

BURIED ALIVE

(BUT WILLING)

Basic info to grow the MFG way



A PREMISE

This isn't your grandma's guide to petunias.

This is for the outlaws and the freaks who still believe in doing it themselves, for those who hear the whisper of roots writhing in the dark, reaching for the good rot. You've got a pack of regular, photoperiodic seeds in your hand unpredictable little bombs packed with DNA and defiance. And you're gonna turn 'em into fat buds that reek of revolution.

Middle Finger Genetics doesn't coddle. We let nature wear brass knuckles and spit in the face of convenience. These are regular seeds – male and female. You want clones? Breed 'em. You want to select the chosen one? Grow six, chop four, fall in love with one, and curse the rest.

What follows isn't a manual. It's a manifesto.



*The world's gone to shit.
Plants shouldn't.*

1. VIALS OF FUTURE VIOLENCE

SEED STORAGE FOR THE PARANOID AND THE DEVOUT.

Seed storage for the paranoid and the devout.

Inside every seed is a blueprint for chaos – a soft shell packed with memory, defiance, and potential. It doesn't ask for much, but it remembers everything.

If you're not popping them right away, store them like you mean it.

Cool, dark, dry.

That's the trinity. A fridge works. A cupboard works too – just keep it steady. No heat swings. No sunlight.

Glass vials are good. Airtight bags with rice or silica work fine. You don't need lab gear. Just care.

You're not storing seeds.

You're keeping something alive that hasn't happened yet.

And when it does – it'll remember how you treated it.



*Keep your beans sealed, forgotten, and undisturbed.
Like secrets you plan to unleash later.*

2. FIRE IN WET PAPER

*Light cycles and photoperiodic obedience.
Be god. Or else.*

It starts with water. Not much. Just enough to wake the memory buried inside the shell.

You take the seed, dry, calm, ancient, and press it between damp paper like a whispered dare. Darkness. Warmth. Stillness. That's all it takes. And if you listen close, you can almost hear it crack.

Some people treat germination like a science project. Others like a gamble. At Middle Finger, it's a ritual. Simple, sharp, and done with care.

Here's how we do it:

- *Good-quality toilet paper or paper towel.*
- *Spray bottle. Clean water.*
- *Fold. Wet. Seal in a DVD case or zip bag.*
- *Wrap it up and keep it warm – not hot.*
- *Check in 24–36 hours.*
- *No tweezers. Just soft fingers and steady hands.*

You're not growing yet.

You're just starting the conversation.

And that little tail? That's the first word the plant says back.



*If it doesn't crack,
maybe it sensed your fear.*

3. THE DIRT SCREAMS BACK

Living soil, dead things, and holy compost riots.

This isn't a substrate. It's a system. A breathing, writhing mess of microbes, fungi, rot, and intent.

You can't see the war happening down there – but the roots can. And if you build the soil right, your plants won't just grow. They'll take over.

Forget sterile. Forget hydro logic. This is the organic underground – where worms churn memory and compost sings.

At Middle Finger Genetics, we keep it simple:

- *Start with light soil for germination and early veg, airy, humble, no ego.*
- *Then move into something stronger. Rich. Alive.*
- *Build your own mix or find a good organic base and amend it like you mean it.*
- *Add worm castings. Maybe compost. Maybe biochar. Don't overthink it.*

The goal? Let the microbes do the talking so the plant can do the yelling.

Soil is not neutral. It's alive. And if it's built right, it'll carry the weight of the whole grow like it was born for it.



*Build your medium like you build your vices:
complex, layered, and a little rotten.*

4. PLASTIC COFFINS & ROOT PRISONS

Your pot is a tomb. Choose how deep.

The plant doesn't know about the walls – until it hits them. Roots crawl. They search. And then one day, they stop. That's when stretch turns to sulk, and potential becomes apology.

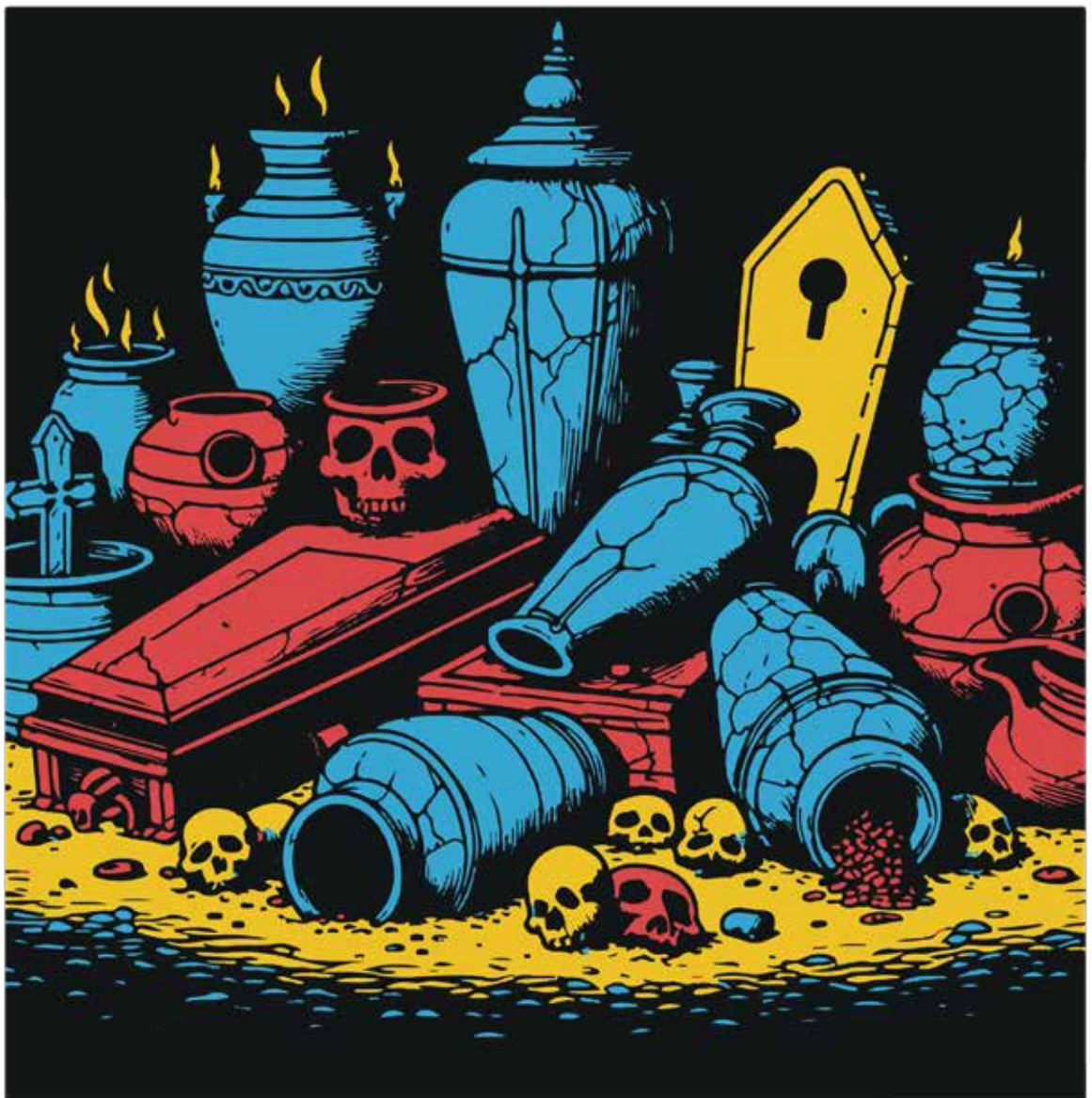
What you grow in matters. Not because of brand names or influencer hype, but because containers are boundaries, and boundaries shape everything.

At MFG, we like to keep it simple:

- *Start small if you're sexing or sorting – solo cups or 1.5L pots.*
- *Go bigger once they prove themselves.*
- *12-18L is the sweet spot for most.*
- *Fabric dries fast. Plastic holds longer.*
- *Square pots waste less space. Round ones breathe better.*
- *Beds? Beautiful chaos. But heavy. And final.*

The point isn't perfection. It's fit.

You don't need gold-plated pots. You need something that holds the roots long enough for them to write their own ending. And when they do, you'll be there to read it, in buds, not words.



A smart pot doesn't make you one.

5. THE SUN IS A LIE

*Light cycles and photoperiod obedience.
Be god, or be nothing.*

The plant doesn't know the calendar. It only knows the light. On means grow. Off means wait. You hold the switch. You decide when things change. That's power – and a promise.

Photoperiods don't rush. They stretch. They pause. They plot. You give them 18 hours on, and they build a cathedral of leaf and root. You drop to 12, and they bloom like it's the end of the world – because it is.

At Middle Finger Genetics, we say:

- 18/6 for veg.
- 12/12 for flower.
- No shortcuts. No half-assed “flip it and see.”
- If you're indoors, light leaks are the devil.
- If you're outdoors, know the season like it owes you money.

This is where discipline matters. You don't get fat buds from indecision. You get herms. You get stress. You get the sound of your own grow sobbing in silence.

Time it right. Flip the switch. And watch them transform from green machines to full-blown floral nightmares.



*Pick a light like you pick a fight:
not for the looks, for the damage.*

7. DISCIPLINE HURTS. TRAINING HURTS MORE.

Bend, break, tie down, and pray they forgive you.

Left alone, a plant stretches tall and selfish.
One cola, too proud. Everything else in shadow.

Training says: Not today.

At MFG, we don't let plants get lazy.
We bend them. Cut them. Teach them to spread power,
not hoard it.

- *Topping breaks dominance.*
- *LST spreads light and lowers stress.*
- *Supercropping bruises stems so they grow back stronger.*
- *Defoliation clears clutter, so the buds can breathe.*

It slows growth. It hurts yield in the short run.
But when flower hits, you'll see what pain built.

You're not torturing the plant.
You're preparing it for a bigger life.



*Tie them down. Bend them to your will.
Like a good novel or a bad memory.*

8. FEED IT OR IT FEEDS ON YOU

*Nutrients as offerings. Water as witness.
Results as judgment.*

This part isn't about schedules or spreadsheets. It's about reading the hunger before it shows its teeth.

Your plant is alive – not a machine. It doesn't want a bottle. It wants ritual. Rot. Microscopic offerings that whisper in the root zone.

At Middle Finger, we feed slow, we feed smart.

- *We don't flood. We ferment.*
- *Top dressings, compost teas, worm castings, fish hydrolysate. Not a buffet, a dialogue.*
- *You don't dump. You dose. You respond.*

Basics, not gospel:

- *Observe before you intervene.*
- *No need to feed a sprout like a tree.*
- *Yellowing isn't death. It's communication.*
- *Overfeeding is ego. Underfeeding is neglect.*
- *Find the warpath in between.*
- *Use what stinks. Use what bubbles.*
- *Use what your grandma buried behind the shed.*

Because when a plant gets what it needs truly, deeply, it doesn't grow. It charges.



Overfeeding is the lazy man's love language.

9. MALES, MAYHEM, AND MERCY KILLINGS

Sexing regulars with cold hands and a dull blade.

Regular seeds are a gamble.

You roll the dice. Some show up with pollen. Some with promise. You've got to know which is which, and when to let go.

The male isn't the enemy. He's a blueprint for the next generation. But if you're not breeding, he's also a problem with a deadline.

At Middle Finger Genetics, we don't delay:

- *Check your plants early. Watch the nodes.*
- *Males stretch faster. Show sooner. Stand taller.*
- *Females slow down and fill out.*
- *When the sacks appear, don't flinch. Just cut.*
- *Tag the ones you love and toss the rest with respect.*

You don't have to hate the males. You just can't keep them all.

Selection is sacrifice.

And if you get it right, the one that remains will carry the weight of everything you let go.



*Half of them lie to you.
The other half make you wish they hadn't.*

10. GROWING OUTSIDE THE SURVEILLANCE STATE

Sun-grown chaos: wind, pests, thieves, neighbors, and fate.

There's no timer out here. No zippers. No climate control. Just soil, sun, and everything watching you, bugs, birds, humans, satellites. You're not a grower out here. You're a fugitive gardener with trust issues and a shovel.

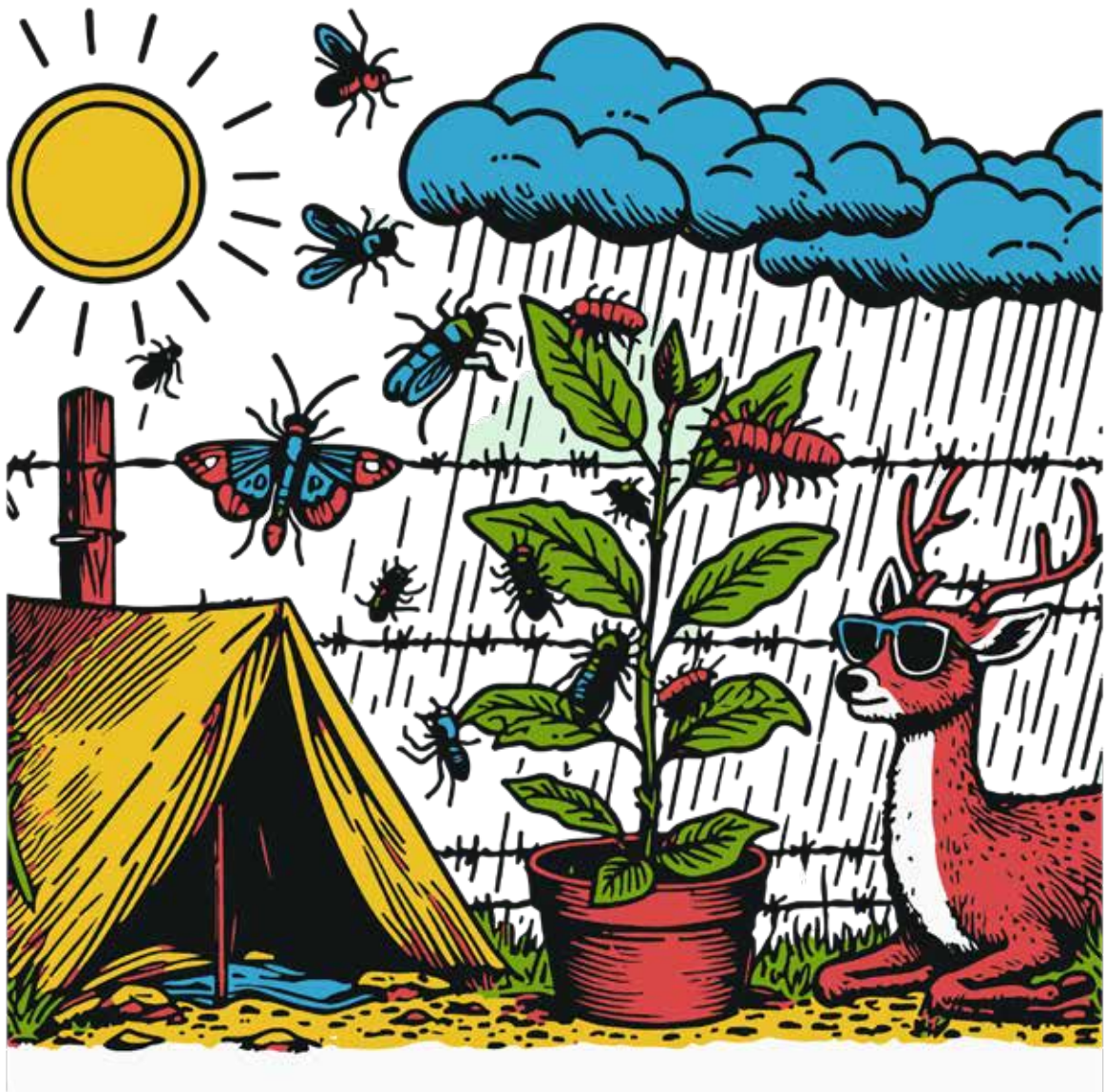
But damn if it doesn't grow bigger. Louder. Meaner. Outdoors is beautiful, and brutal. The sun's free, but it doesn't ask what strain you're running. Rain forgets your feeding schedule. Neighbors talk. Deer don't. Bugs don't care that it's organic.

At MFG, we treat outdoor like war prep:

- *Dig deep. Feed early. Mulch hard.*
- *Camouflage your layout. Blend into the landscape.*
- *Start indoors if you can. Transplant strong.*
- *Don't flip too early – the sun doesn't work like your tent.*

And most of all: **accept loss. Prepare for madness. Expect glory.**

Outdoor isn't a shortcut. It's the long way home, and if you do it right, it smells like victory when you walk by.



*Grow outside like you're being hunted.
Because you are.*

11. CONFESSIONS FROM THE GROW TENT FLOOR

Everything we ruined.

Everything that bloomed anyway.

This guide won't hold your hand.
It'll shove it in the soil and tell you to figure it out.

No certificates. No followers. No secret formula.
Just failure, fungus, and the occasional fat colas.

You made it this far? Good.
Now go mess it up yourself.
Grow loud. Curse often. Smell weird. Take notes.

There's no hotline to God.
But if you've got a question, hit us up.
We don't pretend to know everything – just more than that guy on YouTube.

And when they ask what you're doing in that shed,
just smile and say:

"Something beautiful. Something alive. Definitely not tomatoes."



*If in doubt, wait. Then wait again.
Then maybe ask.*