Most people take drugs due to some natural rebellion. Whether or not you are part of any particular subset culture we all like to be exclusive own something that is personal to ourselves and consciously or unconsciously drug use acts as a mean of defiance, to provoke society into a reaction. Is like telling the world to go fuck itself.

The upside to drugs is a state of euphoria, the down side is the numbness. But what if that numbness took you some place else. Some place you couldn’t even remember.

According to neurological studies particularly violent or heinous crimes are the result of biological predispositions interacting with psychological and social factors.

these are extreme cases of low-frequency but lately there's been a disturbing escalation in such crimes and this is due to a new designer drugs on the block.

I been chasing the origin of this drug for months now and the trail of dead bodies tells me that this guy isn’t in it for the money. He falls into the category of serial killer more so than drug dealer. He seams to get a sick satisfaction from watching his disease infects society.

Dependence is almost certain after a single trial. There are no living examples of former addicts.

When Crack first hit the streets of Harlem there were six million addicts within two months. Six million people willing to steal, sell their bodies or kill for a fix.

this drug could be a new epidemic, the body count would be staggering. I still have no idea whats in this shit.

And just like Crack or any other infectious drug, demand increases and outgrows any one single distributor and falls into the hands of punk kids looking to make a quick buck, which makes it fucking difficult to finds its origins. Not that im giving up just yet.

The biggest problem with this drug is that its affecting all social classes. It started with young people looking for something new. But its made it way into all different social groups. Young, old, rich, poor. But it seems to be human nature this need to destroy ourselves, so who am I to judge.

I knew that if I waited long enough and followed the right breadcrumbs, someone would lead me right to him.

I decided not to give this guy a fair trial. But the problem was that I had fallen pray of the thing that I was trying to destroy, and I knew better than anyone that there was only one way out.