

The or two, we ended
up at



The first time I did acid isn't the most interesting time I've done it, nor the most scary, but I guess it would still be a good read. I was going down to a friend's house on a Friday night. Everyone was planning to get majorly fucked up.

A lot of people were going to do Dramamine. I read an FAQ on it, and it said if you have Asthma you shouldn't do Dramamine...and to be honest, Dramamine seemed pretty nightmarish after reading a few trip reports. So I decided to stick with something I knew: ROBO! I picked up this girl I promised to give a ride to my friend's house, and we stopped at the drug store, where I shopped for a nice bottle of Robotussin. I finally settled on generic CVS brand Robo. We hopped in the car, picked up an acquaintance of mine, Zack, and headed down to my friend's apartment.

It was about an hour drive. We were all psyched because we knew we were going to be getting all fucked up that night. We listened to this local ska/punk band, Heft, and even though I felt like a dork, some Blink-182.

I used to like them a lot, then they became famous, and I started feeling like a dork listening to them...I told myself that it's stupid to just not listen to things because of what other people would think though, and let myself enjoy the music.

Besides, it was my tape. ??? We saw this weird green lightning bolt while we were driving down. We started thinking maybe they're be a thunderstorm that night while we were all fucked up, and it would be awesome. After a little while, and a wrong turn or two, we ended up at my friend's (we'll call

him Jo) apartment. Some of my friends were there already. There was P, who never does any sort of drugs..

. W, who always tried to get me to take acid, but i was too chicken...Jo, who owned the apartment...two girls who we'll call M and Fatty.

Z was my acquaintance from the car, and H is the girl who I gave a ride down to the apartment. W told me that P was going to do Dramamine that night. That sort of worried me. P never did drugs, and I wondered if he would be ok, since the Dramamine trip reports I read seemed very disturbing. I was telling W how I was already dreading drinking all that Robo to get fucked up, because obviously, it tastes very bad. He told me that Jo had some acid, and why dont I get some from him. So I did. I got one hit.

Z and P ate a bunch of Dramamine. W and Jo had about 2-3 hits of acid each, and some Dramamine. I had my measly hit of acid (hehe!) and H also had one. M ; Fatty were just drinking alcohol. I put the tab on my tongue, and I asked W what I was supposed to do with it. He told me to just swish it around in my mouth a while, and eventually swallow it.

I did. Fatty had started to really get on my nerves. She was obnoxious, ugly, ignorant, and just generally reprehensible and obsequious. I had told her days before, if she showed up at Jo's apartment (No pun intended) I would drink a bottle of Robotussin and vomit all over her. Fortunately for her, I did acid instead. I started to get a little giddy from the acid, and getting this sort of onion-ish taste in my mouth.

W said he hated that taste, but I said I sort of like it, that it reminded me of Ramen Noodle flavor in a way. Things started to look a little brighter and more defined. Jo had this “trip program” running on his computer. He suggested I look at it. It had little blinking dots on the screen. I looked it at, but nothing seemed to be happening, so I ran up the monitor and stuck my face right up against it. WHAM! I felt like I had actually been sucked into the monitor! It scared the hell out of me at first, and I fell backwards.

Then I put my face right up the screen again, and stared into it. The dots started to move even though Jo assured me that they weren't supposed to move. I was feeling incredibly happy and on top of the world at this point, despite the presence of Fatty, one of the most annoying bitches on the planet. Whenever she touched me or said anything to me, I kept telling her that I would kill her, break her nose, etc. She said those things made her sad because her ex-boyfriend used to beat her or something. It was an obvious ploy for sympathy that no one in the room fell for, knowing her so well. I took a look around me. Z had passed out.

I guess he took too much Dramamine. He fell asleep. We wondered if he was dead sometimes, but then we'd poke him, and he'd grunt. P also got very groggy but didn't quite fall asleep. H was making out like she was all fucked up off the acid and seeing balls of light flying around and shit. Somehow I doubted the truthfulness of her supposed hallucinogenic experiences. Jo went completely nuts.

He started scratching his skin and scalp a lot, and he kept walking in and out of the room with this confused look on his face. He had been doing this all

night, I think, but none of us really noticed. We asked him if we could put on a CD when he came back in, and he said something like “ I don’t have any rules about smoking, but you guys can put a CD.” We all got a good laugh out of that, being all fucked up and all. About that time, we decided to smoke some pot. W, Fatty, and I smoked up if I remember correctly.

Fatty had some trouble packing the bowl, because she’s so fucking incompetent and bulbous. Finally, the amorphous blob we knew as Fatty finished, and we smoked up. I sort didn’t want to share the communal pipe with Fatty, since her filthy lips had touched it, but HEY, THERE’S DRUGS IN THERE, so I did anyway. Soon, stuff started to become a lot more fucked up. I was laying on Jo’s mattress with W, and staring at the ceiling.

My vision started to converge, and my eye felt weird. I thought to myself “ I must be hallucinating”. Then I thought, maybe I’m just going cross-eyed. I asked W to look and see if I was going cross-eyed. I was. I kept staring at the ceiling though, and soon, everything was getting very swimmy and wavy.

I started to feel very distant. I was staring at this weird point on the ceiling that started to swirl, and I got in this state where I couldn’t move my arms or legs or anything, but I was still awake. (That sort of thing happens to me sometimes without drugs.) That scared me and I snapped out of it, because I was worried I’d be trapped like that forever.

I told everyone if I didn’t move for like 15 minutes, to wake me up. I got up, and looked at W’s face. It started doing all this weird stuff whenever he moved any part of his face or changed his expression. A couple of them looked funny, and a couple scary. One of the faces looked like Sloth. W

suggested we go get something to eat, and I said I'd go with him. We started walking to a Dunkin Donuts nearby.

A few weeks ago, I had been walking with W to a Dunkin Donuts when we got drunk at another friend's house. I started thinking about that. And suddenly I was there. Then when I realized I was really NOT there, but near Jo's house, I was incredibly surprised.

I began to worry if we'd be able to find our way back. "Try to remember the way back, W," I said. "I'm not sure if I'll remember where I am." "We'll remember," W said, "Just don't talk when we're around other people, because we'll be saying all this crazy shit. Just act normal." It seemed like cops were everywhere.

Maybe it's because it was a college town and also a Friday night. We got to Dunkin Donuts, and stood in line. I kept feeling like there was no distance between me and the door behind me, and constantly turned around to check to make sure the door wasn't creeping up on me. It would always be much farther away than I thought it was. W grabbed a drink out of the machine to our right while we waited, and figured I better take one too so I'd look normal. W's turn in line came up, and he ordered four egg and cheese crossaints. Alarms went off in my head everywhere.

Was he ordering just for himself, or for BOTH of us? I cannot describe to you the terror that engulfed me. What if I walked up next, and ordered MORE croissants, when mine were already ordered? That would seem weird, and they'd look at my dialated pupils, and then they'd smell the reek of Marijuana wafting off of me, and then they'd hogtie me and throw me in the

refrigerator until the police came. I decided to take the plunge and order the Croissants. It was a good choice. They were delicious. I had a little trouble focusing on the three items in front of me.

Croissant 1, Croissant 2, and my bottle of YooHoo. It seemed like they were all light years apart, even though they weren't. It seemed like they were all in their own universe, and I could only deal with one at a time. I worsened the situation by creating a new "universe" by taking the cap off my YooHoo bottle and placing it on the counter. It was the most disorienting meal I ever had.

As we were walking out, this guy walked by mumbling something, and I mimicked his voice in some funny way. Unfortunately, while I was acting like a loon, I failed to notice a policeman in the parking lot chewing out some kids. This could be trouble, I thought. But I remembered my Jedi Training. I walked calmly past like I was doing nothing wrong.

W was more nervous. He kept looking back over his shoulder and walking quickly. He had forgotten the face of his father. We got back in, and Jo wasn't quite so crazy anymore. He started describing his drug experience with us, but my mind was scattered to the four winds, and I had trouble focusing on the conversation at all for more than 10 seconds at a time.

Strange things were happening all over the room. Jo's smoke detector had turned into a beautiful oriental vase. A river was running through the ceiling, occasionally forming faces of monsters. I made it stop that and turn back into a normal river. I started pointing my laser pointer at his fridge, and it

made weird reflections on the ceiling. I started to see the history of the earth unfold above me in reddish hues.

The formation of Earth.... the first single celled life forms in the primordial soup..

.. Earthquakes...volcanos..

.. Dinosaurs.... Richard Nixon. It was quite entertaining.

I finally settled down with my Weezer CD, and drifted off. The music was incredible on the drugs. I sort of stayed in a half awake half asleep the state the whole nite, and woke up the next morning quite burnt. We drove home, and stopped at the pancake house. I got eggs and bacon.

I think the eggs were winking at me.