

PSILOCYBIN TO THE RESCUE



BY ADRIAN C. KENYON

PSILOCYBIN TO THE RESCUE!

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I don't want any trouble from the National Geographic Society. I've made sure to comply with the 'derivative materials' rule with these photo montages. I painstakingly cut out thousands of tiny pieces from photos with scissors and assembled them to create new and exciting scenarios. Then, I added large speech bubbles, which reduced the surface area of each photo. Since this version is still in beta testing, I would appreciate any free legal advice.



This is one of my work tables. It's perfectly organized, to ensure efficient progress. The other three are a bit messy.

A recent example of our decadent and insane society. Stephanie Matto has an unusual CV. After becoming a reality TV star by appearing on 90 Day Fiancé, Matto took up a new lucrative profession: selling jars of her own farts over the Internet.

Matto, from Connecticut, received a request for her jarred gas on the adult site *Unfiltrd* back in November. She charged a cool \$1,000 per jar, before offering discounts around the holiday season (who knew so many would buy farts as gifts?), managing to make \$200,000. Pumping out up to 97 jars in 24 hours to cope with demand.

Unfortunately, the fairytale career recently came to an abrupt end after her new lifestyle landed her in the hospital, feeling like she was having a fart/heart attack.

Source

<https://www.iflscience.com/woman-who-earned-200000-selling-fart-jars-hospitalized-by-her-work-62115>

Who buys someone's farts for \$1,000? What psychological disorder do they suffer from? Read below to find out!

*Rich and stupid people

** Compulsive Buying Disorder (CBD)

Nor do I wish to engage in any conflicts with the multinational pharmaceutical industry. However, the 'opioid crisis' was deliberately created by these corporations, and their products are not intended to cure patients. Natural remedies exist for several types of mental and physical illnesses. I hope to convince them of this through well-reasoned arguments. But, if they remain unwilling to listen, well, in that case, fuck you, big pharma!

Below is day one of medical school.

A patient cured is a customer lost.



Wall Street admits curing diseases is bad for business

Originally published: Truthdig by Lee Camp (April 24, 2018)
📄 | 📱 | 📧 | 📧 - Posted Feb 10, 2021

Is society insane?



How did we get to this acute level of insanity? Well, in part due to folks like this...

<https://vk.com/@g.tatari-how-rockefeller-founded-big-pharma-and-waged-war-on-natural>



Lawns instead of home grown vegetables! Pesticides instead of bees!

Make them eat chemicals!
Natural cures are hereby made illegal by the Capitalist ruling elite!

So, basically, no cotton-picking fun allowed...

Cannabis, magic mushrooms and other narcotics made illegal too!
Even alcohol, if I could get my way.

I don't work for you...

...and it shows.

John D. Rockefeller takes a swipe at the natural world order.

(All because he couldn't play golf for shit)

Our society has gone crazy, mostly due to conformity. Only 15% of any population are non-conformist! Fancy that!

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rockefeller_Drug_Laws

100% conformists live here! Plant grass, mow it regularly, buy pesticides.
 Of 30 commonly used lawn pesticides,
 19 are linked with cancer or carcinogenicity, 13 are linked with birth defects,
 21 with reproductive effects,
 26 with liver or kidney damage, 15 with neuro-toxicity, and 11 with disruption of the endocrine (hormonal) system.
 Of those same 30 lawn pesticides, 17 are detected in groundwater,
 23 have the ability to leach into drinking water sources,
 24 are toxic to fish and other aquatic organisms vital to our ecosystem,
 11 are toxic to bees,
 16 are toxic to birds.
 Maintaining lawns in the USA is a \$ 40 billion a year industry.



For details go to www.gimmegeen.com



America, land of the free!

Er, which is my house? Is that my wife? They all look the same to me.

Got to go to work, no time to have fun with the family, or grow vegetables in the backyard. Can someone please invent a big shop where I can buy things I don't need?



The good news is that several non-conformist members of the public are introducing new ideas, such as growing **free** fruit and vegetables! The town of Todmorden in Yorkshire, England, is the "Mecca" and creator of the "Incredible Edible". Governments are reticent and call these revolutionary concepts "anti-capitalistic". Because if everyone did this, billionaires would starve to death.

<https://www.incredibleedible.org.uk/>



American warplane production line in WW2



Oh, what a lovely war!



"I want a nation of workers, not thinkers"
 John D. Rockefeller

The Tavistock Institute Of Human Relations:

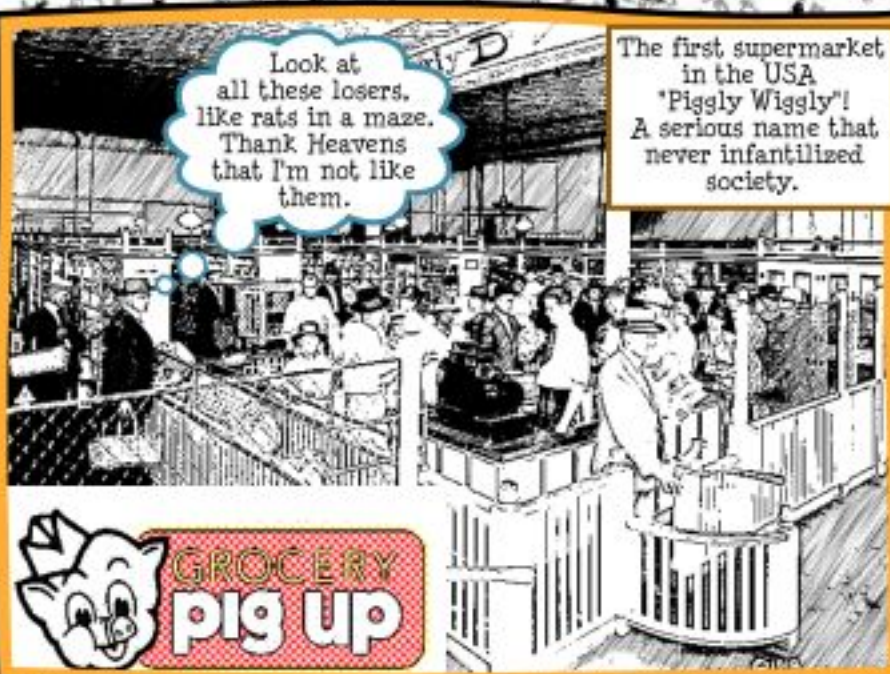
Shaping the Moral, Spiritual, Cultural, Political, and Economic Decline of The United States of America.



BUY IT
ON
AMAZOFF!

THE TAVISTOCK INSTITUTE OF HUMAN RELATIONS: Shaping the Moral, Spiritual, Cultural, Political and Economic Decline of the United States of America.

John Coleman



The first supermarket in the USA "Piggly Wiggly"! A serious name that never infantilized society.



GROCERY
pig up

Clarence Saunders kept secret why he named his stores "Piggly Wiggly". For the first time, consumers picked up their own products and placed them in baskets, therefore cutting down the employment of sales clerks.



After twenty years of assembling robots on a production line, I'm through!



Are you living with a
**Repetitive
Strain Injury?**

Not any more, we've given your job to a robot!

When the ruling elite needed manpower to create technology, they said they were kindly giving people good jobs on production lines. This was despite workers getting chronic health issues, such as cancer, depression, respiratory disorders, cardiovascular disease, skin diseases, musculo-skeletal disorders and mental health problems.

Now that robot technology can perform many repetitive tasks, the ruling elite are now telling us that no-one should do this labour, as it is not dignified for a human being. So now the work force is unemployed.

Thank you ruling elite!
You always know what's best for us!



And now the customer can even replace the cashier to help the supermarket make even more profit! However, theft is on the rise as some consumers don't like working for free! Fancy that!

A woman in Queensland stole \$4500 in groceries from Coles and Woolworths. To carry these off, she photocopied barcodes from 65c and 72c noodle packets and used these to print her own labels. By sticking her labels onto a variety of expensive items, she racked up thousands of dollars of savings. Until she got caught.



Social experiments proved that most people are conformable and can be easily manipulated...

To ensure the success of this experiment, your compliance is required.

Jawohl, mein Führer!

Not yet, we haven't even started.

THE STANLEY MILGRAM FILMS ON SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY



It may be that we are puppets - puppets controlled by the strings of society. But at least we are puppets with perception, with awareness. And perhaps our awareness is the first step to our liberation.


- Stanley Milgram



AS SOON AS YOU'RE BORN YOU ARE GIVEN A NAME, A RELIGION, A NATIONALITY AND A RACE. YOU SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE DEFENDING A FICTIONAL IDENTITY.

THIS IS WHY PEOPLE GET UPSET WHEN THEIR BELIEFS ARE CHALLENGED.

COGNITIVE DISSONANCE



A mental conflict occurs when beliefs are contradicted by new information. This conflict activates areas of the brain involved in personal identity and emotional response to threats. The brain's alarms go off when a person feels threatened on a deeply personal and emotional level, causing them to shut down and disregard any rational evidence that contradicts what they previously regarded as "truth"

OK, you get the idea, we're totally manipulated by the ruling elite, but they now have a big problem. A lot of people have had enough and are waking up, especially thanks to scientific discoveries about consciousness!

According to the scientific model "Universal consciousness", matter and consciousness are two fundamental components of our universe. They can exist either independently or may co-exist.

"The Great spiritual geniuses whether it was Moses, Buddha, Plato, Socrates, Jesus, or Emerson have taught man to look within himself to find God."

— Ernest Holmes —

Consciousness or basic awareness, whatever one wishes to call this, is beyond spacetime. One must go beyond. That is, one must consider that consciousness primarily is not of space or time. —Noel Huntley, Ph.D. Physics

For example, human consciousness lives in the brain, but it is not created by the atoms within the brain. There is proof that human consciousness can leave the physical body!



A human being is a part of the whole called by us universe; a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts, and his feelings as something separate from the rest - a kind of optical delusion of consciousness.

— Albert Einstein —

AZ QUOTES

Metaphysics

However, so-called "Materialistic" thinkers will laugh at this, then call you mad. But worse, they will often refuse to even look at this possibility. This reaction is called "cognitive dissonance".

For more "problems with materialism" go to <https://slideplayer.com/slide/3802770/>

> Problems with Materialism:

- > Materialism does not allow the existence of any non-material beings – so there cannot be a God.
- > Occam's Razor is only applicable for use as the deciding factor in the event that available options are otherwise equal in explaining a situation.
- > Materialism fails exactly where all naturalistic attempts to explain the universe fail – it is logically impossible to believe the universe came from nothing, whether the proposition is that the universe always existed, or that it started as a Big Bang explosion of an extraordinarily dense speck of matter (which came from ???).
- > Science is unable even to begin to begin to conceive how the physical brain can be *the same* as the human mind, or any other concrete-abstract connection.
- > Materialism destroys any belief in or appeal to human moral responsibility, or any moral values of any kind.

Here are different terms that describe human consciousness leaving the body!

REMOTE VIEWING SECRETS

A HANDBOOK

REMOTE VIEWING

JOSEPH
McMONEAGLE

REMOTE VIEWERS:

The Secret History of America's Psychic Spies



PROJECT STARGATE

AND REMOTE VIEWING TECHNOLOGY

THE CIA'S FILES ON PSYCHIC SPYING
EDITED BY AXEL BALTHAZAR

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bilocation>

Bilocation

Some people have been seen in two places at once. You don't get to read about it in encyclopaedia, as it is considered to be heretical and non-conform to our blinkered approach to reality. Here are a few examples...

Emilie Sagée

<http://anomalyinfo.com/Stories/1845-1846-emilie-sagee-companion>

Others include Apollonius of Tyana, St. Drogo, Anthony of Padua, Francis of Paola, Francis Xavier, Martin de Porres, María de Ágreda, María de León Bello y Delgado, Alphonsus Liguori, Gerard Majella, and Pio of Pietrelcina.

Astral travelling a.k.a Out-of-body-experience

NASA Engineer Dr. Albert Taylor, born and raised in California, was a development engineer on a top secret program the F-117A Stealth Fighter. He evaluated satellite system designs in support of former President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative (SDI) or Star Wars.

After a myriad of paranormal events, and as a result of a spiritual awakening, Albert Taylor left behind nearly two decades of work as an aeronautical engineer/scientist, to author and publish his book, Soul Traveler. Taylor is currently a metaphysical researcher, teacher, lecturer and artist. He is an active member of International Association of Near Death Studies, Inc. (IANDS) and a participant in the Monroe Institute's On-line Email Voyagers program.

"Taylor's adventures into the other dimension offered as a way to look at life, expand, to search our soul, and find ways to believe."
—DANNION BRINKLEY, author of *Saved by the Light*

SOUL TRAVELER

THE LOS ANGELES TIMES BESTSELLER

A GUIDE TO OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES AND THE WONDERS BEYOND



ALBERT TAYLOR

Nicolas Fraisse, a Frenchman in his thirties, can disassociate his consciousness from his body and explore his environment. These results could, according to the researchers, overturn our conception of consciousness and the current materialistic dogma.

Since 1999, the Swiss Institute of Noetic Sciences, has been studying the so-called "non-ordinary" modified states of consciousness. By using his extrasensory capacities, Nicolas Fraisse had to identify images placed in sealed envelopes. The Frenchman scored 79 out of 100.

This is a 1 in 69 billion trillion chance that the answers could have been found at random. This is the result of a test carried out under supervision of a bailiff by the Swiss Institute of Noetic Sciences (ISSNOE) in Geneva. Fraisse has been a human guinea-pig since 2003 in this research centre and continues to astound so-called "sceptics" with his now proven ability to leave his body. Science is at a cross-roads and a paradigm shift is happening thanks to these and other examples.

Near-death experience is probably the most well-known phenomenon regarding this subject. There are well over 2 million recorded cases, including those who were atheists at the time. However, many people do not talk about their experience, for fear of being branded a lunatic. This attitude is changing and more scientific studies are warming to the idea that this phenomenon should be taken very seriously.

EMERGENCY OVER-RIDE

Meanwhile, some animals were having problems getting the correct dosage of an infamous psycho-active substance...





We're seeking safety in a forest fire? What are we running away from?

Run Forest, RUN! There's an enormous virus chasing us!

I get such a bad press. I'm just trying to do my job. Death is just as important as life. You kill me, I'll kill you more.

This hallucinating chameleon/turkey believes it is an owl, but it is, in fact, a rabbit. Don't do drugs, kids. Especially not alcohol or tobacco. Wait until you're older, 'cos by then the best ones will all be legally available.



It's a long story, so don't bother reading it. Just look at the pictures.

This is a South Park-like disclaimer. Don't become indoctrinated by this conspiracy theory diatribe that criticizes major institutions throughout!

I am what I identify myself to be. Others must legally comply to my preferred pronouns.

I suppose introductions are necessary. Who's this in the tree? It's some type of dog, who has consumed way too many hallucinogens and now thinks he's a bear.*



So, how on Earth did these poor creatures get into such an unlikely situation? All will be revealed... *BTW, he is a bear, not a dog.

So, what could a bear, a rabbit, a tiger and a pig be doing together? It's just four randomly chosen animals, often seen together on display at zoos. Or even in the same cage, if you visit during feeding times. Next, I will mention two marsupials, a donkey, an owl and a boy. But they won't be in the story, 'cos nine main characters is way too many. Look, there's even a terrible horror movie out now, so let's just chill out about this, OK?



You haven't seen me, right?

Move over, rabbit! It's my turn to drive, now.

But we're still trying to find the Koalas! Tiger, are you wearing bear's sunglasses?

Can we go back to the nightclub now? I feel a gobbly - I mean a wobbly coming on.



In this story, I'm not a greedy slob. I'm not bulimic, either. I have fairly insignificant self-confidence and memory problems. With a suspicion of post-traumatic stress, too. I hate the sound of accordions. You're welcome.

Hi. I'm *Papaver somniferum*. I get a part at the end!

GET YOUR SPEECH BUBBLES OUT OF MY FRAME!



This rabbit's not very scary. The bear won't take any notice.

YEAH! GET ORF OUR LAAND!

This rabbit suffers from "Obsessional Compulsive Disorder" and other things too...

This bear is made up out of a sloth, wild dog, deer and lemur parts. All scenes painstakingly done using scissors, not photoshop. The 'pavement pizza' on bear's chest, is actually a coral reef!



How's this for scary? I got a tip from that rabbit in *Monty Python*.

WTF?



Don't be scared! Look, it's only a mask.

We all must hide our true selves behind a brick wall of lies and deceit. Society must prevail!

Oh yeah? Have you seen society recently? Can I try it on please?

Not gonna fit...



Well, it was lovely meeting you, but we've just found a big heap of shit in our burrow.

Yeah, no idea where that came from, this used to be such a nice neighbourhood. We'll be going now...



Grrrr! Wait till those bullies at the chess club see me now!

It's scary, but a messed up version of scary.



Oh, shit! I'm stuck! I'm being eaten by a scary mask!

Dude! Just chill out, it's only a fucking tissue-thin piece of paper, it's not going to kill you! Nor will it protect you from those bullies at the chess club.

Risk taking can be seen as a form of "Borderline Personality Disorder". However, when coupled with hyper-activity, it could make someone into a really dangerous jerk. A hedge fund speculator, for example. But time and experience may help change immature behaviour. Is there any hope for him/it/her/them, or whatever is politically correct by the time this comic gets printed? Let's find out, before the book gets burned.



EEEEEEK!

OK, that's the last time I hug a cactus. It hurts every single time.

But maybe if I try again tomorrow, I'll get a different result.

And they think that I'm the prick.



It's 0.1°C below the average temperature! You need another quilt, sweetie.

I can't fucking breathe!

This marsupial is killing her son by being over-protective. She needs to find the right balance. Kick him outside and he'll soon grow up. Or die. But not in this comic. Nobody dies, much.

This pig used to suffer, not only from high anxiety, but also had phobias, paranoia and hallucinations.

He used to think he was being followed, on occasion, by a monstrous imaginary "elephant monkey spider". But not any more. He's onto something...



I hope you're not eating those *amanita muscaria* mushrooms raw. You need to dry them out first.

LA-LA-TRA-LA-LAA. I can't hear you. There's nobody here but me and my problems.

BTW, you're not very scary, more surrealist IMHO.

John Nash, the Nobel prize winning mathematician, learned to ignore his hallucinations in the movie *A beautiful mind*. The only problem is that John Nash didn't suffer from visual hallucinations. They were auditive. Fuck you, Hollywood!



Intimidating growling noises!

What did you say about me not being scary?

A dish full of salemma porgy fish (*Sarpa salpa*). This could improve my dream quality. Or make it even worse.

This owl is a mythomaniac (bullshitter), but is also dyslexic, autistic and suffers from "Obsessive Compulsive Disorder" (OCD)

...and I said "Let there be light", and it was good. Really great. The best light there has ever been, in fact.

Oh God, I'm so hung-over. A little nip from the hair of the dog should help...

Or make things much worse.



This donkey * suffers from *Dythemia* or "Persistent depressive disorder". She's always slightly depressed. Never suicidal, but never happy. Just always under the weather. She's not in this book. Too dull.

* A donkey's head stuck on the body of a horse.



Just act naturally. No, on the other hand, act unnaturally, then we might get away with it.

I'm being used as a mule. That's a code for an illegal substance transporter. It bums me out.

Quick! Adjust your scarf! Your disguise is slipping. We're almost at the border!

Why did you put the bush on top of the weeds? You idiot! I'm stoned just sitting here.

BTW, weed is legal in this country now. Didn't you know? And the border has long gone too.



You're making a right pig's ear out of this! Wait! Did you say it was legal now?

I'm suddenly disinterested in this substance. Oh, weed, how boring.

Why not take an interest in free speech? I've heard they're making it illegal! But only if you say the wrong things.



This poor boy is a neglected child. Sometimes he has to forage for food, as his parents just don't give a damn about him. Their careers are more important. The dress he's wearing is part of a school project, designed so that each student can identify their gender preferences. He will have to wear it for two years. He also suffers from schizophrenia and hallucinations. But, just as sure that the Earth is flat, he's definitely not in this comic book.



Who are you? WHO WHO?



Kanya see the real me? Can ya? Can ya?

What is the root cause of schizophrenia? Dopamine Hypothesis

This theory suggests that an imbalance of dopamine is responsible for schizophrenic symptoms. In other words, dopamine plays a role in controlling our sense of reality, and too much or too little can cause delusions and hallucinations.

The evidence for this theory comes from many sources, including post-mortem studies that indicate imbalances of dopamine as well as its metabolites in patients with schizophrenia. In addition, drugs that block the receptors for dopamine can help control schizophrenic symptoms.

A few months previously, the rabbit had invited the pig and tiger to his house, as there was a baseless rumour galloping it's way across the entire known universe at Mach 4. This gossip could have been worth it's weight in lettuce leaves, within the social hierarchy of deceit, and hypocrisy. The rabbit was on a mission to find out if it was true...



Thank you for coming. Please excuse the mess. Pig, you seem to be full of confidence today! Not trembling with fear, as you usually do.

Boring fucking house proud town mouse. Rabbit used to be such fun. What's happened to him?

Are these biscuits for me? No matter, I'll scoff them anyway.



Mess!? You think this is a mess?

I haven't had time to tidy up! Some of these jars are several millimetres out of position!



I'll show you what a mess looks like, you haughty hare! What's wrong with you?

As if by magic, they were instantly teleported to the pig's abode.



Yes, alright, you've made your point.

No, this is the lounge. The mess is in the next room...

Home, sweat home.



And without further ado, the pig jumped onto the kitchen table and the tiger started to urinate all over the place, quickly pissing off all the mud. And the rabbit.



Cognitive overload can be triggered when the sufferer is overwhelmed with simultaneous goings-on, especially traumatizing events. It can either lead to cognitive shut-down, e.g. when a rabbit freezes if caught in the headlights of an oncoming car. Or it can trigger "Intermittent Explosive Disorder". (IED)



"Cognitive shut-down"

"Intermittent explosive disorder"

Was pig going to use paper towels to dry the kitchen with? Not exactly, no.



The pig, who had had no previous military training, soon lost control of the hand-made flame-thrower. Perhaps if he had taken the time to learn Chinese, before recklessly squeezing the trigger, he could have avoided causing a scene.



Suddenly and without uttering a word, as if the three chums were linked telepathically, they did exactly the same thing and left the rabbit's house, by jumping out of the windows.



Bye!

Well, we'd best be going.

We don't want to out-welcome our stay...

What a day!

The pig squeezed his way out of the window, still fiddling with the flame-thrower.

The rabbit's house didn't look quite as tidy on the outside as it did inside. Especially as now it was completely on fire, quickly collapsing into a heap of ash.



Help! I'm stuck!

Well, pig, you shouldn't have gobbled all those soggy biscuits!

Did I remember to turn the lights off?



Ah, my hot flush is going now, what a relief!

I'm getting the hang of this thing now...

I should turn that off, rabbit's going to be mega-pissed off now.

What's this button?



Oh, wow! It's a water cannon as well!

Don't let rabbit see!

What fucking use is a water cannon?



He's stood right behind you.

No, he's not.



Yes, he is.

I told you.



This is getting creepy! He's almost in your personal space.

So, er, how's it going?

This thing's on a HARE trigger!

Suddenly, the pig started to feel rather uncomfortable.



Oh, Golly! Bad joke, just trying to diffuse the tension.

Are you as mad as a hat- Oops! There I go again.



In. Your. Personal. Space.

I'm not angry.

Let me explain...

Whaaaaat!?

So, the three friends decided to go for a long walk...



Oh, it doesn't look that bad from here, really.

I can't believe you didn't go bezerk! What's going on?

I feel a lot better nowadays, really fine and normal.



It's more like thick, billowing smoke than anything else.

And some fire too, I suppose. Oh, yes, fire.

We've - I mean - pig has just destroyed your home! And this is how you react?

I had a bet with pig that you would have killed him!



Oh, the wind's picking up now! That should help blow the raging forest fire out.

Just like blowing a candle out on a birthday cake. Super. Talking of food, I'm hungry.

It's not "fine and normal" to act this way. You can tell me. I won't be mad.

OK, I'm on drugs.



But the tablets make me feel tired and uncomfortably numb. The doctor said it's for the best.

Unbelievable. I lost a bet with the pig.

I can smell something edible around here...

Oh, I forgot. Everything is edible! It might taste like shit though.



YOU TOOK BENZODIAZAPINES?! YOU IDIOT!!! Now I'm mad.

What was the name of the drug on the bottle? They are all patented names. All chemical or opiate/opioid. Nothing "natural". Nothing "fine". And highly addictive.

Oh I can't remember. It had a "Q" and an "X" or a "Z" in the name.

They all do! You need to concentrate more.



Who is this doctor? And what did they give you?

He/she/it was wearing a mask. A small bear. Kevin, I think. Or was it Shirley? A type of benzo-diarrhoea something or other...

Oh, it's a truffle. They look and taste like someone's scraped a damp cellar wall with a trowel and rolled it into a ball. Delicious!

The tiger reeled off an impressively long list of trade names, a lot of them based on highly addictive chemical compounds. No natural ingredients.

Fancy that!
More on this later...

A trip down memory lane is in order. The rabbit used to be a part of a scheme involving stolen cars and certain natural substances. He was also learning to drive at the same time.



Remember when you were young and carefree?

You mean when he was a completely uncontrollable bastard?

Yes, but at least he had a life.

He also nearly died quite regularly, as I recall...

WTF? Is that Jack? He ripped me off with those lettuces...



A good driver often looks in the mirror, to be aware of other road users.

Looking good in the wing mirror of a stolen car is all that matters to me!

Steer over to the right a little, there's an oncoming car ahead.



WTF?

Time for me to panic, make terrible decisions and leave others in deep shit.

So far, so good.



"The best lettuce opium on the market"! You said. "The lactucarium will help you sleep better"! You said.

Oh, he's playing at "chicken" now is he? The last one to swerve out of the way wins.

Er, did he just jump out of the car?

OK! Gotcha now you fucker!

Some readers might find this frame shocking, so if this is the case, please don't look at the next page as it shows what happens in slo-mo.



SPLATCH!

...motion. I never thought it would be useful in everyday situations.



Right, I'd better practice my excuse...

Oh officer, I tried to shout "Get out of the way"! But it came out "Die, you bastard"! by mistake.

Why does the road seem to be moving so fast? It doesn't move at all when I'm driving.

Oh, bizz! I remember something about Newton's third law of...

For those who know that these are just small pieces of paper, painstakingly cut out with scissors, here is the full-colour, hi-resolution scene. The rabbit, a.k.a "Lucky Kenny" died, but came back to life.



Son of a bitch! He bailed out without paying me for the lesson. OK, I'm going to keep the car.

Oh, we're still playing at chicken, eh? Right, I'm not going to swerve. I might even close my eyes to make sure of the win.

GET OUT OF THE WAY! I don't know how to drive!

Ow.

I don't have to turn around, I can see him. I am a rabbit. I have 360° vision.

Just let me handle this. They don't call me *Cool hand Luke* for any reason.



THIS CAR HAS NOT BEEN STOLEN AND THIS PLANT IS NOT *Erythroxylum coca* OK?

Cayne Wouzens or Cavid Darrick. But how many more are still out there?



Oh, that weasel's not even at the steering wheel! And he's looking the other way! I'll try that trick next time.

Oh, he's dead. I'M KEEPING THE CAR!

On another occasion, the rabbit was neck-deep in a completely different scheme, this time involving stolen cars and illicit substances...



Oh, crap.

What's wrong, cousin?

Don't turn around, we've got company.

Well, I was just going to remind you that the light's at red and you're not wearing a seat belt. But as you've just told me about the stolen car and the transportation of an illegal plant species, I'll have to ask you to step...

Hey, why is my speech bubble square? It's because I'm a cop, isn't it.



If there are any sensitive readers left after the rabbit scene, then please don't look at the next frame to the right, as it's the slow motion image. Too late, you've already looked. There was a disclaimer at the beginning of this toxic garbage, but legally, it's worth absolutely fuck all. So stop reading, please. It only gets worse.



He was going to say "Step on the gas and run me over".

I thought he was going to say "Step out of the car, put your hands on your gun, shoot me, and then run me over".



Oh, that's a good one, cousin! As long as we stick to the same story, we'll be OK.

You're welcome.

The three amigos continued walking, to try and purge the benzodiazapines from the rabbit's system. Flush that poison out. Down the toilet.



Tiger, you look really unwell from here. Maybe you're walking too close to the pig's arsehole.

I'm just trying something new. You're not homophobic are you?

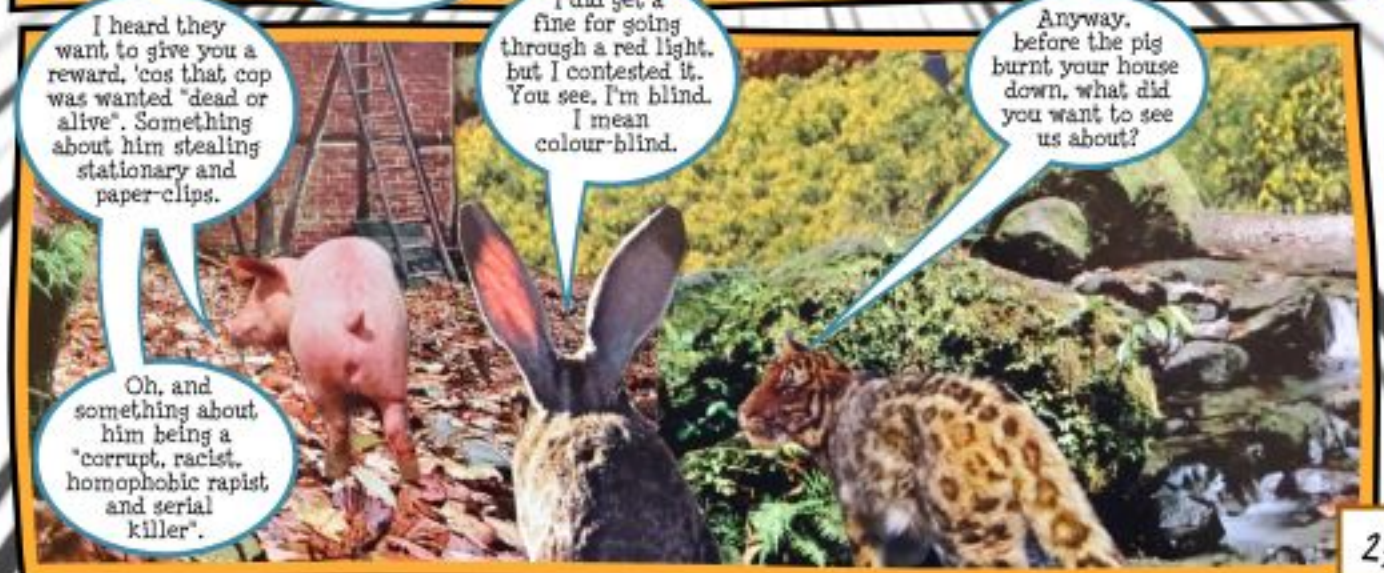
No, I'm not! But you're a tiger! Not a snow leopard with a tiger's head.



So, you ran over that police officer and left the scene?

It happened a long time ago! It's as if it was in a different lifetime.

It was only a few weeks ago. The police are still looking for you.



I heard they want to give you a reward, 'cos that cop was wanted "dead or alive". Something about him stealing stationary and paper-clips.

I did get a fine for going through a red light, but I contested it. You see, I'm blind. I mean colour-blind.

Anyway, before the pig burnt your house down, what did you want to see us about?

Oh, and something about him being a "corrupt, racist, homophobic rapist and serial killer".



They always blame the rotten apple, never the apple pickers...

(whispering) I heard a rumour that the pig has changed.

Is it true?

You think the pig has changed. Really?

I want you to meet someone. Come on, we're nearly there.



Well, not long ago, he used to be highly anxious, phobic, paranoid and suffered from hallucinations.

A trip down memory lane would be useful right about now.

I can smell oranges or tomatoes nearby. Btw, you don't have to whisper, I'm not listening.

Here are a couple of typical dream scenes the pig used to have. Just imagine what a nightmare would have looked like...



Wakey wakey, little piggy! The hungry hyenas want to play with you outside.

No, no, not outside! Agrophobia!



Hey, that's my friend! He's totally fried!

Leave me some bacon, OK?

Koalas and pandas eating meat? Whatever next?



How to put this in plain English. Yes, he's changed. Fuck me, are you a total zombie as well now?

You must grow-up and take responsibility for your actions.

Oh look, the light's on. But I'm not talking about the rabbit.



Tomato! Wow, rabbit, I didn't know you had three eyes and three ears!

I don't, but my creator couldn't be bothered changing the photo. In a moment of laziness, he simply stuck a different head on top.

Did you just slip on the rocks? Not very agile for a cat!

I didn't slip, I've found something!



...A BALL!
I'm a kitten again!
Yeah!

I'm the
world's best
goalie! He's called
Jesus. He's a
keeper.

Don't
shoot! Pass
it over! Here's
Jesus with
the cross!



And
Neymar goes
to hospital with
an injured
toenail.

That's not an
ball, it's an orange!
Don't play with
your food!

GOOOOOAL!



And the
referee is going
to look at the
VAR.

Now he's
looking at it, from
eight different
angles...

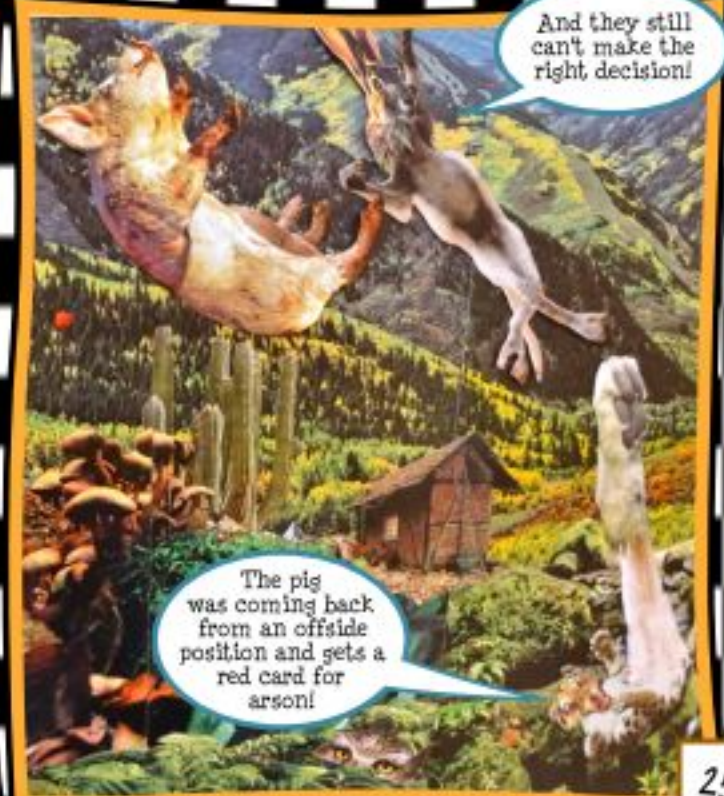
Watching
sports allows our
political overlords
to get away with
murder.



Neymar
with the overhead
kick!

KILPOW

Jesus
SAVES!



And they still
can't make the
right decision!

The pig
was coming back
from an offside
position and gets a
red card for
arson!

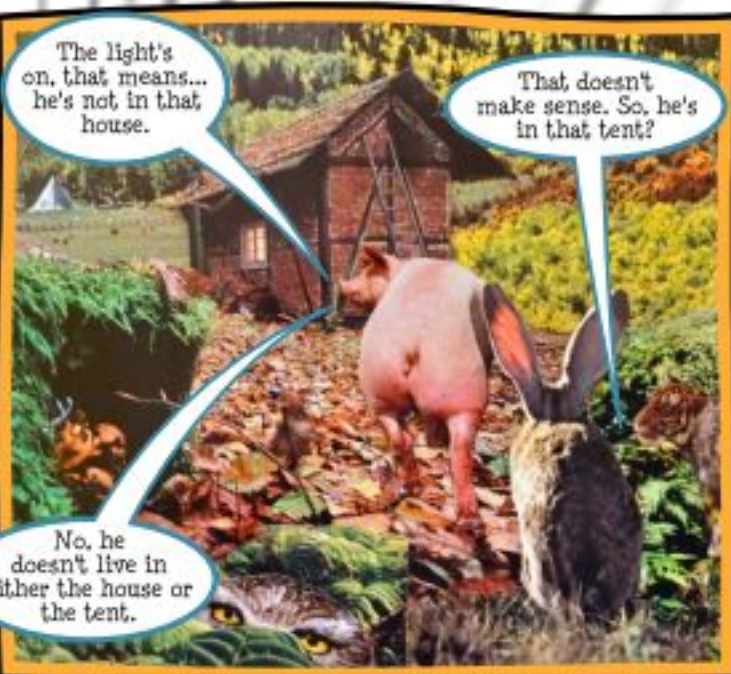


Thank you, rabbit, for that random word salad.

Oh, I feel exertion after all that dizzy. Worst thing is, think sometimes, I just at can't all straight, or at well.

As I was saying, you've got to be more mature. Life isn't about having fun!

Yes, what would life be like if we all had fun? A horrible, nasty experience.



The light's on, that means... he's not in that house.

That doesn't make sense. So, he's in that tent?

No, he doesn't live in either the house or the tent.

After a ludicrously long walk, the trio of mates reached a village, somewhere between the dust-bowl depression and Bavaria. A scary place indeed.



I feel terrible, all trembly and a little bit suicidal. I need a tablet!

It's withdrawal symptoms! Those multinational pharmaceutical drug pushers want you to take that shit for life! Or until you die.

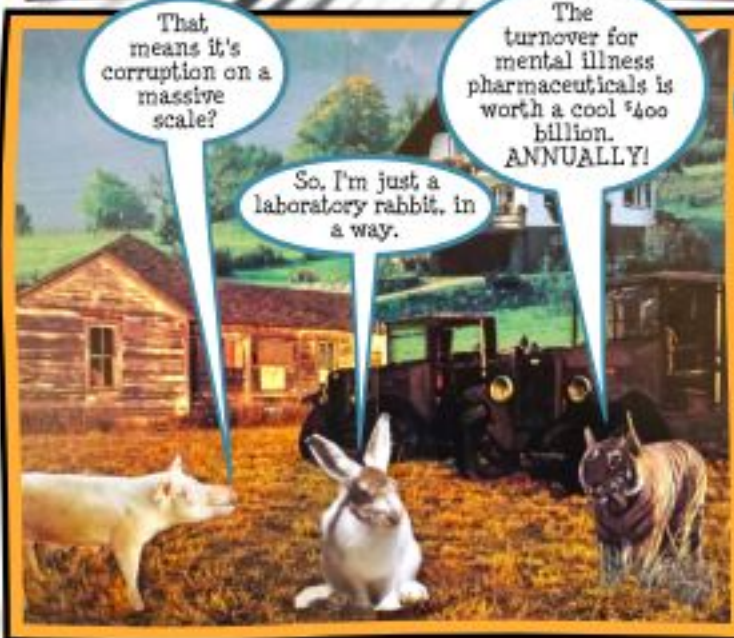
He works on the other side of those distant hills, I've no idea who lives here. Honest.



But hasn't the doctor some kind of Hippocratic oath that he must obey?

Capitalism, my friend. It trumps any moral code these days.

Doctors can get three weeks in the Bahamas, for a "seminar" on a new drug...



That means it's corruption on a massive scale?

So, I'm just a laboratory rabbit, in a way.

The turnover for mental illness pharmaceuticals is worth a cool \$400 billion. ANNUALLY!



Oh, I don't feel well. What's happening over there?

But it's corrupt, immoral, rotten and it stinks!

Yes, but it's called LOBBYING.



Am I just the piggy in the middle between unscrupulous doctors, who don't care and big pharma, who treat me like a junkie?

Well, it's exactly like corruption, but it's legal.

No, I'm the piggy in the middle! OK, what's lobbying?



That makes as much sense as the background does.

Lobbyists donate enormous sums of money to "influence" governments, to do what they believe to be the right thing.

Guys! Are you seeing this too?

You're shitting me, right?



As it's declared as an official donation, it's all above board.

So, if I'm poor and I want to "influence" the government with a donation within my means? What would they say?

"Go fuck yourself"! Is how I imagine they would reply.



The pharmaceutical industry is the biggest lobby group in the USA, with \$360 million declared in 2021.

So, it sounds like a lobbyist is a smooth-talking muscle-man, with a fat chequebook in a suit?

Pretty much, yeah.



I assume that I'm having hallucinations due to the endless side-effects of the benzos.

HEY! YOU GUYS. LOOK UP!

What's the rabbit saying?

Dunno, not listening.



Unscrupulous doctors also prescribe benzos to get some peace and quiet from patients.

'Cos they turn them into ZOMBIES! I get it now.

You're not listening 'cos you think I'm crazy now.

Doctors buckled under the "aggressive marketing techniques" used by big pharma. They also knowingly lied about the side-effects.



Dark cloud... sky fall...

Yeah, he sounds pretty delirious. BTW, where's this person you want us to meet?

If he was here, we'd be seeing weird things happening over at that chalet. It's now hidden by my speech bubble.



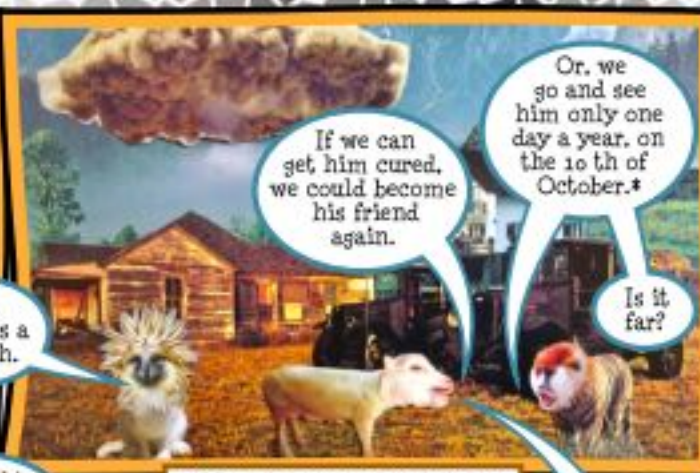
I used to have a problem, but now I've got four. Is money more important than health? In a corrupt Capitalist society, the answer is "Yes".

I can almost see my own brain, my eyes have minds of their own. Help me...



The four main problems the rabbit is referring to are-
1. Benzodiazepines simply mask symptoms, rather than curing the root problem.
2. The side-effects create "zombies" or even suicidal tendencies.
3. They have to be taken over very long periods of time, which is expensive.
4. They create dependency/addiction. *"Opioid dependency" has been proven to be a massive US government/"big pharma" corruption scandal.* And it's coming to Europe, unless we can stop it.

Eventually, the pig and the tiger looked up and saw the dark cloud, but none of the strange things in the sky. But now the rabbit thought the pig and the tiger were morphing into other animals. But were they? Let's find out.

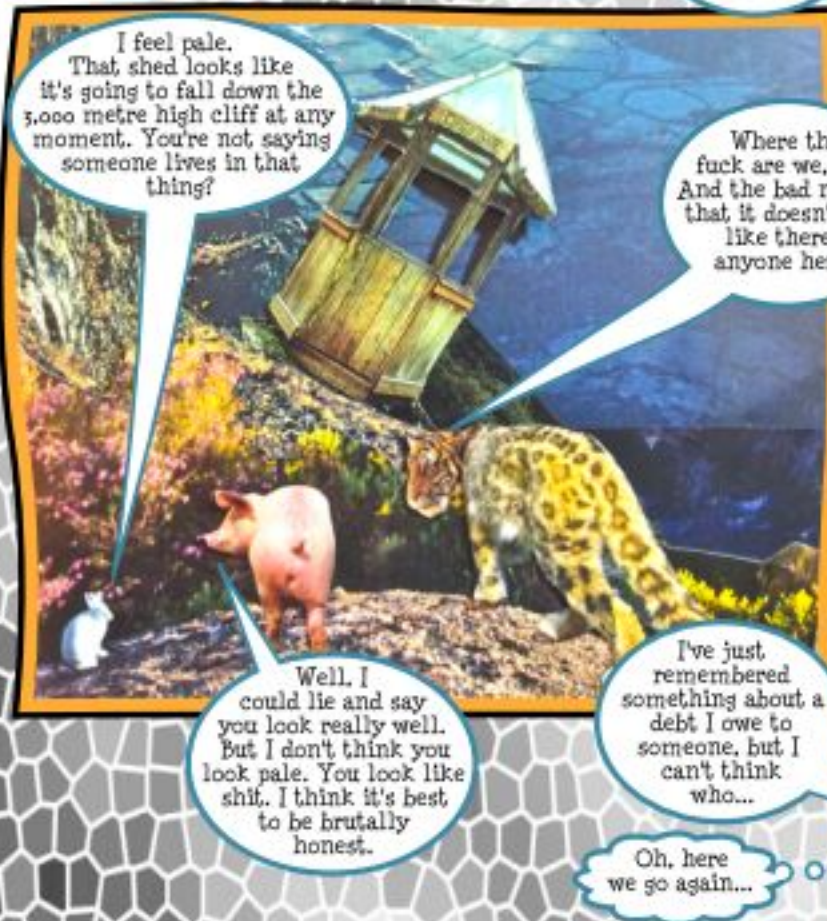


Later, after a very long climb...

I'm right here, hearing everything you say.

* World mental health day.

No, next frame.





Can you spare me a few thousand dollars?

You've been treating me terribly and now you want my help?

Yes, that's correct.

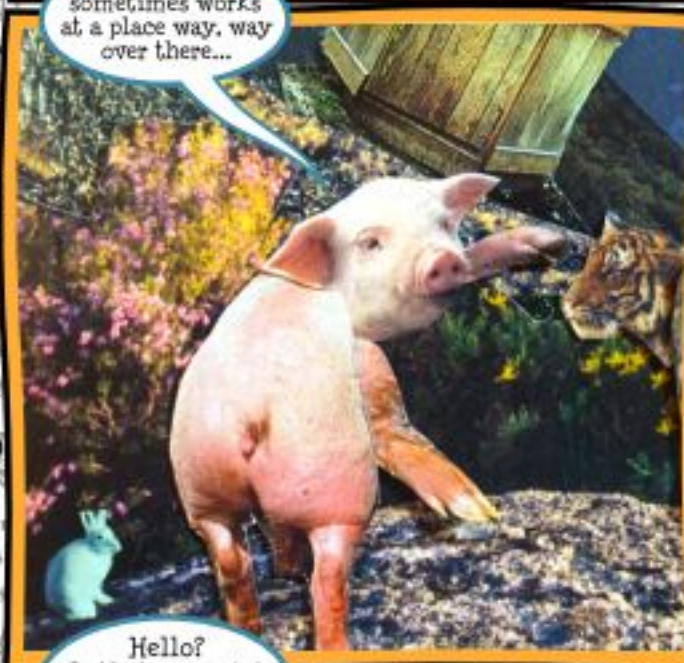
He sometimes works at a place way, way over there...



Er, btw, you're looking very well now. Do you work out?

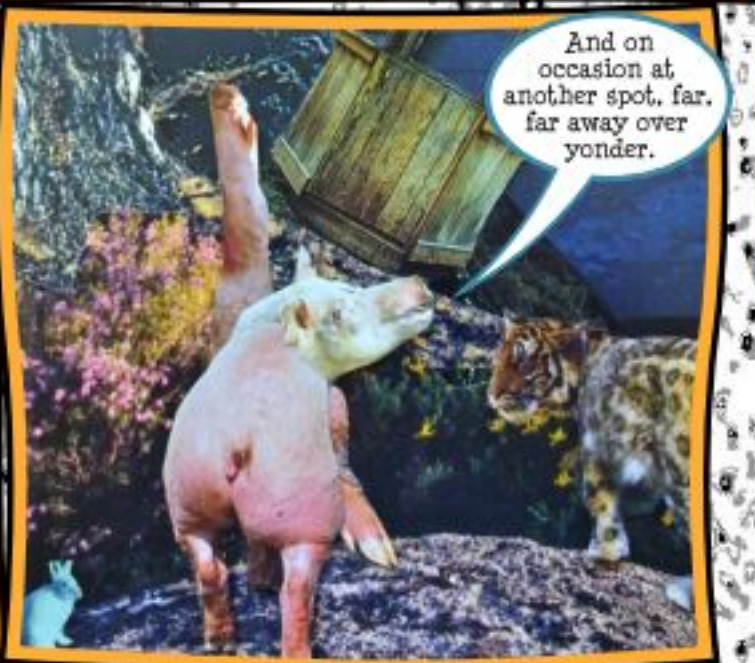
He's turned into a sick shade of green/blue/grey. Good job he's colour-blind, he would freak out if he knew.

Look, there's nobody here anyway. Where does he actually live?



Hello? Is that you, pig? You got my money?

Oh crap, he's in. Er, the rabbit...



And on occasion at another spot, far, far away over yonder.

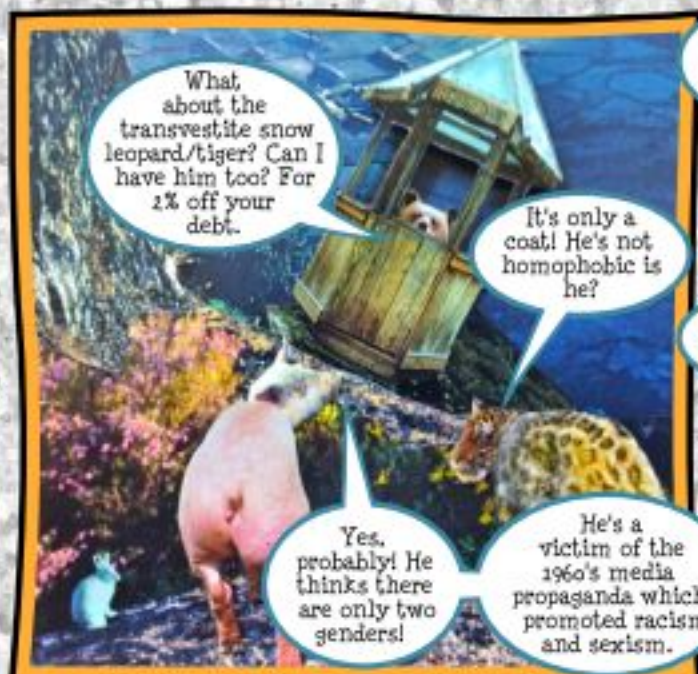


OK, I'll take the rabbit as down payment.

No, you don't understand. He's ill. Benzo zombie.

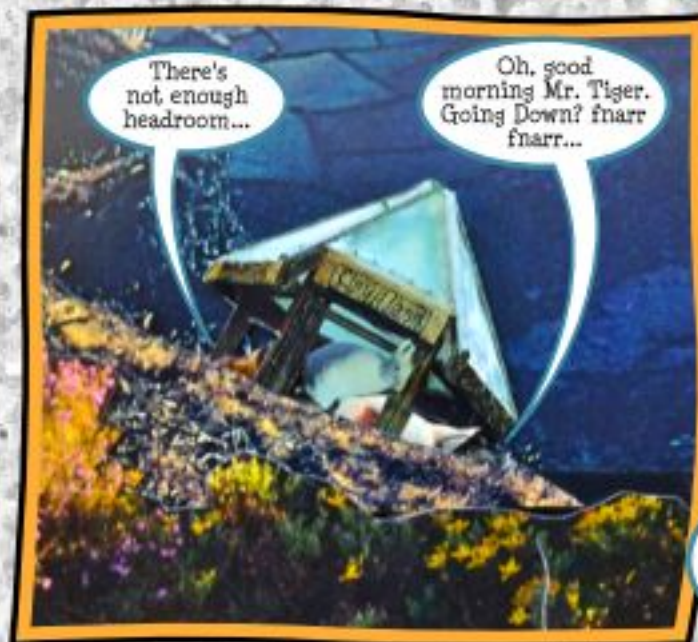
Oh, even better! I don't care even if he's dying, to be honest.

Dying? Oh, not again. I hope he's not another doctor.

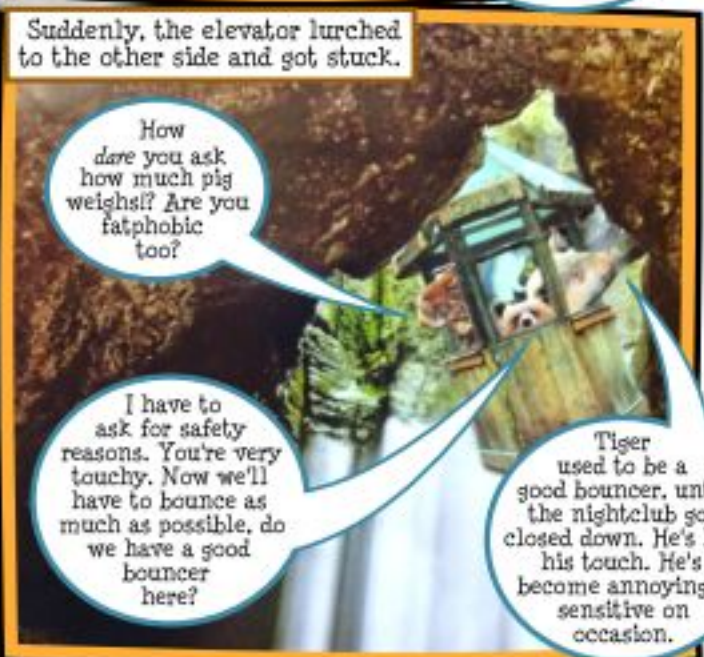


The pig managed to persuade the rabbit and the tiger to get into the bear's shed, by saying "It's either that, or we walk back to my place".

Suddenly, the shed started to sink into the ground... Was it the end? No, there are loads of pages left...



The shed, was, in fact, an elevator leading down into a massive abandoned uranium mine...



Then suddenly, they heard a terrible rasping noise, a churning, growling cacophony, coming from the pig's bottom...



...coupled with the creaking of rusty nails and rotten wood, that were no longer getting along together.



The old chain somehow managed to stop them falling, but the elevator floor gave way, leaving them precariously hanging on. If you don't believe me, just look at the picture below.



Come back here, rabbit, you're mine now!

Wow! I've never been underground before! I once tried digging a warren, but I suddenly stopped. I can't remember why!

I suppose I should have fixed that years ago. Totally forgot.

And we should have come down one at a time. Forgot again.

Luckily, as I only weigh a few pounds, I can jump down, but it seems to be taking a while. My mind must be playing tricks on me, no doubt.



Unintelligible muttering...

Inevitably, the others fell onto the floor of the rocky cavern. Were they all dead? No. Rabbit started nibbling a nearby bush, feeling less moribund in his new surroundings.



Oops.

After a few minutes in a coma, the pig regained consciousness *and immediately thought he was best friends with the rabbit*. As both the tiger and the bear had fallen on top of the pig, they were only stunned by the fall. The tiger marked his new territory, as was customary...



The pig tried a different look, which led to the bear "breaking the fourth wall"* with incredulity.





Oh, shit!
That's really bad.

What did I do to be in your debt? Did I gamble on the housing market?

Well, for starters, you drank something I was saving for winter.

Oh, a bottle of cheap plonk?



How come you're so good at expressions?

I've been to acting school. Anyway, you owe the company a lot of money!



Previously...

Pig! You drank the entire wine cellar! These are all empty!



There's no way I could have drunk all that!

Oh, really? Do you want to see proof?

Oh, I don't like the sound of this. Er, no?



Security camera footage of pig visiting the wine cellar a few weeks before...

Nobody is looking. I'm going to help myself to some more expensive champagne and wine. Then I'll pig out in that room that's half full of peanut butter and crisps, if I can still squeeze through the door!

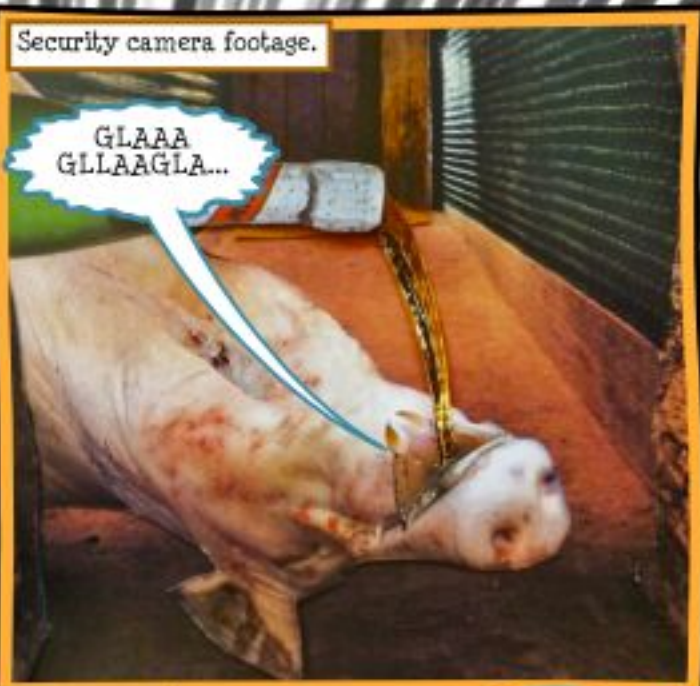


That's not proof! BTW, is my arse really that big?

I was just trying something trendy and new. Social alcoholism. Binge drinking. You're not fatphobic are you?

No! But you became morbidly obese, so I cured you.

In a way.



Security camera footage.

GLAAA
GLLAAGLA...

But then, a different photo came up on the security surveillance camera. It was blurred, but it showed something else, in the lower left corner...



Stop! I thought I'd deleted the other photos!



Heh heh heh! I need to make pig fat. And then I can try an experimental medication on him. As long as I remember to delete the incriminating photos...



Son of a bitch! You set me up!

You poured it into my mouth, when I was already dead drunk!

And I can still read your speech bubble! That's a really good camera by the way.


OK, you're right. You only drank like 95% of the wine cellar voluntarily. I did the rest.



I don't know if I can trust the bear. I need help remembering something that seems really important. But I'm still hy- oh, never mind.

But now you have a responsibility to help the rabbit. Since you banged your head, you think that you're best buddies. This is hilarious!

Come with me and I'll explain everything. Well, the bits I remember, anyway.



WTF happened to your body, it looks much smaller now.

My beautiful and expensive snow leopard coat has shrunk. It's frosty down here.

This mine complex is like a maze. Stay close to me.

It's this way, I think.

Or you're losing weight by the minute. Ever thought of that?

No, this is a wall. We should actually be going in the complete opposite direction.



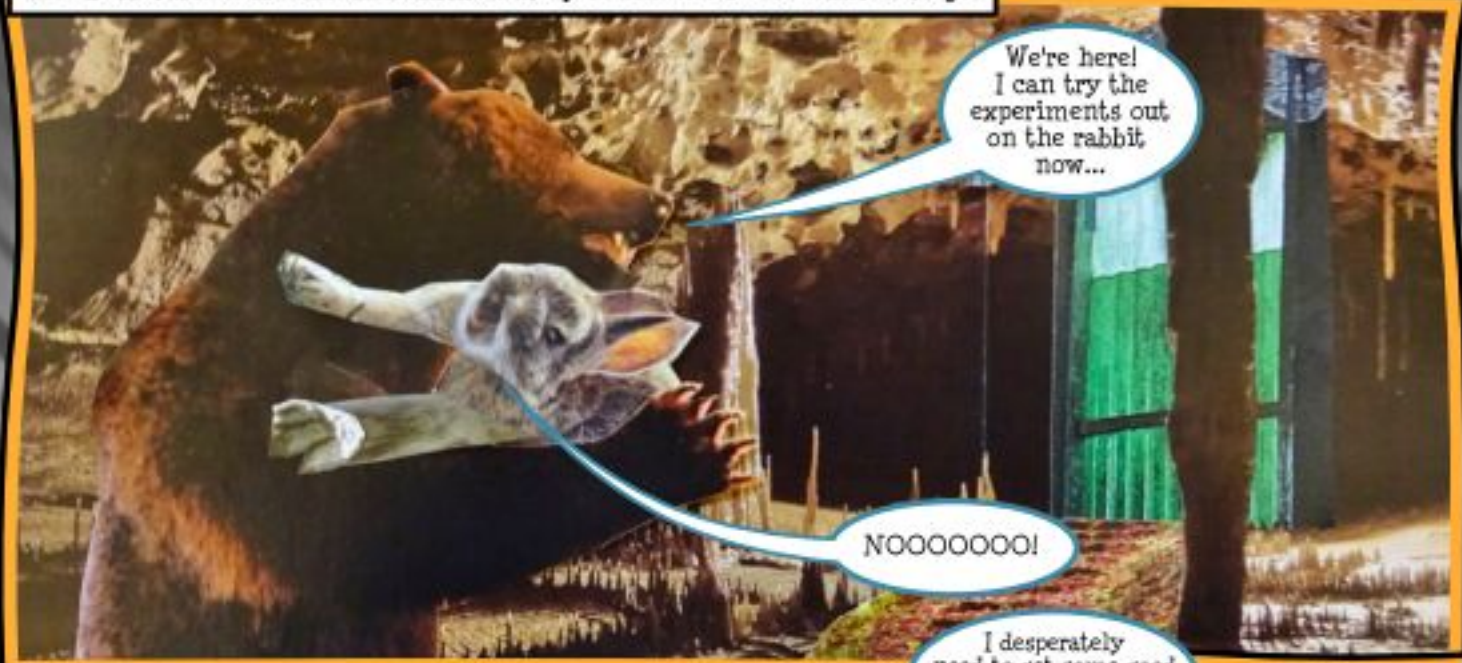
Did you see how much weight I've lost since last time I was here?

You're a totally different pig in every respect! That's why I'm here. But don't tell the bear that I'm on a spying mission, OK?

I've always been able to trust you. Pretty much.

We're nearly there, I know these mines like the back of my mind.

The bear turned around and immediately found where he wanted to go.



We're here!
I can try the
experiments out
on the rabbit
now...

NOOOOOOO!

I desperately
need to get some good
results. I'll go to any
lengths.



(Singing)
Tiger's here to
spy on you! Tiger's
here to spy on
you!

Not the
SHAMPOO
treatment! No
conditioning!
NOOOO!

I'm so
obsessed with
my mission, that
I'm not listening to
what the pig is
singing.



He's a
head and
shoulders hit
man!

Four
legs good, two
legs bad! Look!
There's a bloodshot
eyeball on the
floor!

And you're
having trust
issues with the
bear? What was I
thinking?

Sacrifices
must be made,
in order to
advance society's
standard of
living.



Then
sacrifice
yourself! Not
innocent
victims!

Science
without
conscience is
but the ruin of
the Soul!



Is bear a
mad scientist?
Or is he simply a
regular
scientist?

The rabbit lapsed into a rigid, coma-like state, caused by cognitive overload and benzo withdrawal pains.



It's OK about the eyeball. Actually, it fell out of my facial expressions "identikit". This one is my Catherine Zeta-Jones look.

It needs tweaking a little bit.

At last, the four animals reached the bear's R and D laboratory and the pig opened the door.



Hello, pig. Remember me?

♪ @ ♪ ♠
♣ ♥ ♠ ♠
f?

For the first time in a very long time, the pig was almost speechless, but nevertheless managed to make a pretty good impression of someone in shock.



No, we've never met.

That's correct, just checking.

Who was this Koala bear? What were all these bottles for? Here's a clue. This is a Research and Development laboratory.

The bear took them into an adjacent room, because there wasn't enough space in this one and it smelled terribly of rose petals and lavender.

The pig's head was spinning, too much was happening. The pig's expressions kit fell to the floor. Was he doomed to keep this one forever?

A white lab coat. I must trust the voice coming from the white lab coat. Trust big pharma...

Trust big pharma? LOL! About as much as I trust the government, the police and the media!

I've been trying to cure everyone of their medical problems. But I nearly always seem to make things much worse.

Give it to me straight, doc! Can you save rabbit?

I even once made up a condition, to make more money for my bosses. Q: Who gets bored at school and wants to play outside?
A: Normal kids. Call it "Attention Deficit Hyper-activity Disorder" and give them all amphetamines!

We should wean the rabbit off the benzos. With yoga, essential oils and exercise, he should be back to his normal self soon.

Wow! You've got a fax machine?

But his "normal" self was the problem in the first place!

Oh, shit! So he's gone from one extreme to another, eh? Hmmm, tricky.

Just like you, pig! You've changed! But you don't remember!

In fact We have all changed! But finding reliable witnesses isn't easy.

Fuck off, tiger! You know nothing! I've been hy-hy- oh, never mind.

Not Jehovah's witnesses I hope. That's like talking to deaf clones.



Pig, you used to be over-anxious. Since banging your head, it seems to be back, but projected onto the rabbit.

Pig, a long time ago, I gave you a crate of whiskey, beer and tequila, along with an unlimited supply of peanut butter and crisps, to help calm your nerves. However, it seems that this caused you to develop a drinking problem and you became massively overweight.

You also used to have many phobias and you were paranoid. I don't know how you're getting better, it doesn't make sense. Is someone else treating you?

So, I gave you amphetamines, to cure you. But recently, things got worse, for example, you burnt down rabbit's house, just for a laugh!

Other treatment? No, not as far as I'm aware. So, you just thrash the fuck out of me, as if I'm on a medical "Big dipper" at the fairground?

Yeah, pretty much. At least it's a free ride!

Yes, you didn't help me at all there, thanks so much, doc!

Well, at least I'm no longer a fatty bum-burn!

Can we still say things like that? Are we still allowed to speak in plain fucking English?



Now I want to try some new, ground-breaking experimental treatments, just to see what happens.

So, who wants some DMT? *

So, it's true! The bear is using the pig and the rabbit for testing...

You're wearing a white lab coat, what could possibly go wrong?

Exactly. It's totally safe. Follow the science. Not the money.

ME! ME! What is it?

OK! Pig first, rabbit later.

* N,N-Dimethyltryptamine

Five minutes later...

This is bear speaking, what's happening to you?



Nothing at all! This stuff doesn't work. I want my money back!

Open your eyes.

So, you're right, it doesn't work...

Oh, right. Well, now I'm in a different realm. My body feels weird, all stretched out and blobby.



Wait, something's happening!

It's my Jack Nicholson impression.

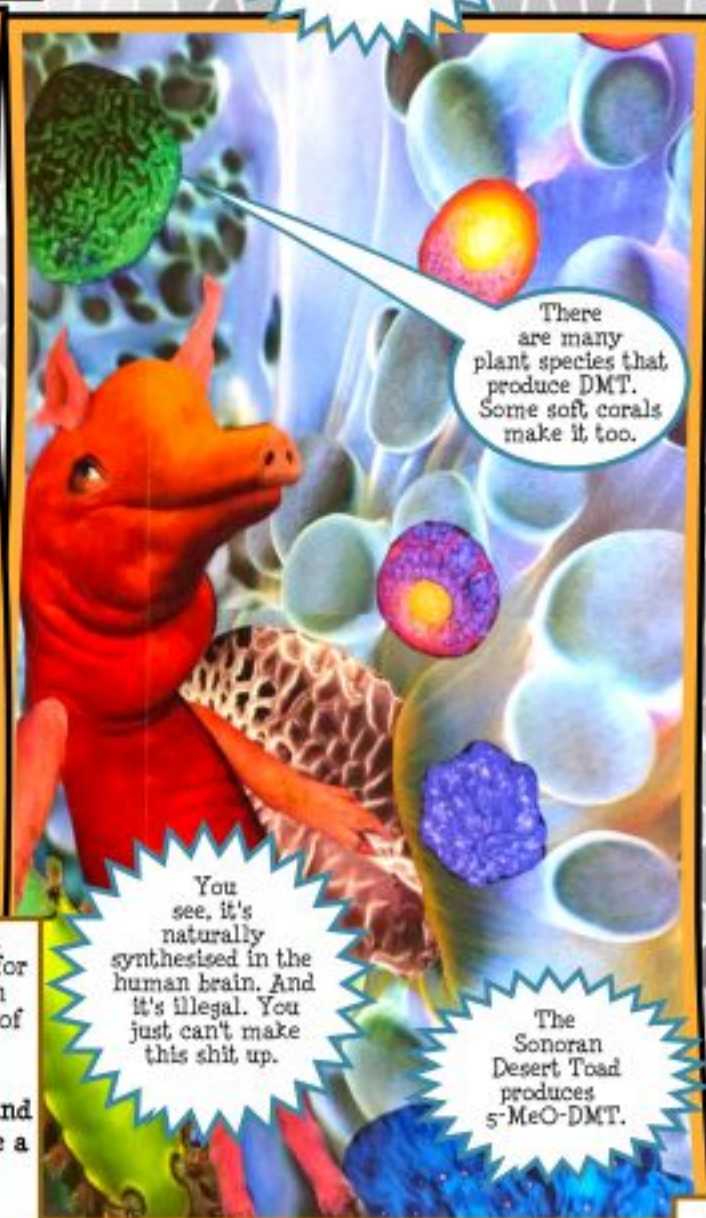
Glibly wibble bleek splug

A space octopus is talking out of his arse. Is this normal?

(Bear) Probably. Can you see any archetypal symbolism pertaining to existential threats?

No, not really.

MKUltra Sub-program "Monarch" FFS!



DMT can be researched for medical use in approved studies. DMT-containing brews have been authorized for religious use by some churches with origins in South America. Colorado, Oregon, California and a handful of cities in the USA have decriminalized it and other psychedelics.

Studies show that DMT can help with alcoholism and drug abuse, can reduce stress/anxiety and can give a feeling of well-being that persists for weeks afterwards.



When the pig came down, the bear showed them different laboratories in the old mine complex, where other bears were working...



* <https://www.eurasiareview.com/12092021-a-legacy-of-corruption-in-the-fda-and-big-pharma-oped/>



<https://zinniahealth.com/research/opioid-crisis-documentaries>

1. 'The Crime of the Century'
2. 'Recovery Boys'
3. '7 Days: The Opioid Crisis in Arkansas'
4. 'Do No Harm: The Opioid Epidemic'
5. 'Heroin(e)'
6. 'This Might Hurt'
7. 'The Pharmacist'
8. 'Warning: This Drug May Kill You'
9. 'The Trade'
10. 'Dr. Feelgood'

The pig took the mummified zombie rabbit into another laboratory, but it was rather disturbing...

So, you can see from our independent observations, that there *is* a direct correlation between people *buying* easily available guns and gun deaths.

However, as I represent the NRA gun lobby, I cannot agree with this obvious correlation. *Because we must continue to sell guns.* But we can send prayers and thoughts to the dead, as a worthless token.

Can you help my fri...Oh, maybe not, wrong room.

Peace and love, you guys.

But mass shootings at schools, shops, nightclubs and churches are on the rise!

Simple. Arm the teachers, shopkeepers, bouncers and priests, to keep our citizens safe, in a loving and trustful environment.

I'm so sorry about the flame-thrower, rabbit. But, according to the NRA, you can't blame me *for having bought it* before pulling the trigger. As my pigmentation has a relatively low melatonin content, I've been told, by some, that I'm mentally ill and therefore not responsible for my despicable actions. Oh, and I was speeding off my tits at the time.

So, the right to "bear"* arms can be used as an excuse to shoot? Is it also because knives are so inconvenient?

Well, at least that's not homophobic...

* Puns have no place in this comic. I apologise if this has offended anyone still reading this toxic rubbish.

The bear went on a tirade, he hardly seemed to rest! The pig and tiger eventually fell asleep. The rabbit was still frozen in a coma.

<https://www.vera.org/news/fifty-years-ago-today-president-nixon-declared-the-war-on-drugs>



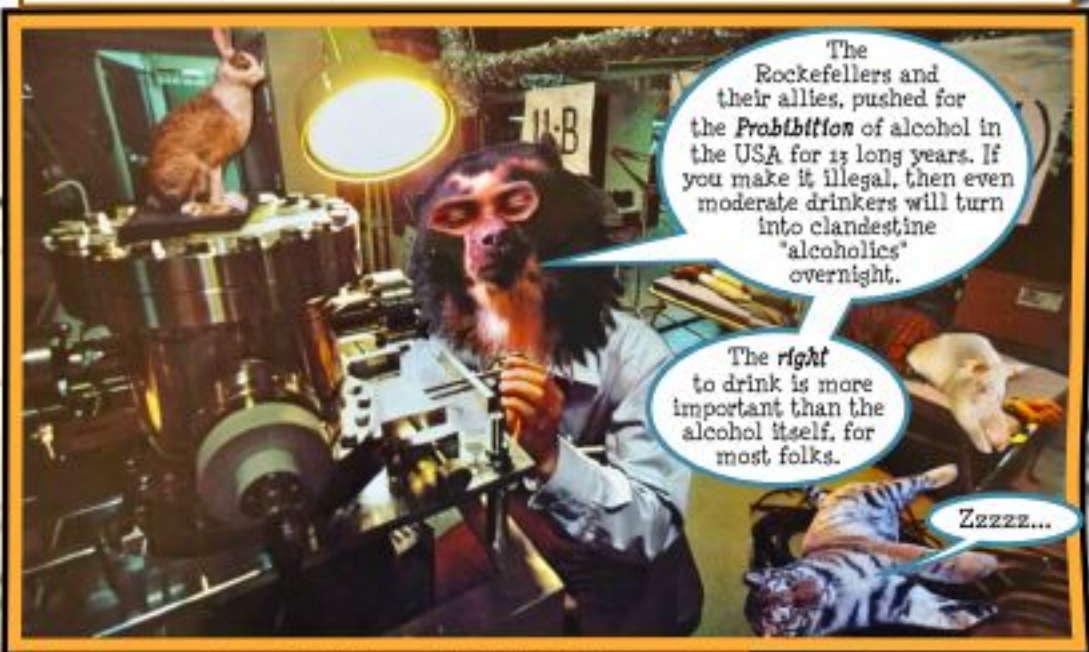
Peace and love...

Why are most drugs illegal?
Governments must keep the population docile, stupid and in fear. Alcohol is legal 'cos it's a depressant! People do stupid things or act violently when drunk. Governments can handle that by using a violent and morally bankrupt police force.

Marijuana criminalization laws have been disproportionately enforced against black people. Although white and black people use marijuana at roughly equal rates, black people are almost four times (and in some states as many as ten times) more likely to be arrested for possession. The consequences of the hundreds of thousands of arrests every year for marijuana offences extend far beyond fines or even outrageously long sentences. Even an arrest that does not result in a conviction can stay on a person's record for years, impacting future prospects for jobs, housing, child custody, loans, and more.

Joe Biden has since pardoned marijuana possession convictions. Too little, too late. <https://www.nytimes.com/2022/10/06/us/politics/biden-marijuana-pardon.html>

"The Nixon campaign in 1968, and the Nixon government after that, had two enemies: the anti-war left and black people. You understand what I'm saying? We knew we couldn't make it illegal to be either against the war or black, but by getting the public to associate the hippies with marijuana and blacks with heroin, and then criminalizing both heavily, we could disrupt those communities. We could arrest their leaders, raid their homes, break up their meetings, and vilify them night after night on the evening news. Did we know we were lying about the drugs? Of course we did."
John Ehrlichman, a top Nixon aide.



The Rockefellers and their allies, pushed for the *Prohibition* of alcohol in the USA for 13 long years. If you make it illegal, then even moderate drinkers will turn into clandestine "alcoholics" overnight.

The *right* to drink is more important than the alcohol itself, for most folks.

Zzzzz...

The bear was so absorbed in his work, that he didn't even notice that a fire had started in the machine he was tinkering on.



Worldwide, 3 million deaths every year result from the harmful use of alcohol. This represents 5.3% of all deaths.

Alcohol is more addictive than many other illegal substances and kills brain cells at an alarming rate.

The drug war's financial impact:-
\$293 million
Worth of equipment transferred from the military to law enforcement through the 1033 program in 2019.

Taxpayers will spend \$3.5 billion funding the Drug Enforcement Agency in 2021.

The Drug Enforcement Agency costs \$6,500 to run per minute.

The U.S. government spends \$47 billion per year enforcing drug prohibition.

<https://www.who.int/news-room/fact-sheets/detail/alcohol>

The bear seemed to be a total workaholic...



We got a government grant to find out how fast this toad can move it's tongue. It's beyond pathetic, but it helps pay the bills.

Oh, I'm so hungry! Eat the toad after he gobbles the maggot. Less work.



Wait for it, wait...

OK, the camera's on...

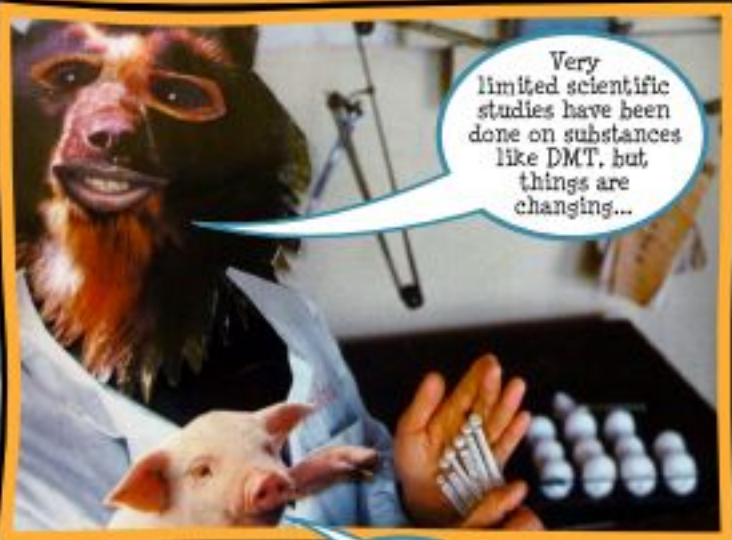


So, my tongue reflex mechanism is more important than solving basic world problems, such as clean drinking water! Fancy that!

I want to lick the toad first. Then swallow it.

NOT YOU! Idiots! It's not a competition!

As mentioned before, the Sonoran Desert Toad (*Bufo Alvarius*) produces 5-MeO-DMT from it's secretary glands. It is used by shamans to heal people of both physical, emotional and psychological problems. The terms often associated with it's effects are "LOVE and Light", but also a connection to a greater reality. It has been called "The God molecule" for this reason. But this is also why it is a schedule 1 illegal substance in both the USA and many other countries around the world. Governments would lose power, if people could decide for themselves what they can do. People would not live in fear and they would start asking questions.



Very limited scientific studies have been done on substances like DMT, but things are changing...



Certain laboratories, such as ATAI * already supply high quality LSD, MDMA, ibogaine, ketamine and other psycho-active substances for ongoing medical research and administration in therapy.

Peace and love!

* <https://atalife/programs/>

On and on the bear ranted. Was he ever going to shut up?



Is this DMT?

But we're not saying that everybody should try hallucinogens for fun. For therapy, yes. Some people are idiots and they should be very careful what they do.

Boneheads who drink legally available alcohol are much more likely to commit serious or petty crime! *

Well, I'll eat anything. I'm sure plastic's good for you.

No, pig. It's a model of an opioid peptide, made out of plastic.

* <https://www.alcoholrehabguide.org/alcohol/crimes/>



What's LSD? BTW, I love you guys.

When I was at school, the teachers told us that taking LSD was a very terrible thing to do. I wondered why on earth people took it, if they knew it was going to be a horrible experience. But I didn't dare ask why.

The teachers were lying! They never mentioned that the effects of LSD were amazing! Control through lies and fear-mongering was propaganda stemming from a government agenda.

A Platonic love for both people and nature is what the world needs now.

<https://www.shroomery.org/forums/showflat.php/Number/24100118>

A 1960's state official, Dr. Norman Yoder, claimed 6 college students took LSD and went definitively blind. Coast to coast media took the story seriously until it turned out it was a lie, entirely made up by Dr. Yoder. When the lie was discovered, it got much less media attention. Fancy that!

6 Youths on LSD 'Trip' Blinded by Sun

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12 (AP)—Six young college men have suffered total and permanent blindness as a result of staring at the sun while under the influence of LSD.

The six, all juniors at a western Pennsylvania college that officials decline to name, lost their sight after they took the hallucinatory drug together last spring.

Norman M. Yoder, consultant of the Office of the Blind in the Pennsylvania State Welfare Department, said the retinal areas of the youths' eyes had been destroyed. (He also refused to identify the college.)

Mr. Yoder reported to his department about the case in a letter last Nov. 13. Department spokesmen said that no attempt had been made to determine whether other cases had occurred elsewhere in the country.

Federal officials questioned about the case said it was the first they had heard of in which total blindness had resulted. The only similar case that officials knew of was one reported last May in which four students at the University of California at Santa Barbara suffered permanent loss of their

vision on their backs in the grass, and were not consciously looking at the sun."

Mr. Yoder said doctors guessed that the LSD had put the youths into a trance-like state in which the eyelids remained open while the sun burned the retinas.

The youths were found at the scene, blind and helpless, the afternoon of the same day by fellow students who knew of the "trip" plans. Those taking the drug had been gone about six hours.

Mr. Yoder said the youths had not even realized they had been staring at the sun "until they came out of the trance," but that they had come to their senses when the other students arrived.

The afflicted students have since been receiving rehabilitation services of the Pennsylvania Welfare Department.

"It's a real tragedy," Mr. Yoder said, "when kids can ruin their lives this way. And the parents are asking: How was something like this happen?"

Dr. Leon Jacobs, deputy assistant secretary of welfare for scientific affairs, commented that the case was "another evidence of how disastrous the ef-

strongly that the public ought to know just what can happen—the unanticipated results of their—taking LSD.



SALE 2 w
10% to 4
on selected items

Gets His Sick Pay

Dr. Yoder Fired For LSD Blind Hoax

[State 'bunked' on narcotics, Page 9, Nov. 7.]

State Dept. Bureau

WASHINGTON—Dr. Norman M. Yoder, Pennsylvania commissioner for the blind who shocked the nation with a hoax story of six students being blinded while on an LSD "trip," has been dismissed from his \$18,000-a-year position.

This was learned yesterday after Gov. Raymond P. Shafer conferred with other State officials on what to do about Dr. Yoder.

He was suspended on Jan. 11 after an investigation of his story by the Dept. of Justice found it to be a fabrication.

Immediately, Dr. Yoder renounced himself to Philadelphia Psychiatric Hospital for treatment.

He was last released from the hospital but is still under a doctor's care.

The proceeds in his dismissal is to be paid for about two and one-half months of accumulated sick and vacation leave.

Third, that he will be removed from the payroll.

During the period of reinstatement, Dr. Yoder will not go to his office or do any work of any kind for the State—he'll merely be paid for the time-off he has earned.

After that, the bank closes on the Yoder hoax.

The demise of psychedelic drug therapy was not solely due to the 'War on Drugs'.

It was hastened by tighter regulation of pharmaceutical research, mainly due to the Thalidomide catastrophe of 1963, and the pharmaceutical industry's lack of interest in funding clinical trials.

Psychedelic therapeutics were nipped in the bud and then swept under the carpet. Making these substances highly illegal was the last nail in the coffin. Humanity has lost 50 years of medical potential due to corrupt politicians, the mainstream media and greedy pharmaceutical businesses.

Psychedelic drugs were used extensively in psychiatry before they were placed in Schedule I of the UN Convention on Drugs in 1967, during Nixon's term in office. Go figure.

Psychedelic means "mind-opening".

OK, now I'm pretending to be big pharma! I need a bigger mask to cover my face hair! But then again, who fucking cares if we contaminate the results? As long as the money keeps coming in...

<https://www.theguardian.com/science/neurophilosophy/2014/sep/02/psychedelic-psychiatry>



Who turned the lights off?

Nixon?

Is this LSD?



I can't see shit and I've gone deaf, just like big pharma.

I smell a rat! I can't help it, I'm a cat! I'm so sorry bear, call it instinct. And I'm a bit peckish too.



What's that odour?

This expensive laboratory equipment has served me well. I'm on the verge of a great discovery!

LSD?



Can I smell pussy?

Just a few more seconds...

TIGER! NOOO!

Fortunately, the bear managed to save enough of the precious IBOGAINE root derivative that he had been working on, seconds before the tiger completely destroyed the laboratory rat.

Ibogaine is derived from the iboga tree root. It has been used for centuries in African shamanism for healing. Western research has found it is useful for treating opioid dependency, including benzodiazepines, metamphetamines and heroin. It also reduces craving for alcohol and nicotine. Other research claiming it can be cardiotoxic has been shown to be of low occurrence. In the late 1960s, the World Health Assembly classified ibogaine as a "substance likely to cause dependency or endanger human health"; the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) assigned it Schedule I classification. The truth is the exact opposite, as it can help with addiction and depression.



I want a yes or no answer. Can you save this rabbit from his opioid addiction?

Yes, I can save him. But he might die suddenly from something else, shortly afterwards.

Something totally unrelated and of unknown origin. To even try and link the two together would be "conspiracy theory" nonsense.

I'm not even dead yet...

Got any decent vids to watch? The one on the screen is really boring. It looks like an Andy Warhol project.



So, what are the real risks? You can tell me, I'm wearing a white lab coat.

He should avoid drinking grapefruit juice, that's all.

I have no idea what's going on here, just try to look intelligent.

I have established a direct correlation between you tapping on those buttons and the little shapes appearing on the screen.

As ibogaine is one of the many substances that are partly metabolized by the cytochrome P450 complex, it's important to avoid foods or drugs that interfere with these CYP450 enzymes, especially stuff containing bergamot oil, such as grapefruit juice.

In certain countries, ibogaine is used in private clinics to treat addiction. However, in the United States and most European countries, it is classified as an illegal drug because at least eight have died after having taken it. These fatalities occurred in most cases several days after ingestion or following the intake of very small doses. There is no conclusive explanation at the present time for these deaths. So, three million die from alcohol **each year** and it is legal. 8 die from a potential ibogaine cause and it is illegal. Go figure.



What's this movie about? What have I missed?

So, that's all the paperwork done, but we still have to do the shamanic ritual.



Tiger, could you please choke the chicken?

WTF did you just say?

You can't kill the sacrifice! I was told it was a job for life!



Bear is falling into a trance. Casting the shells will tell us of rabbit's chances of survival.

Not a trance, I'm going to...

(Muffled)
You'll get paid \$1 at the end of the month.

Oh, that's good. Er, no that's chicken feed!



Are you speaking in tongues?

UuuuHhhhh...
Ahuuuuuuuuuuuu...



Are you trying to communicate with the other side?

Hhauuuuuuuuuuu...

And I'll be already dead by then...



AAAAACCCHH
HHOOOOOOO !


Is Achoo some divinity you have to pray to?



Am I still on DMT?

Oh, shit! Sorry, rabbit! Quick, get a towel, he's drowning.

After the rabbit got cleaned up, he was taken into yet another laboratory, where he was given ibogaine.



It's not fair, this is *my* lab. He comes swanning in here, with his big, fancy ways...

"Oh, I've got an emergency!" He says. "Get back in the kitchen and make me a salmon sandwich!" He says.

Precision is the key to saving the rabbit. OK, that's roughly in the right spot...ish. But I'm peckish all of a sudden. Oh, fuck it, that's close enough.

So, multiply by 9, divide by 5 and add 32...


WTF is going on?

Why are there two versions of me now? Bilocation?

Is it a "secondary" effect of the DMT?

Yawn and stretch.

WOW! Rabbit is waking up! There are two of them, too!



OMG! It's actually working! The ibogaine has kicked in!

I'll go and get a salmon, but no bread. That'll teach him.

Oh, I was way off with the measurements! I was using inches instead of Farenheit.

Let's celebrate!

Well, that was fun, but too much of a good thing is bad. Thanks for coming. I'm going back to sleep now.

I'm back! It's party time!

FFS! Hide the trademark on this bottle of brandy!

Kill the clone! I'm the real rabbit!

Fortunately, when the bear sneezed for a second time, the pig and rabbit clones suddenly disappeared, making things a little less confusing for everyone concerned. However, everything else was chaotic.

The bear took the pig, rabbit and tiger on a tour of success stories around the R and D centre. This was the only one he could find. The bear then gave a "health and safety" speech, stressing that this was the first thing new trainees and guests should hear before going around the old mine complex. As he had "completely forgotten, yet again", it wasn't really important. Fortunately, nothing bad had happened since they had been there.





I had a rabbit in my pocket, but he's not pleased to see you.

Warm.

Mr. Big is in an important meeting now.

Oh. Pweeeez Pwitty pweez! The bear made a huge discovery, but not in his genes.

I'm distracting you from the tiger. Can we see Mr. Big now?

This is going well, I think. She's impressed with my smooth talk.

Incriminating documents!



OK, I'll see what I can do, little piggy wiggy!

Oh bollocks, she didn't even notice me.



I can't take photos in here, as I don't have a camera. I'll have to commit all this to my photographic memory.

At last, the four chums got sent in to Mr. Big's office. Tiger went into disguise mode and did a good job at imitating china pottery.



The warning I threatened you with, was straight out of the movie Scarface! It was simple. How did you manage to fuck this up so badly?

Shhhhh! Let's just listen for a while...

When you asked if I could read maps, I thought it was a language. I said yes, because I didn't think I was going to get the job anyway.



You could well be in the doghouse when Mr. Big finds out...



Oh, btw, where's my dog? I hope he got some exercise.



Oh, that. I knew you would bring that up. Was he very old?

No.

He's fucking dead. Alright, can I go now? This is my lunch-break.



Yes, you can go, but don't tell fibs about being able to read maps in future, OK?

Fine! Then why don't you teach me to read maps?

Well, I don't know a thing about maps! It's just like trying to understand modern art, as far as I can tell.

OMG, Mr. Big is as soft as shit! This is my big chance!



I know how to read maps!

Oh, wow! Where did you come from lil' guy? Suddenly, my irrational fear of being eaten by a tiger has gone.

OK, tiny china tiger, you're hired!



Er, can we come in now?

Of course, bear, please do. Good job on the ibogaine! I've already been told about your discovery.

FFS, I don't even get to tell him myself. He already knows!

Mr. Big took them through to his inner sanctum...



Just by chance, there are some carrots, honey, fresh tuna fish and fast food in plastic, lying on the floor. Help yourselves, you must be hungry!

OK, tiger, let's not jump to conclusions. But this looks really fucking messed up. Especially for you.

Wanna try some 'mad honey'?



Do you even like tuna fish? It looks like I'm going to get stuffed eating plastic fast food and you're going to get stuffed another way.

I think we must address the elephant in the room.

There's an elephant, too? I can only see three stuffed tigers. Oh, and a lion rug.

What the actual fuck is this?

This does not bode well at all. Not one bit.

I thought that I was the only one! It's in my resume!



Don't worry china tiger, I'm not a taxidermist! They're made of paper maché!

One of my top advisers told me, that to overcome my fear of being eaten by a tiger, it would be a good idea to wake up each morning with some full sized tigers in my bedroom. But I just wake up and shit the bed most days.

It was my ideal lol!



We can read maps AND offer you better advise, if you like.

So, no threat from the paper tigers! You look relieved.

OK, I have a proposition to make. Teach map reading to my trainee and I can cut you all in on a very lucrative deal.



OK, sounds good.

I'm in.

Fuck it, why not?

Later that day...



He's beyond useless!

And I'm telling you that all directions point downhill, or South, as you call it! Every Polar bear knows that!



This is going to be a very long day/week/year...

Gotcha now, you fucker! I mean, yes, it's a deal.

I can't see me on here. Where's the big 'X' or a flashing red light?



I can't wait to see how he uses a compass! "Witchcraft! The work of the Devil!"

Oh, buggeration! This is worse than I could have imagined.

So, if I understand what you're saying, South and North don't like each other and the Sun always points to where the ball bearing is heading. OK, I get it now.

After persevering, progress still seemed to be far away.

Have you still got that flame-thrower? Or a gun?

Aha! "map" isn't a language like Swedish. It's a navigable representation of a geographical terrain.

So, it's more like German?

Oh, yes! More documents to memorize...

He's fucking useless!



Right then, flight navigator. What course correction do you recommend, to avoid crashing into the approaching mountains?

He's still closing his eyes and pointing randomly.

Eeny, meeny, miny, moe...



How about taking him with you on a test run? I have an errand for you guys.

No, not the Marsupial Mafia! Those dudes are not just evil, but also naughty and rude!



What do you mean, this isn't the right map? How many maps do we have? The tiger asked for a compass! Get him a compass! It will help us find the proper map.

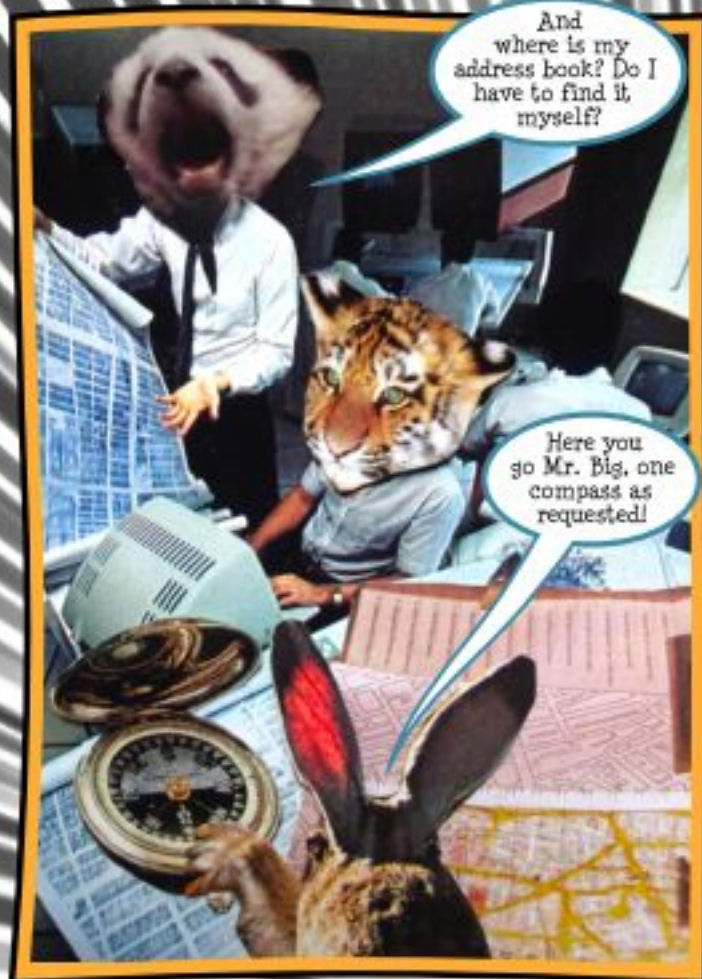
How do the untalented always get to the top?

That's a very dangerous journey. There are roads * all over the place!



I have some fiends- I mean friends- that I want you to contact. The Kcala Klan. I would love to go with you, but I can't, due to complicated technicalities. A feasibility study has determined that if I talk long enough, this speech bubble will disappear underneath the link and I won't have to tell you the real reason.

* <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roadkill>



Mr. Big took his new associates into an office FULL of documents. The tiger tried cramming as much information as possible into his head, but without attracting the attention of the panda.



Was tiger's spying mission compromised? Well, obviously, yes. Would tiger have to trigger "Protocol run-away ghost train"? Read on to find out...

Mr. Big, an amateur sharkologist, took them into his shark room to lay his cartilage on the table. It was jaw-dropping.



These were wheels within wheels, just like in *Dune* or *Teneb*. No, not *Teneb*, that was bollocks within inverted bollocks. Who was fooling whom? Were they all playing the idiot, while secretly plotting? Or were they all complete boneheads?



Later, after a short struggle...





Do you like your birthday present, sweetie? You can do anything you like with him.

Oh, thank you, Daddy! I'm going to call him "SLAVE tiger"!

Mummy, that's not fair! I want tiger stew!

Don't worry, son. The way she'll treat him, tiger stew will be on the menu in about a week from now...

OK, just gimme some time to think this over...

OK, So, tiger stew, or slave tiger to Mr. Big's daughter...

Or stay undercover and just pretend to work for him...



It must be a really difficult decision to make...



Er, btw, I can read your thought bubbles.

Oh, bollocks, the game's up.

Jesus Christ! Don't change your expression so quickly, you scared the shit out of me!



OK, damn you! I'll take a week as "Slave Tiger", then I'll work for you.



Yeah, right. As if anyone would be afraid of a tiger.

Mr. Big unleashed some bombshell truths to the enslaved tiger.



Well, it's a bit of a blur. Something about a box full of frogs, or was it a cargo ship full of bananas? And was there a nightclub for bats or a spaghetti farm somewhere?

Oh, I took in so much information that it's all gone! I can't remember a thing, really.

Of all the documents you scrutinized, do you remember anything important?

It was all misinformation anyway. You can't remember shit, 'cos you're the world's worst investigative journalist!

Why do you work for the gutter press? I mean 'The Daily Dump' has to be the worst newspaper out there!



Well, as it's printed on good quality toilet paper, our readers get two products for the price of one. It's the only occasion where folk get to shit on the politicians, for a change.

OK, I'm going to give you the most explosive story in decades...

In exchange, you must run an errand for me. It's time to offer the Koala Co-op a new deal. One they cannot refuse. Because if they do, I'll be out of a job.

Can you take this brace off, first? I thought I was going to be slave tiger to your daughter for a week.

Oh, I thought you were joking. Hang on, were you being serious?



You want to threaten the Koala Klan? How on earth? It's impossible! You must be crazy! etc. etc.

I'm sick of big pharma making more and more profit, when investment in R and D is stagnating. And they blame the high cost of drugs on us! It's bullshit!

We're on the precipice of a revolution and I'm going to help usher in this new dawn. New substances. New markets. New wine cellar.

Mr. Big showed tiger some pictures. They looked like archive photos of "The Panda customs officers brigade" making a big drugs bust at the border.



Yee-haa! This is good shit, man! WHOOSH!

Hey, don't take photos of me! This is a private party.

Shhh! (Whispers) Just pretend you're a heroic patriot, doing his duty.

(Tiger) Oh, I remember this. Over two tons of rocks, smuggled inside a few kilos of cocaine. No, the other way around.

(Mr. Big) These "customs officers" all work to intercept unregulated competition! And we keep it, for research purposes! LOL!



Congratulations, my boy! What's your official name as Lord chief justice?

I'm definitely going to go with "Lord Thimble-Hat".

Or "Lord Thimble-Wig". I can't decide.

(Mr. Big) Ever noticed how a lot of top judiciary are Pandas? I'm friends with them...Wink wink...



We make the movie "Training day" look like a documentary about how to become a girl guide! So, shut-up, Mr. Goatie beard!

I'm just the scape-goat! These fuckers set me up!



I represent the people as the only democratic choice available. All the others candidates are despots. I won the election, fair and square.

(Tiger) Is that the notorious Major Bam-Boo "The Rwanda Panda"? You're not saying that he's a part of the network too, are you?

(Big) How did that photo get in here? No, that's me at the school fancy dress competition. I won first prize after I insisted on a re-count of the votes. You should have heard all the kids crying. Happy times... But then again, it could well be a photo of Bam-Boo, we all look alike!

Mr. Big showed tiger more photos, to prove how deep his involvement really was. The local police drugs squad, from district 13.



How could we have known that those heroin dealers were, in fact, undercover cops from district 12? This makes us look really stupid.*

(Mr. Big) One of my best spies, "The cleaner", frequently infiltrates the local police from district 13. It gives me a head's up on what's being planned...

(Tiger) "The cleaner"? You mean, he's an assassin?!

I'm allowed to drink whiskey, as I'm off duty. I'm not on duty for another seven minutes.

*A true story

<https://www.upi.com/Undercover-Detroit-police-attempt-to-arrest-each-other-in-embarrassing-drug-bust/8361510804710/>



(Mr. Big) No, he's a window cleaner! Look closely, he's at the window. He sometimes cleans the same pane four times a day, but they still don't suspect a thing!

(Singing) All day up this ladder, I'm as busy as can be. It's not my fault I see a lot of things I shouldn't see, when I'm cleaning windows!

So, all these dodgy dealings have been committed by Freemasons. I must file this dossier in the incinerator. One step closer to promotion!



These aren't the drugs we are looking for. Move along.

(Tiger) And what about that owl in the corner?



(Mr. Big) Ah, it's a bit sad. At first, he was known as agent "Silent death". Now it's more like "Silent and deaf". I haven't seen or heard from him for quite a while.



(Tiger) Well, he was following us for ages, until we got to this mine complex. But we simply ignored him.

Then Mr. Big pulled out a photo of the infamous Koala Kartel, a.k.a. the Koala Klones, the Koca-Koalas, the Koala Kwads, the Koala Skwad, the Koalition or even the Gumleaf Gang. There, it's been milked dry. Now, where were we? oh, yes...

Oh God,
I'm so bored!
They never let me
do anything.



OK, gringo.
If you take
a photo of us, it's
going to cost you
your life.

That's
another '2ol Hey, I
made a joke! It's like
his life is worth a
lousy '2o.

I'm
higher than
any kite has
ever been!

Um, dois,
três, er four,
cinco, seis, sete,
oito...

(Mr. Big) This one with the long fucking neck, is the shadow behind the Klan. But he's not related to the Bush Bandits by blood. The photo here might be the best way to frame him, if you get my drift. His nickname: The Qualmish Amish.

(Mr. Big)

These guys are smooth operators.
They started out as small time punks.
On their passports it states "Species: Koala BEAR".
So, biologically speaking, no pouch. But these sneaky fuckers are, in fact, **marsupials**. Over the years, they managed to smuggle tons of coke and gold bullion through customs, in their pouches!!

Now, they run the show.
Look at the photo.

One of them even presses down on the weighing scale to give a false reading and so increase their profit, by sleight of paw.

The one in the middle left can really count money! The one in the lower right just sniffs everything with a suspicious nose. Alooof. Cold.

The younger one in the top left just looks on. That one sends shivers up my spine! A really creepy psychopath....



What the fuck are you looking at? You'd better not be looking at my neck.

Oh, you're not looking at my neck? Well, that's hardly fucking likely is it? How can you miss it?

Oh,
thank you for
canning all those
strawberries, my
husband. Can the
vegetables.

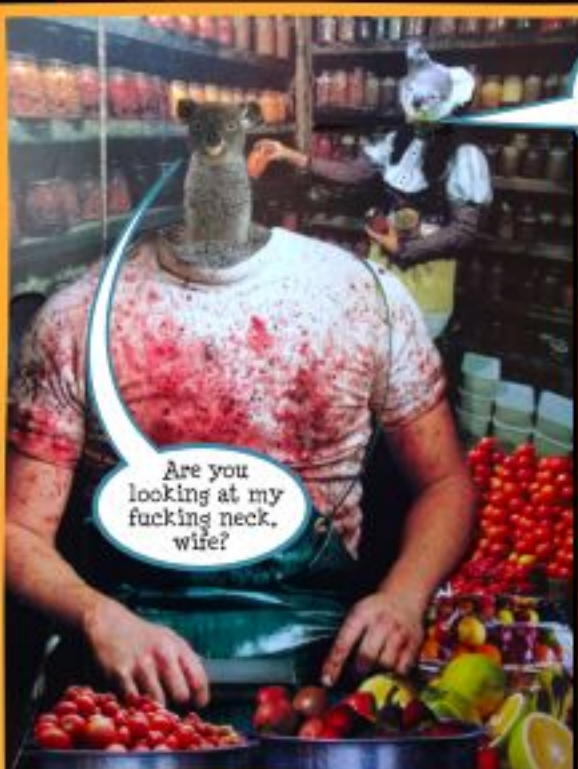
Oh, about
your neck. Both
of our parents and
grand-parents were
already related,
before they got
married!

They're
all from our
neck of the
woods.
Oops.

Can the
vegetables
what?

Just
leave the
kids out of
this, OK?

Are you
looking at my
fucking neck,
wife?



Back in the map room, another hitch became apparent...



We can't walk all that way! This is already becoming "Mission: unlikely to happen".

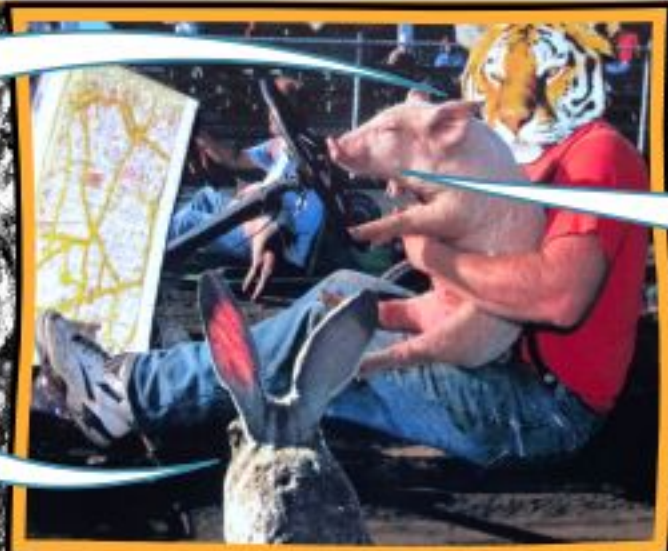
It's a really long trek to the Koala's Corral! If we avoid the roads of certain death and go on foot/paw/trotter, it'll take forever!

Don't worry, transport will be provided. I've got you some wheels!

You mean, travelling *along* the roads, not across them? That's genius!

I want to be carried all the way!

Mr. Big's "wheels" we're not exactly what they were expecting. Trial runs were hit with teething problems.



Where are the bears? There's not enough room for us all on this go-cart.

Move over! I can drive! Or was that in a previous life?

You can't even drive a golfball! You can drive folk crazy though!



You've tied me on the wrong way! I can't see either the road or the map!

FUCK OFF, DOG! Stop biting my tyres!

You FUCK OFF! This is MY road!



Now I can't see the road, 'cos the map's in the way.

The string is dangling! I'm going to get choked in the spokes!

FUCK OFF! STOP NIBBLING MY PAWS, DINGO BREATH!

I can smell raw bacon!

Things only got worse, if that's possible.



I think your understanding of a heat map is somewhat flawed.

OK, pig! Follow the smell, or I'll give you a prod.

I'm impressed with pig's nose. He could get a job as a wine-taster. Oh, maybe not, I'm forgetting he's a reformed alcoholic.

Is this even legal?

OK, I can smell halomethane, 1,1,1,2,3,3,3-heptafluoropropane, chlorofluorocarbon, dichloromethane, dimethyl ether, nitrous oxide, octafluorocyclobutane, propane, 1,2-difluoroethane, 1,1,1,2-tetrafluoroethane and a hint of CO₂. Is it OK if I throw-up now?



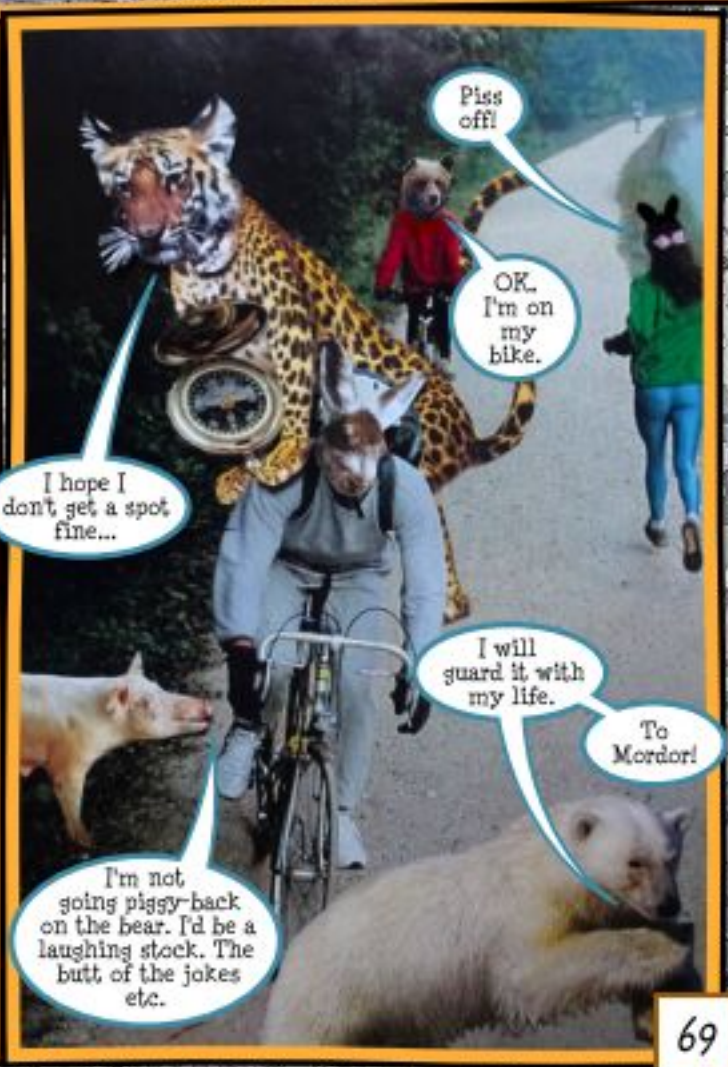
Oh, I say! DING DONG!

My go-faster stripes have gone!

See, not only can I ride a bike, but I can give tiger a backer.

Yeah, four miles per hour, we may as well walk.

Follow me! It is my burden to be the map bearer.



Piss off!

OK, I'm on my bike.

I hope I don't get a spot fine...

I will guard it with my life.

To Mordor!

I'm not going piggy-back on the bear. I'd be a laughing stock. The butt of the jokes etc.

Mr. Big provided a mini-motorbike and threw in his daughter's tricycle. However, the rabbit wasn't happy that the bear got to ride it. The bear was equally disgruntled by having to ride on a girl's tricycle...



(Screaming)
I WANT TO RIDE
ON THE
TRICYCLE! (sobs)
IT'S NOT FAIR! I
HATE YOU!

Oh, for
fucks sake, you
take the kids to the
fairground and it's
just not worth
the effort.

Why do I
never get
appreciated, after
all I've done for
them?

I WANT THE
TRICYCLE BACK
NOW! IT'S NOT
FAIR, DADDY!

Hang
on! You're not
my kids! You little
bastards, you're
just as grown up
as I am!

If I get
seen or
photographed on
this thing, I'll
never live it
down.

YES! This is
GREAT! I feel like
a hell's angel on
this beast.

The rabbit, now feeling more like his old self, quickly stole a van and convinced his buddies to go for a joy ride...



Quick!
There's an old
cow crossing the
road! It's worth
twenty points!
Ah, too late, you
missed it.

It's all
coming back to
me now. Mirror,
indicator,
accelerator.

How can
you see through
the windscreen, with
all these decorations?
Couldn't you have
stolen something less
conspicuous?

He says that
he drives better
when he can't see other
vehicles. So we're also
blocking his view,
to help him
concentrate.



With these sunglasses on, I look really cool and I can see absolutely fuck all now! I feel in total control! Let's do it!

Relax, pig! What could possibly go wrong?

Starting to have a bad feeling about this...



Five seconds later...

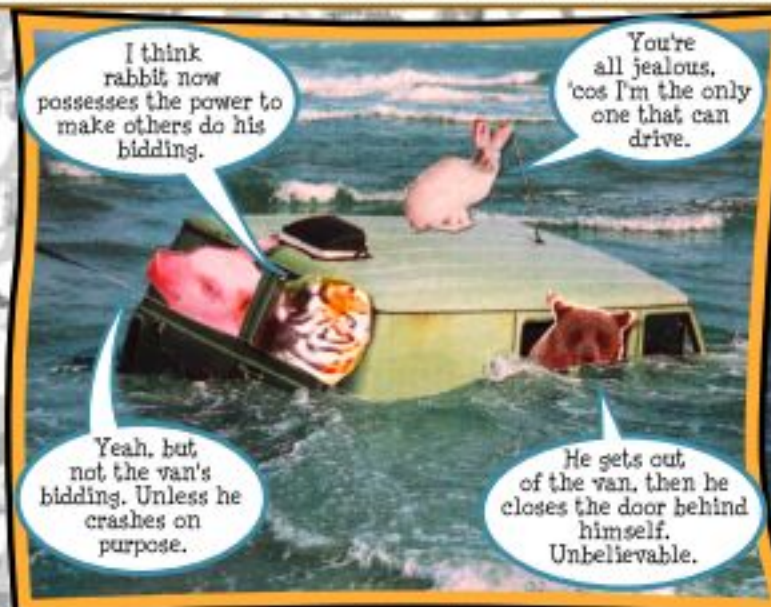
Help! Someone do CPR. I'm having a heart attack...

Can you come and rescue me first? I mean, it's only a minor incident. No damage done. Just a bit of fun.

That was a terrible decision! Why did we listen to him?

Well, at least he's off the benzos.

The control-freak rabbit, managed to convince them to give him a second chance. After stealing another van, things didn't get any better.

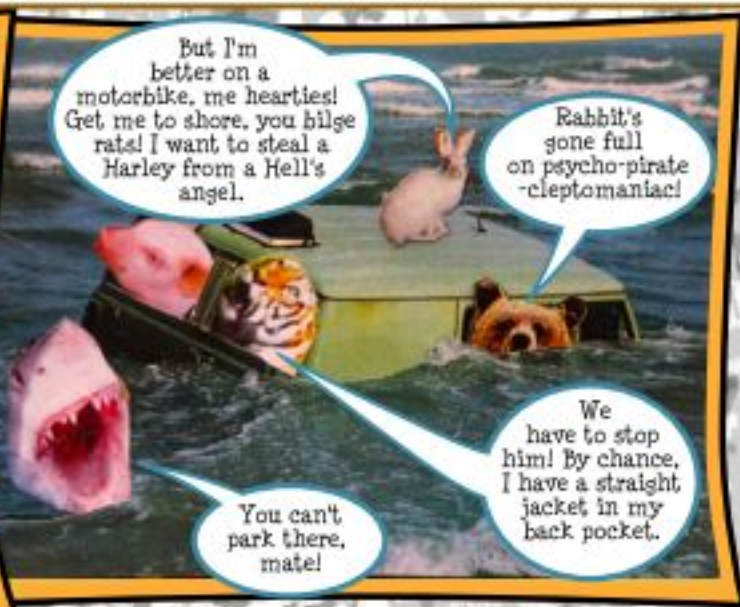


I think rabbit now possesses the power to make others do his bidding.

You're all jealous, 'cos I'm the only one that can drive.

Yeah, but not the van's bidding. Unless he crashes on purpose.

He gets out of the van, then he closes the door behind himself. Unbelievable.



But I'm better on a motorbike, me hearties! Get me to shore, you bilge rats! I want to steal a Harley from a Hell's angel.

Rabbit's gone full on psycho-pirate-cleptomaniac!

We have to stop him! By chance, I have a straight jacket in my back pocket.

You can't park there, mate!

The plan to overpower and subdue the rabbit, using force, utterly failed. The pig, tiger and bear became prisoners of the psychotic bunny.



(singing) Oooo, funky moped, ooo, funky moped...

Psst, Dingo Breath! Could you please bite these tyres, that would be so kind of you.

How embarrassing, to be overpowered and trussed up by a rabbit...

Er, it looked like you were enjoying it...

I wish you'd make your mind up. One day it's FUCK OFF! Then the next it's pretty please...

I'm sure this is like "The incredible hulk". Once he gets it out of his system, he'll be zen again...

While the rabbit was changing the burst tyres, the three captives bribed the coyote to freedom and pounced on the crazed bunny.



You call this a straight jacket? It's just a romper suit! That's not going to hold him!

(Singing)
No sleep til
Bedtime!
Food on the petal,
never ever false
kettle
Engine running
hotter than a
boiling
nettle...Zzzz

What are those pills? Not benzos I hope...
Rock a billy bunny,
out of his tree top,
When his mind blows,
the cables will block.
When his brow bakes,
under t' table he'll crawl,
And down will come
bunny,
unstable and small...
BTW, that song is
messed up.

Quick!
He's still
squirring! Give
him the pills! It's
the last resort!
OMG, he's wriggling
with the strength
of a thousand
tadpoles!

So, what are
those pills? I've
managed to stuff
about half a dozen
of them in his
mouth...

Tiger,
you're falling
asleep! Don't tell
me you took
some too?



They're
xylazine* horse
tranquillizers, cut
with fentanyl**. But
I don't know if
they'll have any
effect. I couldn't
find any rabbit
tranquillizers.

(Singing) I
should be
tyred-tra-laa-laa-
And all I am is
dum-tee-tum- weird!
Ain't felt this good for an
ooh-aah-ooh-hour!
Motor red, don't
remember me
now...

No, it's
just the
lullaby song. It
always makes me
feel sleepy. Even if
I'm in a life or death
struggle with a
psychotic
rabbit.

The
pig's gone
to tell Mr. Big.
Oh, the rabbit has
finally succumbed.
So, horse trans do
work on rabbits!
Fancy that!

* <https://nida.nih.gov/research-topics/xylazine>

** <https://nida.nih.gov/publications/drugfacts/fentanyl>

When the rabbit awoke, about two minutes later, he went on a totally extremist, fundamental rights campaign. We are all having it rammed down our throats recently, that freedom of speech should only be used by over-sensitive crybabies, who prefer demanding rights, rather than actually doing something useful with their lives. For example, the LGBTQPIPzSAA community. (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, queer, questioning, intersex, pansexual, two-spirit (2S), androgynous, and asexual) They go on and on about wanting to live in an all inclusive society, but they want to exclude people like me! Grow up.



I can tell others what I think of them! Even if it's not objective! I'm not obliged to hide my opinions!

Wow, these horse tranquillizers are the dog's bollocks! I'm completely out of my brain. Dunno what the rabbit is on about. Don't care either.

The tiger and I are just humouring him. I need to ride shotgun on this trike, in case he makes a bolt for freedom. It's not an easy job, but someone's got to do it.

For any remaining snowflakes, who shouldn't bother reading this terrible story, but who are still persisting... Please do not even glance at the next frame, shot in slow motion. It shows a poodle being hit by a powerful motor racing car at high speed, piloted by a panicking pig.

Meanwhile, Fluffy, the poodle stool pigeon, was brown-nosing the local cops.



So, Fluffy, what's the word on the street, that we know nothing about?

Well, officer, there are rumours that there's a stolen car, driven by a crazy...



...pig.

Can't stop. Dunno how to stop. Sorry, poodle.

In other news, the metropolitan police admit that there has been systematic racism, homophobia, corruption, bullying, rape, murder and other unimaginable things going on, since the dawn of time. They are only apologising now, because they have no choice, as the truth has come out. As if the public never knew!



Oh, thank fuck! I thought I was never going to stop. Is it OK if I park here?

Sure, it's \$30 per hour between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m.



Where does that poodle get his information from? He's always spot on. He's better at this job than we are. Good boy!

OK, Fluffy, we'll keep a keen eye out! But I doubt that this road hog would dare breach the peace in this rich part of town.

Where did Fluffy go? I'm sure that he was right in front of me.

After driving 150 metres, the pig abandoned the wreck and finished the journey by trotting the last 50 metres back to Mr. Big's rented palace..



Why did you beat up the pig?

The pig tried to get in to your estate, so we beat him up. We want some kind of reward, for doing a good job.

Well, he was running! That's a primary target in our book, sir.

You're hiding the green book behind your back. You're pathetic. The pig is a very important guest of mine. Naughty officers, no reward. You're hereby suspended of duty, but on full pay. Have a nice holiday at taxpayers expense.

(Whimpering) Sigh. Ooh ACAB Aaaagh etc.



But did you check the guests list, in the green book first?

Dog biscuits.

Hmmm, er, a green guests list book, sir? No. Never heard of it.



A rubber bone that squeaks.

Mr. Big...rabid... gone bats...

So sorry to hear that if you don't come up with something big, the Koalas are going to evict you.



You could get a job representing the Nurses union. It pays well.

R and D investment is in sharp decline. I'm such a pushover.

Meanwhile, the rabbit had escaped the vigilance of the bear and tiger and was already being arrested for attempting to sell the xylazine/fentanyl horse tranquilizers to the local police. He had stuffed the tablets in his cheek pouches and simulated unconsciousness, until the coast became clear. Oh, the little scamp!



Normally, these sleazy, lowlife scum-bags try to swallow the evidence! But this lil' punk is coughing them up! I respect his cunning business acumen!

OK, now show me the colour of your money!

Look, I'll just take five for the moment, OK? I'll try anything to calm the wife and kids down.

Later, after the pig got cleaned up...



I'm so ashamed! I try to be nice, but when you're surrounded by incompetent, flapping, chaos monkeys...

So, this "moral high-ground" that you talk about... Apologize just once more and I'll lower the angle of my head.

Are you sure I can't simply pay you off?



Not gonna work. This moral high-ground suits me down to the ground.

JEZUS! Now that's a wad! Fuck this moral bullshit, just pay me off. I'm not really listening btw. Just doing some mental shopping.



No comprendo, señor. Click, buzz, whirr.

Pig trigger code "Special order 9-37" Apply.

I'm putting the rabbit on intravenous tranquilizers. He'll be sedated long enough until you get to the Koala's den. Then, if it all goes badly wrong, let him be himself.



How are your preparations going?

Oh, slowly getting there. We're going to walk after all.

I'm picking up traces of azide, acetylde, diazo, nitroso, halcamine, and ozonide. A hint of nitrocellulose. di- and tri-nitro compounds and a nice bouquet of picric acid. Maybe even a dash of 2,4-dinitrophenylhydrazine and benzoyl peroxide are in there too.

Is Mr. Big clever? Or are these guys just as dumb as fuck? Or both?

So, tiger, a good journalist needs cameras, a pencil and paper, yes?

Much later... The rabbit was, once again, under control, but more like a ticking time-bomb. At long last, the intrepid chums were ready for the long journey to the Koala's place. Mr. Big was giving out useful presents, as a gesture of gratitude and trust. The bears were going over the route they were going to take, on foot/paw and/or trotter...



Yes, this suitcase smells a bit funny.

I just want to get in the box! I'm genetically programmed for that!

The posse were feeling rejuvenated after getting some fresh air and plenty of well needed exercise. Minor calamities were still the order of the day, with them getting hopelessly lost and pig falling off a cliff. But, on the whole, things were going surprisingly well. The rabbit was lagging behind, as he was made to lug the suitcase, as punishment for his crimes.

I want my mummy! I'm scared! I want to go home! I didn't think rejuvenation entailed a second cub-hood!



Well, I'm going this waAAAAAAAAA!

I have no fucking idea where we are, but that's a street map. There are no streets here, mate.

So, a good adventure scout cub can read the map, yes?

Watch your language! And call me Captain cub leader, you little shit!

Progress was soon being made and the conversation turned philosophical.

Aldous Huxley was able to describe his positive experience with mescaline, thanks to his elevated consciousness. However, "Joe Bloggs, the idiot" would more likely jump off the roof of a sky scraper, thinking he could fly. In doing so, he becomes a danger to himself!

OK, if we let the idiot jump off the roof, then the world would be a better place without him! If he takes hallucinogens and thinks he can fly, then he should take-off from the ground floor, not the roof! *

Freedom of choice! For both mammoth minds and barnacle brains.



* A Bill Hicks joke.

Hmmmm. tricky... It's in capitals.

ENTRANCE TO HELL! GET BACK IF YOU CAN

I bet he can't read it!

Yeah, it's too far away.



It says "Entrance to Hell! Get back if you can".

Whatcha got there, bear?

Come on, share and share alike.

Oh, WOW! Nice! C'mon, let's GO!

Mr. Big called them "vitamins".

Fuck! Fancy that! He can actually read it!

Cool! Are there any nightclubs around here?



Ah, "Entrance to Hell". I get it now.

When Portugal decriminalized ALL illegal substances for possession, there was a drop in hard drug related crime and users were given free treatment for addiction! AIDS cases also dropped. Police time no longer wasted. Lots of positives overall.

So you're saying that if sufficient guidance is provided, then destigmatization would follow. Any substance usage would be comparable to the law regarding alcohol?

It's like, if you kill someone while drunk driving, you're in deep shit. But if you get drunk and do no harm, except to yourself, then it's no problemo.

OK, the good news is that we've got plenty of toilet paper.

Just leave me out of this, OK? That kid ran in to the road, I had no time to stop. So I kept driving.

Not only that, but the United States collected more than \$5.7 Billion in recreational marijuana tax revenue in 2021.

But more importantly, the use of medical cannabis for the treatment of chronic pain, anxiety, nausea, reduced appetite, spasticity, epilepsy, insomnia, glaucoma, and multiple sclerosis is on the rise.

The bad news is, most of these documents aren't maps.

That's right! Medical cannabis is now legally available in Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Croatia, Cyprus, Czech Republic, Finland, Germany, Greece, Israel, Italy, Jamaica, Lebanon, Luxembourg, Malta, Morocco, the Netherlands, New Zealand, North Macedonia, Panama, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Rwanda, Spain, Sri Lanka, Switzerland, Thailand, the United Kingdom and Uruguay. In the United States, the use of cannabis for medical purposes is legal in 37 states.

Look at the link on the right for info. about CBD, or cannabidiol! Not enough room here!

Later, after the impromptu mud bath...

<https://www.sciencedirect.com/topics/neuroscience/cannabidiol>

Watch this! Polar bears are known for their agility and acrobatic prowess.

Where's tiger's suitcase?

What is this place? It's like a landscape from the movie "Alien" or somewhere in Yorkshire.

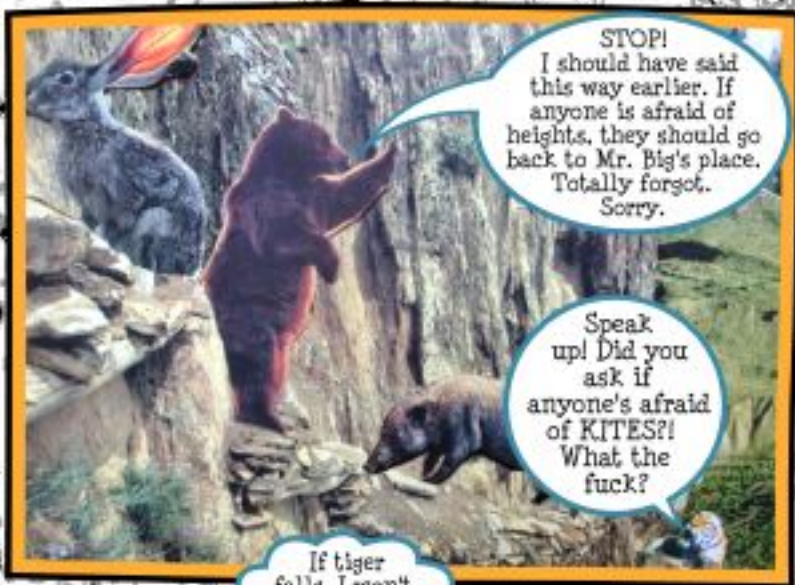
Oh, bollocks, I missed...

Oh, that I knew someone was going to bring that up.



Polar bears like to land on their heads, tits up and unable to move. We have no natural predators 'cos we're at the top of the food chain. We have a licence to fuck about.

FFS! Polar bear! You landed right on top of me! Get your piggish bearings right next time!



STOP! I should have said this way earlier. If anyone is afraid of heights, they should go back to Mr. Big's place. Totally forgot. Sorry.

Speak up! Did you ask if anyone's afraid of KITES?! What the fuck?

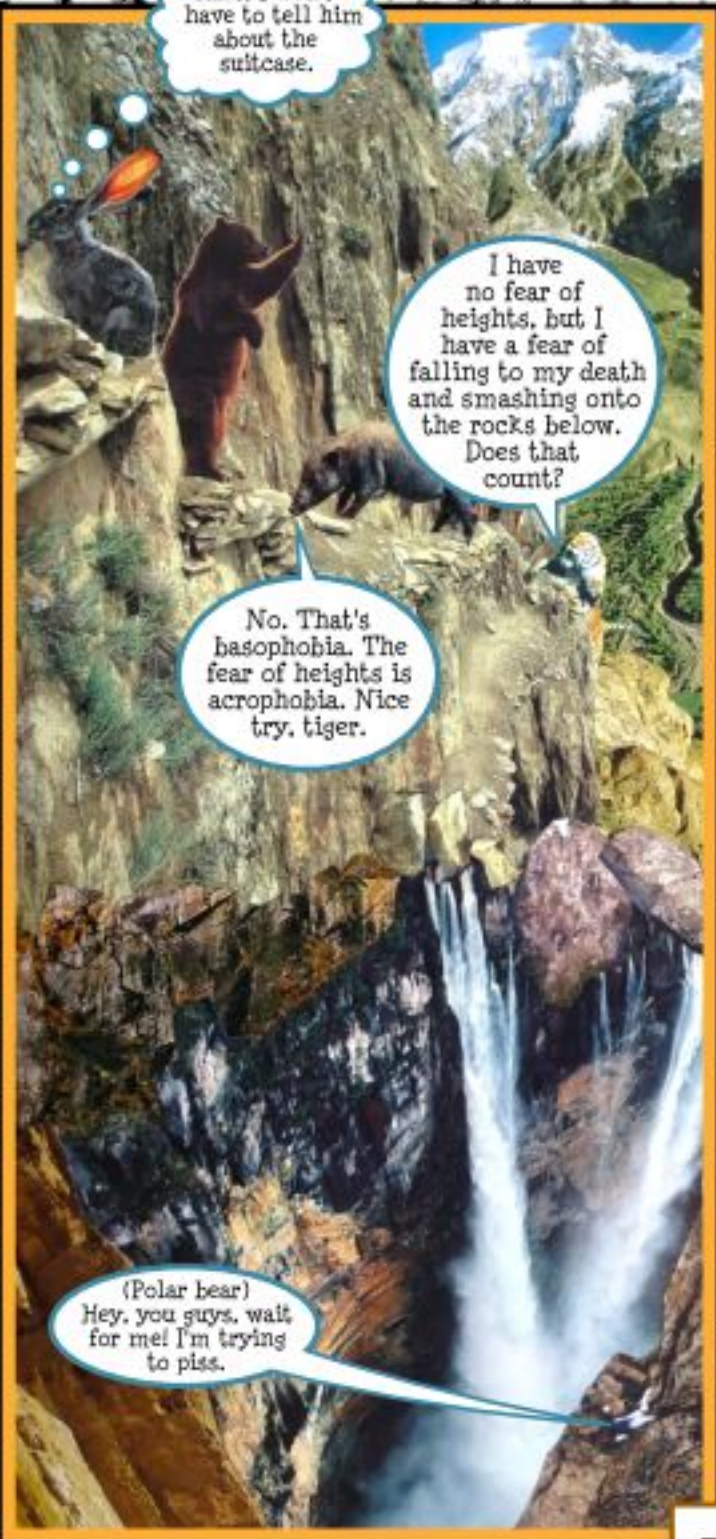
If tiger falls, I won't have to tell him about the suitcase.



Oh, afraid of heights. I thought you said kites.

As health and safety is paramount to this expedition, I have to make sure that if anyone falls off this cliff, they were aware of the risks and took part voluntarily. OK?

(Polar bear singing)
I'm a tum-tee-tum-shunting star tra-la-la leaping thru' the ha-ha-ha sky like a tyger so-la-mi-defying the laws of gravateee
hmm-hmm-hmm-I'm a rasing kar passing dum-dah-dum-by like Lady Go-diver
I'm gonna pee-pee-pee-there's no stopping me...



I have no fear of heights, but I have a fear of falling to my death and smashing onto the rocks below. Does that count?

No. That's basophobia. The fear of heights is acrophobia. Nice try, tiger.

(Polar bear)
Hey, you guys, wait for me! I'm trying to piss.

Meanwhile, back where rabbit had thrown the suitcase in the bushes, several extinct/endangered species had come to check it out.

It's very suspicious! The case is decorated with a tartan clan design.

Tick tick tick tick etc.

Run.

What was that noise?

BOOM!

After reaching the top of the cliff, the pig thought he had got lost and was trapped in a harsh desert environment, losing his life due to acute dehydration.

I think I am lost and trapped in a harsh desert environment. I am losing my life due to acute dehydration.

What the fuck is pig rambling on about?

You just repeated what was written on the cue card. You can't do that!

OK, in this game, the sand is lava! You're not allowed to touch the ground. Shit, that rock's too far away...

Hmmm, do you remember when he could create illnesses psychosomatically?

It looks like he's at it again.

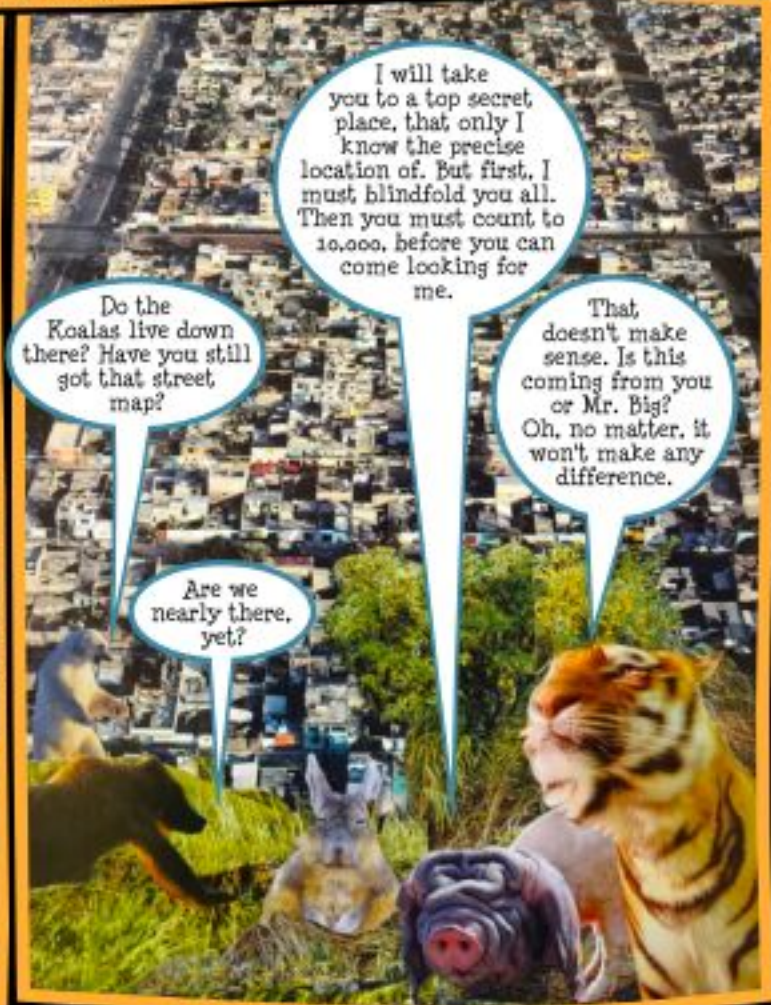
Oh, wow! That cactus grew fast! Isn't nature marvellous?

FFS, pig, just go around. And you guzzled some water only five minutes ago!

OK, guys, watch this! I think I can make it...

Plug your lug holes everyone! The polar bear is going to scream.

I can hear the voices of my dead comrades haunting me.



Was the pig really being programmed by Mr. Big? Or was he just spouting shite due to psychosomatically induced dehydration? Or both? Or neither? Or a bit of both and neither?

As no blindfolds were available, the pig trusted the bear to simply close his eyes and count to 10,000.



OK! I have successfully counted to 10,000 without cheating. Even though it only took me ten seconds.

OK, FIG. COMING READY OR NOT!

(Rabbit)
We're gonna getcha, pig! Where are you hiding?



Rabbit, quick, give me a camera!

You have got to be shitting me!

Oh, bollocks, I should have told him, just after he failed to fall off the cliff.



No, I'm on the verge of a journalistic "Watergate" moment. I have to see this through. Camera please, rabbit.

I have many questions. But shouldn't we just walk away and pretend this isn't happening? I don't like the look of this one bit.

Oh, I gave that suitcase to the pig, ages ago!



I win! You lose! Secret hideaway! In your face, mere animals! I am henceforth a computer with no free will!

Nah! Yeah! Nah! I'm only joking! I feel exuberant for having succeeded my mission!



Everything's fine! Guess what I've found down here? I think I've been here before, but a long time ago. At least a month or so.



Guess what I've found, he asks. Oh, let's say a tiny monkey jockey, complete with saddle, wearing a red shirt. Unreal!

I was going to say "Five dead Koalas and bags full of drugs and money". I was way off.

What's a Pulitzer prize worth anyway? Come on, let's go home. This is getting scary and weird.

I'm the world's smuggest pig! I feel euphoria surging through my veins, like a hypnotised hit man after a successful kill.



Psst! Pig! I told tiger that I gave you the suitcase. Back me up, buddy?

By chucking that suitcase away, you saved our lives!

But, potentially, you put us all in even deeper shit.



Not being able to resist the temptation, they decided to venture underground, once again.



Incredibly, the pig seems to know much more about this than I do. Doesn't Mr. Big trust me? Maybe we should check this secret hideaway out after all.

Tiger, in fact, I threw that suitcase away and saved all our lives! You're welcome. But I've no idea how, so don't ask me about it, yet. OK?

Oh, I need a long lie down. I can't keep up with any of this any more.



Whoa! What's that smell? Is it yeast? And apple cider?



Is that the smell of fresh bread? Is it a clandestine bakery? No, it's me! I feel a bit toasted.

I'm Harry. This is my only line.

Is any of this real? Or is it just happening in Harry's head?

Yes, but actually, no.

The bear managed to squeeze through the trapdoor and into a spherical metal chamber, previously used by the nuclear industry. So, a perfectly normal and safe place, not at all scary or weird. An odour of aromatic compounds made him feel light-headed and unconcerned by any potential dangers...



...And I am not going anywhere today, just like yesterday. I'm feeling slightly down.

Speak up! My hearing aid battery is dead. I mean dead.

But this is OUR adventure! You lot are so dull! A full bin-liner has more fun than we do.

(Tiger) I'm stuck! What can you see, bear?

Oh, just some losers having a bad time.

I'm with the donkey on this one, mother. It's dangerous outside. I'm staying in this warm, metal pouch.

The pig went through the hole where there's now a blazing inferno. Some have all the fun. That's the kitchen. Or at least, it was.

You see! It can be more dangerous inside, if you put you mind to it.

Oh, that sounds familiar...

(Shouting) Howdy do Owl! Long time no see! Have you seen a pig around here?

That's correct! I was indeed a General in the great war! But who told you?

Hello, bear. Don't even bother shouting at the owl, it's pointless.

(Pig) Oh, bugger! How do you turn this thing down?

When the fire storm died down, the bears, tiger and rabbit went through to the kitchen...

Pig is now a master chef?



Did you dudes notice some mushrooms growing outside?

Yes, in fact, I did. What are they?

PSILOCYBINI

Horrah! At last! The cat is out of the bag.

Then I must be Mr. Big's soft touch-pushover-door-mat-mug-chump.

I'm Mr. Big's control subject! This is how my phobias etc. are being treated. But recently I was hy-hy hypnotized to keep it secret. Sorry, bear. I tried to tell you.



A simple recipe of psilocybin mushrooms, cooked with apple cider. That's it, lap it up!

I must save a sample to give to the Koalas. Oh, and that donkey.

For this therapy to work, we must go and lie down in a dark room, assisted by "trip buddies".

Qualified assistants will guide us through the experience. A safe pair of paws, so to speak.

OK, and who are these "trip buddies"?

A room full of monkey nurses greeted the heroic experimental drug testers.



I'm starting to feel different. How long is this going to last?

About six hours.

Yeah, it's kicking in now. Tripping on psilocybin with a bunch of monkeys. What could go wrong?

I'll need a pencil and paper first! We've got to find a new joke, no-one's laughing.

LOL!

Watcha laughing at?

(Shouting) Welcome! I am the senior nurse here! Everyone each grab a mattress and a sleep mask! My assistant will then draw the curtains!



Your medical records! OMG!! Not just pig's, but all you guys. You're perfect for this type of therapy.



Tiger, your ear fur is sooooo soft. How do you do that?

Six hours. That's really hilarious, whatever you said.

Now you mention it, my teeth feel funny too! Pig, you seem unchanged. But, my teeth...I need to brush them.

I have a higher tolerance and I did some DMT not long ago.

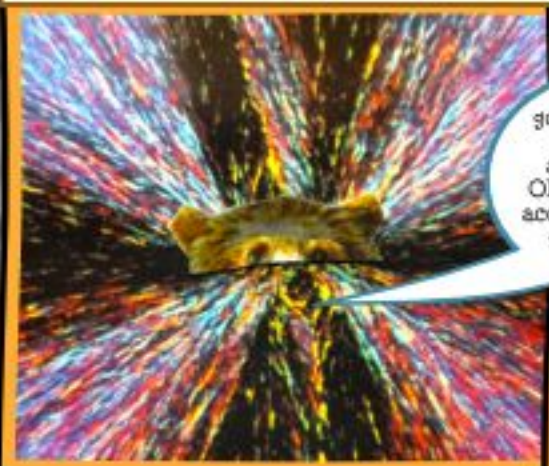
My teef feel funny.



I always get over-excited at the prospect of calming patients down.

After settling down in the cozy dormitory, and thanks to the qualified nurses, they soon drifted off into another dimension of consciousness.

Clinical patients often recall traumatic memories that had been repressed, sometimes decades beforehand. *



Oh, my god, it's full of stars. And accordions. Oh, man, I hate accordions. They give me the creeps.

The bear crossed the event horizon and found out why he sometimes lacked self-confidence and was forgetful. And, most importantly, why he hated the sound of accordions.



Well, it's not exactly what I was expecting. Who's that in the corner, is he losing his religion?

(monkey nurse) Relax, let your mind see, it's important...



He's got a face now! Well, it looks like a juvenile panda... No, it can't be... It's a young Mr. Big!

Noooo! This accordion is stretching too far! I can't control it. Get me out of here!

I want to run away, again! Stop that noise! I'm going to die if you don't stop that awful racket!

(Monkey nurse) For fucks sake! RELAX! Please. Your neural connections are at least twenty times higher than in your normal state. It's OK. Don't panic.

Please, just go with the flow. Don't fight it. Here's a nice glass of orange juice. It's only \$25.

Only \$25! Oh, that's funny. Only \$25. That's a good one! Man that's hysterical!

With this set up, we'll never get busted! It's a foolproof front! It's genius!

OK, bear, listen to me. Come back near the light, but don't go into the light! Now stay away from the light. But not that far!



What light?

I must be blind!

No, you're not.

Suddenly, a precise memory came flooding back. The bear, Mr. Big and Koala#1 used to be associates running a cocaine den.



If the drugs squad show up, just keep playing! They won't dare come in!

I'm naturally talented at this! I'm God's gift to accordions!

You can't stop now, panda! We're a free jazz duo! We'll be best friends forever.

Please God, make them stop!

I'll do anything! I'll be a good bear from now on. Please, God, stop them playing. Or make me go deaf.

On second thoughts, maybe not. My ears have started bleeding.

Oh, my neck! What's happening? My paw is stuck to the keys! Please, bear, old buddy, do something!



This is the police! We've got this side of the house surrounded!

The further the accordion sprains, the longer my neck stretches!

Your paw has been super-glued on to the keys! It's hopeless. I can't prize it off!

Koala#1! Please, this isn't working! The cops are outside! Get rid of the coke!

I can't hear you! I can only hear the sound of angels jamming together.



I'll go and get some acetone! I might be a while!

Police! Come out with your front paws in the air and your back paws on the ground!

We've had too many complaints about the noise! It's not the season for strangling hyenas!

I'm letting my friends down...and I'm letting myself down. Goodbye Panda, goodbye Koala#1.

Forget everything! Start over again and one day I might forgive myself.

The Koala got life in prison for disturbing the peace. That's how bad it sounded. The cocaine turned out to be baby formula, mixed with glucose and toilet cleaner. No trace of narcotics were found. The panda did a plea bargain by joining the "Panda judges jazz club" and therefore avoided prison. He then managed to unwittingly infiltrate their pyramid of power. The Koala was released after serving half of his term. Which meant that after eighteen months, two weeks and three days, he was out of the slammer.

The tiger had a similar experience. He remembered being at the scene of an infamous car crash in Paris, in which Princess Posy, the prancing pony, had been killed.



I remember! I was a hyper-active journalist, always on the move, taking risks, chasing famous animals all over the world...

I was a PAPARAZZI!

I killed the princess! Nooo!

Then a genuine memory came back...



Mr. Big and Koala#1 had previously tried another way to front their drug operations behind a "musical" smokescreen. However, it was closed down due to it breaching the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty.



As the pig had been in therapy for a while, at first glance it didn't look to be going well. But on closer inspection, the pig was having a killer whale of a time.



I levitate fearlessly above you losers, just out of reach. Bow down, to me!

Please, we have already awarded you the "Totally Fearless Pig" trophy, several times now. Move on to other issues.

Stop taunting us, you evil fucker!

Oh, thank you kind pig, for saving me from the clutches of the undisciplined crocodiles, yet again!

You can't act for shit, spider. You're so wooden. There's no sincerity. Show some emotion next time.

Alligators, actually.

Pig just liked playing the hero, having overcome most of his phobias. These included being electrocuted by a Kalathnikov, getting squashed and then eaten by a large spider, and the fear of confusing alligatorophobia with krokodellaphobia. Things were going well, but there was still a long way to go.



Next time, I'll try overcoming my fear of balloons and garden gnomes.

These are all variations on the same theme. If I'm quiet, I can just sneak off and go home.

Oh, that should be fun. I can't wait.



Hey, pig! The spider's trying to tiptoe away!

A fear of painted elephants? Is that a real thing? Or is he just tripping balls?

Fuck off, you crock of shit! Handbag material!

Meanwhile, the rabbit was having a full on existential crisis...



I must keep things in order! Hang the crockery in little cages.

Build a nice house, not live in a dirty warren.

AAAGH! The "M" word!! Noooo!



(monkey nurse) Rabbit! You must let us in! We're here to help! Don't be afraid.

Mud, for a rabbit, is unavoidable. Try and face up to it. Dig deep, reach out, and clean it off.

BTW, your hair is like a super-model's! Can you think why it is so thick and luxuriant?

The rabbit let the monkey nurses in to his/her inner turmoil...

Look, there's a box of tissues on the coffee table. You can wipe that mud off.

You said "Hang the crockery in little cages". Crockery, not crockery! That must be significant!

I'm not touching it! Besides, the box is too far away.

And then, from nowhere, came the sub-consciously hidden memory. It had happened a long time ago, at the hairdressers.

I've got a new kind of shampoo that I would like to try out on you.

A new shampoo? Another one? Sure, as long as you don't get it in my eyes again! The last one was a solid 9.2 on the pain scale! LOL!

Btw, sorry for the trail of mud I left on your new carpet. You see, I'm digging my first warren. I can't afford builders.



So, you need money? Maybe I can give you a job. Do you know how to steal cars?

And if, by any chance, you have trouble sleeping, I have just the thing. I know a "doctor".

Well, I've been told to become more responsible, now that I'm fully grown.

That son-of-a-bitch Koala! Kevin! He used me to steal cars, test shampoos AND benzodiazepines!

Hallelujah! We've found the root cause!



OK, now we can help you come to terms with this trauma. Don't go for revenge, take the moral high-ground. Or just ask for some money.

I feel transformed by the psilocybin. It was difficult to confront my past, but now I feel relieved and at peace. Really. The true true.

The polar bear had become totally obsessed with his teeth and refused to close his eyes. He found an old mop to use as a tooth brush.



Polar bear, please, listen to me. Put the mop down and relax.

My teeth! They are falling out!

I don't get paid enough.



Think positive thoughts. You have nice teeth. Keep looking forwards.

I can sense the presence of something horrible, that's just outside my field of vision.

The polar bear was also losing control over his body. His front legs and back arms were no longer functioning correctly.



Whatever you do, don't look at the monster! That's good! Now, close your eyes and let go of the mop.

I have nice teeth. Don't look at it. Don't look. I've got this.

Fuck. He looked.



Damn it. I thought I had him.

I can't help it! I must look. Oh, God! It's much worse than I could have imagined...



He's toast. We can't bring him back under control, he just isn't co-operating. Psilocybin treatment needs to be well counselled. I don't think he was even listening during the briefing.

I'm just a hyena covered in chocolate. I'm not really scary. BTW, this is my mop. Give it back. I'm cleaning the toilets with it.

What's that on my back? AAAarrggghhhh! I'm being eaten by hairy lipped dentures! Nurse, stop staring at my parts! My body is all over the place. Now is not the time. How many arms and legs do I have now? I just want to go home.

Hang on! Did you just say that you're covered in CHOCOLATE? Well, that's a step in the right direction. I assumed you were covered in shit!

Six hours later, the team, now totally transformed by their therapy together, were provided with a new clothes, befitting their magnificence. Finding a suit the right size wasn't easy for them. The rabbit seemed to be holding a grudge. And a Kalashnikov.



You look good, pig.

You're Looking fine yourself, tiger.

Please, rabbit, you've only got yourself to blame. You fell in with the wrong crowd. Move on, this could be a new start!

Can one of you guys help me tie this thing? I can't see anything 'cos of my nose.

No, I'm cool. This machine gun is just a present for the Koalas. I want to thank them for making me what I am.

Feeling like a million dollars, the BFFs went for a walk, to discuss their next move. The polar bear decided to no longer participate in what he described as "The worst thing that has ever happened to me". Especially because the hyena had been, in fact, covered in shit.



Everything seems so vibrant and clear now.

Mr. Big needs the Koalas to see us as proof of a new therapy.

We should get code names, like in the movie "Reservoir dogs".

I've got the "M" word on my shoes! I can do this!

Their opium/opiate /opioid and cocaine business is causing too much damage and the public wants to see medicinal alternatives. Even politicians are getting nervous.

Btw, bear's new haircut looks more like a lobotomy scar.

How about, Mr. Tiger, Mr. Bear, Mr. Pig and Mr. Rabbit?

Mr. Big gave us a bomb. Why?

I asked the nurse for a number three. She put the trimmer on number one by mistake.

I can be a mediator between Mr. Big and the Koalas. Given that we go back such a long way. I wonder if Koala #1 remembers me?

It was an intelligence test. I smelled that it was a bomb. I knew rabbit would throw it away on day one.

I chucked it away within ten minutes actually. Wait, how did you know I would fling it? No, you're right, that's me down to a tee.

It was also just in case things go tits up with the Koalas.

Charming. Well done, pig. There you go Mr. Big. We're not idiots.

Later, back at the secret laboratory, the crew of four asked the monkey nurses for their medical records...



You must tell them about the others, too.

Others? What others?



That's classified! Mr. Big said that information was only for his highly untrained "Last ditch suicide squad"!

Yes, they are standing right in front of you!



Oh, OK then. Psilocybin has already successfully treated 14 different problems.

You mean 14 other patients? Well, that's great!

No, he means psilocybin has cured 14 MEDICAL PROBLEMS! Involving tens of thousands of patients! All done in the pre-Nixon days, of course!



Hold the front page...

Jesus H Christ.

Could you write the list in a new frame just under this one, please?

Yeah, sure, Mr. Bear.

This is great! He called you Mr. Bear and Mr. Pig, both respectively and out of respect. Hey, we could do a power-point presentation!

Medical problems known to have been successfully treated with psilocybin :-

1. Depression.
2. Post-traumatic stress disorder.
3. High anxiety.
4. Bi-polarity.
5. Alcoholism.
6. Tobacco addiction.
7. Hard drug addiction.
8. Bulimia and other eating disorders.
9. Multiple sclerosis.
10. Parkinson's disease.
11. Alzheimer's disease.
12. Paralysis.
13. Recovery from coma.
14. Obsessional compulsory disorder.



OK, can you give us a hard copy of all this? We have to present Mr. Big's case to the Koalas.

I'd do anything for you Mr. Pig. There is also *in vitro* proof that psilocybin can help grow new neurons and synapses in the brains of adults. A "holy grail" of medical discoveries. *

All that R and D and I've never heard of psilocybin before. I've been kept in the dark and covered in shit, just like a mushroom.

After practising a powerpoint video, they stopped, as it looked more like an evangelical miracle, performed by some conman priest.



They then decided simply to take all the documentation, along with a nice bottle of psilocybin cider and a psilocybin pie, for good measure, to the Koala's den.



The pig had spent so long making the "PSILOVE TART" that he became dehydrated again. But he said that this created the "caring grandma" look he wanted to share. The others were worried that "PSILOVE" sounded totally gay and might be misconstrued by the Koala Klan. The word "TART" was also potentially misleading, as it could refer to "someone who dresses or behaves in a way that is considered tasteless and sexually provocative". On top of that, the bear pointed out that technically, a *pie* has an upper crust while a tart does not. The pig's counter-argument was that "PSILOVE" was shorter than psilocybin and, as he was about to run out of pastry, the word had come to him in a moment of inspiration. He was not going to start again from scratch, as it had taken him "fucking hours" to bake.

One of the monkey nurses took several photos of them, as a testament to the courageous efforts of Mr. Big's "Last Ditch Suicide Squad". But the rabbit suspected that she was deliberately waiting until he blinked, before taking the photos. The tiger wanted them taking again, as he was not looking in the right direction. But the bear thought it was a good picture, because he was smoking a joint and "looked cool".



The chums left the secret laboratory by the same trapdoor, but the tiger got stuck, as he had insisted on coming out backwards.

Is this the right street map? We have hundreds of them.

According to this GPS, the Koalas live on the corner of Elm street and Mulholland drive.

GPS?

What do you mean, you want a pay rise? You're nurses. It's not as if you're politicians. Or bankers.

OK, nurse, no more photos, please. Thanks for everything you've done. We'll applaud you tonight at 8 p.m as payment.

Pull me up!

It's a cat thing. You wouldn't understand.

I can't breathe!

Excuse me, neighbour, would you mind turning your music down just a little, please?

Oh, I'm so sorry! I'll put my headphones on. Each piano concertos may sound even better this way!

There's been another earthquake in Syria. This planet is evil! It never thinks of our safety!

Yeah, the civil war in Syria is civilized. But earthquakes? That's some fucked up shit right there.

This is totally natural way to live. We own this fucking planet!

FFS, bear! Stop your monkey chatter and haul me out of here!

GPS? You mean to say that you had a GPS system all this time? And we've been doing our heads in with all these fucking maps?

Well, I didn't know how it worked, until we did the shrooms. It's actually really easy! I used to have technophobia, but it's gone now.

Nursing is a vocation. Nobody does it for the money. That's why politicians never give in during pay disputes. You have too much empathy and they have none.

The nurse monkeys had given them several suitcases full of clothes, as some patients had preferred to go back to "au naturel" after their treatment. Whilst the tiger, bear and rabbit favoured suits and casual slacks, the pig was often seen wearing "old women's garb".

This was causing friction between the four partners, as it completely ruined their "Reservoir Dogs" aura of sophistication and intimidation.

The pig maintained that a "caring grandma" element could help overcome potential trust issues with the Koalas.

The monkeys had also given them a large bag of weed (a gift for the Koalas, to help break the ice), but the bear and tiger were already smoking it at an alarming rate, in order to calm their nerves.

The pig, having thrown away the batteries of the GPS out of sheer spite, gave them no choice but to ask locals how to get to the corner of Elm street and Mulholland drive.



Has he always been a cross-dresser? Or does it go deeper than that?

Well, go on! Ask that kid how to get there.

IDK. I think he's just being a dick. He cooks one pie and turns into a grandma overnight.

It's a TART! Psilocybin, lemon and cranberries!



I'm the lookout.

Elm street and Mulholland drive?

That kid looks like he's the village idiot. He won't know where it is.

So, you're the lookout, kid? Shouldn't you be looking the other way?

There'll be a bus along shortly.

Meanwhile, in the house on the corner of Elm street and Mulholland drive...



The motion detector surveillance system indicates that you have visitors!

We're HERE!

I am so fucking stoned, I can't remember what I was doing.

Who the fuck is that? He looks stoned. A potential customer. I imagine.

You were going to feed the baby.

A baby? What baby?

FFS, Karen! OUR BABY! It's on your lap!

To call the Koala's drug operation "audacious" would have been the understatement of the century. Not only were they drying coca leaves on the front lawn, but also displaying millions of dollars worth of opium, like it was a car boot sale.



Who the fuck are you, man? What's that in your paw?

WTF? Is this a joke?

This should be a machine gun! But I swapped it for this pistol, as the other was too heavy. I'm going to let you have it, now.

Is this guy for real?

Zzzzz...

Rabbit?

The bear tried to intervene in an attempt to diffuse the tension.



Hi! Please excuse my buddy. Just give me one minute, please.

What's going on? Who's on lookout?

It's been a long journey. He's not explaining himself well.

You call that a gun? It looks more like a rusty pea-shooter.

When I said "give it to you", I didn't mean shoot you all. I meant it as a gift.

Maybe I should have put this in a nice box, wrapped with a ribbon.

Is that the rabbit? Bear? Is that you?

Then the pig came forward, proudly carrying the stash of weed on his head, but still dressed "unconventionally". Was he taking the piss? The bear hadn't noticed that the rabbit had snuck off, to find a box for the gift gun...



I've weed. Trust me.

This is a very dear and close friend of mine.

This is like a soap-opera. It's utter shite, but I can't stop watching it.

Well, you've got your paw on his/her hip.

Is that pig your wife? Bear, I didn't know you were into tranny grannies! Whatever butters your bread, I suppose.

Er, pig? You mean rabbit.

Trust me. I really have weed on my head.

Just one more moment, I'll be right back.

Er, could we start this again?

And just when the catastrophic introductions seemed to have reached the upper stratosphere of awkwardness, the tiger strutted in, stoned out of his mind, somehow mistaking '8 million of boxed opium for "front porch steps" and then tripping over koala #2, claiming that it didn't really matter, as it was only a weird looking garden gnome.



And what the hell is that? Is there a funeral going on nearby?

Our sniper hit-man has you in his sights.

You've brought your own weed into our territory? Are you here to sell?

BTW, we don't like competitors, so answer carefully!



It'll be your funerals at this rate!

Look what I found! Talk about dapper! This will impress them.

Hey! Watch where you're going! Fuck me! Who are these clowns?



The bush is a present for you! So, you just sell this out on the street?

Ah, OK! Usually, we sell it, round the back. But today we're washing and drying a batch of cocaine, and stock-taking the opium.

So, how are the introductions going? Er, did I miss an episode? 'Cos it looked like you were pointing a gun at this garden gnome.

I couldn't find a nice box. BTW, I'm squeezing the trigger now. You were right! This thing is solid rust!

But we've brought other presents! A tart pie and documents and stuff.

I am literally lost for words, frozen like a statue.

The Koalas showed them the "back garden", which was full of rows of raw opium, left out to dry...



That must have taken a lot of guts to put on that show on the front lawn! Wow! A full on circus act, risking having your brains blown out at any moment!

A stroke of genius! I'm well impressed.

Yeah, you almost went too far with the garden gnome routine, but it's kinda refreshing to be insulted like that.



We've had it up to here with customers that brown nose us, just because we're the "Bolivian oblivion"!

Do you know how much shit we have to clean up every week? They literally "drop anchor" in their trousers and run away before we even get to the door.

In fact, we hardly see anybody any more, because our notoriety has been greatly exaggerated. It can be lonely at the top.

Yeah, just because we're Koala bears, it doesn't automatically mean that we're psychopaths.



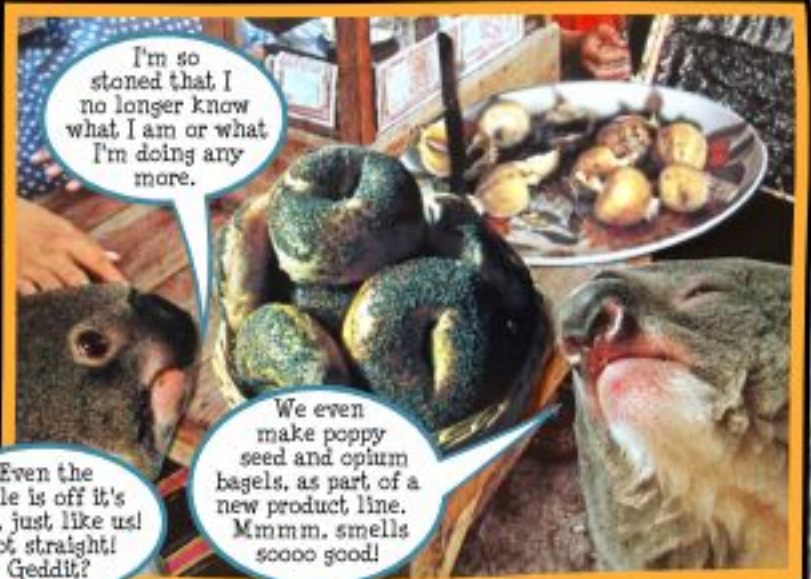
I must say that it's been a long time, bear. Did you find some acetone? LOL!

Oh, man, that was hilarious! I super-glued Mr. Panda's paw to an accordion! And you shit yourself and jumped through the window! I would have done the same thing in your position. Ah, those were the days...

So, bear, are you here to buy? What do you want?

Even the table is off it's head, just like us! Not straight! Geddit?

This table isn't straight.



I'm so stoned that I no longer know what I am or what I'm doing any more.

We even make poppy seed and opium bagels, as part of a new product line. Mmmm, smells soooo good!



Can I have another one, please? I've got the munchies.

No, you've had too many already. Btw, it's nearly time for our afternoon cup of tea!

Oh! Bear, rabbit, pig and tiger. Would you like to stay for tea?

So, the big question "What is the difference between genius and insanity?" In this case, the answer could be "The difference between insanity and genius is measured only by success and failure."

But, according to Albert Einstein: "The only difference between genius and insanity is that genius has its limits."

So when Koala #1 asked what bear had been up to for the past two years, he didn't know how to resume it concisely. He didn't even know if he should tell the truth about Mr. Big or not, so he decided to take the easy way out and lie.



Does this suit and hat, hat me?

Pretty much hibernating, most of the time. Bit of a bummer.

And you? Do you guys hibernate? How embarrassing of me to not know.

We don't hibernate. But we sleep for twenty hours every day!

I've got mud on my shoes and I'm not freaking out! I'm making progress.

Stick your big nose in this bottle and tell me what you think.

And thank you for this "tart pie!" I'll get some plates.

Mud.
Mud.

Who the fuck cut his fur? That's a train wreck and no mistake.



I mean, does this hat and suit, suit me?

Pig was right! Wearing dresses is normal for anybody! This frock is the perfect cure for "toxic" masculinity!

I would recommend you eat it, in a dark room full of monkeys. We've already had ours.

Oh, the pie. It's just a present for you Koalas.

So, you don't want to eat this pie with us?

It smells like mouldy, flat, apple cider. You call this a present?

Is it, by any chance, poisoned?



Oh, god! I feel totally intimidated by you guys! I can't put my paw digit on it, but there's something about you that scares the living crap out of me!

Could it be our massively imposing heads? We get the truth out of everybody this way.

I ain't gonna look at those guys.

If the pie is not poisoned, then you should be happy to share it with us, yes?

This shit will rip the veil of illusions right off your ego driven perception of reality.

It's not poisonous! But it has special properties.

It's a fairly secret psycho-active substance. BTW, We've been sent here by Mr. Big, the panda.



Zzzzzzzz....

Too flashy? Hello? Is anybody listening to me?

Well, as you can see, we love to rave and try new drugs. So, tomorrow, we will party like animals together. But not in a dark room full of monkeys.

One sniff and he's toast. These Koalas are pussies.

We'll go to a bar and do this like normal, civilized members of society.

This is the way. Zzzzzzzz....



We will discuss Mr. Big, the panda, tomorrow too. But now we must sleep. This is the way.

I am what I am. I am stronger, thanks to the Koalas.

Rabbit, are you wearing pig's dresses now? Is that mud on your shoes? You're not making a very good impression.

The next morning, the Koalas had almost forgotten that they had scheduled to take their car in for servicing. The garage mechanics panicked and ran off, as soon as the Klan showed up. Fortunately, the rabbit said he could have a look at it, so they all decided to try out the pie and cider together, while waiting. The bear convinced them to at least meditate during the trip, on a journey of inner discovery and quiet reflection...



I'm totally gob-smacked that I got them to meditate!

(whispering) I'm amazed they let me near their car, given my track record.

That's well over three minutes now! I don't feel anything. You guys are full of shit!



I dunno how much we took, ask the pig.

So, I assume we're micro-dosing the psilocybin, just as a taster?



(Rabbit) Hey, pig! How much did we take? About 0.3 grams?

LOL! As if 0.3 grams would have any effect. No, we took at least thirty grams.

I think my neck is shrinking.



Well, thirty grams split between the nine of us, that's just over three grams each.

NO. THIRTY GRAMS EACH. MINIMUM.

Oh, god! We're all doomed!

OK! Quick change of plan. Is there a restaurant nearby?

But we've just eaten a piece of the tastiest pie ever made.

BTW, "Pailove" WTF? That's so gay. Weak.

Five minutes later, they found a restaurant, which had immediately emptied upon the Koalas arrival.



Hey, bear! You're not the only one on the fiddle! lol!

Could you please not do that? It's not very sophisticated.

Oh, eating with my paws, so sorry.



No, you're eating the floral table decorations. With your paws.

This stuff has no effect. How dare you come into our territory with phoney substances?

Yeah, bear! How dare you?

Zzz...

The rabbit had suggested going to a restaurant, in an attempt to dilute the massive dose of psilocybin that they had all just ingested, with food. As psilocybin often suppresses appetite, they just nibbled at the oddities on the dining table. The bear was thinking that he was "Up shit creek, without a canoe". But just then, the first effects of the hallucinogenic mushroom made its presence felt. The pig, tiger and rabbit seemed to be taking all this in their stride, but partly due to them having already had a dose, which slightly upped their tolerance, but also due to there being limited space in the restaurant for speech bubbles.



Oh, my words! I can feel it. I feel like laughing.

Whoa there horsey! Drifting to the right a little...picking up some dust...contact! Tranquillity base here! THE EAGLE HAS FUCKING LANDED!

I should be OK. I'm wearing cool shades!

WTF is that on my plate?

Hey!

Eating the flowers! That's just awesome! Good for you, bear! Aaahaaaaahahaha!

Thirty grams...



Laughter. it sounds like slaughter, but without the violins.

OMG, a joke! I made a joke!

WOWWY! So, how long will this last? A couple of minutes?

Gotcha! You might be quick, but you can't outwit me!

Your haircut! It's hilarious! That nurse must have a huge sense of humour! Good job it will grow back! Mwaa-ha-ha!

Thirty grams...



Oh, putting up a fight, eh, sausage roll? You have battled valiantly, but I have you now. Prepare to meet your doom!



And what the heck is that awful screeching noise? I love it!

At least twelve hours. Maybe two days! Who knows?

Twelve hours!? No way! We sleep for twenty hours every day! We won't last much longer.

I WANNA PARTY!! Bear, thank you so much! Sorry for accusing you of being a fraud.

Let's hit the town and party till we drop off to sleep.



Out on the streets, the gang ran into the occasional altercation, but on the whole they blended in with the crowds.



(whispering loudly)
Psst! Ralph!
Koalas!

No, sunshine, you **GAVE** me these sunglasses, but **now** you want **me** to **pay** you for them? No way!

What's happening to the sky? It's not as light...

It's dusk, we've been out here for at least six hours already.

Ugly mother fucker!

Dusk? WTF is that? Wait, did you say six hours?

This stuff has changed our lives. I wanna dance! No, let's go to the fairground!



OK, you can have one swig of this and I get to keep the glasses.

That taxi is in two places at both once.

Oh, look out, it's a copper!

Give him the glasses, Ralph! He's with the Koalas.

Yeah, fuck you, Ralph! We're with the Koalas!

I've lost my shades.



Oh, so I can keep them after all? Well, that's very kind of you. Have a nice evening.

I don't want them any more. Give me your money back.

Stop trying to rip folk off, Ralph. Get a life. And maybe get a wig?



Police officer! We need to settle a bet. Are we in London or the USA? We're completely out of our minds.

Oh, shit! It's the Koalas! Just keep walking...

Hey Po-po! Oyi! Face Hugger! Where's the fair? Let's get a taxi fair! Or we could get a taxi to find a taxi with.

Hmmm. my twin non-trinary sibling works at the fair. Should I warn it?

Now it was really kicking in, their senses were at saturation point. They were tripping their little heads off, riding on the dodgems...



Target acquired! OK, rabbit, I'm gonna ram you like a hot potato in butter!

Hey, you down there! Buy your own bumper car! This one is ours! We bought it for a lousy two bucks.



Hey, I'm further away now!

Careful, rabbit! Watch out for the crocodile!

Oh, at last! This is what driving is all about! Even better, I'm welcome here!



I've got to save the crocodile from that garden gnome!

Please stop doing whatever that is, Mister! You have way too many legs!

WOW! A member of the Koala Klan said "Please"! BTW, thank you for not shooting me! Look, I just work here untangling bumper cars.

Actually, I identify myself as a non-trinary face hugger. And these are tentacles, not legs.



Oh, it's an alligator! Get that son of a bitch! Bump him out of the arena!

Pig! You're not allowed on to the track without a bumper car. And put some clothes on FFS!



It's the best night out of my life! Even if it happens to be the first one as well. I've gone five hours without even blinking!

Here, try one of my eyes. I've got plenty of them! Then at least you can wink.

My garden gnome! Where's she gone? No! I really liked her.



Here I am! Smile for the photo! Hey, tiger, I didn't know you were a paparazzil!

Where are the others?

As soon as I look away, she'll come back.

They're in the Japanese toilets. I want to show you something.

Some of them had become fascinated by the latest in Japanese sanitary technology. It allowed the user to see their defecation, but without the inconvenience of having to turn around.



After partying at full throttle for some 18 hours solid, it became apparent that tiger had gone missing...



Whilst aimlessly looking for the nightclub, the gang had stumbled across a Karaoke bar. The Koalas had already named one of the suitcases full of clothes, Pandora.



Oh, I'm so torn! I have the scoop of the century, but I don't want to betray these guys.

Come on, Pan! Don't be shy! Just sing along to the lyrics on the screen.

Maybe we have to open the zip, to let her voice out.

"Two little boys" or "Jake the peg"? Take your pick.



This is my Rolf Harris impression.

[Inappropriate.]

Go on, Kev! Give her some encouragement.



(singing softly) ...Because my love for thee...

[Inappropriate.]

Wow! So perfect.



I can see colours when she sings!

I feel gutted to be in the gutter press.

(singing) Because my love for thee, would break my heart in three!



Should I tell them about "tiger stew"? They might feel sorry for me.

[Inappropriate.]

Karl! What the fuck! You're just jealous of Pandora's singing ability.

The owners also considered the pole dance to be improper, because this place was, in fact, a Baptist church. So they were politely asked to leave.

They found the nightclub and realized that other customers were not crapping themselves and running away, as was normal standard procedure.



Something is going to happen, and it's going to happen NOW!

I'm happy, but it's tinged with melancholy. I'm in two minds. I need a sign.

Hey! That guy looks strangely familiar!

Ralph?! Is that you? You look different. You still got those sunglasses?



I'm going to sing!

I thought Karen was too stand-offish to sing...

Karen the Koala had always kept an aloof air of arrogant detachment. She did it to hide her inferiority complex. But something was stirring deep down in her soul...



Stop over-thinking! Just go with the flow...

Thanks, Ralph! These really do suit me right now.

Knees up Mother Brown, Under the table you must go. Ee-aye, Ee-aye, Ee-aye-oh. If I catch you bending, I'll saw your legs right off! Knees up, knees up, don't get the breeze up, Knees up Mother Brown!



Wow! K-A-R-E-N Go girl go!

Oh, that voice! Oh, my God! I feel like pressing a large red button!

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun! Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run, zing boom tatarrel, sing out a song of good cheer, now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here!



Tiger, buddy, are you crying?

Tears of joy, bear. Tears of joy.

Not only her voice, but these lyrics go hand in hand with what I feel in the Koalas' presence. True friendship. Let's hope they'll want to make a deal with Mr. Big.

Several hours later... The word spread around town and, at long last, the myth that the Koalas were evil, naughty and rude was finally dead. Well, under the influence of pallocybin, at least.



I'm feeling ecstatic and everybody else here looks blissful!

(singing)
I ate it up and
shat it out,
I based it all and
took the fall...

Not quite.
I can see a sad
creature, just over
there. I don't like
this one bit.

...and...I got
the lyrics!

Hey!
Are you real?
Well, even if you
aren't real, why
so sad?

I would like
the
autograph of the
singing Koala lady.
But I am not
worthy.

Why,
thank you, pig!
That's very
kind of you.

Priestess
pornographic
fishwife
crabalocker...

Dude, wtf
are you
singing?

A Hell's
Angel.



I keep
thinking that
I've come
down...

...and
five minutes
later, it kicks
in again.

Well, if
you give us a
smile, then
maybe we can get
you that
autograph.

Eye's
dog dead,
from a dripping
custard
yellow.

Oh, come
on big guy, you
can do better
than that.



I've been
sitting down for
too long. I need to
stand up, but I can't
remember how
to.

You could front a
thrash metal band.
Your voice, it's like
barbed wire, razor blades
and a fist full of gravel,
going through a
blender.

There you
go! One autograph
coming up!

That's the
nicest compliment
I've ever heard.

And if you ask
her nicely, she
might even sign
the autograph.

Ralph?
Hey! You got a
wig! That looks
much better!

Well, at
least your
experience as a
con-artist will
be useful.

I hope it's over
the phone, not
door-to-door...

Pig!
Thanks to your
advice, I've got a
life too! I've already
got a job as a
telemarketer!

Nobody had the slightest idea where they went next. Some of them claimed they went to a bar, like civilized members of society. Others maintained that it was a visit to a garden centre/butchers/bank vault/Rotary club. The rabbit brought up the past, to try and set the record straight. On occasion, they came down enough to have a meaningful dialogue, but not for long.



How come I can still see you all? My jacket's on backwards.

Those shampoos really stung! The pain killers made me worse!

Can we talk about Mr. Big now? It seems appropriate.

Name your price, rabbit.

You're right, rabbit. It was naughty of us. Name your price...

I'll name that song in three!

For the rabbit, the slippery nature of the space-time continuum, combined with his mood swings, made things almost incomprehensible. He kept getting the feeling that he was skipping backwards and forwards through time, but unable to participate in the conversations. On the verge of becoming a multi-millionaire, sadly, he got vocal cord paralysis.



So, the stock options, that I've explained to you eight times already, are guaranteed to give you a return of 10% per annum. But, best of all, it's all above board, because we make the rules. Do we have a deal, son?

These gold bars are just a little gift. It's our way of saying sorry for using you as a laboratory 'rat'.

Well, what do you say? I think we're being very generous.

So, legally, I would be your conservator, on behalf of the Koalas, until you reach the age of three. It might sound like a long way off, but believe me, the time will fly by backwards!

(whispering) Rabbit, just say 'Yes' FFS! You'll be set for life! Be serious for a minute!

Tiger, are you in? The rules are quite clear. If you have no dominoes left, then you can't ask for more than two scrabble tiles, unless you have at least three cribbage jacks on the dart board. If you scored more than five on the dice role, then you may double up on the checkers board.

Oh, that's a good hand! So many fingers...

He's bluffing... I think. But, if I think he's bluffing, then that means he must have a good hand. Oh, he's sneaky.

But, as I've got a pile of shit, I must bluff myself into thinking it's the best hand ever. I'm gonna call.

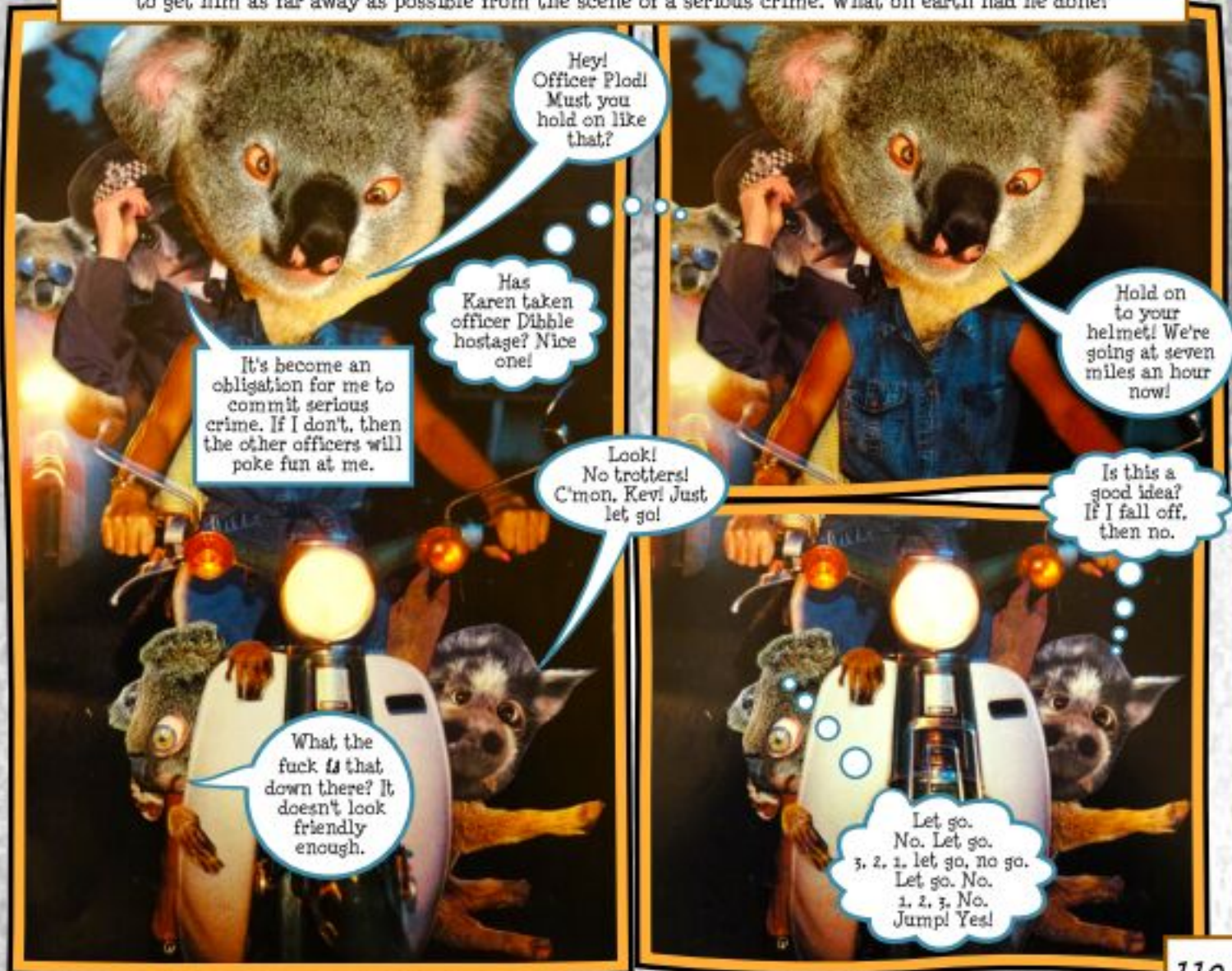


Checkmate! NO! Gini! No! I mean SNAP! I win again!

Later, they stole a coffin from God knows where, as pig had died, more or less. They broke in to a sausage factory to give the owners a big surprise in the morning.



Koala Karen vaguely remembered giving a lift to a Metropolitan police officer. It was on a 'borrowed' scooter, to get him as far away as possible from the scene of a serious crime. What on earth had he done?



Then they swanned into a seedy clinic, that was offering to buy "any type of blood and plasma". Reality was still playing tricks on them, as one of the nurses resembled at least two extinct species of monkey.



I can feel the blood literally draining out of my body. Oh, that feels so weird! Go on, take another litre!

I saw a documentary about you! They said you went extinct fucking years ago! Why are you hiding here?

Even though I'm colour blind, this plasma looks the wrong shade of grey.

One of the lesser known effects of psilocybin, is being able to witness potentially traumatic events, with relative impartiality. This has also been seen with patients during MDMA therapy. But polar bears always tend to freak out.



Would I want to be the patient who gets this blood?

Here, have a bump of coke! With less blood in your system, the effects are more powerful.

I can distinguish at least 4 separate heartbeats now. And maybe a weaker fifth one in my chest.

Hey! I wanna buy some adrenochrome! I want to live forever!

What's the password?

Password?
Er, Vampire rejuvenation! Tom Cruise! Hunter S. Thompson! Lady Gaga! Celine Dion! Er, A clockwork drencrom! Random word salad! Oscar Zeta Acosta! Sacrifice Nixon!

(Whispering) Try "Epstein didn't kill himself".

Later, or was it previously?

Mr. Big? You mean Mrs. Pussy pants R and D! LOL!

That routine when he threatens to turn you into a stew! It's pathetic! His daughter scares me more!

Yeah, who would fall for that? There's nothing behind those eyes. Just like Tom Cruise.

But, I kinda feel sorry for him. He's even scared of tigers! A worried little bear. He's totally dependant on us. We own him.



Above is how Koala Karl perceived a typical scene, with his eyes open. Below, is how it looked with his eyes closed. It seemed much less cluttered, more minimalistic.

Did you know that 92% of the cocaine market is legal? We supply the good quality stuff to hospitals, as anaesthetics. \$3.5 billion a year.*

Well, I fell for Mr. Big's bluff! I'm here as an investigative journalist!

Well, I fell for Mr. Big's bluff! I'm here as an investigative journalist!

Yeah, bear! How dare you?



Our problem is with opiates/opioids. Again, most of our market is legal. For big pharma. But they're highly addictive. We know all too well! That's why we sleep for twenty hours a day! LOL!

Thirty grams! We'll never make it! Hang on, weren't we here two days ago? Déjà vu?



The opioid crisis is so huge now, that it's simply no longer sustainable, in the USA, at least. But as it's a multi-billion dollar a year market, it will probably travel to Europe next.

However, as psilocybin and other substances, such as LSD, ketamine, MDMA and Ibogaine, can really treat all these huge medical problems, then, in theory, we could enter into an agreement with Mr. "R and D" Pussy-pants Panda. Sadly, we can't make enough profit on natural substances, 'cos mother nature provides them for free! Not enough "R and D" involved, where we normally bump up our profits artificially. We can't patent nature's wonders either.

So, we'll have to create our own synthetic or genetically modified version!

A whole new market. \$15,000 for one therapy session, per patient.

We'll call the company "Sextant Roadworks Psilo 720" and we'll patent the crap out of a stay in our private clinics.



Look, the illegal market must stay contaminated and unregulated, so that governments can keep control through laws, policing, the fear factor etc. etc. Still pushing the lie that 'drugs are bad', whilst we keep the biggest piece of the pie for ourselves.

Now is the time to introduce these natural substances as medicinal alternatives, because it's blindingly obvious there's a major crisis (that was secretly created on purpose). So, this way, we'll continue to see the politicians as having the public's "best interests" at heart. Even recreational consumption is on the cards, but it won't come cheap.

We've even got a name for it. "The magic roundabout"! Geddit?

Are you talking to me?

* <https://www.millioninsights.com/snapshots/legal-cocaine-market-report>



Well, you certainly got your strategy in place fast! Even before we presented Mr. Big's case to you.

Oh, cheer up! Don't take it personally. Bear, you'll get promoted. Tiger will get his exclusive. Rabbit gets compensation. And pig...gets a Japanese toilet.

(Tiger) Yippee!

So, obviously, you knew we were coming. And your ongoing friction with Mr. Big? Fiction!



I thought Mr. Big and I were going to be Jazz buddies. He let me down. But, he managed to infiltrate the Panda judge's circuit. He's nothing more than a useful asset to us Koalas.

Coming down can be a real hummer, sometimes.

But, in another way, it's a victory, 'cos we got cured, pretty much. And we made some good party animal friends.

Just watch what will happen if some fucker tries to challenge our soon to be patented psilocybin in court!

The next day, when they had all definitively come back down to earth, the Koalas asked the famous four to stay a while and to help them on their coca farm, planting the next crop. It was a GM strain that grew wherever they wanted it to grow.



You little rascals! We can't help but like you all.

So, tiger, we Koalas will dictate the article that you'll write. It must make us look like heroes, working on Joe public's side. I was told that you work for "The Daily Dump?"

I can't hear you! Are you talking about my haircut?

Hey! You two are chewing them!

Tiger's scared of trying it! Scardy pussy cat!

...Plant one, chew one...plant one, chew two...

Oh, I'm getting good at this! Faster, bear! Drive faster!

Oh, an immediate state of euphoria!



No, rabbit, stop asking.

There, see?! It's just that I haven't got the right teeth for chewing veggies.

You will come and visit us regularly, won't you? We had such a nice ninety-seven hour long trip.

Can I drive the tractor for a bit, now?

Actually, we're moving in with you, until tiger writes the truth about what's happening. Or, we'll blackmail you.



Fuck.

You see, we filmed and taped EVERYTHING. Those monkey nurses also gave us some cutting edge microphones and miniature surveillance cameras.

EPILOGUE

Mr. Big was fired for squandering trillions of dollars of company funds and for researching natural substances as medications. He was evicted from his palatial laboratory complex and, after spending time on holiday, he got a job working as a nurses union leader.

I didn't really give those eight billion Somalian shillings to a stranger. You're so naive.

It was eight billion Zimbabwean dollars. Wait, what did you say?

He didn't keep it. He used it as fuel to heat his winter cabin.

Oh, look! Some fucker has challenged our "psilo 720" patent! Panda judge! Please help!

For those of you out there who think I'm making this up...
<https://www.vice.com/en/article/93agx3/judges-deny-challenge-to-psilocybin-patent>

I must examine these documents thoroughly, before rendering my impartial decision. Give me seven minutes.

I see you're no longer the youngest lord chief justice, Lord Thimble-Hat-Wig!

Yes, he can talk! Lord Glabble-Plickplock-Greeee!

Glabble! Plick plock! Greeee!

He's so young, that he hasn't learned to talk yet.

Everything seems to be in order. The patient lies down on a patented bed, in a comfortable patented room, designed specifically for the patented session. They receive a dose of patented synthetic psilocybin called "Psilo 720" in a patented capsule. During the experience, patients listen to a specially designed patented music playlist and wear a patented eye mask, to help them focus internally. The psilocybin experience typically lasts 6-8 patent pending hours. A patented therapist and a patent pending assisting therapist are present throughout the session.

\$15,000 per session for a mushroom people can find in a field. Victory! Only private patients will be able to profit from this treatment.

BTW, how's your distant cousin, Mr. Big? He seemed to be a bit angry, last time I saw him.

The ongoing nurses strike had reached epic proportions. To the extent that the ruling elite had no choice but to actually meet their union leader in negotiations. Something the Koalas were not happy doing.



In this new deal, the public will applaud you *twice* a day, at a volume of at least 24 dB, for a minimum of 30 seconds.

What about our 15% pay rise?

Steady on nurse! You're privileged just to be in the same room as your political overlords.



OK, how about a 0.5% pay rise! Take it, or leave the room.

There is no money available. So, we've decided to buy some submarines instead. For only £11 billion.

OK, the nurses will accept this generous offer.

Please sign the documents in the tartan clan suitcase. The combination is on the table somewhere.

(Whispering) Trust me! Nurse, just accept the offer and RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! I'll be right behind you.

WHAT THE FUCK?



I can't believe they accepted our offer! What a set of pussies! They *deserve* to be treated like vermin!

OK, let's find the combination to unlock this splendid looking suitcase. Bye, Mr. Big! Bye, nurse!


Here it is! 5-4-3-2-1 Just like a countdown!



The cyclothemic, high function autistic artist, who created all these scenes and writing, was often in a good mood. But on occasion, he was in a dark place, thinking that after spending over eight months on this project, it would get completely ignored. His apologies for the scene below, here shown in high resolution slow motion, in which bits of exploding Koala marsupial are strewn all over the place. Some viewers might find some parts distressing.



It is a poignant reminder of the consequences when those who are economically disadvantaged are pushed to the brink by the ruling elite. These elites who claim to uphold ideals of justice and democracy, but who are, in fact, nothing but a bunch of greedy and corrupt liars. History has shown that, in some cases, the oppressed have been left with no choice but to resort to extreme measures. Nelson Mandela, Gerry Adams and the founding fathers of the USA are examples of individuals who were once considered terrorists, but later revered, by some, as heroes! Vive la revolution!



Tiger managed to write a scathing attack, published in "The Daily Dump", on how the ruling elite had managed to get away with this, until the day they were blackmailed, then blown sky high into oblivion, by Mr. Big's bomb. The bear, tiger, rabbit and pig moved into the Koalas place and soon became opium addicts. Every six months they did an ibogaine/psilocybin/DMT therapy and then went straight back to getting stoned again. The magic roundabout. Mr. Big created a dispensary for sick animals, where all natural medication was available for free. The nurses were given a 1000% pay rise by a new government, run entirely by a benign AI computer.



WTF am I doing up here? I can't remember. Giggle giggle...

You we're getting more opium and some mad honey.

THE END