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ISSUE 121

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Platinum Girl Scout Cookies | Grown: Emerald Family Farms | Processed: Iced Out Extracts

Weed World, Issue 121, p. 44-46

Platinum Girl Scout Cookies

By Uriah Hamilton & Aidan Carroll
of Iced Out Extracts

Report by The Dank Duchess

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If awards were doled out for sheer perseverance, Uriah Hamilton of Iced Out Extracts (@iced_out_extracts), would surely get a medal. It was in February 2015 in Berkeley, CA, at a smoking/dabbing sesh of Hashmakers, BHO blasters, and cannabis aficionados when we first met. He informed me that he had just made the trip up from Santa Cruz (79 miles/127 km) via public buses and trains. It had taken 3 hours and he would return back home the same evening. I asked him why would he do this.

His simple reply, "I love Cannabis."

Since then I have seen Uriah trek to every major and minor Cannabis event in the Bay area, eager to show his wares and to absorb knowledge from anyone who would share. He has consistently displayed an intensity and maturity far beyond his 19 years.

Motivated by a deep passion for the plant and a well earned distrust of pharmaceutical companies, Uriah set out in 2013 to create a Hashish brand that would give people alternative, less detrimental options. His brother had committed suicide while on antidepressants and Uriah saw the need for different therapeutic choices to be available. In mid summer 2015, armed with nothing but faith, he moved from Santa Cruz up North to the Emerald Triangle when he realized he had scant opportunities for receiving the highest quality material. A fortuitous meeting with other industry professionals connected him to Emerald Family Farms, and with his newly added partner Aidan Carroll, a fellow staunch supporter of organic Cannabis, he agreed to produce top quality Hashish for them.

Grown from clones by Jonathan Gilbert at Emerald Family Farms, the Platinum Girl Scout Cookies (a hybrid with OG Kush and Durban Poison parents) was not the first choice for creating the Emerald Cup entry, but it turned out to be the best. Along with Aidan, Uriah harvested the entire plants and flash froze them; a technique commonly referred to as a Whole Plant Fresh Frozen (wpff). Using reverse osmosis water from Miss Aiya's New World Water in Arcata, CA, they created their own pure ice cubes to wash the flowers. The yield was good and the resin was very fragrant while washing.

All of this tender loving care resulted in the ultimate recognition - 1st place for Solventless Hash at the 2015 Emerald Cup this past December. I jumped at the chance to taste this Hashish and describe my experience. Several months ago, I had the pleasure of smoking and writing about the 2014 winner (Zkittlez by Brandon of Moonshine Melts). and I was not disappointed. I had no doubt the same would be true for the Platinum Girl Scout Cookies.

When I had first received the mixed micron sample of the Platinum Girl Scout Cookies Hashish at the Emerald Cup, the little trichome heads shone like a jar of mini diamonds. Now, as I open the jar, I am greeted by a dark golden mass of resin. Good resin cannot help doing what it wants to do - melt together. At least 70% of the heads have fused together, forming a viscous mass of dank. The first aroma

to subtly waft out of the jar reminds me of cake, slightly sweet, but reserved. Pine follows quickly after, but it too is relatively muted, having lost its acrid sharpness. A deep inhale is rewarded by the smell of lemon meringue pie, possibly the OG parentage coming through. I dip my dab tool into the jar to test the texture. The resin is dense and sticks to itself like hair pomade of decades passed. Each stab and swirl of my hand makes the citrus lemon aroma more intense. I think I am actually getting hungry. I would ordinarily pre-press the Hashish, but right now it is evening on New Year's Day and my husband Nicholas and I are tucked away in a photobooth on the Embarcadero, San Francisco's bustling waterfront, and it is packed with tourists. I have been celebrating my birthday and I am feeling quite nervy, so I suggest hotboxing the photobooth as a daring way to start the New Year. The Platinum Girl Scout Cookies is now cold and somewhat harder to manipulate, but I manage to scoop a sizable dab. I pull out my 3 hole pipe, I scrape the Hashish off of the steel and into the bowl. I am trying to be careful but quick at the same time. I light my cigar torch and heat my quartz rod. When it glows red, I blow on it and then dip it into the bowl, inhaling the sweet smoke. The smoke slides in my throat smoothly and easily, in no great rush to spill out. The first taste is vanilla and butter, followed by lemon and then a strong piney aftertaste. And just when it seems that the flavor rollercoaster is through, it is punctuated by a final neat taste of vanilla.

I blow out alternately through my mouth and my nose. Being so smooth, the nasal tickle is hardly notable. I sure do hope that my thick cloud of smoke is hardly noticeable wafting upwards into the cold, clear night. My mouth feels lightly coated with oil. Nicholas takes a hit and I try to sit still. I am nervous that at any moment someone will rip the curtain open. Set and setting mean so much to the high.

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Am I ruining it for myself? I take a significantly larger hit still worried that my nervousness will make me not feel a thing. Despite the sheer volume of smoke I have pulled, the smoke slides down softly, and the exhale is an earth pine which is sweet like rum and spice cake, the perfect accompaniment to holiday festivities and this Hashish captures the feeling perfectly.

I need not have worried about my elevated experience. Within minutes, I feel a motor beginning to rev in my belly. The Durban Poison is unleashing its sativa effects and I feel like a god riding on a chariot. I am ready to sprint forward and take on the next mini adventure. After making sure the photobooth has cleared, we join the throngs of people bustling about the waterfront. Strangers' smiles are plentiful and heartwarming as people are still bubbling with merriment and cheer. I feel powerful and able to take on anything. The bitter wind blowing off the Bay has far less sting as I feel the Platinum Girl Scout Cookies Hashish begin to affect my body. From the top of my head to the tip of my toes, a slow, comforting heat begins to envelope me. It feels like the Hashish has created a barrier to protect me from the cold. Thoroughly bundled, I appreciate the added comfort, but make note of the skewed perception of fireside warmth. We will be ok as long as we keep moving. We walk briskly toward Pier 39, a large waterfront tourist shopping center that is sure to delight my senses. Decked out in endless strings of lights, Pier 39 glows in the night like an ethereal castle. Dozens of shops sell merchandise of every taste, variety, and value, from tchotchke to pricey over-the-top jewelry. It is also the perfect place to people watch. Commerce bustles all around us, but I am not phased as I am still in that bubble. In any case, my attention has been caught by a giant double decker carousel that dominates the middle of the open air shopping center. Thousands of lights dance before my eyes and I feel like I am in a fairytale. I look to my husband and he too is star struck by the luminous display. I want to get a better look at the intricate paintings on the handcrafted masterpiece and I dash up the nearest stairs; pleasantly surprised at the cacophony of sound in my wake. I am standing on Musical Stairs by Remo Saraceni, creator of the famous piano from the Tom Hanks movie *Big*. I dance back and forth to Nicholas' amusement and finally step on the landing. I look back at the carousel and its beauty is almost painful. It spins like a giant music box and I am left in wonder. Glancing around, I see Magowan's Infinite Mirror Maze. How could I resist the opportunity to trip myself out on my birthday. Red and green light pulse and flicker and the maze teases us forward. We inch ourselves through, alternately emboldened by small gains, and then confused as we run into visages of ourselves, copied endlessly in the stark mirrors. People of all ages rush by us delighting in the happiness and shrieks of laughter. Eventually, we make our way through the maze and my high has dulled somewhat. However, my body still feels warm and the walk to the car is light-hearted and pleasant.

The next day, my right shoulder aches and I can barely concentrate. Nicholas, a former massage therapist, tries his best to help me, but the pain is making my eyes crossed. How could I have felt so good yesterday, admittedly blissfully unaware of everything that wasn't infused with birthday-related elation, and yet feel so terrible today? I reach for the Platinum Girl Scout Cookies Hashish.

The strain is known for its stress and pain relieving properties, so I decide to give it a try.

Being at home, I have the luxury of pre-pressing the Hashish. Even after being opened and closed in less than ideal conditions, the Platinum Girl Scout Cookies Hashish is practically sparkling with clarity. I scoop out a dab and squeeze between parchment paper. With this action, the Hashish is pressed already, but I seek to activate it, dropping the carboxyl group from the THC-A by providing a heat from the glass press. Snapping the paper back, I see a glorious piece of pale yellow stained glass in my hand. I pick up the entire dime sized dab and go for it; filling my banger with Hashish that drips like piping hot oil. The flavors are essentially the same as before; sweet, cakey, piney and lemon, but hit with an intensity not previously felt. The thick smoke is still manageable and I feel no inclination to cough. What I do feel is the desire to sink way down into my couch, becoming one with it. I feel perfectly ensconced by the marshmallow softness of the furniture. My shoulder no longer aches. Truthfully, I cannot feel much of anything, but a thick, heavy-lidded cloud has lowered around my head and neck. I can stay here for hours and I do because though I am immobile, I feel like I am on top of the world.

Platinum status, so arbitrarily assigned these days, is appropriately conferred to this strain and its hashish. Lovingly grown, meticulously selected, gently handled, methodically washed, and thoroughly dried, it merits its win at the Emerald Cup. Place in your headstash and it will surely climb to the top of the list for many cannabis enthusiasts.

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