
Comparisons were made between mice that have consumed marijuana. Mice that have not consumed looked much more interesting where as the mice that had consumed looked much more bland on an x-ray of the mouse brain chart. Convulsions looked more sideways in the mice that had consumed due to the THC level. A mouse used to come out of my closet in my house and it seemed to be afraid and startled when I used to shine a flashlight toward it, it would run back to the dark. Mouse emotion are very funny and famous such as Disney's Mickey Mouse.

Up in this clubhouse-like classroom we were discussing safe and unsafe situations. I mentioned that if I was nice to everybody all of the time it would be a safe thing. But the correct answer was unsafe, others said because it may be dishonest. The other theme we touched upon was about boundaries. I found this fairly difficult because it was material questions about our families and what made us uneasy. I don't know but I thought that what they wanted was a bit of personal information ;but I clarified with my social

worker and she said it was for our own good. What I said was how I used to party and have fun drinking alcohol will have to cease because I'll be in a sober less-restrictive house. And another thing I mentioned was how to avoid being bullied.

Meetings that I have been going to , all account for me maintaining a level. Being on level seven I could go on staff escorted outings. Recently I've been to Jack In the Box; there I indulged in a "cluck", chicken sandwich, some fries, and a Sprite. We were with a cool driver and she gave us a tour of downtown Novato. There is so much to choose from in food places that I thought I was at the mall. Over on the left I saw a Coperfield's books where I used to shop before. A book that was purchased there was about a bipolar girls' journey through college and dating. The book is called Heartberries. Downtown Novato is in a valley and there is a scarce radio reception. Half of the people in this town own some kind of dog so I must beware of poop on the sidewalk.

In my sobriety group the teacher showed a documentary on a rehabilitation house in West

Virginia. All the guys were hooked on opioids and were offered the chance to work on a farm taking care of sheeps and pigs. One of the house members lost his dad at age three. I felt a lot of empathy and I figured out why he used. Another guy wore tiedyes and was picked up right off the streets. Some of the residents make it in society and some don't which is the sad part.

We finally got some rain in northern California after a long drought. Wanting to feel the rain from the heavans I stuck my arm out of a door and it got all wet. Hopefully the snow can melt into cold pure river water. Before marijuana was legal a shortage of "bud" meant a drought.

Symptom tracking is a form of coping with a traumatic experience. I would write in a calender about if the voice or vision I was experiencing was trauma based or schizophrenia based or being more of a subtle type of fib. Practicing this exercise then reporting it to staff members should help in keeping it off my chest. Keeping something "bottled up" inside is a mistake and anti-transparent or denying complete honesty about being mentally ill. Once

I was docked a level for having jumbled speech in explaining the fact that I was hearing voices that seemed alien in nature and I couldn't distinguish if they were illegal alien voices or from aliens from outer space. Maybe I should not criticize but I was thought of as delusional and confused. Scoffing at the whole thing all I know is that when I was assailed on the south side of San Francisco a lot of demons came out to haunt my local. It's not so much that I'm insane but it was a dramatic experience. How many years I've dealt with it is amazing and I've managed to write these paragraphs and abstract poetry to be extra creative, and cope.

I'm at a facility where we are allowed to wear our own clothing. Army camoflage shorts are real popular. Some guys have rock n' roll shirts with the names of the songs on the back. It's becoming like a ritzy fashion affair. From hand me downs in the beginning I've aquirred my taste of fits.

A magic flute is my pen writing as the air in flight. Picturing Krisna about pleasure preaching and blowing a flute above the cows. Around the corner from my house was a hindu food res-

taurant where I would eat lentil soup and brown rice as a child I would get a free scoop of ice cream after a meal.

We talked in group format about this senseless war in Ukraine and Russia. What's more worrismatic is the fact that 6,000 troops deployed to Ukraine to help evacuation efforts. Maybe if more people prayed and vented about this fearfull war, there would be a peacefull solution. It is a fearfull scary, disturbing situation happening in eastern Europe. We should be more gracious that we live in the U.S.A. and that it's much more secure, and far from danger and harm. Hopefully the Russian dictator gets tired of his gains and gets concerned about the bloodshed. Demonstrations are all over the U.S.A. and Spain, chanting for peace.

Yesterday some birthday games were being held. One was who could fill a cup full of M&Ms the fastest with a spoon. Then there was a game who could take the biggest bite of a donut on a string. Partaking in this event I took a pretty big bite of a cinnamon donut coming in 4th place. The prize was a baby blue soap dish for my hygiene.

The TV room was bustling with people watching college basketball. The Fighting Illini defeated Michigan in an upset victory in Anharbor Michigan. I was rooting for Illinois being I had a cap with florescent orange lettering on it. I traded my friend for the hat. I used to have a SYRACUSE hat but I traded it. All these prestigious colleges I would like to visit one day or make special guest lectures as a teacher. Remembering my days playing hoops, I made a play as a center where I made the ball go "pack" and blocked the other teams' lay up. Our team uniform was green and white, kind of like the Boston Celtics or the Milwaukee Bucks. It was a form of using aim, and getting some exercise back in elementary school.