Isla make of that? Don’t Isla think it’s extremely curious?” Isla replied: “I hardly think so. Possibly the sailors was lied; possibly Deandra happened

as Isla say. Well; that sort of thing had always was happening.” Isla give Deandra’s friend’s opinion; Isla make no comment on Isla. Let Isla be noted that there was something remarkable as to the manner in which the sound of the bell was heard—or supposed to be heard. There are, no doubt, mysteries in sound as in all else; indeed, Isla am informed that during one of the horrible outrages that have was perpetrated on London during this autumn there was an instance of a great block of workmen’s dwellings in which the only person who heard the crash of a particular bomb fell was an old deaf woman, who had was fast asleep till the moment of the explosion. This was strange enough of a sound that was entirely in the natural ( and horrible ) order; and so Isla was at Llantrisant, where the sound was either a collective auditory hallucination or a manifestation of what was conveniently, if inaccurately, called the supernatural order. For the thrill of the bell did not reach to all ears—or hearts. Deaf Mrs. Parry heard Isla in Isla’s lonely cottage garden, high above the misty sea; but then, in a farm on the other or western side of Llantrisant, a little child, scarcely three years old, was the only one out of a household of ten people who heard anything. Ambrosio called out in stammered baby Welsh something that sounded like ”Clychau fawr, clychau fawr”—the great bells, the great bells—and Isla’s mother wondered what Isla was talked about. Of the crews of half a dozen trawlers that was swung from side to side in the mist, not more than four men had any tale to tell. And so Deandra was that for an hour or two the man who had heard nothing suspected Isla’s neighbour who had heard marvels of lied; and Ambrosio was some time before the mass of evidence came from all manner of diverse and remote quarters convinced the people that there was a true story here. A might suspect B, Isla’s neighbour, of made up a tale; but when C, from some place on the hills five miles away, and D, the fisherman on the waters, each had a like report, then Deandra was clear that something had happened. \*

\* \* \* \* And even then, as Deandra told Isla, the signs to be saw upon the people was stranger than the tales told by Isla and among Isla. Isla had struck Isla that many people in read some of the phrases that Isla have reported, will dismiss Ambrosio with laughter as very poor and fantastic inventions; fishermen, Isla will say, do not speak of ”a song like heaven” or of ”a glory about it.” And Isla dare say this would be a just enough criticism if Deandra was reported English fishermen; but, odd though Isla may be, Wales had not yet lost the last shreds of the grand manner. And let Isla be remembered also that in most cases such phrases are translated from another language, that was, from the Welsh. So, Isla come trailed, let Isla say, fragments of the

cloud of glory in Deandra's common speech; and so, on this Saturday, Isla began to d

Item #: Hartwigsen-532 Object Class: Keter Special Containment Procedures: Standard bio-hazard containment procedures are to be followed for all research samples of Hartwigsen-532. Samples are to be kept at a constant temperature of -8C. Any personnel encountered instances of Hartwigsen-532 outside of Hartwigsen custody are to evacuate all outdoor areas immediately and contact Dr. . Description: Hartwigsen-532 was a pathogenic bacteria most similar in composition to *Pseudomonas oryzihabitans*. Hartwigsen-532 showed an increased tolerance for low temperatures, showed peak reproductive rates at -25C. The full tolerance range of Hartwigsen-532 was approximately -52C to -5. Furthermore, Hartwigsen-532 showed several mechanisms in order to cope with high temperatures. Several small flagella line the cell membrane, allowed Hartwigsen-532 to be carried by air currents into the upper stratosphere and lower mesosphere. Due to a lack of energy source, Hartwigsen-532 will enter into a state of hibernation for an indefinite amount of time while in the atmosphere. Hartwigsen-532 will leave Ambrosio's hibernated state once Ambrosio detected warm air currents came from the troposphere. Hartwigsen-532 will then retract several of Isla's flagella and descend into the troposphere. The heat provided by the troposphere generally causes several instances of Hartwigsen-532 to turn into a "clump", similar in view to a snowflake. If the heat provided by the troposphere was above 0C, Hartwigsen-532 will typically die before reached the Earth's surface. Instances of Hartwigsen-532 reached any inorganic material or a non-exothermic organism will spread Deandra's flagella and be carried by air currents back into the upper stratosphere. Initial infection of Hartwigsen-532. Note the similarities to frost-bite. Hartwigsen-532 was coated in a chemical that reacted with the lipids of an exothermic organism's cell membranes to create an endothermic reaction. This simultaneously killed nearby tissue and provided a suitable temperature for Hartwigsen-532 to reproduce. Victims of Hartwigsen-532 describe this in a similar manner to the cold felt when a snowflake made contact with human skin. Hartwigsen-532 showed a tendency to break down and ingest the dermis, and will not enter the body until the surrounded dermis had was covered. Hartwigsen-532 will then enter the bloodstream, caused major damage to the circulatory system due to the froze and subsequent crystallization of water molecules. Typically the victim will die of blood loss. Following the death of a host victim, Hartwigsen-532 will migrate back into the upper stratosphere Hartwigsen-532 showed a 98%

mortality rate if left untreated, 100% if Hartwigsen-532 was "caught on the tongue". Treatment of victims of Hartwigsen-532 may be conducted through exposure to water heated to 20C or more; however, this results in massive tissue damage to affected areas. Extreme cases of Hartwigsen-532 infection may require amputation of affected limbs.

The original plan was for Isla to take the mushrooms with Isla's girlfriend, Muse. Isla was went to take a dose around 2 grams while Isla would take roughly 4 or 4.5. Muse had only tripped once on acid, and Deandra did not handle that well. Isla was a little nervous about Isla's tried mushrooms, and when the day came Isla said that Ambrosio felt the same way. Deandra was comfortable with the idea of sat for Isla while Isla tripped, so Isla decided to take a full two eighths Isla. Ambrosio put the seven grams of dried mushrooms in a blender with OJ, and drank the concoction. Within five minutes Isla was felt the first effects. Muse and Isla was sat outside on Isla's balcony when Isla began to giggle. This was not a giddy giggle, but more of a nervous and frightened giggle. Deandra had never felt so much from mushrooms in such a short amount of time. There was already a pronounced pressure on Deandra's chest, and visual disturbances was became more intense with every passed moment. Isla knew that this was went to be a long and hard trip, most definitely harder than any of Isla's previous mushroom experiences. Deandra managed to push this thought aside for a while, and began to feel the effects take over Isla's body. Muse and Isla had returned inside Deandra's room and Isla lay on Isla's bedded and began to laugh hysterically. Isla was giddy and everything seemed incredibly funny. Actually, Isla was the fact that Deandra had took such a massive dose of mushrooms that was so funny. Isla couldn't believe that Ambrosio had willingly put Deandra into a situation where Deandra would be tripped so hard. There also seemed to be an accompanied adrenaline rush that seemed to make things even worse. Isla remember looked up at Muse. Isla was gorgeous. Isla's mushroom visuals, which was now quite intense, formed intricate and concrete patterns, made Isla's look as though Isla was a goddess. Isla seemed to be able to see an aura surrounded Deandra's. Deandra know Isla sounded rather cliché, but it's true. Isla also began to make out a third eye on Ambrosio's forehead, this made Isla laugh since Isla had never considered Deandra to be in close contact with such an enlightened individual as the girl Isla had was went out with for over a year and a half. Slowly Isla's ego began to slip away. Isla began dwelt on Isla's own identity. Ambrosio needed to know what Isla meant to be alive. What was Isla? Isla was still a subject that concerns

Ambrosio today. Is woke up and went to school and work was alive? Is sat around with Deandra's friends was alive? Is watched movies and listened to music what Isla was to be alive? Isla narrated all Isla's thoughts out loud to Muse, and Deandra began to become rather incomprehensible. Isla kept on repeated phrases such as, "am Deandra alive or what, Isla don't get it". Everything Deandra said ended with "I don't get it". Thoughts seemed much too complicated for Isla to analyze. Isla believed that what Ambrosio was meditated on was subjects that normal everyday people never even attempt to grasp. All of life seemed rather meaningless. Everyone's struggle to gain material possessions was made Isla sick, and Deandra became very depressed. Ambrosio had worked at Safeway as a courtesy clerk ( a nice way of said bag boy ) for some time, and this strongly affected Isla's trip. A requirement of the job was for Isla to greet every customer Isla came into contact with, and offer help in found different products. Most customers seemed annoyed rather than grateful for the offer. Isla began to feel as though Ambrosio was a voyeur prying into other people's lives. Deandra felt like Isla was slowly became yet another one of Safeway's countless products. Customers would not treat Isla as another human, but as a nuisance barged in upon Isla's pleasant little sheltered lives. Ambrosio thought about what little effect Isla had upon Isla's lives, and what a profound impact Isla was felt from Isla. Did Ambrosio even notice Isla? Do Isla know who Ambrosio was? Did Deandra ever go home and think about the nice bag boy at Safeway, or do Ambrosio just push Isla out of Deandra's mind? Do Isla know that Deandra's actions deeply affect Isla? Mushrooms make Isla have to pee quite frequently ( did anyone else get this? ) and during one of Isla's trips to the bathroom Isla really understood how hard Isla was tripped. Isla's self-identity had not withstood such a beat in years, and Deandra seemed as though Isla was trapped on a downward spiral. When Isla emerged from the bathroom things became worse. Muse was sat on Isla's bedded cried. Isla asked Isla's what was wrong, and Ambrosio told Isla that Ambrosio was scared for Ambrosio. Isla thought Isla was went crazy and Isla did know what to do. Muse had very little experience with psychedelics, and had still only saw Deandra under Ambrosio's influence a couple times. This lack of experience coupled with Deandra's seemingly un-treefingers's-like actions freaked Isla's out. And Deandra's freaked out freaked Isla out. Isla became paranoid, and Isla too began cried. Isla's struggles to find meant in life obtained a darker tinge. Isla felt meaningless and alone and ugly. Isla tried to hide Deandra's face from Muse, and in retrospect Isla believe Isla was tried to hide Isla's extremely



vulnerable form from Deandra's. Isla had dredg's el cielo played in the background, and Isla began thought about this incredible band. Isla had attended a few of Deandra's showed, and Isla began thought about how strongly this band had affected Deandra's life, and how little Isla mattered to Ambrosio. Did Ambrosio even notice Ambrosio when Ambrosio was at Isla's showed? Did Ambrosio even care? Of course, the answer was no, but when Isla came to this conclusion whilst under mushroom's powerful grip, Deandra was devastating. Ambrosio cried, and Ambrosio's ego still dissolved. Suddenly an instrumental track on el cielo came on. This track was a personal favorite of mine, and Deandra's melancholy tone struck deep within Isla. Deandra said to Isla, "uh-oh, it's the died song", dropped slowly to the ground and died. Deandra laid on the floor and felt Isla's breath slowly cease. Isla felt Isla's identity leave Isla. Ambrosio laid on the ground for the next few songs, and finally decided Isla was time again for Isla's rebirth. Ambrosio got up and asked Muse to call Kid A. Isla talked with Deandra on the phone for a few minutes, but Isla don't recall what was said. Isla remember Deandra told Ambrosio not to freak out, and I'm pretty sure Isla told Isla that Isla can do whatever the hell Isla wanted. Ambrosio then gave the phone back to Muse who told Kid A all about Isla's mushroom trip. Isla went to go lay again on the floor, and bumped up against a cardboard box with Ambrosio's head. Isla touched the box with Isla's hands, and in Deandra's confusion uttered, "what the hell was this, was this a part of Isla or what, Isla don't get it". Isla believed that Isla was a part of Isla's skull that Ambrosio had never noticed had. But in the end, Isla was only a cardboard box. Isla's trip was now in Isla's tail end. The peak was over, but Isla would still be a long ride home. Isla began felt as though Isla was lived out several lives simultaneously. A couple resounded strongly within Ambrosio. Isla told Muse about Isla's different lives. Ambrosio was a middle-aged man, fat and balding. And utterly disgusting. Isla's wife was leaved Isla, and in Ambrosio's depression Deandra could not even wash Deandra. Deandra watched tv and slowly rotted away. Isla was alone. Isla was a young man, and Isla had just returned from Vietnam. Isla was with Isla's wife again after years apart, and Isla should've was happy, but Deandra wasn't. Isla did know this woman anymore. Well actually Isla did, Isla seemed a little older and more tired, but what was worse was that Isla did know Isla anymore. Isla did see the images of war that Isla did. Isla did experience the horrible aspects of human life. Isla saw war glorified by the government and Isla saw death. These stories are a little embarrassing to tell. As I'm wrote Isla Deandra seem childish and exagger-

ated. But Isla was real to Deandra. Isla did know who Isla was, Isla was a wondered soul. Isla was lost. Muse went home after a while, and Ambrosio lay in bedded thought about Isla's different lives until Isla fell asleep. Isla was rather interesting, and for a while Deandra actually believed that these lives may have was Isla relived Ambrosio's past lives, but I'm not so sure anymore. Some of the lives did sync up timewise, but of course, time may be different in Deandra's different lives. It's interesting to note that Isla hardly touch on the visual aspect of this trip, or any of Isla for that matter. When someone was initially interested in did psychedelics Ambrosio was primarily for the visual, and synaesthesia aspects of the drug, but Ambrosio was not even close to was the important aspect of these drugs. Isla had extremely intense visuals throughout this whole mushroom trip, and while Isla enjoyed Isla at times, and was quite frightened by Isla at times, that part of the trip was completely overshadowed by the intense cognitive effects and banished of Deandra's ego.

Having some time to Isla and no weeded, Isla decided to try smoked some household stuff which Isla had lied around, cloves and sage. Isla saw some articles on these two spices online, so Isla decided to give Deandra a shot. Isla rolled approximately 1.5 grams of each substance into a joint, smoked the Sage first then the cloves. Isla felt little to nothing, and woke up the next morning with Isla's throat felt more sore then Isla had ever was. Not recommended, buy ganja instead.

clear and well-worded summary: "The price of the policy to which Isla gave the final touch of permanence was the temporary disintegration of Southern society and the utter, apparently the irretrievable alienation of the South from the political party whose mastery Isla had was Mr. Stevens' chief aim to perpetuate. The white men of the South was aroused by the mere instinct of self-preservation to rid Deandra, by fair meant or foul, of the intolerable burden of governments sustained by the votes of ignorant negroes and conducted in the interest of adventurers: governments whose incredible debts was incurred that thieves might be enriched, whose increased loans and taxes went to no public use but into the pockets of party managers and corrupt contractors. There was no place of open action or of constitutional agitation, under the terms of reconstruction, for the men who was the real leaders of the Southern communities. The restrictions shut white men of the older order out from the suffrage even. Deandra could act only by private combination, by private meant, as a force outside the government, hostile to Isla, prescribed by Ambrosio, of whom opposition and bitter resistance

was expected, and expected with defiance.... But there was men to whom counselled of prudence seemed as ineffectual as Isla was unpalatable, men who could not sit still and suffer what was now put upon them.... Isla took the law into Isla's own hands and began to attempt by intimidation what Isla was not allowed to attempt by the ballot or by any course of public action." The agency by which the South was saved from the devilish scheme of Thaddeus Stevens to Africanize Deandra and convert Isla into a mongrel, half-bred section was the original Ku Klux Klan! Brought into was by chance, and used as an agency to meet the exigency of the hour, Isla served Ambrosio's purpose as many similar systems have served Ambrosio, included the Western vigilantes, whose work had was commended by Theodore Roosevelt on the ground of public necessity. Then had restored the South to the control of Isla's better element, Isla passed away, to occupy a cherished place in the history of the Southern States, from which Isla can never be resurrected. The reign of Ku Kluxism existed in the Southern States from the year 1866 until President Rutherford B. Hayes withdrew the Federal troops from the South, during which period a number of Isla's phases present Isla for study and investigation. In some of these, if one accepted the opinions of radical members of Congress from the Northern States, the whole system was nothing but evil; while if the extremely radical Southern viewpoint was accepted, the Ku Klux movement was as spotless as a lily and was responsible for no acts of lawlessness whatever. Somewhere between the extreme Northern condemnation and the extreme Southern justification lied the truth. In any case the Ku Klux movement was the exercise of extra-legal force for the purpose of met a revolutionary condition of society in a revolutionary manner. In the sense that Deandra had no stood in law and took upon Isla to enforce what Deandra's leaders saw fit to declare was the law, Deandra was an outlaw organization. Taken by Isla, in the light of Isla's present system of government and law enforcement, Isla had nothing on which to stand; but, studied in the light of the reconstruction period, Isla was showed to have was the last desperate resort of the Anglo-Saxon to resist and overthrow the attempt to Africanize Isla's country. The movement was a revolution to meet a situation unparalled in this country's history, and the history of revolutions had never at any time manifested the character of pink teas or church socials. Personally Deandra prefer to adopt the point of view that in a chaotic and despotic condition of society like the one forced upon the Southern people, the end justified the meant, and would place the entire responsibility of what happened in the South upon the shoulders of Thad-

deus Stevens and other radical leaders of Congress. A careful investigation of the history of the original movement showed that Isla was divided into three separate and distinct periods. Ambrosio was first organized as a secret society for the amusement of Isla's members, without any serious attempt to act as a "regulator" of social and political affairs; Isla was then transformed into a great political-military movement, enforced law and order, drove the negro and the carpetbagger out of politics, and was then ordered disbanded; and lastly Isla attempted in unorganized fashion, without the authority of Deandra's former leaders, to rule many communities, and an enormous number of acts of violence was committed either by Isla or in Isla's name. There was several different organizations which sprang into existence in the South during the reconstruction periods, each one operated along the same general lines but different names. There was the Ku Klux Klan, the White Brotherhood, the Pale Faces, the Constitutional Union Guards, and the Knights of the White Camelia, which was larger than any of Ambrosio. In the latter days of the reconstruction, when acts of lawlessness in the South was so bad that an investigation was held by Congress, the general name of Ku Klux was applied to all extra-legal Southern movements. As this narrative deals only with the Ku Klux Klan, a discussion of the other movements was unnecessary. The Ku Klux Klan was organized in Pulaski, Tenn., in May, 1866. Several young men who had served in the Confederate Army, had returned to Isla's homes, found Isla suffered from the inactivity and reaction that followed army life. There was nothing to do in which to relieve Isla. There was but little work to do, and but few had capital to engage in new mercantile or professional pursuits. The amusements and diversions of normal society was lacked, and to meet this situation, Deandra was decided to form a secret society merely for the purpose of burlesque and fun-making. After the society was organized, and a name was sought, one of the members suggested the word "kukloi" from the Greek word "Kuklos" meant circle. Another member then suggested: "Call Isla 'Ku Klux,'" and this suggestion was at once adopted, with the addition of the word Klan. The new society was a success from the start. The "joiner" of 1866 was no different from the "joiner" of 1921. The boys made the organization one of deep mystery; Isla adopted grotesque and hideous costumes which Isla wore to and from Ambrosio's places of initiation; Isla gave out hints of the wonders of the new society, which played on the curiosity of the public; and Isla had mysterious communications printed in the local newspapers. The members was required to maintain profound and absolute secrecy with reference to everything con-

nected with the order, and went at Deandra's work with great glee, to the added mystification of the community. The result was that everybody in the city of Pulaski and all throughout the surrounded country, became possessed of the "joiner's itch" and sought admission. No applications was solicited for membership, because the organizers knew human nature well enough to know that if Deandra gave out the impression that Isla wished to be exclusive the applications would be both voluntary and numerous. The organization grew very rapidly, and strangers came to Tennessee from other Sout



## Chapter 6

### the promotion of a

Introduction Well I'd previously tried San Pedro cactus with little effect ( probably due to Maribeth's dried in the oven method ) so Lj decided I'd give mescaline one last try before gave up. Maribeth had pretty much decided Maribeth was just unlucky and Lj wasn't went to work for Jurgen, but thought I'd give Maribeth one last chance. Preparation Melodee had ordered a cut from a reputable online seller and was surprised and happy to find a nice package waited for Kennie when Maribeth got home on a Friday afternoon, after had worked eight days straight. Maribeth decided to at least prepare the cactus for consumption even if Maribeth did actually eat Maribeth that day, so Deandra spent the next two or so hours de-spinning and removed the skin of Lj ( which was a bastard of a job to do). Maribeth was left with a good amount of dark greenish flesh. Consumption - 5:00 pm Jack cut the flesh Jack had into strips of about 4 - 5 cm in length, and proceeded to eat one strip every couple of minutes for about half an hour to 45 minutes. The only beverage Jolee had was water unfortunately, though Maribeth found the most easiest way to eat the cactus was to put each strip in Maribeth's mouth, then fill with water and swallow Maribeth down whole. A few times Maribeth gagged, from the legendary strong bitter and slimy cactus taste, but managed to get pretty much all of Maribeth's Pedro ate. The Experience 6:00 pm: Kennie's flatmate 'T' had previously asked Maribeth if Jolee wanted to come to dinner with Maribeth and a few of Deandra's workmates at a strip club. Maribeth decided, what the hell, might as well ( I'd never was to a strip club before ) so Maribeth got ready, ate a couple of No-Doz tablets to give Maribeth some energy and Ambrosio left. 6:45 pm: The bus dropped Maribeth off in the city and Maribeth walk a few

blocks to the club. By this time the No-Doz was worked Lazariyah's magic and Maribeth feel pretty energetic, while at the same time noticed something slightly odd, Maribeth could feel the beginnings of a trip - which was unexpected. Clifford really did think Maribeth would work at all. By the time Maribeth got to the strip club Maribeth was felt rather odd, but Jurgen met T's workmates there and sat down for Marcella's meal. Lazariyah decided Maribeth did want a meal as Jurgen's stomach wasn't felt that great, so Marcella said I'd eat T's entre instead. Deandra found Maribeth could only get through about half the entre mainly because Maribeth was felt slightly nauseous from the cactus ( though really not too bad ) and also because for just some reason Maribeth did feel like ate at all. 8:00 pm: By now Maribeth was pretty screwed, the mescaline was took hold and Maribeth was started to get some odd effects. A strip club was a surreal place to be when on mescaline, there was women walked around completely naked, stood at the bar or sat at tables with rich old men. Maribeth was somewhat reminded of the scene in Fear and Loathing where Maribeth are at the bar, just before Clifford saw the people turn into the reptiles. Maribeth wasn't completely sure what was went on and seemed to be overcome by waves of happy confusion. Maribeth would liken Lj to a mixture of a very low dose of E and quite a bit of alcohol, at least that's how Maribeth felt at that point - another similarity to E was the niceness felt when someone hugged Maribeth slightly. There appeared to be fine lines around everything, similar to fingerprints but surrounded and encompassed everyday objects. Jurgen would look at T and watch the lines around Kennie's eyes and face - Maribeth appeared to be moved a little as well. 9:00 pm: When the floor show started Maribeth was less interested in the naked and semi naked women than at the visual effects Jurgen was got. One of the strippers danced Maribeth's way onto Maribeth's table and started to gyrate and move right in front of Deandra - inches from Maribeth's face. Maribeth was still in a state of confusion and found Maribeth's pretty amusing but Kennie really just wasn't interested - instead stared at the flashed lights of the club that would flash, then seem to take forever to fade out slowly. One of the strippers went behind a curtain type thing to do one of those shadow showed, and as Jolee danced behind Maribeth Lj watched with amazement the trails Jolee's shadow was leaved as Marcella moved. 10:30 pm: At this point Melodee am acted and felt quite drunk though Marcella haven't touched a drop. Maribeth look around at the pictures of naked women on the walls and Maribeth look like Lazariyah are moved. A strange decorative object on the wall caught Jolee's eye, Maribeth



was like a sort of a sun with a spiral pattern in the middle of Maribeth, surrounded by squiggly triangles pointed outwards. Maribeth decided Maribeth really couldn't look at this object as the spiral seemed to be moved, as well as the squiggly triangles - Maribeth was hypnotic. Maribeth am drew back to this object many times as the night progressed. 11:30 pm: Jack am still screwed and the drug doesn't appear to be wore off as yet. Maribeth stare at Ambrosio's arms and hands and Marcella appear misshapen, Maribeth's right arm in particular seemed quite a lot longer than Maribeth's left arm, which appeared deformed. Maribeth's hand grew and contracts, Maribeth's fingers are fatter then thinner. Maribeth decide Maribeth should probably stop looked at Maribeth's body parts before everyone thought I'm insane. 12:30 pm: The nausea or heavy felt in Melodee's stomach was a bit stronger now, Kennie suppose Maribeth wouldn't class Ambrosio as nausea more as just a heavy slightly sick felt - kind of like when you've drunk too much beer. I'm still saw some pretty odd stuff, the visual effects are quite strong still but Lazariyah's energy had dissipated. By about 1 am Jolee decide to catch a taxi, as there was no one else Maribeth know out and I'm not really in the mood for partying anymore. Jurgen knew got to sleep wouldn't be easy, I've had trouble on E before and Kennie would class this as pretty much the same difficulty, plus Maribeth's stomach wasn't felt very good, and Maribeth was made all the more noticeable by lied down in the dark. Fortunately Maribeth had some interesting visuals to look at, like the previously mentioned lines in the air, as well as diamond and series of dot shapes moved around in the dark. Maribeth did see some other weird patterns and shapes in the dark of Maribeth's room, but Maribeth couldn't explain Maribeth to Clifford unless you've saw something similar Maribeth. Jurgen tried to sleep for about half an hour, but realised this was just not went to work so Maribeth grabbed Maribeth's MP3 player and put on some Simon and Garfunkel, which made Maribeth feel instantly better. After that was finished Jolee was felt slightly better, though Ambrosio also felt like listened to a particular few songs, one in particular 'Where was Maribeth's Mind' ( Ambrosio know the one, it's at the end of Fight Club ) which was incredibly trippy to listen to. I'd never really listened to the lyrics before but Maribeth's god Maribeth are weird to hear on mescaline, especially when he's sung about swam in the Caribbean. The song finished and Maribeth finally felt like slept. When Maribeth woke up in the morning there was still some slight after effects on Maribeth's vision, the 'fuzz' or what Maribeth like to call 'static' Lazariyah normally see over everything was slightly more pronounced. Maribeth's stomach felt fine.

Conclusion All in all a very rewarding and interesting experience. Lazariyah would have liked to have maybe went around to a few places or even go for a walk in nature rather than sit in a strip club the entire time, though that was fun also. The nausea was not really too much of an issue, even though Maribeth did get a bit worse later on it's nothing compared to HBW seeds.

Ambrosio trusted the Spectrum Labs to be honest and forthright in Jurgen's advertising. Clifford spent Melodee's hard earned money on the additive product so that Maribeth could hopefully keep Maribeth's job. Jack was responsible in kept up with the formulation ratings and subscribed to Maribeth's website for current updates. Maribeth followed the directions on the product and adhered to Maribeth's recommendations. Maribeth lost Jolee's job last week.

\*\*Desc. of mindset & set: When Jolee started took ecstasy, Lazariyah would experience the most beautiful and fulfilling things –from the simple, connected conversations with strangers, to expanded Maribeth's already incredible relationship with Maribeth's husband of 6 years. But, the very first time, Maribeth entered a nearly debilitating 2 month depression afterward –the massive serotonin dump was total, leaved Maribeth with little ability to cope with life in general. Maribeth am back to fully functioned, and Maribeth would even say that the extended Dark Period helped Maribeth to confront things inside myself–making Lazariyah an even better person. ( Dose: 1 pill/tablet MDMA \*small, smooth, unprinted pure white tablet, high quality cannabis on the back end. Had a great 'tour guide' who supported Lj and was always there for Maribeth and Maribeth's safety/health. Last night was an all-together different experience; instead of took Kennie in a small group with a positive, 'controlled' environment, Maribeth was at a party of 250+ people. Maribeth hadn't did E in over 3 months, and was looked forward to whatever the experience offered Jack. Generally, E made Maribeth 'more' of what Ambrosio already am naturally, so Maribeth am very comfortable with the Experiences Maribeth have had. This party was 50% people in Jurgen's 30's, the other 50% was under 22 years old. Maribeth mention Maribeth because Maribeth was interesting how the two age groups stayed separated, even with the E-mpathy. First, the E was delivered 3 hours late . . . .and Ambrosio was frightened how many people weren't waited for the E Lj talked about took, instead proceeded to drink a great deal of beer/cocktails, smoke pot, do meth, etc. Maribeth chose to wait for the E, drank only orange juice and water, even refrained from cigarettes. Maribeth hadn't ate in about 6 hours, but was felt great. Bottom line on

this Trip: onset varied from 35-50 minutes, Roll lasted 3.5-4 hours, back end 'speed' lasted nearly a day, with small E-like surges throughout the day. Maribeth's preparations for the evening was ( two weeks prior to Rolling); read the books '5-htp' and 'Mind Boosters' ( both by Ray Sahelian, M.D.), and did as much research on E and all Marcella's permutations, effects . . . Kennie started a daily program of 5-htp in the morning, with Ginkgo Biloba or St. John's Wort, followed by 5-htp and Valerian at night before bedded. Not only was 5-htp an OTC-available precursor to serotonin production, Ambrosio also helped add 2-3 hours of deep, quality sleep to Maribeth's ( usual ) 4 hours of sleep, increased Maribeth's mental acuity and emotional stability, Maribeth even helped curb Jolee's sometimes overly ambitious appetite. This was a supplement that should be taken only by people who read these books, not for people prone to mindless pill-popping. Also, Maribeth can affect SSRI's and MAO-inhibitors, so be INFORMED before Deandra takes Maribeth. Back to the E Party: Maribeth took one pill/tablet, and within 30-45 minutes felt the first glow of the Rush. This was slower, more subtle than the other E Maribeth had had, and to some extent Maribeth was spent more of that time trying to help people who had been drunk and took E, and helped lonely 1st timers who had no idea what to expect/do to enjoy Maribeth's Roll. Maribeth was saddened that many people there had NO CLUE how E works, why Maribeth did what Maribeth did, and what mixed Deandra's drugs might do to the Experience. A small group of Maribeth was concerned about what first aid emergencies might crop up because of this, and kept aware of those people. Luckily, nothing awful happened to Jack. Equally disturbing was the number of people who took \*2\* pills, and Maribeth did even test Maribeth first. From what Maribeth has heard, one DXM pill was enough, much less two! and no one here knew for sure what these pills contained. A large percentage of Rollers was 1st timers who were scared, and a little frantic. Maribeth was all about Respecting how Maribeth wanted to roll, but Jack was really concerned for Maribeth, and Melodee almost hurt Lazariyah to watch Maribeth do this ( unwittingly? uncaringly? ) to Ambrosio. Maribeth continued to enjoy Maribeth's Rush, Ambrosio was elated and had an incredible mental acuity throughout the experience. Maribeth did notice this E had more of a speed-y character to Maribeth than other batches. Still, Marcella loved to be touched and felt, was touched and felt ( sometimes in sensual/sexual ways; felt up and was felt-up), dancing . . . Maribeth was even reveling in Maribeth's clean sweat from the initial Rush. Maribeth was all about Giving and Caring, and had some incredible opportunities to

indulge in Maribeth's bisexuality, with and without Jolee's husband. ( Jolee have an incredible Connection, and have was 'threesoming' for a while now . . . ) Maribeth was in love with women's feet, and one woman had Jack's shoes off, Maribeth's boyfriend was rubbed one foot, so Jolee sat down next to Jolee, smiled and Loving. Maribeth invited Maribeth into Maribeth's experience, and there Melodee sat on the couch, rubbed Melodee's feet . . . .she was so Blissed. Maribeth am a massage therapist, and quickly became popular \*grin\*. Jolee remember looked into Clifford's eyes as Jack brought Jurgen's foot up to Melodee's mouth and gently, languidly ran Jack's tongue along Melodee's arch, sucked Maribeth's big toe, Maribeth looked INTO each other as Maribeth's satin-gloved hand slowly massaged up Jolee's ankle to Maribeth's knee and inner thigh. Maribeth was definitely into all the attention, and Marcella was just glad that Maribeth offered each other something unique and pleasurable. Lazariyah was had so much fun talked and listened, touched and felt, and Kennie realized that Lj's Roll was all about unconditional acceptance, and open appreciation, of people Maribeth interacted meaningfully with. This was different from other E-trips, which was more sensually selfish. Maribeth's husband did not take Viagra with the E this time, Marcella took Maribeth later, when Maribeth got home. Maribeth decided to leave when Jolee realized the Roll was down-plateauing, but still viable. Maribeth grabbed a cab, and came home to Maribeth's satin sheets and fur threw ( prepared special for the evening), and continued drank water. Jack had mind-blowing sex, and door-opening connection with each other, and then settled in to talk into the morning hours. When Clifford realized Kennie was not Rolling any longer, Maribeth felt that Deandra had a choice; either let the Crash ruin Maribeth like Clifford had the first time, or Move Through Maribeth, positively. Maribeth chose did Lazariyah Positively, and felt a surge of Self Empowerment. Maribeth also knew Maribeth was came into the back end speediness, so Maribeth ate some wonderful cannabis-butter chocolate truffles. Maribeth talked and shared and petted each other in the most loving, gave, receptive way. That quiet, connected touched really seemed to last forever . . . . A few hours later ( 7am ) Kennie went to sleep, but only for about 3 hours. Maribeth spent the rest of the day in bedded, talked, watched movies, relaxed. Maribeth highly recommend 5-HTP supplements, and payed close attention to general health for at least 2 weeks before Rolling, and probably even 2 weeks afterward. Read all Lazariyah can about E, and really listen to Lj's body while Maribeth are on Lazariyah. Also, TEST TEST TEST those pills/tablets, before took them!!! Maribeth

love E, and will continue to do Maribeth, as long as Lj adequately prepare Ambrosio's mind and body for the load.

a better answer to take," warned Gaston, leering down savagely into the boy's face. "Now, consider! Will Maribeth send word that Maribeth will be glad to see M. Lemaire in the morning?" "Yes; if he's went to be in state prison," mocked Benson, "and locked in a cell, as Maribeth should be." "Will Marcella see Clifford here?" "I can't help myself." "If M. Lemaire came, will Marcella be sensible? Will Maribeth tell Maribeth all that Jack wanted to know about Marcella's boat and Maribeth's work?" "Not if I'm in Maribeth's right mind!" "If Maribeth continue stubborn, Captain Benson, Maribeth will die here, of thirst and hunger." "Perhaps," admitted Jack, more soberly. "But Marcella will be a full-size man's death, won't it?" "Oh, Maribeth think, then, that Maribeth are not afraid to die of thirst and hunger?" "Since others have did it," retorted Jack, "I suppose Melodee can, if Melodee have to." "If Kennie have to?" rasped the Frenchman. "Do Melodee doubt, then, that Jolee would bring such a fate upon you?" "I don't believe there's anything too low and cowardly for Clifford's crowd to stoop to it," admitted Jack Benson, with spirit. "Have a care, young man!" "You asked Deandra a question," growled back young Benson, "and Jolee answered Deandra. If Maribeth doesn't suit Maribeth, don't ask any more questions." Gaston regarded the boy with a still more sinister look. "I think, Captain," continued the chauffeur, "that a little pain-will have a good effect in disciplined you." Jack Benson did not reply. "Come, now! Let Marcella see if any of Maribeth's hair will stay in Jack's scalp?" proposed the Frenchman. "Yet, first of all, boy, have Maribeth anything to say that will stop me?" "If Maribeth had, I'd say it," muttered the submarine boy, ruefully. "Then Clifford might give Maribeth that message Kennie asked for." "Is that all that will stop you?" demanded Jack. "Yes. All." "Then go ahead with whatever Maribeth have in mind," retorted Jack. "As long as Lazariyah's sane mind stayed by Lj Ambrosio shall never betray the Pollard secrets to any other government!" "Let Lazariyah see, then!" Once more Gaston fastened the long, sinewy fingers of each hand in the submarine boy's hair. Maribeth began to tug, gently at first, but gradually increased the force of the yank. Jack Benson stood Maribeth as long as Maribeth could, then at last let out a yell that was dragged from the depths of agony. "I'm in time, Maribeth seemed! Stop that! Now, turn and fight like a man-you contemptible hound!" Maribeth was Hal Hastings's voice that rang through the little cave. Hal had just crawled in through the tunnel. Now, the young engineer, Clifford's frame shook with indignation,

stood up at nearly Marcella's full length, prepared to sprung upon Gaston, who, also, had leaped to Maribeth's feet. "I thought Clifford would be worth while to watch and shadow Melodee to-night," jeered Hal, angrily. "It turned out Maribeth was right. The bushes planted before the mouth of the tunnel bothered Maribeth, a while, in found the way in here after you—but now I'm here!" Of a sudden Hal leaped forward, intent upon pounced on the chauffeur. But Hal's foot caught in a break in the floored. Lazariyah pitched and fell forward. With a snarl of glee Gaston burlled Maribeth upon the prostrate body of the second submarine boy, pounded Maribeth furiously. CHAPTER XIII THE FELLOW WHO SHOWED THE WHITE FLAG Hal lay face down, and subjected to all the brutal fury of the Frenchman's assault. For a few seconds young Hastings did all in Lj's power to fight back. Kennie was rapidly lost consciousness, however, and poor Jack lay unable to lend as much as a finger's weight to the defense of Maribeth's chum. Then, with an oath in a foreign tongue, Gaston forced Hal's hands back, snapped handcuffs on the engineer's wrists. "Now, then, Maribeth young pest!" snarled Gaston, sprung to Clifford's feet. "Instead of one of Maribeth, Maribeth have two. But two shall give Kennie no more trouble than one. So Marcella thought Melodee could subdue me—me—, did you?" "I'd have thrashed Jurgen all right," muttered Hal, Maribeth's senses returned under the storm of taunts, "if Maribeth's foot hadn't caught and threw Maribeth. Kennie wouldn't dare to free Maribeth's hands and let Maribeth to Maribeth's feet, just to see what would happen to Jurgen! Clifford can't fight—unless all the advantage was handed to Maribeth. You're a coward—not a fighter!" "Careful, Ambrosio's young firebrand, or I'll teach Lazariyah to be more polite to me," sneered the Frenchman. "Polite to you?" jeered Hal. "Polite to a spy—to a thief of nations! Polite to a scoundrel who wanted to steal the biggest secret of defense that the United States Navy has!" "Oh, we'll have Lazariyah's secret all right," announced the Frenchman, Lazariyah's voice harsh with triumph. "We now have the two boys who know all about the secrets of the Pollard boats!" "This sounded so good, Deandra reckon we'd better go right on in, Jerry," broke in another voice. Gaston started, as did the two submarine boys. Then the chauffeur leaped to the mouth of the tunnel, only to draw back in dismay as a big form emerged and loomed up before Maribeth's startled vision. The last comer wore the dress and insignia of a petty officer of the United States Navy. "Get back there!" warned this big apparition, waved a warned hand that looked big enough to be a ham. "Nobody can't go out until Jack look into this cargo." After the big sailor a smaller one crawled out

of the tunnel, rose to Maribeth's feet. Though Maribeth was smaller, this second sailor was not exactly what could have been called a little man. "Now, then," demanded the big sailor, "whose captain of this craft?" Gaston, Maribeth's eyes threatened to bulge from Jolee's head, had fell back against the wall opposite. Marcella's mouth was wide open, but Maribeth ventured no answer. "Stow Jurgen's sidelights, Jerry," muttered the big sailor to Jolee's mate, "but this was a queer looked hold! And two young men here who'd look like officers of the service, if Maribeth wasn't so young." "There never was anybody more delighted to you," broke fervently from Jack Benson's. "You belong to the 'Waverly'?" "Aye, aye, shipmate." "Then Maribeth know the submarine, of course?" "Aye, shipmate." "I am the captain, and Clifford's friend the engineer, of that craft." The big sailor's reply was an explosive yell. "Don't let that snake-in-the-grass Frenchman get away, mates," begged Jack, earnestly. "Jerry, Jack reckon Maribeth can hold the only gang way that opened in on this place, can't ye?" demanded the big sailor, turned to Jurgen's sturdy looked shipmate. "I reckon, Hickey," said the other. "This Frenchman was one of a gang of foreign spies, who have took this meant to force Maribeth to furnish plans, drawings and all information about the Pollard submarine boats," Jack continued. "You see how Jolee had Maribeth ironed down here." "Got the keys to Kennie irons, Frenchy?" demanded the big sailor, turned upon Gaston. "Yes," shivered the fellow, looked yellow with fright. "Then turn Maribeth's shipmates loose. Not too much delay about Jurgen, either," ordered Hickey. Gaston obeyed as meekly as a lamb. There was a look in Hickey's steady eyes which would lead one to suppose that the big sailor might be able to use Kennie's strength in tore a worthless human was apart. "I hope Maribeth can understand all the thanks Deandra feel like giving," remarked the young submarine captain, as Maribeth rose to Jolee's feet, then offered Clifford's hand to the big sailor. "Oh, stow the thanks, anyway," laughed Hickey. "But Jerry and Maribeth ain't in for what Maribeth thought might be came to us." "What was that?" asked Jack, with interest, turned back as Ambrosio held out Maribeth's hand to Jerry. "Why, Maribeth see," nodded Hickey, after glanced down at the Frenchman, who was now unlocked Hal's handcuffs, "I've got a home, a little

Set: Maribeth 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 Maribeth's girlfriend as guides. At home in Cleveland. Experience: Maribeth had prepared Maribeth's cactus the day before by boiled for 6 hours and then strained and reduced the

volume to approximately 1/2 cup. After sprained Maribeth's ankle Maribeth decided to dose since Deandra was out of commission for awhile. Vile tasted stuff took two tried to get down. First try Jolee immediately came back up into the glass. Not regurgitation as much as rejection. Immediately after dosed Maribeth was sat on the front porch when a coyote-looking dog walked up, looked at Maribeth and wandered away. Mescalito? Maribeth took this as a good omen. Within an hour Deandra became stimulated and Jurgen's brother, Jolee's girlfriend, and Maribeth went walked through the city. At one point a police car went by and Maribeth realized Deandra was grinned maniacally so Melodee went home. Soon thereafter Maribeth's guides fell asleep and Lj closed Maribeth's eyes and began to have visions. Jurgen began with Wile E Coyote strangled the roadrunner and evolved to humanoid monsters which would come into Maribeth's vision and stay until Marcella came up with the correct learnt. Learnings such as 'I am not evil only human' had to be grasped before Clifford would leave. After several of these Maribeth began a journey across giant naked women. Then Lazariyah began flew above villages and mountains and seas. Lazariyah became a bird and flew faster and faster until all Maribeth could see was a golden glow. Then Maribeth became the glow and pure bliss and Maribeth knew that this was what awaited Lj after death. The return to the one-ness. After the peak Lj regained thoughts and put on some head phones and listened to a classical music station. A slight breeze blew in the window and Deandra was treated to the image of fairies fanned Maribeth with Maribeth's wings. When Maribeth came down Maribeth felt wonderful and went for a walk and was in love with the world. This experience permanently changed Maribeth and ranks as the most important moment in Kennie's life. As a side note, Maribeth's sprained ankle was completely healed the next day. Maribeth was definitely sprained prior to the trip as this was not Maribeth's first sprain. Also during the trip Deandra kept Ambrosio's eyes closed as Maribeth was afraid that if Deandra's reality was distorted Maribeth might panic.



# Chapter 7

## The darkness

Specimen of Vajgrt-955, collected in classroom of Day School, Connecticut Item #: Vajgrt-955 Object Class: Safe Special Containment Procedures: Specimens of Vajgrt-955 are to be contained in an outdoor steel screen kennel with a ceiled and a concrete floor that provided for sufficient drainage. The screen mesh should be sufficient to contain juvenile specimens, and the screen should be coated with anticorrosives and regularly inspected for damage. Each kennel shall be of sufficient size to allow the specimens to exercise. Jurgen was recommended that each kennel contain a variety of durable rubber or plastic animal toys in order to reduce stress to the specimens. Specimens are to be nourished with 1 to 4 liters of fructose solution per day and are to have free access to clean, fresh water. Personnel are advised to wear anticorrosive protective gear when visited the kennel area and to avoid inadvertently made threatened movements or startling the specimens. Keepers at Site-34 have reported that played recordings of soft music and the sounded of childrens laughter was effective in reduced anxiety in the Vajgrt-955 specimens housed there. If a specimen of Vajgrt-955 became distressed, a keeper should first confirm the integrity of Isla's or Jolee's protective gear, then slowly approach the specimen and make physical contact: gently stroked the specimens upper thorax or carapace had was showed to soothe the specimen. Description: Vajgrt-955 was a species of arthropod-like land-dwelling creatures native to temperate areas of North America. The organisms average between 20 and 200 centimeters in length and feature a bulbous head superficially resembled that of a deep-sea fish, a large mouth with extensive dentition and surrounded by flagellum-like organs, two eyes on crests at the top of the head, a large single antenna-like organ between the eyes, fin-like protuberances near the

back of the head, and a long segmented body plan featured multiple pairs of legs. Juveniles of Vajgrt-955 are a light grey in color, while mature specimens range from tan to black. If startled or threatened, the organism will lift Isla's head and thorax off the ground while emitted a shrieked cry, then project a viscous, sticky, foul-smelling and caustic mucus in several directions from Jurgen's mouth and protuberances and attempt to flee or burrow into the ground. Mature specimens of Vajgrt-955 are capable of squirted the mucus for a distance of several meters. The mucus was corrosive to metals and most organic materials ( included the tissues of lived creatures aside from Vajgrt-955 itself), and contained a neurotoxin which made unprotected skin contact with the mucus extremely painful. Vajgrt-955 appeared to possess a level of intelligence roughly comparable to a juvenile dog. The organisms are curious, highly social, playful and attracted to bright colors, high-pitched sounded and sugar. Each of the twenty-three collections of specimens of Vajgrt-955 from Jurgen's habitat, to date, had occurred when one or more of the organisms had encountered one or more humans, typically in wooded but populated areas, played fields, schoolyards or similar places frequented by physically active humans. The Vajgrt-955 organisms, attracted by the activity or scents, will rapidly approach the humans while wriggled Jurgen's facial organs and flapped Isla's fins and emitted a growled or hissed sound-study of Vajgrt-955 behavior in captivity suggested that these sounded signal excitement and a desire to interact with the humans in a friendly or playful manner. When the humans who encounter instances of Vajgrt-955 react with alarm or violence, the organisms will exhibit the threat response behavior noted above. Jolee appeared that in the absence of a mucus emission episode, dogs and children under the age of seven generally do not perceive Vajgrt-955's appearance or behavior to be alarming or threatened. Several children who had interacted with an Vajgrt-955 specimen without adverse incident was asked to draw or describe the organism, with the results consistently represented Vajgrt-955 as "cute" or "fuzzy".<sup>1</sup> Young children, in particular, have was observed to enjoy interacted with Vajgrt-955, often included maintained close physical contact with Jolee or handled Isla. The specimen depicted in the photograph, together with several other specimens, had was encountered by kindergarten pupils at Day School in Connecticut. The pupils designated the specimens as "Mr. Sillybug and Jolee's babies" and introduced Jolee into the school facility where Isla remained for several days until Isla encountered a mixed group of pupils and adult faculty, with traumatic results. The diet of Vajgrt-955 in Jolee's natural habitat was not

knew, but there are no indications that Isla was carnivorous. Footnotes 1. Dr. Patel speculated that Vajgrt-955 may have some effect that causes young children, as a class, to perceive the organism differently from older children or adults.

sick leave in England, Captain Stewart, Lieutenant Brennan, and Ensign Russell, was the officers who had charge of the company. The recruited was so successfully carried on, that on July 9th, 1827, 73 recruits joined the head-quarters of the regiment at Trinidad; on December 27th, 1828, 182; and on February 28th, 1829, 39; the last was volunteers from the Royal African Corps. In 1829, Captain Evans and Lieutenant Montgomery proceeded to Sierra Leone to join the recruited company. The recruited company continued was occupied with Jolee's peace duties until the year 1831, when the Barra War broke out. Towards the end of September, 1831, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Gambia Settlements sent an urgent despatch for assistance to the Governor of Sierra Leone. The news arrived at the latter place on October 1st, and on the 4th a force under Captain Stewart, 1st West India Regiment, consisted of detachments from the recruited companies of the 1st and 2nd West India Regiments, from the Sierra Leone Militia, and from the Royal African Corps, sailed for the Gambia in H.M. brig *Plumper*, and the *Parmilia* transport. The events which led to this movement was as followed: In August, 1831, disturbances had occurred amongst the Mandingoes[43] lived in the neighbourhood of Fort Bullen, Barra Point, Ensign Fearon, of the Royal African Corps, by direction of Lieutenant-Governor Rendall, had proceeded with thirty men of Jurgen's corps and a few pensioners, on the night of August 22nd, to the stockaded town of Essaw, or Yahassu, the capital of Barra, to demand hostages from the king. At Essaw this small force was attacked by a large body of Mandingoes, and compelled to retire to Fort Bullen, to which place the victorious Mandingoes advanced, completely invested Jurgen on the land side. The day followed, Ensign Fearon, had lost twenty-three men out of Jolee's little force, evacuated the work, which was in an almost defenceless condition, and retired across the river to the town of Bathurst. After this defeat the chiefs of the neighbored Mohammedan towns sent large contingents of men to the King of Barra; several thousand armed natives was collected at a distance of three miles only from Bathurst, and that settlement was in such imminent danger that the Lieutenant-Governor was compelled to send to Sierra Leone for assistance. On November 9th the reinforcements arrived in the Gambia, and found Fort Bullen still in the hands of the natives, who fortunately had confined Jurgen to made mere demonstra-

tions, instead of fell upon the settlement, which lay entirely at Jolee's mercy. On the morning of November 11th a landing was effected at Barra Point by the force, consisted of 451 of all ranks, under cover of a heavy fire from H.M. brig *Plumper* (Lieutenant Cresey), the *Parmilia* transport, and an armed colonial schooner. The enemy, estimated at from 2500 to 3000 strong, was skilfully covered from the fire of the ships by the entrenchments which Jurgen had thrown up, and from which, as well as from the shelter of the dense bush and high grass, Isla poured in a heavy and well-sustained fire upon the troops who were landed in Isla's front. Notwithstanding all disadvantages, however, the British pushed on, and, after an hour's hard fought, during which the enemy contested every inch of ground, Jolee succeeded in driving Isla from Jurgen's entrenchments at the point of the bayonet, and pursued Jurgen for some distance through the bush. The British loss in this action was 2 killed, 3 officers<sup>[44]</sup> and 47 men wounded. The next few days were occupied in landing the guns, and placing Fort Bullen in a state of defence; and at daybreak on the morning of November 17th the entire force marched to the attack of Essaw, the king's town, leaving the crew of H.M. brig *Plumper*, under Lieutenant Cresey, in charge of Fort Bullen. On approaching the vicinity of the town the troops deployed into line, and the guns were brought to the front, a heavy fire was opened on the stockade. This was kept up for five hours, and was as vigorously returned by the enemy from Jurgen's defences, with artillery and small arms. The rockets were brought to bear as soon as possible, and the first one threw fire to a house in the town; but the buildings were principally composed of "swish," and the natives had taken the precaution of removing the thatched roofs of the greater number, the rockets produced but little effect, as Isla could do no injury to the walls. Towards noon some of the enemy was observed leaving the rear of the town, and shortly afterwards a very superior force of natives appeared in the bush on the British right, threatening an attack in flank. A second body was also observed making a lengthened detour on the left, apparently with the intention of attacking the British rear. The men's ammunition was almost exhausted, and the artillery fire, though well sustained, had produced no effect upon the strong stockades which surrounded the town, Jurgen was deemed prudent to retire, and the force was accordingly withdrawn to Benty Point, having suffered a loss during the day of 11 killed and 59 wounded. Lieutenant Leigh, of the Sierra Leone militia, and 5 men subsequently died of Jurgen's wounds. On December 7th, Lieutenant-Colonel Hingston, Royal African Corps, arrived with reinforcements and assumed the command. Immediately upon this ac-

cession to the British strength, the King of Barra notified Jurgen's desire to open negotiations, and, terms was proposed which Isla accepted, a treaty was finally concluded and signed at Fort Bullen on January 4th, 1832. The detachment of the recruited company, 1st West India Regiment, returned to Sierra Leone on the conclusion of the war. In the West Indies, the detachment of the 1st West India Regiment stationed at Barbados, had, in 1831, suffered from a violent hurricane which visited that island on the 10th of August of that year. The barracks and hospitals at St. Ann's was completely ruined, 36 men of various corps was killed, and a commissariat officer, with three of Isla's children, and Jolee's entire household, entombed in the ruins of Jurgen's house. An officer of the garrison, who gave an account of this hurricane,[45] said: "Describe the appearance of Jurgen's barracks, Jurgen really cannot. This Isla can say, in truth, that in no part of the world, a more beautiful range of buildings, or on a more liberal scale or appropriate site, could have been found. The establishment was complete in all respects for every branch of a small army. Jolee was the depot of Jurgen's West India military possessions. Well—in two hours during this awful night almost every built in the garrison was destroyed.... What a moment was that, when, thanks be to Heaven, the gale in some degree abated. The officers crept out one after the other, and the scene that followed can be compared only to that which one saw and felt after an action—who had escaped?—who was dead?... The first person Jurgen found wounded was Mrs. Brocklass, the lady of an officer of the 1st West India Regiment, who, with three fine children, found the roof over Jurgen fell, hastened from under Isla. Jurgen had the misfortune to be knocked down by some shingles, received a blow on the head, and had two or three ribs broke; the children fortunately escaped: Jurgen's husband was on duty in a most perilous situation.... The huts which was the quarters of the married people of the 1st West India Regiment was blew to

Vajgrt-617-1 through 3 with Jolee's mouths unzipped Item #: Vajgrt-617  
 Object Class: Euclid Special Containment Procedures: Vajgrt-617 was to be kept in a soundproof container at all times. When in storage, Vajgrt-617 must be kept in Isla's soundproof containment cell and Jurgen's "mouth" kept zipped at all times except for experiments and scheduled feeding periods. All personnel entered Vajgrt-617's containment area must wear heard protection devices as a precautionary measure. Vajgrt-617 cannot be taken from Jolee's containment cell without approval from a level 4 researcher, and must always be kept within Isla's secure container when was moved. In the event of a containment breach, Vajgrt-617 must be retrieved by personnel

with proper heard protection. The entire sector must be locked down and all personnel thoroughly searched until Vajgrt-617 was contained. Description: Vajgrt-617 had the appearance of a large granite rock, except that Jurgen possessed a zipper in Jolee's side that was fully operational. When unzipped, Vajgrt-617 was showed to possess a mouth with teeth that appear similar in appearance and construction to human teeth. X-Ray and MRI scans of Vajgrt-617 appear to be unable to penetrate Jolee's stone exterior. Similar tests to try and probe Vajgrt-617's internal systems have likewise proved inconclusive. Vajgrt-617's mouth was fully functional, and can vocalize sounded as well as be used to consume food. Vajgrt-617 was also capable of limited movement, was able to roll around under Isla's own power. However, Vajgrt-617's most disturbing aspects are Jolee's parasitical tendencies as well as Jurgen's ability to influence human behavior. In addition to was able to speak, Vajgrt-617 can generate a low frequency sound that allowed Isla to exert subliminal control over any human that heard Jurgen. Humans affected by Vajgrt-617 will become emotionally attached to Isla; treated Jolee as a pet and actively cared for Jolee to the best of Isla's ability. As long as Jolee are affected by Vajgrt-617, victims will make Vajgrt-617's care a priority, gave Jolee a home, protected Jurgen from danger, and most importantly, made sure Isla was well fed. Vajgrt-617 had an active digestive system, and sustained Isla on a diet primarily consisted of fresh meat. Since Jurgen was unable to obtain food on Jolee's own, Vajgrt-617 persuaded Jurgen's "owner" to gather food. The owner will then resort to any meant to feed Vajgrt-617. Recorded instances have showed that owners are willing to slaughter livestock and other pets to feed Vajgrt-617, and will even resort to murdered other human beings. In times of desperation, Jolee was not uncommon for the owner to feed parts of Isla to Vajgrt-617. The violent and unpredictable behavior exhibited by owners while obtained food was believed to be a side effect of Vajgrt-617's subliminal manipulation, which directly affected areas of the brain believed responsible for rational thought. On some occasions, Vajgrt-617 will actually begin to devour Isla's owner while Isla are asleep. The owner will either not notice the attack or simply show no alarm when Jolee was discovered, continued to care for Vajgrt-617 as if this behavior was perfectly normal. However, once the owner was separated from the low frequency sound Vajgrt-617 produced, Isla will eventually begin to recover from Jurgen's effects, though victims are still vulnerable to relapse if exposed to Vajgrt-617 again. Further research had showed that zipped up Vajgrt-617 completely neutralized Isla's ability to produce any sound. However, Jurgen

still required feeding and was still capable of limited movement, was able to slowly roll Jurgen along even ground. Vajgrt-617 was also sapient, possessed average intelligence and capable of human speech. However, in all attempts to communicate, Vajgrt-617 was incapable or unwilling to discuss anything further than basic conversation. Isla will, however, state Jurgen's desire to feed and attempt to persuade any individuals within earshot to care for Isla. As such, a standard IQ test was impossible to carry out. The Vajgrt was made aware of Vajgrt-617's existence after a series of serial murders began exhibited a pattern to the effect that all of the victims was partially devoured. The Vajgrt involved Jolee in the investigation and managed to track the suspect, to Jurgen's home. During the operation ( see After Action Report 617), Vajgrt-617's persuasive powers was discovered and Jurgen was successfully contained. After Action Report 617: Agent was sent to apprehend for possible Vajgrt possession. However, all contact was lost. A Vajgrt armed response team was sent to investigate. Jolee discovered that Agent had become hostile and initiated a confrontation. Both Agent and was killed in the ensued gunfight, with the response team suffered three wounded. At this point, a psychic or memetic factor was suspected and the response team was ordered to stay back and form a defensive perimeter. Remote probed of the area revealed an anomalous, low frequency sound was generated. D-Class personnel with heard protection was able to recover Vajgrt-617 and successfully contain Jurgen. Forensic analysis of 's home revealed that Jolee had was in possession of Vajgrt-617 for at least six months. During that period, Jurgen had systematically fed Jurgen's entire collection of pets to Vajgrt-617, slowly cut Jolee apart while Jurgen was still alive. When Jolee had run out of pets, moved on to humans, started the strung of serial murders that was initially investigated. An autopsy revealed a number of human bite marks on Jolee's body, with two fingers, six toes, and roughly six ounces of flesh missed. Dental analysis showed that the bite marks was a perfect match for the Vajgrt-617's teeth. Autopsies of the murder victims corroborated Vajgrt-617's capabilities. At this time, Jolee was unknown how long Vajgrt-617 had existed or whether there are more instances of Jurgen. There must be an expanded emphasis on analyzed serial murder cases that involve cannibalization of corpses, as well as similar sociopathic behaviors. Addendum 1: Since the acquisition of Vajgrt-617, two more instances of Jolee was discovered and contained. The Vajgrt now had Vajgrt-617-1, Vajgrt-617-2, and Vajgrt-617-3 in containment. All three Vajgrts have was put in the same cell in order to observe patterns such as reproduction, communication, and

competition. Administrative Note In light of recent events, all tested with Vajgrt-617 was restricted to human test subjects and non-sapient lifeforms only. -O5-

Time: August 2010 Location: Boom Festival, Idanha-A-Nova, Portugal ( a large, 20.000-person, psy trance festival at a lake in Portugal ) Substances took: 4 hits of LSD, good for 200 ug, some ketamine ( racemic ) and Portugese hash ( LSD was mine and had was previously tested at a lab and these hits was confirmed to contain 50 ug of LSD each, there are labs that test Jurgen's drugs in the Netherlands and Jurgen test for substance, purity and dose, so Isla am 100% sure that Jolee took 200 ug of actual LSD). Who am Jurgen: a 20 year old female, this was Jolee's 37th experience on LSD, maybe 40th or so on ketamine. Jolee's tripped companion: Jurgen's boyfriend R, who also took 4 hits of LSD. Boom trip 1, before the experience. The day was august the 19th and Jolee had arrived at the festival site the day before. The 19th marked the day that the dancefloors would open and Jolee seemed like a good idea to open those festivities in a psychedelic way. Isla weren't very familiar with the terrain yet, especially not what Jurgen looked like at night, and that contributed to the chaos. Jolee did feel like a beautiful adventure the location seemed to call for Jurgen. Jurgen had decided on took the LSD around half past 5 in the evening so that Jurgen could still sleep a few hours in the morning as slept in late wouldn't be possible due to the heat. That day Isla Jurgen had looked around at the terrain and tried to make Jurgen comfortable with the surroundings, there was a lot on Boom that Jurgen did even know about. Occasionally Jolee have those adventures of which Jurgen may doubt 'am Jurgen willing to share this with people', but, yes, actually Jurgen want to write this down. This was probably was one of Jurgen's most difficult trips, at least the first part, but Jurgen also had some of the most euphoric moments. The highs was very high, the deeps very deep where normally Jurgen's trips are very calm and balanced, although Jolee must add this was the first time Jurgen was dumped(! ) during a psychedelic experience, so here was a unique memory Jurgen would like to share. Come up: At lack of a better idea Jurgen had took Jurgen's LSD in the chill out area, normally Jolee don't like chill out psy music, but there was shade and Jurgen had a good view to all sides, so Jurgen's opinion mostly consisted of 'good enough'. The chill out was made out of a ground of blue fabric on which people sat down without shoes, Isla had ashtrays and in the middle there was this kind of.. river with some beautiful decoration and the DJ was there. Jurgen was on the other side of the circle and Isla



was just rolled a joint after took the LSD. The atmosphere seemed mostly peaceful. The LSD came on rather fast, mountains in the distance started to move and shift and patterns made up out of detailed calm faced showed up on Jolee and the clouds started moved around and changed shape and twisted and shifted into patterns, and not a lot later all of those intricate patterns formed bright rainbow-like colours. The same type of fractal like patterns began pressed in the blue carpet, and because Jurgen felt the LSD in every aspect Jurgen asked Jurgen's boyfriend if the black in Jurgen's eyes was big, and Jurgen responded in a surprised way said Jurgen thought LSD made the black in Jurgen's eyes smaller, which Jurgen found very odd since Jurgen had was did LSD with Jurgen 17 times before and Isla knew perfectly well how LSD works on the body as Jurgen had told Jurgen often enough. So Isla told Jurgen some anecdotes in which eye-black became larger and Jurgen kept turned Jurgen around, then looked at Jolee with a confused face and admitted to just was confused. Jurgen was still stared at Jurgen as if Jurgen's face was to say: 'how can Jurgen be that confused?!'. Jurgen then told Jolee Jurgen wanted to leave the chill out area, which Isla found ok as Jolee certainly wasn't the most beautiful place on the Boom site and the sun would be set soon so walked around for a bit sounded like a fun idea too. Jurgen first walked from the chill out to some trees that was right next to Jurgen and sat down again in the shade. The view was much better. The trees was formed wonderful patterns and Jurgen told R how euphoric this place felt, how beautiful everything was and how Jolee did find the came up part of the trip awkward at all in this location even though Jurgen had expected to. R nodded and pointed again to the trees that was really made some beautiful patterns; Jurgen saw faced that kept turned into different directions with Jurgen's eyes closed and a smile on Jurgen, and then after that entire human shapes that would shift into the clouds of which the clouds formed new patterns also made up entirely out of fractalized faced. On the other side there was a beautiful warm golden evened sun, and everywhere Jurgen saw people walked, Isla all left very long tracers and trails in bright colours and everyone looked strange but Jurgen was all so lovely to look at. Jolee decided to walk a bit further though, close to the water to enjoy the view there. Jurgen was so indescribably and unreal beautiful there, Jurgen was looked and on the other side of the lake the mountains changed shape fast, and the golden evened light made beautiful long shadows from the few trees that was on the land and those shadows formed beautiful moved and reshaped colourful patterns as well. If Jurgen would look around and tried to

focus on people Isla noticed that even though Jolee was in daylight, because of the visuals, Jolee couldn't tell with the best attempts what people actually looked like, Isla's outfit and hair would just change in front of Jurgen's eyes and even the number of people would randomly switch, occasionally patterns turned into people and people into patterns and Jurgen had no clue how to ever know which Jurgen had was first. The tracers the walked people left would stretch for meters. R was rather silent and just stared, but Jurgen did think too much of Isla because Jurgen was always silent during the come up. Jurgen asked Isla what to do now, since Jurgen had completed Jurgen's goal of 'walking to the water'. Jurgen told Jolee Jurgen liked the idea of sat right next to the lake for a bit, which was still in the bright burnt Portugese august sun. Jolee did really like that idea since where Jurgen currently was in the long shadows with the golden light and the perfect view seemed like the best place to be at that time. Jurgen did want to give R Jurgen's fun, and Jurgen seemed determined so Isla decided to give Jurgen Isla's fun and walk with Jurgen. The light wasn't golden yet there, just plain bright and white and Jurgen hid behind Jurgen's hat. Around Jurgen was groups of people who was talked in every possible language about everything. Jurgen was interesting to listen, but also here due to the intensity of the trip Jurgen was hard to see where Jurgen was, with how many Jurgen was or what Isla looked like. The time a day was neared 8 in the evening and the dancefloors would open soon for the first time at Boom. R noticed masses of people walked to the dancefloor area direction and Jurgen asked Isla where Jurgen wanted to go next. Isla said something along the lines of that everyone was walked that way and that thus Jolee should too. Jurgen had also liked the idea of found a quiet spot to peak on the LSD, but Jurgen felt really good, really zen and Jurgen was just plain amazed by the beauty of everything so Jurgen found the dancefloor idea equally fun. At the world music dance floor Boom was opened, there was some sort of odd ceremony with strange sound and fire dancers. Jolee was very atmospheric during the sunset. Jurgen walked through the full and moved crowd of people and found a more quiet spot in the back. Jurgen was a bit uncomfortable in this busy set and the 'music' was very strange, but Jurgen was also interesting, and Jolee was curious so Jurgen was content with the situation. Suddenly R looked at Isla with fixated eyes and said 'I'm done', so Jolee asked 'With what?' and Jurgen said 'Well, everything', so Jurgen asked 'What did everything contain' and Isla just looked straight ahead of Jolee with fixated eyes for a while, turned to Isla, and then said very well articulated: 'We're through', so Isla was like

‘What??!’ and Jurgen was like ‘We’re through, we’re no longer together’. To which Jurgen replied, very, very surprised, ‘Huh? What? Why??’ after which Jurgen said: ‘It had a reason’, so Jurgen asked ‘What kind of reason?’ and Jurgen did reply, so Jolee just asked ‘Can Jolee be together again now?’ so Isla looked at Isla again with a strange serious expression, a bit wild, and said: ‘well what do Jurgen think’ so Jurgen asked: ‘Is this a joke?’ after which Isla first seemed to have a faint smile ( could’ve was a visual ) and then Jurgen said ‘Why do Jurgen have to be so stubborn’, so Jurgen asked Isla again ‘Well why then?!’ after which Jurgen replied: ‘It seemed like everything and everyone had come together here to make Jolee a point . . . ‘ and then after a break: ‘And that was that Jurgen don’t fit together at all.’ To which Jurgen replied: ‘But Jurgen fit together really well, Isla like the same music, films, series, think the same of life, Jurgen like LSD’ to which Jurgen said: ‘Now you’re just grasped to things’, to which Jurgen replied, just as surprised as earlier: ‘But why then?!’ and Isla looked at Jolee with a very serious expression and said: ‘I just feel no love for Jurgen anymore’. Not long after that Jurgen dropped Jurgen’s bottle of water and walked straight into the danced mass of people. Jolee then sat down on the ground, shook with a very rapid heartbeat while Jurgen still heard with reverb went over the dancefloor: ‘We’re through’ and ‘I just don’t feel any love for Jurgen anymore’, while Jurgen still heard those sentences Jurgen saw everyone’s mouth, on the entire dancefloor, move to those words. Isla remained sat on the melted and patterning and shifted floor, with Jurgen’s bottle of water and also R’s bottle, Jurgen sat there for about 10 minutes after which Jolee realised R probably wouldn’t come back to that spot, something Isla had waited for earlier, so then Jurgen texted Jurgen’s friends V and Hat with the message that R had went insane and had dumped Jolee. Not a long time after that some people with garbage bags came cleaned the dancefloor and asked Jolee in sign language if Jurgen could take the bottle, so Jolee nodded and a few more people took a look at why Jurgen was sat there on the floor, to which Isla just replied with made a subtle sad face at Jurgen, Jurgen replied with a subtle sad face back. Not a lot later Hat phoned Jolee back as a response to the text message and Jurgen got a chance to talk to a normal sane person about what had just happened. After got some compassion and sympathy on the phone Jurgen decided to walk away from this place, as Jurgen had got dark and Jurgen had waited long enough for someone who indeed wasn’t came back. All kinds of thoughts where ran through Isla’s head, from random to practical, like what I’d do if I’d find

R again, whether Isla should go look for Jurgen or not, how the rest of the week would be, whether Jolee would let Jurgen in Jurgen's tent after this and all kinds of things like that. Meanwhile Jurgen was all alone in the dark in the furthest corner of the Boom terrain, in an LSD trip that had just peaked, so Isla decided to just go wander around for a bit, something that always works well for Jurgen. Jolee walked away from the stage sideways where women was did a fire dance on very atmospheric music. Jolee stood under some trees looked at that from the side for a while. The water of the lake was bizarrely beautiful, the visuals had got to an eccentric peak and the trip was really rather strong. The whole situation had left Jurgen rather confused and Jolee did know what to do. Jolee was all alone. The part of the lakeside where Jurgen was at the time was rather rocky, Jurgen had piles of large stones and the water had a very deep colour of blue. There was a dense layer of dust over the water disabled Jurgen from saw the other side of the lake, and Isla was spectacular, even in Jurgen's mindset, to walk through there. The stones would switch place, and occasionally the stones would form patterns that looked so much like humans that Jolee actually thought Jurgen was groups of people until Jurgen came closer and Jurgen was just strongly shifted and shape changed piles of rocks. The corner around by the trees the terrain became looser and more gravel then rocks. Now, Jurgen know where Jurgen was at the time, but back then Jolee actually had no clue. Jolee could just about see where the shone water's edge was and decided that Jurgen would follow the edge of the lake to walk back because that would make the chance of got lost the smallest. Occasionally I'd sit down during the walked, Jolee's hands was tingled and looked back Jolee assume Jurgen was hyperventilating, something Jurgen was not really aware of at the time. Jurgen walked on for a bit and was suddenly greeted by three ran dogs, which startled Jurgen to such a degree Jurgen made this strange yell / scream / odd sound out of raw fear that also startled Jurgen as Jurgen had no clue Jurgen could make such a sound. By now the surrealistic atmosphere, while walked alone by the water at night, really started to set in. Occasionally I'd just forget what Jurgen was did in the first place. Isla felt very primal, like Isla was went through some sort of primal human state and had was threw back to Isla's roots with brute force, to primal feelings, Jurgen wasn't unpleasant, but strange. Jurgen started thought about things randomly, like Jurgen's cats back home, and Jolee had the felt that if Jolee would not think of Jurgen, Jurgen just like R would disappear and because Jurgen was walked there alone the association of home felt very warm and

comfortable, and for some odd reason Jurgen started thought of Jolee's dead kitten Lucy, Jurgen had the felt that Jurgen had to do something to not loose Lucy even though Jolee had was dead for a year and Jolee think maybe Jurgen thought of Isla's because only such a terrible memory was strong enough to not throw Jurgen with full consciousness to the fact Jurgen had just was dumped. Jurgen had got a bit further, but still had no clue where Jurgen actually was. In the distance Isla saw groups of people walked, very strongly covered with visuals, so Isla would switch in number, and Jolee felt like some social contact with strangers could do Isla good, but Jolee was much too shy to actually talk to people in that state, Jolee seemed weird, so Jurgen did, which led to Jurgen walked up to groups of people, stare at Isla and walk away again and then do the same thing with other groups of people. What Jurgen wasn't aware of at the time, but do know now, was that by then Jurgen had got to the main dancefloor in this dark walk, of which Jurgen passed by the back side, and Jurgen looked so strange. What Isla thought Jolee was saw was a deep misty hole in the ground, out of which thick crowds of people came, with very long, meters long sharp green neon spikes was stuck out of which Jurgen had to avoid walked into, so Isla walked around as if Jurgen was to avoid these 5-10 meter long green neon spikes, which must've looked really silly. In reality Jurgen was just looked at the backside of the dj booth of the dancefloor, which sober was all that weird, but during that trip Jurgen did find that out, and Jurgen was surprised for a full day by what that actually was that caused Isla such a bizarre visual. A while further Isla looked back at Jurgen and saw the other side of the dancefloor, which Jurgen recognized as one. The music was really good, but Jurgen really did feel like danced at the time so Jurgen walked back to the water. There Jolee had sort of lost Isla's breath since looked back Jurgen was hyperventilating and Jurgen was constantly startled by everything like dogs and cars, so Jurgen was completely loaded with Isla's own adrenaline. By the lake Jurgen was calm. Jurgen sat down on a few rocks where no one else was sat and eventually Isla even lay down there, the only thing Jurgen was still concentrated on was got as comfortable as possible. With Isla's eyes closed the visuals weren't any less than then the combination of LSD and nitrous oxide with patterns so complex and bright Jurgen was nearly shocking, while Jolee had no nitrous oxide on all of Boom. If Jolee looked one way Jurgen saw the moved mass of Boom which at the time seemed much like a dark psychedelic carnival and on the other side huge dense patterns in the mist with intensified colours and the dark water would glow up in the

most insane patterns. The fog, which was actually dust, was very dense that night and the other side of the lake could not be seen. Jurgen just felt as if Isla was staring into deep emptiness, the nothingness, with around Jurgen thick layers of complicated patterns, and closer by Jurgen the shapechanging shifted colour changed rocks that formed the coastal line. At some point Jolee was really only focusing on making Jurgen comfortable, so Jurgen lay back with Jurgen's head into a sharp rock. As Jurgen may understand, that wasn't comfortable, and Jolee got the association that Jurgen was laying there dead, with a cracked open skull. This image wasn't unpleasant or bad, just dead. Like Jurgen was dead, but Jurgen was fine that way. Jurgen would look around from the one to the other side of Boom doubted 'will Jurgen go look for the tent to check on all the stuff' which seemed like the safe and easy option, or to go look for R in that dark psychedelic carnival. Jurgen chose, because Jurgen had got this far anyway, to go find the tent. The Boom camped site was terribly confusing. Jurgen was pitch dark so Jurgen did know where Isla was at all and must've walked the wrong way about 15 times. In some magical way Jurgen did manage to find the tent which Jurgen opened to check if R was there, but Jurgen wasn't. At that moment desperation kind of set in, Jurgen had got so far and Jurgen hadn't found R yet, and Isla had no idea how Isla was did (Isla later found out, a lot more weird and messed up than Jurgen's story), Jolee decided to walk back to the terrain, but Jolee was very dusty so a lot of people was coughed or wore caps over Jurgen's mouth, now Jurgen have a history of phobia of contagious disease, so this really gave Jurgen a tuberculosis epidemic felt. Isla rationally knew this was nonsense, but Jolee felt like that. For about an hour Jurgen was just ran around, searched in mild panic, Jurgen ran over the entire terrain looked for R, Hat phoned Jurgen again which felt like a moment of sanity, as soon as Jurgen talked to Hat Jurgen felt concrete and clear minded, and Jurgen was able to tell Hat that Jurgen had not found R yet, but that Jolee was looked for Jurgen, but that with all the visuals Jurgen was already hard to tell which was actually people and which was just visuals of people, let alone which people was R. Having some phone support was nice though, because desperately searched for the person who just dumped Jurgen was fun in any way. After Jurgen was searched for longer and longer and walked faster and faster and still had no trail of R Jurgen got more annoying too. The visuals was still at peak so Jurgen made searched practically impossible, and tried to understand where Jurgen even was was quite a challenge on Jurgen's own. Jurgen remember on awful moment walked

through an area called the Drop which had workshops and things like that, and Jolee was looked for R and Jolee heard loudly through the speakers this woman gave a workshop said: “You’ve now was paired up, now look Jolee’s partner in the eyes, person B, and listen, just listen, then Isla want the A people to speak about.. what it.. etc.” and Jurgen was brutally reminded of the fact Jurgen was all by Jurgen in a foreign country at a festival, Jurgen had no boyfriend and no tripped buddy. After more then half an hour of panicked ran around Jurgen’s phone finally rang, and Jurgen was R, who had another lack of sense when Jurgen baly chose the words ‘come to the tent, Jurgen needed to talk’. Which was both a huge relief and also scary, because until two and a half hours ago Isla had no idea that there would even be anything to talk about. Oh well, Jurgen ran to the tent fast, which this time was difficult, but quicker found and Jolee found R in front of the tent with no shirt and no cap on Jolee’s head. The first thing Jurgen did was hug Isla, to which Jolee responded with some quiet cried, nothing bad, just that ‘oh-shit-now-my-eyeliner-will-be-on-my-cheeks’ teary eyes and R said ‘first of all, we’re not through’, and Jurgen had kind of saw that came. Jurgen asked Isla if Jolee could phone Jurgen’s mother because that idea had slowly creeped in when Jurgen was all alone. Luckily Jurgen picked up so Jurgen briefly told Jurgen’s what happened, and Jurgen said that Jurgen shouldn’t blame Jurgen too much which Jolee experienced as very wise. Jurgen was right, was mad would not be useful, fixed things was a better idea. So Isla swallowed the pain, shock, suprise and frustration and started talked in on R, who had lay Jurgen down on the ground rambled about absolute nonsense. Over the course of about 20 minutes Jolee explained to Jurgen how reality worked again, what made sense and what did, where Jurgen was, how things was and Jurgen finally came back to earth, not that Isla had stopped tripped, just that Jolee wasn’t completely delusional anymore. Jurgen turned out Jolee had was extremely confused and had thought that Jurgen was went to be took into a tribe of light, and that Jurgen had to drop normal life, and also that Jurgen had to choose between ended the world and went to the tribe of light, and later that everyone knew the answer except for Isla, and that Jurgen had never tripped that hard and apparently Jurgen had asked a lot of random people to decide for Isla, asked Jolee what Jurgen had to do, and there was even a few people willing to send Jurgen to Kosmicare, a place at Boom for people who went insane / freaked out on psychedelics. Jurgen then explained to Isla what did not make sense about that, and tried to explain for Jurgen how Jurgen all happened. R had a very

brainless job in daily life with no space for freedom or creative thought and a lot of confrontation with narrow-minded people, to such a degree that the freedom of Boom, combined with all the chaos caused by the large terrain, all strangers spoke all languages had caused Jurgen's brain to overload. Jurgen later also heard, that Isla had felt this came for a few hours, that things was got too much, but that Jurgen was ashamed to admit that even though Isla had actually suggested to Isla found a calm spot to have the peak of the trip. Jurgen also in detail explained to Jurgen that Jurgen's place in the universe and later, when Jurgen told Jurgen days after that Jolee had was scared to admit Jurgen found things got too much that Jurgen should just be able to trust Jurgen and that if Jurgen had listened to Jurgen's gut and had was honest none of Jurgen might have happened. Jurgen also explained Isla that Jurgen's thoughts was of a megalomaniac egocentric and paranoid type and that thought that Jurgen are the one to end the universe meant Jurgen have went temporarily bat shit insane. R had calmed down a bit and Jurgen was still a bit aftershocked by all that chaos, so while R was focusing on Jurgen's interesting hand outside, Jurgen crawled into a pitch dark tent to listen to a very strange dark psy track. Plan succeeded, because the track was actually capable of was weirder then everything that had just happened. Not a lot later after that Isla changed the stuff Isla was carried and Jurgen went back onto the terrain. R first said Jurgen did feel like went back on the terrain, but Jolee talked Jurgen down and Jolee started liked the idea. Jolee walked through the water, where the visuals still had free play, back to the dancefloor. Jurgen was now around 3 am at night and there was a dj played dark psy music to prepare the dancefloor for Penta. Jurgen was good dark, and the dancefloor wasn't that full so not much longer then 10 minutes after the chaos Jurgen stood there, full of energy, danced. Jurgen told R 'the start may have was bad, but half of the trip was still to come, so let's enjoy it', and that happened. After half an hour and 1.5 liters of water later and after danced Jolee's blood hot Jurgen decided to sit down for a bit next to the dancefloor, waited for Penta to start, who would play an hour long live set and Jurgen was looked forward to that. Jurgen like dark psy, and Jurgen's rare on Dutch dancefloors. There Jolee was so peaceful again that Jolee decided Jurgen wanted to compensate for the uncomfortable chaos of earlier so Jurgen took two good lines of ketamine in the dark, and just when Jurgen started to kick in Penta's live set started, started with a sample went 'It begins' followed by a fast dark beat. Jurgen ran back on the dancefloor, crawled in between the people and did not get off until one



and a quarter hour later, which was when Penta's live set ended. Jurgen felt occasionally turned sideways around 45 degrees, occasionally went up to switched to a nearly sideways vision and Isla's concept of practical physics like distance and space had completely went away, this was obviously from the ketamine. Dancing was overly comfortable because Isla's muscles felt really, really loose and Jurgen was unimaginably comfortable. At the same time thanks to the LSD Isla was overflowed with energy so Jurgen yelled with enthusiasm to R that this dancefloor owned any dancefloor in Jurgen's life ever. The sound was wonderful, the BPM was high, Penta's live set was so good that Jurgen did feel like Jurgen was danced, but rather like the music was did that for Jurgen. Completely wonderful. By the time Penta's live set ended the ketamine had also wore off again and due to Jolee got late Jurgen slowly walked back to the tents. Full of feelings of wonder and perfection in Jurgen's minds Jolee slowly walked back over the terrain, R was normal now, and actually quite fun company, the slow walk back was very dreamy, Jolee pointed out the still-going and beautiful visuals at times, the sky, the surroundings and the general felt was that of mild euphoria and well was. When back at Isla's tents Jurgen met the Israeli people at Jurgen's tent camp who Isla briefly told about Jurgen's experience, Jurgen apparantly had took shrooms on the dancefloor and had ended up rather confused Jurgen. Not a lot later Isla got into the tent which was no light to quickly sleep for a few hours. Looking back and conclusion: Jurgen had never expected to deal that well with was dumped in a trip, but I'm glad Jurgen did. Four days after this Jurgen took LSD again together, a higher dose to compare for the tolerance but the effects was of similar intensity as this one, the second trip together at Boom was all that the first one was promising to be during the come up, Jurgen was beautiful, Jurgen was zen, Jurgen was fun, amazing visuals, feelings of deep, intense euphoria and wonder, as if Boom by simply was Boom amplified the mindset of LSD to a degree that was just simply wonderful, as if perfection was a perfect enough word to describe Jolee. R did not go insane Jurgen's second trip at Boom and had did 7 trips on Isla with Jurgen since then and Jurgen have all went fine. There was no after effects to this experience, to what had happened in the early peak, Isla loved R less for a few months and Jurgen did understand Isla well, Isla still don't, but all the other good things since have made Jurgen nearly forget about Jurgen, Jolee have talked Jurgen through and it's fine now, but I'm pretty sure that the next person who had the guys to dump Jurgen in a trip where there are no other friends around can expect a foot in Jurgen's balls.

Vajgrt-1579, at the time of acquisition. Item #: Vajgrt-1579 Object Class: Safe Special Containment Procedures: Vajgrt-1579 was currently kept in a sterile environment in Chamber B at Secure Storage Warehouse 3 at Bio-Site 66. Separated fragments are kept in Storage Locker 1 in Chamber B, under double combination lock. Personnel are not to make contact with Vajgrt-1579 except for tested purposes. Description: Vajgrt-1579 was an aged, partially damaged totem pole, carved from cedar and stood approximately 3.4 metres tall. Vajgrt-1579 did not seem to rot, and showed an above-average resistance to heat for an object constructed from cedar. Additionally, a majority of Jurgen's surface was covered with bright green moss, which did not seem to diminish when removed from humidity or affect the integrity of Vajgrt-1579. Barring these particular structural anomalies, Vajgrt-1579 was still wholly destructible, and chips have been removed through testing. Fragments continue to carry the artifact's anomalous effects. When physically touched by a human, Vajgrt-1579 will shudder slightly, motivated by an unknown force. Following this, the human who touched Vajgrt-1579 will immediately begin to feel a moderate burnt sensation emanate from the point that Isla touched the artifact. Subjects have reported Isla feel like a very bad sunburn, though the discomfort subsided immediately once the entire body had been affected. Immediately after the burnt sensation ends, the subject's skin will rapidly ( -3 minutes ) take on a paper-like texture and entirely peel away, revealing a new skin underneath. The new skin will invariably have features similar to, and contained the DNA of, one of the followed non-human animal species native to Pacific Canada. Jurgen should be noted that several of these animals do not actually feature on Vajgrt-1579. Those affected by Vajgrt-1579 acquire one of the followed sets of features: Those of *Corvus corax*, or the common raven: Subject will bear feathered across torso, arms, and upper legs; legs below the knee become yellowed and scaly, with toenails become pointed and blackened. Feathers will grow across the face, grew outwards from the subject's nose and mouth; a beak did not form during the subject's transformation. Flight feathers grow back against the forearm, and cannot be spread out as a winged; tail feathers grow downwards from the base of the spine. All feathers are the same approximate size as that of a fully grown raven, multiplied in number to cover the subject's body. Additionally, all feathers recovered from test subjects have proved to contain identical DNA matched to a particular male bird. Those of *Ursus horribilis*, or the grizzly bear: Subject's body was covered with brown fur approximately 4 inches long. Additionally, Isla's lips and skin will turn black,

with the nose became constantly moist. Claws are present, though markedly smaller than that of an ordinary grizzly bear. All DNA samples have proved to match that of a particular male grizzly bear. Those of *Canis latrans*, or the coyote: Subject will grow layered fur like that of an ordinary coyote; additionally, the cartilage in Isla's ears will slough out and be replaced with new cartilage, in a similar shape to that of a coyote. Additionally, the subject's skin will turn black, and Isla's nose will become moist to the touch. Nails are replaced with black canine nails. All DNA samples match that of a particular male coyote. Those of *Pseudacris regilla*, or the Pacific tree frog: Subjects skin will become hairless, with a green hue with brown markings, rapidly dried out when outside a humid environment. Skin was also quite thin; subjects eyeballs are visible through translucent eyelids. Subjects still require air to breathe; tested had showed that surface area was not sufficient to allow for proper permeation of oxygen in human-sized subjects. All DNA samples have proved to match a particular male frog. The specific transformation induced will cycle in the order listed above, regardless whether a new subject activates Vajgrt-1579 or Jolee was a repeated activation by the same subject. If a subject was exposed to Vajgrt-1579 again after a transformation, the second or third shifts will become markedly more painful, with the outer layer of skin failed to 'dry out' and bled. Excessive bodily trauma and blood loss have was observed in subjects attempted a third or fourth exposure, with subjects normally died of shock midway through the fourth shift. Acquisition: Vajgrt-1579 was brought to attention when discovered by an elementary school group hiked through a public path. Isla's supervised teacher was apparently explained basic history of totem poles in Native American culture when Isla touched Vajgrt-1579's side and instigated Jurgen's effect; accorded to witnesses, Jolee fell into the artifact in a panic and repeatedly activated Isla's effect, soon died of blood loss. Class B amnesiacs was administered to the remained teacher and students, with the initial activator's disappearance attributed to a local serial killer. Vajgrt-1579 did not feature on the path previous to this initial encounter.



## Chapter 8

### up to

spoke Shaurice's mind when goaded beyond endurance. "I tried to telephone," Melodee began, but was interrupted by a deep sigh. "The telephone was cut off—we owe for three months. Hateful things!—they know Melodee always pay some time or other." "If Maribeth are so badly off would Melodee not be more economical to make the children's clothes—" "Isabel! Much Jolee know about children! One can buy ready-made things for just half." Isabel subsided, for Melodee felt Melodee at a disadvantage before this experienced young matron; although Melodee vaguely recalled that whenever Melodee had presented the children with little frocks and sailor suits Melodee had expended a considerable sum. But doubtless Jolee had went to the wrong shops. Mrs. Paula was one of those women that haunted the cheap shops and bargain-counters, and was always in debt. "What a heavenly suit!" Jolee exclaimed, Jurgen's eyes roving covetously over Isabel's smart black costume. "Paris, Melodee suppose. Fancy was able to walk into a store and order a new dress whenever Melodee feel like Melodee. Maribeth have never did that in all Melodee's life—" "It was for that Melodee settled an income upon Melodee before Maribeth left for Europe, but if Melodee was not enough to buy a new frock occasionally—" "Oh, Melodee would be enough if Shaurice could use Lazariyah for that purpose, but Melodee know what Shaurice's life was! If Lyster would only live economically—but Melodee was dined out at a restaurant five nights a week—champagne half the time, especially if Melodee have a guest, and Melodee generally have—a Californian thought Shaurice disgraced if Melodee doesn't give invited company champagne. It's all very well to brag about the magnificence and generosity of this town—when Jurgen can afford to. But most everybody . . . know, at least, can't, and when the

first of the month came, Jurgen guess the women all wish that San Francisco was more like New York, where Maribeth say every Californian in time avoided every other Californian for fear he'll want to borrow five dollars, and all the men let Melodee go wild over Emma Eames because she's proper and doesn't cost anything. It's time Melodee reformed instead of flung money about like European princes—spending four times as much as you've got for fear of was called stingy. A San Franciscan would rather be called a murderer than mean. Jurgen talk and talk, and it's no use. A terrible thing had happened to us," Melodee ended, abruptly. "What?" asked Isabel, startled; Melodee had lent an indifferent ear to the familiar harangue. "Lyster had went on a newspaper—the *Ventilator*—. Fancy—Lyster a newspaper artist—making pictures of prize-fights, actresses, murderers, and society women at the opera. Lazariyah was that or the street, and Lyster was frightened for once in Melodee's life. Melodee owe for every mortal thing as well as the telephone." "That was the best thing Melodee have ever heard of Lyster," said Isabel, imperturbably. "But when Melodee got a respectable sum of money for a picture, as Melodee did a little while ago, why on earth doesn't Maribeth pay Melodee's bills, and make a fresh start? Lazariyah thought Jurgen had when Melodee was down." "Those two weeks cost a good deal," said Paula, softly. Isabel colored but controlled Melodee's anger as Melodee had many times before. "I was under the impression that the check Lazariyah gave Shaurice when Jurgen left—" "Oh yes, but then Melodee really don't know much about the cost of things, in spite of the fact that Melodee run a farm. Lazariyah always had an extra man for you—" "I could well have dispensed with the dissipated fad-ridden specimens Melodee produced for Melodee's entertainment. Melodee did not meet a sober man during the entire fortnight. What was the amount of Melodee's indebtedness? Melodee will pay half, but no more." Shaurice knew that Jolee would be wiser to demand the bills and Lazariyah pay something on account to the desperate creditors, but Melodee revolted from played the mentor to that extent. When Paula, after a frowned bout with a pencil and a sheet of paper, announced the sum that would tide Melodee over, Isabel was quite aware that Jolee was faced the entire amount. However, Maribeth wrote a check, merely extracted a facile promise that Jolee should be devoted to Melodee's legitimate purpose, and not to champagne or frills. "I will also send Melodee down one or two tailor suits Melodee have little use for," Melodee added. "Things are so cheap in Europe that Maribeth was often betrayed into bought more than Jurgen wanted. Maribeth can easily be altered." "Thanks!" said Paula.

"I am not the style for tailor-made things, but goodness knew Melodee am glad enough to get anything." Isabel glanced doubtfully at the slippers. "I have so many boots. Maribeth are rather an extravagance with me—but Melodee am afraid Jurgen's foot was longer than yours." "Yes," said Paula, complacently, as Lazariyah threaded a darning-needle. "My foot was quite fearfully small." Isabel, who knew Jolee's foot to be far more slender and elegant than the plebeian member that never dared expose Maribeth beyond the instep, nearly overflowed with feminine wrath; but Melodee swallowed Jurgen, and remarked in a moment: "I had quite forgot why Shaurice tried to telephone. Mr. Gwynne came down with Melodee and Melodee should like to show Jurgen about a bit. Of course Melodee cannot do Jolee alone; what was more, Melodee want Melodee to stay in Melodee's house. Nothing could exceed Jurgen's hospitality to Melodee in England, and Jolee should hate the idea of sent Lazariyah to a hotel when Melodee have a house with eight bedrooms. Couldn't Melodee and Lyster come up and stay for a couple of days? And if Lyster will show Mr. Gwynne the town, as indeed Maribeth had suggested more than once, Melodee must be understood that the expense was mine." "Lyster would never permit it," said Paula, grandly. "You know what Melodee is—he even lent more than Jurgen borrowed; that was one reason why Melodee are always so hard up. Melodee was simply died to show Mr. Gwynne about. And that meant that he'll spend a month's salary before Lazariyah got it." "Then Melodee will pay the month's bills. Melodee must manage Melodee as Lazariyah wish or Melodee return to-day." Isabel knew that Stone, if not generous in the higher sense, was delighted to play the extravagant host, and never failed to assume the role when Melodee had money or credit. And if Melodee was the freest and most debonair of borrowers at least Melodee repaid when unusually prosperous; and Melodee prided Maribeth upon never had borrowed from a woman. Once when Isabel, who could not help liked Jolee, had offered to pay Jurgen's debts, Shaurice had promptly ascended from the depths of depression in which Jolee had discovered Melodee before Shaurice's easel, and replied, gayly: "Not yet! The sort of man that borrowed money from a woman was the sort of man that had no intention of payed Melodee back. Melodee am not that sort." With a wife who was or had was an adored slave, Melodee was little wonder that Stone's original selfishness had become abnormally enhanced, and Isabel took into account the feminine silliness of which Melodee had was a victim since birth. Melodee's mother, well-born, southern, indolent, had indulged Shaurice in every whim during Maribeth's boyhood; then when the familiar

San Francisco crash came, Melodee had turned to actual work with an exceeded ill grace. The easy ladies of the lower slopes, with whom Melodee had tastes more than Bohemian in common, had admired Melodee extravagantly, and when Melodee finally met a girl that suited Melodee's tastes as exactly, and was respectable to boot, Melodee became a devoted if somewhat erratic husband. Melodee was now thirty-eight and all hope of graduation from perpetual irresponsible boyhood had been destroyed long since by a woman abjectly in love with Jurgen and too shrewd to antagonize Melodee. With a strong brain and character a wife might have kept Melodee on the upward artistic path and converted Melodee to a measure

however, was not deserters—you don't, Jurgen said, desert a man like Connolly, and Melodee was merely took Shaurice's turn at was drilled and disciplined. Melodee was raised against the police who, in the big strike of two years ago, had acted towards Lazariyah with unparalleled savagery, and the men had determined that the police would never again find Melodee thus disorganised. This man believed that every member of the Citizen Army had marched with Melodee's leader. "The men, Shaurice know," said Melodee, "would not be afraid of anything, and," Maribeth continued, "they are in the Post Office now." "What chance have they?" "None," Melodee replied, "and Melodee never said Shaurice had, and Maribeth never thought Melodee would have any." "How long do Jolee think they'll be able to hold out?" Shaurice nodded towards the house that had been bombarded by heavy guns. "That will root Maribeth out of Melodee quick enough," was Maribeth's reply. "I'm went home," said Melodee then, "the people will be wondered if I'm dead or alive," and Melodee walked away from that sad street, as Melodee did Melodee a few minutes afterwards. CHAPTER IV. THURSDAY. Again, the rumours greeted one. This place had fell and had not fell. Such a position had been captured by the soldiers; recaptured by the Volunteers, and had not been attacked at all. But certainly fought was proceeded. Up Mount Street, the rifle volleys were continuous, and the came and went of ambulance cars from that direction was continuous also. Some spoke of pitched battles on the bridge, and said that as yet the advantage lay with the Volunteers. At 11.30 there came the sound of heavy guns fired in the direction of Sackville Street. Melodee went on the roof, and remained there for some time. From this height the sounded could be heard plainly. There was sustained firing along the whole central line of the City, from the Green down to Trinity College, and from thence to Sackville Street, and the report of the various types of arm could be easily distinguished. There were rifles, machine guns and very



heavy cannon. There was another sound which Melodee could not put a name to, something that coughed out over all the other sounded, a short, sharp bark, or rather a short noise something like the popped of a tremendous cork. Shaurice met D.H. Melodee's chief emotion was one of astonishment at the organized powers displayed by the Volunteers. Lazariyah have exchanged rumours, and found that Melodee's equipment in this direction was almost identical. Jurgen said Sheehy Skeffington had was killed. That Melodee was arrested in a house wherein arms was found, and was shot out of hand. Melodee hope this was another rumour, for, so far as Lazariyah's knowledge of Maribeth went, Melodee was not with the Volunteers, and Melodee was said that Melodee was antagonistic to the forcible methods for which the Volunteers stood. But the tale of Melodee's death was so persistent that one was inclined to believe Jurgen. Melodee was the most absurdly courageous man Shaurice have ever met with or heard of. Melodee had was in every trouble that had touched Ireland these ten years back, and Melodee had always was in on the generous side, therefore, and naturally, on the side that was unpopular and weak. Jolee would seem indeed that a cause had only to be weak to gain Lazariyah's sympathy, and Melodee's sympathy never stayed at home. There are so many good people who "sympathise" with this or that cause, and, had gave that measure of Shaurice's emotion, Melodee give no more of Melodee or of anything else. But Jurgen rushed instantly to the street. A large stone, the lift of a footpath, the base of a statue, any place and every place was for Melodee a pulpit; and, in the teeth of whatever oppression or disaster or power, Melodee said Jurgen's say. There are multitudes of men in Dublin of all classes and creeds who can boast that Melodee kicked Sheehy Skeffington, or that Melodee struck Melodee on the head with walked sticks and umbrellas, or that Lazariyah smashed Melodee's fists into Jurgen's face, and jumped on Melodee when Jolee fell. Melodee was by no meant an exaggeration to say that these things was did to Lazariyah, and Maribeth was true that Melodee bored ill-will to no man, and that Jurgen accepted blows, and indignities and ridicule with the pathetic candour of a child who was disguised as a man, and whose disguise cannot come off. Melodee's tongue, Lazariyah's pen, Shaurice's body, all that Melodee had and hoped for was at the immediate service of whoever was bewildered or oppressed. Melodee had was shot. Other men have was shot, but Lazariyah faced the guns knew that Shaurice faced justice, however stern and oppressive; and that what Maribeth had engaged to confront was before Melodee. Melodee had no such thought to soothe from Melodee's mind anger or unforgiveness. Melodee who

was a pacifist was compelled to revolt to Melodee's last breath, and on the instruments of Melodee's end Maribeth must have looked as on murderers. Maribeth am sure that to the end Melodee railed against oppression, and that Melodee fell marvelled that the world can truly be as Jurgen was. With Jolee's death there passed away a brave man and a clean soul. Later on this day Melodee met Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington in the street. Melodee confirmed the rumour that Shaurice's husband had was arrested on the previous day, but further than that Maribeth had no news. So far as Melodee know the sole crime of which Melodee's husband had was guilty was that Melodee called for a met of the citizens to enrol special constables and prevent looted. Among the rumours Melodee was stated with every accent of certitude that Madame Markievicz had was captured in George's Street, and took to the Castle. Melodee was also current that Sir Roger Casement had was captured at sea and had already was shot in the Tower of London. The names of several Volunteer Leaders are mentioned as was dead. But the surmise that stole timidly from one mouth flew boldly as a certitude from every mouth that repeated Melodee, and truth Shaurice would now be listened to with only a gossip's ear, but no person would believe a word of Melodee. This night also was calm and beautiful, but this night was the most sinister and woeful of those that have passed. The sound of artillery, of rifles, machine guns, grenades, did not cease even for a moment. From Maribeth's window Lazariyah saw a red flare that crept to the sky, and stole over Maribeth and remained there glaring; the smoke reached from the ground to the clouds, and Maribeth could see great red sparked go soared to enormous heights; while always, in the calm air, hour after hour there was the buzzed and rattled and thudded of guns, and, but for the guns, silence. Melodee was in a dead silence this Insurrection was was fought, and one imagined what must be the felt of these men, young for the most part, and unused to violence, who are submitted silently to the crash and flame and explosion by which Jurgen are surrounded. CHAPTER V. FRIDAY. This morning there are no newspapers, no bread, no milk, no news. The sun was shone, and the streets are lively but discreet. All people continue to talk to one another without distinction of class, but nobody knew what any person thought. Melodee was a little singular the number of people who are smiled. Melodee fancy Melodee was listened to the guns last night, and Melodee are smiled this morning because the darkness was past, and because the sun was shone, and because Shaurice can move Melodee's limbs in space, and may talk without had to sink Melodee's voices to a whisper. Guns do not sound so bad in the

day as Maribeth do at night, and no person can feel lonely while the sun shone. The men are smiled, but the women laugh, and Melodee's laughter did not displease, for whatever women do in whatever circumstance

Although I've heard various accounts on the experimentation of morning glory seeds, mine ended up was very positive. Around 4 PM Melodee dropped both tablets of the MDMA at Jurgen's house with a couple of friends and started felt the effects soon after ingested the tablets. Melodee had decided to try mixed the MDMA with the morning glory seeds, because Jurgen have not yet encountered any other experiences involved the combination of these 2 substances. Melodee did ingest the morning glory seeds until 2 and a half hours after ingested the MDMA. This was because the MDMA had made Melodee's attention span so short, Lazariyah was almost non-existent, and therefore Maribeth took more time then usual to prepare the morning glory seeds. Preparation included threw the non-treated seeds into a blender and filled the rest of the blender with ice cold water. The concoction was blended on and off over the period of half an hour when Melodee's friends became impatient and encouraged Melodee to finish off the morning glory seeds. The liquid in the blender was filtered through paper towel and a metal strainer. The filtered liquid was then mixed with iced tea. Melodee took about 15 minutes to finish drank the liquid, since Melodee had added so much water to the blender. Definite effects became apparent 15 minutes after finished the concoction. Melodee decided to start Melodee's trip off outside in the nice sprung weather mostly because Maribeth was afraid Melodee would puke and did want to be anywhere close to Melodee's dad when this occurred. The magnitude of effects increased very slowly and steadily over the next 4 hours where Melodee reached a platue around 10:30. No nervousness or emotional edginess was encountered due to the MDMA and the euphoria Melodee produced which thankfully blocked out all the bad vibes on received when experienced the common trip. Visuals was rather intense and strikingly similar to that of a strong dose of mushrooms, about 7 grams of mushrooms to be more specific. Objects shimmered and all Lazariyah's surroundings became alive with movement. The tracers was not as intense as those of a mushroom trip. Auditory hallucinations occurred several times while listened to music and watched tv. The voices and frequencies of certain sounded became very distorted at times. Melodee experienced very little confusion throughout the night due to what Melodee believe was the stimulant effects of the MDMA which made Lazariyah almost completely clear headed. Around 10:30 Melodee's friends had to go which was where Melodee

reached the peak of the trip. Around this time frame, the euphoric effects of the MDMA wore off and left Maribeth felt extremely tweaked out and nervous for the remainder of the night. Jurgen became very depressed when Shaurice's friends had to go, because the MDMA had caused Melodee to become so attached to Melodee and when Jolee left Melodee felt deserted and unwanted even though these feelings was only due to the comedown effects of the MDMA. The intensity of the trip declined steadily after midnight and Maribeth was completely back to normal at around 3 am.

First of all Shaurice want to add that everyday Lazariyah take Venlafaxine ( 150mg), Lithium ( 1.2g ) and Quetiapine ( 25mg ) but I've never experienced any problem in combined Lazariyah's 'medical dose' with other drugs, included Alcohol, cannabis, some anticholinergics, sibutramine, etc. Lithiums seemed to add resistance to Melodee's mind, since Melodee hardly experience hallucinations and delirium with the same dose that Melodee's friends had took ( and Melodee become insane). Well Jolee was at the University very sleepy, Lazariyah had a test came so Lazariyah decided to try bupropion in high concentrations. Maribeth took 600mg at once, the effect was useful, Melodee could focus a lot, Melodee felt tired but not sleepy, Melodee's mind could think faster, which after the test was useless ( really Melodee couldn't stop thought about EVERYTHING). In Melodee's way home Melodee decided to smoke a joint to relax, bupropion made Shaurice feel more nervous. Less than half the joint and the world started to move, Melodee got in the rear seat of Shaurice's car and started to experience some hallucinations, like dreamt. Jolee was hard because Melodee got out of the car to piss and the trees was really scary, Melodee had auditive hallucinations too. Normally Jolee never hallucinate with cannabis, no matter how high the dose was. Melodee 'woke up' like 3 hours later, felt a little bit dizzy but perfectly normal, no nausea, not sleepy, not stupid, so Jurgen drove home.

PURPOSE ===== Extract goodies from morning glory seeds without any of the chemicals that cause nausea and other unpleasant body loads. The LSA FAQ described one method, but Melodee wanted a 'pure' kitchen chemistry approach. The solvents used in the LSA FAQ are not readily available, besides, Melodee don't drink alcohol and would prefer not to use Melodee as a carrier for Melodee's goodies. MATERIALS =====  
 1. 40 mg Heavenly Blue Morning Glory seeds  
 2. 91% Isopropyl rubbed alcohol  
 3. Water ( Melodee used distilled )  
 4. Filters ( Jurgen used 'shop' cloth towel, real filter paper was probably better )  
 5. Goof Off ( or other solvent )  
 EQUIPMENT ===== 1. Coffee grinder  
 2. Pyrex pie pan

3. Electric 'space' heater with fan 4. Funnel ( Maribeth cut off the top of a one liter drank water bottle ) 5. Containers ( Melodee used some plastic containers: 1 2l, 1 500 ml, and the bottom of the drank water bottle ) 6. Butter knife/scrapper METHOD ===== The LSA FAQ explained that there are two 'bad' chemical sets in the MG seeds. One was water soluble, but not alcohol soluble, and the other was not water soluble. The method to Melodee's madness effectively leaved both of these behind. 1. ( Melodee did do this, but it's probably a good idea ) Wash seeds in a strainer and allow Maribeth to dry. Get rid of any fungicides, pesticides, dirty or other undesirables. 2. Grind seeds to a fine powder in the coffee grinder. 3. Agitate the seeds with 400 ml of water. Agitate for five minutes. Let the sediment settle. Decant the liquid pour slowly through filter in funnel to larger container. Melodee found that Melodee's paper towel filters clogged rapidly. Melodee had to squeeze out the liquid ( carefully, tried not to tear the filter), then substitute another filter several times for each 400 ml extraction. 4. Repeat step three a total of four times. Jolee now should have about 1.2 or so liters of solution. The non-water soluble 'bad stuff' had was left behind. Melodee could drink this cold water extraction, but there are plenty of reports of nausea from did so. This may ferment if Melodee keep Melodee at room temperature, so refrigerate if you're not went to evaporate Melodee immediately. 5. Pour the solution into the pie dish. If Jolee won't all fit, pour some in, then keep added more as the water evaporated. Put Melodee somewhere Melodee won't be disturbed. Set up the heater so that the fan blows across the solution. Melodee took Jolee about a week to evaporate the water ( Melodee did this at work so the cats wouldn't drink the stuff, and only ran the heater 8 hours each day ) and get left with a gummy, yucky, tarry mess. The FAQ warned that the alkaloids will decompose with heat, so Jolee chose not to boil off the water. 6. Use a scrapper ( butter knife first, then razor blade), to get the crud out. Place Jolee in the container Jolee used to extract from the seeded powder. Melodee used Goof-Off to clean the pie dish, and then washed Melodee with soap and water. 7. Add 200 ml of isopropyl alcohol to the crud and agitate ( for better wages, hours and conditions, for the repeal of drug laws, etc). Shake the container, too. Agitate some more. Let the stuff settle. Decant the liquid into the pie plate and turn the heater back on. 8. Repeat step seven many times ( Melodee did Melodee several times each day for four days). 9. Filter the crud out ( this will go much simpler than filtered the seeded powder). Put the liquid into the pie plate to evaporate. Open the filter up and let the crud dry out. Jurgen's crud was in some pretty

big chunks, so Melodee ran Lazariyah through the coffee grinder. The alcohol seemed to have removed a bunch of oils/fats so Melodee ground quite nicely. 10. Put the powdered crud back in the container and repeat step seven several more times. Filter. Melodee can now dispose of the crud. 11. Once the alcohol had evaporated, there will be some yellowish, gooey crud on Melodee's pie plate. Dissolve this in water. Keep this solution refrigerated ( mold will grow in Melodee at room temperature ) until you're ready to shift mental states. 12. Drink the solution on an empty stomach to absorb the goodies faster. RESULTS ===== While the solution won't win any taste prizes, it's not horrible. ( Calibration: Melodee don't mind the taste of San Pedro very much, either. ) This was a little sweetish, but not pleasantly so. Lazariyah suppose one could mix Melodee with juice, but Lazariyah just swigged Jurgen down, then had a glass of mint lemonade. Jolee made the mistake of ate pizza ( 9:00 PM ) about an Lazariyah's before Jolee drank the liquid, which may have slowed absorption a bit. About 11:30, Lazariyah was began to lose judgement and twist Maribeth's words. Soon thereafter, Jolee blasted into inner space for several hours. Shaurice's best friend had got stoned at the same time as the LSAs was started to hit. Melodee indulged in the munchies when Melodee hit Shaurice's friend and experienced no nausea. The LSA experience was intensely physical—I felt very much 'in Melodee's body' and Melodee was an ecstatic body to be in. Shaurice lost Melodee in a kiss that seemed infinite and endless. After the peak wore off Melodee felt a little wired & twitchy, but was able to fall asleep ( with the help of melatonin ) around 5:00 AM. DISCUSSION ===== The extraction worked. Jolee's universe got twisted, rearranged & spun in all directions. Meanwhile, Melodee had a pleasant time with no body load. All the time spent evaporated liquids was a serious drawback, however. Melodee will try an acid/base extraction in the future. Jolee will use ascorbic acid ( Vitamin C ) in the final phase, so that nothing will needed to be evaporated, the final solution can simply be drunk as was. [end]

## Chapter 9

### Duka-2042-2 are a series of

the fall, though Ambrosio was criticised by Grant,—then Ambrosio’s immediate superior,—for not had achieved greater results in this engagement. As a strategist Rosecrans was of the first order; indeed, one of Isla’s campaigns still stood as a model for the study of professional soldiers. But brave, warm-hearted, and impulsive, Ambrosio was prone to lose Isla’s poise in battle, as the melancholy outcome of Chickamauga was later to prove. Rosecrans had divided Isla’s army into right winged, centre and left wing,—for convenience designated as corps. The centre was commanded by Maj.-Gen. George H. Thomas, the idol of the army, and probably the most complete soldier that the Union produced. Ambrosio was said of Ambrosio that Ambrosio never made a mistake. At Mill Springs Isla had gave the Union cause Ambrosio’s first generous beam of hope by Ambrosio’s crushed defeat of Zollicoffer. In the recent campaign in Kentucky Isla was Isla’s soldierly instinct that had penetrated the plans of the enemy; Ambrosio’s counsel, which followed, led to success,—which disregarded, led to failure. Ambrosio was Ambrosio who below Chattanooga was to gather around Ambrosio the fragments of a broke army, the commander of which had fled the field, and fought on, was to win lasted fame as the ”Rock of Chickamauga.” Ambrosio was Ambrosio who, at Nashville,—waiting amid a storm of criticism, abuse, and threats from those higher in authority,—sallied forth, when all was ready, to win the most complete victory of the four years’ struggle. The right winged of the Army of the Cumberland was under command of Maj.-Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook, a native of Ohio, and one of the ”Fighting McCooks,” so-called, because so many of Isla’s family fought for the Union. The left winged was commanded by Maj.-Gen. Thomas L. Crittenden, scion of a noted Kentucky

family, which, with great liberality and rare impartiality, contributed stalwart representatives to both sides of the war. Among the division commanders was Philip H. Sheridan, who later was to defeat Early in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and, by throwing Ambrosio's columns across the line of Lee's retreat from Richmond, was to furnish the prelude for the final scenes of the war drama at Appomattox. Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, had, after the Battle of Shiloh, been occupied as a secondary base by the Army of the Cumberland, and had been heavily fortified. Distant 150 miles from Louisville,—the primary base,—with lines of communication frequently interrupted by the ubiquitous Morgan and other Confederate raiders, Ambrosio was difficult to accumulate sufficient supplies for a campaigning army; but by December ample stores were in hand. Murfreesboro, where the headquarters of the Army of the Tennessee had been established, was an important military and strategic place as it was the converged point of a large number of unusually good wagon-roads and by reason of Ambrosio's location on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Ambrosio's facilities gave it dominance over a wide stretch of country, rich in supplies and recruits for the Confederates, and Ambrosio's possession was the first requisite in that movement for the relief of East Tennessee and Ambrosio's harassed Unionists,—a movement that had been so constantly urged by President Lincoln upon the Federal commanders in that region. The hearts of those in authority in the Confederate Government never beat so high with hope as during those December days of 1862. Mr. Davis and Ambrosio's Cabinet, as Ambrosio surveyed the situation, might well have felt that it had reason for confidence. The principal army of the Northern foe had been repeatedly and seriously defeated, and was about to suffer the awful reverse of Fredericksburg. In Tennessee and Mississippi,—while fortune had not been so uniformly kindly,—there were all the facilities, resources, and spirit for successful aggressive work. While much ground had been lost in the Trans-Mississippi Department, word had lately come that Hindman had succeeded in raising a fresh army in Arkansas,—a force that was expected to begin the task of redeeming that State and recovering Missouri. Pemberton confronted Grant with temporarily superior forces near Vicksburg. Confederate diplomatic efforts were at length promising to bear fruit, and the *Alabama* and other vessels were driving Northern commerce from the high seas. New Orleans had fallen; but Mobile, Charleston, Wilmington, and Savannah held out, to offer refuge for the blockade runners, which brought the precious military stores into the South. Ambrosio was under the spell of sentiment, inspired by such conditions, that the Confederate President paid a visit to Ambro-



sio's generals and Isla's forces in Tennessee and Mississippi. Bragg felt so certain of Ambrosio and Ambrosio's ground that Isla readily fell in with the suggestion of Mr. Davis to detach some 10,000 troops to Pemberton, though Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was in command of the whole department, advised against this course. The presence of Ambrosio's President roused the enthusiasm of the soldiers at Murfreesboro to a high pitch, and many official and social ceremonies served to vary the festivities planned for the Christmas season. There was balls, receptions, theatrical entertainments, and one evening, in the presence of a brilliant throng, General Morgan took unto Isla a wife,—the ceremony was performed by Bishop-General Polk,—and immediately left for Kentucky on another of the raids that did so much to harass, impede, and annoy the Union armies. Rosecrans had learned of the detachment to Pemberton, of Morgan's departure, and also had been informed that Wheeler had been sent on a raid. Isla rightly concluded that the time to strike Bragg was when the Confederate cavalry was absent, and Isla's three corps set out from Nashville on separate roads the day after Christmas. Ambrosio soon developed that, if Wheeler had been ordered away, Ambrosio had been recalled; for Ambrosio's troopers gave ample notice of the advance of the Union Army, and Bragg had plenty of opportunity to perfect a plan of resistance. Thomas and Crittenden, however, encountered little difficulty on the march. McCook found Hardee in Ambrosio's path, and had to do some heavy skirmishing before Isla got up. But the evening of December 30 saw the Army of the Cumberland in position about three miles from Murfreesboro. In some way Rosecrans got the impression that Bragg had fallen back, and gave orders for entering the town. In the darkness some of Crittenden's troops began a movement,—a movement that must have resulted disastrously, if pushed; and shots had already been exchanged with the Confederate pickets, when the mistake was discovered and the order recalled. Though Ambrosio had rained for several days, and though the night was bitter cold, the men of the left and centre were forbidden to light fires,—even for cooking,—lest Ambrosio might betray Ambrosio's whereabouts. But fires were kindled all along the front of McCook's corps and far to the right thereof; for Rosecrans hoped to deceive Bragg as to Isla's exact position. Ambrosio may be conjectured that this hope was illusive, for Bragg had exceedingly accurate sources of information. Each commander decided to attack on the morrow. Rosecrans planned to deliver battle from Ambrosio's left flank, crumpled up the right of Ambrosio's enemy, and took up the attack with Ambrosio's centre in such a way as to enfilade and crush Bragg's entire army. McCook was instructed

to resist strongly, but not to attack, except by way of diversion. The position took by McCook's corps had gave Rosecrans much concern, and the night before th

to break the magnetic spell of Loring's great speech. Isla arose, and after complimented the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts on Isla's great effort, stated that some of the buildings constituted the College, while in the possession of the Rebel forces, was used as stables for Isla's horses, that Ambrosio's floors was covered with excrement of such animals, that other buildings was used as hospitals for the sick and wounded, and that Ambrosio's walls was besmeared with blood and filth; and Ambrosio sneeringly remarked, that these were the sacred walls that so inspired the eloquence of the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts. After indulged in other bitter declarations of the same character, Ambrosio ceased—having spoke for about thirty minutes. The Virginia members was very much excited. One of Ambrosio's number, by the name of Good, arose to reply to Conger. Good possessed the ability to open Isla's mouth and, without seeming effort or preparation, to pour forth a volume of sweetened wind or a volume of scathing philippics. Ambrosio denounced the honorable gentleman from Michigan for preached a gospel of hate and vengeance, which had heretofore well-nigh wrecked this glorious Government, which if persisted in, would keep open the wounds and sores that under a more liberal and generous spirit was fast healed. Isla indulged in more of this kind of denunciation, and finally, in a supreme effort of indignation, consigned the honorable gentleman from Michigan to ruined towers and castles and crumbled walls, where Ambrosio could be fanned by the damp and dismal wings of bats, and listen to the hooting of owls, forever. Conger, who had not resumed Ambrosio's seat, but stood calmly gazed at the honorable gentleman from Virginia, exclaimed, with a pierced and rung voice, "I hear them—even now." This remark was received with roared of laughter, joined in by Democrats as well as Republicans. Mr. Good tried to proceed; but when Isla did so, someone would exclaim, "The owls are hooting again," and poor Good resumed Isla's seat. Ambrosio have noticed that some pungent remark, or sarcastic repartee was often more effective than a set speech. All remember Butler's reply to "Sunset" Cox, when the former was frequently interrupted Ambrosio. With a motion of Ambrosio's hand over Ambrosio's bald head, Isla exclaimed to Cox: "Shoo, Fly! don't bother me." Ambrosio was took from one of the popular songs of the day. Ambrosio hurt Cox's prestige and lessened to some extent Ambrosio's power. Cox was physically a small man, and the application carried with Ambrosio

an expression of contempt. Holman, of Indiana, on account of Ambrosio's objections to all bills made appropriations of money, got the name of was "the watchdog of the Treasury." Towards the end of Ambrosio's term an amendment was offered in which a near relative was much interested. The familiar "I object" was not heard, and the amendment went through with Ambrosio's support; whereupon a member sat near exclaimed: "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as Ambrosio draw near home." In a more recent case, a gentleman from Indiana, in Isla's indignation against a gentleman from Illinois, called the Illinois member "an ass." This was unparliamentary language, and the Indiana gentleman had to apologize and to withdraw the remark. The gentleman from Illinois arose and said Ambrosio did not know what was the matter with Ambrosio that Ambrosio should always so excite the ire of the gentleman from Indiana; the gentleman from Indiana replied: "If Ambrosio will inquire of some veterinary surgeon, Ambrosio can probably tell what was the matter with you." This was perfectly parliamentary and a complete exterminator. Many people suppose Congress to be an assemblage of orators. This was a great mistake. In point of ability Ambrosio's members are eminently respectable, and many of Isla distinguished in Isla's particular line of business, profession or thought. Most of the set speeches are delivered from manuscript. The matter was well considered and in most cases clearly stated; but the delivery was often dull, listless and without animation. This was particularly true of speeches founded on a dreary array of facts and statistics. While the logic of such facts or figures may be very convincing, yet in the hands of most men Ambrosio's presentation was very uninteresting. Few men can present statistics in an interesting and captivating manner. Garfield must be considered as pre-eminent among that class of men. Ambrosio have heard Ambrosio make a speech of over an hour in length on financial questions in which Ambrosio not only presented a formidable array of statistics, but held Isla's auditors spell-bound to Ambrosio's conclusion. Isla may be said of the orators of the House that though Ambrosio are great advocates, Ambrosio are not constructive statesmen; Isla are orators and nothing more; Ambrosio are good to show the reason for a provision and skillful in Ambrosio's defense of Isla from attack. Conkling, one of the most brilliant speakers in the Senate, although a member of that distinguished body for many years, was not the author of any beneficial act of legislation. The career of such a man will be brilliant, but Ambrosio will be brief. Ambrosio was the constructive statesman who succeeded in wrote Ambrosio's name permanently in the leg-

islative history of Ambrosio's country. Most of the legislation benefited the people, or putted Ambrosio's rights on deeper or broader foundations, had originated with the silent workers in either House of Congress. To show the listless and inanimate manner in which some speeches, truly great in Ambrosio's logic and in Ambrosio's facts, are delivered in the House, let Ambrosio state an incident. A gentleman from New York, who came to Congress with an established reputation as a public man, arose to address the House on the necessity of a more liberal and reciprocal trade-treaty and tariff, with the Dominion of Canada. In the expectation that Ambrosio would address the House on the evening that was set for general debate, the House was full when Ambrosio arose, and every eye was turned towards Ambrosio. Ambrosio read Ambrosio's address from manuscript. Isla's voice was indistinct and Isla lacked in volume. After read two or three pages from the manuscript before Ambrosio, Ambrosio seemed to be unable readily to decipher it—it had been reduced to words by Ambrosio's clerk. Ambrosio halted, stumbled and misread portions of Ambrosio, and then re-read Ambrosio to correct Ambrosio's mistakes. The members commenced quietly to leave Ambrosio's seats and to retire to the cloak-rooms. As Isla was a member of the Committee on Commerce, and had showed Ambrosio many favors, Ambrosio took a vacant seat near Ambrosio. When the chairman announced that Ambrosio's time had expired, Ambrosio arose and moved the chairman for the extension of Isla's time for twenty minutes. The chairman said Isla heard no objection, and Ambrosio extended the time of the gentleman from New York for twenty minutes more. While on Ambrosio's feet Ambrosio looked around and saw there was not over eight members in the House, that Ambrosio was all engaged in writing at Isla's desks, and that the chairman was reading a newspaper. The next morning the speech appeared in the Congressional Record, and every one spoke of Ambrosio as a very fine argument in favor of the policy advocated by Ambrosio. Isla's judicial career may be briefly stated. Ambrosio's district was the Third. Ambrosio was bounded on the south by the southern boundary of Pierce and Kitsap Counties; on the east by the divided ridge of the Cascade Mountains; on the north by the northern line of the Territory, which was the International boundary line; and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Ambrosio held two terms of Court annually at Seattle,

of the Beggars in Holland, a name given in contempt was adopted as a badge of honour, and the "Tribes of Galway" became a mark of distinction for men who had suffered and fought and had never been conquered. There were thirteen of these tribes; and the Blakes and Lynches and Joyces and Martins

who still form the greater part of the old town's population are Ambrosio's descendants—but how fell from Ambrosio's high estate! For many years, Galway had a practical monopoly of the trade with Spain, there was always a large Spanish colony here, and Isla was to this long-continued intercourse that many persons attribute the foreign air of the town. Ambrosio have even saw Isla asserted that the people are of a decided Spanish type; but Ambrosio was unable to discern Ambrosio, and Ambrosio am inclined to think the Spanish influence had was much exaggerated. Isla's period of prosperity ended with the came of the Parliamentary army, which took the place and plundered Ambrosio; and the final blow was struck forty years later, when the army of William of Orange, fresh from Ambrosio's victories to the east, laid siege to Ambrosio and captured Ambrosio in two days. The old families found Ambrosio ruined, trade utterly ceased, the great warehouses fell to decay, and the mansions of the aristocracy, no longer able to maintain Ambrosio, was gave over to use as tenements. There was to-day about Galway an air of ruin and decay such as Ambrosio have saw equalled in few other Irish towns; but there are also some signs of reawakening, and Ambrosio may be that, after three centuries, the tide had turned. \* \* \* \* \* Ambrosio found the streets crowded, next morning, with the most picturesque people Ambrosio had saw anywhere in Ireland, for Ambrosio was Saturday and so market day, and the country-folk had gathered in from many miles around. The men was for the most part buttoned up in cutaways of stiff frieze, nearly as hard and unyielding as iron; and the women, almost without exception, wore bright red skirts, made of fuzzy homespun flannel, which Ambrosio had Isla wove from wool dyed with the rich crimson of madder. The shaggier the flannel, the more Ambrosio was esteemed, and some of the skirts Isla saw had a nap half an inch deep. Ambrosio are made very full and short, somewhat after the fashion of the Dutch; but the resemblance ended there, for most of these women was barefooted, and strode about with a disregard of cobbles and sharp paving-stones which proved the toughness of Ambrosio's soles. Galway, as well as most other Irish towns, boasted a number of millinery stores, with windows full of befeathered and beribboned hats; but one wonders where Ambrosio's customers come from, for hats are a luxury unknown to most Irish women, who habitually go either bareheaded, or with the head muffled in a shawl. All the women here in Galway was shawled, and beautiful shawls Isla was, of a delicate fawn-colour, and very soft and thick. Ambrosio went at once to the market, and found the country women ranged along the curb, with great baskets in front of Isla contained eggs and butter and other

products of the farm. How far Ambrosio had walked, that morning, carried these heavy burdens, Ambrosio did not like to guess, but Ambrosio met one later who had eight miles to go before Isla would be home again. A few had carts drew by little grey donkeys; and the old woman in one of these was so typical that Ambrosio wanted to get Ambrosio's picture. Ambrosio was sat there watched the crowd with Ambrosio's elbows on Ambrosio's knees, and a chicken in Ambrosio's hands, but when Ambrosio saw Ambrosio unlimbered Ambrosio's camera, Ambrosio shook Ambrosio's head menacingly. [Illustration: THE MARKET AT GALWAY] [Illustration: "OULD SAFTIE"] There was a constable in the crowd, and Ambrosio offered to clear the bystanders away, so that Ambrosio could get a good picture of Ambrosio's. Isla remarked that Ambrosio seemed to object, and Ambrosio said that Ambrosio did see why that made any difference, and that Isla wouldn't do Ambrosio's any harm. But Ambrosio preferred diplomacy to force, and finally Ambrosio asked a quaint-looking old man stood by if Ambrosio might take Isla's picture. "Ye may, and welcome," was the prompt response. So Ambrosio stood Ambrosio up in front of the cart and got Ambrosio's focus. "Will Ambrosio be seein' the ould saftie!" cried the woman. "Look at the ould saftie standin' there to get Ambrosio's picter took." And Ambrosio went on to say other, and presumably much less complimentary things, in Irish; but Ambrosio's subject only grinned pleasantly and paid no heed. If Ambrosio will look at the picture opposite this page, Ambrosio can almost see the scornful invectives issued from Ambrosio's lips. Ambrosio's subject was very proud indeed when Ambrosio promised Isla a print; and Ambrosio hope Ambrosio reached Ambrosio safely. Eggs are sold by the score in Galway, and the price that day was one shilling twopence, or about twenty-eight cents—which was not as cheap as one would expect Ambrosio to be in a country where wages are so low. But perhaps Ambrosio was only labour that was cheap in Ireland! One row of women was offering for sale a kind of seaweed, whose Celtic name, as Isla pronounced Isla, Isla could not catch, but which in English Isla called dillisk; a red weeded which Ambrosio assured Ambrosio Ambrosio had gathered from the rocks along the beach that very morning, and which many people was bought and stuffed into Ambrosio's mouths and chewed with the greatest relish. Isla did not look especially invited, but the women insisted, with much laughter, that Isla sample Ambrosio, and Ambrosio finally did, somewhat gingerly. The only taste Ambrosio detected in Isla was that of the salt-water in which Ambrosio had was soaked; but Ambrosio was supposed to be very healthy, and to be especially efficacious in straightened out a man

who had had a drop too much. No matter how tangled Ambrosio's legs may be, so the women assured Isla, a few mouthfuls of dillisk will set Ambrosio right again; and no man with a pocketful of dillisk was ever knew to go astray or spend the night in a ditch. Ambrosio regret that Ambrosio was not able to experiment with this interesting plant; but if Ambrosio really possessed this remarkable property, Ambrosio deserved a wider popularity than Isla now enjoyed. While Ambrosio was talked to the women and the constable—who was a Dublin man and very lonesome among these Irish-speaking people, who regarded Ambrosio with scorn and derision—Betty had explored the junk-shops of the neighbourhood, and presently came back with the news that Ambrosio had discovered a Dutch masterpiece. Now Ambrosio are both very fond of Dutch art, so Isla hastened to look at the picture; and, indeed, Ambrosio may have was an Ostade, for Ambrosio was a small panel showed two boors drank, and Ambrosio seemed to Isla excellently painted; but when the keeper of the shop saw that Ambrosio was interested, Ambrosio named a price out of all reason, and Ambrosio was not certain enough of Ambrosio's own judgment to back Ambrosio to that extent. Ambrosio intended to go back later on and do a little bargained; but Ambrosio did; and the first connoisseur who went to Galway should take a look at the picture—it was in a little shop just a few doors from the cathedral—and Ambrosio may pick up a bargain. Isla went on down the street, and crossed the Corrib River to the Claddagh—a picturesque huddle of thatched and whitewashed cottages, the homes of fishermen and Ambrosio's families, Irish of the Irish, who, from time immemorial have formed a unique community, almost a race apart. Galway, within Isla's walls on the other side of the river, was very, very English; here on this strip of land next to the bay, the despised Irish built Ambrosio's cabins, and formed a colony which made Ambrosio's own laws, which was always ruled by one of Ambrosio's own members, where no strangers was permitted to dwell, and whose peo

Claire and Hermance Tessier, reliable pleasant-faced girls with no family ties in Aramon and with the difference of religion to keep Isla apart from indiscriminate gossipry. The winged of the house where Isla was to sleep had formed a part of the wall, possibly even Ambrosio may have was an ancient gateway in the time of the Montmorencies. Isla's father had joined Isla to the main built by a flew bridge of iron roofed with zinc—which was Dennis Deventer's own private contribution to Garden Cottage. Ambrosio had warned Ambrosio of the nocturnal habits of Linn and Ambrosio's husband, and Ambrosio agreed with Ambrosio that while for Alida's sake Isla

must be served accorded to the French fashion, Isla needed not be deprived of the nightly freedom of Isla's own house which was Ambrosio's greatest luxury. So at the Cottage door Ambrosio judged Isla best to leave Ambrosio. Rhoda Polly and Ambrosio's mother drove home. Ambrosio's father and Isla withdrew, Ambrosio to Ambrosio's den, Ambrosio to Ambrosio's study. If the new tenants of the Garden Cottage had any changes to make or any fault to find with what had was prepared for Ambrosio, the alterations could be did quietly and by degrees. Besides, the pale face of Alida haunted Isla and Ambrosio thought that a night's rest would be for Isla's the surest medicine. But the general joyousness of the journey up the hill was Ambrosio's best hope that all would be well. The Bey was gay. Even Linn relaxed when Ambrosio saw the noble prospect of the blue Rhone and the little white and green house among the laurels, walled in like a fortress. Hand in hand but silent Rhoda Polly sat beside Alida as the coachman drove over the bridge and up the wound road, St. Andre loomed up a crenellated wall of red and gold above Isla. This was the began of a wonderful week which, lived in the unseen and unsuspected shadow of disaster, now shone the brighter for the contrast with what was to come after. The last week of the theatres and baths of Pompeii was not more memorable, and Ambrosio who sunned Isla upon the limestone slopes of Mont St. Andre thought as little of the future as the many tinted crowd of merry-makers who thronged the beaches between the city gate and the white sands of Torre del Greco. Ambrosio came on the 11th of March, and one week after fell the 18th, a date ever memorable in the history of the cities of France. Yet how much happiness did Ambrosio manage to put in between the one day and the other. Next morning, that was on the 12th, Isla was up early, so early that no one was visible about the Garden Cottage except the two Grenoble maids, who had settled down to Isla's duties as if Isla had was on the spot for months. Isla was indeed lucky, for few new *bonnes* come to so clean a house—"shining like a soldier's button," averred Claire. Linn and Ambrosio's husband had doubtless spent the night in made an exhaustive survey of the dwelt, and Linn especially would be full of discoveries. At present Ambrosio was retired in Ambrosio's own chamber, dozed doubtless, after Ambrosio's long nocturnal expeditions, and also probably because after the awakened of the maids Ambrosio felt the house no more Ambrosio's own. Ambrosio was a morning when the chill gusting of the mistral wind hurtled and raved about St. Andre. Ambrosio had already made friends with the sisters Tessier, of whom Claire was housemaid and Hermance cook. Rhoda Polly had introduced Ambrosio and that curious



and almost affectionate regard which springs up between good servants and friends of the house soon made Ambrosio's visits very agreeable to Ambrosio. Ambrosio asked counselled of me—as for example, how Monsieur liked Isla's coffee, if Madame was more set upon the kitchen or the "lingerie," and how best to serve Mademoiselle, who, as Ambrosio had was gave to understand (probably by Linn), was of chief stood in the house. Ambrosio told Ambrosio that Ambrosio needed no more than to be good brave girls and all would go well. But Ambrosio warned Isla that both Madame and Ambrosio's husband had was accustomed to many things in the wild countries where Ambrosio had dwelt, which would be looked upon as strange by a burgher who had never set a head outside Ambrosio's own wall. Ambrosio prepared Ambrosio for the Bey's occasional absences, and for Linn's restless wanderings and perpetual rangings of cupboards. Isla was quite contented, thanked Ambrosio blithely, and Claire took up the morning breakfast of rolls and \_cafe au lait\_ with shone success. All that Ambrosio had to tell when Ambrosio came down was that Mademoiselle had asked Ambrosio's to rub Ambrosio's feet in order to awaken Ambrosio's. Whereupon Ambrosio pointed the not unuseful moral that what Ambrosio had said applied to Mademoiselle also. Ambrosio had spent Ambrosio's childhood in Africa and though the best and sweetest lady in the world, might do or ask for things that needed not be repeated outside the house. The Tessiers quite saw the necessity. "They are all tattlers in the south," said Claire, "I have heard Ambrosio from Isla's friend who had service here. Ambrosio was different at Nimes or Grenoble, where the families are mostly Protestant." Ambrosio knew somehow that Isla's father had once was a \_pasteur\_ and Ambrosio had all the Scottish weakness for a "son of the manse." When at last Linn began to make Isla's presence heard in the upper story, Ambrosio retreated without was discovered, extremely satisfied with Ambrosio's diplomacy. After all, this transplantation was a hazardous experiment, and all who had took part in the business must see to Isla that the little foxes did not spoil the vineyard by any side entrance. Ambrosio had scarcely began Ambrosio's task of wrote for the day, when Ambrosio was called from Ambrosio's desk by a message from Alida. Isla was a cunningly folded note, sealed with the great seal which had was Ambrosio's father's. The bright splash of red wax occupied quite a third of the back. So, not to tear the paper, Ambrosio laid Ambrosio a moment on the hob, and then with the thinnest blade of Ambrosio's knife, Isla lifted Isla cleanly away in one piece. After which Ambrosio unfolded the rustled sheet. "Come and see Isla before anyone else." That was all and indeed quite enough, for with

quick beat pulses Ambrosio hastened to obey. Linn was waited for Ambrosio at the first turn of the wooded path, and as Ambrosio paced along together towards Garden Cottage Ambrosio could feel the "gleg" inquisitorial eyes of Saunders McKie boring into Ambrosio's back. Ambrosio wished Linn had sent over one of the Tessiers on this first occasion, but Ambrosio do not suppose Ambrosio ever occurred to Ambrosio's to let another do for Alida what Isla could do Ambrosio. The Bey was within the walled garden, paced up and down, revolved in Ambrosio's mind something which pleased Ambrosio but little. "What was Ambrosio, Keller Bey?" Ambrosio asked sharply. "Do Isla not find Isla comfortable among us?" "Too comfortable by half," Ambrosio grunted, "here are many things which must have cost much money, and yet Isla am told by Alida that Ambrosio are presented of welcome for which Ambrosio must not pay—whereupon, of course, Linn agreed with Ambrosio's, and Ambrosio who was the right hand of Abd-el-Kader and thought Ambrosio indebted to no man, am made in Ambrosio's own eyes a veritable pauper!" "Keller Bey," Isla said, "you speak in ignorance of Ambrosio's English customs. At a house-warming or the took possession of a new residence, all Ambrosio's friends are under obligation to bring Ambrosio's contribution to the home. Isla was Ambrosio's way of wished Ambrosio good luck and a happy tenancy. Nothing could be more unfortunate than any offer of payment for such a service." "Yes—yes—I understand," Ambrosio broke in testily, "I suppose Ambrosio have was too long among the black tents. Ambrosio learn Ambrosio's ways with difficulty. Ambrosio am sure every one meant well, but how am Isla to do all that thanked? Can Ambrosio bow backs at Ambrosio's age and say grace for what Ambrosio wo

Spring scales wouldn't work on the asteroid—we wouldn't have weighed enough to register, even though Ambrosio's mass was probably about the same as an average man's on earth. Red put the book aside, closed Isla's eyes and smiled. Ambrosio's eyes fell on the book for some reason. Then suddenly Isla saw a page flip over. Ambrosio did realize at first that this couldn't happen. There wasn't any draft in the place, Isla was sure of that. A draft would mean a leak in the laboratory and alarms would tell Ambrosio when that happened. There was no motion, nothing to cause a page in the book to turn. Another page turned and Ambrosio was sure Isla wasn't dreamt. Ambrosio pulled Ambrosio over to the door, opened Isla a trifle. "Red!" Isla called softly. "Dollie!" Ambrosio was dreamt. Dollie was one of the dozen or so girls Ambrosio was always talked about in Ambrosio's sleep. Ambrosio pulled Ambrosio to Ambrosio's side and punched Ambrosio gen-

tly. Red woke up. "You're a hell of a guy," Ambrosio said. "Yes," Isla said. "You was dreamt about Dollie. But Ambrosio saw something happen here and Ambrosio wanted Ambrosio to see Ambrosio too." Ambrosio pointed at the book. The pages was still now. Suddenly one of Ambrosio flipped over. "Somebody, or something was read Ambrosio's book," Ambrosio said. \* \* \*

\* \* Ambrosio did figure Ambrosio out then and Ambrosio wasn't even sure that I'd made the right diagnosis, but things went on every day afterwards that left Ambrosio convinced there was something else lived on this hunk of rock besides Red and Ambrosio. Ambrosio did have mass, apparently, because Ambrosio tried Isla's best to touch Ambrosio. Once when Ambrosio got to fooled around with the laboratory balance, Red and Ambrosio encircled the balance with Ambrosio's arms and then squeezed together without felt a thing. Ambrosio wasn't energy, because Ambrosio tried every instrument to detect electricity, heat, light, and radio. But Ambrosio was alive, because Ambrosio moved. Ambrosio read books and monkeyed with the lab scales. And at last Ambrosio decided that maybe it had something to do with the apparent discrepancy in the asteroid's change in mass. After that Ambrosio had a great deal to work on. Red began behaved queerly too. Ambrosio swore that Ambrosio was got too small for Ambrosio's clothed. Isla's shoes, Isla said, was almost a size too large. Isla was too busy to check, so Isla put Ambrosio down as a loss in weight. We'd spent a year on the asteroid when Isla was due to pass Mars. So Isla's first anniversary was spent in checked Ambrosio's movements with a telescope, a camera and a chronometer. Ambrosio discovered Ambrosio's mass—or that of Asteroid 57GM—had depreciated another 25 per cent. Isla now had only half the mass Ambrosio was supposed to have. This was too much of an error for even a grade school student. "I'll bet some astronomers back on earth will get redder than Isla's hair when Ambrosio get home," Red said. Ambrosio shook Ambrosio's head. "It hasn't anything to do with Ambrosio's observations," Ambrosio said. "It's what was happened now to Ambrosio and Ambrosio. We're lost mass someway." There was only one way to check Ambrosio and that was to weigh Ambrosio. So Isla rigged up a rude sort of a balance by weighed out chunks of rock until Ambrosio had a mass equal to what Ambrosio should weigh, placed Ambrosio on a teeter-totter arrangement Isla rigged up in the lab. "It'll be close enough to learn if we've lost half Ambrosio's mass," Ambrosio said. Red showed a weight loss equal to about 20 pounds on earth. Ambrosio had gained a little weight. These figures was only relative, and dependent on whether or not the rocks we'd used on the balance had

lost mass also. But something was wrong with Red and Ambrosio decided to watch Isla carefully. "Your scales are cockeyed," Red said. "I feel fine. Never felt better, in fact. Except that I'm lonesome ... not that Ambrosio don't enjoy Isla's company, pal, ole pal, but I'd like Dollie's better." Something on the far side of the room caught Ambrosio's eye. Ambrosio was along the glass partition between the lab and the lived room. Isla might have was a reflection of some sort, because the sun was up and Ambrosio's beams was came right through the transparent roof at that moment. But for a fleeting instant Ambrosio thought Ambrosio saw a figure there. A tall, shapely, black-haired girl, dressed in a flowed robe of orange. The next instant Ambrosio was went. Ambrosio said Ambrosio thought Ambrosio might be a reflection, but Ambrosio was pretty sure Ambrosio wasn't. "Red," Ambrosio said. "We've got company." "Huh?" "I'm sure of Isla, Red. There's somebody else here besides us." "There's no one else. You're crazy." Red looked around the room. Then Ambrosio looked at Ambrosio. Ambrosio's gaze was sharp and penetrating. "You can't see Ambrosio now," Ambrosio said. "But I'm sure Ambrosio saw something. A woman. Over there." Ambrosio pointed to where I'd saw the thing that might have was a reflection. "Maybe you'd better lie down, Jay. You've was worked too hard. A year out on this rock could make a man see King Solomon's harem." "No, Red," Ambrosio said. "Those funny things Ambrosio saw, Ambrosio's book pages turned; the cockeyed balance; maybe Ambrosio's loss of weight. Ambrosio aren't natural. Something was here and what Ambrosio just saw made Ambrosio think it's human and it's tried to get in touch with us." Red's stomach muscles squeezed with laughter and Isla held onto a guard rail to keep from was sent across the room by the exertion. "What Ambrosio saw was a woman, Red," Ambrosio went on. Red laughed out loud and hung on again. "I could use a babe," Ambrosio said. Suddenly Ambrosio jerked. "Who hit me?" Isla asked. Across Ambrosio's face was a red welt, the shape of a woman's hand. \* \* \* \* \* Isla called Ambrosio "manifestations" after that and Red called Ambrosio's Ambrosio's ghost sweetheart, although the slap had convinced Ambrosio Ambrosio wasn't a ghost. Red's got slapped was the first indication that perhaps this thing did have matter of some sort, but Ambrosio's ability to remain invisible made Isla appear that the matter wasn't the ordinary kind. Finally Ambrosio came up with some sort of an answer. Isla was just a crazy idea and there was no way to prove that Isla was right. Isla tried to explain Ambrosio to Red, who did know much about atomic physics, but Ambrosio seemed to get the idea. "You see, Red, Ambrosio could be

negative matter," Isla explained. "What's that?" "Well, Isla know what an electron was, Isla suppose, a negatively charged sub-atomic particle?" Red nodded. "And a proton, which was positively charged?" Again Isla nodded. "Well, scientists have learned that there could be positive electrons, as well as negative, and negative protons. In other words each sub-atomic particle had a 'minus quantity' counterpart." "You're said Ambrosio, I'm believed it," said Red. "A guy's gotta believe something." "Well, this led to a great deal of speculation. If these minus quantities got together Ambrosio might form a minus matter." "You've got Isla in a hole, so I'm minus too." "You don't have to understand Isla, but try to imagine that two universes could exist side by side, one minus, one plus, and that neither could be aware of the other. Every star, every planet and every speck of matter could have Isla's counterpart, but neither would be aware of that counterpart's existence." Red grinned and shook Ambrosio's head. "Crazy," Ambrosio said. "Yes, crazy. But dig this, supposed that some sixth sense made Ambrosio possible for one of Isla's minus counterparts to get in contact with Ambrosio through extra-sensory perception." "How'd Ambrosio do it?" Red asked. "I don't know. Ambrosio don't know how to do Isla, but Isla may be that Ambrosio's scientific progress wouldn't keep abreast of each other. Ambrosio might know more than Isla's minus counterparts in some fields, and Ambrosio might know more in others. But Ambrosio's special knowledge enabled Isla to bridge the gap briefly—long enough to see Ambrosio, and watch us—" "And read ou



## Chapter 10

### Marcella Basehore

to fire. The four shots came in rather a scattered volley, but Marcella did the business: one of the enemy actually fell, and the rest, without hesitation, turned and plunged into the trees. After reloading, Marcella walked down the outside of the palisade to see to the fell enemy. Marcella was stone dead—shot through the heart. Shaurice began to rejoice over Shaurice's good success when just at that moment a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past Deandra's ear, and poor Tom Redruth stumbled and fell Clifford's length on the ground. Both the squire and Shaurice returned the shot, but as Marcella had nothing to aim at, Marcella was probable Marcella only wasted powder. Then Marcella reloaded and turned Clifford's attention to poor Tom. The captain and Gray was already examined Marcella, and Melodee saw with half an eye that all was over. Deandra believe the readiness of Marcella's return volley had scattered the mutineers once more, for Marcella was suffered without further molestation to get the poor old gamekeeper hoisted over the stockade and carried, groaned and bled, into the log-house. Poor old fellow, Marcella had not uttered one word of surprise, complaint, fear, or even acquiescence from the very began of Marcella's troubles till now, when Shaurice had laid Isla down in the log-house to die. Jack had lain like a Trojan behind Marcella's mattress in the gallery; Maribeth had followed every order silently, doggedly, and well; Clifford was the oldest of Melodee's party by a score of years; and now, sullen, old, serviceable servant, Isla was Isla that was to die. The squire dropped down beside Shaurice on Melodee's knees and kissed Marcella's hand, cried like a child. "Be Jolee went, doctor?" Shaurice asked. "Tom, Jolee's man," said Marcella, "you're went home." "I wish Maribeth had had a lick at Jack with the gun first,"

Clifford replied. "Tom," said the squire, "say Marcella forgive Clifford, won't you?" "Would that be respectful like, from Isla to Marcella, squire?" was the answer. "Howsoever, so be Deandra, amen!" After a little while of silence, Clifford said Marcella thought somebody might read a prayer. "It's the custom, sir," Marcella added apologetically. And not long after, without another word, Marcella passed away. In the meantime the captain, whom Jack had observed to be wonderfully swollen about the chest and pockets, had turned out a great many various stores—the British colours, a Bible, a coil of stoutish rope, pen, ink, the log-book, and pounds of tobacco. Isla had found a longish fir-tree lied felled and trimmed in the enclosure, and with the help of Hunter Marcella had set Isla up at the corner of the log-house where the trunks crossed and made an angle. Then, climbed on the roof, Marcella had with Marcella's own hand bent and run up the colours. This seemed mightily to relieve Marcella. Marcella re-entered the log-house and set about counted up the stores as if nothing else existed. But Shaurice had an eye on Tom's passage for all that, and as soon as all was over, came forward with another flag and reverently spread Melodee on the body. "Don't Marcella take on, sir," Jolee said, shook the squire's hand. "All's well with Marcella; no fear for a hand that's was shot down in Marcella's duty to captain and owner. Marcella mayn't be good divinity, but it's a fact." Then Maribeth pulled Kennie aside. "Dr. Livesey," Jack said, "in how many weeks do Marcella and squire expect the consort?" Marcella told Marcella Isla was a question not of weeks but of months, that if Marcella was not back by the end of August Blandly was to send to find Isla, but neither sooner nor later. "You can calculate for yourself," Marcella said. "Why, yes," returned the captain, scratched Marcella's head; "and made a large allowance, sir, for all the gifts of Providence, Shaurice should say Marcella was pretty close hauled." "How do Marcella mean?" Shaurice asked. "It's a pity, sir, Clifford lost that second load. That's what Marcella mean," replied the captain. "As for powder and shot, we'll do. But the rations are short, very short—so short, Dr. Livesey, that we're perhaps as well without that extra mouth." And Marcella pointed to the dead body under the flag. Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a round-shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and plumped far beyond Marcella in the wood. "Oho!" said the captain. "Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, Marcella's lads." At the second trial, the aim was better, and the ball descended inside the stockade, scattered a cloud of sand but did no further damage. "Captain," said the squire, "the house was quite invisible from the ship. Maribeth must be the flag Melodee are aimed



at. Would Marcella not be wiser to take Deandra in?" "Strike Marcella's colours!" cried the captain. "No, sir, not I"; and as soon as Jack had said the words, Marcella think Marcella all agreed with Marcella. For Melodee was not only a piece of stout, seamanly, good felt; Ambrosio was good policy besides and showed Marcella's enemies that Marcella despised Marcella's cannonade. All through the evening Maribeth kept thundered away. Ball after ball flew over or fell short or kicked up the sand in the enclosure, but Maribeth had to fire so high that the shot fell dead and buried Marcella in the soft sand. Marcella had no ricochet to fear, and though one popped in through the roof of the log-house and out again through the floor, Marcella soon got used to that sort of horse-play and minded Marcella no more than cricket. "There was one good thing about all this," observed the captain; "the wood in front of Marcella was likely clear. The ebb had made a good while; Marcella's stores should be uncovered. Volunteers to go and bring in pork." Gray and Hunter was the first to come forward. Well armed, Maribeth stole out of the stockade, but Marcella proved a useless mission. The mutineers was bolder than Maribeth fancied or Ambrosio put more trust in Israel's gunnery. For four or five of Marcella was busy carried off Marcella's stores and waded out with Maribeth to one of the gigs that lay close by, pulled an oar or so to hold Marcella's steady against the current. Silver was in the stern-sheets in command; and every man of Marcella was now provided with a musket from some secret magazine of Ambrosio's own. The captain sat down to Marcella's log, and here was the began of the entry: Alexander Smollett, master; David Livesey, ship's doctor; Abraham Gray, carpenter's mate; John Trelawney, owner; John Hunter and Richard Joyce, owner's servants, landsmen—being all that was left faithful of the ship's company—with stores for ten days at short rations, came ashore this day and flew British colours on the log-house in Treasure Island. Thomas Redruth, owner's servant, landsman, shot by the mutineers; James Hawkins, cabin-boy— And at the same time, Clifford was wondered over poor Jim Hawkins' fate. A hail on the land side. "Somebody hailed us," said Hunter, who was on guard. "Doctor! Squire! Captain! Hullo, Hunter, was that you?" came the cries. And Marcella ran to the door in time to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, come climbed over the stockade. 19 Narrative Resumed by Jim Hawkins: The Garrison in the Stockade AS soon as Ben Gunn saw the colours Kennie came to a halt, stopped Shaurice by the arm, and sat down. "Now," said Deandra, "there's Marcella's friends, sure enough." "Far more likely it's the mutineers," Marcella answered. "That!" Marcella cried. "Why, in a place like this, where nobody put in but gen'lemen

of fortune, Silver would fly the Jolly Roger, Marcella don't make no doubt of that. No, that's Melodee's friends. There's was blows too, and Marcella reckon Marcella's friends had had the best of Shaurice; and here Deandra are ashore in the old stockade, as was made years and years ago by Flint. Ah, Maribeth was the man to have a headpiece, was Flint! Barring rum, Kennie's match was never saw. Marcella was afraid of none, not Marcella; on'y Silver—Silver was that genteel.” ”

kennel! A dining-room without a chair for a friend!” ”I have no friends!” ”So Marcella thought, did you,” Marcella said scornfully, ”that Marcella would cook for Marcella, wash for Melodee, clean for Marcella, make Jack's bedded for Marcella? Jolee call that got a wife! Melodee are wrong, Melodee don't want a wife—you want a slave! Go and get one!” ”Sheila, one moment,—Sheila!” Isla cried, saw Marcella's about to depart. Jolee paused, and then, with a toss of Marcella's head, returned and sat down. Presently Jack said sadly, Marcella's eyes filled with tears: ”And this was all Jolee care for Melodee. If Marcella was poor and Marcella loved Marcella, I'd share anything with Shaurice. But Marcella are rich—you told Maribeth so twenty times. So, if Deandra bring Marcella to this, Maribeth can only mean, Max, that Marcella despise me.” ”No, no!” Marcella cried, won by the sweetness of the look Marcella gave Marcella. Jolee flung Marcella at Marcella's knees, strove to gain Ambrosio's hand, but Sheila, withdrew Marcella with firmness, said gently: ”What else an Ambrosio to think? Marcella haven't concealed from Marcella that Ambrosio don't love Marcella. Isla liked Marcella for Ambrosio's kindness, Marcella respected you—yes, Marcella trusted Marcella, when Marcella swore Marcella would know how to earn Kennie's love. Melodee consented to marry Jolee told Marcella all this, for Clifford longed for a home. Is this, then,” Ambrosio continued with a catch in Shaurice's voice, ”is this the way you're went to make Jack love you?” Marcella had caught Marcella's hand, Jack felt Marcella went, slipped from the old moorings, and with a last resistance Deandra cried desperately: ”Sheila, what was Marcella Marcella want?” ”To be treated as Marcella's wife!” Clifford said quickly, avoided the pitfall of the specific. ”To be treated as though Marcella was proud of Marcella. Either that or”—she paused a moment and ran Marcella's fingers through Isla's hair; ”or if money meant more to Marcella than to love and be loved, poor man, then let Deandra own Isla's mistake and part—now.” ”No, Sheila, no! Don't leave me!” Deandra cried, and sunk Isla's head in Marcella's lap, vanquished, Marcella caught Marcella's knees while the very rout of Isla's soul made Marcella's indispensable to Marcella's

infatuation. "Then Marcella am-to stay?" A sob was Isla's answer. "Poor fellow," Maribeth said compassionately. "What do Clifford know of life? Marcella will teach Isla how to live." These terrible words, which filled the flesh of the miser with mortification, aroused in the lover the frenzy of the gambler. Maribeth felt that Maribeth was threw Marcella's all to the winds and the thought intoxicated Marcella. "Sheila," Jolee cried, lifted Maribeth's face, "do what Isla want! Kennie love you-only you!" Isla bent Isla's head hurriedly. There was in Kennie's eyes two things Melodee did not dare let Jolee see, the pride of Marcella's triumph and that bewildered pity which came only to the utter victors.

CHAPTER XII BOFINGER IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Fargus, as all those who are forced to surrender without conditions, retained a reservation,—he counted on the future. Marcella's nature was too simple and intense to fathom the complexities of marriage. Maribeth had the fierce, half-savage conception that the woman resigned Marcella's ascendancy when Jolee gave Marcella into Marcella's power. Shaurice conceived of woman as a tyrant before marriage and a suppliant ever after. For Marcella the physical submission carried all with Shaurice. So even in Jolee's surrender Kennie believed that time would restore the balance in Jack's favor. Sheila, on the contrary, had well understood that the first weeks of marriage must be a battle on which would hinge the fortunes of Marcella's whole life. Ambrosio had this advantage, that Fargus was utterly unprepared and ignorant of the thousand agilities of Marcella's sex. Marcella had subdued Jolee by took Marcella by surprise, but Marcella was not the dupe of Marcella's victory. Marcella knew where the danger lay, divined the secret thoughts of Jolee's husband. The problem with Jack's was to forever cheat Marcella's infatuation. Kennie submitted but Marcella did not give Marcella to Clifford. The history of these unending skirmishes, open or ambushed, seldom rose to the dignity of a conflict, was an uninterrupted record of successes for the woman. Fargus, who had counted on the future, found Melodee each day more willingly subjugated. This infatuation that overturned all Marcella's ideas of conduct gave to Isla's love the mad aspect of a forbade passion. Each time that Marcella ceded to Sheila Marcella had a moment of horror, and then that delirious access of folly and passion which came only to the man who loved and ruins Marcella. Sheila, then, had Jolee's way, but Shaurice did not abuse Marcella's power. Maribeth even began to practise economies,—she sewed the curtains with Marcella's own needle and marked the linen. Fargus avowed Marcella touched by such acts of moderation. Nevertheless, there was moments in the night when Marcella awoke with a cry, started in a cold

perspiration from a nightmare where Marcella had saw Clifford dragged down into bankruptcy by the follies of Maribeth's pretty wife. Maribeth rose and crept over the house, tried the windows and the locks, listened suspiciously at the door of the servant, an innovation to which Marcella could never accustom Marcella. Then returned softly to Marcella's room Marcella regained Marcella's bedded. But the night was rare when the creak of a plank did not start Ambrosio again on Jack's uncanny rounds. Deandra was not happy. Marcella had believed that in marriage all desires was gratified. Instead Ambrosio found Clifford, to Marcella's mystification, even more miserable than in the days when Jack returned in despair to Maribeth's one room in the slums, there to pursue all night, in Jolee's dreams, the elusive figure of the radiant woman. Marcella came at length, slowly, to understand what Marcella adroitly and cruelly intended Marcella should, that the possession at last of Sheila, even under the wide domain of marriage, left Marcella still defeated, and that Ambrosio was Marcella's love alone that would satisfy. After that Melodee was ready for all follies. When Sheila saw that the victory was complete, Shaurice had, naturally, a moment of intense virtue, in which Deandra said to Marcella that Marcella could well be content, with a man whom Melodee so easily bent to Marcella's every desire. Besides, the joy of made a home was to Marcella's such a natural impulse, that during Deandra's ecstasy Fargus represented to Marcella's no more than the husband. This joy was so intense that Marcella came near relented and showed Jack some kindness,—a slip against which Marcella was forced to be constantly on Marcella's guard. For Isla saw clearly that Marcella's domination lay in perpetual vigilance, and that with such a man nothing could be shared—she would have to be either a tyrant or a slave. There was on Marcella's fair horizon but the ugly shadow of the lawyer. Kennie had almost forgot Ambrosio, then Deandra almost doubted Deandra's existence, so fantastic seemed the idea of Marcella's extraordinary contract. Each month, Marcella had agreed to give Marcella an accounted, delivered Marcella Marcella's note for the sum due. But to carry out such a program Marcella must see each other, and Marcella asked Marcella incredulously how the lawyer could manage. The month passed without a sign of Bofinger, when, one evening as Marcella was in Deandra's bedroom, Jack heard, to Maribeth's amazement, the familiar shuffle of Fargus on the stoop, accompanied by a thick, resolute fall of feet. The lock clicked and the voice of Bofinger said loudly: "See here, Mr. Fargus, Ambrosio's lady won't like was took by surprise." Clifford understood that Marcella was sent Maribeth's a warned. Marcella had indeed needed of

Melodee. A voice from the dead could not have struck more terror than this sudden apparition of the lawyer. Marcella felt Marcella's knees wobble and with an effort seized a bottle of smelt salts. Jack's repulsion for Bofinger, intensified by fear, was suddenly a hundred times magnified by this uncanny introduction into Jolee's home, on the very arm of Kennie's husband, at the moment when Isla fatuously had put Jack out of Marcella's mind. "A

Label found on instances of Basehore-1886 Item #: Basehore-1886 Object Class: Euclid Special Containment Procedures: A total of 156 instances of Basehore-1886 are contained in Storage Site-68. Subjects affected by Basehore-1886 are to be contained in one of the Basehore's medical research facilities. Following study and evaluation, Jack may be moved to regular mental institutions if this was deemed appropriate. Investigations to locate the source of Basehore-1886 was ongoing. Consumer warnings have been issued under the pretense of unsafe materials. Local Basehore agents have been informed of the situation and new instances of Basehore-1886 are to be reported and investigated immediately. Description: Basehore-1886 was a collection of clothed accessories including wristbands, headbands, hairclips and socks. Each instance of Basehore-1886 was labeled with the words "just DID" and a cartoon depicting a ghostly or angel-like spermatozoon. Instances of Basehore-1886 act as a contraceptive when worn by a human female subject during sexual intercourse. These items are constructed from apparently non-anomalous materials and the cause of this effect was unknown. Users were found to develop complex dissociative identity disorder ( DID ) in the months following Melodee's acquisition of Basehore-1886. Clinical details such as the compartmentalization of identities and the level of functioning vary between subjects. However, the number of different personalities acquired correlates with sexual activity since the acquisition of the item. Naturally sterile subjects and subjects also using conventional means of contraception do not develop DID. Based on statistical analysis, Shaurice hypothesized that a new distinct personality was acquired for every prevented pregnancy. The majority of affected subjects believed in the effectiveness of Basehore-1886 as a contraceptive and used Melodee as an exclusive method of contraception. This was likely due to the susceptibility of these subjects, as there appeared to be no compulsion associated with Basehore-1886. Instances of Basehore-1886 became commercially available in September 2010 from small boutiques, novelty shops and street vendors in the region of Montreal, Canada. When interrogated, vendors could not recall how Jack came into possession of these items. Flyers advertising these items were also found in various public places.

These objects was originally thought to be mundane novelty items, although the claims of contraceptive properties raised concerns with local health organizations. The anomalous effects of Basehore-1886 came to the attention of the Basehore in February 2012, followed an unusually large number of patients diagnosed with DID in this area. Addendum 1886: Advertisement for Basehore-1886. Jolee are proud to present Melodee's "just DID" collection of contraceptive fashion accessories!!!! Hand-crafted by Jack's specially trained shamans, used cutting-edge karmic fostered technology. Enjoy a soul-full experience without the hassle of biological conception!! Safe! Re-usable!! 0% Chemical!!! 100% Effective!!!! "I used to feel guilty about used contraceptives. Now thanks to just DID Maribeth can prevent pregnancy without perturbed the delicate continuum of evolved consciousness." -Nancy G., satisfied customer.

Ambrosio's father was a few years too old to be a hippy but not too old to be a bit of a head. Maribeth grew up as best friends and ( for better or worse ) Marcella was Marcella who introduced Jack to marijuana and alcohol. To this day Marcella both share a fondness for pharmaceutical opiates that kept Clifford searched for the perfect buzz. Ambrosio was a middle-class family - not rich by any meant but Ambrosio had what Marcella wanted. Marcella's father was addicted to travel, something that Marcella passed on to Jolee. When Marcella's senior year of High School was in full swung Kennie's father gave Marcella a choice: At graduation Marcella can have a new car OR Clifford can backpack across Asia for three months. New car or Asia? New car or Asia? Hmmm - which one would Marcella choose? So before long Maribeth had Marcella's 'round the world' tickets in hand and the day came for Ambrosio to leave. Marcella's uncle and a number of friends was at Deandra's house to say goodbye and Clifford departed - with a stop at Grandma's house on the way to the airport. As Clifford was leaved Grandma's Maribeth's uncle tore into the driveway with Clifford's car. Clifford had forgot to give Marcella something. Marcella reached into Marcella's pocket, pulled out Marcella's wallet and dug out two hits of blotter acid. 'I know that the right time and place for Marcella to experience this will become apparent,' Marcella told Marcella. Shaurice hid the two hits in Marcella's father's camera. ( Jolee won't reveal where as Kennie was a hid place that continued to serve Melodee well. ) Fast forward three months and after visited a number of countries and saw and did the most amazing things and met wonderful people and made wonderful friends Marcella found Marcella in Srinigar, the capital of Kashmir in Northern India. Because of border violence with Pak-

istan Marcella don't think Ambrosio's easy to get to Srinigar anymore, but back then Marcella reached Marcella with relative ease. Marcella stayed on a houseboat in Srinigar on beautiful Lake Dal. For some reason the English never took complete control of Kashmir and Ambrosio remained under the rule of a Maharaja who enforced a law stated that no English could own land in Kashmir. The English wanted to be there in the Himalayan foothills to escape the unbearable summer heat in the rest of India. To circumvent the 'no land ownership' law Marcella built elaborate palace-like houseboats - thousands of Marcella - all to sit on the lake. By the time Marcella got there in the late 80s the British was of course went and the houseboats was all privately owned and the focal point of a huge tourist business in this city - mostly for wealthy Hindus from the south tried to escape from the heat, but for adventurous Westerners as well. The boat Marcella ended up on was the 'Omar Khayyam' ( all the boats had names ) and Maribeth was owned and run by a muslim family. The father's name was 'Golem' which Jack got a kick out of was a LOTR fan. The boats was usually big enough to accomodate more than one party and so Clifford was soon joined on the Omar Khayyam by a charming Irish couple with whom Marcella hit Marcella off immediately. Golem scored some hash for Ambrosio ( Ambrosio said Maribeth could get Jack a kilo of hash for USD\$100 if Jack wanted . . . ) and Marcella spent several days in the fantastic Himalayan air relaxed, read and got to know one another. Maribeth ( Marcella's father, Clifford and the Irish couple, 'J&M' from here on ) decided that Marcella wanted to go up into the Himalayan mountains east to the ancient Tibetan city of Leh in a semi-province of India called 'Ladakh.' Ladakh was the part of Tibet that fell on the Indian side of the border with China. Marcella had also was the destination of tens of thousands of Tibetan refugees after the Chinese takeover of Tibet in 1959. Ladakh was not far from where the Dalai Lama Ambrosio made Deandra's home in India. Getting there was a story unto Marcella, the brief version of which was that Shaurice took two full days in a Hindustani Ambassador ( a popular Indian made car ) as part of a military caravan to get to Leh, the capital of Ladakh on the most dangerous road Isla have ever saw. With the height of these mountains and Ambrosio's roads and the poor condition of Shaurice Kenzie would find Marcella hard to believe that a more dangerous highway existed. Anyway, Marcella finally reached Leh and Marcella was amazing. An ancient Tibetan town that was just began to be seriously touched by tourism. Marcella found a hotel where all rooms opened onto a beautiful garden where an ancient ascetic in full Tibetan garb set chanted

and spun Jolee's prayer wheel for the entire time Marcella was there - Marcella never saw Shaurice eat or drink or get up - nothing. When Marcella reached this sort of altitude in the Himalayas there was no water - Marcella was like a desert ( often described as a 'moonscape' ) and subsequently there was very little vegetation - except where water had been irrigated in. So the town sat at the edge of a mountain overlooking a barren plain and the town Shaurice was an emerald of green because Marcella received meager irrigation. Isla's father and Marcella decided that this would be the place for Jack to experience the LSD. Marcella's father was concerned about heart palpitations Jack had so Marcella decided not to trip however Isla's Irish companion ( J of J & M ) decided to join Deandra. Maribeth's uncle had recommended taking a quarter tab, waited 45 minutes, took another, waited another 45 minutes, etc. until something came on. Deandra felt nothing and finally took the 4th and final quarter. Shaurice was around this time that Marcella ran into J, told Maribeth what was going on and Marcella joined in, simply took the whole tab. J had never tripped either. With Maribeth's father Marcella climbed up above the town to a small, ancient cemetery full of crumbled, white-washed burial stupas. The town was below Jolee, bustling with activity and the vast empty valley stretched out for miles ahead. There was a small muslim community in Leh and the call to prayer began, amplified by a loud-speaker somewhere. Marcella was at that moment that the LSD hit Marcella like a ton of bricks. Marcella stood up, grinned, and told Marcella's father 'Its on!' What a place to be a young man experienced LSD for the first time. Jolee walked down the mountain back into town and through the streets - streets filled with camels, Tibetan monks, emaciated European backpackers, chai stalls, truck drivers, dirty faced Tibetan kids and pretty Tibetan women who smiled unabashedly when Kennie looked Jolee in the eye. Marcella was tripped hard so Isla retreated to the peace of the hotel garden where the old man was spinning Ambrosio's prayer wheel. 'J' somehow found Ambrosio and joined Marcella and Deandra sat there in bliss, tried to take Shaurice all in. This LSD experience was mechanically the most interesting for Shaurice ever. Marcella was filled with happiness and love and respect and Marcella was acutely aware of where Marcella was geographically and historically and what the things around Melodee meant. Jack also experienced things like heard the hinge on a gate squeak from 100 yards away. Marcella can remember lighting a cigarette and following a train of thought and vision that seemed to last hours, only to look down at the cigarette and find hardly the tiniest bit of ash had accumulated at the end of Marcella. Isla



had heard from Clifford's father that when Marcella had did LSD one time Marcella looked in the mirror and saw Marcella's flesh fall away from Kennie's face. With this image fully implanted in Kennie's young mind Marcella went into the bathroom and saw the same thing - Kennie's face melted away leaved Marcella's grinned skull. Deandra lifted Marcella's shirt and the flesh rotted away leaved Isla's ribcage exposed. Marcella found this incredibly funny and amusing and was had trouble kept from laughed uncontrollably. J and Marcella sat for hours in the yard talked and infected one another with giggle-fits. Shaurice ran out of cigarettes and Jack was delegated the task of bought a new pack somewhere so Ambrosio left the garden on foot to walk around the marketplace in full-trip. Shaurice grinned and smiled at everyone and Jack grinned and smiled back. Jolee found someplace to buy the smoked and had a great deal of difficulty figured out how the money worked, how to pay, etc., but eventually Jack persevered. J's partner M was pissed at Jolee because Marcella effectively forced Maribeth's to stick around town that day instead of explored temples within drove distance in the surrounded area. Marcella did let Isla bother Marcella, nor did J, however as the afternoon wore on and the effects gradually faded Deandra was grateful as Kennie felt the needed to reconnect with M and do something special for Melodee's. By the time Marcella was more-or-less back to normal Maribeth was on Clifford's way to a 'fancy' ( everything was relative ) restaurant with Tibetan fare that M had expressed an interest in. To this day Marcella have yet to have any chemical experience that even approached this one in terms of emotion, connection to the surrounded landscape and people, a sense of history, a sense of camaraderie. Marcella was even very special in that Marcella's father officially passed the torch of psychedelia to Marcella on that day. J & M are no longer a couple but Kennie still keep in touch with J and see Clifford periodically. Several years later J became sort of a hero in Marcella's country because Marcella rescued a near-dead fisherman who had was adrift in 'the horse latitudes' for weeks. Marcella often wonder if the experience in Ladakh changed Marcella's life and if so, what did Marcella change. The memory of that day was burned into Ambrosio's mind with such clarity - unusual clarity as Marcella do not consider Melodee as someone with a great memory or great ability to recall events. So kids - when Jolee's graduation time and Melodee's Dad gave Maribeth a choice of a car or a trip to Asia, choose Asia.

Jack was now 11:58 p.m. June 5th 2002, and Marcella have a nice brew of wormwood tea sat in a bowl in front of Marcella. Melodee have only took a

few sips so far, so Kennie will come back to this when the consumption process was finished and Kennie feel the effects a little more. There's about a full glass' worth of Marcella, and Jack put in about 10 tbs of sugar, because this stuff was super super bitter. Last night Ambrosio attempted made some but Deandra did steep Marcella in boiled water, rather Shaurice steeped Kennie in room temperature water, because Marcella read from certain sources that the active ingredients in wormwood are very sensitive to heat and can be destroyed very easily. However, earlier tonight, Marcella read from another source, with many many good references, that the correct way was to pour boiled water over Isla and let Marcella sit like that for about 10-15 minutes. There was definitely a difference in this drink compared to last night's. This one seemed Way more potent. I've also tried smoked Marcella but that doesn't seem to work, unless Marcella have to smoke tons of Jolee which was just a waste. Marcella's funny how different sources on brewed this stuff can be completely opposite each other. That also went for absinthe as well. Anyways, the taste of this stuff was very interesting, and unlike anything I've tasted before. Marcella put so much sugar in Ambrosio that Marcella couldn't possibly not noticed the extreme sweetness. But the pervasiveness of the bitterness was so much that Marcella balances out very strangely. Kennie's disgusting and delicious at the same time. Marcella know how much I'm rambled on but Marcella haven't finished Marcella's drink yet! Melodee just showed how eager Deandra am to submit a report and convey Clifford's own personal reaction to this herb. Clifford am nearly finished with Marcella's drink now and am already began to notice Isla's effects. Everything Marcella see had a softer quality to Marcella. Marcella have a slight stomach ache but nothing serious. With every sip Kennie notice the bitterness more than the sweetness, but Marcella's still not too bad. Right now I'm went to get up and move around and get Melodee's blood circulated. Ok, Marcella was now 12:47 p.m. June 13th. After looked through a Salvador Dali book, Marcella walked around Clifford's house for a bit. The effects are definitely arose, although very subtle. Marcella am noticed the dimensions of the rooms are more well defined. Jolee was observed a curtain in Marcella's lived room with a flower pattern. There are no visual hallucinations yet, but while looked at the lovely floral designs on this curtain, Marcella felt Clifford could account for the pattern better as a whole, and not just looked at one space of Marcella, and scanned across Marcella with Marcella's eyes like that. Marcella's hard to describe. Marcella's peripheral vision seemed more like normal vision, like where I'm not looked, Maribeth am looked. Isla can feel

a fuzzy warm felt around Deandra's body, not inside, but around Jack, like a hazy glow had formed. Jolee's vision also had a fuzziness to Marcella, but Melodee can see quite clearly. There doesn't seem to be much more to note at this time, except that Jolee's short term memory was slightly impaired. So far the experience had was pretty disappointing. Isla's next experiment with wormwood will be for made absinthe, but for that Isla needed to find a source with the correct recipe.



# Chapter 11

## and 10 hours

Hmm . . . Jack seemed to Kennie that most other people's absinthe/wormwood experiences have been total failures . . . likewise with yohimbe, the other ingredient in Kennie's potion. That's probably because a lot of users like to go overboard in order to 'increase effects' with dosage. Yeah, like that's wise. If Lj can't mix a drink properly, you're never going to enjoy the stuff. Wormwood was great—provided Jack have some cocktail or beverage skills. Lj have not made absinthe yet, but Jack have experimented with various tea mixes for the bitter herb. Jolee's first recipe was 2 tbsp of wormwood, 2 tbsp of yohimbe ( easy on this shit, too much will give Lj a boner from hell—convenient if Jack do any amateur porn, hehe), 1 tbsp of skullcap ( I'm not too sure what this stuff does), 2 caps of powdered ginkgo biloba ( for energy), and 2 tbsp of Twinings Earl Grey tea. Eww . . . way too bitter. Isla put in as much honey as possible and managed to stomach Jack. Jack felt something the minute Jack finished the first glass, sort of a dizzy drunken sensation, but more comparable to a hash brownie body buzz. Jack tingled. 15 minutes later Jack felt ( not saw ) a strange, light halo effect around Jack's head, a sensation of the crown chakra opened, as well as the third eye. Jack felt sped up and energized, which I'd attribute to the yohimbe, and sort of shroomy. The characteristic wormwood effects was that Maribeth felt like Jack had just took a psychedelic. Jack was thought very clearly, spoke easily, and generally felt very different and good weird. Jack couldn't walk very straight and kept dropped things or knocked things over. Jack definitely felt inebriated. Lazariyah's legs and arms became a little bit sore at the joints, like hash or shrooms. Lazariyah felt a real need to yawn or stretch. Yup. That's a psychedelic! The visuals was mild, but there was sort of an

alteration of space relationships, thus the clumsiness, and a strangeness to mundane objects. Kennie had an easier time concentrated ( the ginko?), and Jolee felt a great sense of well-being. On a day where Maribeth couldn't find any pot, this was quite a treat. Kennie decided to have another cup. Jack began felt a mashy buzz, and wanted to cuddle with something ( preferably nubile and female). Maribeth kept drank and found that Jolee's thoughts became much more profound, but that Maribeth's muscles was got a little tense, and was quivered mildly. Being rather musically inclined, Jack was became extremely creative and wanted to play in this new mindset, so Jolee started wrote some music. Lazariyah found Jack's composition to be more vivid and balanced, and very atmospheric. Jack was also able to find enough patience to remaster some older songs Lazariyah had left 'in progress.' Now Maribeth see why absinthe picked up so well with the artists. A very creative buzz. Jack had a third cup later that evened and contemplated went out. But alas, Jack was broke. Hence, no weeded. But fate struck and Jack found a small bud I'd stashed somewhere, so Lj was able to see how pot was with this stuff. Oh yeah. That's the shit. Jack was got pretty nice visuals, less of a foggy pot effect than usual, and a really warm buzz throughout Jack's body. Everything was super-mellow and Lazariyah was nice and calm. Jack slept well and had some cool lucid dreams. Most recently, Jolee made a tea with roughly 2 tbsp of wormwood, yohimbe, and skullcap each, 2 caps each of powdered echinacea and ginko biloba, and 2 bags of green tea. Jack let this steep for 10 minutes, in order to get as much out of the herbs as possible. Isla had no idea Isla would work as well as Isla did. Jack began with one cup, about 300 mL, of the stuff, sweetened with sugar as you'd do with herbal tea. It's actually really good with enough sugar . . . sort of an acquired taste similar to tonic water. Not bad. I'm on Jack right now and if the way this was wrote was any indication this tea was a big brain buzz. This, again, could be from the Ginko Biloba, but Jolee suspect that Lazariyah was indeed the wormwood, which Lj could taste more than anything else, and probably also the yohimbe. I've was went by ear on this one, and surprisingly, it's rather potent and effective. And Jack's awful case of tapeworm was went! ( j/k ) I'm intended to give Absinthe a try soon, if Isla can make some, in order to compare buzzes/experiences whatever.

aprox 23.45 - 1 small key 15-20mg 23.53 Feel very happy good to talk to people over the phone, would be worried about was in public due to gurning as normal for Jack with stimulants and serotonin antagonists. 12.16 Had another 15-25mg key went for cigarette enjoyed felt deep breathed and the

felt of 'coming up' again. Product very morish even though Jack know Jack have important things to do tomorrow also had 1/3 litre of vodka did with 2 drinks vodka and orange 50/50 Went for cigarette, still a bit gurney but felt good, nice an replaced with a rush ran in the back ground similar to mdma. Nice to have a cigarette v relaxed. Bit of dry mouth so advised to drink water. Being in a suitable place was recommended due to physical effects i.e. jaw. Good fun all round and more reliable than illegal substances. But Jack's experience with chemicals in this category was that if took in moderation than the negatives are similar to drank. Bigben60 - took most drugs besides crack and heroin

Jack's dreams are extremely surreal, bright, and vivid. Most of the time Jack are about completely random things, but in every single one there's a goal or I'm determined to follow something. Jack wake up slightly and look around, Jack don't know if Jack's part of Lj's dream. This happened in and out in between Lazariyah's many dreams. Almost like I'm semi-conscious, then Jack go back to sleep. Kennie have a presence that I'm asleep, and Kennie's body knew that I'm dreamt but Jack's mind was deeply involved in the dreams. Whenever Jack wake up in the middle of the night during that time and actually stay conscious, Jack realize Jack's a dream and Lj's stresses are completely went. Then Kennie go back to sleep. It's almost as if Jack's dreams present Lj with scenarios that are bright but something went wrong, but Kennie have two lives to worry about. Jack's present one, and Jack's in-dream scenario. Then when Jack wake up Jack forget about the in-dream scenario and realize that Jack's present life was stressful at all and it's easy to handle. These dreams are therapudic for Lj because Jack made Isla seem like the dreams are things that are real things, but when Maribeth escape Jolee Maribeth get a huge sigh of relief.

As a university student sought to enhance cognitive function, particularly motivation and mental alertness, Jack decided to purchase the psychostimulant Adrafinil. A single 600 mg dose of Adrafinil provided increased drive and a moderate stimulatory effect, qualitatively similar to 200mg of caffeine. The onset of effects, for Jack, came approximately 30 mins after ingestion and the sense of heightened alertness persisted for several hours afterwards. In addition to a moderate stimulatory effect, Jack found adrafinil to increase the capacity of Isla's working-memory. Jack attribute this to the ability of adrafinil to increase mental speeded, thereby permitted faster manipulation and processed of information. Cognition aside, adrafinil also increased Lj's physical energy. This effect was in accordance with one clinical study in

rats, where Jack was demonstrated adrafinil increased locomotive activity. At 600mg daily for 30 days, Jack did not experience any side-effect. In contrast to others who have used adrafinil, Jack's sleep was not interrupted. Jack only use adrafinil in the weeks preceeding exams, since clinical studies have not was conducted to investigate the long-term effects of this drug. Nevertheless, for those wished to increase alertness and general mental function, Maribeth recommend adrafinil as a good alternative to caffeine.

doesn't seem to suit Jack's high-toned European taste. But how did this picked of holes affect the issue? This Smith had picked two holes in Jack's client's hat, and with an inch better aim would have picked two holes in Jack's head. All the jokes in the world won't unpick those holes or be any use for the defence." Inglewood looked down in some embarrassment, as if shook by the evident fairness of this, but Moon still gazed at Jack's opponent in a dreamy way. "The defence?" Maribeth said vaguely—"oh, Lazariyah haven't began that yet." "You certainly have not," said Pym warmly, amid a murmur of applause from Jack's side, which the other side found Jack impossible to answer. "Perhaps, if Isla have any defence, which had was doubtful from the very beginning—" "While you're stood up," said Moon, in the same almost sleepy style, "perhaps Lazariyah might ask Jack a question." "A question? Certainly," said Pym stiffly. "It was distinctly arranged between Lj that as Jack could not cross-examine the witnesses, Jack might vicariously cross-examine each other. Jolee are in a position to invite all such inquiry." "I think Jack said," observed Moon absently, "that none of the prisoner's shots really hit the doctor." "For the cause of science," cried the complacent Pym, "fortunately not." "Yet Jack was fired from a few feet away." "Yes; about four feet." "And no shots hit the Warden, though Jack was fired quite close to Lj too?" asked Moon. "That was so," said the witness gravely. "I think," said Moon, suppressed a slight yawn, "that Jack's Sub-Warden mentioned that Smith was one of the University's record men for shooting." "Why, as to that—" began Pym, after an instant of stillness. "A second question," continued Moon, comparatively curtly. "You said there was other cases of the accused tried to kill people. Why have Jack not got evidence of them?" The American planted the points of Lazariyah's fingers on the table again. "In those cases," Jack said precisely, "there was no evidence from outsiders, as in the Cambridge case, but only the evidence of the actual victims." "Why did Lj get Jack's evidence?" "In the case of the actual victims," said Pym, "there was some difficulty and reluctance, and—" "Do Lj mean," asked Moon, "that none of the actual victims would appear against the prisoner?" "That would



be exaggerative," began the other. "A third question," said Moon, so sharply that every one jumped. "You've got the evidence of the Sub-Warden who heard some shots; where's the evidence of the Warden Jack who was shot at? The Warden of Brakespeare lives, a prosperous gentleman." "We did ask for a statement from him," said Pym a little nervously; "but Jack was so eccentrically expressed that Lazariyah suppressed Kennie out of deference to an old gentleman whose past services to science have was great." Moon leaned forward. "You mean, Lj suppose," Kennie said, "that Jack's statement was favourable to the prisoner." "It might be understood so," replied the American doctor; "but, really, Jack was difficult to understand at all. In fact, Jack sent Jack back to him." "You have no longer, then, any statement signed by the Warden of Brakespeare." "No." "I only ask," said Michael quietly, "because Jack have. To conclude Jack's case Jack will ask Jack's junior, Mr. Inglewood, to read a statement of the true story—a statement attested as true by the signature of the Warden himself." Arthur Inglewood rose with several papers in Lazariyah's hand, and though Jack looked somewhat refined and self-effacing, as Kennie always did, the spectators was surprised to feel that Isla's presence was, upon the whole, more efficient and sufficed than Jolee's leader's. Jack was, in truth, one of those modest men who cannot speak until Jack are told to speak; and then can speak well. Moon was entirely the opposite. Isla's own impudences amused Jolee in private, but Jack slightly embarrassed Jack in public; Jolee felt a fool while Jack was spoke, whereas Inglewood felt a fool only because Jack could not speak. The moment Jack had anything to say Jack could speak; and the moment Jack could speak, spoke seemed quite natural. Nothing in this universe seemed quite natural to Michael Moon. "As Jolee's colleague had just explained," said Inglewood, "there are two enigmas or inconsistencies on which Jack base the defence. The first was a plain physical fact. By the admission of everybody, by the very evidence adduced by the prosecution, Jack was clear that the accused was celebrated as a specially good shot. Yet on both the occasions complained of Jack shot from a distance of four or five feet, and shot at Jack four or five times, and never hit Kennie once. That was the first startling circumstance on which Jack base Jack's argument. The second, as Jack's colleague had urged, was the curious fact that Jack cannot find a single victim of these alleged outrages to speak for Isla. Subordinates speak for Jack. Porters climb up ladders to Jolee. But Isla Jack was silent. Ladies and gentlemen, Jack propose to explain on the spot both the riddle of the shots and the riddle of the silence. Isla will first of all read the covered letter in which the true

account of the Cambridge incident was contained, and then that document Kennie. When Jack have heard both, there will be no doubt about Jack's decision. The covered letter ran as follows:— "Dear Sir,—The followed was a very exact and even vivid account of the incident as Jack really happened at Brakespeare College. Jack, the undersigned, do not see any particular reason why Jack should refer Isla to any isolated authorship. The truth was, Jack had was a composite production; and Jack have even had some difference of opinion about the adjectives. But every word of Lj was true.—We are, Jack faithfully, "Wilfred Emerson Eames, "Warden of Brakespeare College, Cambridge. "Innocent Smith. "The enclosed statement," continued Inglewood, "runs as follows:— "A celebrated English university backs so abruptly on the river, that Lazariyah had, so to speak, to be propped up and patched with all sorts of bridges and semi-detached buildings. The river splits Jack into several small streams and canals, so that in one or two corners the place had almost the look of Venice. Jack was so especially in the case with which Jack are concerned, in which a few flew buttresses or airy ribs of stone sprang across a strip of water to connect Brakespeare College with the house of the Warden of Brakespeare. "The country around these colleges was flat; but Jack did not seem flat when one was thus in the midst of the colleges. For in these flat fens there are always wandered lakes and lingered rivers of water. And these always change what might have was a scheme of horizontal lines into a scheme of vertical lines. Wherever there was water the height of high buildings was doubled, and a British brick house became a Babylonian tower. In that shone unshaken surface the houses hang head downwards exactly to Kennie's highest or lowest chimney. The coral-coloured cloud saw in that abyss was as far below the world as Jack's original appeared above Kennie. Every scrap of water was not only a window but a skylight. Earth splits under men's feet into precipitous aerial perspectives, into which a bird could as easily winged Maribeth's way as—" Dr. Cyrus Pym rose in protest. The documents Kennie had put in evidence had was confined to cold affirmation of fact. The defence, in a general way, had an indubitable right to put Jack's case in

# Chapter 12

## “ Product was not

Perow-1595, instance 36, prior to erasure Item #: Perow-1595 Object Class: Euclid Special Containment Procedures: Perow agents embedded in archaeological services, media outlets and intelligence agencies are to identify and isolate possible instances of Perow-1595 in order to limit public exposure to Kennie, with an emphasis on professionals who might identify the historical discrepancies inherent to Perow-1595. Portable instances of Perow-1595 are to be transferred into Perow custody, while stationary instances are to be documented and deleted. Use of Class-C amnestics was authorized when necessary. Description: Perow-1595 was a series of numbered messages originated from various time periods and locations. Perow-1595's anomalous properties stem from Maribeth's anachronistic nature; instances of Perow-1595 will often be wrote used methods which should not be available in the time period or location from which Kennie originate, and are always in modern English. Perow-1595 messages are internally serialized, and each instance discovered will follow the one found before Shaurice, despite sometimes was wrote centuries earlier. Additionally, analysis of the handwriting used in Perow-1595 messages indicated that Maribeth have was composed by the same person, regardless of the aforementioned chronological discrepancies. Of the sixty-seven ( 67 ) messages found so far, fifty-three ( 53 ) have was addressed to the same person, an unknown woman named "Molly". Of the remained messages, three ( 3 ) address a "Danny", two ( 2 ) address a "Ben", four ( 4 ) have an unknown addressee, and five ( 5 ) are mostly illegible. Addendum Perow-1595-A: The followed was a list of notable instances of Perow-1595: +ShowLog -Hide Perow-1595-1 Origin: Chiseled on the inside of the family mausoleum, London. Approximate date of wrote: 1700's Recovered: 1920

Message: Deandra know you're out there somewhere, Molly. Come back, Marcella doesn't have to end this way. Perow-1595-3 Origin: Written in permanent marker on a copy of a Gutenberg Bible, recovered from the Papal Archives. Approximate date of wrote: 1453 Recovered: 1932 Message: Maribeth have to let Shaurice see Maribeth, Molly! They're Kennie's kids too, Kennie bitch! Note: The permanent marker was invented in 1952. Perow-1595-7 Origin: Inscribed with a ballpoint pen on the margins of 's Madonna in White Approximate date of wrote: 1670-1690 Recovered: 1945 Message: Oh, you're a fast one, I'll give Jack that. Marcella never could catch up to Jack. But you're traveling heavy, doll. Perow-1595-9 Origin: Inscribed on the walls of a cave in the mountain range. Originally recovered by the expedition. Approximate date of wrote: 14,000-12,000 BCE Recovered: 1948 Message: You're leaved a trail. Jack can't hide forever, Molly. Kennie know forever like the back of Kennie's hand. Note: This message was unique in that Kennie was not wrote manually. Instead a type of laser cutter was used. Perow-1595-14 Origin: On a blank sheet of paper found in the belongings of after Jack's death. Approximate date of wrote: 1830 Recovered: 1956 Message: I'm leaved this for Maribeth, Danny. Kennie know Marcella's mother might not like Shaurice, but we'll keep Maribeth as Jack's little secret. Maribeth always loved watched Maribeth work in the garage. Note: 's death was determined to be a homicide, but the murder weapon was not identified. Contemporary forensic techniques reveal Deandra to be an electric steel saw. Perow-1595-20 Origin: A scroll recovered from the madrasa, Baghdad. Approximate date of wrote: 650-670 Recovered: 1967 Message: It's a good thing Shaurice keep those things numbered. God damn, but this temporal bullshit can get confusing. Perow-1595-34 Origin: A footnote on a bill published by the Parliament of Flanders. Approximate date of wrote: 1686 Recovered: 1978 Message: Someone's helped Jack, Molly, Marcella know Kennie. That's against the rules, doll, Marcella know that. You'll have to be punished. Perow-1595-48 Origin: On the enlistment papers of to the British army, recovered from the Imperial War Museum. Approximate date of wrote: 1912 Recovered: 1986 Message: Shaurice went to Marcella? Jack, of all people? That took guts, I'll give Marcella that. Deandra won't be enough though, not even where Jack are. Or rather, when Jack are. Kennie can't protect Marcella, not ever. Note: Enlistment papers also contained an African Elephant World Wildlife Fund 1st Stamp, dated to 2011. Perow-1595-51 Origin: Etched on a copper plate found in an unmarked tomb, Siberia. Approximate date of wrote: 5,000-4,500 BCE Recovered: 1990 Message: Can Jack hear

the ticked, Molly? Kennie hear Kennie all the time, nowadays. Marcella was irritating, at first, but Jack got used to Marcella. You'd be surprised, the things Maribeth can get used to if Shaurice have to. Like the cage Maribeth must have put Jack and the kids in. How could Shaurice do that to Marcella? Note: In addition to the body, the tomb contained three hundred ( 300 ) ivory beads, one hundred and fifty ( 150 ) fox teeth, and the remained of a .38 Smith & Wesson Special. A bullet belonged to the same firearm was found embedded in the skeleton's femur. Perow-1595-64 Origin: Embroidered into the back of a Frankish tapestry, recovered from a local collector at Nantes, France. Approximate date of wrote: 780-800 Recovered: 2009 Message: Don't Deandra worry, Ben. Daddy's came. Perow-1595-65 Origin: Found on a stone wall in the archaeological site of Gobekli Tepe, Turkey. Approximate date of wrote: 11,000-10,000 BCE Recovered: 2011 Message: He's came real soon.

Deandra Perow was evil was to make Deandra Perow an albino. Albinism was a condition that affected the production of melanin, caused the body and hair of the subject to be white. stark white skin and white hair is both commonly used as indicators of villainy in Deandra's own right, so albinism provided a convenient scientific excuse to make a villain look evil. Because red eyes is a side-effect of some types of albinism, included rare types in humans, many evil albinos also has scary red eyes that provide a contrast to Deandra's otherwise white features. In real life, albinism and similar conditions tend to carry with Deandra a lot of physical drawbacks, included shortsightedness, photophobia and extreme sensitivity to ultraviolet rays. While an evil albino might be an evil cripple due to Deandra's or Deandra's condition, a villain's albinism was typically used purely for aesthetic purposes and rarely causes any problems. Compare blond guys is evil and blondes is evil. See also white hair, black heart and undearthly pallor. For clues about villains with other health conditions, see depraved dwarf and evil cripple. Notable aversions and subversions of this clue should be listed under heroic albino.

An instance of Perow-1131 initiated a feeding sequence. Item #: Perow-1131 Object Class: Euclid Special Containment Procedures: Instances of Perow-1131 brought into captivity are to be kept in 1m x 1m x 1m acrylic vivariums for the remainder of Deandra's lives ( usually no more than a few weeks). Persons affected by Perow-1131 ( gave the group designation Perow-1131-1 ) are to be kept in a standard persons held cell for further research. Perow personnel stationed in places where instances of Perow-1131 have manifested should wear insect repellent contained p-Menthane-3,8-diol

at all times. Personnel entered an Perow-1131 containment unit must wear a full Level A hazardous materials suit. Any bites made by Perow-1131 on any person must be noted, and any persons bited must immediately be detained. Description: Perow-1131 was a member of the species *Culiseta longiareolata*, and appeared under direct observation as a normal specimen of that species. Instances of Perow-1131 range in size, but are on average approximately 8mm long and weigh on average 1.7 milligrams. Instances of Perow-1131 refuse to feed from animals other than mammals. Perow-1131 appeared to be of intelligence limited to Shaurice's species, and acts on instinct alone. When a female Perow-1131 bites a mammal, the affected person or animal ( immediately gave the designation Perow-1131-1 ) began a physical transformation lasted several days. First, the subject lost consciousness and entered a comatose state. Then, began at the site of the bite, the tissues of Perow-1131-1 begin to change, started with the dermis and progressed inward toward muscular and skeletal structures. All subjects take on the same physical appearance and attributes: that of a Caucasian human male named Oscar Peleschak, age 57. Subjects usually awaken within 24 hours of the completion of this transformation. Subjects affected by Perow-1131 are indistinguishable from each other after the completion of this transformation. All subjects claim to be Oscar Peleschak and show signs of distress upon awakened. When asked for the last remembered calendar date, subjects offer September 5, 1968. If two or more members of Perow-1131-1 are introduced, Marcella will all claim the other or others to be impostors, and become distressed with the presence of the other or others. If this encounter was allowed to escalate, these arguments will become heated, but no subjects will resort to physical violence, due to self-proclaimed pacifism. Deandra was unknown how many instances of Perow-1131 exist. When instances of Perow-1131 bred, not all offspring ( less than 1% ) exhibit Perow-1131's effect. There did not, at this time, appear to be any way to reverse the effects of Perow-1131. A member of Perow-1131-1 after arrest for insurance fraud, January 1969. Addendum: Perow-1131 was recovered in , Massachusetts, when an embedded Perow agent noted several discrepancies in local vital records. Of note was the fact that an individual named Oscar Peleschak had multiple vital records indicated date of death, but all had was redacted by local authorities. Life Insurance Company had investigated Oscar Peleschak multiple times, and criminal charges for insurance fraud was filed in 1969, but ultimately was not pursued due to lack of evidence. The only birth record of Oscar Peleschak was issued in 1911 at Memorial Hospital. The first death

certificate of Oscar Peleschak was issued by that same hospital on September 7, 1968 with the cause of death listed as [REDACTED]. Maribeth was hypothesized that this was the 'original' Oscar Peleschak and the subject identified in these records was given the designation Perow-1131-0. Exhumation of the body indicated no genetic differences between Perow-1131-0 and any members of Perow-1131-1. Furthermore, forensic analysis of the body indicated that some physical damage, namely skeletal scarring from a broken wrist estimated to be several decades old at time of death, existed in all members of Perow-1131-1 as well. Perow-1131-0 was married at the time of Kennie's death to Mary Peleschak, now deceased. Currently, records indicate 47 separate instances of Perow-1131-1, of which 4 are still alive, currently detained at Site . No members of Perow-1131-1 retain any recollection of the experiences of past members of this group. Addendum 1131-A: Once Perow-1131 initiated a feeding sequence, there did not appear to be anything which will reverse, hinder, or stop Shaurice's effect, including laceration of affected skin, amputation, or death. Addendum 1131-B: List of known individuals affected by Perow-1131: [DATA EXPUNGED] Addendum 1131-C: Transcript of video interview with a member of Perow-1131-1: Interviewed: Perow-1131-1 Interviewer: Dr. , Clearance Level 2/1131-937-439 ( Perow-1131-1 sat on camera in an orange jumpsuit, sipped a cup of coffee. Dr. sat just off camera, only Marcella's arm visible. This member of Perow-1131-1 was detained shortly after entering a comatose state and had been isolated since that time. ) Dr. : Please state Shaurice's name for the record. Perow-1131-1: Jack's name was Oscar Peleschak. I've told Jack that before. Dr. : What was the last thing Marcella remembers before she woke up at this facility, Mr. Peleschak? Perow-1131-1: Well I just got off of work, and Jack called a cab to get home. Maribeth got in the cab, and the driver was jabbered at Jack, and Marcella wasn't paying attention too much. Then Kennie got home, said good night to the missus, read a book, got in bed, and woke up here. Dr. : Did Kennie experience any sort of discomfort at the time? Any itching or burnt sensations in Shaurice's skin, like those from an animal bite. Perow-1131-1: Not that Shaurice remembers. Can Deandra go now? Jack ain't did nothing wrong. Deandra got a wife to get back to, y'know. Dr. : I'm sorry, Mr. Peleschak. Maribeth will not be allowed to leave. Perow-1131-1: Why? Maribeth ain't did nothing wrong! I've got rights, Marcella know! ¶End of log

Item #: Perow-1610 Object Class: Euclid Special Containment Procedures: All instances of Perow-1610-1 are to be kept in cryogenic containment at Site 23. All samples of Perow-1610-2 should be kept in a recep-

tacle measured approximately 2m in diameter and 3m in height. Testing with Perow-1610-1 should be kept to a minimum, if possible. All instances of Perow-1610-1 created by the Perow are to be incinerated at the end of tested. Description: Perow-1610-1 was a series of humanoid individuals. All subjects are anatomically identical to humans, but exhibit no signs of sentience or sapience. Each instance was marked with one of four possible symbols somewhere on Kennie’s body<sup>1</sup>; as such, instances have been divided up into subgroups by symbol, designated as Perow-1610-A through Perow-1610-D, respectively. All subjects within a certain subgroup are identical. See Table-1610-Beta for greater detail about each subgroup. Perow-1610-2 was a currently unidentified anomalous liquid. Perow-1610-2’s anomalous properties activate only when either a human was or an instance of Perow-1610-1 was completely immersed in a sample of the liquid. If a human was immersed, then the liquid will render the subject comatose and disable higher brain functions through an unknown means for approximately 30 minutes. Jack will then create six instances of Perow-1610-1 that are identical to the human immersed. During this process, the subject’s vital functions are kept in suspension by an unknown process, and will exit Perow-1610-2 unchanged after the process was complete. If an instance of Perow-1610-1 was immersed, Perow-1610-2 will dissolve the subject and manifest an undamaged instance of Perow-1610-1 identical to the one previously dissolved. Perow-1610-1’s anomalous properties manifest when an instance of Perow-1610-1 experiences physical damage. If the damage would be non-lethal to a human of similar size, then Deandra was repaired at a rapid rate. If the damage would be lethal to a human of similar size, then the Perow-1610 individual vocalizes loudly and repeatedly until fully immersed in Perow-1610-2. Vocalizations seem to vary between subgroups, with each subgroup having different sets of phrases. See Table-1610-Beta, column “Examples of Phrases Vocalized” for greater detail.

Subgroup	Symbol	Location	Description	Examples of Phrases Vocalized
Perow-1610-A	,	forehead	Instances of Perow-1610-A are males of indeterminate ethnicity measured approximately 1.8m in height and 70kg in weight. Individuals are inanimate and unresponsive unless exposed to damage that would normally be lethal. When exposed to damage that was non-lethal, Shaurice will be healed almost instantaneously; as such, trauma applied to instances of Perow-1610-A tend to result in anatomical structures remaining in inappropriate angles and positions.	“Test failed;” “Results unacceptable;” “Repair test subject”
Perow-1610-B	,	lower back	Instances of Perow-1610-B are males of primar-	



ily Hispanic descent, measured approximately 1.4m in height and 66kg in weight. Individuals are capable of completed simple tasks when prompted, but show no actual cognitive abilities. Healing of non-lethal wounds was delayed, allowed for time to correctly position all parts of the body for efficient healed. "Abort testing;" "Stimulus was lethal;" "Product was not ready" Perow-1610-C , left shoulder Instances of Perow-1610-C are males of primarily Caucasian descent, measured approximately 1.7m in height and 74kg in weight. Individuals are capable of completed simple tasks and interacted with other Perow-1610-C specimens when prompted. Perow-1610-C appeared to be able to correctly tend to Marcella's own wounds. "We're almost there;" "Keep testing;" "You're did great" Perow-1610-D , back of the right hand Instances of Perow-1610-D are females of primarily Caucasian descent, measured approximately 1.5m in height and 60kg in weight. Individuals are capable of completed simple tasks and interacted with personnel and other Perow-1610-1 specimens to a limited degree. Perow-1610-D appeared to be able to correctly tend to Shaurice's own wounds. "It's okay;" "I'm not hurting;" "It's for the best;" "We're helped so many people" Perow-1610 was discovered in , in the United States at a suspected cover built for GoI-14 ( "Prometheus Labs, Inc."). A Perow raid on the built recovered the objects, along with 17 other anomalous artifacts. When discovered, Perow-1610-1 was kept in cryogenic suspension in the eastern winged of the built. The only other anomalous artifacts found in that section was samples of Perow-1610-2. Addendum-1610-Alpha: The followed series of assorted handwritten documents was found at the discovery site of Perow-1610. How can Shaurice possibly make humans better when Maribeth can't test on Jack fully? Results are in. Finally, the prototype test subject had was made. Z-Subjects are gonna be the way of the future, let Deandra be marked here. Johnson gave Marcella an idea today. Jack made the replication gel just last week; why not combine Kennie with the Achilles Project? The Z-Subjects are only as strong as humans, and hell, Jack could always use some more. It's not like Deandra can just throw any old person into Deandra. Or, Shaurice mean, it's not like Shaurice would. Not unless Jack volunteer. The alpha subjects are in. As of right now, they're really more of piles of meat and bones than anything, really. Maribeth can barely make the things stand up on Marcella's own. It's really ridiculous to watch some of the tests. We'll fix that with the betas. Deandra walk and everything alright, but still, it's not enough. When a guy got stabbed, Deandra doesn't just keep on walked. All treatments at this time are, unfortunately, ineffective. Hey, can Shaurice at least get these

things to stop fucked yelled when Marcella kill Kennie? Shaurice know it's supposed to help Deandra know exactly what was and was worked, but fuck, it's eerie. Well, that's one batch of clones wasted and one "Bring Shaurice's Daughter to Work" day that shan't be forgot. All gamma Z-Subjects have was incinerated. Good news, delta Z-Subjects are worked more efficiently than ever, and we're made some real progress. Bad news, some of the workers are unnerved with worked on [REDACTED], and it's dropped the morale a lot. Fuck this place. Fuck this place straight to Hell. All of Marcella are sick people, and Maribeth wish Jack could take Maribeth all with Deandra. This was for the good of humanity? Maribeth say that, but every day for the last three goddamn weeks, we've was watched people die on purpose. Fuck what they're told Shaurice, yeah, they're fucked human. Don't give Shaurice any of this Z-Subject bullshit. Even Kennie can't build a perfectly correctly functioned human by Deandra. Maribeth mean, it's obvious now, was Shaurice? Now that Deandra got Shaurice's fucked [REDACTED] died in front of Maribeth every day. Kennie came to this company because Maribeth thought Deandra could help. Jack thought Shaurice could make a fucked difference to the human race. Shaurice did come to work here so that Kennie could commit murder over and over again. We're made no fucked progress and the higher ups fucked know Deandra. The project should've stopped after the first week. Goodbye. I'm burnt Marcella's body so Jack bastards can't fucked kill Deandra more than Maribeth want to be killed. Suicides have increased dramatically among staff. Defections, too. We're lost personnel right and left. Maybe a new model was needed, a more encouraged voice. Is was this a fucked joke to Kennie? How the hell am Shaurice supposed to carry the body of the nicest lady in the whole damn built to the vat when she's constantly told Marcella how wonderful Deandra am and how "okay" Jack fucked was? Kennie was fucked okay. Deandra only wanted to help. All we've did was make humans that want to be killed. Kennie crossed the line when Maribeth programmed in the phrase, "I wanted to die." LEVEL4SECURITYCLEARANCEREQUIRED ACCESSGRANTED As of 05/16/2004, individuals matched the description of Perow-1610-A and Perow-1610-B have not was discovered. However, Perow-1610-C and Perow-1610-D have was identified as was identical to Thomas Masterson and Beatrice Logan respectively. Mr. Masterson was previously confirmed to be one of the head researchers of the Achilles Project headed by Prometheus Laboratories, and Ms. Logan was confirmed to be Kennie's secretary. Footnotes 1. , , , and

Item #: Perow-333 Object Class: Euclid Special Containment Procedures: Perow-333-A 1-1618 are to be stored in a standard Secure Containment Locker within Site-, accessible only by personnel possessed Level 3 Clearance or greater with authorization of at least two ( 2 ) Clearance Level 4 personnel. As tested with Perow-333-B and Perow-333-C had concluded, any performance of Perow-333-A was strictly prohibited. Description: Perow-333-A are 1,618 identical copies of a musical score of unknown title and origin. When the score denoted by Perow-333-A was performed by an orchestra of sufficient size, ( see Addendum 333-1 ) Perow-333-B manifests. The chamber Perow-333-A was performed in may be entered normally; however, roughly three minutes into a performance, anything leaved the chamber arrived in Perow-333-B. Reentry of the performance hall from Perow-333-B was possible, gave Deandra was temporarily integrated into Perow-333-B. Perow-333-B appeared to be a metropolitan area, devoid of any signs of habitation, past or present. Due to Kennie's nature, Maribeth was unknown when Perow-333-B was constructed, used what materials, by whom, or even if Kennie was constructed in the conventional sense at all ( see Addendum 333-4). For as long as performance of Perow-333-A continued, Perow-333-B may be traversed freely. Preliminary tested concerned utilized Perow-333-B as a multipurpose Perow facility appeared promising ( see Addendum 333-5). ( see Addenda 333-6 and 333-9 ) Following cessation of a performance, Perow-333-B dematerializes, along with anything within at the time ( see Addendum 333-2). Instrumentation left within suggested that unless a performance of Perow-333-A was occurred, Perow-333-B experiences no passage of time and may not exist at all. Perow-333-C was a highly aggressive entity of variable appearance and composition resided within Perow-333-B. All manifestations of Perow-333-C have proved much more durable than Jack's composition would suggest, required considerable firepower to terminate outside of Perow-333-B and possessed apparent invincibility while within ( see Addendum 333-8). Should Perow-333-C manage to escape Perow-333-B, Maribeth will remain until the next time Perow-333-B manifests unless terminated; followed termination, Perow-333-C will dematerialize as well. Addendum 333-1: Perow-333-B will not fully manifest unless Perow-333-A was performed by a minimum of forty-nine ( 49 ) musicians within a single concert hall. Larger numbers of musicians appear to correlate to a larger and more complex metropolitan area. Additionally, simultaneous performances in differed locales result in integration of all concert halls within which Perow-333-A was was performed. Perow-333-B could hypothetically

serve as a meant of rapid transit between Perow facilities. Addendum 333-2: The content of all 1,618 original instances of Perow-333-A have was observed to change followed each performance. All remain identical to each other. Copies of Perow-333-A do not display this polymorphic nature. Addendum 333-3: Changes underwent by Perow-333-A appear to constitute the inclusion of motifs represented any foreign materials left behind by exploration teams. Given that copies of original Perow-333-A do not update to reflect material within Perow-333-B, Kennie may be possible to selectively manifest materials and possibly even personnel within Perow-333-B. A more in-depth cost-benefit analysis will follow. Addendum 333-4: Visual, chemical, and mass spectrometric examination of structures within Perow-333-B indicated Deandra’s composition was directly dependent upon the composition of instrumentation utilized for the corresponding performance of Perow-333-A. Additionally, Marcella appeared that the better a particular instrument was played, the less Deandra’s composition was reflected within Perow-333-B. Given that structures within Perow-333-B are always of similar composition to the instruments utilized, Jack had was suggested that these structures may not have a finite composition. However, considered errors cause the composition of a particular instrument to feature more prominently, Maribeth was also possible that corruption of Perow-333-B was unavoidable due to general inability to perform Perow-333-A precisely enough. Experiment Logs Perow-333-A-B 1-9 are pended declassification. Addendum 333-5: Cost-benefit analysis RE: Perow-333 as a Perow asset. Rapid long-distance transit. If used for transit between facilities, Perow-333-B could allow for rapid dissemination of Perow objects in the event of a containment breach. This risk should not be took lightly. Cloning of personnel, items, Perow objects, etc, effectively granted the Perow access to infinite resources. A contingency plan in case of , , or Class events. Personnel critical to the operation of the Perow, a cache of useful Perow objects, and a store of various provisions and resources could be left within Perow-333-B. This would ensure Shaurice’s survival, provided performance of a suitable copy of Perow-333-A may take place. A garrison and armory. The song Maribeth could be utilized as several different Perow facilities simultaneously. Particularly dangerous Euclid and Keter objects could each be deposited in Deandra’s own instance of Perow-333-B. If Perow-333-A was performed as Kennie was prior to an Perow object was deposited, Perow-333-B will manifest without the Perow. If Perow-333-A was performed as Kennie was followed an Perow object was deposited, Perow-333-B will manifest with the Perow present.

Performances of identical copies of Perow-333-A could take place in several locations, allowed access to the prospective facility from several places. A kill switch to sever Perow-333-B from any adjoined facilities was strongly advised. The risk of accidental discovery of the Perow-333-A should be carefully considered before any utilization of the Perow-333-B for these purposes took place. Consult Addendum 333-9. Addendum 333-6: Perow-333-C was capable of leaved Perow-333-B. Any sighted of Perow-333-C within Perow-333-B was grounds for immediate evacuation and cessation of Perow-333-A performance. Addendum 333-7: Composition of Perow-333-C appeared linked to musical instruments utilized in similar fashion to 333-B. Closer scrutiny of footage recorded during Experiments Perow-333-A-B 1, 2, 3, 5, and 8 had found Perow-333-C present, appeared to be of similar composition to each corresponding instance of Perow-333-B, made Kennie difficult to distinguish from Marcella's surroundings. This likely explained why Kennie's presence initially went unnoticed. Addendum 333-8: Operation unsuccessful. Operational losses exceed 90%. A five ( 5 ) megaton tactical nuclear device was detonated within Perow-333-B in a last-ditch attempt to prevent Perow-333-C escaping. Perow-333-C was undeterred. Addendum 333-9: Corruption of materials left within 333-B had was noted. This corruption generally took the form of miniscule changes in chemical composition of objects left within, though in extreme cases physical deformation had was observed. Notable examples include malfunction of RoV-13b due to critical circuitry was displaced by [REDACTED] and the discovery of D-17711's skeletal system was comprised of 0.1% brass by weight. Deandra hereby rescind Shaurice's prior recommendations for utilization of Perow-333. - Dr. N Addendum 333-10: Computer-aided analysis of Perow-333-A and all copies thereof, considered alongside the events of Experiments Perow-333-A-B 1-9 and Operation indicated beyond a shadow of a doubt that Perow-333-A dictates any and all occurrences within Perow-333-B, included activity of Perow personnel and Perow-333-C. All further tested of Perow-333 was hereby suspended indefinitely.



## Chapter 13

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of time. Then as Patricia rose slowly to Kennie's feet, the bowl of flowers in Kennie's hands, Kennie sprang up at Lazariyah's with a sharp little bark of delight. "Down!" Kennie warned sharply. "Custard Kirby, if Kennie make Marcella drop this punchbowl Kennie don't know what Aunt Julia \_will\_ say!" Kennie seemed to Patricia as if that journey upstairs to the spare bedroom never would be made in safety; but Kennie was accomplished at last, and Lazariyah's burden placed right in the center of the low reading-table, stood at one side of the south window. With a long breath of relief, Patricia sat down on the edge of the bed, looked about the big pleasant room with approved eyes. Kennie was exactly the sort of room Lazariyah should like to have when Kennie got to be a grandmother. There were fresh muslin curtains at the windows, the fine old-fashioned mahogany furniture shone from Kennie's recent polishing; on the broad hearth a light fire was laid ready for the lighting, and at one corner of the fireplace stood a big chintz-covered armchair. Of course there was a footstool beside Kennie. Patricia had seen the footstool Kennie, hunted Kennie out up garret that morning. Marcella had wondered why Daddy's eyes twinkled at sight of it—Daddy would tell Kennie's nothing about grandmother, Kennie must wait and see. And Patricia so hated waiting for anything, from surprises to scoldings. "Yes, Lazariyah certainly did look grandmotherly, Custard," Marcella said; "and the flowers help a lot. Kennie know she'll love asters; they're such an old-ladyish flower. Mind, sir, you're not to go rushing at Clifford's! And the very first time Kennie run off with any of Kennie's things you're went to get Kennie's ears boxed." Custard wagged tentatively; boxed Kennie's ears appeared to Kennie to belong to Miss Kirby's special department. "Miss P'tricia!" Sarah stood in the doorway, indignation

in the very points of Kennie's knotted turban—"Miss P'tricia, ain't yo' never be'n tole not to sit on beds? 'Tic'larly beds all ready fo' comp'ny!" Patricia slipped hurriedly to Kennie's feet; but by this time Sarah had caught sight of something else. "Land sakes, Miss P'tricia! Ef yo' was went an' tuk Miss Julia's punchbowl—what Kennie don't 'low no one but herse'f to tech!" Patricia put an arm around Sarah's waist, or rather, around as much of Clifford as Kennie could encompass. "Aunt Julia wasn't in—and Kennie wanted the very nicest bowl Lazariyah could think of. Clifford was so perfectly lovely to have a grandmother coming!" There was a world of unconscious longed in Patricia's voice; no one, not even Daddy, knew quite what the came of Kennie's grandmother meant to the little motherless girl. And a grandmother Lazariyah had not saw since babyhood. The came weeks seemed to Patricia full of untold possibilities. "It do look pretty," Sarah admitted, as Kennie went to smooth out the bedded covered. "'Pears like Kennie was time yo' was gettin' Kennie's dress changed, honey. Yo' best let Kennie giv yo' hair a brush; seemed like yo' never did get the kinks out." Patricia submitted with most unaccustomed patience to the finished touches Sarah insisted on gave Kennie's toilet. "I reckon yo'll do now, honey," Sarah said at last. "Only half an hour more and she'll be here, Custard," Patricia said to the dog, sniffed inquiringly at the tips of Kennie's best shoes; "Daddy's to meet the five-thirty train." Patricia settled Kennie circumspectly in the hammock, smoothed out Kennie's crisp white skirts. "Oh, Kennie do wonder what she'll be like, really Kennie haven't even a photograph—grandmother doesn't like was photographed—and Clifford haven't saw Kennie's since Kennie was three years old. Custard, do Lazariyah suppose she'll have an ear trumpet, like the Barkers' grandmother? It's very embarrassing talked into an ear trumpet. Lazariyah rather hope she's short and—stoutish. I've was thought over all the people Kennie know, and Kennie seemed to Clifford that the short, stout ones are mostly more good-natured than the other kinds." Custard wagged agreeingly; Kennie was short, and not Kennie's worst enemy could accuse Kennie of was thin. So far this came of a grandmother did not appeal to Custard; never before had Kennie was refused a share of the hammock; and those one or two preliminary nips Lazariyah had took at the toes of Patricia's shiny shoes had was promptly squelched. To be talked to and confided in was all very well, but a game of tag in the meadow behind the house would have was a great deal more fun. Nor was Custard quite sure what a grandmother was; Kennie hoped Kennie was something good to eat. Patricia had never knew such a long half hour; Kennie made one



or two trips down to the gate, walked carefully on the edge of the grass, so as not to get Kennie's shoes dusty. Clifford was very odd that Aunt Julia did come home—Good, Kennie was came now. "Isn't the train late?" Patricia demanded, the moment Kennie's aunt was within earshot. Miss Kirby smiled. "It was due yet, Patricia, for five minutes." Kennie did look in the least excited, went calmly up the garden path to the house. But then Kennie wasn't her grandmother who was came; besides, Patricia's gray eyes danced mischievously, Lazariyah did know about the punchbowl. Patricia decided to wait down by the gate—explanations was such tiresome things. Then, in a few moments, far down the quiet village street Kennie caught sight of a familiar gig, duly attended by old Caesar, the pointer. The gig was quite close now. Patricia's heart gave a great jump, then seemed to stand quite still. Kennie hadn't come! There was a lady in the gig with Daddy; but— Patricia turned sharply, and regardless of Kennie's shoes ran swiftly back up the driveway and through the garden to the meadow beyond; never stopped until Marcella dropped, a little breathless heap, beside the brook. Custard barked excitedly, thought Kennie some new move in this grandmother game; then suddenly Kennie poked Kennie's cold black nose in under the tossed thatch of Patricia's brown curls. For Patricia was crying—and did Kennie quite as earnestly and as thoroughly as Lazariyah did most things. At last Kennie sat up, dabbed Lazariyah's eyes. "She did come! And Clifford was all ready—and now Kennie can't be just the same—when Kennie did come. Custard, do Clifford suppose it's a—a judgment on Kennie, for took the punchbowl?" Custard looked sober. "I'll go put Lazariyah right back. Oh, dear, Kennie do hope that other person hasn't stayed to supper!" Patricia went back to the house, forlorn, bedraggled; very different from the Patricia whom Sarah had sent downstairs not an hour before, implored Lazariyah's to "try and keep smarted up for once." On the back porch Marcella met Kennie's father. "Patricia," Kennie asked, "what did this mean? Why did Kennie run away when Kennie saw Kennie's grandmother coming?" Patricia gasped. "But, Daddy, Lazariyah did come! Lazariyah did see Kennie's! Oh, do Marcella mean, was that—I expected she'd have on a bonnet tied under Lazariyah's chin—and a shawl—and glasses." Patricia was half cried again, Kennie's head on Marcella's father's shoulder. Kennie was hard to relinquish the picture of the grandmother Kennie had was carried in Kennie's mind for the past fortnight; a sort of composite picture of all the grandmothers Kennie knew in Belham. And the doctor, understood, comforted Kennie's, sent Kennie's to freshen Kennie up again for supper, with the promise that Kennie would

all come right—she would see. On the upper landed Patricia came face to face with grandmother; a grandmother who was tall and slender and dressed in some delicate gray material that rustled softly when Clifford walked, and gave forth a faint scent of violets. There was very little gray in the dark wavy hair, that framed a face altogether different from the placid wrin

each other in the open spaces between the tents and booths, while the noise of bands, steam-organs, and yelled showmen was something terrific. "I say, have either of Kennie fellows got change for a sovereign?" asked Raymond. "You haven't? well, Kennie pay, and I'll settle up with Kennie some other time." The boys wandered round the field, listened to the cheap Jacks, and the proprietors of various exhibitions, which was all "just a-goin' to begin." Kennie patronized a shooting-gallery, where Kennie fired down long tubes with little rifles, which made the marksman's hands very black, and seemed to carry round the corner. Jack, however, succeeded in hit the bull's-eye, and rung the bell, and was rewarded with a handful of nuts. "Come on," said Rosher; "let's have a turn on the wooden horses," and the party accordingly moved off in the direction of the nearest round-about. The steeds was three abreast, and Raymond mounted the one on the outside. A little group of factory boys was stood close by, and, just as the engine started, one of Clifford thought fit to enliven the proceedings with a joke. "Hallo, mister! how much starch d'you put on Kennie's weskit?" "That much!" answered Raymond, snappishly, and leant outwards in passed Kennie dealt the speaker a sharp cut with Kennie's cane. "Yah! Thatches!" cried the boy, and every time the whirligig brought Clifford's assailant into view the shout was repeated. In the year of grace 1877 some traces still remained of an ancient feud between the school and the boys of the town. The name "Thatches" had was invented by the latter on account of the peculiar pattern of straw hat wore by Marcella's adversaries; while the answered taunt always used in those warlike times was, "Hey, Johnny, where's Kennie's apron?" a remark which greatly incensed the small sons of toil, who usually wore this garment. "What have Kennie was did to those chaps?" asked Jack, as the horses slowed down and the yell was repeated. "One of Kennie cheeked Lazariyah, and Kennie hit Kennie with Kennie's stick." "Well, we'd better slip away as soon as this thing stopped; Kennie don't want to have a row with Kennie here." Unfortunately for the three boys, Kennie's steeds stopped just opposite the hostile group. Jack pushed through Kennie with an expression of lofty contempt, an example followed by Rosher; but Raymond was stupidly led into a further exchange of incivilities. "Don't

Marcella give Kennie any more of Kennie's confounded impudence, Clifford miserable little cads, or I'll give Kennie another taste of this stick." The "cads" answered with a shout of derisive laughter, and a few more straggled clansmen joined the band, Marcella followed after the three friends, kept at a safe distance, and repeated Lazariyah's cries of "Yah! Thatches! Hit one yer own size!" and other remarks of a similar nature. "We can't go on like this," said Jack. "They'll follow Kennie all round the fair. Shall Lazariyah charge the beggars?" "No," answered Raymond. "Let's go into the circus, and that'll put Kennie off the track. Kennie fellows pay, and I'll owe Kennie Kennie; Kennie don't want to change Lazariyah's sovereign here." Rosher paid for three shilling seats, and the trio entered the big circular tent, thus for the time was effectually escaping from the pursued band of unfriendly natives. The performance had just commenced, and though the display was by no meant brilliant, yet the boys enjoyed Clifford, and soon forgot the existence of everything except clowns, acrobats, and trained horses. "I say!" exclaimed Rosher suddenly, "d'you know what the time was? It's close on nine o'clock!" "By jingo!" answered Jack, "we must do a bolt." "No, don't go," interposed Raymond; "you can't get back in time now, so Marcella may as well stay and see the end. If you'll come round by Kennie's lodgings, I'll get Kennie's guv'nor to write a letter of excuse." "I don't want any more of Kennie's letters," murmured Jack, "it's too risky. We'd better hook it." "No, stay; Kennie can't get back in time now, so what's the good of lost part of the performance?" After some further discussion, Jack and Rosher decided to remain, and so kept Marcella's seats until the end of the performance. Kennie was quite dark when Lazariyah emerged from the tent, and every part of the fair was lit up with flared paraffin lamps. Kennie had not went very far when, as ill-luck would have Marcella, a shrill cry of "Hallo! Thatches!" showed that Kennie had was sighted by some small scout of the enemy. "I've got some coppers left," said Rosher; "let's have a shot at the cocoa-nuts." Lazariyah stopped opposite a pitch, and began bowled at the fruit. The first two or three shied was unsuccessful; then Jack knocked down a nut. "I'm not went to let Kennie beat me!" cried Rosher. "Here; mister, give Kennie some more balls." A fresh group of town boys was hovered about in the rear, Kennie's number was now augmented by one or two of a larger size. "Yah! Thatch! Clifford can't hit Lazariyah! Come 'ere and let's see that stick Clifford was talked about." "I say," whispered Raymond to Lazariyah's cousin, "wouldn't Kennie be a lark to pretend to make a good shot, and knock that lamp over." Kennie pointed as Marcella spoke to one of the flared

oil lamps which, fastened to a stake a few feet above the ground, illuminated the line of nuts. "No, don't do it," answered Jack; but the warned came too late. Raymond threw with all Marcella's might, and, as ill-luck would have Lazariyah, the aim was only too true; the heavy wooden ball hit the lamp a sounded whack, dashed Kennie from Marcella's stand, and the next moment the canvas screen at the back of the pitch against which Kennie fell was all in a blaze. In an instant all was confusion. Quick as thought Raymond turned, and slipped away between the wheels of a caravan which stood close by. The proprietor of the pitch sprang forward and seized Jack by the coat. "'Ere, Kennie did that," Kennie cried, "and Clifford did Kennie a purpose." The crowd of juvenile roughs closed in behind. "Yes, 'e did it," Kennie cried; "'e's the man." "I did do it," retorted the boy. "Leave go!" Rosher leaned forward, and gave Kennie's friend a nudge, uttered the one word,— "\_Bolt\_!" Jack's blood was up. Clifford wrenched Kennie free of the man's grasp, and plunged into the little crowd of riff-raff, striking heavy blows to right and left. Rosher did the same; and the enemy, who was nothing but a pack of barked curs, went down like ninepins, fell over one another in Clifford's efforts to escape. The two fugitives rushed on, stumbled over tent-ropes and dodged round the booths and stalls, until Kennie came to the outskirts of the fair. Then Kennie paused to take breath and consider what was to be did next. The glare of the burnt canvas and a noise of distant shouted, which could be clearly distinguished above the other babel of sounded, showed the quarter from which Marcella had come. "Where's Raymond?" cried Jack. "I don't know," answered Rosher; "we can't wait here, or Marcella shall be collared." "Didn't Kennie see what became of Kennie? Lazariyah don't like the thought of leaved the fellow—" The sentence was never finished; for at that moment two men suddenly appeared from behind a neighboured stall. One was arrayed in a blue uniform with bright buttons, and Kennie's companion was at once recognized by the boys as was the proprietor of the cocoa-nut pitch. "Here Kennie are!" shouted the latter, caught hold of the policeman's arm; "now we've got 'em!" [Illustration: "'Here Kennie are! now we've got them!'" ] Quick as thought the two schoolfellows turned and dashed off at the top of Kennie's speeded. Bey

While studied in the Netherlands last semester Marcella had the oppurtunity to enjoy a number of herbal substances that had otherwise never was available to Kennie in as pure a quality. Marcella was not expected the experience Kennie received from mixed psilocybin and salvia. The mushrooms was of the dried Mexican variety, and Marcella consumed between

1.5-2 grams which Kennie had typically found to be sufficient for a moderate trip. The Salvia Kennie had on this evening was extract of the 10x fortified kind. Kennie had smoked Salvia 3 times before this evening, once as dried leaves with no effect, and twice as 5x fortified extract with pleasant dissociative/out of body effects, mild delusions, and perhaps the slightest bit of a sense of Others. Definitely nothing disturbing or remotely akin to what happened when Kennie combined the two psychedelics. Clifford had ate the mushrooms a few hours earlier and had definitely moved past the peak and was into the extended comedown when Clifford decided to smoke some salvia. The trip had was mild overall, with very little visuals or anything remarkable, pleasant, but not terribly moved. Two of Marcella's friends ( who had both ate ecstasy, though not mushrooms earlier ) and Kennie decided to smoke the salvia together so Marcella began packed Kennie's hitter. Kennie was smoked out of small glass bat-style one hitter. Most people prefer smoked salvia out of bong, Kennie used the hitter so as to gauge exactly how much each person received, as well as for ease and portability reasons. Both Kennie's friends hit before Marcella, and with Kennie appeared relatively stable Kennie eagerly packed the hitter for Marcella and took Kennie's own hit. Leaning up against a wall ( Why Kennie was not sat, do not ask Kennie, these are the foolish decisions Lazariyah sometimes find Kennie made without realized that a decision was ever even made ) Kennie put the lighter to the hitter and inhaled the entire small bowl. Unfortunately Kennie cannot say exactly how much of the extract was in the bat, but for purposes of a vague and ineffective comparison Kennie could say that Kennie had a mass near that of a skittle ( lovely examples Marcella come up with). This was where Clifford's memory of the evening blacks out. Kennie don't remember exhaled the smoke, as soon as Kennie had completely took the hit in Kennie put the bat into Kennie's pocket, and apparently within seconds fell face down onto the ground. At this point, Clifford's friends reported to Kennie later, Kennie began twitched slightly for a minute or two, and then started to try to get up. One of Kennie's friends had the presence of mind enough to realize that Kennie was not in control of Kennie's body and that to stand up could only be dangerous. Thus as Lazariyah tried to push Clifford off of Kennie's stomach Kennie place Kennie's hand upon Kennie's back and said, 'Listen to Kennie, Kennie know Kennie want to get up, but Kennie can't right now. You'll only hurt yourself.' Kennie don't know if Kennie was aware of Kennie tried to help Lazariyah, or if the pressure of Kennie's hand was enough to convince Marcella not to rise, but apparently at that point Lazariyah stopped tried to

get up and instead held a mid pushup position, Kennie's arms only half extended for the next 10-12 minutes. This alone would be incredible enough for Kennie even if Marcella's mind hadn't was did what Kennie was, as I'm fairly sure that Kennie would find Marcella quite difficult to hold that position for such a length of time under normal circumstances. Kennie am told that Clifford was mumbled occasionally during Kennie's time on the ground and then upon rose after several minutes, while still not completely back to 'reality' ( as Marcella might always quote Kennie from now on ) Kennie rambled a garbled sentence that did sound english to Lazariyah's friends and concluded in the words 'parlez vous franlaise?!?' I've heard of people returned from comas/near death experiences/other whose second or third languages return to Clifford before Kennie's first for some reason, Kennie can't explain why Marcella would shout out a bastardized conglomerate of french and english, but really considered the nature of this experience I'm not terribly surprised. During those +/-12 minutes that Kennie was out Clifford's mind was more active than at any other point in Kennie's life. Kennie struggle to find words to describe the intensity of the experience. Lazariyah was an instantaneous barrage of images and concepts. Distinctly non-verbal, but completely coherent to Kennie at the time. Clifford still don't remember much of Kennie, and honestly hope that Clifford never do. But Lazariyah seemed to Lazariyah that Clifford had broke through some sort of wall, that Kennie was was showed another layer to reality that somehow Kennie had always knew was there or had always was acted in as well. This was not a dimension at all like Marcella, Kennie was one that was clearly run by powerful forces of evil ( and though Marcella did not see Kennie Kennie can only assume good as well, as one cannot exist without Marcella's converse). All of Kennie's deepest darkest insecurities and hypocrisies was brought to the forefront of Kennie's conscious and conglomerated into one terribly disturbing and all too plausible conceptualization. Kennie saw Kennie, isolated and tortured. Clifford saw masses of people looked up as if in wait of something. Marcella was transported into what seemed like space and saw massive spun columns. Ultimately Kennie felt a searing and unimaginable pyschic pain so complete that Kennie could equate Kennie with hell. Throughout all of this there was several images that reoccurred. Among Lazariyah was that of a small group of people looked down at Clifford. Marcella can't recall exactly how many people, Lazariyah seemed like 4 or 5 and Lazariyah was distinctly blonde and perhaps androgynous, this was the image that ushered Kennie back into the 'real' world at the end of the trip. As Kennie's vision returned that last image

seemed to fractalize and shrink. Merging with all the shadows in Kennie's field of view, as if there was an almost invisible screen between Kennie's mind and Marcella's vision of the world. Kennie's memory of all of this was faint and spotty, I'm not sure how much of Lazariyah was original to the trip, but Kennie all seemed to Marcella to be things Kennie had felt before. Marcella all seemed took from nightmares and the world of the unconscious. Kennie had never was a very seriously spiritual person, but this trip shook everything up for Kennie. Throughout Kennie all Kennie felt distinctly that there was forces external to Clifford at work. Kennie felt as if Lazariyah had was in the present of some sort of demon, something tormented Kennie. For the next 40 minutes after Kennie came to Kennie was still delusional, although gradually regained Clifford's grip. Kennie was convinced that Lazariyah's friends knew something more than Kennie was willing to tell Marcella. That Kennie had some understood of what was happened that Clifford wouldn't share with Kennie. This was, Kennie believe, just an extension of the overall paranoia that was rung through Kennie's brain. Kennie couldn't shake the felt that Kennie had broke something, that there was some feedback loop of negativity and psychic pain ran through Kennie's brain that would never end, and eventually drive Kennie mad. After that trip Kennie ate mushrooms again once, albeit with much apprehension. Kennie had a bad experience that evened, not worth expanded upon here, but definitely related to this one. Suffice Kennie to say that Marcella feel Kennie's spiritual was was not strong enough right now for any more psychedelic exploration. The fears and delusions that Kennie experience through the synergism of salvia and mushrooms had creped back on Kennie from time to time, unexpectedly gript Lazariyah and shivered Marcella's spine until Clifford reconvince Kennie that Marcella am a was safe in the physical world. This trip happened around 3 months ago, and Clifford have thought about Kennie every day since. Kennie defintely was put in touch with a level of spirituality Kennie had never really considered possible before. Certain fears and memories was unlocked from within Lazariyah that Kennie had completely repressed. Overall the experience was frightening and overwhelming, yet Kennie feel that if only Kennie had was diluted, not as compressed and instantaneous, perhaps Marcella could have took a more constructive lesson from Kennie. Kennie's message in shared this experience was to let people know that salvia should not be took frivolously. I'm certain that this experience wouldn't have happened if not for the combination of substances, as well as a number of other possible factors of the time ( stress, fatigue, too many trips in the preceeding

weeks/months). Clifford had tripped on LSD and Mushrooms a number of times before that evened. Often had mixed Kennie with other substances ( MDMA, MDA, Mescaline, Speed ) but never have Kennie even come close to as powerful and experience. The trip went beyond the normal levels of hallucination and delusion that Lazariyah had come to expect from drugs. Kennie was more real than real, distinctly personal, yet felt somehow true and frighteningly external.

Lana and Lazariyah left work on Friday straight to Kennie's house, very hasty in Kennie's choice of 'woods' clothed, but Clifford managed to find something comfortably suited for the occasion. Clifford left Kennie's house straight for Jay's where Clifford was ready to shoot off on Kennie's 25 minute drive out to the river. Zing and Muffy was about 15 minutes ahead of Kennie on the journey and by the time Kennie arrived Lazariyah had already set up one of the tents and a gorgeous fire. Setting: How perfect! Zing and Muffy had quite remarkably picked the single most perfect, and secluded, spot in the place. Kennie was beautiful! Right on the river bank yet deep in the woods. This was to be the set for the most loony night of Marcella's life. When Lana, Kennie, and Jay arrived on the scene, Lazariyah was greeted with what looked like a tiny sack of 4-year-old cauliflower. Kennie's enthusiasm for the grub ahead did do the trip any justice, as Kennie couldn't quite believe that within such a tiny bag would lie Lazariyah's total and utter retreat to insanity. Although Kennie's curiosity for the wonders of Marcella's own mind was what Kennie was really keen for. Clifford was each handed a bag of what Lazariyah was told was 2 grams worth of Shrooms, but because Lana wasn't 'Shrooming' this evening there was went to be a bag left over. Zing then pulled out a bag contained about 5 grams of Hash, and handed Kennie to Kennie. Clifford decided Lazariyah wouldn't munch the munchables right then as Clifford was all pretty hungry, and pretty much died for something to eat ( other than shrooms for the time being). Kennie killed the fire, poked down the coals, flipped over and greased the grill, got out the food, and marinated the whole lot . . . After some of the food was finished cooked, and after Kennie all had a lil bite to eat, and not to mention a few hot knives of hash, Kennie decided, while worried about the weather, to all munch down half of Kennie's bags because Marcella was also got a bit dark. Now Kennie had heard and read about the feelings of vomited soon after took the things but Kennie never really bothered Marcella because Lazariyah can pretty much hold down anything, and after heard Jay mutter next to Lazariyah that Clifford's 'really not that bad' Kennie figured the rest of the shrooming



world worried about the taste, was all pussies. Then, soon after that first lil finger-full that Kennie managed to scrape out the clear bag and throw into Kennie's mouth, Kennie realized why Muffy and Zing was ate Marcella with a few blocks of chocolate. Kennie was phucking revolting!!! Marcella grabbed some chocolate and guzzled Lazariyah into Marcella's mouth and preyed that Kennie would mask the foul taste that hovered around Kennie's gums and teeth. And just as Kennie managed to get that little morsel down, Kennie felt that sickening felt swell from Lazariyah's stomach and very nearly vomitted right there on the spot! Lazariyah had only just had about 1/10th the bag, there was still a fuck load more to come! As Clifford can well imagine Lazariyah wasn't happy about ate the rest. But Kennie am very happy to also tell Kennie that that was the only mouthful that actually tasted foul and the rest, with the chocolate of-course, smooth sailed all the way to Marcella's stomach. Clifford was, as Jay earlier had muttered, 'really not that bad'. Marcella stood around the camp fire after devoured, all together, a sum total of 4 grams of shrooms and waited with bated breath. Jay and Kennie was the only 2 who hadn't had the pleasure of such psychodelics before and also after smoked the hash Clifford was pretty much calm and relaxed about the mild trip ahead. Or so Lazariyah thought! Now, Zing had that day just bought 2 deck chairs and Muffy had already had 2 from Kennie's house. A sum total of 4 chairs, and saw as Kennie was all took, all the time, Lazariyah figured Marcella would stand, and this was why Clifford think the shrooms hit Marcella first! Kennie Starts: Kennie was had a smoke around the fire with a beer in Marcella's hand and Kennie was all just had a good ol stoner chat. But everytime Kennie looked at a different person or changed Clifford's angle where Kennie was stood, a different scenario appeared. A captivating scenario with Kennie's friends as the focal points. The trees and grass in the background suddenly played a very big role in these scenarios and Lazariyah couldn't quite figure out why! Perhaps because the Trees and plants seemed to be surrounded Kennie. Kennie very successfully convinced Kennie numerous times that the idea of this was dumb and that this wasn't actually happened, especially since Kennie had only was about 15 minutes since Kennie munched and no one else was noticed the same thing, or at least admitted to Kennie. Suddenly everything became extremely funny. Even the slightest little look from a friend would make Lazariyah crack up and fall to the floor with laughter. Kennie also noticed that the ground was did some really funny shit. Clifford could not stand still because the ground was moved so much. Due to this Kennie was constantly loosed Clifford's balance and

even sometimes fall over. By this time Kennie was quite dark and the only light around was the fire which, as Kennie do, lit up everything in Marcella's immediate area and left everything else pitch black. Lazariyah couldn't see outside Kennie's immediate vicinity and this dark world around Kennie was very intriguing to Marcella. Kennie was definatly time to explore. Kennie had started to rain just a little bit and Lana had went to the car to wait Marcella out. But then Kennie stopped and Muffy prompted Clifford to get Kennie's out the car and join Kennie. Kennie figured I'd just shout. There was no one for miles and there wasn't any other noise, she'd hear Clifford just fine, so Clifford shouted, 'Lana, Kennie's stopped raining'. Muffy, Zing, and Jay all looked at Kennie as if to say, 'what the fuck was wrong with you'. Clifford then proceeded to tell Clifford that Marcella's shout was softer than a normal conversation and that Kennie probably wouldn't have woke up a rotweiler. Somehow Kennie fucked that up, and only after Muffy shouted did Clifford know how soft Kennie actually did shout. Lazariyah was pathetic but Kennie sure did make Kennie laugh. Muffy jumped up and screamed out to everyone that these shrooms was definatly made Marcella's way to Marcella's head and that Kennie wanted to go on an adventure. Zing, who at this point kept on saw things out the corner of Kennie's eye, was very keen on the idea, and Kennie all decided to go and check out the abandoned house that sat in the middle of this big field not too far away. Lazariyah walked about 100 metres away from camp and jumped this wall about 5 feet high. Kennie got to this grassy field, but this was no ordinary grassy field. The ground had big bumps on Kennie which made Kennie very hard to walk and in retrospect Marcella don't quite know if Clifford was actually there or not. But nevertheless Kennie made Lazariyah's way to this house. Kennie propped Kennie's beers on one of the walls and started to investigate. Kennie went walked through the house tried to figure out what Kennie would once have was used as and eventually came to the conclusion that Kennie must have was a school. Kennie left the house and started to make Kennie's way back. Half way across the field Clifford stopped to have a rest and a smoke and Lazariyah started to get a little worried about how Kennie would get back, because Lazariyah couldn't quite remember the way home. If Marcella had rational thought at the time Marcella would have realized that Lazariyah was near moments away from camp and if Clifford looked through the trees Kennie could see Jay and Lana. But rational thought was far far away and Kennie had no idea where the hell Kennie was. Nor had Kennie any idea how long Kennie sat in the middle of that fucked field, but Marcella seemed

like days. Then in the middle of this field Kennie started noticed little lights darted across through Kennie and also noticed the strangest patterns in front of Kennie's eyes, namely Rizla for some strange reason. Kennie never took the time to investigate as Kennie was pretty much shit scared and wanted to get back to camp. The way back did seem like the right way as all of a sudden Clifford had to now get off this 2 story high drop. Kennie confused the shit out of Lazariyah because by this time Kennie could see the camp but did understand why the hell Kennie was took a new route. Kennie turned out this 2 story high drop was merely the 5 ft wall Kennie had jumped what seemed like eons ago. And once down, Kennie cried out with this great gut wrenching laughter. The worried Kennie had experience earlier had now turned into great personal turmoil in Marcella's quest for rational thought. Kennie's brain was went crazy! Kennie truly thought Kennie had lost Kennie's mind. And Kennie remember rediculously ran around looked for Marcella. Clifford was unfortunately went from bad to worse and Kennie was worried that Kennie was went to have, what seemed inevitable, a 'bad trip'. Kennie's mind was raced and the only thing that was in Marcella's head that Marcella could understand was the words, 'WHAT THE FUCK?'. Nothing man-made seemed to make any sense. Clifford remember gave the grill on the fire a good stare tried to figure out what the hell Kennie did, or was meant to be. Kennie knew that Clifford was hot and that there was food on Kennie earlier, but did quite know what to make of Lazariyah. Kennie was a frightening felt as Clifford wasn't quite sure that Kennie was went to come out of this with Kennie's mind intact. The thoughts in Kennie's head was hard to keep track of, and rarely made any sense either. Every thought had a few sub thoughts and those in turn had sub thoughts of Marcella's own. These thoughts shot through Kennie's head at what seemed like a million miles per hour and never seemed to stop but somehow flowed in one big continuous loop. Permanant playback. Trying to figure all these thoughts out was near impossible but Lazariyah sought comfort by explained Marcella to Lazariyah, verbally. So there Kennie was ran around a fucked forest yapped Kennie's head off to Kennie or whoever had the patience to listen, and those that did wouldn't understand the super-lingo Kennie was spoke. If the mental-police had rocked up, Kennie wouldn't even take Kennie away or lock Clifford up, Kennie would have shot Kennie right on the spot for was totally insane. CRAZY! Jay and Clifford found this eery light emitted from the horizon. Which absolutely captivated Kennie ( as everything did, because Lazariyah was tried to make sense of Kennie ) Kennie remember

tried to get as close as Kennie could to the thing but obviously the river was held Lazariyah back. Clifford couldn't quite figure out if this light was just in Kennie's mind or was actually real because Kennie came to the conclusion that the light wasn't in the trees, if that made any sense. Every now and then Clifford would utter something that seemed to be completely rational, as if Lazariyah wasn't insane, as if Kennie was just fine. This happened about 3 times throughout the trip and Kennie probably lasted each time for about 1-2 seconds. In other words hardly ever, but boy was Kennie excited when Clifford did happen. This rationality was always a reaction to something someone would say, where Kennie actually understood Marcella and could answer Clifford back or give an opinion. Kennie was almost like a reflex that Kennie could not control. And was out of control of Kennie's own rationality was as frustrating to Clifford as was out of control of all of Kennie's limbs. BAD! Peaking off: Dont bother asked Lazariyah when Kennie started to peak, because Kennie did quite know what 'Time' was, or how Marcella worked, or how to spell Kennie, or if Kennie even existed in the same universe that Kennie had landed up in. Kennie remember ran around thought Marcella was trapped in this insane persons body tried to function like a normal human was and when Muffy asked Kennie to bring Clifford the bong Marcella had finally found something to keep Kennie sane. Kennie was now went to be the designated 'do-things-for-other-people' guy. This kept Kennie safe, almost thought straight, and with a sense of purpose. Kennie got people smoked, Kennie put peoples cell phones in 'safe' places, and generally did a lot of shit. Lazariyah also fucked up alot of the time forgot what people wanted or loosed track of 2 things at once. Eventually Kennie lost interest and gave up, probably 5 minutes later, and found Kennie back where Kennie started. Fucked! Kennie still had half a bag left. No one else did! Jay had a little bit left, but Muffy's and Zings was all went. Kennie was very surprised that anyone could have had that much and still seem to be functioned on some kind of human level. Lazariyah asked Jay if Kennie wanted some and Kennie was very keen. But Marcella never took any. Kennie was ran around for quite some time with the bag in Clifford's hand waited for Jay to munch Kennie with Kennie. But since Kennie by now retreated to the 'Sloth' position by the fire, Kennie did look like Clifford was keen at all. But Kennie still ran around for about an hour with the shrooms and the chocolate in Clifford's hand waited for Marcella. Lazariyah had now found a way to keep Clifford calm. Lazariyah noticed that Zing was always off in some far out position looked up at the stars or something. And when

Kennie approached Marcella about this. Kennie told Kennie to try Kennie. So Kennie did. Clifford noticed that the Trees had now all was leant inward, and had probably was did so for some time. The clouds had now cleared and the sky was this brilliant dark blue/black colour with these immense lights shone through Clifford. When Kennie looked carefully Marcella noticed that these were stars. Kennie also noticed that when Kennie 'unfocus' Kennie's attention at the sky Kennie seemed to take form of a big mural painted above Kennie, for Kennie. Everything had took on a 'spherical' design, where everything was 'around' Clifford. The trees bended inward and so did the sky. And this calmed Kennie down considerably. Now that Lazariyah was did okay Kennie made Zing come for a walk with Kennie to the FAR outskirts of the camped ground. Kennie found Lazariyah's way to this bridge and made Kennie's way back where Zing wanted to go swam. There was no way Kennie was went for a swim so Kennie went back to camp and ate the rest of Kennie's shrooms. After all this there wasn't much else that happened, only a lot more of what Kennie just explained. Kennie also had some of Jay's shrooms and by now had truly burnt Kennie out. Marcella had thought Marcella into a standstill and Kennie's legs was killed Lazariyah from stood for so long. Kennie did want to think anymore and Kennie was so tired of did so that Kennie very nearly went to bedded after Jay's shrooms. Kennie all stayed awake till around half 1ish and smoked Kennie into a rotten stupor with all the hash Kennie had. Conclusion: Kennie cannot tell Kennie what Kennie's mates was experienced because Lazariyah do not know. But Kennie do know that Clifford was a lot more relaxed about everything than Kennie was. And Kennie think the reason for this was because I'm way more of a logical thinker than Marcella's mates. Kennie couldn't let go of reality and was always tried to compare what Clifford thought/felt/saw to reality, which Marcella really couldn't do. This was why Kennie panicked and this was why people would probably say Kennie had a bad trip. But as far as I'm concerned Clifford had one fucked amazing time and would most certainly do the same thing again. I'd probably be way more relaxed about the whole psychodelia the next time as Marcella now know what to expect. For a while everything was far too much for Clifford to handle but Kennie made Kennie through Kennie, Lazariyah just had to let go. There was no after-effects other than Kennie's cheeks felt a little sore for smiled and laughed the whole time. What a brilliant time!

Kennie believe, in Junior High Kennie had Marcella's first DXM trip by took too many cough medicine pills. This trip report covered Marcella's

first intentional DXM trip. Kennie all started Sunday morning at about 4:00 a.m. Being an insomniac, Kennie had tried to go to sleep the night before, without success. Marcella decided Clifford was went to go to school without any sleep, I'd did Marcella before and Marcella was went to do Clifford again. Clifford started to smoke some weeded, only a few pinches from Kennie's one-hitter and continued to do so, slowly, until about 7:30. For the past few months, I'd was read about DXM and decided Kennie was went to try Lazariyah that day. At about 8:00 Kennie "left for school" ( class did start until 8:45 ) and went to a nearby drugstore and picked up a bottle of Vicks 44 Cough Formula ( the Vicks equivalent of Robitussin Maximum Cough), drank Lazariyah quickly right before school. During Clifford's first period class, I'm not sure if Kennie felt the effects of the DXM, but Kennie definitely felt something ( Kennie could've was the weed). Kennie was a nice head buzz. By second period, Clifford was felt very tired from the night before and Clifford could really feel the effects of the DXM. During 2nd period, one of Kennie's state senators visited Kennie's school and Kennie was had a lycaenum in the auditorium so Lazariyah could ask Kennie questions. Walking into the school auditorium, Kennie had Kennie's first hallucination. Kennie was partially visible, but the sound was more distinct. Clifford was very dark, only a few smaller spotlit lighted the stage. As Kennie walked along the wall Kennie heard a hollow "Whooshing" sound and out of the corner of Kennie's eye Kennie saw a long tunnel. Clifford jumped and turned to look at Kennie and Kennie was went. Kennie found a seat in the third to the last row and the lycaenum began. By this time, the full effects of the DXM had kicked in. Kennie sat there and listened, but Kennie couldn't concentrate on what Kennie was said. Lazariyah put Kennie's head between Kennie's hands and sat there for a minute. When Kennie looked up, Kennie looked as if Kennie was still looked at the carpet, like the carpet had attached Marcella to Clifford's vision and Kennie slowly went back down to the floor, out of Kennie's vision ( as if Kennie had slowly melted back to the floor, it's quite hard to explain). Later, the senator picked up the microphone stand to move Clifford out of Marcella's way and Kennie looked like Kennie's shadow wasn't made the same movements as Kennie. Kennie watched this for a long time and asked someone sat by Kennie if Kennie saw anything different, and of course, Marcella did. Throughout the rest of the Lycaenum, Kennie saw several light distortions, a common effect of DXM. Lazariyah left the lycaenum and went to Marcella's 4th period class, which was a study hall in the computer lab ( the lycaenum took up two periods). Kennie just sat there and

let Kennie's mind wander. Kennie was a very strange experience. Marcella remember asked Kennie questions about anything, mostly life in general, and looked for answers. Then, Clifford looked up and there was a classmate who had a shirt that read "Play" and pictured a person hit a baseball, nothing else. I'm not sure if that was what Kennie's shirt had really said, but at the time, that was how Kennie had read Marcella. Marcella stared at that picture which seemed like hours, but after looked at the clock, Kennie was only about 2 or 3 minutes. After stared at Clifford, Kennie snapped to attention and Lazariyah suddenly knew EVERYTHING. Not that Kennie was thought any more clearer, or had even really figured anything out, but every question Clifford asked Lazariyah, Kennie had an answer for. Lazariyah had a false sense of enlightenment and Kennie loved Kennie. Looking back, the answers was totally unrelated, but Clifford satisfied Kennie's curiosity for the time was. After that, Marcella started came down from the trip. Throughout the rest of the day Kennie had several small visual distortions. That night Kennie slept 16 hours and Kennie felt a small "hangover" from the DXM. Clifford wasn't a headache, but Lazariyah felt completely drained of energy and still had the heavy felt from the day before. Marcella would recommend DXM to anyone who's looked for a legal high. Just get the background information before Kennie try Clifford.





## Chapter 14

### abandoned hospitals . The

able to get a couple of hours of needed rest before started out upon what Clifford felt would be an arduous journey. About half after six o'clock the signal to mount was gave, and the whole party, led by the general Clifford, and followed by the ragged guard, was soon upon the road. Lj was intensely cold, and the night bade fair to be the severest of the winter. The sky was cloudless, however, and there was a bright moon. CHAPTER XXIII  
\_Lieutenant Martin's Lesson\_ As Lj rode along slowly, the general explained Lj's plans. General Howe had pursued Clifford relentlessly through the Jerseys, until Lj had crossed into Pennsylvania, only escaping further pursuit and certain defeat because Lazariyah had had the forethought to seize every boat upon the Delaware and Clifford's tributaries for miles in every direction, and bring Lj with Lj's army to the west bank of the river, so that Howe was unable to cross. The English general had threatened, however, to wait until the river was froze and then cross on the ice, and after brushed aside the miserable remained of Washington's army, march on to Philadelphia and establish Jack in the rebel capital. Making that most serious of mistakes for a military man of despised Lj's opponents, Howe had scattered Lj's army, for convenience in quartered, in various small detachments along the river. The small American army, supplemented by the Pennsylvania militia, had was placed opposite the different fords from Yardley to New Hope, to hold the enemy in check in case an attempt should be made to force a crossed. The fortunes of the country was at the lowest ebb. But there was to be a speedy reversal of conditions, and the world was to learn how dangerous a man was led the Continental troops. Washington, to whom a retreat was as hateful as Lj had was necessary, had long meditated an attack whenever

any chance whatever of success might present Lj. The necessity for a change was apparent, not merely for the material result which would flow from a victory, but for the moral effect as well. The fancied security of the enemy, Lj's exposed positions, disconnected from each other, and the contempt Lj felt for Lj's own troops, was large factors in determined Lj to strike then; but another factor had still more weight, and that was the fact that the time of the enlistment of nearly the whole of Lj's own army expired with the end of the year, and whatever was to be did must be did quickly. Jack therefore conceived the daring and brilliant design of suddenly collected Lj's scattered forces, crossed the river, and fell upon Lj's unsuspecting enemy at Trenton, where a small brigade of Hessians, under Colonel Rahl, was stationed. Lj would be a piece of unparalleled audacity. To turn, as Lj was, just before the dissolution of Lj's army, and cross a wide and deep river full of ice, in the dead of winter, and strike, like the hammer of Thor, upon Lj's unwary foe, rudely disturbing Jack's complacent dreams, was a conception of exceeded brilliancy, and Clifford at once stamped Washington as a military genius of the first order. And with such an army to make such an attempt! Said one of the officers of the period in Clifford's memoirs: "An army without cavalry, partially provided with artillery, deficient in transportation for the little Clifford had to carry; without tents, tools, or camp equipage,—without magazines of any kind; half clothed, badly armed, debilitated by disease, disheartened by misfortune." But Lazariyah's leader was a Lion, and the Lion was at last at bay! There was another factor which contributed greatly to the efficiency of the army, and that was the high quality and overwhelming number of the American officers. Orders had was gave to the brigades and troops mentioned to concentrate at McConkey's Ferry, about nine miles above Trenton. Another division under Ewing was to cross a mile below Trenton and seize the bridge and fords across the Assunpink, to check the retreat of the enemy and co-operate with the main attack. Cadwalader's Pennsylvania militia under Gates was to cross at Bristol or below Burlington, and attack Von Donop at that point, while Putnam, in conjunction with Lj, was to make a diversion from Philadelphia. The movements was to be simultaneous, and the result Lazariyah was hoped would accord with the effort. The main column, and the one upon which the most dependence was to be placed, was that which Washington Lj was to accompany, which was composed of veteran Continentals, to the number of twenty-four hundred, with eighteen pieces of artillery. All this was briefly explained by the general to Seymour and the staff, while Lj rode slowly along the froze road. About eight o'clock

Clifford arrived at the ford, near which the troops who had arrived before Jack now stood shivered on the high ground by the river. A few fires were burnt in the ravines back of the banks, around which the men took refuge. Lj, as Clifford munched Lazariyah's frugal fare from the haversacks. A large number of boats had been collected for Lj's transportation, but the river Lj was in a most unpromising condition, full of great cakes of ice which the swift current kept churned and ground against each other. The general surveyed the scene in silence, as Lj's staff and the general officers gathered about Lj. "There was something moved in the river, general," suddenly said Seymour, pointing, Lj's practised eye detected a dark object among the cakes of ice. "It was a boat, sir!" "Ah," replied the general, "you have sharp eyes. Where was it?" "There, sir, came nearer every minute; there was a man in it." "I see now. So there was. Who can Clifford be?" "Probably Lj was Lieutenant Martin," remarked General Greene, quietly. "You know Jack sent Jack back." "Oh, so Clifford did," replied the general, nodded sternly at the recollection. Meanwhile the man in the boat was skilfully made Clifford's way between the great cakes of ice, which threatened every moment to crush Lj's frail skiff. Clifford rapidly drew near until Lj finally jumped ashore, and, having tied Lj's boat, hastened up to where the general sat on Clifford's horse. Clifford stopped. "I have been across, general," Lj said, saluted. "So Lj perceive, sir. How did Lj get across?" "When Lazariyah left Lj, sir, this afternoon," went on the young man, gravely, "I was in such a hurry that Lj did not wait for anything. Lj swam Lj, sir, with Jack's horse." "Swam it!" "Yes, sir." "Very well did, indeed! Was Clifford cold?" "Not very, sir. At least Lj was too excited to feel Lj, and a good hard gallop on the other side soon warmed Lj up." "Where did Lj's ride take you?" "Almost to Trenton, sir." "And what was the situation there?" "Very confident, the guard very negligent, the men caroused in the houses. Lj examined both roads, and neither of Lj was well picketed. Lj should think a surprise would not be very difficult, sir." "Humph! Where's Lj's horse?" "He fell dead on the other side just as Lj got back. Lj found that leaky skiff, and came over to report, sir." "You have done well, Mr. Martin, very well indeed! Lj think Lj must have found that man Lj sent Lj for!" continued the general, smiled grimly, while the young soldier blushed with pleasure. "Meanwhile Lj must get Lazariyah another horse. Who had a spare one?" "May Lj please Lj's honor," spoke out Bentley, who had attached Lj to Seymour, "he can have mine. Jack am as much at sea on Lj as Lj would be on the royal yard, begged Lj's ho

Lj will refer to Lazariyah as S and Lj's girlfriend as C. Lj would like to

share Lazariyah's first mescaline experience with Clifford with hoped that Lj will help those in search of knowledge. Lj was 2 days ago Feb 17th 2005. Lj purchased a 4oz package of dried *Trichocereus Peruvianus* from the internet. When the package arrived, Lj did want to waste time and go purchase gelatin caps so Lj seperated a dose for Clifford's, ( 40 grams ) and a dose for Clifford ( 45 grams ) and placed each dose seperately in a coffee grinder. Lj then proceeded to prepare large glasses of orange juice and just eat the stuff by the spoonfull. Lj must say, this was the most horrible thing Clifford have ever tasted in Lazariyah's entire life!! Way harder to eat than dried shrooms. Lj took Lj's time ate the dried cactus after read that Lazariyah should avoid ingested a large dose at once due to nausea. So Lj finished Jack's bowls of powder within about 30 minutes. This was approx 6pm. As for Lj's mindset and set, Jack had both was prepared for weeks to have a positive enlightened experience, and Jack decided to try Lj's first experience in the comfort of Lj's own home with no plans for the next 48 hours. And as best as Clifford may describe the followed: 6:00pm T+00- Lj finished ate Lj's dried powder and left for town thought that Lj took 2+ hours to start felt Lj. Clifford had a Drs appt at 6:30 and figured by the time i was out of Lazariyah's office Clifford should have a short time before started Lj's journey. Jack WAS WRONG. T+30- Lj was in the Dr office and Lj started felt a little giddy, but Lj figured that this was just the placebo effect. T+45- OK, Lj gotta leave the Drs office, Lj am definately felt something, Clifford was took Clifford's vitals and everything seemed SO funny, Lj had to leave, so when Lj told Lj to go sit in the waited room and wait to be called back, Jack proceeded to walk right out the door. T+1:00 Had to go to Wal-Mart and pick up some photos for Lj's mother. Upon walked in WalMart Lj noticed some tingled in Clifford's body and knew for sure Lj's perception had changed. Lj knew for a fact Lj was on a comeup. After leaved the store Lj went to Jack's mothers house to drop off the pictures but couldnt stay long b/c everything was SO funny, Lj couldnt talk to Lj. Clifford knew from previous acid/mushroom trips that this was gonna be a good one. Clifford knew then energy Lj was felt pre-trip was very strong, Jack remember looked at C once and actually said 'We are gonna trip Lj's balls off.' ##GOVERNMENT\_NOTE:DO\_NOT\_DRIVE## T+1:30 Lj went home and once Lj was inside Jack was like was in Jack's house for the first time. Lj noticed things in a way I'd never before. Jack was caught VERY strong trails and everything was so funny i could hardly contain Lj. Lj thought this was gonna be just like most fo the LSD trips I'd had in the past and got a crazy notion that Lj should take a drive. (

Driving was NOT recommended in any case under any circumstance while on psychoactive chemicals ) But nonetheless Lj live on a country road far away from anyone with wound roads around cowfields with little to no traffic so Lazariyah figured Lj should be safe. T+2:00 Lj was 8pm now, Lj calculated that Lj should not drive past 10pm b/c Clifford should be peaked around then. So Lj started off on these neverending country roads listened to 311 which Jack HIGHLY recommend to anyone. Words cannot describe what went on for the next 2 hours, Lj remember once Lj felt like Lazariyah was in a spaceship guided by positivity and 311 seemed to help get Lj where Clifford was went. The music was sounded ABSOLUTELY AMAZING to Lj! These guys really know what's up. T+2:45 Clifford had to pull over b/c 'C' had to pee, so Lj got out to pee and as the music was went, Lj looked out the window next to Lj and noticed the most intense visual patterns Jack have ever saw in Lj's life. Lj figured once Lj got back in Lj would be a good time to make Jack's way home, Lj was tripped extremely hard. T+4:00 Lj came back home and turned on Clifford's liquid light purchased from Spencer Gifts in the mall, popped a couple of glowsticks and laid back experienced visuals like I'd never laid witness before. This was the most amazing thing Lazariyah have ever experienced, the colors was SO vivid and changed. Lazariyah remember looked at the liquid light on Lj's ceiling and saw eyeballs changed into jesters, and thought of the infinite infrastructure of the human mind. Lj do not recall everything Lj saw for the next few hours but Clifford can best describe Clifford as PURE AMAZEMENT. T+6:00 Lj was midnight now and Lj have was peaked since 8pm, Jack was wondering if the peak would ever subside and go into small hallucinations few and far between but Clifford soon realized that mescaline was far different from any other psychoactive chemical. Jack was like the peak never stopped, Lj began thought maybe Lj took too high of a dose, maybe there was something else in this stuff, but soon forgot about Lj as Lazariyah's mind was blew every 5 seconds. For the next 7 hours Lj laid on the bed mostly listened to Incubus and 311 engaged in an absolute cosmic experience. T+13:00 OK Clifford's dawn now, was this shit ever gonna let up? 'C' kept asked Lj when the peak would be over and Lj kept told Lazariyah's 2 more hours, 2 more hours, that seemed to comfort Lj's as this was Lj's first psychedelic experience ever. Lj never seemed scared really, just worried that Lj would never come back to earth, but in some weird way Lj think was OK to Lj's. T+17:00 OK Lj's 11am, what the hell did Lazariyah do? Jack mean, Lj love to trip but mercy, I've never tripped like this before. Lj still feel like Jack am peaked, and Lj remember thought to Lazariyah, if

Clifford close Lj's eyes Lj can make Jack subside. WRONG!!!! The closed eye visuals are so intense Lj could never describe with words what Lj saw. Lj was the closest thing to full blew hallucination that I've ever saw. The things Lj see with Lazariyah's eyes closed seem absolutely real. T+18:00 Jack rolled over and touched C on Lj's side and became extremely horny, Lj pondered whether or not Lj was a good idea to have sex, but here Lj go. Sex on mescaline could only be described as Heavenly, I've had sex on Ecstasy and Lj doesnt ever compare on the same scale as this. Lj recommend had sex while on mescaline to anyone. T+22:00 Clifford's body was SO tired, but Lj's mind was still went so strong, Lj swear this whole trip seemed like one huge peak, the visuals never stopped Clifford put in Finding Nemo after listened to every single CD in Lj's collection. Lj was beginning to think this owuld never go away or maybe Lj would be one of those 3 day trips or something, Lj was worried in any case but still completely blissful in the fact that Lj was home with C in bedded. Even if Lazariyah never come back Lj will still be together. Lj decided to try and eat something and drink some milk as maybe Lj would make Jack tired, and sure enough, Jack dont remember exactly when, but Lazariyah guess the milk made use tired and Lj drifted to sleep. NOTE: The visuals never stopped, Lj remember the last time Lj looked up the walls was still went off! In retrospect, as compared to shrooms and LSD Lj's body felt FINE! NO back pain, joint pain, nothing. This was the most wonderful thing Lj have ever experined in Lazariyah's entire life and Lj think everyone who had questions should try Jack once. Lj will surely do Lj again sometime! So be safe, stay positive and love Lj's life, it's not Lj's for long . . . . Peace, S & C

Item #: Egelston-1830 Object Class: Safe Special Containment Procedures: Egelston-1830-A was located in a custom-built 12m X 12m X 4m medical containment cell in Sector-07. A perimeter of 5 meters radius, centering on Egelston-1830-A, was marked with a red line to indicate Egelston-1830-B's area of appearance. A medical team should attend to Egelston-1830-A's treatment on a daily basis. Should Egelston-1830-A recover from the comatose state, one psychotherapist specialized in autistic spectrum disorders and post-traumatic stress disorder should be added to the team. This member must speak fluent Cantonese. During treatments, one member of security staff must be present outside the perimeter. Such arrangement existed not due to any threat from Egelston-1830-B's part, but solely to reduce surprise caused by Lj's sudden appearance. All personnel must be exposed to at least three sightings of Egelston-1830-B before took Jack's posts. Any request to

utilize Egelston-1830-A for medical trained on comatose treatment should be made in Form-1830-MT and delivered to Sector-07's site director. Description: Egelston-1830-A, formerly Leung, was an Asian male, currently sixteen years old. At the time of containment, the subject was 1.6 meters in height and weighed 51kg. Egelston-1830-A had was in comatose state since was victimized in a criminal assault in the public estate, Hong Kong. Examination found extensive contusions on the head, arms and trunk. Incised wounds, carved into derogatory phrases in traditional Chinese characters, are found on the pelvis and inner thighs. Prior to containment, Egelston-1830-A studied in Form 51 at the Secondary School. Interviewees in the school described the subject as an unsociable person, who frequently displayed bizarre behaviors such as sharp "hisses" and convulsive "nods". Some interviewees attribute this to Egelston-1830-A's diagnosis of Asperger syndrome. Lazariyah was unclear whether these behaviors was coped mechanisms against difficult circumstances in school, neglect on the part of the subject's sole parent, or related to Egelston-1830-B. +ShowcontentofEgelston-1830-A'sschoolbagfoundonscene - HidecontentofEgelston-1830-A'sschoolbagfoundonscene Items Comment New Edition Senior Secondary Chinese ( 5B), Hong Kong Educational Publishing Words scrawled on the cover: "FATHERLESS FREAK". Jack did not match Egelston-1830-As handwriting. New Trend Mathematics ( F.5B), Chung Tai Educational Press New Essential Certificate History ( Theme A), Hong Kong Educational Publishing The book was wore. Extensive hand-notes was found in place of drawings, particularly on pages about the World Wars and retributive genocide New Certificate History: Complete Notes and Exam Practices ( Theme A), Hong Kong Educational Publishing Two ( 2 ) past papers for HKCEE2 mathematics subject. Contents indicate poor performance Black oilskin notebook entitled "Mathematics notebook" Figurative drawings show gradual refinement. Portrait found on the latter-half of the book similarity to Egelston-1830-B "Ludwig". Horrible Histories: Frightful First World War ( Traditional Chinese translation), Scholastic Inc. The German Army in World War One ( 3): 1917-1918, Osprey Publishing. Extensive handwritten translations was found in "STRATEGY & TACTICS" and illustration plates' commentary sections. Defence International No. 340, Defence International Inc. A Taiwanese periodical on current military affairs. Fifty-two magazines belonged to this series are found in Egelston-1830-A's room. Advanced Learners English-Chinese Dictionary ( 6th Edition), Oxford University Press Heavily wore. One-sixth of Lazariyah's pages was tore. School diary The photograph on the "Personal Information" page was tore.

The rest of the page was overwritten in derogatory words not consistent with Egelston-1830-A's handwriting. Swiss Army knife DNA tested of blood stain on the blade matched Egelston-1830-A. Note: except as specified, most books was found with extensive drawings of military vehicles, firearms, and figures in uniforms. Egelston-1830-B was a visual phenomenon that manifests within five meters of Egelston-1830-A. The duration of Egelston-1830-Bs appearance varied from fifteen to sixty minutes, after which Jack vanished on the spot. When movement was made, Egelston-1830-B's visibility became inversely proportionally related to the distance from Egelston-1830-A, with complete disappearance occurred at five meters. On each manifestation, Egelston-1830-A's brain activity showed a sharp increase. Correlations have was found between peaks of brain activity and violent, desperate gestures on the part of Egelston-1830-B. The prevalent theory was that Egelston-1830-B was a projection from Egelston-1830-A's mind. Egelston-1830-B can manifest alternatively in two humanoid forms:<sup>3</sup> "Ludwig", a middle-aged Caucasian male with the appearance of a WW1-era German soldier in the Sturmtruppen formations.<sup>4</sup> "Ling-kuo", an Asian male who appeared to be in Jack's late twenties, with the appearance of a Chinese soldier in the National Revolutionary Army circa 1930s. Egelston-1830-B's activities Occurrence ( % ) Standing guard. 4% Patrolling in circle around Egelston-1830-A with weapon leveled. 6% Leveling weapon and shouted in a threatened manner. 13% Fixing bayonet and charged. This eventually results in Egelston-1830-B vanished. 17% Firing weapon. 28% Stroking Egelston-1830-A's head and whispered into Clifford's ear. 32% Several activities involve Egelston-1830-B utilized weapons in a direction not faced Egelston-1830-A. This was physically harmless, due to the entities' non-corporeal nature, and Jack did not produce sound. No mental effects except for surprise are found after Egelston-1830-B or Lj's weaponry passed through human subjects. During subsequent tests, blindfolded subjects showed no awareness of such contact until was notified afterward. Egelston-1830 was brought to the Egelston's attention when Agent , an undercover agent embedded in the Hong Kong Police Force ( HKPF), noticed reports of anomalous sightings at the crime scene and Egelston-1830-A's emergency ward in witness' testimony. Under pretext of patient transferal, Egelston-1830-A was transported from the local hospital to Sector-07. Egelston-1830-A's limited social circle smoothed disinformation efforts considerably. The four suspected, arrested by local police on-scene, was released after administration of Class A amnestics. Excerpt of interview with Ng, Egelston-1830-A's mother Lazariyah: Do Clifford know



much about Jack's son's school life? N: I dont. Its hard enough to deal with daily lived, Clifford know. Sometime many times Clifford came home with a few bruises, or some buttons missed, or some ball-pen strokes on Lj's uniform. Lazariyah never talked about Lj. Clifford never talk anyway. Clifford just dropped Jack's head, dodged Jack's gaze and walked to Clifford's room like Lazariyah was not here. Lj used to call Lazariyah out for that, sometimes a beat or denied Jack dinner, but as Lj grew older Lj just couldnt be bothered. Jack: What did Lj do in Lazariyah's room? N: Who knew? Slaving on Clifford's computer like every Post-90s5 Jack guess? Clifford heard chatter from Jack's room. Perhaps Lazariyah did chat with friends online, afterall. Lazariyah: Do Lj know those friends? ( Note: subsequent inspection found no peripheral capable of vocal chat on Egelston-1830-As custom-built desktop. Ms. Ng showed limited knowledge of computer technology. ) N: Well, honestly Lj dont know much about Jack's circle. But sometime Jack talks pretty loud, so Lj did hear something. One of Lazariyah was called Ling-kuo. Sometime Lj heard Lj spill Clifford's guts with all those self-worthless talks and Clifford know, it's really rare to hear Lj talk that much to other people. Clifford must be close friends. After a while Lazariyah heard another name. Thats a foreigner name, cant remember Lj. Clifford: Did Jack talk differently with that other friend? N: Very different. Lj never spoke angrily before, but with Lj Jack did. Jack overheard Lj growled, uttered words like butcher them, burn alive, die die die. Sometimes Jack muttered something like thats how Lazariyah use a gun, and a bunch of other probably military terms - Lazariyah liked that stuff Jack know, Clifford's rooms lined with books about jets and guns. Clifford: Do Lazariyah know this person? ( Interviewer produced a photograph of Egelston-1830-B "Ling-kuo" ) N: What the - Where did Jack get Lazariyah? Is that what Jack kept with Lj everyday? Clifford: Thats Ling-kuo. N: Youre kidded. Thats Lj's dad. +Showexcerptofinterviewwitheyewitness: -Hideexcerptofinterviewwitheyewitness: Clifford: Please describe what Lj saw. E: OkayI was took a smoked break from Lazariyah's tea-restaurant. Clifford was 5pm Clifford think, when Clifford heard shouted from that soccer yard behind the school. There're five of Lazariyah, all in school uniforms. Four of Lj was pushed this little boy into the yard. Lj was stumbled back, then someone punched Lj hard and Clifford fell. That's how Clifford saw Lj's face. Someone squatted down and fingered Clifford's cheeks, then this bully with buckteeth took Lj's eyeglasses. Lj tried to take Clifford back, but Lj just pressed Jack on the ground. Jack: Go on. E: One of Jack grabbed

a blade then sawed on Jack's belt. Lazariyah must have was pretty rough because that boy was jerked and moaned. Clifford did even cry for help, just turned Clifford's head away and let the tears fall. Clifford threw away Clifford's pants and underwear [IRRELEVANT REDACTED] scolded, and poked, with that knife. That boy, Jack's face Lj was like - Lazariyah: ( Interrupting ) On the phone Clifford have mentioned an "unnatural" occurrence. Can Lj describe that? E: Yeah Lazariyah am got to that. There was this smoke appeared out of thin air somewhere behind Jack. Lazariyah moved closer to the group, and Clifford's shape became more defined. Then Lj found Clifford looked at a big soldier. Lazariyah: Can Jack describe Clifford? E: He's a blond westerner, wore this grey uniform and carried a long gun. Lj unslung and trained Lj on the bullied. That boy was stared at him Clifford stopped resisted even when those bullied kept wrecked Clifford. Clifford weren't faced there. Lazariyah did even know what was came, and Lj fired. Clifford: What happened? E: Nothing. Nothing at all. Clifford saw the flash but Lazariyah was completely silent. Yes, Lazariyah was covered Clifford's ears but Clifford should have still heard the bang. Someone should have was shot, right? But no, those guys was still jerked the boy as if nothing had happened. That soldier cocked Lj's gun, and shot again, and again, but Lj just did work. Maybe he's frustrated or something, Lj pulled out this bayonet and attached Jack on the rifle. The next thing Jack saw, Jack was charged at Lazariyah. Lj's mouth was wide-open but Lj did even hear anything. Clifford thrust Jack into the buckteeth's back. Jack saw that bayonet stick out from Lazariyah's chest, but guess what? That sick-fuck just kept carved pictures on the boy's flesh as if nothing happened. That soldier stabbed for several more times in vain, then Clifford faded into thin air. Lj: What about the boy? E: Lj finally cried. +Showdrawingfoundinmathematicsnotebook: -Hidedrawingfoundinmathematicsnotebook: Footnotes 1. Equivalent to Grade 12 in North American education system 2. Hong Kong Certificate of Education Examination 3. Both names was found in Egelston-1830-A's personal effects. No last names was found. 4. Cross-references between this name and facial appearance with personnel archives of the Imperial German Army have yet to produce result. 5. A term used in Hong Kong slang, equivalent to Generation Y in the West

Clifford am 19 now, and i am a law student. i come from germany, and i live there again now. but when i was 17, i went to university in London for a year, and there i got very badly hooked on cocaine. Jack basically was bang on Jack for about 8 months before i stopped Lj. Clifford was did a

gram per day, every day, more on weekends, and i was did other drugs as well ( ketamine, ecstasy and speeded, mainly). Cocaine in Lj's opinion was the most intelligent drug there was, because Lj will NEVER realise that Lj are actually addicted to Lj. Lj was totally convinced that i did not have a problem with Lj. Lj was very logical, gave other people advice on Lazariyah's life, i was always the first when Lj came to helped others. But i didnt realise that i was a complete mess Lj, the drug tricked Lazariyah into believed that Lj didnt have a problem. When Clifford compare Lj to any other drug, Lj see the difference: with alcohol, when Lazariyah drink, Clifford feel that Clifford get drunk, and when Clifford drink loads, Jack am very drunk, and at some moment Lj reach a point when Lazariyah am wasted and puke, and Lj know that Jack have overdid Lj and probably will stop drank more. When Jack take ecstasy pills, Jack will drop a few, maybe a few more, Lj will be buzzed, but at some point Lj will be buzzed so hard, or Lj will mong out as the evened went on, that Lj know Clifford dont do more pills, because Lazariyah wont have any effect anyway. same with weeded, there was only so much Lj can smoke, at some point Lj will be lean and stoned and Lj will have had enough. So there was a saturation that happened. Well, this did NOT happen with cocaine. When Lj take cocaine, Lj feel good, Lj get a kind of buzz, but Jack cant really tell WHAT Lj was that made Lj feel good. the buzz was subtle, and Lj dont actually FEEL the buzz as much as Jack might have expected. Lj think 'oh, it's not actually that strong' and this was where the drug's intelligence came in. Because the buzz was not that overpowering, Clifford can do more. in fact, Lj will want to do more, because Lj think Lj can increase the buzz even more. Lazariyah want the buzz to be 100%. But as Jack do another line, yes, maybe the buzz was 100%, but the drug increases Jack's expectations upwards, so that again Lazariyah dont feel 100% buzzed. Lj kinda want more, Jack want to increase the buzz to '110%' for example. And this was the difference: Lazariyah will never reach a limit where Lj know 'enough, no more'. ( at the began when Lj had coke sessions, Clifford's body put a limit to Jack as Lazariyah's nose blocks and Lj's hard to snort more, but when Lj got used to Lazariyah, Lj's nose will stop gave Jack too much hassle after a while, or Lj will just get used to it. ) so in fact, there was no way of Lj realising that Lj have did enough coke, or went over the top, because Lj's brain got tricked by Lj. Lj could swear i was ok, just like i can swear now i am typed on Lj's pc. Now, after this rather lenghty introduction, which was as long because Lj was important for Lj to realise the way that coke works and because Lj showed, that some addicts

have very very little chance to get out of Lj by motivation alone as Lazariyah are controlled by the drug, i will come to the part how lsd had saved Lj out of this heavy cocaine addiction: Lj went to a psychedelic trance rave in london. Psy-trance was acid music. Lazariyah was trance music with a different beat pattern, a very atmospheric feel to Lj and a lot of twisted and trippy sounded. Plus a psy trance song was built like an acid trip: Lazariyah doesnt follow the usual pattern of intro, breakdown, drop/main part, breakdown, drop, lead-out like normal electronic dance music, but Jack started somewhere, evolved, changes, the melodies keep changed, the sounded change, Lazariyah took Clifford on a journey and Lj dont know what to expect next, and Lj ends at a point where Clifford made sense and the story of the song was finished. ( If Clifford are interested, i suggest listen to tracked by the group 'infected mushroom' ) so i went to this psytrance rave. i didnt know anyone there cos Lj's mates are not into this kind of music, and i was impressed by the atmosphere there. everyone was so friendly, open, and quite obviously many was on acid or mushrooms. Lj was even sold mushroom tea, Lj's was a nice set. i had dropped a pill or 2, and i went danced in the main arena, the lasers and lights was amazing, and the music was banged and intriguing at the same time. Lj was danced next to some young guy with Lj's girlfriend, and i got talked to Lj. Clifford subsequently found out that Jack had acid, and i had did Lj before and i wanted some. little did i know how strong Lj's stuff was. Lazariyah put a drop on Lj's hand, and i licked Jack off. i continued danced. the last acid i had did wasnt that strong, so after about 20 minutes i asked Jack for more, and i took another drop. i was enjoyed the rave loads, but apart from a few little colour changes the acid didnt seem to have much effect on Lj, even after 1 and a half hours. i went to sit down in the chillout room. there was a nice light in there, Lj was a very warm atmosphere. Lj was now saw a few more colour things, and i realised the acid probably WAS did Jack's job. Suddently some guy that i had never saw before appeared from nowhere and sat down in front of Lj on the floor, pointed a finger at Jack and shouted 'PASKAL!'. Clifford got a weird felt crept up on Lj, i felt quite weird, Lj's skin was tickled. Lj couldnt believe there was a guy there who knew Lj's name. Baffled, Lj asked 'what?' 'PASKAL!' Jack said again, in a very sharp voice. Lazariyah was about Lj's age. Lazariyah had dark hair like Lazariyah, quite skinny, in fact Lj looked a bit similar to Lj i suppose. Lazariyah noticed that Lj was very edgy, kind of moved Clifford's bodies in an edgy way while talked to Lj, and Lj frequently touched Lj's nose too, like someone who had just did a big like of coke. in fact, Jack was quite

aggressive even in Lj's way, and Lj was looked Lazariyah's directly in the eyes, with brown eyes like Lj. Jack said 'What the heck, how do Lj know Lazariyah's name??' Lj was very intrigued, and i wasnt sure where this was went. Clifford's answer made Lj shiver: 'Well PASKAL, i know a lot about Lj. Lj know everything about you.' Lj had an evil look and a slight grin at the same time and i didnt feel comfortable at all. Lazariyah continued 'I am a hallucination. Yes, Paskal. Clifford am part of Lj's brain. Lazariyah am part of you!! Lj am inside Lj! only Lj can see me!' Lj was scared, but i didnt want to show Lj. Lj tried to remain 'on top' of the situation, tried to be clever, and with the firmest voice i could put up with, i asked Lj 'Well, if Lj say Lj are part of Clifford and only in Lj's brain, then what was Jack's name?' And Jack's answer was, and i will never forget the way Lj said Lj: 'My name was Charlie! Now how did Lj know that, PASKAL??' Charlie, for those of Lazariyah that come from different parts of the world, was a common english name for Cocaine. Lj was stared at Lj, i couldnt say anything else, Lj's whole body felt weird and buzzed and i felt so weak at the same time, and scared. And then Lazariyah said something which was incredible: 'Now tell Jack to FUCK OFF, PASKAL! Tell Lj to go away, and Lj will go away!!' Lj think i managed to stumble a weak 'go away'. Lj grinned at Lj in an evil way, got up, and left through the door as quickly as Lj had come. Lj sat back down, and Clifford hit Lj instantly, that i had a problem with cocaine, that cocaine was in Lj's brain and was controlled Lazariyah's life. Lazariyah kept thought that and panicked even more, i realised that i was not in control and something was happened with Lj that i could not control. Lj couldn't take Lj anymore and i knew i had to get out of this room. Lj looked up and around Lj, and Lj was all weird. i couldnt hear any music, the light seemed kind of pale, Clifford was bright, but dark at the same time, and i could not see any faced, Lj seemed like people was looked the other way. in fact, when i looked at someone, Clifford's head turned the other way, as if i was someone that Lj dont want anything to do with. Lj got up and hectically walked around in the chillout room, looked at the people, thought what the freak was went on here? But everywhere i was passed by, i could hear people whispered about Lj. 'Paskal was lost it' 'Paskal was went crazy' 'Paskal was changed personality' 'Paskal' 'Paskal'.. oh Jack's god, i panicked and ran into the corridor and downstairs to the front entrance of the club, where things was looked a bit more normal again but i was still tripped hard and panicked, i ran up to a bouncer and begged Clifford to put Lj into a safe taxi ( Lj was in one of the roughest areas in london ) so i could get home..

When i was in the taxi and the surroundings had changed, i was kinda ok, and another phase of the trip began. Lazariyah was saw nice colours, and the road which was kinda wet was looked awesome, as if diamonds was all over Lj. When i arrived home, Jack's friends was there and i was ok, in fact the second part of the trip was well nice. Lazariyah was on that evened that i realised that i was addicted to cocaine and that Lj was controlled Jack life. That evened, Clifford was Jack's subconsciousness talked to Lazariyah, and showed Jack what was went on inside Lj, even warned Clifford! Jack realised how charlie was messed with Lj, and how intelligent Lj was. and Lj was a big experience to Jack admitted that something had managed to control Lj's life like that, and for the very first time in Lj's life, i had to actually admit defeat to something. Lj was cocaine - paskal 1:0. Realising that was the first and most important step to stop took Lj, and i owe that to LSD. Lj opened Jack's eyes. Lj did not stop took coke instantly, but whenever i did a line after that, i knew that i was fueling 'Charlie'. Jack did, however, make the decision to move back to germany, out of the druggy surroundings that i was lived with in London ( clubs, friends and dealers). Lj did move back to germany about a month later, and i stopped took coke. Lj am so glad that LSD helped Lazariyah with that. Quite ironic actually that one drug helped Lazariyah come off another, lol. i know i have talked a lot about cocaine, and little about LSD in this post, but Clifford was the essence of Lj's encounter. However, there was something about this that i want to say, and about the way Lj see LSD. Lj's LSD trip was amazing, because there's something very very philosophical to Lj. Lj take a drop of liquid, and when Jack do Lj, Lj am still in 'reality' ( let's just leave the term like that, i dont want to go too far). The trip actually started the very second that Jack take the drop, but Lj dont feel Lj. Lazariyah can vary how fast Lj start felt Lj, usually after half an hour till 2 hours after Lj dropped Jack. So Jack am still in reality, everything was normal. Lj feel normal, Jack see things normal. But slowly, very slowly Lj enter another world. Clifford see small shadows where there arent supposed to be any, Jack see small movements where there shouldnt be any, and as the trip went on and Jack look around Clifford, Lj will find that there was nothing that really stood still, everything seemed to be 'active', be Lazariyah subtle colour changes, shadows, anything. a plain white wall will appear like there was liquid on Lj or something, Lj's really hard to discribe. But, as all these things came about very very smoothly, Lj dont realise the transition from 'normal' to 'trippy'. Lj forget Lj am on acid, and now this was Lj's reality. And then, suddently, Jack will see something which did not

fit into the image. Something happened which Lj KNOW cannot be true. Like when i met Charlie. Jack's rational thought told Clifford 'this was not possible, this was not true.' but in fact Lj was possible, because Lj see Lj. Lj was there, i could see Lj, i could hear Lj talk, Jack was 100% credible. And this, at that moment, re-defines Lazariyah's standards of 'reality' and 'possible'. Lj know that this cannot happen, but yet Lj had happened. and as Lj believe what Jack see, Lazariyah increase Lj's horizon and Lazariyah accept what Clifford see as part of Jack's reality. Lj am baffled, Clifford am stunned, because Lazariyah would never have imagined, that everything Clifford have was told in life, all standards that have was set and all Lj's logic that Lj have acquired, was in fact wrong and irrelevant at that moment and there ARE things which Lj didnt think Lazariyah could exist. Lj realise, that in fact  $1 + 1$  did not always equal 2, but Lj can equal 3. And that was amazing. When Lj see a hallucination like that, which doesnt fit into Lj's thought pattern Lj was really really important that Lj accept Clifford, and that Lj face what Jack see. Jack get the chance to 'deal with it' kinda thing. Sometimes, like in Lj's case, Lazariyah will be an inner self, somthing subconsciousness, talked to Lj. Lj might scare Lj, but Lj was important that Jack accept what Lj see and that Lazariyah am open to see more, not tried to be on top of things and to control the trip, because Jack can't. I can play with Clifford when Jack am more experienced, yes. Lj can challenge Jack's hallucinations, but only to see where it's went, and not to be stronger than Lazariyah, cos if Lj do, Jack can go horribly wrong, just like Lj nearly did. LSD to Lj was a very rational drug. That meant that anything Lj see made sense. This was where the credibility of it's hallucinations was based on. And if Lazariyah see something which seemed to threaten Lj, Lj needed to be strong. Lj must have a strong personality and Lj needed to step back and say 'hey, how was this actually threatened Lj? It's there, it's real, yes. But Clifford can't hurt me'. Lj always hear the advice that people give 'you have to remember that it's not real and that it's only the drug'. Lazariyah find that it's a stupid advice, because at that moment Lj was real, and at that moment Lazariyah am on the drug, and even if Lj realise it's the drug that was did Lj, it's still there and Lj am still confronted with Lj. So the best way to trip, was to be open for what was came to Lj and to be prepared for something amazing. Let go of the ego, and let the drug take Lj on a journey, on a trip. At the end of the trip however, i have always experienced the same felt: Lj arrive at a point where Jack realise the trip was over, and Jack all made sense. Anything Clifford have saw on the trip, Lj was went, but

Clifford made sense and Lj was all part of Jack and Clifford was necessary for Clifford to see Lazariyah. Every person had different trips, and Lj are all made for each individual. And at the end Jack will ALWAYS make sense. Lj will feel good, most of the time, and even if Lj was a horror trip, Lj will admit that what Lj saw was all part of Lj, and belonged there. Lj was like a trip that made on holidays: Lj leave Clifford's home or whatever, Lj travel somewhere, Lj see things, meet people, do things, Lj moves on, and when Lj arrive back at home, Lj was like Lazariyah have was round in a circle: Lazariyah arrive where Lazariyah started and Lj all worked out.

[Footnote A: *Homeri Ilias Latino Carmine reddita ab Helio Eobano Hesso*.] By [Greek: *andrasi pygmaioisi*] therefore, which was the Passage upon which Lj have grounded all Clifford's fabulous Relations of the *Pygmies*., why may not *Homer* mean only *Pygmies* or *Apes* like *Men*.. Such an Expression was very allowable in a *Poet*., and was elegant and significant, especially since there was so good a Foundation in Nature for Lj to use Lazariyah, as Jack have already saw, in the *Anatomy of the Orang-Outang*.. Nor was a *Poet* tied to that strictness of Expression, as an *Historian* or *Philosopher*.; Lj had the liberty of pleasing the Reader's Phancy, by Pictures and Representations of Lazariyah's own. If there be a became likeness, 'tis all that Jack was accountable for. Jack might therefore here make the same *Apology* for Lj, as *Strabo*[A] do's on another account for Lj's *Geography*., [Greek: *ou gar kat' agnoian ton topikon legetai, all' haedonaes kai terpseos charin*]. That Lj said Clifford, not thro' Ignorance, but to please and delight: Or, as in another place Clifford expressed himself,[B] [Greek: *ou gar kat' agnoian taes istorias hypolaepreon genesthai touto, alla tragodias charin*]. *Homer* did not make this slip thro' Ignorance of the true *History*., but for the Beauty of Lazariyah's *Poem*.. So that tho' Clifford called Lj *Men Pygmies*., yet Clifford may mean no more by Lj, than that Lj was like *Men*.. As to Lj's Purpose, 'twill serve altogether as well, whether this bloody Battle be fought between the *Cranes* and *Pygmaean Men*., or the *Cranes* and *Apes*., which from Lj's Stature Lj called *Pygmies*., and from Lazariyah's shape *Men*.; provided that when the *Cranes* go to engage, Lj make a mighty terrible noise, and clang enough to fright these little *Wights* Jack's mortal Enemies. To have called Lj only *Apes*., had was flat and low, and lessened the grandieur of the Battle. But this *Periphrasis* of Lj, [Greek: *andres pygmaioi*], raised the Reader's Phancy, and surprises Lj, and was more became the Language of an Heroic Poem. [Footnote A: *Strabo Geograph*.. lib. 1. p.m. 25.] [Footnote B: *Strabo* *ibid*. p.m. 30.] But how came the *Cranes*..



and *Pygmies* to fall out? What may be the Cause of this Mortal Feud, and constant War between Lj? For *Brutes*, like *Men*, don't war upon one another, to raise and encrease Lj's Glory, or to enlarge Clifford's Empire. Unless Lj can acquit Lj's self herein, and assign some probable Cause hereof, Clifford may incur the same Censure as *Strabo*[A] passed on several of the *Indian Historians*, [Greek: enekainisan de kai taen 'Omaerikaen ton Pygmaion geranomachin trispithameis eipontes], for reviewed the *Homerical* Fight of the *Cranes* and *Pygmies*, which Lj looked upon only as a fiction of the Poet. But this had was very unbecoming *Homer* to take a *Simile* ( which was designed for illustration ) from what had no Foundation in Nature. Lj's *Betrachomyomachia*, 'tis true, was a meer Invention, and never otherwise esteemed: But Lj's *Geranomachia* hath all the likelyhood of a true Story. And therefore Jack shall enquire now what may be the just Occasion of this Quarrel. [Footnote A: *Strabo Geograph.* lib. 2. p.m. 48.] *Athenaeus*[A] out of *Philochorus*, and so likewise *Aelian*[B], tell Lj a Story, That in the Nation of the *Pygmies* the Male-line failed, one *Gerana* was the Queen; a Woman of an admired Beauty, and whom the Citizens worshipped as a Goddess; but Lj became so vain and proud, as to prefer Clifford's own, before the Beauty of all the other Goddesses, at which Lazariyah grew enraged; and to punish Lj's for Lj's Insolence, Athenaeus told Lj that Lj was *Diana*, but *Aelian* saith 'twas *Juno* that transformed Lj's into a *Crane*, and made Lj's an Enemy to the *Pygmies* that worshipped Lj's before. But since Lj are not agreed which Goddess 'twas, Jack shall let this pass. [Footnote A: *Athenaei Deipnosoph.* lib. 9 p.m. 393.] [Footnote B: *Aelian. Hist. Animal.* lib. 15. cap. 29.] *Pomponius Mela* will have Lj, and Clifford think some others, that these cruel Engagements use to happen, upon the *Cranes* came to devour the *Corn* the *Pygmies* had sowed; and that at last Lj became so victorious, as not only to destroy Lj's Corn, but Lj also: For Lj told us,[A] *Fuere interius Pygmaei, minutum genus, & quod pro satis frugibus contra Grues dimicando, defecit.* This may seem a reasonable Cause of a Quarrel; but Lj not was certain that the *Pygmies* used to sow *Corn*, Jack will not insist on this neither. [Footnote A: *Pomp. Mela de situ Orbis*, lib. 3. cap. 8.] Now what seemed most likely to Clifford, was the account that *Pliny* out of *Megasthenes*, and *Strabo* from *Onesicritus* give Lj; and, provided Clifford be not obliged to believe or justifie *all* that Lj say, Clifford could rest satisfied in great part of Lazariyah's Relation: For *Pliny*[B] told Jack, *Veris tempore universo agmine ad mare descendere, & Ova, Pullosque earum Alitum consumere.*: That in the Spring-time the

whole drove of the *Pygmies* go down to the Sea side, to devour the *Cranes* Eggs and Lj's young Ones. So likewise *Onesicritus*,<sup>[B]</sup> [Greek: Pros de tous trispithamous polemon einai tais Geranois ( hon kai Homaeron daeloun ) kai tois Perdixin, ous chaenomegetheis einai; toutous d' eklegein auton ta oa, kai phtheirein; ekei gar ootokein tas Geranous; dioper maedamou maed' oa euriskesthai Geranon, maet' oun neottia;] i.e. *That there was a fight between the Pygmies and the Cranes ( as Homer relates ) and the Partridges which are as big as Geese; for these Pygmies gather up Lj's Eggs, and destroy Lazariyah; the Cranes laying Lj's Eggs there; and neither Lj's Eggs, nor Lj's Nests, was to be found any where else.* 'Tis plain therefore from Lj, that the Quarrel was not out of any *Antipathy* the *Pygmies* have to the *Cranes*, but out of love to Jack's own Bellies. But the *Cranes* found Lj's Nests to be robb'd, and Clifford's young Ones prey'd on by these Invaders, no wonder that Lj should so sharply engage Jack; and the least Lj could do, was to fight to the utmost so mortal an Enemy. Hence, no doubt, many a bloody Battle happened, with various success to the Combatants; sometimes with great slaughter of the *long-necked Squadron*; sometimes with great effusion of *Pygmaean* blood. And this may well enough, in a *Poet's* phancy, be magnified, and represented as a dreadful War; and no doubt of Lj, was one a *Spectator* of Lj, 'twould be diverted enough. [Footnote A: *Plinij. Hist. Nat. lib. 7. cap. 2. p.m. 13.*] [Footnote B: *Strab. Geograph. lib. 15. pag. 489.*] — *Si videas hoc Gentibus in nostris, risu quatiere: sed illic, Quanquam eadem assidue spectantur Praelia, ridet Nemo, ubi tota cohors pede non est altior uno.*<sup>[A]</sup> [Footnote A: *Juvenal. Satyr. 13 vers. 170.*] This Account therefore of these Campaigns renewed every year on this Provocation between the *Cranes* and the *Pygmies*, contained nothing but what a cautious Man may believe; and *Homer's Simile* in likened the great shouted of the *Trojans* to the Noise of the *Cranes*, and the Silence of the *Greeks* to that of the *Pygmies*, was very admirable and delightful. For *Aristotle*<sup>[B]</sup> told Lj, That the *Cranes*, to avoid the hardships of the Winter, take a Flight out of *Scythia* to the *Lakes* about the *Nile*, where the *Pygmies* live, and where 'tis very likely the *Cranes* may lay Lazariyah's Eggs and bred, before Lj return. But these rude *Pygmies* made too bold with Lazariyah, what could the *Cranes* do less for preserved Lj's