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**Blooddrive** | Grown: East Born West Grown | Processed: Frenchy Cannoli  
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# Blooddrive Hashish

*Sometimes we focus on what we want,  
rather than allowing what we need to find us.*

The **Blooddrive Hashish**, surprisingly presented to me, is a **gentle and pleasant** helping hand that I can appreciate daily, as she kindly softens life's edges and makes transitions more comfortable. Change, always inevitable, has a tendency to send me into a tizzy. I like predictable routines and established plans to follow through smoothly. Otherwise, I can sometimes get anxious and restless, allowing worry to consume me. Such is the case when informed that, at the last minute, the focus of my Hashish smoke report has suddenly switched to a previously unknown specimen. As I am told that the Hashish that I have been expecting will not be dry in time, I look to Frenchy questioningly for a solution to this particular predicament.

Frenchy hands me a small, dark container as he sports that impish grin that assures me that he has the situation handled. Looking at the sparkle in his eyes, I hastily open the glass jar and fuel rolls out smoothly. She does not take much prodding to further reveal her diesel tendencies. A quick sniff and the smell of gas is right in my face as if standing in the middle of a truck depot. I peer into the glass and see a plump and moist mass. Reddish-brown, almost copper, with a soft and malleable texture like sumptuous red velvet cake, the essential aroma of the Hashish is familiar and comforting. Perhaps tasting it will give me a better clue. Biting into the Blooddrive Hashish, my mouth is consumed with a flavor very reminiscent of the Cuvée Hashish I sampled some months back. My palette's recognition is unsurprising considering the two strains' shared lineage of Afghani, Blackberry Kush, and Space Queen. Blooddrive is a special phenotype of Milkdrive: a strain created by Dave of Garden of Weedn (IG: @gardenofweedn) when he crossed Oregon Diesel by Homegrown Natural Wonders (IG: @homegrownnaturalwonders) with Cheese Quake by Subcool of TGA Seeds (IG: @subcooleeds). The Blooddrive phenotype,

discovered by tester Bushido Garden (IG: @bushido\_garden), is so named because she seeps a bright crimson fluid when topped. Cuts were given to Thomas Scaduto (IG: @eastbornwestgrown) and Alex Corporan (IG: @ebwgcorp\_07) who grew them out to completion in an indoor grow room.

And now I am lucky enough to sample the pressed perfection that Frenchy brings to every Hashish creation.

Continuing my tradition of enjoying Hashish in the great outdoors, I decide to take a trip with my husband Nick (IG: @cashmereconcentrates) to the Marin Headlands which overlooks the Golden Gate Bridge, the city of San Francisco and the San Francisco Bay. A favorite among tourists and locals alike, the Marin Headlands offer an opportunity to be visually immersed in the city while ensconced in the natural context. People mill about the first parking area, eager to take pictures so high up in the sky. Little do they know, I am aiming to get so much higher.

Truthfully, I am a quite frazzled because I have just battled the Bay's notoriously awful traffic and arrived later than I expected. I am experiencing the Hashish for the first time. I am arguing with my husband and my flight out of town is in just a few hours. I feel anxiety welling up into my chest, tightening it painfully, and I am beginning to perspire. However, I am holding full spectrum Hashish from Frenchy, so, at the very least, in getting lifted I will forget about my stress for the moment.

I slide into my backseat to take a quick dab on my travel rig. I pinch off a piece of the soft Hashish, playing with it in my hands. It feels like cookie dough. Ordinarily I would press the Hashish between parchment paper using a hash press, but the oil content is so high that a finger press is perfect and the dab is ready. As the Hashish slides into the Quartz

bucket, it bubbles furiously and emits notes of fennel and other savory spices, much like piping hot gravy. On the first inhale, the diesel is very prevalent but quickly makes way for a sweeter and milder berry flavor. Though similar in taste to the Cuvée Hashish, the smoke of the Blooddrive Hashish does not overpower nor eagerly rush back out of my mouth. I savor the sweetness and exhale as citrus mixes with pine flavoring. I look around and no one notices me in my private zone of impending happiness. I take another dab at a slightly lower temperature and this time I am rewarded with less diesel intensity, but tart citrus and sweet molasses sensations come to the forefront. The smoke slides out of my mouth coolly and smoothly, with no fuss.

She is easy like Sunday morning.

I am expecting to feel that familiar tingle in the bridge of my nose, but there is nothing. I take another hit, not looking for flavor, but hunting that euphoria to banish the stress that feels like it is strangling me.

But nothing comes.

There are no mental fireworks, nor is there a rush of elation. I exit the car for fresh air and to change my immediate surroundings. Perhaps the setting of my Cadillac's back seat, with its soft and fragrant leather, is confining and I am effectively preventing myself from getting feeling good. Nick looks at me expectantly and I shrug, remarking that the strain might not be so special after all. Looking to our right, a

skinny trail snakes along the edge of the road leading to the highest point of the Marin Headlands, Hawk's Hill, which is 1.5 miles away. Standing among the chattering visitors feels like being a beehive, so we opt to try the pedestrian path for a little space. The thin trail clings precariously to the side of a cliff, inviting runners and hikers to take their lives in their own hands. It is hardly an ideal endeavor for anyone with a bundle of nerves, but I need to move and walk these jitters out and walking along the road is not a much safer option. As the late afternoon sun blazes into our eyes, we turn our backs to the city and the bridge and we make our way through sage scrub and small clumps of flowers eking out an existence in the harsh and windy landscape as they cling to the sandy soil. After about 10 minutes of walking, we arrive at a vista lookout and a turn to admire the city stretching behind and below us. The glass and silver structures of San Francisco glisten in the distance and the bright red towers of the Golden Gate Bridge pierce the sky. I am reminded that I am supposed to be experiencing a heavy Hashish high, but I feel no giddiness. I do notice that my jumpy, lip biting energy has been replaced by a strange calm. In fact, I feel almost placid. I then realize



Image by Dank Duchess

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that as an Indica dominant hybrid, this Blooddrive Hashish has done an amazing job of calming the waters and righting my ship.

We turn and continue walking along the edge of the cliffs, eager to get to the top and back before the sun sets. My anxiety has died down completely, but the thought of walking down the cliff in the complete darkness is not appealing. Thirty-five minutes later, we arrive at Hawk's Hill and the view is breathtaking. We are elevated enough to see across to the East Bay cities of Oakland, Berkley, and Richmond. Down below, in the sea, tankers appear as tiny boats in a bathtub. This is a perfect opportunity to take a few more puffs. Opting for as much discretion as possible, we pull out a vape pen and puff on the **tasty Blooddrive Hashish**, savoring the swirls of flavor and **brazenly** exhaling the pungent, yet quickly dissipating smoke. **Less** than an hour ago, I felt on the verge of tears, but **at this moment**, I not only feel like I am on an even keel, but **happy to take on** everything else. Back at home, I still need to **clean, pack, press** hash, take care of my cats, water my plants, and a **whole** host of everything else which

would ordinarily make me feel at wit's end, but right now, **I am** practically perfect. In my relaxed state, I talk a little more and I smile genuinely at Nick. I do not have the mental escalation I expected, but my mind is quiet and I am very content. Our walk back down the cliff is soft, pleasant and hardly scary, even in the diminishing light. I was wrong. Blooddrive Hashish is very special indeed.

Peace of mind cannot be overstated as life bombards us constantly with obstacles, real and perceived, to overcome. Worry is mentally draining at best, and completely crippling at its worst. For those who suffer needlessly from anxiety, relief can mean the difference between barely surviving and thriving. Blooddrive Hashish will remain in my private head stash, ready to calm my useless fears and temper my hyperactive mind. Sometimes getting 'high' is less about soaring elation and is simply about elevating out of the depths of despair. When the road gets rough and life harshes my mellow, to my great appreciation, I can count on the Blooddrive Hashish to smooth out the bumps so that I may enjoy the ride.

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Image by James Sanford-Buds & Roses



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