

**BEWARE,
I AM THE FALSE
PROPHET**

If I ever commit suicide, it's because I was murdered.

PROLOGUE

FEAR

Imagine that I have 100 boxes each filled with something scary. The first box is 1% scary, the second box is 2% scary, all the way to the 100th box, which is so terrifying it will paralyze most and give even more an actual heart attack. On a case by case basis, different people would get further than others, but even the bravest would need time to digest what they've learned, eventually slowing down the further they got. "Do I really want to know what's in the next box?"

How would someone who's made it to the 90th box accurately explain what they've learned to someone who can't make it past the 25th box? Even if they could explain it correctly with precise detail, the lower boxes would be too afraid to listen, let alone believe it to be true. Once the lower boxes have reached their limit, they would, possibly, mentally build some sort of psyche defense system to prevent them from completely losing control and self-destructing. They're too afraid to look at the full truth, so they stay in their comfort zone.

What if the 70's boxes were filled with end of the world scenarios? Alien invasion? Zombies? Skynet? World domination? What if the people kept some of the contents of the box and tried to show pure evidence to someone who couldn't make it past the 25th box? Their psyche defense system would red alert dismissing evidence and label the people who discovered the truth as schizo.

What if one person made it to the 100th box, only to find out that in that box there are 100 more boxes? How would that person make the lower boxes even believe it, when they were all told there were only 100 boxes to begin with? "Nope! We were all told the same thing, there are only 100 boxes. You're lying!" "There's no way that exists in the 91st box! You're

crazy! No! It's not that I'm afraid, you're just crazy!"

Fear can render one unconscious, and although I'm not quite sure, I've heard that it can kill. Besides paralyzing the body, fear can paralyze one's learning abilities. When something new is learned, whether true or false, one enters a new realm of understanding. A little or a lot, their reality shifts. Whether there is 100% proof or not, of something terrifying, the individual's ability to deal with fear, will determine the way they process the information. The psyche defense system will block that particular reality shift, and no matter how clear the evidence is, it will remain science fiction. And the person trying to tell them the truth, will remain crazy.

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How can so many people see perfect examples of cults or other types of brainwashed individuals and never question themselves of how they may have been brainwashed? That someone else may have programmed their autopilot psyche defense system? Maybe not completely brainwashed, but at least a belief or two? Everyone else is brainwashed, but not 'me', 'I' know the truth.

illusion: *noun* - a thing that is or is likely to be wrongly perceived or interpreted by the senses.
- a deceptive appearance or impression.
- a false idea or belief.

reality: *noun* - the world or the state of things as they actually exist, as opposed to an idealistic or notional idea of them.
- the state or quality of having existence or substance.

Most everyone has one illusion (incorrect belief) or another attached to their perception. Other than mind control or brainwashing, this is natural. If you're in *this* kind of illusion, then *this* illusion is attached to the way you see

facts (life) when they're presented to you. E.g. A religious person may view a scientific fact as blasphemy. A scientist may view a religious person who's had a true spiritual experience, as being a coincidence or having a hallucination, because there's no physical evidence or scientific way of explaining it. Or if there were some kind of proof they would label it as paranormal activity, something unexplainable as of now, but not divine intervention. (I've seen a few scientists with evidence and belief that some supernatural is natural, or 'magic is normal' and we're just finding out how it works.)

A religious person and a spiritual person could have the same (or similar) divine experience, but tell themselves (and each other) a different spiritual reason caused it. Jesus caused it, Muhammad caused it, Zeus caused it, the law of attraction caused it, etc.

(Government Corruption. Or from my perspective, Human Corruption; there is a government, corporate, military, organized crime/mob, and tyrants of old, evolved hybrids.)

A Christian's view of government corruption may be that the antichrist is in charge of the government, militant Satan worshippers are spraying chemtrails to poison the angels in heaven, and that extraterrestrials are demons.

Just because this person sees it like this doesn't mean *it* isn't happening, it may just have a different 'cover story'. Tyrant type men are in charge of this hybrid, I wouldn't doubt the leader is extremely evil, they are spraying some kind of chemical/nanotech, extraterrestrials are real and some of them probably are bad, just like us. (For someone to think that only the good guys are intelligent and organized is naive. For someone to think that we're the only intelligent life form in the entire universe/multiverse, which has more stars in it than we have grains of sand on our planet, is arrogant.) Multiple manipulations for multiple perspectives. "If they won't believe this lie then we will tell another, and another, and they will wake up from one matrix into the next until they find the one that makes sense to them."

~

I am not excluded from the illusion vs. reality battle, or from being brainwashed. In fact that's what a big part of this book is about. (The Manchurian maniac turned Manchurian messiah.) But, my point is, just like *The Matrix*, or *Plato's Allegory of the Cave*, I've had many experiences that are beyond what some believe to be possible.

The impact of a fact, the ripples of certain truths, can change an entire belief system, if a person is open to the possibility. If a person believes something is impossible, whether it be from fear or ignorance, then the truth could slap them in the face, and they would call it coincidence, or pretend it didn't happen. A while after I'd already written this beginning, I learned of the term Cognitive Dissonance. I still like the box analogy so I left it, but you can learn a lot more about it by looking it up. (The only thing I don't like about it is that I've seen some people try and 'hold a banana in their hand' and say that, "The reason you don't believe me when I say this is an apple is because of cognitive dissonance.")

If your reality is too limited, if you believe that the sky's the limit, when infinity has been above you your entire life, then you should just stop reading now. Because, you're going to label me crazy. It's not that you're afraid, it's not that you might be a little bit brainwashed, it's that I'm crazy.

I completely understand skepticism and I don't expect anyone to believe my experiences just because. It even took me a few months to digest everything and they're my experiences. But I've come to a few conclusions for the person unwilling to at least accept the possibility and for those who are going to go out of their way to try and discredit me: A- They work for the A. B- They are afraid. C- They are ignorant. D- They are (still [somehow]) innocent (from what I've seen, other than children, D is rare). And E- They're a combination. I wouldn't doubt there are a few more reasons, perhaps ego/pride, but the point is, I have given my name and the further I go with this the easier it will be to contact me. I completely understand skepticism, but if you're not willing to accept it as possible then you have my

response to your response.

Before you read any further, you should have a general understanding of the following:

Astral Projection - Outer Body Experiences (OBE) - Lucid Dreaming - Remote Viewing - Precognition / Precognitive Dreams - Quantum Mechanics/Physics (basic understanding) - Aura / BioEnergy Fields or Biofield - Scalar Energy / Electromagnetic Energy Spectrum - Free Energy Technologies - Multiverse 'Theory' - Water Frequency Experiments (we're made up of 60-70% water) - Love & Hate Water Experiment (Dr. Emoto) - Recent scientific studies on mushrooms (psilocybin) - DMT / Dimethyltryptamine - Meditation / different types of brainwaves

Targeted Individual (TI) - Organized Gang Stalking - Directed Energy Weapons (DEW) - Voice to Skull (V2K) / Synthetic Telepathy - Remote Neural Monitoring (RNM) - Holosonics Audio Spotlight / Muse Meditation Headband / Mico Headphones (these are civilian technologies, meaning if you can't believe V2K or RNM exists, you can't deny these) - PRIMING (Semantic/Conceptual / Perceptual / Associative / Masked / Repetitive / Reverse / Supraliminal / Subliminal) - Subliminal Messages - MK Ultra / Project Monarch / Mind Control / Brainwashing / Memory Manipulation/Implants / Conditioned Minds - Scalar Weapons - Supercomputer capabilities / Artificial Intelligence / Smart Dust - NSA surveillance - Operation/Project Paperclip - Milgram Experiment / Obedience to Authority - Chemtrails - Different reasons one decides to be a cop/soldier (accepting the negative reasons) - (a true understanding of) controlled opposition - the most evil people in history (to see what mankind is capable of) / Psychopaths and Sociopaths (Empaths) / Gaslighting

Besides personal experience there are a lot of things I've learned from various sources, but I read a few of Dr. Robert Duncan's books and I think he is one of the best starting points. (And I have to say this here, I was more than halfway done with this 'book' before I read his and I already used the term man children. I guess it's just a perfect fit for describing the people using this technology.) Additionally, Cheryl Welsh, Dr. Barrie Trower, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Katherine Horton, Renee Pittman, and Dr. Nick Begich.

A decent amount of research and understanding must be reached for some parts to be understood. I didn't stop to explain 'why or how something is possible' with each experience, so if the research is not done, you will not understand what I'm talking about.

The research and understanding will help a great deal, but there are times I trail off like an ADHD kid suddenly stopping to chase a butterfly. There are a few times you will not understand what I'm talking about, but again, the more you know the better off you'll be. (And don't just listen to a few ramblers on YouTube and think you know what's going on, other than those overwhelmed with the fear of what's happening to them and being unable to explain it correctly, there are those intentionally trying to misdirect us.)

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At the end of 2014 I found out I was a targeted individual. Actually, that's when my unordinary experiences went up a couple notches and I began to research everything and anything I could. A few months into 2015 is when I had a basic understanding of what was happening, and now, in 2016, I can't believe this is real life.

I've had numerous abnormal experiences throughout my life. And although I can now pinpoint most of them to this technology, there are still some that I believe to be divine intervention. Even with what I've experienced, I still believe in God. I'm not religious, and I don't believe in

God the way most people seem to. To be honest, sometimes I think atheists know more about God than religious folks do. This is a pretty complex subject, which I will certainly get to, but for now, the one belief, or personal explanation/metaphor I would like to share is, I think that sometimes God leaves us alone in the dark so we can learn to create our own light.

I've always believed in a higher power. Even when I realized religion was misleading, I still believed in some kind of higher power. I think like most people, every now and again I would speak to God, whether it be something I wanted, to help someone, or what the fuck was that for?! But, one day God started talking back. I conversed with God for about twelve years before I found out about this technology, and if you've done your homework you know that one of the nicknames for voice-to-skull is the voice of god weapon.

Before I get into the story, I have to share some of "my" beliefs. I can't actually tell you how much I've been programmed with or have found on my own, but I have to at least explain them, so you can have some kind of an understanding of the way I look at (some of) my experiences. And I also want to attempt to crack a few doors beforehand.

I've often thought that if Jesus (or whoever your messiah) was to come back, whether he's still alive or reincarnated, how would he (or maybe it would be a she this time) convince us that it was him/her? That God told him/her to tell us something? (Especially now with mind control weapons. And if the dark side had these weapons, what if they recorded God actually speaking to someone?) Would s/he have to walk on water, or turn water into wine, and then walk on wine? Other than those who actually witnessed it, how would the rest of the world be convinced that s/he even actually did it, and it wasn't just a 'magic' trick or movie magic? Would his name be Jesus Christ and would he be a part of a religion? Would s/he still be a carpenter, even though there are so many more jobs or ways of contributing now?

What if s/he told us that someone had gotten their hands on your holy book, long before we were even born, and that man/group made slight

changes to benefit him/them? Or what if we were told that when the bible was actually being written, the tyrants of old kidnapped and tortured some of the authors' loved ones, in order for the author to include what the tyrants wanted added or taken out of the book? What if s/he asked us, "How do you know that didn't happen? You weren't there. How do you know that the false prophets didn't get a hold of the book while it was being written? Or put together? How can your own beliefs say beware of the false prophets, and you never question if they've already deceived you somehow?"

What if s/he told us that s/he did remember being Jesus, and that s/he was just a teacher like Martin Luther King or Gandhi? That just as it happens today, the stories of him became exaggerated.

Would we be able to believe him/her, or just assume that s/he must be the antichrist or a demon in disguise because s/he disagrees with your holy book, or at least part of it? How would we deal with all the parts of the story we got wrong? Would we be able to accept that a piece of us has been misled, and that our opinion is not as superior as we thought it was? Could you let go? How mad would you be at your messiah, or your God, if all of those people you have condemned to hell, were allowed into Heaven?

What about one world government and the bible's part of God not wanting his followers to question him - If you think for yourself then God will punish you, or whatever. Some people are so afraid they will go to hell if they question the bible, that they blindly follow a book that could have easily been 'changed' or written with bad intentions. The best lies have a lot of truth in them, and they put a positive or negative spin to get the target to focus on what they want them to focus on.

This book says beware of false prophets (or the false prophet) and some can't even consider the possibility that a 'false prophet' has already gotten a hold of their religion. So why can't the same psychology be used with one world government? New world order, new world order! One world government is only the new world order!

Most people are too afraid to even think in the opposite direction

because of the same technique used with the bible. Reverse psychology. ygolohcysp esreveR. If we became one world (without government), wouldn't offshore bank accounts become nonexistent? Sounds like rich man's trickery to me but I'm still not quite sure. All I am truly saying is, whether the outcome changes or stays the same, think for yourself, and debate every angle. Pros and cons, pros and cons, conman conman conmen.

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If there is an end to our universe, then the end does not end. If there is nothing outside of our end, absolute nothingness, then there are no universal laws or rules there as well. Impossible does not exist in nothingness because nothing exists within nothingness. If we exist somewhere within this never ending nothingness, like an expanding grain of sand bubble composed of the rules of this particular universe, then why can't another grain of sand bubble with different rules exist? Why can't 50 million billion trillion sand bubbles exist? I'll tell you why, because you no everything. I know it's know, know it all.

One of the rules I believe in, at least in this dimension, is balance. Basically, there is black, white, and many different shades of gray. Besides the many shades of gray, whenever I think of balance I always picture the yin yang symbol. There are two sides of a whole, and each side has a little bit of its opposite within it. I try to apply the yin yang to anything and everything, every scenario/object/emotion/personality/life form//e//t//c// I can think of, or come across, and not only in terms of right and wrong or good and bad, but of opposites in general. I imagine the yin yang as having the rules of a kind of spherical compass clock, being in the pockets of two kids playing chess, on a seesaw, in the house of mirrors at a carnival.

The compass has nothing to really do with cardinal direction, just the comparison of opposites on the scale. A compass with a needle that whichever way one end is pointing, the other end is pointed to the exact

opposite. Instead of the yin yang being two halves of the same circle, imagine both sides being both ends of the same needle. And, it also has multiple clock hands which can point in any and all spherical directions, 'one' hand meaning 'hours' and the other 'minutes', which wouldn't mean time, but would be compared to the dominant characteristics/ biology/ ingredients/ rules //e//t//c//, and there are hours, minutes, seconds, milliseconds, all within a day, week, year, decade, etc. Every variable can have the 'butterfly effect', the 'dynamite effect', or just not be impacted by the current 'circumstance'.

The time part of the clock means that just as things evolve over time, so does the balance. If our biological system/rules can change/evolve, if our societies rules can change/evolve, then so can the rules of what's possible. If one characteristic/ rule/ingredient changes through time, then the balance can also change. Similar to our universe being in a petri dish, and then having the nothingness inject something 'new' into it. Past, present, and future also have their place on the spherical yin yang compass clock.

I compare time, evolution, opposites, and balance to two kids playing chess on a seesaw. Because of time, most things take time to happen. (I do believe that in the bigger picture there is no such thing as time, but we're in the little picture right now) But imagine eternity as the house of mirrors at a carnival. One 'object' being in the center, and each and every mirror reflecting a different form that the 'object' can evolve into or be turned into, (depending on circumstance, location, time in 'that' location and 'this' circumstance, in the light, in the dark, with love, with hate) with the moves being made on the chess board. Two kids on the seesaw (every seesaw) would be the opposites rising and falling, having their time on top and on bottom, every degree of rising and falling, including the moment they're perfectly balanced and straight across from each other. And both using the momentum of the other to balance each other out. I did a poor job of explaining that compared to the way I see it in my head, regardless, I just wanted to give you a 'crazy' moving visual. So just in case you have no idea what I'm talking about, just stick with everything that has an opposite and different shades/versions of itself.

What I have discovered, or better put re-remembered, is that we are all infinite. We are all infinite souls that incarnate and reincarnate in and out of multiple dimensions for eternity. Whether I chose or was chosen to incarnate into this cycle, it was on purpose, and chosen doesn't mean 'the chosen one' (although I certainly questioned it while under their 'hypnosis').

I've been manipulated by the voice of god weapon, but from what I've seen, they can only manipulate the ego/earth/3rd dimension identity. They cannot manipulate the soul. But, if the individual is unaware of who and what they truly are, and is controlled by the ego/ earth/3rd dimension identity, then they can control that individual.

I was pretty lost before I found out about V2K/RNM/etc. and pretty scared afterwards, but the beautiful part of it all is after I fully digested everything and reanalyzed my experiences several times, I believe I have found the truth. I have spoken with God, and in between those conversations, the manipulators tried to imitate God.

Their manipulations didn't start off as God. They actually started off extremely sinister. After surviving the beginning of it, and finding the light, they changed their angle. From what I've learned, that's also another manipulation tactic. Basically, they broke me with darkness and rebuilt me with light. I know some will certainly believe my entire life has been one manipulation after another, but I do not. Most of them may have been, but I still don't believe all of them were.

I will certainly explain that more in depth, but for now, a small example would be a version of why religion was created (or hijacked) in the first place. The subconscious mind eventually begins to absorb infinity and question existence. Although some religions have multiple gods or a single God, heaven and hell (per religion) were created to take the wonder away. We were taught to believe *this* is the only answer, there's no need to think about it because *this* is the one true explanation.

"You have never experienced anything miraculous, it's been us the entire time. So, stop believing in divine intervention, synchronicity, and infinity."

CHAPTER 1

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

In my early twenties I started believing that I was an optimistic schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur. When I was just becoming a teenager, my worst fear was ending up in a straitjacket, sedated with drugs, and being kept in a padded room. I used to think so differently from others, that I became afraid to speak my true thoughts aloud. Growing up, I took care of the drugs part, and now I await my straight jacket with open arms.

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From everything I've experienced and the more I learn, I'm really not sure when it began. If memory manipulation is actually possible, then who knows what memories are even real.

The first time I've ever heard a voice in my head I was just a child. I'm not even sure I was in kindergarten yet, but either way it was around that age. I was playing out front and I remember looking up at the sky hearing, "Did you know that when it's day time on this side of the world, that it's night time on the other side of the world?" I got excited and ran inside to tell my mom. "Hey mom! Did you know that when it's day time on this side of the world that it's night time on the other side of the world?!" She responded, "Yes, I did know that, but how do you know that?" I paused, not knowing how to explain, "I don't know."

Now, I've told this story to a friend once and his response was, "Duh, that's the first time you've ever taught yourself something." Maybe it was, or maybe I picked it up in the background somewhere and that moment is when it finally sank in, but I distinctly remember it not being my voice. It sounded like an adult was telling me. I was in the middle of playing and this voice popped up out of nowhere. I remember the feeling I had through the experience, and it obviously made some kind of impact for me to remember

something that specific, that long ago.

The next experience was a nightmare that lasted well after I woke up. In fact, I don't even remember it being a dream or waking up. I just remember crying and being extremely afraid at what I was seeing. I can't remember exactly how old I was, but I was around the same age as when I heard the first voice.

When I was younger I had two shelves above a dresser, all filled with stuffed animals and a few toys. I don't remember waking up, I only remember crying and screaming for my mom for what felt like forever. Every single one of the stuffed animals and toys, which was probably around fifty, had glowing red eyes, sharp pointy teeth, and were growling. The stuffed animals all sat still, and the few G.I. Joes I had only taken a few steps back and forth. There were three Nintendo Super Mario ghosts flying in a circle just below the ceiling. One red, one white, and one blue. All they did were fly in a circle, staring down at me.

After crying forever, my mom finally came in and asked what was wrong. I pointed, but of course, she couldn't see anything. Everything was still happening while she stood right next to me. Nothing changed other than her walking in. She picked me up and took me into my parent's room. I laid down next to her on the edge of the bed with a bit of comfort but still pretty scared.

In my mom's bedroom there was a small hallway. There were three giant mirror doors on the closet, going from the entrance to about halfway past the end of the small hallway. While lying down, I saw the three ghosts in the mirror, enter the room, fly down the hallway, around the corner, and into a circle right above us. I got scared again, but pulled my mom's arm over me, shut my eyes tight and eventually fell asleep. I was awake when I saw this, and I'm not sure why I was hallucinating.

The next 'hallucination' happened when I was fourteen, after I had a throat surgery for a thyroglossal duct cyst. Because they cut open my throat, I

couldn't speak. My mom got this funny little Spanish wisecracks audio player for me to hit the button whenever I needed something. (The funny part is that she didn't know what they were saying until my dad heard it and told her.) I can't remember if we only had two TVs or if it was because I had to lay flat on my back with my head tilted up some, but either way my mom had a TV in her room directly above and in front of the bed. So during the day I laid in bed in my parent's room so I could watch TV.

I was watching TV, and out of the corner of my eye I saw something come from behind the wall of the small hallway. I glanced over to see an arm stretching out, holding a Gumby toy, moving it back and forth making it 'dance'. With a smile, I remember thinking, "What the... I haven't had a Gumby toy for how long now?" The arm stretched out until my mom leaned halfway out from behind the wall. She moved the toy back and forth, not saying anything, and had a weird smile on her face.

I thought, "What the heck is she doing?! And why does she have that weird look on her face?" Something was wrong, or at least different. I could hear someone doing dishes, and my mom was usually the one who did the dishes. I could've sworn I also heard my mom talking, while doing the dishes.

I looked behind her, into the mirror, and could not see a reflection. My eyes widened and I became terrified as I looked back at her. Even though my facial expression certainly changed she still had the same look on her face, still smiling, and she was still slowly shaking the toy. As soon as I started to panic, my 'mom' slowly moved back behind the wall. I moved my hand frantically across the bed searching for the wise crack audio player. I kept my eyes towards her the whole time, going back and forth between her and the mirror, and never once saw her reflection.

I hit the button nonstop until my mom came in. "What's wrong?" she asked. Nervous, I whispered, "Were you just in here?" "What do you mean?" "Were you just in here??" "No, I was doing the dishes, why?" "Nothing, just wondering..." I was confused and now afraid of her too so I put my eyes back on the TV, ignoring her, and instantly blocking it out for the time being. She

left the room and I don't remember anything else after zoning back into the TV.

I don't remember, but I'm pretty sure I was taking some kind of pain medication, and maybe that's what caused the hallucination. Regardless, it happened and I wanted to bring it up. One of the questions I have though, for myself I guess, is why did I see one hallucination in the mirror and not the other?

I've read about the technique of using traumatic experiences to split the personality of someone to create the brainwashed super soldier and/or spy. And the younger they are the easier it is to do. If this technology has been around since before I was born, then I can certainly see the possibility of it creating these hallucinations and also being the cause of the first voice I've ever heard in my head. 'Traumatic' doesn't quite cover some of these experiences, but I was pretty scared.

The last weird coincidence is nothing like the rest, but it still adds a little suspicion to the madness at hand. When I was about ten give or take, my best friend and I were playing super hero ninjas or something like that. I'm pretty sure it was his idea, but we decided to give ourselves nicknames. He chose the nickname T-Bone and I chose the nickname Razor. Shortly after (days or weeks), a new cartoon came on TV called SWAT Kats, to whom the two cat's names were T-Bone and Razor.

This kid was about the same age as me, and he was already a part of the conspiracy against me. Just playing, that really happened but that part was a joke. Whether it was a coincidence or not, I don't know, but it fits into one of the ways this program seems to operate. Whether implanting the idea into our heads of a new and upcoming cartoon, directly or through subliminal messages, or listening and copying the nicknames we just created. Either way, I'm not wearing a tin foil hat right now, although the more I learn maybe I should be. Please don't misinterpret my sense of humor, I know how serious all of this is, but laughter has been a pretty powerful weapon.

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This next story has nothing to do with directed energy weapons, it has to do with laughter and assumptions. I remember once in early elementary school, I had a pretty bad stomach ache and went to the nurse's office. I was sitting outside of her office waiting to be seen and another kid started messing around making jokes and we started laughing. The nurse saw that we were laughing and immediately sent us back to our classrooms. I tried to tell her that I really was feeling sick but she wasn't hearing it, just because I was laughing at something funny. Like when one isn't feeling well their sense of humor just disappears or something.

I brought this story up for an example. Most people won't believe it for various reasons, but one is going to be, "If he was telling the truth, he wouldn't be making jokes." Just because *you* see this as being too serious to have a sense of humor, or it scares *you* so much *you* can't understand how anyone could make a joke at a time like this, doesn't mean I'm not telling the truth, it actually means something about *you*. I understand how serious my/this situation is, and sometimes I really don't feel like joking, but when I do, fuck *you*. :)

When I was in 5th grade I ended up in the G.A.T.E. program (gifted and talented education). I don't remember much of it other than going to a sea camp, which was awesome, and helping create and direct a short film. I can't remember anything from the film other than the ending, and making Barney the Dinosaur the villain. We made a poster board cut out glued to a Popsicle stick for his face. I only remember the ending being us throwing tomatoes at the kid wearing the Barney costume. They closed down the G.A.T.E. program before the end of the year, which I'm pretty sure was shortly after we made that film.

I never asked, never wondered why, until I saw the movie *The Men Who Stare at Goats*. I became aware of subliminal messaging way before I saw this movie, and knew they used cartoons to brainwash kids, but it made

me wonder if I somehow picked up on it as a kid, and that's why I chose Barney to be the bad guy. Of course it could've been a little kid trying to be cool, but it still made me wonder. I also wondered why they closed the program, and tried really hard to remember the video to see if the two were related in some way. As in these kids made an 'unacceptable' video, so we need to rethink what we let them do?

Anyway, after finding out I was a targeted individual and the capabilities of the technology, I became more distant to the few people still close to me. I know part of the program is to isolate the target, but I can't stand seeing this technology used on the people I care about, especially because of me. I can't even smoke around kids. Even when their parents allow smoking in the house, I still go outside because I can't allow my bad habit to affect them, especially without them having a choice in the matter.

So I'm at a friend's house, which I met way after, but happened to be in the same G.A.T.E. class. (I was actually at his dad's house hanging out with his dad, his son, and a few other family members. He was in prison.) His son is now in the G.A.T.E. program and we were telling him how his dad and I used to be in the same G.A.T.E. class, but it ended up getting shut down. Within the conversation my friend's dad looks at me and says, "You were the reason they shut it down." And went right back into the middle of the conversation.

I felt a little anxiety and went into shock for a few seconds. Not only had I been recently thinking about this but, "Does he actually know something or did they just use the tech on him to tell me that?" I've had quite a few other experiences where out of the blue someone says something I'm thinking directly to me and then returns to what was happening beforehand, so was this the same? I didn't say anything then and left soon after. A few days later I stopped by and nonchalantly brought it all back up and asked him directly this time, "So why did they shut down the program? Did they ever tell you guys?" and he responded, "You know I never did know why, maybe funding?" and the conversation went elsewhere.

So that part is still a little bit of a mystery. They could've easily made

him say it to mess with me because I was thinking about it, but I also wonder if they were using him to tell me the truth. You may have a basic understanding of why I think it could've been the truth depending on what and how much you've researched, but if you can still remember when we get there, it will become clearer. Behavior and personality modification in progress...

CHAPTER 2

WHERE'S THE ANGEL??

I was mostly surrounded by love, and even what was not, could rarely be considered hate. I was love, secretly found, and tortured by their hate, until it brought the hate out of me. I walked on the edge and almost became their monster. But, I finally recognized it, and turned my hate against them, by not letting it turn me into them.

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Although he was talking about mushrooms, the best way I've ever heard it put was from a cousin. He said hallucinogens create a bridge from your awake mind to your dream mind, from your conscious mind to your subconscious mind. In other words it allows one to see deep within, if that is where they choose to look. The harder you look, the deeper you can go, and infinity is omnidirectional. Up, down, left, right, in, out.

If you've really done your research you've learned that a lot of their main focus is in the subconscious mind. The foundation of their control lies within the subconscious mind. They can still torture the hell out of us, but if their objective is absolute mind control, then, I hope it's obvious.

I haven't come across this information yet, but from experience, if hallucinogens create a bridge and one decides to travel inward while this technology is being used on them, they can observe the whole thing. I will certainly get to those stories, but the point I'm trying to get across now is

while under the influence of these types of drugs one can see and hear further inward. Imagine yourself as the conscious mind and the subconscious mind as a dog. *They* can most certainly make you hear whatever they want you to hear, but some of their frequencies are like dog whistles, only the subconscious can 'hear' them. Hallucinogens make the conscious and subconscious merge, allowing both to hear the dog whistle.

I was once told from a friend who was told from a college professor, that if you take mushrooms in a dark room it's like sitting inside of your mind. All of your thoughts, or, your subconscious inwards gets blasted outward. You can watch your thoughts like a movie being projected all around you, or if you close your eyes and focus, you can have an outer body experience and enter a type of virtual reality. Although hallucinogens can certainly be misused, they have also been more recently recognized for helping PTSD, in which I can personally verify both.

Besides going inward, imagine what hallucinogens do with (my understanding of) quantum mechanics and our biofields. Whether you believe things like this are possible or not, imagine a psychic jedi monk on mushrooms. If our consciousness is directly affecting our reality, then, other than the momentary mind illusions, how does the hallucinating mind affect its actual reality? I have seen it amplify on several occasions.

One small example for now is when I used to play basketball. I was never really that good, but one day while on mushrooms I picked up a basketball and started dribbling it like I was Michael Jordan (I know he was the best at one point but I'm not a sports guy, so whoever's really good). I could see and feel the exact calculations of pressure and direction of where the ball needed to go within milliseconds, and the addition of supreme confidence equaled Michael Jordan dribbling skills.

Of course the first time I tried LSD I was clueless to all of this stuff. I was just a teenager and this stuff was everywhere. At one point I think it was easier for me to get LSD then it was for me to get weed. Anyway, I started

using it and it was fun. I've never had a bad trip on LSD, but at the same time I had no idea what was actually beginning to happen to me.

Alright, so, I've mentioned that I've spoken with God, that I'm a targeted individual, and now it's starting to make some sense of how that happened. It was the "drugs" that made me go "crazy" or it's really, actually, probably schizophrenia... it's *not* that you're afraid. But, besides that comforting (for *you*) possibility, years before I started talking to God, I started hearing 'the devil'. Other than the voice I heard as a child, the first voice I heard as a teenager and eventually had multiple conversations with was extremely evil.

I wasn't a little devil child. I didn't torture animals or anything like that, but as a teenager I did become a juvenile delinquent. I was already getting into trouble and doing dumb shit before I started taking LSD and eventually hearing this voice. As much as I'd love to start off in the middle of my life, where I'm a good guy, and then work my way back, I have to tell the horror story first. Or the first horror story first. But before I tell the first horror story I have to tell another quick childhood story.

I went to a camp when I was younger. We did all kinds of activities, but one of them was shooting a 22 rifle at a paper target. There was a competition and I got 2nd place, but the reason was because I couldn't tell if I was hitting the target or not so I shot a little to the left to make sure. There were only ten shots but I did this twice, once towards the beginning and once towards the end. All of my other shots were in the black (not bull's eye) and I just couldn't see them. So, although that bothered me at the time, from then on I've always considered myself a natural good shot.

Another quick story that's partially relevant is that during my teenage years some of the kids around my neighborhood found out how to knock out the power of the street lights, from one traffic light to the next, which was maybe a third of a mile on one of the main roads. So, for about a month they kept knocking the power out. The power company would fix it and they would knock it out again, until the power company realized what was going

on and made the power boxes stronger.

The first fucked up story is, an imaginary friend and I (a real friend, but he never got caught) were pretty wasted one night and we left our group of friends. (I wasn't on LSD, but I was high and drunk and did LSD the night before, which if you don't know the day after effects can be similar.) We were all just starting to have problems with another group of kids. We knew where one of them lived and I got this bright idea to go and shoot at him/them. We only happened to have a 22 rifle, but I stuck it down my pants and left anyway.

None of us had a car yet so he and I started walking down the street. I tried to walk, but it was pretty uncomfortable. We had to jump a couple of walls and we weren't even halfway there yet. While we were walking something kept reminding me of that story, and telling me how good of a shot I was. Somehow the mission changed from, "You should go shoot him," to "You should go shoot at cars, you're a good enough shot to hit a moving target. Come on, there's a main road right there! You know how good of a shot you are, you can easily blow out their tires!"

The street lights were already knocked out on this main road, so we went and laid down in this little alleyway right next to it and I started shooting at the car's tires as they were driving by. I was so messed up that I literally did not think about the possibility of killing someone let alone how bad I could've and actually did hurt someone. I kept hearing, "It's a game! It's a game!" I was playing a game. "You know how good of a shot you are! This is a great idea!" It was a moving target and these thoughts inflated my ego to the point of where I thought I was an excellent shot and nothing could possibly go wrong. My imaginary friend wanted a turn, so he went a couple of times, and then we left.

Obviously an investigation happened and I ended up getting caught a few days later. A girl got shot in the leg, and as sad and as angry as that makes me, I'm so thankful on her behalf that it was just her leg. I can't remember clearly, but I believe she wanted to be a gymnast or a dancer and I

ruined that dream. The shame and guilt has never left, it may have dimmed a bit in light of new information and understanding, but hasn't left.

They wanted to try me as an adult, but somehow I lucked out. I debated mentioning the drugs, but decided not to, thinking it would only get me into more trouble. I was in juvie going to court for about four and half months before I got sentenced to a youth's counseling camp. I spent another three and a half months there before I was released. I was actually the fastest kid to ever get out, which is mentioned for other reasons, not because I think it was an accomplishment. I'm not gloating, this is just an explanation of character, but I learned what was expected and what they wanted to hear, and I played the role. Not to say that the counseling didn't help, it certainly did teach me quite a bit about dealing with emotions and basic psychology.

I didn't only get out fast because I was some 'mastermind actor', but because they realized something that may have taken me a while, but I have also come to realize. As hard as this might be to believe right now, they realized that I care about people. I may have been playing a role most of the time, but I was always trying to help the others, on my own accord. I knew I was playing a role for the counselors, but even when no one (authority) was looking, I still tried to help my peers.

I do not remember clearly hearing the voice the same way before going to jail, or committing one of the worst acts of my life, but I remember its influence. I am seriously not trying to push anything off, make excuses, or deny responsibility. I can clearly remember the way 'I' was thinking and how 'I' was talking to myself, and it was completely out of the ordinary. But, it's my word against a voice in my head so guess who's gonna win that argument with most people.

Anyway, being in juvenile forced me to become sober and I was feeling great, health wise. I was thinking clearly and making plans for when I got out. The first time I've ever made a real goal was in youth camp, while sober, and it was to become a drug dealer. I thought I had it all figured out.

The reason I decided to start selling drugs wasn't because I wanted to be the man, or even to get rich, it was because of my friends. Like I said, I

didn't realize yet that I cared about people (most people), but I knew I cared about my friends. I certainly thought the feeling was mutual (before going to kid's jail), and I realize that it was for some, but over the years I've discovered that I was just projecting for most. My clear thinking led me to remember how much we all used to steal and risk, just to get money. Mostly for drugs and alcohol, but for a few of us it was for food and new clothing.

I've sold weed here and there before this, but never really got into being a drug dealer. When I got out and felt the boundaries of parole, I started selling drugs. I only wanted to sell enough to cover what we needed/wanted, and already have the weed so we didn't have to find it. I didn't want any of us to ever have to steal again, and I couldn't have a good time unless everyone was having a good time. If one person in the group was down, then so was I. Every face in the crowd had to be smiling and laughing.

My main focus was weed. I sold other stuff a few times, but watching people poison themselves was one thing, being the source of their poison was another, so I stopped soon after I started. Alcohol can be abused, weed can be abused, chocolate can be abused, but certain things are just poison. I didn't feel right selling poison to anyone. But, I didn't consider LSD as a poison, and I could get that just as easily as I could get weed. Sometimes easier, which still makes me wonder.

I couldn't smoke weed because I was on parole, so I didn't, but even after I got off of parole and smoked for the first time I became extremely paranoid. I tried it again thinking it might've been a fluke, but ended up with the same results. I don't remember it being too much of a 'real' paranoia though. I had thoughts of getting arrested again, but it was mostly just an insecure paranoia. So, I quit smoking weed and became an alcoholic. An alcoholic that did LSD on the weekends. (Just joking, not every weekend.)

I can't remember exactly when, but after I officially started hearing this voice I got really scared. The fear of ending up in a nuthouse because I thought differently had its days, and now this. This voice. At first I didn't tell

anyone, I thought maybe it would just go away. There was no way I was going to let myself end up in a mental institution, wrapped in a straitjacket, sedated with drugs, staring out of a dirty window at a brick wall. So there was no way I was going to ask for help. I thought I could deal with it myself and just not listen, or constantly disagree, or do this or that. I did eventually tell my girlfriend at the time, but I don't remember her response, or even talking about it after that (I don't remember much of that relationship in general though).

I couldn't stand it, but eventually hearing it every day made me start to 'see through its eyes'. I started agreeing with it more and more. I started to listen to it instead of just hear it, and an era of extreme anger and violence began. This voice was always so damn negative about everything. Hateful, angry, insecure, pessimistic.

I didn't quite become its puppet. There were still plenty of times I told it to shut the hell up, but there were times I gave up control. (I was talking with my sister recently and she brought up [and I remember this] one time a few of us were in the backyard drinking and I started punching myself in the temple while yelling, "Get the fuck out of my head!" When she saw this, she rushed over and tried to grab my hands and calm me down.) It was a literal spiritual and psychological war. Sometimes we were on opposite sides fighting each other and I couldn't stand to hear it, but other times I agreed with what it was saying, and we were on the same side. And the more I agreed, the more it found other ways to make me agree. It found ways to justify its reasons and manipulate me into doing this, or saying that.

I think most of us like to think of ourselves as good people, or being the good guy. We like to see others as the enemy, or wrong, and ourselves as the (self) righteous ones. Every religion has their nuts and those nuts swear that their messiah is the good one and all others are not, or they justify their actions as God's will. Politics seem to be the same. I'm right, you're wrong and I don't even want to hear your opinion unless it's to block it out while I'm thinking of how to disprove you. My point is, this is kind of an immature

way of thinking, and who's more immature than children or young adults? Religious people (just playing, that was very immature of me). And as a young adult, teenager, whatever, I never wanted to view myself as 'the bad guy'.

I had no problem telling this voice to shut the hell up and tell it how wrong it was, but when it started getting me to agree with it, its manipulations only got better. The voice could not get me to turn on the people I cared about, although it tried very hard by making me think they were turning on me. And why the fuck would I hurt a random innocent person for no reason? (I know the story I just told, but again, I was zoned out and didn't even think of the possibility of someone getting hurt. And I was certainly more thoughtful afterwards.) So, gang violence was the perfect avenue for it to work its manipulation.

I've never been in an actual gang, but I knew a few gang members, and the rest of my friends were pretty much gangsters without the official title. I've had a few problems in the past with other people and have gotten in a few fights, but this was becoming something different. I needed a bad guy. I needed the right reason to fight someone, I couldn't do it just because, but I *needed* someone to fight. They found buttons to push, created more buttons, pumped me full of anger and gave me justification after justification while (mis)guiding me on where to release my hate. The main justification was, "They entered into this life with an understanding. Innocents are innocents, but they're living a certain kind of life, so they're fair game." The first time I thought of shooting those kids we had problems with was like a 'cool guy' idea, even shooting at cars was stuck in my head as a game where no one would get hurt, but these ideas had strong emotion attached to them. I was a good (enough) kid having evil take over. There was a war within, and I was losing.

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There are several experiences throughout life that turn us one way or the other. Sometimes bad people do good things and sometimes good people

do bad things. Some people are ‘neutral’ while others are bad or good. Some fluctuate through life finding redemption and others end up despising redemption. I know now what I know now about my past, but I can think of two stories to give the best example of who I was at the core.

A few of us went to get burgers but I only had a few bucks. I had a bunch of weed, but only a few bucks at that moment. We drove by a homeless guy that was slouched over at the end of the parking lot. I did the math and made sure that whatever I got I had enough to get him a couple of burgers. I didn’t get either of us a drink because I didn’t have enough, but I got him a cup of water.

I pulled over and got out to go give him the food. He was still slouched over half asleep when I walked up. I contemplated leaving it next to him, but didn’t want something to go wrong, like him knocking it over or whatever. So, I started to get his attention. He noticed I was standing there and started flipping out. He looked so afraid that I was going to hurt him he started yelling out. I could tell right then that he was unstable or something really fucked up happened to him so I took a step back and tried to calm him down by showing him the burgers and water.

Once he saw them he calmed down and I took a step forward to hand them to him. He didn’t say anything, but I could see the thank you in his face. He looked and acted like a little kid in an adult’s body. We left and continued on with our night, but it bothered the hell out me.

I sold some weed over the next day or two and had a little bit of money. I ended up around the same area we saw him before and he was in the same spot. I checked my wallet and had \$110. I pulled up, parked, walked up slowly so I wouldn’t startle him again, and gave him \$10. Again, he didn’t say anything but I could see the thank you in his face. I got back in my car, shook my head, and drove off.

The look on his face and the way he acted when I tried to give him the burgers kept repeating in my mind as I drove away. How did a guy like this end up like this? How the hell is this world that fucked up? After a few

seconds I turned around and drove back. I'm just a teenager, I still live with my mom, I have no idea how I can help you. I got out of the car and he had a happy confused look on his face. I gave him the \$100 and said he needed it more than I did. I had a little tremor in my voice and felt so bad for him that I could barely look him in the eye this time. I got back in my car and drove off, mad at the world and sad for him.

My second week of high school I got into a fight, a few other things happened, and I ended up having to go live with my dad for a while. I moved across town, changed schools, and kept my head down my entire time I was there. Being sent to live with my dad didn't really change me, it just made me do good (not do bad) until I could move back to my mom's house. I did everything that was expected and moved back before the end of the year.

It was my second to last day before I changed high schools again, and I was in P.E. class playing basketball. The group I played with were at the furthest court from the teachers. In the middle of the game a bigger kid starts bullying a smaller kid for no reason. (There was obviously a reason, but he was taking out his anger on a smaller defenseless kid.) He started pushing him whenever they would pass each other. The smaller kid started to stay away from him, so he started going out of his way to keep pushing him. The game continued.

The bigger kid got past the ball to take a shot and instead of shooting it, he slammed the ball off of the smaller kid's face. The smaller kid yells out and attempts to stand up for himself, "Hey man what's your problem?!" The bigger kid hit him right in the mouth and split his lip. None of the teachers saw this, no one said anything, and a few seconds after this happened the whistle was blown and class was over. I walked next to the smaller kid on the way back to the locker room and told him to make sure he came to school the next day.

It was the same group of kids on the same court as the day before. A few minutes after we started the game I started doing all of the same things to the bigger kid that he did to the smaller kid. I was pushing him, elbow

checking him, and he finally started to realize it was on purpose. So, I slammed the ball against his face and he came at me. We started fighting and I started beating his ass. “How does it feel?! You like picking on little kids, how does it feel?!” I only actually hit him a few times, enough to get my point across, and he left the court. I got in trouble but it was my last day so I never returned (until after getting released from juvie [the fight I got into my second week of high school was for a similar reason]).

This happened before I got arrested, but coincidentally, when I did get arrested I ended up in the same holding cell as the smaller kid. We were only in the same cell for a brief period, and he got released pretty quickly, but we talked for a bit and he thanked me. I didn’t do it for the gratitude, but it felt good to hear it anyway. I never saw him again after that.

I have certainly made major mistakes that I have more than learned from, from the point of view that it was all me. For so long I thought that either the devil was talking to me and there was no angel on the other shoulder, or I was going crazy and I could only hear my dark side. Realizing the severity of my situation, and what I have faced for what seems to be since childhood (but at minimum almost two decades), has come full circle in confirming to me that I am a good person. So, it wasn’t easy for them to turn me into any ol’ weapon. I needed justifications to fight someone, but the voice was still driving me to fight someone. I was a ‘mad dog’ who only found justification in going after other ‘mad dogs’. But even when it started getting out of control, and I had all of the justifications I needed, a small part of me was still fighting back.

I’m not going to tell much else of this period of my life, because I’m not exactly sure how admitting past crimes one hasn’t been arrested for works, and also, I don’t want to. I know some people say be proud of where you came from, and I am quite thankful for surviving with a light still inside, but fuck my past. I know those who will refuse to believe this technology exists, will believe I am ‘denying responsibility’, that I had such traumatic

experiences and feel so horrible that I am searching for ‘someone else’ to put the blame on. Ironically, *you* may think I’m not open-minded enough or too afraid to weigh each possibility equally, but I have thoroughly weighed them all. Have *you*?

Realizing the truth has certainly sped up forgiving myself, but I can’t and won’t allow myself to refuse all responsibility. Even though I was a minor being manipulated by sadistic grown men with advanced weaponry, for years, I can’t and won’t put all of the blame on them. Whether they created my rage or ‘injected growth hormones’ into what was already there, I feel ashamed for not being able to overcome it sooner. Even though part of me feels that my first worst fear of being put into a straitjacket was a false fear implanted in order to keep me from seeking help once they decided to use the voice of Satan on me, sometimes the woulda coulda shoulda’s are all I can think about.

The one story I want to end with is one where I believe I finally broke free, or to put it more accurately, cut a few strings. For so long I thought it was all me, but this particular experience reminds me of a scene in the movie *Gamer*. Once I understood the tech’s capabilities and re-watched that movie, it clicked. Other than the entire movie being a good example, the scene I’m talking about is when the main character (who has nano implants) is forced to shoot his best friend. This realization caused my eyes to water, half from disgust of the evil of some men, and half from relief that I wasn’t as bad as I thought I was.

Like I said, I was getting out of control. And out of control means my justifications were slipping, or expanding. One night I was driving around looking for an anger release and after a while of searching without destroying I got a bit restless. I pulled up in an apartment complex with no one else around except for an older lady getting out of her car with groceries. I pulled up next to her with my window cracked.

“DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! FUCKING DO IT!” The voice raged. It became louder, “DO IT!” And my hand leapt for my gun. “I don’t want to!

This isn't right! This isn't right this isn't right..." Nervous and shaky, "This doesn't make sense what the fuck..." "FUCKING DOO ITTT!" My arm leapt up with my finger practically on the trigger. "What the fuck! No No No!" "YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT!" "NO!"

I was literally fighting for control of my own arm. It felt like I was arm wrestling, using every muscle I had to keep my finger off of the trigger and put my arm down, but it wouldn't budge. I got tears in my eyes, "PLEASE! Please... God... Please help me..." My fear turned into anger. If I couldn't move my arm maybe I could drop the gun. Nope. I gave a little grunt, everything else I had, and finally moved my arm down aiming the gun at the door. I felt the *force* holding my arm let go and I tossed the gun on the floor and drove away. I got rid of my guns shortly after that and things started to slowly change, for me at least.

I'm not going to try and argue that I had to fight for control of my own arm, but I did. And I believe that because I won, I broke free from part of their control. Although the scenario isn't exactly the same, it's close enough to *Marvel's Jessica Jones*. Just in case you haven't seen it and don't plan on it, Jessica gets her mind taken over by a man with that ability. He speaks and makes anyone do whatever he says. (There are actually a lot of metaphors that can be interpreted from that show to V2K mind control.) Because she is a good person, after he has her kill someone, the guilt, the light within her, and her super strength, gives her the strength to break free from his control. Like I said, it's not exact, but close enough.

If I would've told these stories two years ago (2015), they would've been slightly different. The actions would've been the same, but the plot has thickened, I guess. It's so mind boggling how new information (especially this information) can completely change what we thought we knew. I can't tell you how many times I've gotten lost in my imagination, choking my dark side out. I have visualized choking myself out hundreds if not thousands of times. I also can't tell how many times I've visualized holding myself (my double/dark side) by the neck, sticking a gun in his/my mouth and pulling the

trigger.

I've been convinced this whole time that it was either 'the devil' or that my 'schizophrenia' was just evil, or that I could only hear my dark side. I've heard plenty of times about the angel on one shoulder and the demon on the other, but where the fuck was the angel?!

I believe that for the most part I can't push the blame off of myself, because after all they were my actions. But, when one has no idea that mind control technology is being used or has been used on them, especially a child or teenager, how can that person truly be at fault? (*The Winter Soldier* is a great example ['Coincidentally' someone unaware of my situation called me the *Winter Soldier* after using this example]) I'm not denying that I have a dark side. What I'm saying is that an external party 'injected steroids into my dark side. Someone blocked out the light and force fed me darkness for a long time, almost to the point of where I forgot what light was.

For the next fifteen years from this point I believed that it was all me. I had no clue this kind of technology was even close to existing, let alone already being used on me. After I made it through this period of my life I tried to forget it. I tried so hard to forget it, but parts of it ended up being damn near the only thing I could remember. I was haunted by it for the next few years, which ended up being a good thing overall.

I still had to deal with life, and I still got into a few fights, but it was nowhere near the same. I was still in the same environment, same friends, same everything, but I was changing, back. My justifications were shrinking and my morals were growing. I didn't know it then, but my core was beginning to push out all of the impurities and slowly solidify.

I believe the moral core is what has been able to keep me out of their complete control. They have and still do control little things, but the 'mad dog' is harder to manipulate, because it is against my core. I believe that a person with a liquid core is more easily manipulated. But on the other hand, from what I've learned so far, part of me wouldn't doubt that I have a trigger phrase. I guess we won't know until I'm on the news.

CHAPTER 3

NOT YET

Just because I got rid of my guns (for a long while), doesn't mean my friends did. Although I can't remember, I wouldn't doubt that when I sold mine I sold them to someone I knew. Anyway, summer vacation just started and a friend and I were roaming around one night being dumb looking for something to do. We got into a little bit of trouble throughout the night but that's all irrelevant.

We were getting close to calling it a night and my friend decided to shoot at a stop sign. I didn't have a problem with it, it was just a stop sign, and after he did it I drove off burning rubber. We ended up getting pulled over about ten minutes later, getting arrested, and taken to juvie. Like I said, I *slooooooowly* started changing. It had begun, but it was just the beginning.

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Side note: I'm not really sure when it started, but my friends started calling me by my last name, Gajardo, which eventually shortened to G.

Ray 8-18-1983 to 6-17-2001

The first time a really good friend died, the first time anyone close to me died, I was in juvenile detention center. I found out during a visit from my parents. I was sitting in the visiting area when they walked in, and my mom was crying. My first thought was that it was because I was back in juvy. I tried to speak, but she immediately cut me off and told me he was dead. I was in such a state of shock that it was hard for me to fully cry. I couldn't believe it, she told me the story and I just could not believe that he was gone. It was just another night of drinking and hanging out, but someone had the idea of playing Russian roulette. He went first and the gun went off. The rest of the

visit was pretty much a blur.

One of the guards noticed that I had a bad visit and asked me about it, as he searched me before going back into my cell. It caught him off guard when I mentioned that one of my best friends just died. I knew he was trying to evaluate the situation, but I could tell by the way he asked that he basically thought the same thing I did at first. He gave his condolences and shut the door. I didn't really have time to grieve because dinner was shortly after visits.

I couldn't eat. I sat there frozen with my chin on my thumbs blanked out. After a few minutes, another guard called me over and said that, I didn't have to go to my cell, but it'd be best so I could calm down, and if I got hungry later to let him know and he'd get me some food. He talked to me for a few minutes about his past before shutting the door and it calmed me down a little, but as soon as he locked the door, I laid down on the mattress and finally began to grieve.

I was in juvie for about two months before getting out. The first guard I told made me a helper in the meantime. I mopped the hallways, cells, and did a few other things. He was a very good man, and to this day I still appreciate the things he did and the talks we had. I came home with a full beard, for my age. I hadn't shaved the whole time I was there and few kids in juvy even started calling me mountain man.

I missed the funeral, but his birthday was coming up. We all got together and went to church before going to his mom's house to get shit faced. The preacher of the church mentioned my friend's name in the beginning prayer, but the look on his face and the way he said it bothered me. Even though it was a stupid game, the police labeled his death as a suicide, because he was the one who pulled the trigger.

This bothered all of us. If I could only tell you who my friend was. The saying *the good die young* comes to mind. We may have been delinquents, but he was the best of us all. He had a smile that could cheer up anyone, and because of God's rules, he would be sent to hell to suffer for eternity. I truly believe that if anything, he was trying to prove that he was brave, rather than

wanting to die. I could not stop thinking about it. One of my best friends, my closest loved ones, burning in hell for eternity, alone.

A week or so after his birthday we all decided to go up to the mountains as another hang out for him. I was drinking the whole ride up there, I'm pretty sure we all were. It was night when we arrived. We found a bench to park by and settled in.

By this time I was already drunk, and anxious. I could barely think straight and him being in hell was the focus of my confusion. There's nothing I can do to bring him back or to make sure he's okay. I looked at the top of a mountain thinking, "He's at the top of that mountain. If I can just make it to the top of that mountain, he will be there..." So I decided to go on a little journey, and two friends decided to go with me. Of course I didn't tell them why I was going, even completely wasted. I knew how it sounded.

We climbed and drank, walked and smoked, and climbed some more. We ended up getting pretty far before I realized that the top of the mountain I was looking at was actually a few mountains over, it was just the tallest one. I started having doubts, but still wasn't ready to give up, until I slipped and tumbled down the mountain for a good 100-150 feet, landing on a log. I hit my back against the log and landed sitting up right, like I sat there on purpose. I was laughing and a bit dizzy when I realized that right next to me, in between my ribs and my right arm, was a sharp broken branch, sticking out of the fallen tree. I literally missed it by millimeters and it literally missed my center by inches. I was too wasted to feel the pain, but I hit that log very hard. Even if the branch didn't hit my heart killing me instantly, we were so far out that I would've been dead for sure by the time I could've gotten any help.

My back was against the log and my rib cage was against the branch. My friends came slide-jogging down the mountain and helped me up. We'd been out there for a while, and after I fell we decided it was time to head back. We were so far out, that we could see a few different camps, and had no clue which one to head back too. We started yelling and flicking our lighters to get our friend's attention. They noticed and did the same. I looked back at the top of the mountain, apologized, and we headed back.

A few weeks went by and I was still very depressed. I just couldn't stop thinking about how they say people who commit suicide go to hell. Not only was my friend gone, but by these horrible rules he was burning in hell, and was going to be there forever. So, I made my decision. I believed that the rest of my friends and family would be alright because they still had each other, but if he was in hell then I couldn't let him be there alone. If I killed myself then I would go to hell, and if we couldn't escape, at least we would have each other's back. I finished my liquor with a very big cup filled with around two hundred different kinds of pills (Tylenol, etc.), wrote a little note, "I'm sorry, but I just can't let him go alone, I love all of you," slipped it under the bed, put a song on repeat, and fell asleep.

The next morning, I awoke to the sound of my sister opening the door and turning off the radio. While laying down, I opened my eyes to a completely blurred vision of my room, and simultaneously, I was standing up with a clear view of being surrounded by pitch black. There was a light shining from behind me onto Ray, who was standing in front of me, smiling, looking at me.

As soon as I realized it was him, the blurred room zoomed completely out of focus and I was only standing in front of Ray. I was extremely happy and confused, but before I could speak he shook his head and looked down. A few seconds after, he looked back up, still smiling and said, "Not yet G," and hit me in the stomach. As soon as he hit me, I jolted up back in my room and started throwing up.

I was very sick for a few days after that. It was pretty easy to play off being 'hungover' around my friends, but I tried as hard as I could to avoid even seeing my mom. Part of me didn't care that I was sick, if I was poisoned and it was going to take a little longer for me to collapse and not get back up. But, a bigger part of me knew that it wasn't going to happen. I couldn't quite believe or understand what happened. I wanted to tell the others that I saw him, but I didn't want to tell them that I just tried to kill myself. I thought about it, but didn't think anyone would believe what happened anyway, so it was a few years later before I decided to tell someone.

This happened when I was 17 and I fully believed that I saw my friend until a few months after I found out about the capabilities of this technology (which was about 14 years later). After finding out, I've reanalyzed every major influential experience of my life and looked at each experience from a new perspective. I was definitely confused and unsure for a while, but now, I can't say that I'm positive because I can't prove it, but I still believe I saw my friend, as in divine intervention, and not hallucination technology.

~

I began my senior year and was pretty much still into all the same shit as before, but this experience added a boost to the changes that were beginning. The pain of having a loved one taken from me sent a shockwave inward that could not have been artificially duplicated. It awoke a side of love that I didn't know existed. I started to fully understand how much I actually cared about the people close to me. And seeing my friend after trying to kill myself to 'break him out of hell', made me start to view my survival as 'for a reason'.

Part of me still questioned it, but a bigger part of me now knew that my friend was alright. I didn't know exactly what, but I knew that there was something after death, just not what I'd been taught. I don't think I've ever not believed in God, I just hadn't been to church since childhood and at that age I always assumed that religion knew exactly what it was talking about.

My beliefs and outlook started to transform. Something I couldn't quite explain was happening to me. At least at the time I had somewhat of an explanation for hearing a sinister voice, but this was different. I don't want to say that I felt I was invincible, but towards the end of the year I came to understand that *when it's your time to go, it's your time to go*. I understood it, but if it wasn't my time to go, then why? Why was it my friend's time to go, but not my time to go, and why did it even matter? Why does it matter whether I stay or go? "Not yet G." But why?? I'm not sure, but I wouldn't be surprised if this is where my 'delusions of grandeur' started.

I can't really remember how often I thought about it that year, but I know it was in the back of my mind. I do remember graduation day though, or at least the part of it that was another piece of the puzzle. I remember looking into the crowd while I received my diploma. I looked at my friends cheering, to whom most didn't graduate themselves. Some were in different grades, but instead of being up there with me, the 'juvenile delinquents' were in the crowd. Although the honor students received their diplomas first, I didn't realize it until I was standing on stage, receiving mine. After looking at my friends in the audience, I looked into the crowd of honor students, to which a lot of them were my friends in elementary, and/or classmates in the G.A.T.E. program in elementary.

Of course I was only on stage for a brief moment, but that moment paused in my mind and, "How did I see my friend? Why wasn't it my time to go?" mixed with, "How did I, and why did I, go from an honor student to a delinquent?" I don't want to call it a déjà vu feeling, but it was very similar. An answerless epiphany with a déjà vu type feeling. Time paused as my body went into autopilot and I went inward to momentarily see these questions connect, but still with no answers. I didn't spend too much time thinking about it afterwards, because it was time to party, but I felt the imprint it left and knew that little vision wasn't going anywhere anytime soon.

CHAPTER 4

I AM NOT A NUMBER

Before I continue with what was happening to me, I'm going to jump ahead to what ended up happening a few years later. I became more familiar with subliminal messages and brainwashing, but still had no idea about the technology and how deep it really is. At the time I was just getting into conspiracies from other sources, but for the most part I was self-taught. At least I thought I was. I ended up realizing that I could use the same 'tools' *they* were using, but to wake people up. I could use entertainment for

education. We need air to breathe, food to eat, water to drink, and we need entertainment for the brain. So why not use their tools against them? It took a while, and I will get to the process shortly, but I basically came up with ideas in every major form of entertainment.

This book was started after finding out that I was/am a targeted individual. I never had any plans to write my life as my life, only to mix in what I've learned and experienced into the different characters and creations. I have some hope left that this is only the beginning, but sometimes I hope it's almost over, either way, whether or not this is as far as these ideas make it, I need to tell all now.

STAT1ST1K

I imagined that every idea I had could be compared to an engine. Apart they were just different pieces, but together they would accomplish my overall goal. Statistik was the logo, and more importantly the foundation.

The first sketch I drew was of a stick figure with a barcode for a face with the numbers 07041776 for the mouth/the numbers under the barcode, and then the numbers eventually became *statistik*. That sketch turned into one with thousands of stick figures standing behind it. I then had the idea for one holding a sword and the justice scales, another one pushing the handle down to TNT wired to the top of the pyramid, one with Uncle Sam having the stick figure barcode face, and one with a halo and barcoded wings. I made all kinds of things using the barcode, from cutting and pasting pictures in a paint program to look like a barcode, to turning the Superman S into a barcode and using it to spell Statistik.

Whether it be the word, the barcode, the stick figure, etc., it was meant to be a contradiction in a couple different ways. Again, it was like using their tools against them. If the barcode was meant to represent the mark of the beast, then I would use it to say, "I am not this." I am aware of what you are

doing and I will not comply. Using the barcode also meant I am not a product, I can't be bought, and my soul does not have a price. And the word statistik simply meant I'm not just another number, or cattle, or a slave. "I am not a statistik". I loved the idea so much that I tattooed a barcode on my wrist.

For the most part this was going to be the clothing side of the engine. I wanted to make a few stickers for skateboards (etc.) as well, but mostly clothing. I also had the same idea as Anonymous for the stick figures face, but I was going to 'disguise' it as a Halloween mask, one of many Halloween masks. Although it obviously never happened, and not saying it hadn't happened before, but I came up with this idea before ever seeing anyone else do it.

I also wanted to print up a bunch of drug baggies and try to get them sold in smoke shops. Not only did I like the double meaning, but I thought it would help get them in. A barcode on a baggie like the drug is actually a product, and actually being purchased was just funny to me. Once people knew what it meant, the idea would hopefully instill in their mind every time they bought a drug with that baggie.

Another big one that I really liked was the dog tags. Dog tags with the barcode meant I am a soldier of this, a soldier of morals, which leads me to where the original idea came from. The original idea was STATIC, which is a slang word for beef, which is a slang word for having problems with someone, whether you want to fight or kill them. The idea behind Static was to try and unite all of the gangs to fight the real enemy. The idea changed to statistik because static started sounding to me like all war and no morals.

Static didn't last long at all. Statistic made perfect sense, for a while. I don't know whether this epiphany was my own or 'given to me', but I eventually realized that what I was actually trying to do with all of this was create a new police badge. I would imagine that back in the day there were very similar problems, and that's how police were formed in the first place (or maybe they were just the tyrant's guards keeping the peasants in line). Whether the bad has always been there I do not know, but I do know that

some people are police for all the right reasons.

I saw how I felt and knew others would feel the same, still I eventually saw that just like the police badge, my logo could and would eventually become corrupted. Some people would do horrible things in the name of this logo, whether for self-gain or to sabotage it. So, although Statistik was my idea, I started to realize that not only might my solution become a problem of its own, but if it did start to succeed, *they* could easily frame the 'logo' and turn it into a terrorist group, or take out the leader and control the group themselves.

At one point I realized the gravity of what I was trying to do, and realized the consequences of it. If they've killed everyone else who has tried to go against them, then why wouldn't they kill me? Why wouldn't they go after the people I care about? I don't mind dying for what's right, but I didn't want to if I didn't have to, and people getting hurt because of me really started to bother me. This was one of my main setbacks. I hate attention and wanted to avoid it regardless, but with this I *need* to avoid it, so how do I do all of this and still remain anonymous? I thought of a few ways (without knowing about the V2K), but those all included knowing the right people, and either having an untraceable alias, or dividing everything into at least two groups.

The first group of ideas would have to generate all of the money, and I would have to be a little calmer about what I said. A lot of the miscellaneous ideas would fit into this group. And the second group would be where I talked as much shit as possible. A small example is that I would use Statistik to get money and then use a barcode with no word or number on the others.

I could've talked a lot of shit with music, but I'd already recorded a few songs and I knew people knew that. But if I pretended like I didn't want to make music anymore, let some time go by while I recorded, and then filter every song I made (if I knew the right computer guy), I could put on a wig and sunglasses and go upload it to the internet at a 'library'. And since I lived in Las Vegas, the Strip was the perfect place for tourism. I guessed that at least a fourth or fifth of all of those people coming and going back to where

they came from would accept a free CD. Almost perfect, if I could've pulled it off. Anyway, I'm getting ahead of myself.

MEET SKEET MCGEET

Before I explain this next idea I have to tell a short story about a characteristic I picked up from an honorable and loyal friend. (Maybe not a completely honorable person, but a friend for sure.) Whenever he would 'steal' something from me, or did something he thought might bother me, he always made sure I knew he did it and intentionally gave it away with the biggest smile ever, "What?! I didn't do nothin'!" He never crossed boundaries. It was only small petty stuff like drinking my beer, but making sure to get me one later. With anything major he was always there and always had my back. It was almost like his way of pranking me I guess. I picked this up from him and the characteristic addition became when doing something stupid or small, it would come with the most ridiculous lie I could think of, making it completely obvious that I was lying.

Meet Skeet McGeet was the first cartoon I came up with. I never really liked the name, but needed to call it something for the time being. I figured we could come up with a better name later. Skeet is a pill bottle who's an ex-pimp. He is already rich from 'coming up the wrong way', but now has a few legit businesses and is secretly trying to help society and fighting to expose his evil twin Duke Shoot McGoot and Duke's plan for world domination. The metaphor behind a pill bottle pimp is how the pill industry is just another form of drug dealer. The metaphor of being an ex-pimp was supposed to somehow tie into different psychological transformations of being filled with 'drugs' to being filled with 'vitamins', or something like that.

It was intended to be almost completely humorous, but filled with uplifting messages, truth hidden in art, metaphors, reverse psychology, and 'harmless' subliminal/supraliminal messages. When used, the reverse psychology or (always positive) subliminal/supraliminal messages were

going to be indirectly and sometimes directly pointed out and explained how they were supposed to affect the viewer, making them aware, but somewhat canceling it out. “What?! I didn’t do nothin’!” I have a theory that the ‘drugs are bad’ commercials and advertisements are perfect marketing strategies for the self-destructing person. It can be considered a catch-22 because certain drugs are bad and we should certainly be educated on this, but if things were truly different, the self-destructing person would be rare. This is definitely a subject I would go deeper into with this cartoon.

Lori (Lortab) was his main chick who is now his wife. The cartoon takes place after she was a prostitute. Now, she helps Skeet run their businesses. She’s drawn as human, and I thought of having her always/mostly wearing a dress with an oval pill shaped cut out towards her lower stomach, with a thin belt going through the center, making it an obvious supraliminal message. Her life story and her personality was intended to show certain women viewers that no matter where you start you can end up in a better place. Your past is your past, or another way of ‘replacing drugs with vitamins’. Her and a few other characters were going to help define classy, and also expose Duke’s version of classy (slutty).

Donkey/Burro (no real name yet) is also an ex-pimp who is one of Skeet’s best friends. He is Spanish and his metaphor is *The Donkey Show*. How some chicks will make sweet, sweet love to an animal. The concept behind him was mainly to try and mentally help women with some of their self-esteem issues. Of course barely any women fuck animals, but the metaphor was also going to tie into and counteract the trend of being a slut.

The Black Ninja was going to be Skeet’s (everyone’s) bodyguard. He was going to be the window into talking about a lot of the fucked up black ops and other corrupted government stuff when he used to work for the FBI/CIA/NSA/ every part of the government. His main martial art is (now) aikido, for all of its meaning. He was also two birds with one stone for the

race jokes. Black and yellow black and yellow... Ha! I actually just came up with that one right now. Almost every time he saves Skeet's life Skeet would yell, "Oh my gawd they china kill me!" (It was supposed to just be a joke but would that be a bad subliminal message making people think that china is trying to kill them?)

Al Kyda was also going to be one of Skeet's friends. He was drawn to look like a terrorist with TNT strapped to his chest, but he is a good man and good citizen working to take care of his family. He looks like a terrorist as a metaphor for those who stereotype all Muslims as terrorists. The viewer would see him as a terrorist, but every person in the cartoon would see him as a regular person other than those intended to make a point.

PassTheMic/Pastor Mic and Doc Volume were going to be the two main hip hop artists. Their purpose was to help put truth and meaning back into mainstream rap music, and to help promote those of my friends who made music. *Weaponized Music*. Doc Volume was originally named MC Squared but I ended up hearing another rapper use the concept. The two together were going to represent God (not religion), energy, infinite possibilities, honor, morals, standing for what's right even though it's not 'cool'.

I wanted to make a burning monk character. Wherever he'd be, he'd be on fire burning calmly. I thought it'd be funny to have a character that's always on fire, but mainly wanted to mix in the spirituality and political side of it.

God and Satan playing chess would be seen when Skeet would be meditating, but also metaphors for the selfishness and selflessness, the ego and the soul, responding to Skeet's questions accordingly. Sometimes an angel and demon would appear on Skeet's shoulders (most of the time Skeet would 'invite' [wait for] the demon to show up just so he could flick him off)

but also, unrelated but related, there would be an astronaut on one shoulder and a homeless man on the other. “You can do it, go for your dreams!” “Just give up, fuck this place.”

One of my latest characters is the Grim Reaper, except that for the most part he saves lives by giving them the 1 up mushroom from Mario Bros. “Oh shit it’s not your time to go yet!” Another metaphor would be that if you take mushrooms the right way, you can see that there is no such thing as death.

Another recent character is Bipolar Barry (Bi-Polar Bear-y). He represents the global warming Coca Cola polar bear. His split personality is of a ‘hypocrite’, talking about and trying to save the world while simultaneously poisoning it. I could definitely tie in mind control with him, and he could be somewhat of a double agent. His good side works with Skeet and his bad side works with Duke.

There are many other characters, but I wanted to give a basic idea of everything. The only other character I want to mention is Pablo. Pablo was rarely ever going to be in the cartoon, but there was always going to be a wanted poster in the background every couple of scenes with him on it. The wanted poster was going to be used as a promotion to help sell a book pretty much biting *Where’s Waldo*, but that was kind of the point. I wanted to create a *Where’s Pablo* book, but with the pictures being of real life stories of government corruption. A giant medical lab with human experiments, war, suicide bomber scene, etc., eventually leading up to the last page which would be a giant protest outside of the white house.

I know there are some bugs and contradictions that need to be worked out, but I never made it past the basic story line. I created the characters, the story line, part of the town, but I had a plan that didn’t work out, which I will get to shortly.

-*INTRO*- Camera/viewpoint is slowly floating through outer space with multiple stars in the background. Ship flies by. Possible Star Wars words parody intro. View floats past the sun and once it passes, the camera starts to zoom out. Outer space slowly becomes distant, and into the shape of a 14 pointed star. View zooms out of prosty's buttohole with Skeet pointing at the viewer laughing.

DESTROY THE MACHINES

The second cartoon I came up with was going to be anime, and was also intended to become a video game. Destroy The Machines. Regardless of whether the multiverse is just a theory or not, DTM was almost like a terminator matrix mix. It was going to take place in a solar system of ten or so planets all filled with life. Nine of the ten planets have been completely taken over by machines and they have imprisoned all humans. Although scenes and episodes of those planets would certainly be shown, the main story is of the war on the last planet being taken over, which is the largest planet in the solar system. The machines have already established multiple bases on the planet, and are about a fifth of the way of succeeding.

Besides the actual scenario, there were going to be many metaphors of power, greed, tyranny, resistance, etc. It hadn't been decided how the machines were created or if they would've been created in another galaxy and they would invade other solar systems. Although they both sound good. I never created an episode, but can see so much potential whenever I think about it. Different resistant groups, the common enemy scenario, so on and so forth. And now that I'm aware of directed energy weapons, besides the obvious laser type weapons, this cartoon can go much further.

SKITZ.O

The first internet show I came up with was named *What's Crackin'?!* and was going to be my version of SNL or MAD TV and Robot Chicken.

This one was more flexible and not just directed towards corruption. The main theme and/or character was going to be a person wrapped in an American flag strait jacket. (America is free speech and freedom of religion which I love, but the main idea was with all of those ideologies floating around, if the country was considered a single person, he or she would be considered schizophrenic. I came up with the same theory with God once too. If God is the combination of everyone and everything, then God is a schizo in love and at war with itself.) One of the skits took on a life of its own (in my mind) and it became What's Crackin'?! and then it became Skitz.O. What's Crackin'?! was now based off of the skits that were going to be called Armed and Dangerous. Before I get into WC let me tell a few skits I wrote about 10-15 years ago that I would've liked to have made, to help explain my schizophrenic personality.

- The universe fades into one of many aquariums in a classroom. A student is presenting his universe to the class. Possibly talking about what this planet in this universe perceives as reality. Class laughs at their primitive understanding. (Didn't write much beyond that and had a friend's assistance.)
- (Claymation) Superman attempts suicide. He's not really trying to kill himself, he's just drunk and hysterical while messing with people. The first scene he takes an Uzi and sticks it in his mouth and pulls the trigger. His head jerks like a basketball being dribbled. He spits out the bullets while laughing, chokes a little, sticks his finger down his throat and throws up the rest. Next scene is an old woman walking with a walker next to tall buildings. From the top of the screen Superman falls and hits the pavement hard. Woman is shocked. He pulls himself off of the ground and runs away laughing. (I remembered those two but can't find the paper with it written down.)
- (In and out quick scene.) Tweeker kneeling down smoking meth.

Person in the background, “But your child needs you!” Tweeker looks up confused, “Who?”

- Cooking with Jesus Christ. Jesus is a chef who cooks dishes from around the world, telling the viewer how much he loves everyone’s food.
- In and out quick scene. Homeless person standing on the corner flipping his sign like the advertisement sign flippers.
- The Cowardly Mongoloid. This one is more recent, and I debated making it into an actual book, “Look out for my next upcoming book called...” But, either way, it’s all about ‘you’. The self-centered, scared shitless, idiot, walking around with blinders and a puppeteer’s hand up your ass, regurgitating anything that helps keep you in your illusion. I think I could do both, make a quick metaphorical skit, and lengthy descriptive book. But fuck it, here’s the skit. I’m on a show that programs you so the host can attempt to discredit me. Host, “Everything you’re saying is a lie, you’re crazy, I don’t wet myself because of what you’re talking about, it’s because of something totally unrelated that I don’t have to bring up to justify myself to you. My aquarium is the only thing that exists!” Audience cheers while the host changes his pants. Crowd becomes silent as I look directly into the camera, “Do you see what we had to deal with? This guy, the audience, and most of the people tuned into this show were all used to being called ‘Cowardly Mongoloids’.” Host interrupts, “What we *had to* deal with? Used to be? Who are you talking to?” “The future.” ... “Everything’s recorded nowadays and your show is being stored. If we lose, it won’t matter, but if we win this will be part of a documentary one day called The Cowardly, Fucking, Mongoloid, and you’re going to be even more famous than you are now.” Cuts to future. “Class, observe the reaction of the mongoloid, how it lashes out when it’s

afraid of being humiliated, how it blames the other of being delusional without even considering it might be the opposite, how it finds reassurance in itself and ideas no matter how stupid when other mongoloids huddle together and shake their heads in agreement.” I could go on but that’s enough for now...

- The real reason aliens have been mutilating and abducting cows has been for their shit, for mushrooms.
- Easter bunny egging houses.
- (In and out quick scene.) Scientist is looking through a microscope and backs up with a smile. “Oh my God I’ve cured cancer!!” Bullet comes through the window. Scientist falls out of view. Viewer hears him hit the ground.
- ‘MTV’ poverty cribs... Future cribs with free energy. Explaining how sweet life could be.
- Welcome to Front St. Psychological breakdown of the ego. Show the truth of why certain people act the way they do. Maybe if more people knew that they were fake they would stop being fake? Compare certain music videos to children playing with and singing about their toys.
- (recent) Power management. It would be like an anger management class that would have to do with CEO’s/managers abusing power and getting arrested, or a ticket from a good enough complaint. “Fuck these people I make all the real moves happen! My skill set is worth ten times as much as theirs. They wouldn’t even have a job if it wasn’t for me!” “Yes, yes greedy mongoloid, but certain parts of the job can’t be replaced by robots so you need those people just as much. They may be easier to replace, but your job wouldn’t exist and you’d only be in

control of your toy action figures if it wasn't for the people doing the heavy lifting.”

- Put a rat like costume on a slug bug and film it driving through the rat maze (city) from a helicopter.
- The Easter bunny gets caught and is crucified.
- Guardian angel talking to psychiatrist, “I just can't get through to him.” (Friend's idea)
- (cartoon) Barcode stick figures are in a hospital. One is giving birth. Baby is born with a blank face. Doctor slaps a barcode on the baby's face. Baby starts crying.
- Kids at indoor kid place playing on the slides, etc. Kids are sliding into the plastic ball area, but all the plastic balls are pill bottles.
- Freddy Kruger sitting around bored out of his mind, because all the kids are tweaked out.

WHAT'S CRACKIN'?!

What's Crackin' came from Armed and Dangerous and was going to be recorded with masks and have the cartoon effect added during editing. I changed the name to What's Crackin' as a mix for addiction to 'crack' (any addictive high), and how the C.I.A. was (and probably still is) the source of cocaine import (Freeway Ricky Ross and Gary Webb story). It became a 'fake' news/talk show like The Daily Show, but from a corrupted thug turned almost good guy's point of view. He and his co-anchor were bad guys, but once they realized how evil the real bad guys are, they switched sides. They used to rob, steal, and sell drugs so they know the whole game, but they had

limits, and once they realized that others didn't have limits they became like a Robin Hood vigilante news team.

I never came up with names for them, but the host is dressed in red, white, and blue bandana clothing, with a red and blue bandana covering his face and sunglasses with a barcode over one lens. The red, white, and blue represent America, democrats, republicans, crips, and bloods. The cohost is dressed in a pine green suit with a lime green shirt. He has a reptilian head/mask and hands, and is almost always holding a shotgun. Green represents money, power, greed, and the snake face represents ssneaky ssneaky snakes. "Look at all of the shit going on, why is your head still in the sand?!"

I certainly wanted to mix in real world events but it started off as them just interviewing other characters. A doctor for instance. "So, Dr. Ug(ene) D. Luhr, tell me, how much does the pharmaceutical industry pay you to prescribe people their drugs?" A preacher, "So tell me about yours and little Timmy's first date? And when did you discover that you like to fuck kids?" "Well I firs..." "Alright, this interview is over, take him out back and clip his nuts."

A friend gave me a globe puzzle after he'd completed it. It gave me the idea of them interviewing Satan, and Satan comparing the world to putting all the pieces together the right way (going in depth of the real world psychopaths in control), but at the end of the episode when the host was talking, Satan would be in the background taking a few pieces off of the puzzle, dropping them on the ground, then he'd unzip his fly and start to fuck the world. "Look at what is happening everywhere! Why, the, fuck, are, you, not, helping?!" I had a list of characters and basic concepts, but the scripts still needed to be written, and of course, they still needed to be created. In time, I also wanted to put the two host characters in MSM every now and again for various reasons.

Through these two internet TV shows I planned to make my own commercials to sell my own merchandise. I told myself that I wouldn't take

others money to promote their product, because I hate watching YouTube and being interrupted by ads, ads, and more ads. And I'm pretty sure most of the main companies are owned by the people I'm telling to fuck off.

"I need your money so I can keep talking shit and making midget moves to take down a giant, so please, help me pay for my funeral and buy this, this or that."

I could sell the clothing, stickers, Halloween masks, books, CD's, etc. I wanted to make and sell the actual American flag straight jacket as a Halloween costume as well. I had an idea to make bobble hands, with picket signs, the finger, peace sign, etc., and because I wanted to unite the gangs, a certain gang sign would have been optional. I had an idea to make a pyramid shaped dart board. A board game called Monopolice. Same basic concept with a few additions, and when the player got sent to jail they would've gotten sent to another board with different rules. Somehow I wanted the game to be unbeatable unless the players learned that they had to work together to beat the game, not each other. (What's funny is without knowing it, while I was coming up with this game a friend in jail was too, for the jail version. I wonder if that was just a coincidence?) Barcode chess board and pieces. Pyramid piñata. I made a few toys out of clay that could have been duplicated, my favorite being a television headed zombie, Brainzzz.

A few of the ideas I had were labeled miscellaneous, just random ideas to help fund everything else. One idea I came up with that I've seen for sale is a fire extinguisher lighter. I thought it was a funny concept, and although it may have never been a big enough idea to make a million dollars, it surely would have added something to the pot. The number one idea I had that would've made me a 'millionaire' is with the toys that the arms, legs, heads, and hands come off and are interchangeable with other toys. About six to 8 months after I came up with that idea, I started seeing it with the Ben Ten toys. I had different characters worked out and everything.

There are three main possibilities I see with this. One is; people have

the same kinds of ideas all the time and they just had the right resources to make it happen. Two is; the idea was already established by someone else and my handlers gave me the idea to either motivate me in the right direction, or to give me a hope and then take it away. Three is; this was originally my idea, but they flooded my head with excuses on why I shouldn't act on it yet, and they took it for themselves for either personal gain or company gain.

For the most part, the few ideas I've brought up are just to give an understanding of where my head ended up while you read through the next stage of my life. But, I have enough random ideas, skits, clips, etc., to at least fill another book with. Of course not all of them are good, but I've had to scratch quite a few off of the list from seeing them used somewhere else, whether it be a joke, cartoon scene, product, etc. The point I'm trying to get at is whether they created me, sabotaged me, or both, I've spent many moons locked in my room brainstorming and coming up with ideas.

I'm sure I need to explain this to some, so for the creative mind, most simple concepts are seeds that have the potential to grow. The more time you spend with that particular *plant/idea* the more you can make it grow. Of course there are limits and sometimes a bad idea is just a bad idea, but the mind is a window of infinite possibilities. The third eye can see anything it can imagine. Again, case by case, if the individual has a limited imagination (or is full of [subconscious] fear), when they hear a concept, or an idea, that's all they hear. They don't see the potential of it, or the million twists and turns it can take.

For a small example, *Jack walked into a bar and sat down.* "Okay, so what." How many situations could he have come from? Where is he headed after? How many different cities could he be in? In what kind of neighborhood? Is it even on this planet? A planet? Spacebar? Who is Jack? Is this part of a story or the beginning of a joke? Just like the saying a picture is worth a thousand words, but depending on the person, it could only be worth a hundred unless someone else points out the rest.

So, like a few of the skits you read above that are just one sentence, but explain an entire scene, I have enough written out like that to fill another

book or two. Actually, maybe not two. For as long as they've been collecting dust, I'm sure by now I've outgrown most of the ideas and will end up throwing them away. But again, the point is, although the ideas I have shared are the main ones, they could be compared to only a tree trunk in that analogy. I hope you can see the potential of what I'm trying to say.

REALITY REALTORS

This was my idea for an internet radio show, or maybe even meeting up in person with people. It was to talk about and explain how life is a dream, to tell more of my personal experiences, and to listen to others. Like I said, I was conversing with God and thought it was my mission. To be honest, I still do. Maybe they really did do a number on me, but I still believe that this body was predestined to go through this experience, and I chose or was chosen to enter it. And chosen doesn't mean the chosen one. We are all chosen at one point or another in one cycle or another, and I'll get to that part soon. I created a pretty cool business card for this idea which was shaped like a corner puzzle piece.

Reality Realtors was also going to be the main avenue I used to help 'promote' (I hate using business terms to explain a movement) a book I wanted to write, that I decided to call Think King (thinking). The main concept was to teach the reader that they're not a number and to always think like a king (or queen), a people's king though, not a dirty tyrant (basically, always think with your heart [and, actually think, use your brain]). It was going to have many of the stories you read in this book, plus many metaphorical ones. It would've been a 'science fiction' book mixed with many of my real life experiences.

THINK KING

(Excerpt) "Is that the same pyramid that's printed on the dollar bill?" John asked himself as he leaned in to get a better look at the painting on the

wall. "It is!" he laughed while taking a step back. "Why is drawn in crayon?" he wondered. Here was a picture of earth painted so well, one could almost argue that it was an actual photograph. And then "A" pyramid drawn in crayon on top of the world, almost as if the planet was wearing a dunce cap.

John admired all of the artwork as he made his way down the hallway towards his classroom. There was an arts, crafts, and science contest going on so all of the students had their projects displayed all over campus. "It's hard to believe that they can choose just one winner out of all this beauty and creativity!" John thought. "I don't know what I would do if I were a judge."

He passed a painting of a lioness guiding her cubs through the wilderness. She had her head up and was alert as they played behind her feet. Next to it, was a couple of shadows holding hands, as they walked along the sunset beach. He had to take a second glance at the next one. There was a forest, next to a grass field, and mountains in the background. There was a grayish circle in the center of the painting, with many different sized and colored letters. They appeared to be random, but he thought he made out a word or two. "I think I've seen this one before?" John thought confused.

The next few really intrigued him. The first one was turned sideways and had two main pictures drawn two and a half times each. One picture was painted in full color and the other was drawn in black and white. The one in color had both angels and demons wearing hard hats and tool belts. They were building what appeared to be paradise, and it looked as if they were putting on the finishing touch. Directly next to it, connecting in black and white, was the same construction crew and the same paradise, only they were demolishing it with the same tools they used to build it. Directly next to the rubble, stood the same construction crew, putting the finishing touches on a new and improved paradise.

The next painting stood out because sections of it were cut out and glued to a black poster board. On the bottom corner taking up almost a third of the picture, was the outline of a child's face, blowing bubbles. All of the bubbles in the picture were either stars or planets. The last bubble being made, representing earth, was almost complete. It still had a little time yet

before it became whole.

The painting after that was of an airplane, flying through outer space, at a diagonal birds eye view, just above earth's atmosphere. There was a diving board extending from the emergency exit with a man standing on it. He had a worried look on his face as he gripped the straps to his parachute. "That's one of my favorites," a woman's voice came from behind him.

John turned to face a lady whose beauty left him at a loss of words. She looked to be in her mid-thirties and was dressed as if she was also a teacher. He held out his hand to greet her, still stuck on what to say, "John..." She smiled as she shook his hand. "Nice tie John." She said playfully. John looked down to see that his tie was on backwards. In noticing his tie, he also noticed his shirt was half untucked and one of his shoes was untied. He was puzzled trying to remember what he was thinking while getting ready for work.

He laughed as he knelt down to tie his shoe, "Yes, it is a very interesting painting, very detailed." He stood back up not really paying attention to the art anymore. "Do I know you? I mean, I feel like we've met before." "I don't think so? I just started here about a week ago," she said, still smiling as they moved towards the next painting. Her eyes squinted as she looked at the painting, "What do you think of this one?"

John looked at an inmate in his cell, laying down but floating a few inches above his bed. He was reading a book with no title, and it appeared as if his imagination was painted on the wall. "A painting within a painting, I like it. It shows a man who, we have no idea why he's in prison but whatever the reason he's changing for the better." John replied with certainty. "Reallllly?" She said sarcastically as she turned to face him, "How can you tell?"

"Well, for one he's floating. To me that indicates a state of meditation or extreme imagination, so he's becoming more at one with himself, or the universe. Second, there's no title on the book, which makes me think he's not actually reading a book at all, he's staring into a window of his own imagination which," he points and looks in her eyes, "is being projected onto

the wall. Which brings us to see..." John stopped talking with an overwhelming feeling of déjà vu. "Um, he uh," "Are you okay?" she asked. "Yeah, I just... sorry. He's changing for the better because there are more peaceful images on the wall than violent. He has begun to heal himself and fill the continuous growth of his mind with more positive thoughts than negative ones. His cell isn't a cell to him, it's his, his... time machine spaceship." He smiled.

"Wow, I really like that! But, how do you know he hasn't been accused of something he didn't do or, he was set up, or maybe he's even a political prisoner? What if he was a good man who used to meditate before he went to prison and now being locked in a cage like an animal is slowly turning him into one? Those negative or violent images could be the new ones fading in instead of the old ones fading out." She paused.

"Whoa, that didn't even cross my mind." John said looking at the painting from a different view now. She continued, "From one end to the other, I guess maybe it's just how the individual decides to look at the painting, kind of like the saying beauty is in the eye of the beholder? Either way I'm going with what you said!" She smiled. John laughed as he thought, "She never stops smiling, and what a beautiful smile."

"So what do you think of this one?" He asked, knowing they both had to get to their class soon, but wanting this moment to last a little longer. He pointed at a painting of two clowns, each pedaling on their own unicycle which had an hourglass where the spokes should be, on two separate roller coaster tracks that appeared to be never ending, and connected in certain areas. The clowns were both dressed exactly the same but one was a woman and the other a man. They both had the rainbow colored, curly afro with the typical clown outfits, but each had a crown on and both were wearing superhero capes. They both had half of their face painted happy and the other half painted sad.

She gave it a glance, "I would say that the roller coaster tracks represent life, the road we take, or the ride we take. The carnival, where the roller coaster exists, would represent earth, or maybe the universe. The

unicycle represents keeping balance or at least trying to keep balance, and the hourglass is our individual time on the ride, losing and gaining time depending on which track we take. The tracks coming together.... We sometimes share life or maybe just the same path.... a clown with a crown and a cape, hmmm. We're all kings and queens of our destinies, or our unicycles. We all have the capability to become a superhero, or great, but no matter how much of a king, queen, or superhero one becomes, they're still a clown at the carnival with the rest of us."

John's eyes were just as wide as his smile, "You definitely just made this one of my favorites!" He laughed. She gently shoved him, "Oh! Well what do you think?!" "I just thought those clowns must be high on drugs! I wonder which one convinced the other to go on that ride!?" They both laughed for a moment.

"Well, I better get going, it's almost time for class. I'm sure I'll see you again soon, it was nice to meet you John." She was still smiling and her eyes were glowing, in fact she appeared to be completely surrounded by a yellowish white light. John reached for her hand, "I hope so, it was very nice to meet you Mrsss?" She gently grabbed his hand, "its Miss actually, I'm sorry I forgot to tell you my name! It's..." The class bell rang. John opened his eyes, reached over and shut off the alarm clock.

He leaned up, gave a quick stretch, and sat on the side of the bed. "Who is she?! Every time I'm about to get her name I wake up! And why can't I ever realize I'm dreaming when she's around?" He grabbed his pen and notebook and started writing. "Well at least our conversations are getting longer, and deeper. And I haven't been a teacher for a while now. But it seems, even though I was, I was more of a student this time." A few minutes later he finished writing, "... and I am Sir Bozo the 3rd." He laughed as he walked out into the kitchen.

MUSIC AND ME

I have always been and will always be in love with music. The one solid prayer, or agreement, I've asked for from God is, "No matter what happens, no matter what I go through, please keep the music coming."

I started out by giving others ideas for their music and it turned into me making my own. Or at least trying to. I wrote a few songs and recorded even fewer when I came to realize that I didn't like the music I was making. Before all of these other ideas, my music was based on the same garbage I can't stand now. Money, cars, and prosty's. All the thugged out materialistic garbage that warps people's minds. The cool. "I'm cool, my friends are cool and we don't like anything that's not cool, cool baby, yeah, uh, necklace, cool, cars, cool, boat, cool, gun, cool, if you don't like me then you're not cool, and if you're desperate for approval then you better think what I say is cool..."

Through the previously mentioned and other experiences I was beginning to wake up, and I was realizing the fake side of myself. Welcome to Front Street. I was over exaggerating everything I've been through. I've been through some rough shit, but this part was an act, and I knew it. I may have sold drugs here and there, but I've never moved weight. On one or two occasions I've been around a lot of drugs and money, but it wasn't an everyday thing. I've had guns, shot guns, but I didn't need a gun to survive. Where I grew up had quite a few knuckleheads, like myself, but it wasn't the ghetto, so I couldn't be fake and rap like that was my day to day life.

After making a few songs I stopped for a while and completely reevaluated everything I was writing about. Other things were happening during this time (which I'll get to) that helped redirect me to truth. While becoming myself again, and finding out about more of the corruption, I became the kind of writer I wanted to be (with training wheels) and found the kind of music from others, that was real. This all came together with giving away my music for free, and making sure it was filled with a "Wake the fuck up!" message.

I had the idea for the CD cover to look like the matrix coding but with a

line of code missing at the bottom. The idea of this was not to have a label, or a number, and if I became well known people would have to call me something. So they would give me a name. I would end up having several names form from different areas.

What's funny, or was one hell of a coincidence, was that I wanted to hide a message in the code on the CD cover. It would be hidden within the random numbers and letters. It wouldn't matter if people could figure it out or not because once I knew enough people had a hard copy or internet copy I could leak the message myself. The coincidence is, months after coming up with this idea the new twenty dollar bill came out. So, they printed the twenty, waited a certain amount of time until it was fully circulated, and whether someone figured it out or not, they leaked the hidden twin towers. I'm not saying one thing or the other, as mentioned before, there are multiple possibilities, but I had this idea months before the new twenty came out. Another coincidence, is the first song I ever recorded was put onto the internet under the name anonymous, and this was years before they came out.

Some of these songs/lyrics are just to show where my head's at if you haven't quite figured that out yet, and maybe to discover whether or not I've been 'influenced' to write some of this. Most of them are unfinished, but I put a few more because I probably won't get the chance to ever really record them so I might as well leave them here. The rest of this chapter is just song lyrics.

- Science fiction or fact. Unwritten religion, and science unmapped. Superstitious wishes manifested intact. Which is the lesson, at the hands of what's destined. Secretly, sacredly, in the back of our attention. Hidden silently in plain sight, without intention. All of the above, transformed into a question. Made its way into the slang of our language, whether the face of love, or the face of a stranger. Spoken but unnoticed, quietly, portraying, amazement. Above all else, but will never claim its greatness. Beyond limitless, perception differs as it should. All are witnesses, whether bad or

good. Latitude and longitude spinning amongst the potter's wheel. The atoms within the evening can make the subconscious see that some form of God is real. From ancient translations to new world explanations. The evolution of words and shape shifting information. Life's meaning, is the rediscovery of dreaming without sleeping, and one of its attempts to wake us without screaming, has come in the form of a greeting... Fuck the formal introduction, What's Up?! motha fuckas, I've been here the whole time, invading the back of your mind. The core disguise of my design, camouflaged amongst the sky, is hidden, within your fear to look me in the eye. Your realization of the matrix is a fuckin' understatement. Your uniqueness lies beneath my invitation to embrace it. Your crown, is not a fuckin' hand out. You can choose to rise above or walk with your head down. Self-esteem or self-defeat, self-belief or self-deceit, your earth vs your eternal identity. Look at me and see the proof, until it redefines your truth, I am infinity.... And all of you, are extensions of me....

- My introduction don't mean nothin' unless I'm actually saying somethin', talk or walk, unless I'm actually changing somethin', my theories, need corrections but my intentions are simply, to change your direction, this liffffffe, has so many wonders, so many aboves, and so many unders, I'm under the influence I'm the underdog, who I am, is nothing less than Superman, my surroundings, headache and heart pounding, losing my soul, while politicians are lounging, look in my reflection beggin' for forgiveness howlin' at the Gods, for a little assistance...

- Future preparations, pension plans, investment stocks, watch the cost of living rise and the dollar's value drop, reach for the sky but within the lines politely, precisely designed to demagnetize the psyche, choose wisely, or the devil might find you, can't realize that the devil uses light too....

- I've made it this far trying hard not to glance back, put some of my memories inside a trash bag, forgive myself, wipe my hands and say that's

that, but I can't help but wonder who will have the last laugh, will it be my future, or my past man, I hope by the day of my last stand you'll understand fam, why I am the way I am, a lost angel with a spray can....

- My cigarette's lit, it don't make a difference, spirit uplift is still in the distance, listen to scripts convincin' the misfits, yell at your sins and whisper forgiveness, kill the resistance, switch the ballistics, rich, sadistic, war is artistic, prison's a business and sellin' your soul has become a statistic....

- It's a sad story, but does it have to be, demons in my dreams huntin' and comin' after me, hell's yelling, while heaven's hummin' I'm sellin' somethin' just to get by, gettin' high just to function, consumption of drugs, replacing the love, because we all need some, to stop our soul from going numb, I am the one, but yet you are too, why don't we build us a crew? What the fuck can I do, to make the world a better spot instead of this evil paradox, I'd sell my soul, to ensure your heaven's locked, I'd give my last breath, and every breath that I breathe, to make your life complete, your roads clouds instead of streets, but a burger ain't the same without the beef, so all I can offer, is some cleats for your feet dig deep and run with meee...

- Cause and effect a heart filled with regret, trying to move forward but it's hard to forget, the consequences I accept, my past was a wreck, and not everyone got to walk away from the mess, although it helped shape me I almost went crazy, I pray that you save them the way that you saved me, blame me, and take the hate from their heart, after all, their pain was my fault, God please forgive me for my sins, if you can only choose one, then please choose them, welcome them home, and set their soul free, show them the light that you've shown me, I promised to give the remainder of my life, to fix what I can and make things right, give me the courage to find the currently lost, and bring them a hope for a future that hasn't been bought, give me the strength, not to lead but lead away, teach them not to make the same mistakes that I made, how to dim the dark without bad being the spark,

without the light coming from this fucked up paradox....

- Love is a weapon, so is repressed aggression, which will evolve depends on the next question, life's a mess, tired and outta breath, the feeling in your chest is destined to be depressed, rest, and handle it with a sedative, is the only way, to channel out the negative, not a clue and too scared to face the truth, will you overcome your pain or will it overcome you? Adapted and ready, for everything to go wrong, so tired of being told to hold on, the glows gone, and darkness has the soul checked, and it only remembers what it wants to forget, picture imperfect, in pitch black, crooked path, perfectly intact, standing on the edge, waiting for the dam to break, let it all go, it's time to amputate.... I promise if you face your fear of apocalypse, you will find love, and learn to walk with it.

- (Man crying, "I don't care anymore..." Cocks gun. "Hey... Hey you...") Put down your shovel. Stop diggin' and listen for a minute, as I spit the outer limits of livin' in this dimension. Hit the medicine so we can exchange brain waves, so I can explain the way that Samuel plays games, this pain maze. And everyone is a victim, the matrix system sells your soul to the biggest richest bidder cigarettes or liquor triggers dope dealers whichever gitcha quicker but if you kill yourself you're givin' in to them bitches revenge is ambition, my mission, is to slip you the bigger picture rip your mind out of prison and get your temperature risen is it the beginnin' or endin' my friend that depends on whether or not you surrenderrrr... The revolution's recruitin' soldiers stompin' in their boots and we're waitin' for youuu.. The revolution's recruitin' soldiers stompin' in their boots and we're waitin' for youuu....

- Word to the earth is your mother, misgoverned and gang raped taken hostage by your uncle and brother, dumb and dumber, livin' off top ramen 99 cent chicken mc nugget and happiness in the cupboard, pills and rum just to numb the numbers, we must kill all thought and anyone who wonders, why

the sky doesn't end and we must fund the lumber, to make the state a cage and employ the hunter, mislead the family tree and keep the cannibals armed, slang cane and hay within the animal farm, preach a false hell, to keep the animals calm, and if it steps outta line then the animal's gone, money power and pawns workin' day after day prayin' to be saved, from the maze to the grave cloning slave after slave, while they roam free, they got another thing coming, after they clone me... Fuck the flowers on my casket write an anthem with my ashes, this is more than just passion, this is picture me smashin', super nova scriptures, superman and a pastor, meditate through space like I work for NASA, I am the master of my fate yet sent with a purpose, elevate the earth, body soul and brain surgeon....

- The light of a star, is seen years after it's gone, the memories in your heart of those who've passed on, doors and metaphors, of life and what they mean, I'm sorry if I woke you, but life is a dream, existence is unlimited your perception is primitive, open your minds door, or I'll kick it in, the sky's the limit the sky is infinite, and I'm sorry reverend but I'm gonna build my own heaven. No gates and no redemption, no hate and no depression, and if you wanna play a game then it's back to the third dimension, did I mention, Martian or American, choose your own character, this is your dream, bum or a king, fish or a bird, the games an adventure, and this one's called earth. From astrodynamics to quantum mechanics, from here, to life on other planets, put your dam hands up or cry your heart out, keep your head in the clouds but always be here now, own the moment, the present is a gift and everyone's a hypocrite so you can suck my contradiction, with forgiveness as my witness and love as my messiah there's no need to fear death or to burn in eternal fire, I will be here now but work hard towards me blastin' off cause when I grow up, I'm gonna be a fuckin' astronaut.... I've divided my identity. I am my only enemy accept absorb and disperse my *soular* energy....

- [Chorus] Beyond planet earth, further than the galaxy, outside the universe illusion is reality, beyond your comprehension, further than impossible,

outside eternity, what becomes logical....

- I haven't always been the best but to you that never mattered, even when it hurt, you still showed me laughter, told me I could come to you without needing a pastor, said we were family, and never once to call you master, I love you, for bringing me out of hell, and believing in me when I didn't believe in myself. You never turned your back never even turned your neck, even when I hated you and blamed you for my mess, III havvvve, the utmost respect, from the bottom of my heart, I wish you the best, and III ammmm, truly in debt, even though I know that you would never collect. You taught me to fly, how to stand and face my fear, how to understand the madness you made my pain clear, you taught me that I am more than just another statistic, you taught me betrayal to teach me forgiveness, dear God please accept my offering, of this failed attempt to thank you properly....

- Take my broken bones and all my addictions, mixem in an elixir, twist and inhale the liquid. Let the clown drown, and never mourn, either both of us will die, or one will be reborn. Take my broken bones and all my addictions, mixem in an elixir, twist and inhale the liquid. Honor is a given and also a blessing, but will the glass shatter or become a fuckin' weapon?

- Tough Love. From start to finish the only thing I want remembered, the power within you, when it's front and centered, rememberrr, what they can't take, what they can't fake and what them motha fuckas, can't break. The bonddd, between me and my God, the double O plus the seven, plus my squad. The king and the kong my promotion, to a knight from a pawn, a demon, that grew into the Spawn. An angel born with horns in the calm before the storm, directly connected, to help even the score. I'm leavin' this war with a piece of my core, a piece of my soul, look in the mirror homie, you're not alone. Blood, cuz, I'll bleed for my quest, where is the love? It's beatin' deep in my chest. My shame runs through my veins but my home sits in my bones and my words walk, towards the source of my throne, hop on my

horse and I'm gone, the force in this one is strong, too bright for your sight, too righteous to be wrong. Holdin' on to the edge of this cliff, but this edge is my gift, cause all I gotta do is, LIFT, myself up outta this shit, plant a forest before I'm outta this bitch and let the world know, we exist. We are here, we have come, straight up, is where we're from, with the halo of a king floatin' over a bum. Who's the one? Well homie, that's your choice, it's time to wake up now, and make some noise. My voice is my thoughts transformed and put to a tune, my voice is the spark, my voice is sonic boom. Remember the troops of truth, buildin' children with a storm proof roof when God's locked in the booth, you, are the answer to your problems, you control your stance and you control your monsters. Divide and conquer. Take what life offers, if you play smart only you can stop ya. This offering of love has been sent from above, to the weakest of links and to the hardest of thugs. Know who you are, embrace the pain even when it's tough, you can forget me, but never forget love....

- I gotta lotta love to give, so where's it at, somewhere in between my heart and my nut sac, the past is the past and yes I used to be an asshole, but like I said motha fucka, that's the past though, I used to be a six screaming fuck number seven, I used to be one of the one's in nine eleven, does that make you mad? yeah I used to be mad too, I think that's normal from our backs first stab wound, didn't get it checked, and then it got infected, a couple more happened and then the hate spread, until it reached the magnet to which we're all connected, senseless anger aimed in all directions, well back to the love, and back to the point and, back to the love is the wounded backs ointment, scarred but refreshed, and tougher than the rest of them, waiting for the sick, to come and kill the messenger....

- Look me dead in the eye and see the life in my mind, like two point one seven billion dreaming at the same time, I'mmmm, a levitating liberation, tangible hallucination, translating for creation, awaken. The explanation of the saviors, the rumors sent from the ancients, final pieces to the puzzle

completing our transformation. In this piece of the painting, they advertise the end is near, but in the bigger picture, you have nothing to fear. Eternity is absolute, the truth is written on the ceiling leaking through the roof. Loosen up your shoulders, spin the combo to the box, absorb the beauty of the stars, point and connect the dots. The power within the palm, the light bulb when it's on, the structure before it's drawn, to infinite and beyond, let's pause for a minute and visit within the vision, bring back a souvenir to this corporate organism, plant it and let it grow, glow, and travel in flux, alright everyone let's get back on the bus.... Gravity is blasphemy I can fly if I choose, existence is a paradox, evolution changes rules.... I head for my goals like the incredible Hulk and my prime directive, is to alleviate your soul. On a case by case basis duplicate discs to humble you, my directions headed glo(w)bal that is spelled with a W. The lead inside the pistol vs the lead inside the pencil when magnified by glory they both create a stencil. Enter the vortex the mentors coordinates, holographic illusion projecting metaphoric ordinance. Come fly with me and let's paralyze anxiety, birds eye verify, the feeling is inspiring. The super hero seedling grown by love from the sun. The light concealed, by the filthy rags of the bum. I stand above none but next to more than thousands, in the front line howling at the moon moving mountains. The movement of neuron network, the evolving amazing basic, the never ending haven, the death and relocation. Embracing the love and embracing the hurt. Alright everyone don't forget your homework... Gravity is blasphemy I can fly if I choose. Existence is a paradox, evolution changes rules....

- If I had a buck for every time I fucked up, a dollar every holler, I would be a baller rollin' every model impala, install a waterfall in the back of my yard, thirty eight million dollar crib, every night steak with a lotta shrimp, fine wines and dine, rewind, cause these times got me grinding in crime, I don't know why, my brain's overloading on pain, is reality real, or really a game, which way is safe, is heaven even a place, and if it is, is it really surrounded by gates, and only for the saints, some say, the key is faith, the key is faith,

but what if I lose it through this maze, what if a rocket knocks me unconscious another prophet cops it out my pocket, I lose it he got it just to pawn it, but to feed his little baby daughter, does it make it wrong for me to go and hold a robbery and steal somebody else's key so I can live in harmony, or what about the wealthy will any of them come to help me, don't be greedy please, you got enough to give us all a key

- Open my eyes in tears and half awake, covered in sweat so cold I got the shakes. Another bad dream I laugh into a cough, so used to this shit, I breathe then brush it off. And oh my god who'd a thought, that suicide could sound like the sweetest of songs/psalms, and oh my god who'd a known, having so many homies you could still feel so alone, holding on, but cousin I'm barely doing that, revenge keeps me going so tell me, where my future's at, duct taped chained down to chair, tortured for weeks but fuck it, another score for the streets. Peace, where you at, I've been anxious to meet you, and shake your hand, I understand, you're needed over the globe but how the fuck, could you forget about your dog, all along, I've been trying to stay real but smiling while hiding the pain I feel, what's the deal, with this world and how we're livin' everybody's back stabbin' and crushing each other's visions, this shit isn't right my mission in life is to try to find a way to make you see through my sight, and to fight for everything I believe and everyone I love, I wouldn't hesitate to bleed. I'm making my way through hell the only thing worse, is knowing that I'm in hell, I rebel, off everything that you try to preach every time you say peace all I think about is beef, is it me, is my brain really that lost that when I think about heaven I think how much it costs, who's the boss, and who has authority to say, that I haven't earned my entrance through all this pain, keep the change, but give me my receipt so I can counterfeit copies and pass'em out through the street...

- In this life that we're livin' half are headed towards prison, freedom is controlled by a system. Slaves to a maze, whose real victim, total control, is these men's mission. My environment controls how high I get, and how bad,

I wish I could die in it. I wish I would die, I wish I could go, I wish I could leave, I wish I was home. But I'm not, homie we're stuck here, and half these cats, don't give a fuck here. Maybe they don't, maybe they do, maybe the next man, is just like you. Trying to survive just tryin' to get by, just trying, just trying to try, why, is life so damn evil, why does some men's greed control most the people.....Fuck those men. And fuck their greed, fuck everything that they want me to believe. We can start our own community, it starts with unity, it starts with a heart and a certain immunity. The cure to the cancer. The purest of answers. All it takes is the people to accept it and stand up. I'm not stuck nowhere, I'm at a slight pause, even though I see Satan I still talk to God. He's always listening and she wants you to know, to not be afraid because you're never alone. You're never too far, to remember your home and you always carry everything, you truly own. I carry my soul love everywhere that I go bruh, but not till I was taught to become loves souljah. My smile, is always on deck, they say that you can change the future with the butterfly effect. I know it's hard times and a lot of us are hurtin' but I also know, that we can make life perfect. Workin' together, pickin' each other up, I used to not care but now I really do give a fuck. About every one of us, as a whole, each and every soul, and reachin' this goal. Ebony and ivory and all the colors in between and I truly believe that we can live in a dream. My environment, can control how high I get, and how far, I know I can fly in it. I know I can fly, I know I can soar, I know I have wings, I know I am more. I know I can be what I wanna be, if we work hard at it we can set the planet free. One love, with infinite personalities, one God, with infinite personalities....

- [Chorus] Tell me I'm wrong, tell me I'm right, tell me either way that you'll love me for the rest of my life, edge of the knife, to the first breath of the light, heaven or hype, we'll be alright right?

- Life is crazy. Yo life's a little shady. Life is like a box of chocolates from your lady. I mean your bitch. Cause life is a trick and a treat, so how do you

make her suck your dick and not use her teeth. You gotta train it, tame it, be extremely patient, explain it, and keep up on the maintenance. Face it, there's gonna be problems, how you gonna solvem without losing your temper and then brawlin'. Tend to your callin' and stop yourself from fallin' when it just gets in the way, of you ballin'. What the fuck. I wanna make it work but you just keep doin' fowl shit, to make it hurt. Is it worth it? To fight to make it perfect, in the end we're both smirkin'. Captain Kirk tryin' to save you from dyin'. Turn a concrete rock into a diamond. Tryin' to touch you smooooth, without grindin' ooh. It could be so pleasant, if your king didn't treat us, like a peasant. You tell him you'll look your best, get attention to your ass and your chest, and keep my focus, off all the rest. Butter face says, if it wasn't for my body, you probably, wouldn't acknowledge me or think of an apology, respond honestly. Yes I want what I want when I want it. If you say no I'll take my love and pawn it. You want honest, yes I was a piece of hell but you didn't help, and that's a promise. I had to look to God to accept you as you are, I expected you to take the first step towards the stars. But I was checked, that it's up to me to fix, if I want you to be beautiful, and not a bitch.... I can take you where I want to, let my positive thoughts haunt you, make every man on this planet want you, put my coat in a puddle, cause I care of what you walk through, cause I care of what you walk through... Life's a bitch, nah homie it's how you treat her. If you want love in return, you must complete her. Even when she treats you like shit, you still need her. The strength of your relationship exists on how you please her. Real life, has its twists and its turns, you live and you learn, play with matches and you'll get burned. But in time, your burns will heal, keepin' it real instead of keepin' it love will change how you feel. What's the deal? The game is dealer's choice, instead of yellin' in anger I'm gonna soothe you with my voice. Even though you did me wronnng I'm not dead yet so we can move onnn, and rock the bed set. I wish to tell you, that I was wrong when I was and the fact that you forgave me, is pure love. I hope you never leave but I know one day I'll die so I hope you will remember me, and not cry. My life is a gift, I'm not ashamed to admit, I started on the wrong foot, so I tripped. But

what a trip it's been, you're not a bitch your my best friend, the love I have for you, will never end. Together forever, you're the half of me that's better, cause you love me whether or not, I got cheddar. So one more thing before I'm out this bitch, will you marry me please and be my Mrs.? I'll take you on a journey you will never forget, and I promise I will love you, through thin or thick.. I can take you where I want to, let my positive thoughts haunt you, make every man on this planet want you, put my coat in a puddle, cause I care of what you walk through, cause I care of what you walk through....

- Organized third eyes conversating with reflections, worldwide mind shine destined to spread a message. The question, of who sent us, I've been workin' so motha fuckin' hard I've gotten space dementia. Race the engine to the entrance the power of a single sentence. I bench the planet while they take their time for granted, understand this is madness mathematical sadness. Voice recordings, physical form absorbed through cameras. A medicated nation, brain wave incarceration, high tech hallucination, skynet inside the matrix. The information's been tainted painted cavemen as less than amazing, I stand forth and fight to save creation wake the fuck up. If you choose to be then you can be, universal souljahs of light plantin' our future seeds, who is he, one who's ready and willin' to give his life to protect, the laughter of the children. I'm not buildin' followers I'm buildin' an alliance of leaders strategic chess pieces a new breed of believer. Believing in their own name, ether flowin' through their own veins, conversating with the Gods in their own brain. Telepathic mac tactic was born after the crash test. Suicidal's now a term, used in its past tense. The global growth of glowin' souls is like that coke that hits your nose, grab my nuts and spread my wings and that's my picture pose, spittin' flows into the kitchen stove, addicted twitchin' crinchin' for more. Blood sweat and tears I binge on my goals. The prophets vs. psychotic psychologists manipulin' knowledge, bowin' down, to the eye on the dollar, subliminal lies help create the criminal mind, environmental sentinels senta kill your third eye....

...infinite.... Let's talk about the beginning from a shifted point of vision and with thoughts that are forbidden. Something came from nothing, the light came from darkness, and that same spark created the start, of everything... Nah sun that shit needs more editing, from evolving wisdom and emotions more heavenly. Everything's connected, flame liquid electric, the spirit and the flesh, the future past and present. Our awakening perspective, the butterfly to immerge, from our humorous attempts to turn God into words. From ancient civilizations to the current explanation, the construction of the matrix and attempts of enslavement. The illusion of division, keeping the flesh imprisoned, learn eternal definition and absorb the contradiction. Something came from nothing yet nothing is still something and if one thing exists then all things exist. I know it's hard to comprehend but the end does not end, and therefore existence has always been. From the earth to the outskirts of the universe, magnified then downsized to a single grain of dirt....

- Mathematical maneuvers, revolutionary movements, there's no question indeed that I've been sent from the future so prove it, have a seat my young students, and I will tie you to the chair and make you stare at what the truth is, the truth is, most of ya'll are just too stupid, to travel through space without ever leaving your room, it's amazing, the box they've locked your soul and brain in, the same men, possessed architects infect the pavement, enslavement, with the illusion of being free, make them fight for survival misleadem and feedem greed, a disease, has been built to kill the real keep the rest of them ill, but the cure is my will and I will, keep on marchin' through the darkness, rock hard but stay cautious adapt to my options, walking, speaks louder than talking, this I recognize but listen close, my music has been weaponized, been weaponized, to rip the bricks out of the pyramid, enlighten your soul, and kill the fear in men, we're here again, supreme beings that's heaven sent, with psychic insight, and supernatural intelligence. The paths that we choose, the choices that we make, every millisecond, rearranges fate, the infinite connections push and pull in all directions, the only question, what will you build with your present. The

paths that we choose, the choices that we make, every millisecond, rearranges fate, the infinite connections push and pull in all directions, the only question, what will you build with your present. ??

- Masters of fate yet raised by an illusion, clueless to what the truth is and cruisin' wit' the fuse lit, choose to be foolish, to prove that the shoes fit you're fuckin useless, unless you fit in with the cool kids. Feeding the head, enslaved to social acceptance, injecting the wrong respect while the soul gets neglected, headed for the edge, lost in your own reflection, fuck the rest, look at my shiny new necklace. Tell me why you're mad and tell me this shit don't feel wrong, some spoiled rotten while other's born in the kill zone..

- A planet full of problems a universe full of answers, it's time to shut your fuckin mouth, and get your ass up....

- Shape shifter. Through my metaphors, I can take your mind apart and put it back together better than before. Open says a me. Ha. I'm comin' in let me rearrange some cables, so you can swim, in the ocean of thought, I mean the universe within. Take your brain out of its box, rip it open, then back in. I was chasing a dream, through a nightmare and fell down, my dream got awayyyy, I'm lost in hell now. To make it out, I gotta walk across the water, under the stars and sit beneath the tree of where God is. Ask it what my job is and how to solve our problems. How to touch the top when we've been glued to the bottom. "In time son/sun, the answers will be given, from the street signs, to the voice of the children. It's only the beginnin' of the middle of your life. If you think I'm not around, then think twice. I exist within you. It's up to you to set me free. We can work as a team, just you, and just me. Everyone is a puppet, in control of who their master is, but if they lose control the results could be disastrous. You might even, take a couple passengers, just look at where the pastor is and tell me that's not blasphemous. I need to hypnotize your ego, kill that lie inside your brain, help you channel your evil, and break hates chains. Once you've mastered

your trainin' you can pass them all my game and, we can build a bigger team and all play in the majors. These fake haters, are scared of real love, we will shine so bright they will try to kill us it is tough! You think I want my souljahs weak, it's a seven day cycle, for us to meet. Sun or moon, remember the devil never sleeps, but neither do I, accept, who you were born to be. It's time to show the world existence is impossible, life is a dream, heaven on earth is still optional."

- The voices in my head said I'm gonna live to regret this, cause where I'm headed I'm gonna end up headless....

CHAPTER 5

JUST BECAUSE I'M PARANOID...

Generation zzz

World War III has already begun. It is so secret, no one really even knows it's happening. It's a faint echo of a whisper we're not even sure we've heard. It's an open sign with bad wiring that spends most of the time with the light off, but flickers every so often. World War 3 is classified, above top secret. The spy age. WW3 has a very well created cover story, which is compartmentalized as different shades of paranoia, or schizophrenia. Some of us know what's going on, but we're crazy. And even some of the crazies have only gotten part of it right. WW3 can only be seen scattered amongst fiction films and 'non credited' documentaries. One could even say WW2 never ended, it just went underground. In that case, if ever, one could also say that when WW3 becomes official, it will actually be WW4, and WW4 will be a science fiction war, a spiritual war, literally fought for the soul of earth.

Time Machine

If a group of 1,000 people could go back in time, with current

technology, medicine, weapons, and the blueprints to continue manufacturing them, that group could easily rule the world, building armies, fortresses, etc., teaching and recruiting who they choose. So, if time travel is not possible, the elite group would build and keep advanced tech to themselves, and keep the rest of the world with lower tech (and knowledge), so the elite would remain in control.

Monopolice

One time while in youth counseling camp a group of us were playing Monopoly. I don't remember if it was by choice, but I ended up being the banker. I cheated my ass off throughout the game, taking extra money here and there, and never got caught. Whenever someone landed on my properties and didn't have enough to pay me, I would let them slide by giving me one of their properties that was worth way less than the amount they owed. I acted like I was doing them a favor, so they could still have a chance at winning the game, all while knowing it was only a matter of time. I mean shit, I controlled the bank! I owned every property except like four by the time the game was over.

I like how that game makes one think. The more you own the easier it is to get more. And if you own the bank, there's only two ways anyone else can win. If you get caught cheating, or if you have morals. I mean in real life, not Monopoly morals. Except, actually, in real life they get caught cheating and nothing seems to happen.

(Back stories)

I met a lot of my friends during middle school, but a few days after I met Frog (if you're feeling froggy leap), he ended up getting jumped after school by three high school kids. Yeah, to this day I'm not sure why they were driving around a middle school looking to beat up kids who are an entire school under them, but hey. Anyway, we just met and I didn't know

him that well, but these kids had him on the ground stepping on his face, so I decided to jump in. I sure did hesitate at first though.

We'd just gone our separate ways, him towards his house, and me across the street towards the ice cream man. I'm not exactly sure how it began but by the time I looked over he was already squaring up with all three of them. At first I smiled, wanting to see what he had. And he did have a few good punches before he hit the ground, but after a few seconds of them kicking the shit out of him I realized that no one was going to help him. I threw my binder on the concrete and paused, "I don't even know him that well, and if they get me on the ground who's gonna save my ass?"

Perfect poetry (for kids), another kid was standing next to me and saw me throw my binder on the ground. While I was thinking what I was thinking he asked with a concerned voice for Frog, "Are you gonna jump in?" And all of those thoughts completely blanked out, "Yup." I ran towards them and jumped up in the air landing my foot perfectly on one of the kid's backs and put all of my momentum into shoving him. After he flew out of the picture I bear hugged the closest one and picked him up off of the ground. I was getting ready to toss him aside when I noticed the third one getting ready to hit me so I flung the kid I was holding back in front of his punch. He stopped midair, I think, I didn't exactly see.

Right after that the P.E. teacher came and grabbed two of those kids and got them in a head lock while the third ran away. Frog got up and we all went to the office, the P.E. teacher dragging the two kids the whole way there. They called my dad and he showed up pissed, but he calmed down when he found out I wasn't in any trouble, they just needed an escort for me to leave the property so nothing would happen afterwards. But, before my dad got there, Frog's cousin Hector showed up. He was all thugged out. He was pointing his finger at the other kids like it was a gun, whispering he was going to shoot them. This was the first time I met Hector, and the moment I started to look up to him. Amongst the others, Frog and I became good friends after that. And that wasn't the last time I had to jump in to pull people off of him.

The reason his cousin showed up is because Frog and his little brother lived with their aunt and uncle. A year or two before they moved to Vegas their parents died. I've heard bits and pieces, but they never really liked to talk about it, and I don't like bringing up painful memories so I never really asked. It's not my place to tell and I wouldn't bring it up unless it was relevant.

A while after this and a while after we were friends, Frog brought fire crackers to school to give to some of us. It was cool as hell to have firecrackers at that age, so we were all excited to have them. Coincidentally, we were in the same P.E. class with the same P.E. teacher that broke up the fight, when this stupid fucking idiot (me) decides to light one off in the locker room.

Nothing happened until we got outside. The teacher made us all line up and he said, "I know that someone here has firecrackers. And we're going to search every one of you and your lockers until we find them." I knew Frog had them in his pocket right then and there by the look he gave me. I didn't have any because I was the one who just lit it, but whether or not Frog did anything other than bring them to school, he would have gotten the blame. He wasn't dumb enough to light them at school, so why should he get in trouble for something I did?

After they searched the third or fourth kid I raised my hand and yelled out, "I did it!" He came towards me, "Alright, give me the rest." "I don't have anymore, that was the only one." Whether he actually bought it or not, he stopped searching everyone and took me to the principal's office. That was my last strike. I got sent to opportunity school after that.

Of course he didn't need to say thank you, and he didn't say it verbally, but we became better friends after that as well.

The next two stories both take place at a party, but I can't remember which one happened first. For the most part America is just one big giant melting pot right? Every here or there, races (whether racist or not) stick to

their own, but in many places there are groups of friends from every ethnic background. That was my group. We were mixed with all kinds of different races. Sometimes we would end up at parties like this, but sometimes we would end up at a certain race's party, sometimes cool, sometimes not. The next stories are two of the notes.

Frog was *this* kind of Hispanic, and his girlfriend was *that* kind of Hispanic. (I know what kind of Hispanic, but for the sake of trying to keep their identities somewhat unknown, they all look alike to me.) It was either her or one of her close friend's family parties, so she invited Frog and all of us. The party was all Hispanics, and then us. The adults were pretty cool and most of them didn't seem to mind, but the teenagers were another story. Truthfully, them being Hispanic didn't have too much to do with it. It was that they were the red guys and we were the blue guys, so it was only a matter of time.

If I remember correctly, I don't know exactly why, but it all started over Frog's girlfriend. We were all in the process of leaving when we noticed that they blocked in two of our cars. We were down by the cars when Frog started talking shit to three of them while his girlfriend was in the middle trying to stop anything from happening. The one standing to his left hit him with a bottle and they all started swinging on him and his girl (not trying to hit her, she was just trying to block). I was the closest and the first to run up to his defense and hit all three one at a time, giving him the chance to get up and get in the game.

The rest of the story is irrelevant for what I'm getting to, but this next part is a side lesson I learned. I got swept up by five of them and ended up with my back against an SUV trying to fight them off. One had his arms around the back of my knees trying to pull me to the ground while the other four were hitting me in the head and ribs. My only focus was on the one trying to take me to the ground so I put all of my energy into hitting him. After a few punches he started getting dizzy and I could feel his grip loosen. Right as I felt his grip loosen, one of my friends jumped in the air and did the same kick I did the first time I jumped in for Frog. Their attention turned to

him and I got free from the guy holding my legs and we both went after them. After a few punches they scattered and I ran after the closest one.

The parking lot was full of people fighting. I walked towards this smaller guy while thinking, "This guy will be no problem." As soon as I was in reach he uppercutted me and knocked me right on my ass. Even though he ran while I was on the ground and was gone by the time I got back up. Lesson Learned. Another funny/cool part is that we left right as the cops were showing up. When they asked about us and heard that there were only ten of us vs. thirty to forty of them, they didn't bother asking any further questions about us.

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The next party was an Asian party. I ended up inside sharing my bottle with this chick I knew from one of my classes. We hung out for a little bit, but within that short time we passed the bottle back and forth enough for the room to start twitching. I was only a swig or two from it completely spinning when I heard someone say something about a fight. I walked out front to see Frog about to fight someone.

I walked across the street and stood a few feet behind Frog. They were talking back and forth, specifically saying it was going to be a one on one fight. They went at it and after the first few blows two of the other guy's friends jumped in, and more were walking towards us (from a very big crowd) like they were about to jump in as well. I looked to my right and saw a few of my friends standing there, just watching and not moving. I looked to my left to see my other friend take off his shirt and then two of their friends pick him up and slam him on the hood of a car. So, I took a step towards the closest person jumping on Frog's face, busted the bottle over his head, and started sticking the bottleneck in his shoulder.

He stumbled away and his friends jumped back quick. I walked to the closest one holding a bloody bottleneck and slurred, "Tell your homies to chill." He responded, "They ain't my homies!" By the time I turned around my other friends picked Frog up off of the ground and we left as fast as we

could.

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A month or so after graduating high school I got a job and life went on. My schedule was work, party, and hanging out. I had no motivation or aspirations to do or become anything. I literally had no goals for life, other than always being around the people I cared about. As long as I was with my friends, which I considered family, I was always alright.

I was almost twenty when the next real change started, and it started with a simple epiphany. I realized that in the direction our life was heading, we would all eventually separate. Whether it be drugs, prison, death, or even just different job schedules, we would eventually split up. At the time, my group of friends were extremely tight, and now I don't know if it was an epiphany or a glimpse of the future.

My dad always told me that eventually all of my friends would go their own way, and eventually I'd be able to count my friends on one hand. I didn't understand and always disagreed. I don't have too many clear memories as a child, but for as long as I can remember, materials, no matter their value, have always been garbage compared to the people I care about. The only thing I've ever cared about, were the people I cared about. Nothing mattered except us, whether we were partying or just hanging out at someone's house, we were always there. Why would anyone hold anything above their loved ones? I just didn't understand.

This realization scared the shit out of me. Whether it was what he meant or not, I could clearly see these different possible outcomes for each of us. I could not stop thinking about it, and after a short while of nonstop focus, I finally saw that the only way we could really survive as a group, was to start some kind of legit business. If we owned our own business, we could make our own schedules, and it had to be legit so we wouldn't have to look over our shoulders.

I had no idea what kind of business or even the slightest clue of where to begin, other than gathering everyone up and telling them. I tried to set up a BBQ with only close friends in mind, but they thought of it as just another hang out and invited a few others that I hadn't planned on being there. I didn't intend on drinking until after I told everyone my realization, but I was so nervous I ended up being too drunk to explain it. A close friend took over for me, but no one really wanted to hear it anyway. In retrospect I was too uncomfortable with the unfamiliar faces to talk about personal matters.

So, over the next couple of months I began explaining it more and more, to a few people at a time, and not too many took me seriously. One even told me I needed to relax, I'm overanalyzing everything. The few that understood were just not ready to take it serious enough to make anything real happen, other than a few friends making music. And at the time, I knew a little bit about business from selling drugs, but I had no real business or organizational skills (although I've come to realize how similar regular business is to selling drugs). We tried a few times to brainstorm, but partying or something else always got in the way.

Life continued in the same direction as I attempted to put the pieces together. I started with a lot of random ideas, and most weren't even original. I remember thinking that we couldn't sell drugs, but what about drug paraphernalia? There will always be people who want to get high, so if we couldn't legally sell drugs, we could legally sell the same stuff as smoke shops do. We could even start making our own pipes, roach clips, ashtrays, etc.

Creating my versions of stuff that were already created, led me to 'how I would do it' and that made me start looking at life with that same thought process, which helped crack the door a little further for creating my own ideas. I still created alternate versions of things when I thought of them, but every couple of ideas would be one of my own. I never really invented anything. My only inventions were the same as most everyone else, the ones we think of but don't act on.

I had some decent ideas for immature street life concepts, but no real

foundation. The only reason any of this started was to try and prevent us from splitting up, so there may have been an unconscious foundation. Keeping family together. Not letting anything come between us. But even though they were my ideas they still had no real meaning. I may have been starting to come up with my own ideas, but they were still coming from a conditioned thought process and most of them started out the same way my music did.

“I’m cool, my friends are cool and we don’t like anything that’s not cool, cool baby, yeah, uh, necklace, cool, cars, cool, boat, cool, gun, cool, if you don’t like me then you’re not cool, and if you’re desperate for approval then you better think what I say is cool...” Like I said, we’ve been through some rough shit, and some of us more than others, but some of it gets over exaggerated. And at this time, I was only beginning to see the truth. Like a puppet realizing there’s a string attached to his arm.

About a year went by and most of us were still living the same life as before, but now my fire was burning with a different kind of fuel. Although the fuel’s main ingredient was fear of a particular future, it was mixed with a belief that I could change the outcome. There was determination, but no conscious foundation. ‘How I would do it’ was allowing me to glimpse the puppet strings, but only here and there. How I would do it made me start to question, “Why is it like *this* if it could be like *that*?” and that ended up leading to, “What do I have to say?” “No no no. What do I really have to say?” But I’m getting just a little bit ahead of myself. The future was coming a lot faster than I had anticipated. I thought I had a few years, at least, but I soon realized the clock started before I even knew there was a clock.

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I mentioned that Frog’s parents died when he was younger. One had a very good job and a good life insurance policy. Frog turned eighteen almost two years before his little brother, but when they turned eighteen they got their inheritance which was around a quarter million each. None of us knew this at first, we just knew it was a lot of money. It’s funny how money can

make some people turn into your best friend. A lot of us were friends no matter what, but it seemed like there were a few who got a little closer to Frog during this period.

I turned eighteen during the middle of my senior year. Although Frog had already dropped out, he turned eighteen shortly after I did. A few months after he inherited his money he pulled me aside and told me he wanted to give me some money. Not needing anything other than friendship I refused. He insisted, and I refused again. He finally said something along the lines, “Come on G, we’re friends and I want to do something for you, please accept this gift.” After realizing what he meant I took the money.

Other than this, I’ve had one other person do something similar, but she just took a few of us shopping. Both times this has happened I spent the money on other people or us as a group. Frog gave me five grand, and I spent two of it on two *realllly* fun bbq’s, and the rest on who knows what, probably drugs and alcohol.

After a while Frog mentioned a few times that he had the money to back me up, but I didn’t have a real plan and didn’t want to lose his money from a half-assed plan. We needed to actually come up with something, and it was his money. I thought this needed to be a group contribution thing. Everyone chips in so we all build it together, not Frog pays for everything and if anything goes wrong he’s the only one who loses.

Around the time of this realization, I lived in a small apartment complex across the street from Frog. A few different friends also lived in the same complex, so we were all always at someone’s place around that area, but for the most part at Frog’s because he and his brother bought a house together. Because of their inheritance neither one of them worked at the moment. Frog started a few jobs here and there but always ended up quitting shortly after. We all knew how to sell drugs, and he had the money to buy larger quantities for cheaper, so he started back up with that and it went on and off for a while.

One night, I was really high and zoned out (or in) and I realized that we

were all under police surveillance. I thought of it over and over, cross checking coincidences all night and could not see certain situations only being coincidences. There had been several times before this I randomly got an overwhelming feeling that someone was watching me, but this was different. Over the next couple of days I became convinced we were being watched and it wasn't just a paranoid delusion. So I let a few know and the closest of the closest met up. We drank some firewater, did a few other things, and once we became more relaxed we began to discuss it. We compared notes and confirmed that something was going on and I wasn't just going crazy. We couldn't prove that we were under direct surveillance, but we figured out that a few of the people we knew, and even a few day to day friends, had become confidential informants.

Our main suspicion was of a friend who had moved away years ago and then just popped up out of the blue one day. He was always in the middle of the illegal stuff, but distant with almost everything else. He always wanted to know the details of this and that, but never had a good enough excuse of why he wanted to know. Toooo many questions. And too many coincidences.

I don't want to get into any specific stories, but years later I bumped into a chick he was dating at that time and she confirmed everything with precise details. He got in trouble where he lived, said he knew people out in Vegas and made a deal to come back here while working as a confidential informant.

Frog's cousin, Hector, the one we all used to look up to turned out to be one too. After our old friend ended up disappearing (not literally, he just left) Hector ended up making a small move. Because he himself couldn't burn where he lived, he introduced two of his 'close' friends (one after the other left), who immediately became everyday friends. They never met each other, but it was the same thing both times. Hector brought *him* over saying how close they were and then Hector and him would rarely hang together. *He* became our friend who always hung out with us.

The first one practically moved into Frog's house and became somewhat of an OG role model to some of us. He got Frog into moving more

stuff and eventually him and Hector got Frog to start smoking meth. When I found out I got pissed, a few of us did. I told Frog that every time I found out he smoked that shit I was going to come over and hit him in the mouth, but I quit after about the fifth time realizing it wasn't working. The last time I hit him (really hard) he was so spun out that he took it and came back up like nothing happened, and asked me how I was doing, genuinely concerned.

Anyway, after a few months and after a long night, our new friend had been up for a few days. He and one of our other friends had gotten an apartment together, and they were really starting to butt heads. They ended up fighting and our new friend ended up on top of our old friend pounding his face into the concrete. Frog was trying to get him to stop, but he wouldn't, so Frog hit him in the mouth. He fell back and after that we all broke it up. He was screaming at Frog, "It's like that?! It's like that?!" Frog was even trying to apologize, you know, sometimes friends hit each other.

Our new friend was so mad that he left with someone (one of us) he thought he could trust. He was talking shit the whole time, and he knew Frog's little brother was coming home soon. "Frog wants to fuck with me, then I'm gonna take his little brother from him." He kept repeating this while loading an assault rifle. He said to our real friend, "Come on homie, it's on the hood." Our real friend played the part for the moment while watching him finish loading the magazine and then lock it in. A few minutes later, Frog's little brother pulled around the corner, our new friend pulled the gun out, and then our new friend ended up in the hospital almost dying. (Side note for police, *you* already know the details. I'm sure he told his side of the story, but don't bother asking me anything because I already forgot what we were talking about.)

We weren't sure what to expect with retaliation. We knew that he was from somewhere, but didn't know how connected he was. So, our other friend reached out to another friend that knew a guy who knew a guy who knew where our new friend actually came from. They told them that he told them who told us that he ran from his neighborhood for becoming a confidential informant. He moved after that and we never saw him again.

Shortly before this I somehow 'lost' all of my keys. My friend who lived with him for a short while ended up finding them in our new friend's things. He had them for about a month before all of this happened.

Very shortly after this Hector shows up with a new face, "Hey guys this is my bestest buddy in the whole wide world that you've never met or even heard of. We've known each other for a while now, he's hella cool I know you'll like him." This guy actually wasn't so bad, but after a few months he almost got into a fight with one of our other friends and he just disappeared off the face of the planet. What a few of us thought, was that after the last encounter, they just pulled him out not wanting to risk his safety or something like that, because the incident was such a stupid thing for him to just stop coming around. Every one of us liked him other than the person he almost fought and we didn't have a clue at the time who he actually was. Anyway, this all happened over about a year to year and a half. There were a few more, but the point is that I wasn't just paranoid, we were actually under some kind of surveillance.

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I'm no psychology major, but knowing what I know now, part of my realization came from my guilty conscience, part of it came from it actually happening, and part of it came from the organized gang stalking methods. Different people (family, friends, coworkers, even strangers) would repeat conversations I had with others that they couldn't have possibly heard, because not only were they not around at the time, but they didn't even know each other. Several times someone has said something that I've never told anyone, or repeated my thoughts directly to me or to someone else in front of me. Depending on the circumstance and what was said, it either made me regular paranoid, paranoid thinking I was in the Truman Show, made me start to believe more in universal synchronicity (although I didn't know the term for that yet), or it made me believe more in telepathy and that I was becoming somewhat psychic.

The first time we met to discuss our situation and one possible

informant, even though it was the closest of us, I still had other suspicions because of the ‘coincidences’ happening to me already. So, I brought up the idea that we should mess with him. “Each of us at different times of the day will say different things, like I’ll say ‘I can’t believe you would do something like this’, and when he responds I’ll act like I said something else. And later in the day you’ll say ‘We know what you’re doing’, and when he responds you act like you said something else.” This was more than ten years before I knew about gang stalking, v2k, etc., and I brought it up because I knew how it made me feel, and because I also wanted to indirectly say, “I know what you’re doing,” and see if anyone would give any clue to if it was already happening to me.

We only actually confirmed a small amount of weirdness at first, but it was confirmed. From what I was already experiencing mixing with that small amount of confirmation, my mind created a world of paranoia. This information, added to what was already starting to happen to me specifically, turned me into a ‘paranoid schizophrenic’. I eventually thought everyone was trying to get me. I thought my shadow was trying to get me. I thought my reflection was trying to get me. I thought every random face passing by was a cop. I overanalyzed everything and everyone.

There may not have been an official police surveillance unit watching us (or there may have been), but the few confirmed facts mixed with my guilty conscience, and now with this new (to me) discovery of directed energy weapons, leads me to believe that I was extremely overwhelmed with fear, which made me delusional, rather than an actual paranoid schizophrenic. (And I haven’t even gone into depth yet about my experiences with the directed energy weapons. If you’ve really researched it, then you should know how well they can manipulate us, especially when we’re unaware, and afraid. Over the years my fear has faded, like a fog slowly evaporating to a point of where I can see so much clearer. The more one becomes full of love, the less they are filled with fear. I’ll describe this more in detail later, but a lot of people can’t see certain truths because of their pain attachments and

level of fear. But oh no, no no, don't worry. It's not that you're afraid... I'm just crazy.)

My epiphany didn't include betrayal. I've been betrayed before, but this was a whole other level. I started this entire plan trying to prevent us from splitting up and now I don't even know who I can trust. I couldn't deal with the actual betrayal of a few and projected it onto all, but I fought it as hard as I could with the love I still had, knowing that most of them were in the same situation as me. I had to find a way to cope, I had to figure a way out of this situation, and I still had to figure out a way to make my realization not come true. I believe around this time, is where the true foundation began to reveal itself, where the roots just started to sprout above ground.

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Before I even understood a fraction of the monopoly of capitalism, that the end result of capitalism is a type of communism, my subconscious absorbed an undeniable truth. Like I said, I didn't need to carry a gun just to go to the store, but where I specifically lived wasn't the best area either. Coincidentally, I grew up a block away from one of the richest gated communities (at the time) in Las Vegas. I've only been inside a handful of times, but it allowed me to see the wall that rich people build around themselves to keep the poor people out. Stories upon stories upon stories outside of this wall.

As I've gotten older I've realized that some of my assumptions were incorrect, some people work harder than lazy people and deserve every penny they've earned, but being the banker that one single time while playing Monopoly allowed me to glimpse the other side of the coin. Of course it's a case by case basis, but if large amounts of money are only circulated by tyrant type men, then we will always end up where we are now. Seriously, mind control weapons, wars for profit, prison industry, medicine that doesn't heal but keeps the money coming in, creating illness to profit from the

vaccines, fossil fuel pollution, free energy suppression, etc.

Although my view has practically come full circle, I've gained some insight on the matter. As a teenager I was just a punk who viewed all police as slave enforcers, or sheep dogs. And for the most part I viewed all criminals as trying to fight against it and just trying to make a dollar in a world that won't allow certain people to succeed. I was a rebel without a cause. Where I ended up was somewhere in the middle. Good cop bad cop, good criminal bad criminal. Both sides are balanced with good men and bad men. Corruption, greed, honor, morals, and the power to choose are now balanced within the two viewpoints.

I started wondering, "How are they, and how can they watch me? And what is true family and loyalty?" This is where I really started to learn all about big brother vs. the people. I already knew a little bit about how cops monitored and busted people from movies and music, but the rest of what I was learning was through experience and imagination. After becoming aware of being under surveillance, I was extremely over analyzing the cops who were watching us, for the way the system was/is being set up. I imagined all kinds of scenarios, weapons, and technology, and the more I got into it the more I found out. (It's funny, kind of, although I now think it wasn't originally me, but while thinking deeply about satellites and cell phone signals, I once had a thought, "What if they can read your mind?" I brushed it off with a, "Yeah right," but also immediately blocked it out with a, "Ho-ly shit.")

All I really did was observe the way everything was set up in everyday life and it made me see what kind of place *they* were building. Cameras everywhere, cell phone tracking and recording devices (with cameras), satellite cameras, bank/credit card transaction records, etc., etc., all to keep the cycle going. Entrapment on the largest scale. Make life damn near impossible to survive for a certain kind of person, and wait until they fuck up. Keep *these* areas free from crime (blue collar crime/'peasants'), *those* areas full of crime, and balance the gray throughout the rest. I hadn't learned that

prison was just another business yet, but it was sure starting to seem like it.

I went from a rebel without a cause, to having a cause, or part of a cause, a confused cause. Our system is set up for certain people to succeed and the others to fail, and once one does fail it's damn near impossible to fix it. We have to stay in line to succeed, and if we can't, or if we slip, we get left behind. If we step out of line we will be punished, but lines don't exist for them, and whenever we seem to catch on, there's always a fall guy. I do understand the need for police in our current society. I also understand that a lot of crime is out of the need for money. How can the people who run the world not see this, if a young druggie delinquent can?

I hadn't watched any actual conspiracy theory documentaries yet, but I had become aware of subliminal messages in the cartoons I watched as a kid, and because of that, I was now starting to see the manipulation of advertisements, movies, and music. I remember for a while I started looking in magazine advertisements and finding subliminal words hidden within the picture (I still have some of them saved in a folder, somewhere). Have my friends and I been set up to fail? Have they somehow inflicted and manipulated the children's confusion and pain, and brainwashed us?

I knew some cops were crooked, and the government was corrupted just the same, but I was beginning to see how deep it really was/is. How brainwashed we really were/are. How I'd been brainwashed, not only by religion, but by people in high places in general. Entrapment on a very, very large scale. Brainwash kids at a young age, so they're destined to either serve the system, or fuck up, and either way turn them against each other. Religion vs. religion. Race vs. race. Cops vs. crooks. Cops vs. cops. Crooks vs. crooks. Blue collar vs. white collar. Rich vs. poor. Democrats vs. republicans. Crips vs. bloods. My crew vs. your crew. Pyramid vs. pyramid. Divide and conquer. Profit from the individual, no matter how they turn out. There's more than one way to turn a human into a battery. I was beginning to see the tip of the iceberg, and my business plans to keep us together unconsciously started to become more of a protest, more of a revolution.

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I just began to date this girl, and I was so paranoid that I started thinking she was a confidential informant. I laugh at it now, but it was that bad. One night I ate some mushrooms and went to her house. We were laying down, talking, and I became so overwhelmed with paranoia and the stress of my situation in general, that I pretended I had to go to the bathroom.

I leaned down with my arms folded over the front of the sink, covering the bottom of my face. Staring in my reflection's eyes, as they filled up with tears, I asked myself, "Why does it have to be like this, why is life like this?!" I could see so much playing over in my mind. My friend's lives, my friend's death, my life, like watching a movie, and seeing how brainwashed, afraid, angry, and confused I really was, "I can't even properly talk to this girl. I'm so emotionally fucked up!"

I knew then before it even began that she wouldn't be able to deal with me, that I was too fucked up for her, that I was too fucked up for anyone. Everything I've/we've been through is all because of the way our society is run, how corrupted everything is. The way it is and the way it could be, if *they* really cared about *us*. Then I saw it, the people at the top, the very top, had to be stopped, and I was going to stop them. I wiped my tears, and my sadness left with laughter. I went back to her and laid down with a bit of ease, and with this new idea raging through my mind.

I've recently learned that besides turning a person into a Manchurian assassin, *they* intentionally torture and/or wake certain individuals up to study their plans for revenge and/or justice so if need be they can build their defenses accordingly, or if they want to benefit from the attack they'll just let it happen.

This also reminds me of another influential thought that probably came from them. I remember thinking [from an arrogant and religious point of view] that when I died I was definitely going to go to hell. I told myself over and over that when I got to hell I was going to find the devil and kill him.

One day (and many times after) my thoughts replied, “Why wait?” “Huh?” “Why wait until you get to hell to kill the devil?” As in there are so many devils here.

I became consumed with this idea. I was still paranoid, but now with a bigger reason to fight the paranoia. We were all still dealing with the madness, but now my determination to ‘save us’ with a business plan, became an obsession to save us by stopping them, like two birds with one stone type of deal. It was so clear, I even knew now (then) that it was there before I saw it, but now it was clear. I had so many ideas I couldn’t stop writing, even at work I was constantly writing, writing, writing.

Most of my ideas were now based on change and revolution. The foundation logo now meant - I am not a slave. I realized that I could use all of the same tools that they did. Instead of manipulation, I could use entertainment as education. I could make movies, cartoons, music, internet TV shows, skit commercials, books, magazines, stickers, and clothes, all saying “WE ARE NOT SLAVES!!” I could create all kinds of art telling people the truth (and they’re all currently collecting dust).

I started to realize that if I was actually going to pull this off I was going to need a real bank roll. It doesn’t cost a dime to sit around and come up with ideas, and it doesn’t cost much to write them all down, but once I started yelling fuck you, it was only a matter of time before they stopped me. So, I had to make sure I said everything I had to say before they shut me up. The plan had to be perfect, because once I officially began there would be no turning back.

CHAPTER 6

MUSHROOMS SAVED MY LIFE

“So this is what you would do?”

I quit drinking and using drugs for about three or four months around this time, and it was mainly because of a dream. Besides the confidential informants, besides the organized gang stalking tactics (which I thought were related), besides my paranoia, the only real explanation I could come up with at the time was the drugs and alcohol, but now I think I know what really happened.

In my dream I was at work, working, and I started talking with a coworker friend. Regardless of not being able to tell that I was dreaming, everything appeared completely normal. A normal conversation, with a normal coworker flashed into him having red eyes, looking like a zombie demon, and having his hands around my throat choking the hell out of me. I panicked, but didn't instantly wake up from it. It took a second to process the change, the fear, and the feeling of his hands around my throat.

I woke up in my bed with someone's hands around my throat actually choking me. I really panicked then. I could feel the strength in the grip, the light headedness from the loss of oxygen, and the fear of someone in my room trying to kill me. Around the same time it felt like I began to choke on my tongue, I realized that the reason I wasn't using my arms to fight this person off of me was because I was the one choking myself. I gasped for air as I let go of myself. I stopped drinking and getting high the very next day thinking that was the cause, but now I realize that I hadn't quite cut the puppet strings.

The next time I quit was because I got my ex-girlfriend pregnant and quit with her for moral support. The one time I did smoke weed again I had another 'crazy' experience. I cannot remember one exact word of the conversation, only the feeling I had and the basics of the conversation. I had no idea what happened, why it happened, or what it meant, until now.

About a week earlier I was driving at night, with a few friends back to my apartment when my tire blew out. I was close enough to get to my apartment complex but I had to take a few back streets. I drove through an

alley behind a few businesses, turned onto the main road for a quarter block, and turned into the apartment parking lot. An undercover cop car was right behind us and turned on their lights.

Two undercover cops jumped out of the car and ran up fast with their guns drawn. One shined a flashlight in my face, “Why were you driving down that alley?!” “My tire blew out.” “No, we know you guys were doing something, what was it?!” I repeated myself. They took our IDs and one went to run them while the other kept his eye on us. We ended up getting out of the car and he asked me again, “Why were you driving through that alley?!” I pointed at my tire, looked and talked to him like he was stupid, “BeCaUse I bLeW oUt mY tIrE.” He put me on the hood, searched me, and took me to jail for possession of weed with intent to sell.

I started selling weed again because I had a kid on the way and was trying to get enough money for a good start. Luckily, they only found enough for me to tell them that I bought it like that so those charges didn’t stick, but for reasons unknown I never had to go to court for any of it.

About a week or so later, one of my friends had to go to court for something unrelated. He was pretty sure he was going to prison, so before we parted ways I smoked with him.

I was almost at my chick’s apartment when it began. My thoughts started to respond to what I was thinking, and they were using my mouth to do so. I jumped at first and got a little scared, “Holy shit, I AM going crazy.” And whatever was happening came with a weird inner feeling. I don’t know how to explain this properly, but I’m going to try.

At first it all came out of nowhere. Because I was driving and almost having a nervous breakdown, I had to really focus so I wouldn’t wreck. That focus gave me control of my mouth, but not my thoughts. I could feel myself holding my mouth in place while it was trying to move, but I had no control on what was appearing in my mind. Besides what was being said and exactly what was happening, I started trying to analyze this exact feeling of controlling my mouth. I pulled into the parking lot and sat in the car for a

moment while my thoughts raged on.

After analyzing this feeling of ‘control’, I now knew that I did have control over my mouth, if I wanted it. So, I ‘let go’ of my control to see what would happen. Without the feeling of hands, my neck tilted like someone physically turned it for me, I looked in the rearview mirror, and began having a conversation with ‘myself’. Every time I would talk it felt completely normal, like a normal feeling of talking to someone else. Whenever ‘I’ responded I felt something physically take control of my neck, mouth, facial expressions, and although I could still see through my eyes, looking into my eyes in the rearview, it felt like I was looking at someone else. I mean I knew it was me, it was my reflection, but it felt like I was talking to another person.

‘I’ even ended up subtly telling myself that it wasn’t me, but because I had no clue about directed energy weapons I didn’t understand. I thought that I was either going crazy with another personality or being possessed. I remembered the voice, but it never did this before so I didn’t know what to think. Whoever it was, was telling me about all the mistakes I was making and how much of a fuck up I was. *He* mentioned getting arrested, getting my chick pregnant, etc. Whenever *he* was done talking it felt like *he* let go of *his* control to let me respond, and once *he* wanted to talk *he* took it back. My neck was tilting back and forth, looking in the mirror and then not.

After a few minutes of yelling at each other I had enough. I didn’t want to continue and end up getting stuck like this or something worse, and I realized that if anyone walked by they’d probably call the cops on some crazy guy sitting in his car yelling at himself. Although I had control of my body, I couldn’t get back control of my mouth yet. I walked towards her apartment and started to slow down, since I couldn’t stop mouthing off to myself. I walked really slow until I focused, got back full control, and turned yelling into mumbles and mumbles back into thoughts.

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I very well may be what they’ve intended me to be. I might be lying to

myself in order to keep moving forward and not giving up. I have to constantly remind myself of the few memories I have that I still believe to be divine, and with their memory erasing/manipulation capabilities, that proves to be a constant battle. After a few different experiences more recently, there was about a month's worth of time where every day my brain felt fuzzy, similar to being extremely tired and feeling like I was half asleep while awake, but without actually being tired, and I could not remember the smallest of things. I would walk out of a room and forget why, constantly forget what I was about to say, and although this one still happens occasionally, I'd wake up in my bed, in my room, and not have a clue of who or where I was.

I was beginning to think I was done for, that they weren't going to stop until I was a vegetable, so I decided to block out reality for a while and found a show that only had one season. Whether it be their manipulation or an actual coincidence, the show was about a spaceship crew that all had their memories wiped. The show began with them waking up out of their sleep chambers not remembering anything, but they all still had their instincts and their true identities, as in the person underneath. After watching this show, I got lost in thought and ended up writing myself a little note, "I have a feeling this memory loss thing is going to be one of their backfires. If they erase all my memories, and disrupt my short term memory, they're going to end up with the real me, the one without their programming."

During one of my last experiences, when my ego/earth identity completely vanished and I was my true self, my eternal self, I learned (remembered is more accurate) the entire truth about eternity. One of the few truths I brought back with me is, imagine a ball of light, similar to a sun, being a positive energy source. Imagine a negative energy source as a pitch black liquid. Because the liquid is dark, when it goes into the ball of light, the ball of light dims. The amount of time it takes for the light to burn the liquid differs amongst the amount of liquid that is inside of it. Small amounts of liquid get burned up quick, sometimes not even entering the light, but

burning up before reaching it. If there is too much liquid, it can certainly extinguish the light, but every time the liquid burns out, the light grows and becomes brighter. The bigger and brighter it gets the more liquid it takes to dim it.

I am a positive being. Negativity takes its toll, depending on its power percentage. Because I am positive, it weakens me until I absorb it. Once I absorb it, I become somewhat immune to that particular negative charge, and completely immune to the smaller ones. Of course the stronger the charge the harder it is, and this does not mean it doesn't take time and strength, I am not (my shell is not) invincible, but I hope you get the point.

I didn't completely reach (remember) this understanding until more recently, but after writing that note to myself, "I have a feeling this memory loss thing is going to be one of their backfires," I went back to normal. I still have had harder times now remembering some things, but the extreme fuzziness left without a trace and I immediately noticed how different I felt.

When I first glimpsed at that first puzzle piece, I became way more into all of this conspiracy madness than damn near everyone I knew. We were all still wearing the blindfolds, but I was just past realizing that there was a blindfold and that it had been there for who knows how long. I kept wondering, "Why is it like *this*, if it could be like *that*?"

Again, we begin getting programmed at a very young age. I've been brainwashed a few times in my life. Religion has brainwashed me. The music industry has brainwashed me. Being cool brainwashed me. Cartoons brainwashed me, or television in general. The NWO brainwashed me. My parents 'brainwashed' me, more just programmed me with their beliefs which are 'normal'. And a secret government agency has directly brainwashed me, or at least a part of me.

Other than being directly targeted, I think a lot of it is just a normal part of growing up, because I see it in so many other people as well. Even if they didn't intentionally set up life the way they have, the subconscious mind was there before we figured it out and we would still influence each other. We

learn the world before us, the little piece of life we can see. And some of the things/people were brainwashed/influenced by aren't intentional. Life itself is filled with hidden and subliminal messages and metaphors given from the universe. The moth to the flame. A man made bug zapper. The caterpillar cocoon. The circus elephant. The caged lion. Birds in a cage. Insects and parasites with mind control abilities. But I think life's biggest subliminal message, or reminder of the truth, is right above us. Every day, our subconscious absorbs infinity.

How much of our brain, perspective, reality, is an illusion? If someone tells you a lie that has 90% truth and you believe them, you believed 10% illusion. Part of your reality now contains illusion. If what we learned in school as kids becomes outdated, irrelevant, or even becomes a false misunderstanding, how much of our reality is just the same?

illusion: *noun* - a thing that is or is likely to be wrongly perceived or interpreted by the senses.
- a deceptive appearance or impression.
- a false idea or belief.

reality: *noun* - the world or the state of things as they actually exist, as opposed to an idealistic or notional idea of them.
- the state or quality of having existence or substance.

How much of what we believe is an illusion? Probably more than most of us realize, and more than some of us will admit. We can have this entire gigantic belief system our whole entire lives, and out of nowhere something comes along and shatters it. A teeny tiny little micro fact that was cleverly camouflaged, crumbles an empire.

Regardless of the proof, some may never accept the fact and will

remain in their belief system, this illusion they've lived in their whole, entire, lives. We've tried to explain infinity to our self, and end up putting a limited label on it, or following popular belief. Once we think we know what's going on, it becomes harder and harder to convince us otherwise. Someone has dumbbed down infinity. Think outside of the box, there is no box. You only live once, that's what they want you to think.

I can tell you for sure that I have been caught up in many, many illusions, without the use of hallucinogenic drugs, and that I began to find a way out of these illusions, with a big help from drugs which create illusions. It still took me almost ten years from this point, but I finally reached a conclusion, life is the biggest illusion of all. "Life is but a dream." We're all, infinite beings, experiencing this particular illusion. This illusion is an echo of reality and reality is eternity 888888888888

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Creation after creation, I was working nonstop. I was even dreaming of new ideas. I had to sleep next to a pen and paper. At work people would sometimes ask me, "What the fuck are you always writing?!"

After so many creations, thoughts, and ideas of where this was heading, and who I was becoming, I had the idea of becoming *Robin Hood*, instead of just being a group of hoodlums. This was a distant plan, but it still became a goal. I didn't care about being rich, I just wanted to keep us together, and we could use the profits from a 'movie' to pay our bills until we created and completed the next idea. After I finally made enough money to make sure everyone I loved was taken care of, and voiced my opinion loud enough to be heard, the few who wanted to come with me would begin training. We would have the resources to find out who was really corrupted, steal every last penny from them, and donate it to charity.

But, if they've killed everyone else who's tried to go against them, then why wouldn't they kill me? Why wouldn't they go after the people I care about? Besides knowing what I was trying to accomplish with Statistik,

becoming *Robin Hood* led me to realize that we would have to be divided into at least two groups. I realized I needed more than just ‘soldiers’. I would also need people good with computers, numbers, business, sales, etc.

The first group of ideas would have to generate all of the money, and I would have to be a little calmer about what I said. A lot of the miscellaneous ideas would fit into this group. But the second group would have to be where I talked the most shit, and would give away for free. I would give my music away for free. I could create multiple links between the different groups. I could use Statistik as the main logo and to generate some money, but with the heavy hitter ideas I could use just a barcode with no name or number. I could make it appear to be more than one group with similar ideas (just like *they* do), but one would generate income and the other would be to say the really deep shit.

Compared to now it wasn’t much, but I finally had enough to at least start something. But I still had no real organizational skills, and even though this was becoming more of a movement, I had no real knowledge on how to run a business, other than selling drugs (and like I said, I’ve come to realize that a lot of businesses are run with the same concept).

I started a new job and met a guy who told me how to make tea out of magical mushrooms. I was really excited to try this because I love mushrooms, but hate how they taste. I got enough for a few people and we were all going to do them together. My girlfriend at the time was going to try them for her first time as well.

No one ended up showing up (which I now think was *their* doing, possibly making my friends forget we were all supposed to meet up) except my chick, but she ended up having to work early the next morning, so she backed out. I followed the instructions with enough for me, but soon after I started, I began having doubts that this guy didn’t know what he was talking about. So, I dumped the whole bag in, more than a lot, a lot a lot, and continued with the process.

It came time and sure enough, it looked exactly like tea. I let it cool

down a bit then downed the whole glass while it was still warm, and the effects took place immediately. I lived in a townhouse apartment, and by the time I made it to the top of the stairs, I was frying my ass off. I was laughing, and laughing, and laughing. I made it into my room and dropped onto the bed, laughing.

I laid there for a moment, smiling and laughing, already fully hallucinating. I was in two places simultaneously. I could see all of my thoughts as clear as watching a movie with commercials. Soon after I laid down I had to piss. I was so messed up that my chick had to walk me to the bathroom and literally hold it and aim for me because I couldn't see the toilet, which was camouflaged with the floor. We went back to the bed and I laid back down.

She put on a DVD of Family Guy, laid down next to me, and watched it while she tried to fall asleep. I glanced around my collaged room for a moment. Everything was melting into each other. I began splitting back into being in two places at once, for a moment, and then I was gone. The last thing I looked at in my room before blasting off, was a clay tile type cross, hanging on the wall above my desk. I was completely gone, no longer in two places, and no longer in this dimension.

I arrived float walking through some hills, in a desert, on a very cloudy day. I approached a wooden cross big enough for a man, with a few more in the background. In the center of this cross, was my logo burned in, with smoke coming from it, as if it just happened. As soon as I absorbed the confusion of what I was seeing, I appeared in the center of a wide open grass field with mountains in the distance.

I was facing the mountains. Along my right side was a pine forest, fading into the distance until it reached the mountains. I could hear a small stream but couldn't see it. About fifty feet in front of me, was a gigantic floating metallic charcoal mirrored sphere. It was the size of a very large building. This sphere was floating inside of a bubble and the bubble was exactly the same as the sphere, but see through.

A single written question, surrounded by rainbow electric liquid light,

came out of a random spot on the sphere. As it hit the inside of the bubble, it turned into multiple answers. The answers looked like when a water fountain shoots the water straight up, and just when the water starts to come back down, it spreads out like a sprinkler. When I say multiple answers, I mean depending on who is asking the question, why the question is being asked, where the question is being asked, with which emotion is the question being asked, in which exact circumstance is the question being asked, etc. Every question had more than one answer and some questions had way more answers than others.

Another question came out, and then another, and then multiple, and then double the multiple, until the sphere was spitting out hundreds of questions and thousands of answers per second. Within a brief moment, the entire bubble was answers flowing passed and through each other and I understood and absorbed all of them. I can't even really say I understood because it wasn't like I was being taught exactly or if I even had a choice. Essentially, I was being uploaded with information.

It all began going so fast, uploading and overloading so much information, that I began to shake, overwhelmed with a growing nausea. I was beginning to have an anxiety attack, and just when I felt I was going to pass out, it stopped. It stopped as if it knew I was about to lose it, and as soon as it stopped, I phased into the next place.

I appeared sitting on top of a mountain like it was a foot stool. I was a giant, sitting on a mountain, looking down at a city. I was so big, that it was day time, but the top half of me was in night/outer space. I could see the sun shining bright as ever, and still see the stars.

I could see every little detail of this city. I was watching how everything worked, in fast forward. Not only like hitting the fast-forward button, but watching and understanding everything that's going on while it's in fast forward. How kids go to school, the trash men collect the trash and take it to the dump, where it goes from there, the police, the criminals, the different religions/churches, the dogs barking, people going to work, every detail of every job, the insects, the trees, pollution, everything. Wherever my

point of vision hit, the details would zoom in and become more specific in detail, as in people's lives, their names, their identities, who they are, who they think they are, who they pretend to be, what makes them happy or sad, every little detail, the details within the details within the details. I just sat in amazement and watched for the next few minutes.

After observing the city and its people, I stopped and focused on a random few. I watched 'my revolution' warp into their mind. After only a few moments, they fully understood. I could see and feel how much they loved the idea, how much they agreed and wanted to help (me) change the world. It inspired them so much that they dropped everything they were doing and it was all they could focus on. They went and told the people they knew, and then those people went and told the people they knew, and they all began to tell strangers, and more strangers. Everyone was amped up and only focused on change. Everything in life came to a complete halt other than changing the world. Once they saw the truth, every political group, every religion, every race, even cops and criminals, were all standing side by side.

It was all spreading so rapidly, like turning fast forward up to triple the speed that the entire city knew within a matter of seconds. I watched it spread all over the city, then to the next city, and the next city, and the next. I stood up, staring down at a country cheering for 'my' ideas. As my ideas spread though, I could feel my power grow with the crowd. Person by person I could feel my power amplify. My power grew just as fast as my ideas spread. With the followers and the control I had, they would do whatever I said, I was king.

As my power grew, I could feel my pain and anger begin to creep out and become alive. I could see all the pain from my past play like flashes of a movie, and it made me get angry. My anger wasn't growing as fast as my power, but it caught up quickly and was right on its tail. All the fucked up things that have happened to me, that have happened to the people I care about, all from this corrupt system, began to cloud my vision, and millions of people were giving me the power to do something about it, to do whatever I wanted, there was no one above me. It was all going so fast, that every bit of

the tiniest power I gained from each person started to make me get that much angrier. In retrospect, it reminds me of *Lord of the Rings*, when someone gets next to the ring of power.

I started to grit my teeth, while staring down at this little ant country cheering for me. With my head in the night sky, staring down into sun lit cities, I started to scan the Earth for the things that had hurt me. I heard a worried voice next to me, "Calm down." I ignored it at first, feeling my power still growing, my decisions transforming society, and my anger pumping through each vein, all in the background of my focus. "You really need to calm down," I responded annoyed, "Shut up." Staring at my power and all of these people worshipping me. With my anger raging through my veins and vibrating my bones, my good side appeared next to me and put his/my hand on my arm with genuine concern. "No, you really need to calm down!" I grabbed him/me by the face and growled, "SHUT THE FUCK UP!!" and threw me/him out of existence.

As soon as I did that, as soon as he/I/my good side disappeared, I became consumed by my anger, and it instantly turned into hatred. I manifested a fireball in my right hand, as I continued to search for my first target. I walked along the outsides of the cities, which were only steps for me, furious. I finally found a target, a cigarette factory. I smiled as I lifted my arm up to aim.

I heard a little voice come from below, a little ant talking to a giant, "What about all of the innocent people?" I thought briefly, not even half a second, responded cold and low, "I don't give a fuck," and threw the fireball, blowing up the cigarette factory. I could hear screams and people crying. I could feel all that pain and see flashes of funerals, but I didn't even flinch, I was already throwing the next fireball.

The country was in panic, buildings were burning, all the crying and screaming, and I had no intentions of stopping. I was completely consumed by hatred and power. I had the fourth fireball in my hand when a calm voice boomed down from the sky, turning all that hatred into complete fear, turning that giant evil tyrant into a scared little child. "So this is what you would do if

I gave you power?” Within the blink of an eye I was back in my room, but it wasn't my room, it was hell.

I knew where I was as soon as I was back. I literally thought I had died and gone to hell. I was in excruciating pain, the WORST pain I have ever felt. It was everywhere, inside and out, all over my body, except for a single spot, about the size of a dime. This spot only felt normal, and the only reason it was there was to remind me what normal felt like. This spot randomly moved every few seconds, from one spot to the next, just so I couldn't focus on it. It was constantly reminding me of the normal I took for granted.

The walls were melting with fire and ash, demonic faces, skulls, and bloody body parts, coming in and out of each other. Every time I blinked or moved my point of vision, everything returned to normal, just so I could remember what normal looked like, how beautiful normal looks. I would see a snapshot of normal that instantly melted back into flames and terrifying faces.

I tried to get up, but it took every bit of strength I had just to lift my head an inch off of the pillow. I was paralyzed, but besides being paralyzed, every time I lifted my head more than an inch up, my girl would push me back down (from her perspective she was trying to sleep and get me to relax). She laid halfway over me, with her leg over my hip, in between my legs, and her arm going across my chest with her hand on my shoulder. I was so stuck, that I couldn't even talk at first, to tell her that I was in pain, to tell her anything. Seriously, it felt like my jaws were sewn together.

At that time in life, I thought she was the one, that I had found my soulmate. In that dimension of hell, my soulmate was my gatekeeper. My soulmate was hell's guardian keeping me in agonizing pain with no escape. Whenever I looked at her face, her cheeks would fade away showing sharp pointy shark teeth. I was in so much pain, I kept trying to get up and she kept pushing me back down. I'm sure she realized something was wrong, because every time she pushed me back down she would say, "I love you," trying to comfort me, but from my position, I was terrified. She owned my heart, the little bit of love I have left with me, in hell, and it's for my gatekeeper. I love

her and she's the one keeping me in pain with no escape. My soulmate was my gatekeeper, in hell.

She was wearing these gold bracelets that amplified the sounds of the chains when they rubbed together. The chains that were keeping me from getting up, and if I could get any further than an inch, my gatekeeper was there to make sure I couldn't succeed. "I love you," when meant and from the right person can be some of the most beautiful, uplifting words in existence. Even hearing those words being said with your 'soulmate's' voice, the sound of their voice, is so soothing. I have never been so afraid of those words.

Those words, at that time, were the worst thing that could've been said. At least if it was I hate you, or you deserve this, it would've matched the scenario, but I love you, while I'm torturing you. Not only her saying I love you, but her 'knowing' that I loved her and still torturing me. It was so terrifying, feeling the love in my heart for her, her 'knowing' how much I loved her, me 'knowing' that she is my gatekeeper and that she 'obviously' doesn't love me, and her keeping me in the most excruciating pain ever. I really wish I could explain it better because rereading it doesn't even come close to describing the actual feeling.

All of the voices in Family Guy were the same, but all of the words were changed and directed towards me. All they talked about was how horrible of a person I was, and began listing all of the fucked up things I've done, from the tiniest arguments to the worst actions. They brought up things I'd long forgotten and things that had happened more recently. They started twisting negative thoughts I've had throughout life, with negative actions I've done throughout life. They began twisting the positive things with the negative until all I could see was negative. They eventually began to convince me that my life wasn't even real, that hell was the only place that ever existed.

They told me my life was just a test, my family and friends weren't real, and since they weren't real no one has ever loved me, and everyone I loved were just different demons playing along. Even if they were real, I was such a horrible person that no one would ever love me for real. It was all

fake. They began twisting my memories from the life I had before dying, with illusions they conjured up. I eventually couldn't tell the difference between my previous life and hell.

I began trying to think of how I could escape. I kept trying, and trying, just to think clearly, but I had extreme ADHD. I would begin to think of something and the thoughts were forced out of my head, or forced to change. I could literally see the thoughts in my head either rip apart, evaporate, or transform. I had no control over keeping my own thoughts. It was just like my other senses, a thought would occur normally and then start changing.

I thought of pieces of different options of escaping, and then forgot I was trying to escape. And every time I did hold on to the thought for just long enough to piece part of a plan together, the voices responded, "We can hear everything, all of your thoughts! How are you going to think of a way out when we can hear every little thing you think about?!" I kept at it, but so did they, eventually making fun of me for trying. Teasing me and changing my thoughts, allowing me to think of part of a plan only to change it and throw it back in my face.

I began to beg God for forgiveness, "Please God I'm so sorry! Please give me another chance, please!" They responded sarcastically, "God can't hear you down here!" I pleaded, "PLEASE, GOD, HELP ME!" and they growled, "GOD CAN'T HEAR YOU DOWN HERE!!" darker and lower each time. I could not keep a thought for the life of me. I was paralyzed in the worst pain I've ever experienced. All I could see or hear was evil. The tiniest bit of love I still have left and it's for the one torturing me, and she keeps repeating, "I love you."

I was in hell for so long I forgot about the real life I had before dying. I was in hell for so long that I forgot who I was, I forgot who my family was, I even eventually forgot who my gatekeeper was, and all I knew was pain and horror. All I knew was hell, until the tea began to wear off, and I could finally move. I was still locked on to Family Guy, but now able move my arms. I can't remember the reason for this part clearly, but I want to say it was either they (the devil/demons) were going to let me go, or out of hell, or something

like that.

“You’re going to kill the president.” “No I’m not.” It didn’t make sense. If I’m dead and in hell then why...“If you want out of here then you’re going to kill the president.” We went back and forth a few more times. I looked back and forth from the TV to my chick, who was ‘on the same side’. “If, you, want out of here, you, are going to kill, the president.” After about the tenth time I leaned up and finally spoke out loud for the first time, “Fine! Where’s the gun!” My chick looked at me afraid, but I believed it was an act and thought, “Stop fucking with me!” and then said a little louder, “Where’s the gun?! The gun! Where’s the fucking gun?! Give me the gun!”

She got scared and started trying to calm me down. The next part is fuzzy, but they stopped talking about it and I ended up laying back down with her back on top of me. I want to say they said it was just a trick. They were trying to trick me into thinking they’d let me go, or something like that.

I was lying down, but I could move now and think just a little clearer. “If I can move then why am I still here?” I grabbed my chick’s bracelets, with my fingers in between them and her wrist, and I pulled. She said to stop and I listened, but I did it again a few seconds after. I did it maybe two or three more times until I really hurt her and she jumped up and ran out of the room. I felt confused but free. “My gatekeeper’s gone?” I remember I had to move my legs by using my arms to pick them up at first. Family Guy was still on but now back to normal. Coincidentally, right when I reached the edge of the bed, an episode was on where one of the scenes was in hell. It showed a red Satan with his pitchfork standing in fire, smiling about something. I still thought I was in hell, I could just move now. For the next few minutes I remembered my life, but thought my life was hell. I could not separate the two in my head yet.

I eventually scooted off the bed, and it still took a lot just for that. I remember having to lift one of my legs with my arms just to move it. I remember walking into my roommate’s room and talking about something, still thinking I was in hell, and he was just another demon playing along. I can’t remember much else after that, other than finally realizing I was back.

Not that I took too much mushrooms and it was just a bad trip, but that I was back from hell. God saved me and gave me another chance.

I called and apologized to my chick, and she came back and fell asleep next to me. The sun had risen and I was still frying. I replayed everything over and over, some parts more than others. I discussed them with God and kept thanking him for my second chance. Although there was no response, I knew God could hear me, so I talked to God as if God was right there next to me.

Rereading this, doesn't come close to the actual experience. It was so much more terrifying than I explained and obviously lasted *soo* much longer than it took to read. All I can say is if time slows down while we're dreaming, and mushrooms create a bridge from the dream world to this one, imagine how long eight to ten hours is. Like I said I was in hell for so long that I forgot about real life.

I seriously don't think I could ever explain hell, the sphere, or the city enough to actually make one truly understand this experience. All I can say is try to visualize it. This happened to me over ten years ago, and it sucked while it happened, but it was one of the most enlightening experiences of my life. Even through all the horror, I am still very thankful for this experience, even if it didn't actually come from God.

I'm going to explain two sides of this experience. What I believed happened before I found out about remote neural monitoring and the voice of god weapon, and the possibilities of what I now believe.

God didn't send me to hell just because I deserved it. No matter how much truth I learned from the sphere, no matter how much knowledge it uploaded me with, it meant nothing to a broken heart. With all of that power I had, all of that power I could've done good with, I still chose destruction. I chose punishment instead of forgiveness. I chose revenge no matter the collateral damage. I didn't care about the innocent as long as I got my

vengeance and the ‘bad’ guys got punished. The sphere taught me everything I needed to know and then put me on that mountain, to teach me the last and final lesson it had to offer. A lesson that can’t only be learned with the brain.

Empathy is a good example of how we can feel others’ emotions. We either have experienced something similar or can imagine (with emotion) what they’re experiencing. Just because this is true, doesn’t mean it is always true. It is very hard for the average person to imagine and fully experience what it’s like to have enough power to control the planet. We can say, “If I was in charge things would be different.” And maybe it would be different in some way, but most could never really know what that much power would do to them, because they have never really experienced it.

There are people in this world right now that have the power I had. Their decisions have tremendously larger impacts than the average man or woman. Of course not all of them choose the path I chose but the world is pretty chaotic. Imagine being the top of the top. Imagine (focus and get lost in your imagination) that you have so much power that when you decide to make something happen, it does. You point your finger and it happens. You make a phone call and it’s done. Now, imagine that you are above the law, that you have the power of *God* and that your judgment is ‘justified’, that despite collateral damage, the people who have hurt you will feel your self-righteous wrath. Your imagination isn’t enough to reveal the depth of what you would truly do with that much power.

A lot of people won’t even admit that they have a dark side. They’re not even aware of how much darkness they have bottled up within them, how deep it really goes. I’ve observed many tyrants in my life, not the ones at the top of the hill, but people in general. The way they hold themselves, their moral structure, if they were to become rulers at *this exact moment* in their lives, they would become tyrants (some are even proud of it). Every person is the ruler of their actions and the way they treat people. Life is hard as fuck, so here and there we take it out on someone else, or we try to get ahead wherever we can even if it means taking advantage of someone. Sometimes it feels like life is sitting on our chest just pounding the shit out of us, but as

hard as it is, we should try harder to treat each other better.

We all have a certain amount of power. We (most of us) have the ability to increase our intelligence and our power, but I still see everyday people misuse the little power they have. They lie to each other, try to get over on each other for a couple bucks, they take from others to get what they want (or sometimes need which is kind of different), take advantage of others, manipulate others, want help then and there ,but only help others when it's convenient, constantly break their word, give because they want the acknowledgement, selfish self-centered always wanna talk but never listen, see their friends as *my* friends instead of having a mutual respect. I'm sure almost everyone has had a power crazed boss, so imagine that person being in control of the planet rather than just the manager at work. (Please don't get me wrong, a lot of the same people who do this still have a beautiful side to them and do beautiful things for others. I'm not trying to be high and mighty and point the finger [especially after the story I just told] or call anyone *bad* I'm just trying to make an example.)

Insurance companies fuck us but how many of us fuck the insurance companies? 'Mechanics' fuck us over but how many of us milk the clock, or extend the time it will take to finish a job, or the cabby taking the scenic route? A good example I really want to use, is people taking pride in killing someone who broke into their house. If it happens it happens, I completely understand the self-defense part, but the pride part bothers me. Especially when it seems most people legally rob others when they get the chance. They disguise their thievery behind 'the law'. In a big way they're no better than that person who broke into their house. "It might be immoral, but it's not illegal." Really?

Our way of life is a pyramid. Every individual is the top of their own pyramid, and their closest loved ones are the top that floats above their acquaintances, connections, and strangers. Just as *they* look at us as cattle, or numbers, some of us look at strangers as less than. Of course not everyone is like this, but a lot of people are. Even religion seems to have the pyramid mentality, putting their religion/messiah at the top of their pyramid and the

rest of us beneath.

It's a cycle that gets amplified on every level. A million people, a million strangers, all fucked someone over, and then one CEO of a major company fucks over that million. Of course it crisscrosses and intertwines, but that's 'karma'. No matter how small you think you are, or how much of a difference you can make, we all have power. The way you hold yourself now, if amplified to the ruler of the world, every little time you mistreat someone, would amplify as well. If you can't face your dark side, if you can't face your pain, it has subliminal/subconscious power over you. It creeps out, here or there, sooner or later, and it grows as our power grows.

I've caught myself being self-righteous plenty of times trying to balance out my delusions of grandeur. "I know better than you" hypocritical BULLSHIT. Sometimes I may even be right, but there should rarely ever be pride attached to it, and the times of pride should never be over belittling someone. Whether I am right or wrong, we are equal. Neither is above or below. I have to remind myself that I didn't always have this perspective, and even this perspective still needs a lot of work. The battle is a tough one, and again, I'm not calling anyone a *bad* person, evil does exist, but the war is within all of us.

I was punished for what I did, but if God would've shown immediate forgiveness without punishment after what I did, I would've never learned anything. I would've never been able to heal. I was forgiven. I was forgiven the entire time, but I had to experience hell to start getting the hell out of me. I'm sure a part of some of you got a bit of joy when it came to the part of when I was sent to hell for what I did. That same part of you that smiled at me being punished, was the same part of me that got me sent to hell in the first place. The same part in people that condemn others to hell, will get them 'sent' there themselves.

After finding out about these different technologies and really learning about them, I now know that this entire experience could've been their manipulation. Whether they played good cop bad cop/ angel and demon/ God

and Satan. They could've uploaded me with all of that information from the sphere with their supercomputer, and put me on that mountain to see what I would do. After they saw what I did, they appeared as the voice of god and then sent me to hell.

I think that in order for them to play the game that they play, they have to create/control both hero and villain, and sometimes it may be decided from who the individual is. They need their terrorists to create fear and they need their heroes to create hope. The superhero trap has many levels. "*I am not a slave.*" I've seen multiple ideas from other people out there basically saying the same thing, but their logos are different. If I was one of the candidates for creating a movement, that was the perfect test, and I failed. So, once I was sent to hell, they were back to trying to turn me into an assassin. But that is one of probably a couple thousand scenarios. For all I know they could've scripted everything and once I became a giant they could've induced me with overwhelming anger, like the weapon from the *Kingsman Secret Service*.

There are many other theories of why they could've done what they've done, but I can't give them credit for things they may have not done. I do not underestimate their power, but if I completely give them credit for all of these experiences and coincidences throughout my life, then I empower them. I give them the credit and power over me for things they haven't done, and because manipulation is one of their main weapons, they would gladly take credit for every experience, eventually putting a cap on my perspective of infinity.

But at the same time, they would also want me to remain thinking it was divine intervention so I actually believe I have spoken with God and God has given me a message to relay. It's too complicated to really know. If something happens 99 times out of 100, or even 999,999 out of 1,000,000, then that one time was actually genuine. But how can I gauge it and know which experience was? Since they can read minds, if I did have one genuine experience, they could manipulate the hell out of that experience until they have taken complete credit for it and make me (us) believe that they're all divine intervention (or none of them were).

The sky is proof that there is no end. If there is an end to our universe, then the end does not end. This really makes me think sometimes, that the only thing that is truly impossible, is something being impossible. What I believe happened more than anything, is that God and fake god were both present within this experience. They may have super computers and super technology, but God is the master of the butterfly effect. Whether God used a drug, an experience, or a corrupted bunch of man children, God still intervened to teach me a valuable lesson. I would be a fool to doubt their capabilities, but I still believe that this body was predestined to go through what I've been through and what I still have to face. I hold both possibilities open, but I believe just a little bit more, that my soul, my eternal self, entered this vessel on purpose.

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After this experience I knew exactly what to do and how to do it. I had everything in my head I just needed to get it out, but I now had a new fear. What if my hallucination becomes true? What if I succeed and then become the same tyrant I'm trying to stop? The sphere uploaded me with so much more than I needed to know, showed me that it would work, and then showed me my dark side. I couldn't let myself become like that, but I couldn't just give up either. I knew that I had that experience for a reason, that it wasn't just a coincidence. I was starting to get the feeling that I knew why it wasn't my time to go when I tried to kill myself, and why Ray was there, instead of me just waking up puking with no memory. Maybe everything I was trying to do now was the spiritual reason I strayed from the honor roll and became a delinquent. Maybe the reason I was born was to end up in hell so I could find a way out.

I told a few friends of my hallucination, and told fewer to promise me that they would stop me if I ever became that way. But it wasn't enough. I began arguing with myself, "I know you're in there, and I will kill myself before I ever let you do anything like that!" These little conversations continued as I searched for ways to get my dark side out of me. If the reason I

was born was to cause destruction and this was my sign, then I needed to learn how to get rid of it, control it, heal it, or worst case scenario, and have the strength to momentarily overcome it, just long enough to kill myself.

CHAPTER 7

DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER IDENTITY

A few weeks after drinking the tea, a brick flew through my bedroom window. My girlfriend was there at the time and luckily locked herself out of the bedroom. I got home, unlocked the door, and shattered glass was all over my bed with the brick lying on it as well. From being so overly paranoid at this time, I didn't have a clue who it was. It could've been 'an inside job' or someone from my past somehow found out where I lived. I'm not sure that the two were related, but the very next week a friend and I were shot at in front of my apartment complex.

A few friends left to go to the store and one called me saying there was a suspicious car driving back and forth out front of the complex. Another friend and I went outside just to see who they were and if they were going to try something. We stopped by the side of the building for a minute or two and watched them drive back and forth a couple more times. We decided to walk across the street like we were heading to Frog's house. They drove by us staring hard and made a U-turn at the end of the street and sat there facing us. I stopped on the sidewalk and threw my arm up waving for them to come. I didn't throw my arms up violently or wanting problems, my intentions were to talk and find out what they were doing. Whether they misunderstood me or not the passenger stuck his arm out of the window and started shooting at us.

They peeled out straight towards us. We ran up the street to Frog's house with bullets whizzing past us, ducking behind cars when we could. We made it inside and everyone asked what was happening, that they all heard the shots. Everyone got hyped up and ready to go. As I stared at all the people there holding handguns and automatic rifles saying, "Let's go! Let's

go find these mother fuckers!” I thought to myself, “Who can I trust?”

Our old friend that turned out to be a confidential informant just recently vanished. He beat the shit out of one of our harmless friends and just disappeared after that. Around the same time my keys ended up magically disappearing. I was still suspicious of a few others being Cis, but had no real evidence. I barely even suspected the actual CIs that were standing right there and then, one of them also loading a gun.

My heart was pounding a thousand beats per minute and my brain was racing just as fast. Neither one of us got hit. How do I know that that wasn't set up to get me amped up and go get caught riding around with an assault rifle, or someone else's dirty gun, after there'd just been a couple gunshots? There were way too many people in that house, so I said I was good, “I'm just gonna wait for a little bit and then go back home.”

Maybe a week or two after this, our new friend (almost) tried to kill Frog's little brother, and a few days after that is when I got my keys back. A day or so after I got my keys back I packed practically all of my stuff into a storage unit and moved back into my mom's house.

At first it was going to be temporary while I figured out who was who and what was going on. I planned on staying there for a couple of months tops. I really only kept my stuff there for the first month or two. I slept there here and there, but spent most of my time with friends or my ex-girl, and slept at her apartment. At this time my chick was really the only one helping me with all of my ideas. Whether we did it together or she ended up teaching me, I learned how to become more organized with my ideas. We spent a lot of time doing other stuff, but we also spent a lot of time working on ideas.

I started leaving my friends earlier and earlier so I could work on some ideas. The faster I can get everything started the faster we can be clear of all this bullshit. Leaving early became not showing up from time to time, and eventually I was spending most of my time locked in my room working.

At first it was just a desk next to a bed, but soon after, I had my bed in storage with the rest of my stuff and I was sleeping back and forth between

the floor and the couch, so I could have my own little poor man's bat cave. Shortly after I moved back, a few more things ended up happening, and I came up with an idea. Maybe I should just stay for a while. I can't just pack up, bring or leave everyone, and move to another city. And a bum who lives at his mom's house sounds like a good enough cover story, if I could swallow my pride. It's funny now, but I used to have to repeatedly tell myself, "You can tell them the truth later, right now just stick with the story." I didn't even tell my girl my plan, although I did try and hint it a couple of times. That was definitely a good battle for my ego.

To the outside world I appeared to be... I still remember the way some people looked at me when they found out I lived with my mom. From those who didn't really know me I got the "*fucking loser*" look, and from the few who did know me I got the "*what the hell are you doing?*" look. My gut would turn sometimes, but the more I remembered superheroes and secret identities the more it started to bounce right off. It's still funny to me, even some of the villains have secret identities, good spy and bad spy. I have been through the scumbag era of my life and through everything I still don't consider myself an ex-villain, but I created a secret identity to hide from police, which sounds like the same route a villain would take, but for me it wasn't. And this secret identity became my first real cocoon.

The more I bottled up *the revolutionist*, the more I kept what I was trying to do a secret, the more it compressed into my core. We bottle up the negative, and a lot of people end up needing to see counselors because of it, but try bottling up the good. A small way of trying this is, do nice things for complete strangers and never tell anyone. It has to be a stranger so you will never see them again, and not only can you never tell anyone, you can never say it out loud. Do not release this good deed into the outer universe, keep it bottled up right alongside the negative, within the inner universe.

The more I understood the more I started to keep myself off of paper. I stopped using my bank account, maxed out the little credit I had and cut up my credit cards, and eventually got a phone in someone else's name. (Regretfully, even right now some of my bills are paid through my parents

accounts.) I'm a drug addict drunk bum who lives at his mom's. Computer? What the fuck is a computer?

I was already a drunk on drugs, so that part wasn't hard to play. I finally knew that everything a person did was being kept track of. What we purchase with our credit/debit cards, the movies we rent or watch on our (now smart) TV, what we search for on the internet, our emails, our text messages, our phone conversations, facebook (myspace then), the grocery store savings member cards, everything is recorded. (It's no longer hard to explain/prove to some because of Snowden.) So I did everything I could to keep what I could off record and make the people watching me lose interest, and if any other person in the future ever looked my name up, they would get the assumption that I was a screw up still living with my mommy, and hopefully that would at least throw them off. I even started acting out of the norm (my norm), throwing just a bit of random personality that was not my own into the mix. ("You're fucking weird." It's funny how we can be insecure or get embarrassed for what one of our friends does huh? [I'm not excusing all of my odd behavior, some of the weird shit was my weird shit and now I realize that some of it was their programming])

A few of my really close friends saw what I was doing, but I still had to play a different role depending on who it was, and how I assumed they held themselves. I've overcome some of the paranoia realizing that if certain friends were informants, I'd already be in jail, but just because I trust someone with something important, doesn't mean I can trust them to keep a secret from someone they hold close, or maybe because their insecurity needs to say, "Wanna know a secret?" I still updated them on most stuff from time to time, but I couldn't risk them saying certain things over the phone, or to the wrong person, so the only way I could keep some things secret, was to not tell anyone.

Whether this was all me or part me, part Manchurian candidate, I lived this identity for years to come. Like I said, in the beginning it was a bit rough, but the more I looked in the mirror the more I saw my secret identity. Even

through the severe depression, I believed it was all molding me, that it was all my cocoon. The more I learned and the more I experienced the more I believed I was *the one*. There are quite a few stories that will lead up to that, but towards the beginning, one of the first amplifications was a salute. Not just a salute, but multiple salutes. People I knew, coworkers, even random strangers I drove by would salute me.

From what I've learned, although this is different from the stories I've heard, this is a method of Organized Gang Stalking. Whether the people are actually stalking the individual or mind control technology is being used on the 'stalkers', friends, family, and random people, they will all do something very similar and unique to the target to let the target know it's being done. At this time I was far from learning about this technology and thought it was all universal synchronicity leading me to who I was to become.

There was a major backfire after almost a decade of keeping my true self mostly hidden and this act of a person others see me as. I felt like the lion that spent most of his life free, and eventually broken from his cage. I've heard it before, but I just couldn't believe how true it really is. The first thing I heard was about actors/actresses. They can become so into the role they're playing, that they can become somewhat confused of their identity. That sometimes they pick up characteristics from the character they're playing. I saw a movie or two saying the same thing with undercover agents that sometimes they cross over, or pick up too much of the criminal they're pretending to be.

The one that made my eyes water and almost breakdown was more recently, years after it all started and I finally understood it, in a show called *Burn Notice*. A spy named Michael Westen was talking about being under a deep cover identity for so long that the lines become blurred, between the person you're pretending to be and who you really are. I really loved that show, it was the only 'person' I could talk to about a lot of my real problems. I don't work for the government (I may be a Manchurian candidate, but they don't pay me and I don't clock in), I'm not a spy, but I created a cover

identity and lived it all in attempts to complete my mission. There are a lot of sayings I would love to use from that show, but I'm only going to use one more. "Spies live in the shadows, but they dream of the light, the idea that your work won't remain secret forever -keeps you going-, one day the world will learn what you've done, even if your name is never known." (And it took a lot of convincing for me to put my name on this.) Another part that made a few tears come was from one of the last episodes of the last season, psychological warfare, where Michael is being interrogated while he's on hallucinogens. I really felt like I was him (or he was me) while he was explaining his situation with Larry to the man interrogating him. He blew up a building with civilians inside in order to get his target.

The last year or so before finding out about the v2k side of everything, I told myself I'm going to just be me, fuck hiding, but I still had a very hard time breaking the old habit, "Keep that a secret. No, no, no, don't tell them that." I had such a hard time fighting this identity I've created, and now it's reached a deep enough level to where I can't tell the people in my life everything, at least not yet. I came up with a personal saying more recently. "I've pretended to be Clark Kent for so long that I forgot how to be Superman."

CHAPTER

OPTIMISTIC SCHIZOPHRENIC WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

"I am everything!"

"Yeah right, if God was going to talk to anyone, it wouldn't be you, it'd be me. I don't think you realize how awesome I am and how superior my opinion is. If Jesus came back we would be best friends, he would see how cool I am and how good of a follower I am and he would choose me over everyone else to be one of his disciples. My judgments are completely justified," said the idiot.

The first time I've ever had a clear conversation with God was about five months after moving back in with my mom. But before I tell that story I want to tell a few that happened years later, a few months apart, about a year or so before I found out about directed energy weapons.

My mom went out of town for a couple of weeks so I would go to her house to feed the cats. One night I ended up watching TV for a few hours too long and decided I was just gonna sleep on the couch rather than leave. I turned the TV off about half an hour after deciding to stay and shut my eyes. I was in deep thought, almost in between the sleep and still awake state, when I started to hear multiple voices randomly talking.

I wasn't paying attention to what they were saying because I was trying to fall asleep, but it was getting annoying. After a few minutes of listening to different people interrupt my thoughts, "Blah blah blah, wah wah, blah blah blah blah, hahahahaha, I know, blah, what are you, blah..." I thought, "Man I really wish she (my mom) would turn off her TV so I could go to sleep!" As soon as I realized what I'd just thought, I realized that I was the only one in the house and I turned the TV off a while ago. My eyes shot open and everything went silent. With having so many other similar experiences for so many years, I smiled at the thought of becoming more telepathic and drifted off to sleep soon after.

The next few are some of my first 'signal' experiences, which were in dreams.

All of the sudden, out of nowhere I felt a pressure hitting my forehead. It didn't hurt, it felt like a faint rapid pulsating pressure and I felt extreme confusion. After a few moments I saw one of my friends standing in front of me. He was just standing there looking at me. There was nothing in the background other than a mixture of maroon-ish and pink-ish light. I woke up shortly after and could see the light from my phone on. I picked it up to see that he'd just called, missed call zero minutes ago.

There have been a few times I've 'woken up' in bed hearing either music, the radio DJ, or infomercials. Sometimes I could feel the pulsating pressure (signal) hitting my head, and others I could not. I recognized a song here and there, but most of the time I didn't. I don't listen to the radio so I couldn't tell you which DJ I heard, but most times it was on a rap radio

station. And yeah, infomercials, these dirt bags are now invading my dreams trying to sell me stuff. Most of the times I'd 'wake up' really thinking I'd woken up to my alarm clock/radio malfunctioning. The music and DJ didn't really surprise me (until realizing I was still asleep while hearing them), but I didn't even know infomercials were on the radio, so that was weird the few times it happened. After the first few times of hearing anything, I started to realize that I was still asleep, but at the time I had no idea why it was happening, and again, I thought my brain powers were amplifying.

Around the same time as these dreams I also had a few that were even weirder. There were two forms of this dream, one with voices and the other with music. The first time it was a woman's voice. I would say something and 'she' would respond, singing the exact meaning of what I said, but using different words. I could feel a connection between her voice and myself, as if we were the same being, I guess. I can't remember what was said, but it only lasted for a few sentences until her voice turned into music. I would say something and the music would respond to how I said it, possibly the emotion I felt while saying it, and some of the tunes were offbeat and others on beat. The next time this happened there were multiple voices, some women and some men. Whatever I said they would say right back to me, with the same meaning, but different words. "Hello, what's happening?" "Hi, what is going on?" I could feel a connection with this one as well, as if it was all me, coming from my subconscious or something like that.

I honestly can't remember my first precognitive dream, but this one was somewhere in the middle. I'm not even sure it can be considered precognitive, but it was very similar to the first dream I just told.

(Dream) I was aggravated at some guy who was trying to call someone else. The background was a dark outline of being inside of a pretty big room. It was just him and I and we were in a hurry trying to call someone for what seemed to be an important reason. He was punching in too many numbers and I scolded him, "What the fuck! There's too many numbers, it's not gonna work!"

I didn't wake up right away and when I did I didn't check my phone. I got up and did the usual stuff. When I took my phone off of the charger to head out the door, I looked at it before putting it in my pocket and had a missed call from a twelve digit number, xxx-xxx-xxxxxx. I tried to call it back, but got the wrong number robot lady. Instead of writing this dream

down, I just saved the number in my phone under “Wtf Dream?!”

Precognitive? Telemarketer? I don't know, but here's a scary but awesome theory. I know many people have no idea what these experiences are like. I know that many people haven't the slightest idea of how technologically advanced *they* are. And I know that most of it is because they're not scared, I'm just crazy. But, they can invade dreams. They can turn dreams into a type of virtual reality, for allllll kinds of reasons. The movie *Inception* is based on some real shit. That fear detector/test in the first *Divergent* movie is real as fuck. I've had several dreams of no control whatsoever, but every now and again I momentarily break free in a lucid dream state, and every time I do now, they instantly wake me up before I can do my own thing. What if that guy (whether a subconscious dream character or someone else was trapped in their virtual reality with me) and I broke free and tried to send a message to me from inside the dream world/virtual reality program? It's just a theory (that I'm sure is far outside of most people's understanding).

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The day after my first tea experience, a friend told me he had a conversation with a college professor about taking mushrooms alone, in a pitch black room. Being in total darkness, with no distractions would allow you to project what was in your mind. It might be randomness, but if you could focus, you could direct what was projected. Even though it sounded awesome, I was in no hurry to try it, let alone do mushrooms again after going to hell.

A few months after moving back into my mom's house I got the courage to try it. Some of my friend's addictions were getting worse, literally pushing one of my best friends into becoming schizophrenic. We were at the point of discovering the third (or fourth) confidential informant and some of my friends were in prison. World domination seems to be getting closer and I needed some answers. I was a bit worried about going back to hell, but had no worries about becoming a monster this time. I knew that I still had darkness in me, but I had faith that I could control it this time. I just really needed to see the sphere again. Maybe it could give me some more answers,

or hopefully I could at least see some of the answers it already gave me projected outward all around me so I could zoom in and focus.

I shut off the light and laid down. Although the street lights crept in through the sides of the curtains it still ended up being dark enough. I could just barely see the outlines of certain objects in my room so I decided to close my eyes. A few seconds after, I started to hear multiple voices all talking at the same time. At first I thought I was just hearing things, or maybe a TV was on in another room, but as soon as I realized it was all inside my head my eyes shot open, “Fuck this! I’m gonna end up in a mental institution wrapped in a straitjacket!” A second after I said that, I got an overwhelming feeling of comfort and felt the words, “It’s okay, just go with it.” This feeling was so soothing, and even the words felt so trustworthy, that my fear disappeared almost as fast as it came, and I closed my eyes again.

I expected the voices this time so I was a little more prepared, and sure enough they started right back up. The best way I can think to describe it is walking up to a group of people talking to each other, their voices getting louder the closer you get. I was trying to listen close to whatever I could possibly catch, but only caught random words and couldn’t make sense of any of it. There were multiple conversations going on and I was catching bits and pieces of each one. I tried to focus on just one voice, but there were so many people talking that I only got as far as distinguishing the male voices from female. A few seconds after I started to focus it felt as if they realized I was there. The best way I’ve come up with to explain it is like being in school and getting caught talking by the teacher. That startled “Oh shit!” Within a matter of seconds they all stopped talking one by one, some cutting off in the middle of a word, until I was left listening to two voices. A negative voice and a positive voice.

Not only could I still hear these two voices, but they were actually coming from somewhere now. The positive voice was coming from directly above me. It was just there, floating above me. The negative voice was coming from where my laptop was. Like directly from the screen. Both voices had a feeling of a detached connection. Sometimes I felt the separation

like I was actually talking to someone else, but others I could feel the connection of emotion in what they were saying.

I didn't notice at first that one was negative and the other positive, not until I realized they were talking to me. At first I was listening to everything they had to say, but I quickly realized then that one was just so damn negative. Everything it had to say about anything was negative. I didn't want to listen to it anymore and I told it so, multiple times. I could still feel its presence through most of the conversation, and it did chime in here and there in the beginning, but every time it did, I said, "Just be quiet! No one wants to talk to you! Shut the hell up!" The positive voice was so positive, that a few times it told me to be nice when telling the negative voice to shut up. "If you don't want to listen then that's fine, but you don't have to be mean when saying so. Be nice, always be nice. Stay positive, always stay positive."

Shortly after I began conversing with the positive voice, I asked what was going on and, "Who are you?" It responded, "I'm God." "Shut the fuck up, you're not God come on now!" I couldn't believe it, but it sure did spend the next few hours convincing me it wasn't lying. I'm sure it's possible for the brain to teach us new things we don't know, or re-teach us things we've forgotten. I'm also sure now knowing the capabilities of this technology that it could've all been a manipulation, but whatever was happening, it taught me a lot of stuff I didn't know. God told me that we could converse anytime I wanted, that mushrooms are just a cheating form of meditation. I was taught that we are all a single, yet multiple personality of God and when we travel inward, and focus on the inward, we can hear God's voice. Because our eternal identity is one of God's eternal identities.

God then began to teach me about *The Everything and The Nothing*. Because I was in the dark (room), it compared the darkness to nothingness. The voice morphed into existence and started shape shifting right in front of my eyes from one thing to the next, familiar objects to things I've never seen before. It spent a second or two as each 'object' and then ended as an HD videogame-ish cartoonish baby in a diaper, did a little baby laugh and morphed back into nothingness. I started laughing my ass off, "What the fuck

was that!?” I could feel the smile, “I am everything!”

If balance is true and all have their opposites, then the opposite of nothing is everything. In absolute nothingness, nothing exists, including laws of physics, and impossible. Impossible does not exist in nothingness. Nothingness can be compared to the imagination, anything you can think of can exist. Things exist that our tiny little primitive brains can't even come close to imagining. Everything and anything can exist in nothingness. But, if nothingness was the only thing to exist at one point, infinity would exist as well. Infinite nothingness. Because of nothingness, and eternity or infinite space/nothingness, everything does exist, somewhere, whether 3rd dimensional or not. Ultimately, there was no beginning to existence, maybe this universe, a universe with rules, but not existence. (And if there was a beginning of this universe, it has always and will always exist again.) Because you are here now and you know that you exist and that other things exist, you know that existence itself is possible. If one thing can exist within the nothingness, then all things can exist within the nothingness. So, the present is proof that there was no beginning rather than proof there was one. Everything is infinite just as nothing(ness) is. They say in the beginning there was darkness and then God said let there be light, but God and light have always existed, just as everything else has, just as you and I have.

The sky is proof that there is no end. Whether the universe is continually expanding or inside of a bubble, there is something outside of it. If there is an end to our universe, then the end does not end. Nothingness surrounded by nothingness, without rules, anything can be created. With infinite space and anything being possible, every single individual in existence could create their own personal heaven. There's certainly enough room, and if you're not welcome in someone else's heaven then who cares, you have your own to go home to with family and friends as well. Neighbors in heaven or neighboring heavens.

Because of Nothing's existence, Everything exists. If it is possible for one thing to exist then it is possible for all things to exist, and nothing exists.

Infinite, nothingness, exists. Nothing is. Nothing can be defined. Everything has infinitely existed side by side with nothing. Although nothingness would be the canvas in most cases, imagine that you are a painter and besides actual colors, every individual *thing* within the everything, is its own (infinite) 'color', with nothingness also being just another one of your (infinite) colors. Consciousness, would be a color(s) as well. Although it's more likely to be the painter, it could also be the canvas. Half painter, half canvass? If nothingness had a personality, what or who would it be like? How would *this* personality, with *these* characteristics, behave in certain situations, in every situation? We're all different personalities of nothing. Existence has more personalities than we can imagine, yin yanged and different shades of gray, all trading places throughout eternity. But, we're all different personalities of the same *One*.

If I am human and this is the way my body looks, and there are no laws in pure nothingness, any *body* can exist. A certain body may not be able to exist in a certain universe with certain rules, but if the rules are tweaked a little (or a lot) then the body can exist. We are not our bodies, we're infinite beings in a shell of this illusion. We are dreaming, right, now. Our body/shell is just as much of an illusion as the place we're in. We're infinite beings, with eternity to do whatever we want, so why not experience *this*? We have experienced every life with every possible outcome an infinite amount of times, and we will continue to experience every life with every possible outcome for eternity. This is part of where freewill comes from.

The game we're in has rules, so even the strongest will cannot do certain things. The balance of order and chaos, and their shades of gray. Some rules can be bent and broken, some rules can even evolve with the vessel, but others are impenetrable. But this all depends on the dimension we're in. Imagine being in a warehouse full of video games and movies, some you've played and watched, and others that 'haven't been opened yet'. It's been sooooo long since you've played that game or watched that movie that you've forgotten about it, and your memory loss is the wrapper that has resealed the movie/game.

A movie is scripted, directed, etc., and no matter how much you want to change something about it, you can't. (With certain editing programs you obviously can, but once they've put the finishing touches on it, it is considered 'finished') Entering *this* kind of dimension/vessel is just like that. I'm sure everyone has found a movie they've liked so much that they've watched it several times, so they've entered the same scripted dimension several times. Or, they rewrite a few scenes every time they reenter. "I am exchanging free will for a predestined experience." But just because you are in a predestined movie script, doesn't mean everyone else in that dimension is.

A game dimension has a set of rules and different paths that one can take to get to the end. There are many levels of this kind of dimension, other than getting to the next level. There are handicaps (luck/natural talent), create your own character (strengths, weaknesses, etc.), and cheat codes/signs (for the soul/eternal self). *This* is the kind of game that the *player* chooses to play. There is a storyline (that cannot be fast forwarded through), so many ways it can be played, and so many ways it can end. If the player chooses an 'expert' skill level, then you get only one death, but if the player chooses a handicap, there would be x many near death experiences (and the player doesn't always have to be aware of the near death miss).

Now imagine walking outside of this warehouse into a 'country' full of warehouses. Within this country though, and are always close by, are two houses. The first house is the random house. As soon as you enter the door you end up in a completely random cycle. "I have no idea where I'll end up, what or who I'll be, and that sounds fun to me." The second house has 'a desk, unlimited paper, and unlimited ink'. Although whatever you write has already been written, you can create the exact story you want to experience, or create/choose a movie chapter by chapter, scene by scene. Warehouse, random house, or creation house, you can either go at it alone, or with as many friends as you want. Because time doesn't exist here, imagine the game's entrance being the black hole theory from the 2009 *Star Trek* movie.

Spock goes into the black hole seconds after Nero, but Nero had to wait

25 years on the other side for Spock to get through. We can enter the game seconds apart or even simultaneously, and be born years apart or simultaneously, worlds apart or next door. “I’m going to be the Martian and you’ll be the Earthling, and we’re going to meet and become good friends at the age of 29. Or, I’m going to lead the Martians and you’re going to lead the Earthlings, may the best win.” We could spend the rest of our lives (this life) imagining and coming up with different life cycles and still not even make a dent.

We’ve only briefly talked about single third dimension cycles. What about reincarnation cycles? “I want to play ten games in a row all directly affecting the same storyline,” or “I want to start as the villain and build an empire. By the fifth cycle I want to start to become a hero, and by my last cycle I want to be the superhero who over throws it.” What about angel and demon dimensions? Being a spirit guide for someone, or convincing them to take the wrong path. Or “I’ll be your spirit guide and when you die I’ll enter the game and you’ll be mine.” Dimensions where everyone has super powers. Dimensions where everyone is an artificial intelligence that is similar to Pinocchio, become like Transformers. Fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, dimensions that we can’t even imagine being possible. Why not? I’ll tell you why not, because you no it all. (I know, it’s *know*, know it all.)

Because we have experienced every life, there’s no need for every life to be ‘mechanical’. I can choose the paths within grasp because no matter which path I choose it has already been lived. This life is an infinite memory being experienced for the first time. Ultimately, we’re one soul divided into millions of billions of trillions of personalities, but that’s part of the bigger picture. Our body is just a temporary surrogate for exploration, and our brain is a temporary computer designed to calculate and define the dimension in which we’re currently in, for the moment. Our self is eternal and our self-image is (partially) of this body and dimension. What kind of experiences would this soul have, in this kind of dimension/universe, on that kind of planet, in this kind of body, with a brain like that? On those kinds of drugs?

When we think, we're basically having a conversation with ourselves, even if we don't always use words to communicate. Because we're all a different personality of nothing, everything, the one, the all, or God, when we converse with ourselves we are conversing with a part of God (when we converse with each other we're also conversing with a part of God). But how can we tell which voice is actually God and not our organic artificially intelligent computer, or someone else using highly advanced technology? If a picture is worth a thousand words and a symbol can represent so many different things, and for the most part we think in concepts instead of words to converse with our self, then how can we tell if something is a *sign* and not just a coincidence? And how can we tell if the sign was actually from the universe, and not just man(child)-made manipulation?

“I am everything!”

God talked a bit about my personal life. We talked a bit about me going to hell and the pain within me. We talked about ‘my’ plans for the future. We talked about my past for a bit, I apologized for certain things, and then I realized, “If you really are God, can I talk to Ray?!” God said, “Absolutely!” and from behind ‘nothingness’ Ray came. I was so happy I started crying. “You know I love you right?! I’m sorry about everything, I’m trying to be there for your family the best I can.” He responded, “I know you are and you know that I love you too dumbass!” We talked about some personal stuff and joked about me trying to kill myself to come ‘save him from hell’.

I had to go to the bathroom shortly before I started talking to Ray but I was holding it. A few minutes after we started talking it seemed like I was about to piss my pants. I said I’d be right back and went to the bathroom. I don’t know how to accurately explain this, but it felt like part of them came with me and part of them stayed there and waited for me to return. When I came back we only talked for a few more minutes until he was forced away, but it felt like I was the one forcing him to leave. I didn’t understand what was happening and why. It felt like a choice was being made by me, but I

wasn't the one making it. I remember a background thought of, "Okay enough of this, what else does 'God' have to say." I remember saying goodbye and him saying it back while he was forcefully being floated away behind nothingness. He didn't have a worried look on his face, but a concerned one that something was wrong which turned into a confident and reassuring, "I'll see you again. I love you."

I did not want him to leave yet, I really wanted to keep talking to him. So if this was all a manipulation, it could've been them making me visualize him and only responding with limited information. I'm sure if they could come up with all of this 'spiritual' stuff, they could've easily made up a story of where he was and what 'Heaven' was like. But, if they didn't know every memory that we've shared, then what if I asked a question that he knew but they didn't? I would've immediately become suspicious and it could've ruined their manipulation.

If this was both a real experience, and monitored/partially controlled by them, then there could've been a few different scenarios. One could be that they wanted to keep the conversation going with God, to record what else it had to say. Or, maybe 'God' was actually a third party with the same technology trying to manipulate me and *they* were trying to figure out who the other *they* were. *They* were trying to find *they*. *They* were trying to find themselves? In my head.

We only actually talked for about ten minutes before saying goodbye, not goodbye, but see you later. I thanked God a thousand times for allowing me to talk to my friend and then we continued the conversation. We came back around to my future, and *he* led me to a place where I could see it better and get a better understanding of healing myself. I ended up on a stage in a theater with a second story balcony, and I was performing my own comedy show. Now I know that the audience was obviously a projection of my delusions of grandeur, so if I thought something was funny then so would they, but I have never had so many back to back new jokes in my life.

It wasn't only a comedy show though, it had a mixture of music, politics, and some sad stories of why we needed to change our planet. I could

mix in any music or sound effect I wanted, cutting it on and off whenever I felt like it. At the end of the show, when everything began to wear off, I brought back one of my most favorite instrumentals I've ever 'created'.

The show was an amazing experience. I could never see clear faces while on stage, but I knew that every race, religion, size, gender, everyone was in the audience. I was basically talking to a smaller version of earth. Trying to get through our perceived differences using laughter. Telling everyone how stupid we all are, especially me. Having a sense of humor is a strong defense in this life dream. Laughing at ourselves is a great defense against our self.

We aren't actually that stupid, but that little piece of our brain that gets defensive, that bit of anger some feel when being called a name (or the people willing to kill over it), can sometimes be neutralized by using humor or entertainment in general for enlightenment. (Don't get me wrong though, a darker shade of the balance is evil humor) I was making fun of myself so much I almost started crying from laughing so hard. It was an amazing experience and it was so real.

The comedy show was for humility. To teach me true humility, but how it heals, how it humbles us if we let it. Like I said, I was telling everyone how stupid we all are, and I spent a short time doing that, but it was very liberating when I got to myself. I felt free for the moment. It was as if I separated from myself and became a part of the crowd. Part of me was absorbing it and the other part was observing with the audience, but we were all laughing hysterically.

Although I've become quite the loner, I still actually do this to this day. I haven't told anyone because it might change things (and I'm sure once people read this it will). Sometimes we all clown on each other and that's just what it is, but sometimes I stay silent and let them go off, while I separate and laugh with them. Annd sometimes I just don't have a comeback, but when this happens I try to turn it into one of the separation moments.

Another part of my healing experience was from the past. On stage, most of what I said to make fun of myself was from the past. So, every now

and again, I think of the most embarrassing things I've experienced, and instead of blocking them out and immediately thinking of something else, I focus on them and stay in that moment. It is such a weird feeling, it's almost a different kind of headache, but without pain. I realllllly separate then and it really helps humble the self-righteous part of myself.

This entire experience could've been a very well planned manipulation, but if it wasn't then that means the first time I did mushrooms in a dark room I spoke with God, (which I believe we can *all* do once we truly wake up and realize we're dreaming), I glimpsed eternity, I confronted part of my past, I spoke with my 'deceased' friend, I hosted my own (mostly) comedy show, and I was taught one of the most beautiful ways of healing.

If they are programming my subconscious, if they were trying to turn me into an assassin of sorts, or just a one time shooter/one hit wonder, or whatever, all of those voices I heard in the beginning could've been background subliminal messages programming part of my organic computer. They could be there **all** the time, but because mushrooms create a bridge from conscious mind to subconscious mind, I was able to hear them. They were/are programming the part of the computer that they could/can, but if we are eternal, and I am a soul, then I also have some say within my organic computer. I am me and my computer is just a computer. They can tell the computer to hate all they want, but if I am a soul who is aware, or eventually becomes aware, then that's all they can man(child)ipulate. But, I've come to understand this will be a lifelong battle.

Don't get me wrong, they can certainly shut down my breathing, or my heart, or flood my brain with depression, or make me take a left turn instead of a right and walk into a trap, but they cannot force me to hate (at least not like this, I have no clue what they're capable of if they kidnap me and drug/torture me for ten-twenty years and then release me back into the wild). They can build up hate, and build it up, and keep "HATE-HATE-HATE-HATE" running in the background all day, but when I become aware that I

am angry, (and aware that they are most certainly trying to keep me angry) I can calm myself down, and politely ask them to suck me off (I'm either going to have nightmares or not sleep tonight for writing that). If I am a positive being, then they do weaken and are weakening me, but when I recover, and I have so far, I become brighter each time. But, at the same time, don't be surprised if I black out and end up on the news.

Maybe they're all smiling at the fact that I believe this. Maybe they're all laughing right now, at the thought of me thinking I've actually spoken with God. But maybe, just as God wouldn't speak to a Latino in Chinese, the same goes for religion and grade level. If *this* is the best way to speak to this individual then that's how God will begin the *relationship*, gradually teaching the individual as his or her understanding progresses. Maybe everything I've learned so far has truth to it and this is the experience I chose to have. Mankind learns how to monitor brainwaves and actually records a person having a conversation with God. They either disregard it as a brain malfunction and continue with the manipulations, or take it as a genuine experience (of either God or an extraterrestrial third party) and try to divert me from following, in order to keep their power, but keep me alive just to see how it plays out. Maybe this is all two sides of the same coin, two halves of the yin yang.

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After this experience, I told a few people about talking with God and they didn't believe me. At least most of them, not at first. It's funny how having loved ones doubt you makes you doubt yourself sometimes. I really can't blame any of them either though. Plus, the fact that I was on mushrooms doesn't help my case, to 'normal' folk, to someone still sleeping, to those who aren't aware that we are dreaming, right, now, and existence is eternal. Some people have figured it out, or at least part of it.

Whoever runs the show (or maybe this is just the design of this dimension), has taken some truth and mixed it together with a bunch of lies. Because most people seem to be conformists, and go along with popular

belief, they jump right into religion (and ‘brainwash’ their kids from a young age with the same religion). They know something, they just can’t explain it right. Their subconscious has been absorbing infinity since birth. A conman comes along and mixes the truth with some of his lies and then he hands out the collection plate. There does not need to be a middleman in between you and God. Although I can surely see the part of getting together and celebrating life and love with a bunch of people and understand everyone chipping in to keep their ‘church’ going.

I would also like to include the music industry in this, or use it as an example. The music industry tries to get their artists to sing about the things that they have on their (the industry’s) agenda. I know they’ve done it in the past, but instead of trying to convince a person who thinks differently from their agenda to write and record what they’ve been told too, the “music industry” would rather find someone who already represents getting high/chasing money etc., and make them famous to keep the trend going.

I think some religions have done the same thing. They both spread their message trying to get others to follow. I think trying to spread or explain one's beliefs is natural, but the message can either lead you out of the maze or further into it. I am not saying that Jesus or Muhammad didn’t exist, it is more than likely they did (especially within an infinite multiverse), but somewhere along the line, words got mistranslated, pages even chapters got ‘lost’, and a conman got his hands on that book and rewrote some of it to control people and benefit him or his pyramid. To burn in eternal hell for something as simple as not accepting Jesus into your heart or whatever is just dumb...really, really dumb.

Someone took ‘75%’ truth and mixed it with ‘25%’ lie and so many people take it as 100% truth (Those numbers are just examples). Their messiah gets attached to their ego and they can’t face the fact, or the humiliation, that they *might* be wrong. If anyone took what I said too personal, remember, my opinion is not superior and I’m ‘schizophrenic’. So please don’t be too mad at me. I’m just as dumb as you are.

~

To those who would listen, I continued to tell my experience(s) to. I told the experiences as what I believed happened, that I really spoke with God. It didn't even cross my mind that it could've been a top secret technological manipulation. Even when hearing the negative voice coming from the laptop screen I thought it was a projection of all the subliminal messages my mind has absorbed throughout this life. I did think it was the 'government hybrid', but I had no clue that *they* were actually present at that exact moment. I honestly don't even remember connecting the possibility of that negative voice being the same one I heard a few years earlier. I believed it was God vs. *their* subliminal programming.

The main person I talked to about this was my ex-girlfriend. We ended up going to see the movie *Eagle Eye* and at the end of the movie I told her that besides the supercomputer ending up trying to kill people, that's how God intervenes. I tried so hard to convince her that I had a conversation with God that I decided to do it again, but with her next to me. We laid there for a short while and I eventually felt God's presence and knew *he* was there. Coincidentally, the negative voice was nowhere to be found. I told her to ask questions and I would relay the response. We got through a few questions and every answer was to both of our satisfaction until she asked the question, "Does Josh know how much I love him?" The voice didn't respond but I could see and feel a smile. I said in my mind to God, "What the fuck?!" and after a few seconds of no voice and only smiling I hesitated and answered, "Yes he does." I knew I hesitated and so did she, so she got upset and we stopped.

I'm not sure if I should've just answered a question that was more directed towards me anyway, but I also wanted to hear what the voice would say. I know I knew how I felt about her, and in retrospect I do know I've questioned her faithfulness a few times, but I was still confused over the smile rather than a straight answer, until finding out about voice to skull. Now I'm pretty sure I know what happened. I never told her about the smile, but regardless of what she thought I heard, she gradually stopped believing

that I was speaking to God, yet eventually started becoming religious and going to church. I think whether she believed me or not, some of the stuff I told her I've learned made some kind of sense, and of course I'm sure she had her own reasons as well.

CHAPTER 9

SIGN LANGUAGE, SYMBOLS, AND SYNCHRONICITIES

“amen”

I went on creating different ideas, improving the ones I had, surviving the present, trying to either forget or heal the past, preparing for the future, and trying to learn how I could actually make it all happen, without turning into a monster, or dying. I'd still talk to God all the time although sometimes 'his' responses would be muffled, or not even there. I drank the tea a few more times trying to get the same or similar results, but ended up having to really cut back. Before quitting for a while, I almost ended up back in hell. Ray's little brother was staying the night and we were in the living room with the TV on. I was laying on a recliner with my eyes shut trying to focus inward. Rubik's cube gears began to manifest, all twisting and turning in perfect sync. I could see their direct connection to life, like a background dimension to this dimension. Some of the gears moved on their own, but I could see my thoughts and my sudden burst of emotion influence the direction of some of them. The TV ended up interrupting it and I lost concentration.

I got up and went to my room to lay down to see if I could bring them back, but ended up slowly going back to hell. Everything started transforming and I could hear the voices of negativity returning. I was almost completely convinced I was stuck there again until I realized I wasn't paralyzed. I got up and went back out into the living room. The rest of the night was good. We just laughed, talked, and laughed some more.

Every time I now drank the tea, the first half an hour to an hour would be bad. I started calling it my grieving process. All the things I couldn't let out because I've bottled them up and refused to feel the pain would come out during the beginning of my journey. Although I was finding new positive ways to vent out the negative in real life, after drinking the tea, I couldn't get to the good side until I went through the bad and completely broke down. I'm sure this is not completely true, but it almost felt like hell was my anger and pain, and once I broke down and cried for a half an hour or so hell would disappear and I could see life with an optimistic outlook.

A few months had passed and God was very rarely speaking back, but I started to see signs constantly, having déjà vu constantly, and having crazy dreams every other night. Most of the signs would be small talk, just something random and perfectly timed pertaining to the exact circumstance, like the universe saying, "I hear you. I may not be speaking back to you, but I hear you."

But, before the signs (etc.), because God wasn't speaking to me on a regular basis, I started adding it all up to just being coincidences. Barely anyone believed me, and the few that *almost* did were certainly skeptical and I couldn't really blame them. I've never met anyone who's spoken with God, so why would God speak to me? The doubts started to outweigh my belief and I started to think maybe I really was just going crazy. Maybe these are all just *extremely* well timed coincidences, and they don't mean anything. Maybe everyone else has just as many coincidences happen to them, but I'm the only one who talks about them. Maybe they keep their coincidences a secret because they don't wanna sound crazy like me.

I didn't find an accurate way to explain it until just a few years ago, but whether it was all man made manipulation, the universe, or a little of both, this metaphor is what began happening. In a show called *Prison Break*, an architect is attempting to break out of his second prison. They were digging through an abandoned tunnel and the boards holding up the earth above them were becoming weak. He ends up putting a little piece of metal in just the

right spot to keep the tunnel from caving in. He says something about placing a wedge at the right pressure point, and it just clicked. Some were for different purposes, but the majority of these signs and dreams were like that little piece of metal. Every time it felt like the tunnel was about to cave in, another one appeared.

(I've written many of the signs and dreams down and some I knew I wouldn't forget, but what I didn't write down and did forget is the exact order of some of them. As I've mentioned, I never planned on writing a book like this, so for the most part these are in order.)

One night I was drunk and alone in the backyard, still drinking. I was so stressed out from life in general, and I really wasn't sure if I was going crazy or not. I kept telling myself, "It can't just be a coincidence! Is God really talking to me or am I going crazy?!" Popular belief would say that I'm going crazy, some of the people I know think I'm lying, but I have all these experiences telling me otherwise. In the moment of things I'm usually so confident that it's really happening, but over time I would begin to question my memory by believing others' doubts over my own experiences.

I started crying and asked the sky, "Please, please tell me if you're really talking to me or if I'm just going crazy! Please give me a sign right now, not one that I'll stumble across soon, but one right now!" And on a calm clear night, a gust of wind flew through the backyard, slamming the gate open and back shut.

I was shocked and got a little excited but still had trouble accepting it. That just happened and I'm still telling myself, "It was just a coincidence, it was just a coincidence." After a few minutes, cigarettes, and a little bit more to drink, I calmed down. My doubts lessened by about half. I was stuck in the middle of God really is talking to me and I am crazy, but a little less depressed and a little more optimistic. "Think of it this way, either I am really talking to you, or you went crazy in a good way and want to help." I went inside and went to sleep.

(Dream) I arrived walking up to some kind of circus act parade. It was

indoors, but there were all kinds of animals and people doing tricks. I walked a little closer to see the show. As soon as I took my final step and stood in front of the circus, everyone, including the animals, stopped and looked at me. Twenty or so people, a small 'zoo' of animals, the entire circus came to a complete halt. The ring leader held out both arms pointing to everyone and said with a smile, "Is there anything else?" He was implying that the circus parade was a 'celebration' sign for me. Not a word, phrase, perfectly timed picture, etc., not a little something in the corner over there right when this happened, but an entire parade. A giant sign that could not be missed. I was stunned at what I was seeing, but before I could respond a clown faced man in an all-black suit grabbed me from behind and rushed me away.

He walked me towards an escalator practically pushing me the whole way. He gave me the impression that it was important and that he was right behind me. He hurried me onto the escalator, which was going down a pitch black hallway, but ending with a lit bottom. A few seconds after going down I turned around to ask him what was going on but he wasn't there. I was already in the middle of the hallway when I looked back and up to see him still standing at the top of the escalator, staring down at me, with a cold sinister grin of accomplishment. I tried to run back up the escalator stairs towards him but couldn't get any closer. I turned around and began running down stairs but the bottom stayed the same distance. The escalator was just like a treadmill and I was stuck in the middle. I stood still for a moment trying to analyze my situation. The stairs were definitely moving, yet I wasn't going anywhere. I started to panic and looked back up to see if anything changed. The clown in the black suit was still there staring down at me with an even colder, but now blank look on his face.

I woke up still a bit panicked. I wasn't sure what to make of it at first. I was leaning towards it just being a dream about my current circumstance. I wanted a sign so my subconscious manifested one. After some time passed and I had some more perfectly timed coincidences and I began having precognitive dreams, I came to the conclusion that it was a universal sign. But I couldn't figure out what the clown meant, exactly. Obviously if it was

the universe trying to show me a sign, then the clown was trying to keep me away from it, and keep me trapped with nowhere to go while it kept an eye on me, but how? If it was the universe then what exactly was the universe trying to say with the clown? Who or what does the clown represent?

After finding out that I've been a targeted individual for quite some time, I've analyzed this dream (everything) again and have a few different theories. One; it could be everything I originally thought, but now the clown represents *them*. Two; the universe did give me a sign with the parade and *they* were monitoring my dreams. Once they realized what the dream was trying to tell me, an 'inception' agent entered my dream and took me to the escalator. Three; the entire thing was a man made manipulation. From them using weather technology for the gust of wind to the whole dream being scripted beforehand. I'm sure just as time has given me a little more knowledge and understanding now, it will again later.

This next dream can now (somewhat) be added to the precognitive list, but it wasn't for a very long time. (I have never had a precognitive dream that was spot on, word for word, or scene for scene. They all have a specific detail that stands out as clear as day, or one or two things are different in the dream than what ends up happening in real life.)

(Dream) It was night and I was in a small town. The town looked as if it was built a long time ago, but some things were upgraded with modern advancements. The roads were all made out of stone. There were streetlights with electricity, but also torches hung around the streets to light the way.

There was a gigantic monster, about the size of a five story building, standing on the outskirts and invading the town. Its skin was a really dark purple and black mixture. It was slightly hunch backed, but so muscular I could see the muscles in its fingers which had razor sharp nails. Its face was like a mixture of the *Predator* and that kid monster from *Demon Knight (Tales From The Crypt)*, with tentacle type dreadlocks.

Everyone was running away from the monster while screaming their heads off. One by one, I tried to stop them as they passed and get them to

help me. “No! Wait! We can’t all run! Help me! You guys, please, help me, we have to fight it!” Giant tentacles sprang up from the ground all over the town. They ripped through the earth flinging debris everywhere and stuck straight up, waving in perfect formation. One by one, but almost at once the people stopped running, turned around in complete silence, and began walking towards the monster. The tentacles were like antennas giving off a signal hypnotizing the ‘zombies’, all also now walking in perfect formation.

I grabbed the first person I could and began shaking him frantically, yelling, trying to snap him out of it, trying to ‘wake him up’, but nothing. He just kept walking. I went to the next person, and the next, and the next, shaking, grabbing, pushing, pulling, yelling, until the monster spotted me and started walking towards me. The ground shook as I walked backwards staring up at the giant demon. I kept bumping into zombies, which still wouldn’t budge. I felt the signal from the tentacles hit my forehead. I could hear the monster’s voice in my head, and see what it wanted to show me.

The reason all of those people were so easily taken over and turned into zombies was because of their level of fear. They were completely taken over by fear, and fear was the monster’s way in, the entry point of where the signal could control them. I was afraid, but I still felt that we needed to fight the monster. It didn’t matter though because there were too many people afraid to do anything. I looked around at the zombies one last time before the monster knelt down and growled in my face. I could feel the signal changing in my head. If it couldn’t control me, then it was going to kill me. As soon as I accepted my death, my face cringed in pain and I woke up.

Normally, when I have a precognitive dream, it happens anywhere from the next day to about a month later. This is the only dream so far that has taken longer than that. The first precognitive part happened maybe a year or two later, and isn’t that special. I was at a friend’s house and came across a videogame magazine. I only flipped through it to kill a few minutes. About halfway through skimming the pages I came across a picture of a city in ruins with a bunch of waving tentacles sticking up through the ground. One man stood on a hill looking down at a post-apocalyptic city that had been

conquered. I became aware of the second part about ten years later, and although there was no monster or tentacles, this technology and the children in adult bodies behind it are almost just as scary.

When I was still a teenager we occasionally set up a few chairs and hung out in the front yard of my mom's house. There were bushes that outlined the entire front of the house and we hid the beer we weren't drinking in them. Years later, around the beginning of the perfectly timed coincidences, she was getting her front yard redone and asked me to get all the trash out of the bushes before we ripped them out. She gave me shit with a smile, but I couldn't believe how many beer bottles were still in there. Anyway, while learning more about balance and becoming fonder of the yin yang, while cleaning out the bushes, I found a yin yang slammer from when I used to play Pogs in elementary school. It had to have been there for at least ten years and I have no idea how it got there. Out of all the slammers I had and could have lost, it was a yin yang, and I found it in the exact time frame I was learning more about it.

I gave a friend a ride to the other side of town, and we ended up hanging out front of his relative's house for a few minutes. He was on the phone arguing with his girl when I started to realize the coincidences. I looked down and saw a green spray paint cap in the gutter with green spray paint on the street right behind my car. He's heavy into his conversation when two teenagers walk by, a guy and a girl. The girl was wearing a shirt with a green ram on the back and above it read the words - love all. The friend I was with is an Aries. I tried and tried to get his attention but he kept brushing me off. What was funny besides me seeing it was that I was trying to explain the signs to him during the ride, and one pops up perfectly for me to show him, but he missed it for some chick he doesn't even talk to anymore. I wonder if that was also a part of the sign.

(Dream) I was in a desert on a very cloudy day. The entire sky was

covered with dark rain clouds, but the sun was shining bright as ever through the gaps. There was a wooden door built into the side of a hill, where there was a house inside. I walked outside the door, sat on the roof/hill, and stared up into the sky. The clouds moved just a bit, for a little more light to shine through and as soon as they moved I heard three personalities of God begin rapping to me. I can't even remember a single word of the raps, but I remember the feeling of amazement of their meaning, the rhythm, and the choice of words which were well beyond my vocabulary, but somehow I knew exactly what was being said.

I've always loved music. At this time I'd already written a few half-ass partial songs, but was unimpressed by what I was writing. I knew I could do better and I wanted to do better. I wanted my music to make a difference. This dream inspired me even more and I believed it was God, showing me what inspirational rap music was supposed to be like. Tongue twisting metaphors that can educate the already brilliant mind. I can't remember what they said, but the feeling was inscribed onto my soul. Although I am nowhere near the talent I heard, I worked towards it for a long time and hope to continue if I make it through this part of my life.

I was beginning to understand the universe a little bit better. I was gaining confidence in the universal energy around me, the signs as actually being signs, and that I was in the beginning phase of learning to be some kind of spiritual warrior. I was at work when I had a small epiphany that led me to test myself. I had a water bottle cap in my hand and believed that I generated positive energy into it. I gave it to a coworker friend and told him, "Keep this in your pocket all night. Something good is going to happen to you, but you have to keep this in your pocket."

The next day at work he practically ran up to me ecstatic with a water bottle cap in his hand, "Dude! I got laid last night! Do it again! You gotta do it again!" He was holding out his hand impatient for me to take it from him. I half-assed it and played it off like I didn't really believe that I did it. I was excited but pretended not to be. I didn't want him to tell others and have the

‘wrong person(s)’ end up hearing, or start asking me to do it every day. I literally thought, “I wanted to do something nice for you, don’t abuse it,” but also knew I couldn’t blame him. I believe(d) that by generating my ‘good luck’ or positive energy into an object, I could make something good happen. Like energy transfer. It was like teamwork with the universe, “I want to give this person a gift.” I couldn’t make something specific happen, only something positive. There are so many negative and positive possibilities out there, the bottle cap could’ve almost been anything, but by putting my energy into it, it became like a magnet. He had to keep the ‘energy’ on him though or it wouldn’t have worked, and most likely it happened because he also believed something good was going to happen. Both of our beliefs made it happen. Or, it was a man made manipulation to make me believe that I was becoming a junior Jedi.

One time at that same job, we were standing around waiting for something to do. A coworker flips a quarter and says heads or tails? As soon as he asked me, a quarter the size of a small plate, flashed in my mind’s eye. I knew it was in my mind, but I saw it hovering in front of my face. It disappeared almost as fast as it appeared. As soon as I saw and registered heads, it was gone. I was certainly confused, but had a feeling it was a part of waking up. I said heads, he removed his hand and it was heads. He made an excited, “Ohhhh!” and I smiled, but I was smiling even harder inside my head.

It was almost the end of the night and my ex-girlfriend and I were getting ready to lay down. We started kissing and going forward when I got an overwhelming feeling that someone was watching us. I tried and tried but could not shake it. I jumped up off of her then off of the bed kind of holding my head and squinting my eyes. Confused and a bit shocked she asked what was wrong and I told her what I felt. I brushed it off, we continued, and then went to sleep.

The next day, I got up, ate breakfast etc., and when I went outside to

leave I noticed someone broke into my vehicle. The radio was gone and wires were out towards the bottom like they tried to hotwire it but failed. I walked back in and told her what happened. Simultaneously, a few seconds after I told her, it registered. Both of our eyes widened with the *holy shit* look when it clicked and neither one of us had to say it. After that I wasn't as mad about my radio being stolen.

All of the signs weren't 'good' exactly. They had a good outcome for the most part and time being, but they weren't all pleasant experiences. Frog was getting heavier and heavier into meth. Besides him becoming a real addict, he was beginning to literally lose his mind. I remember he asked me once, "G, am I really supposed to be looking for Pablo?" (Where's Pablo? book idea) I laughed, "Of course not," but was starting to get scared underneath.

I was pretty high one night when I decided I was going to go over and try to talk to him about everything. I was going to hang out for a while and casually flow in and out of the topic. Maybe by hitting him, it made him want to do more, as an act of rebellion? "You can't tell me what to do!" I wasn't sure but obviously I was going about it all wrong, so I was just going to be honest and show him that I loved him.

There were a few others over, but he and I sat at his kitchen table just bullshitting for the first few minutes. The kitchen table was against the wall. He was facing the wall and I was to his right, next to the wall. After about fifteen minutes, his cousin Hector walks up behind him and stands over his left shoulder. He stood there for a moment, like he just came out to see what was going on. He then moves his hand onto the chair and leans in a little bit, "Are you really gonna listen to him? Fuck this, you can do whatever you want."

I was so high that I wasn't sure if he was actually saying what I thought I was hearing. We didn't know that he was a CI yet, but with all the shit that was going on with me personally, I wasn't sure if this was one of *those* moments or what. I looked at Frog's face and I could tell that

something was wrong, so I leaned up a little bit to focus on exactly what Hector was saying. When he first started talking I got a bit worried myself, thinking it was all for me, but once I realized what he was saying I gave him a cold, “I will beat the fuckin’ piss out of you,” look and he stopped talking and went away. Frog’s mood was different after that, so I ended up leaving shortly after.

I may have not known that Hector was a CI yet, but I knew that he was a mooch. He may have been the cool cousin that bought all of us beer when we were younger, but as I got older I realized what kind of person he actually was. It’s really not my place to tell, and as forgiving as I try to be, there are a few stories that still make me grit my teeth.

I got a glimpse of it in that moment, but had to really figure out what he was saying at first. Afterwards I was too sad to think about it. But whether it was a sign or not, I ended up seeing him as the devil on Frog’s left shoulder and seeing me as the angel on his right. He was destroying his own cousin for personal gain, and I was trying to help a friend because he was my friend. This experience helped connect so many others. I may have started on the wrong foot, but I was becoming the positive voice trying to help. This sign helped me realize a part of my eternal identity, and although the next one took some time to digest, it damn near confirmed it.

This ‘sign’ kind of freaked me out, but at the same time helped with the confusion and assisted in helping my depression. A lot of my friends were in prison at this point, but one of them had a son who I’d go visit and hang out with. I’d been close with the family for a while and when he went to prison I knew his son was destroyed. I remember one birthday he wished for his dad to come home as he blew out the candles.

(Before this, his grandma has told me a few times he’s started off stories with, “When I was big..”) I came over to hang out and watch him for a bit so they could relax. We played for a little bit and I needed a break, so I sat down on the couch and he jumped up and sat next to me, still fiddling with one of his toys. We were both quiet for a few minutes and out of

nowhere he asked, “Uncle G? How come you’re an angel?” I honestly got a little scared, “III... I don’t know,” and it went back to being quiet. I sat there dazed for a few minutes and he jumped up and went in the other room. I think I got scared at first from the overall question, “Is this really happening? Who am I?!”

~

earth	eart / h	heart
amen	ame / n	name
one	o / ne	neo (Matrix)

Once they were happening more often and I started to believe that they weren’t coincidences, I started to analyze myself. “If this is real and they’re not only coincidences, I will find something somewhere. A pattern of some sort.”

I started analyzing everything about myself. My name, my birthday, my social security number, everything. At first I thought the whole movement was my idea, but all these signs and voices are now telling me that it’s been my purpose from the beginning, the whole reason I even came to earth. That everything’s been waking me up little by little. That I couldn’t get to the whole truth without hearing and experiencing a fraction at a time.

One night I stopped working on my ideas and decided to try looking for the pattern. I was about an hour into looking for ‘hidden messages’ and I discovered something about my full name, something that really had me shocked. Joshua Patrick Gajardo. There are six letters in my first name and seven in my middle and last name. “If only there was one more letter in my first name it would be seven seven seven. Well, I guess that’s not much because it’s not perfect sevens.” I took my first name apart and started trying to spell different words using every letter. After a few minutes I saw the first ‘hidden message’ but realized it also wouldn’t work, exactly.

I’ve seen a few people spell soldier like souljah, but first remember

seeing it with *Bone Thugs n Harmony* (rap group). It was never really a big deal, but I've always liked it spelled that way so it kind of stuck with me. My first name is missing the letter L, otherwise it could spell SOU(L)JAH. Just as quick as I realized it was missing the letter L, I saw that L is an upside down 7. It was like the missing letter and number was there, because it was missing in two places, in the same name. I was excited at first, my first real *hidden message*, but, it kind of felt like cheating. After a few minutes it began to feel like I was the one making meaning of this, instead of it actually being there. So, I decided it wouldn't work. I'd been working for hours, I was tired and ready to sleep, but I needed some air.

It's late and all the lights were off, so I was quiet as I walked through the house. I noticed that the TV was still on in the living room so I knew I couldn't go to sleep yet (my bed was in storage and I was sleeping on the couch). I got to the living room doorway and saw my sister and her boyfriend (at the time) sleeping on the couch. I became disappointed that I was going to have to sleep on the floor but that emotion quickly disappeared after I looked at the TV. *Lucky Number S7evin* DVD menu options was on. I walked right into a universal sign, in my own living room, right after realizing the whole thing about my first name. I was so excited afterwards I couldn't believe it. Not even close to being aware of, and not including man made technology, the odds of that happening were pretty damn high if not astronomical.

The next night or two I figured out the rest. It still took a few hours of taking my names apart (full name together etc.) and putting them back together, but I eventually thought, "Well, everyone started calling me G..." Gajardo. So, I started with the G and went backwards. GOD RAJA. I saw God earlier and obviously it raised an eyebrow, but what the hell does raja mean if it means anything at all?

raja or rajah - *noun*. 1. a king or prince in India 2. a minor chief or dignitary 3. an honorary title conferred on Hindus in India 4. a title of rulers, princes, or chiefs in Java, Borneo, etc.

Jnana Yoga: Jnana Yoga is the path of knowledge, wisdom, introspection and contemplation. It involves deep exploration of the nature of our being by

systematically exploring and setting aside false identities.

While Jnana Yoga deals with knowledge, wisdom, introspection and contemplation, everybody has a mind and at some point will need to examine it, wherein quiet reflection naturally comes.

Bhakti Yoga: Bhakti Yoga is the path of devotion, emotion, love, compassion, and service to God and others. All actions are done in the context of remembering the Divine.

All people will experience emotions such as love, compassion, and devotion at points along the journey, regardless of which of the four paths of Yoga is predominant.

Karma Yoga: Karma Yoga is the path of action, service to others, mindfulness, and remembering the levels of our being while fulfilling our actions or karma in the world.

Nobody can live in a body and the world without doing actions. Even a renunciate living in a Himalayan cave has to do some form of actions, and thus, some degree of Karma Yoga is essential.

Raja Yoga: Raja Yoga is a comprehensive method that emphasizes meditation, while encompassing the whole of Yoga. It directly deals with the encountering and transcending thoughts of the mind.

Everybody will become still and quiet from sadhana or spiritual practices, will naturally encounter and deal with attractions and aversion, and will meditate, thus touching on Raja Yoga. (Sadhana: Hindu or Buddhist spiritual training through which an individual worships a formed image as a mediate step to the worship of a formless deity or principle.)

raja (spanish) - crack, gash, chink, slice, cut, tear, rip, **cunt**, **butt crack**
YOU HAVE GOT, TO KEEP, A SENSE, OF HUMOR :)

Earth	Heart
One	Neo
Amen	Name
G / ajardo	God raja (what a perfect name to manipulate)

I couldn't believe what I was finding, or what was happening to me. Obviously this would mean the same thing for every person with this last name, but how many of them are going through what I'm going through?

The only thing I could find in my middle name, makes so much more sense now. I kind of applied the same technique as my last name but more of a Z squiggle, I guess. Patrick. I could see *trick* right away without the P A, but then the P A is missing. T R back to A P but then the I C K is missing. Amazed at what I found in my last name, I gave up soon after with the Z squiggle. And even though I added an extra T R, I started referring to my middle name (to myself) as trap trick. (Maybe a better way of explaining it would be comparing the TR to a revolving door) I was not aware of the technology at the time, but I knew what I was trying to do, and figured, "Yeah, I'll probably end up in some kind of trap/trick."

NUMEROLOGY

I also started finding patterns in numbers. I know there are other interpretations of numerology. People break down the number meanings somewhat differently. I can't remember what they've all said about the individual numbers, and after spending some time searching only to find some of the same answers, I gave up for the time being.

I never found it too interesting so I never excelled at math, but I was decent at it during high school. Learning what I've learned about numerology, has made me start to look further into mathematical patterns. For the first couple of years I only looked at the basics of what I was seeing and left it at that. I had other things I needed to get done and just as the other signs, I took it as the universe showing me something, over me trying to show someone else, although I did show a few people. Over the last year I dug a little deeper and found a few different kinds of patterns. Yes, a lot of the math I've done leads nowhere so I didn't include it. Although it means something, it doesn't mean much when compared to the bigger picture. There are quite a few numbers I don't know on the other persons behalf, so some of the seemingly meaningless numbers could actually mean something if I had

more info...and time. I only have a handful of pieces, but they're pieces nonetheless.

I have met a few people that are horrible with math so I'm going to try to explain this a few different ways. Try to take each separate explanation and then combine them to see the whole.

I have a mover's box filled with puzzle pieces and I dumped it out and began to put it together. I have little sections that were easily put together, others to where only two or three pieces are together (and some of those connections came out of the box like that), I have a lot of the same colored pieces grouped together, and the rest are still scattered out. And half of those aren't even turned over yet. But most of the sections I have put together are crystal clear. The picture might not make complete sense yet, but it's getting there and all of the pieces fit perfectly.

Imagine seeing everything in numbers, almost the exact same as in *The Matrix* (if you've seen it). Instead of all of the numbers being green, imagine them all in different colors, representing different 'things'. When you combine these numbers in different ways, they create new colors (red and blue make purple), new and/or different things. Imagine that whenever you multiply *these* numbers you get *this* color and whenever you add *those* numbers you get that *color* and so on. Imagine a bunch of math you don't understand flying around your mind crashing into each other and paints being splattered onto the walls, sometimes creating exactly that, paint splatter, but sometimes creating different paintings. Paintings that range from a kindergarten class to a high priced museum (not the paintings that are high priced but look like a kindergartener could've done it, although in a way that is another set of 'equations' in itself).

Now think of math as not only numbers or colors, but for instance a recipe, or ingredients. *These* numbers/ingredients (elements) put together equals nothing 'major', while *these* numbers/ingredients put together equals a delicious cake, that when being added to the human digestive system turns into shit. The digestive system turns many things into shit, so $x + \text{the digestive system} = \text{shit}$, while $y + \text{the digestive system} = \text{puke}$. Of course

there are different kinds of poisons, vitamins, shits, etc., but I hope you get the picture I'm trying to paint. These words plus those words plus personal experience equals this kind of visual, or joke, which depending on the moment, emotional state, and sense of humor, these people find stupid funny, those people not so much, and then those who get offended.

It's not that important for what I'm getting at, but also within some of these math equations is time. These ingredients have to be at this heat for this amount of time to become this delicious cake. Or this number has to be multiplied this many times before it can make that number. Almost similar to giant and baby steps. $78 \times 9 = 702$. $702 \times 3 = 2106$. 702 takes 3 steps to get to 2106 while 78 has to take 27 steps, but 2106 is a place where they both intersect. 17 takes 115 steps to get to 1955 and 23 takes 85. $1955 \times 2 = 3910$, $23 \times 170 = 3910$, $17 \times 230 = 3910$. 1955 takes 2 steps, 23 takes 170 steps and/or 170 takes 23 steps, etc.

So many different intersections and combinations. Take a dictionary for a different example. So many different words and definitions that all consist of different combinations of 26 letters. A language that consists of 26 letters can be used to explain life as we know it. And then all of those same things/descriptions in so many other languages. There are even different 'equations' in language. I before E for example, or hear and here, there, their, they're, no and know (it all). They find new species in the ocean all the time, or different planets in outer space, and then combine different letters to name them.

Most of this math means nothing in certain areas. It's just math, numbers, this, and that, almost compared to empty outer space. But, all of this couldn't be, without the 'meaningless' math, or empty outer space. Even the 'seemingly meaningless' has extreme value. The patterns couldn't connect without the rest. Order couldn't be order without chaos because they're two sides of the same coin.

Every so often you come across a planet or star that is made up of '500' math equations, and then every so often you come across a planet like earth, with '500' million billion trillion math equations all twisting, turning,

and interconnecting here or there. The 0 turns into digits and those digits turn into digits which eventually turn into everything and everything is connected. The average human is made up of about 7,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 atoms. I'm not sure we can number the atoms, as in which one is 1, 2, 3, etc. but if we could, the 2317th atom is connected to the 28323171723283rd atom, within the same body, and my atoms are connected to your atoms through earth.

For the last visual I'm going to bring balance back up. The yin yang compass needle and the house of mirrors is now a cylindrical beam of light reflecting off of an omnidirectional mirror. Wherever one end of the light is hitting (within the mathematical everything), the other end is hitting the exact opposite. Batman order and Joker chaos vs. tyrannical order and freedom fighter chaos (Batman order vs. tyrannical order). Chance coincidence vs. intentional coincidence, both dealing with different but similar kinds of math, sometimes maybe even 'metaphysical/paranormal/currently unexplained' math.

Imagine every number is a different color (sometimes different shades of the same color) and the combination of numbers makes new colors (or a same/similar shade), the combinations of ingredients makes new ingredients, chemicals, electricity, frequencies, artists, paintings, clay, vessels, etc.

Unless you're already aware, take a moment and look up different kinds of math patterns in nature. The comparison of a brain cell to the universe, or a close up of a snowflake for example. Look at how detailed it is, and how they say no two are the same. Fingerprints, eye retinas, and brain signatures are all the same, but unique. We have them, but they're all one of a kind. There's a video of a person putting salt on a flat surface and then turning on different frequencies. As they put on different frequencies, the salt makes different patterns. Remember Dr. Emoto's love/hate water experiment? Specific 'mathematical' energetic emotional thoughts affecting water. Pre-existing math, random math, and the intentional willpower math, both from the individual and the collective. From the conscious reality, subconscious reality, and unconscious reality, all affecting each other and

connecting in one way or the other.

With any circle, when the circumference is divided by the diameter, it always equals Pi. Towards the end of 2013 they were up to 12 trillion numbers in Pi. I heard a character from a TV show put it as every combination of numbers are within Pi. Your birthday, your social security number, everything. I'm not sure if that is true or not, but with 12 trillion numbers and counting I wouldn't doubt it. The circle of life is made up of different circles of life that are like different fingerprints, but all interconnected like a Rubik's cube, geared, Hoberman sphere.

Even with all of that being said, unless you're a numbers person, you may want to skim through the math and just read what I wrote for the specifics. Most of the numbers here are for record, and to prove that there's been a precise mathematical pattern in my life (I'm sure all of our lives).

Here are a few simple math patterns I found online.

$$123456789 \times 9 = 111111111$$
$$0999999$$

$$123456789 \times 18 = 222222222$$

$$123456789 \times 27 = 333333333$$

$$123456789 \times 36 = 444444444$$

$$123456789 \times 45 = 555555555$$

$$123456789 \times 54 = 666666666$$

$$123456789 \times 63 = 777777777$$

$$123456789 \times 72 = 888888888$$

$$123456789 \times 81 = 999999999$$

$$999999 \times 1 =$$

$$999999 \times 2 = 1999998$$

$$999999 \times 3 = 2999997$$

$$999999 \times 4 = 3999996$$

$$999999 \times 5 = 4999995$$

$$999999 \times 6 = 5999994$$

$$999999 \times 7 = 6999993$$

$$999999 \times 8 = 7999992$$

$$999999 \times 9 = 8999991$$

$$0 \times 9 + 8 = 8$$

$$9 \times 9 + 7 = 88$$

$$98 \times 9 + 6 = 888$$

$$987 \times 9 + 5 = 8888$$

$$9876 \times 9 + 4 = 88888$$

$$1 \times 9 + 2 = 11$$

$$12 \times 9 + 3 = 111$$

$$123 \times 9 + 4 = 1111$$

$$1234 \times 9 + 5 = 11111$$

$$12345 \times 9 + 6 = 111111$$

$$\begin{aligned}
98765 \times 9 + 3 &= 888888 \\
987654 \times 9 + 2 &= 8888888 \\
9876543 \times 9 + 1 &= 88888888 \\
98765432 \times 9 + 0 &= 888888888
\end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}
123456 \times 9 + 7 &= 1111111 \\
1234567 \times 9 + 8 &= 11111111 \\
12345678 \times 9 + 9 &= 111111111 \\
123456789 \times 9 + 10 &= 1111111111
\end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}
1 \times 1 &= 1 \\
11 \times 11 &= 121 \\
111 \times 111 &= 12321 \\
1111 \times 1111 &= 1234321 \\
11111 \times 11111 &= 123454321 \\
111111 \times 111111 &= 12345654321 \\
1111111 \times 1111111 &= 1234567654321 \\
11111111 \times 11111111 &= 123456787654321 \\
111111111 \times 111111111 &= 12345678987654321
\end{aligned}$$

Here are a few about the number 13 and 7 I found on accident.

$7 \times 13 = 91$	$x 777 = 70707$		$112 \times 13 = 1456$	$x 77 = 112112$
$8 \times 13 = 104$	$x 777 = 80808$		$117 \times 13 = 1521$	$x 77 = 117117$
$9 \times 13 = 117$	$x 777 = 90909$		$172 \times 13 = 2236$	$x 77 = 172172$
$17 \times 13 = 221$	$x 777 = 171717$		$217 \times 13 = 2821$	$x 77 = 217217$
$23 \times 13 = 299$	$x 777 = 232323$		$223 \times 13 = 2899$	$x 77 = 223223$
$32 \times 13 = 416$	$x 777 = 323232$		$283 \times 13 = 3679$	$x 77 = 283283$
$74 \times 13 = 962$	$x 777 = 747474$		$299 \times 13 = 3887$	$x 77 = 299299$
$83 \times 13 = 1079$	$x 777 = 838383$		$777 \times 13 = 10101$	$x 77 = 777777$

I have no idea what the number patterns I found in my life mean (or how many of the connections were man made). I haven't gone as far as I would like to, but I've gone far enough to know that there is definitely a pattern. I like to think of the patterns as God's mathematics. Just as the universe shows us signs or extremely well timed coincidences that are often repeated, they also appear in numbers, often sequenced perfectly. They're

kind of like God's signature.

Anyway, a small explanation for part of this pattern; there are 365 days in a year (not including leap year), and basically 30 days per month.

Whatever *date* it is, in whatever *month* it is, would be *this* day of the year. So for example, July 4th is the 185th day of the year. November 11th is the 315th day of the year.

Even though everyone can find out practically everything about anyone on the internet, I'm going to change names, and not include part of the pattern because it's too personal. There are a handful of recurring numbers that seem to repeat in my life, but as of now, the main two seem to be 23 and 17 (in a few different ways).

I was born October 10th, 1983, at 11:21 pm, 10-10-1983.

$$1 + 0 = 1 \quad 1 + 0 = 1 \quad 1 + 9 + 8 + 3 = 21 \quad 1121 \cdot 1 + 1 + 21 = 23$$

11 PM is the 23rd hour of the day (23:21). October 10th is the 283rd day of the year. 283, 1983. There are other ways of counting (which I've also started to continue the pattern in) but for the most part (here) we count by 10's.

Every 10 turns into the next set of numbers, and then 100's, 1,000's, etc. $100 - 17 = 83$. Although there were only a few months left in the year, I was born 17 years before 2000, which makes my birth year (somewhat) divisible by 17, as in 2017 I will turn $17 \times 2 = 34$. I don't even really want to count this one, because it seems to have changed, but I'm going to mention it anyway. The first time I checked the horoscope dates, when which sign starts and ends, October 10th was the 17th day of Libra.

$$1983 + 283 = 2266 \quad +17 = 2283 \quad 2^2 + 8^2 + 3^2 = 77 \quad (100 - 77 = 23)$$

There are 60 seconds in 1 minute, 60 minutes in 1 hour, 24 hours in 1 day.

$$60 \text{ (min)} \times 24 = 1440 \quad 60 \text{ (sec)} \times 1440 = 86400$$

11:21 is the 1401st minute of the day, and it begins at 84060 seconds, which means there are 2340 seconds left in the day.

$$60 \times 1401 = 84060$$

$$86400 - 84060 = 2340 \quad (17 + 23 = 40)$$

Obviously our birth isn't calculated to the second, but there's a 2/3rds chance I was born with 2300 seconds left in the day.

$$2340 - 60 = 2280 \quad 40 \text{ of } 60 \text{ is } 2/3$$

$$(1983+283=2266 \quad +17 =2283)$$

$$60 \times 24 = 1440$$

$$1440 \times 282 = 406080 \quad (282 \text{ full days})$$

$$406080 + 1401 = 407481 \quad (\text{minute of the year})$$

$$407481 / 17 = 23969.47058823529 \quad 407481 / 23 = 17716.565217391$$

$$407 + 481 = 888 \quad 888888 - 407481 = 481407 \quad 407 \sqrt{481}$$

$$481 \wedge 407$$

$$481 - 407 = 74 \quad (74 \times 12 = 888)$$

407481 seconds = 4 days 17 hours 11 minutes 21 seconds

$$407481 - 184704 = 222777 \quad (2 + 2 + 2 + 7 + 7 + 7 = 27) \quad [222 + 777 = 999]$$

(backwards)

$$[223 \times 999 =$$

$$222777]$$

$$[1000000 - 222777 =$$

$$777223]$$

$$407481 = 37 \times 11013 \quad 111 \times 3671$$

$$777777 - 407481 = 370296$$

$$370296 = 37 \times 10008 \quad 111 \times 3336 \quad 72 \times 5143 \quad 4 \times$$

$$5004$$

$$222 \times 1668 \quad 333 \times 1112 \quad 444 \times 834 \quad 666 \times$$

556

[370296 octal = 1323170] 888 x 417 61716 x 6 123432 x 3

666666 - 407481 = 259185

259185 = 37 x 7005 111 x 2335 467 x 555
1401 x 185 15 x 17279

[2/3 of 259185 = 172617.21 (later) 0.666

66.666%]

666 x 666 = 443556

777 x 777 = 603729

777777 - 603729 = 174048 [174048 later]

777777 - 407481 = 370296

603729 - 370296 = 233433

407481 - 174048 = 233433

(same #'s rearranged)

603729 - 259185 =

344544

[344544 + 233433 =

577977

344544 - 233433 = 111111

777777 - 407481 \\

>> 777777 - 666666 = 111111

666666 - 407481 //

777777 - 407481 = 370296 370\296

407481 - 111111 = 296370

296\370

370296 + 296370 = 666666

888888 - 407481 = 481407 407\481

481\407

I read about the changes of leap year (during the 1500's if I remember right) after starting this and didn't care to fix it (to show this part).

$$1982 \times 365 = 723430 \text{ (without Oct [283] and leap days ['496'])}$$

$$723430 + 283 = 723713$$

$$723713 + \text{'496'} = \underline{724209} \text{ not accurate, leap days are off}$$

$$\underline{724209} \times 24 = \underline{17381016} \text{ (- 1 hour)(born during 23rd hour)}$$

$$723713 \times 24 = 17369112 \text{ (- 1 hour)(no leap days)}$$

Somewhere in the middle of 17369111 and 17381015.

$$[17381015 - 17369111 =$$

11904

$$11904 / 2 = 5952 \quad 17369111 + 5952 = 17375063$$

17375063ish

17,3xx,xxx

So leap year or not, anyone born around 1940 until about 2054, has been and will be born within the 17 millionth hours. The 17 millionth hours last for about 114 years, give or take for the amount of leap days.

[not including leap

days]

$$24 \times 365 = 8760 \quad 8760 \times 1940 = 16994400 \quad 17000000 - 16994400 = 5600$$

$$5600 / 24 = 233.33 \quad | \quad 233 \times 24 = 5592 \quad 5592 + 8 = 5600$$

Without leap days the 17 millionth hours would've started at 8am August 21st.

[not including leap

days]

$$24 \times 365 = 8760 \quad 8760 \times 2054 = 17993040 \quad 18000000 - 17993040 = 6960$$

$$6960 / 24 = 290 \quad \text{October 17th is the 290th day}$$

Without including leap days the 17 millionth hours would've ended at the beginning or ending (it doesn't count so who cares) of October 17th.

$$[365 \times 24 = 8760] \quad 282 \times 24 = 6768 + 23 = 6791$$

I was born during the 6791st hour of the year. 6791 is the 874th prime. $6791 - 2317 = 4474$. (on the 21st minute $7 + 7 + 7 = 21$)

$$1983 \times 12 \text{ (months)} = 23796 \quad 23796 + 10 \text{ (months / October)} = 23806$$

I was born within the 23rd thousandth months. This one's slightly different, and a little more precise because whether we add time or not for leap year (day), a month is still considered a month. This one starts around the end of 1916, 1916.67. So I'm pretty sure August of 1916 would've been month 23,000 (4 months until 1917). The year 2000 (on the dot) is when they ended.

$$2000 - 1916.67 = 83.33$$

So the 23,000 months lasted 83.33 years, or 83 years and 4 months.

$$283 \times 83 = 23489 \quad 23806 - 23489 = 317 \quad (23 \times 20) + 317 = 777$$

$$1983 / 7 = 283.28571429 \quad [33 \times 23569 = 7777777 \quad 23806 - 23569 = 237]$$

$$(17 \times 23 = 391) \quad 391 + 1983 = 2374 \quad \text{Oct 10} = 1010 \quad 1401 - 1010 = 391$$

My sister was born September 24th, 1985, which was 23 months after me. September 24th is the 267th day of the year. $1 + 9 + 8 + 5 = 23$. Including both birthdays, there's 17 days from her birthday to mine, as in her birthday being day 1 and mine being 17 (or hers being 17 and counting down to 1). She was born at 3:37 AM, which is the 217th minute of the day. (60

minutes in 1 hour, 24 hours in 1 day) $60 \times 24 = 1440$, $1440 - 217 = 1223$. She was born on the 217th minute with 1223 minutes remaining, and 217 minutes after the 23rd of September. 1223 is the 200th prime number.

$$[337 + 337 + 336 =$$

1010

$$[337 \times 2 = 674$$

$$391 = 17 \times 23$$

$$[217 + 174 = 391$$

$$[391 + 283 = 674$$

$$[(217 \times 3) + 23 = 674$$

$$[(17 \times 13) + (23 \times 2) =$$

267

$$[(17 \times 30) + 267 = 777$$

$$9-24 \mid 924$$

$$[924 - (267 \times 3) = 123$$

$$23 \times 13 = 299$$

$$[1223 - 299 = 924$$

$$]17 \times 9 = 153[$$

$$23 \times 9 = 207$$

$$[207 + 717 = 924$$

$$267-133 = 134$$

$$[134 + 283 = 417$$

$$(67 \times 2 = 134)$$

$$1783 + (267 \times 2) = 2317$$

My mom's birthday is December 17th, 1947. 12-17-47. 12-17 is the 351st day of the year, $117 \times 3 = 351$. $351 \times 2 = 702$ (Las Vegas area code) My mom's address when we were born was perfectly divisible by 17. 47 is my sister's current long term boyfriend's favorite number. 121747, The first and last numbers are 1 7, the middle numbers are 17, and the last two numbers are 2 4. 12-17-1947, - 1's, - 7's, = 294,, $924 / 9-24$ (three 1's + two 7's = 17) 1217 is the 199th prime. 1223 is the 200th prime.

$$[47 - 24 = 23 \quad 47 - 10 =$$

37

$$[47 \times 9 = 423 \quad 47 \times 11 =$$

517

$$[351 - 283 = 68 \quad 17 \times$$

$$4 = 68$$

My dad's birthday is August 20th, 1955. 8-20-55, which is the 232nd day of the year. Although my mom's is more direct, my dad's is more subtle. Out of 365 days there is 23,123, 223, 230-239, 323, and one 23 per month, which is 25 chances out of 365. 1955 is divisible by both 17 and 23 (17 x 115, 23 x 85 [23 x 5 = 115, 17 x 5 = 85]). He was 28 years old when I was born. (35 and 28 are both divisible by 7. Including themselves, my parents both have 7 brothers and sisters) August 20th is the 232nd day in the year, October 10th is the 283rd day in the year, the first two numbers are 23 and 28, and the last two numbers are 2 and 3, 23. $232 + 28 = 260$, which is the next month's 17th, September 17th. My dad's best friend's birthday is September 17th, and his daughter's birthday, which is my dad's god daughter, is April 23rd. (My birthday is 23 days after September 17th and 17 days after September 23rd.)
 [1983 - 260 = 1723, 1723 x 101 = 174023, x 138 = 237774, 1723 is the 269th prime]

I was born at 11:21 / 23:21 | 2321 / 232 1

$$283 - 232 = 51 \quad 17 \times 3 = 51 \text{ (351 is mom's bday)}$$

$$267 + 351 = 618 \quad 267 + 232 = 499 \quad 618 + 499 = 1117$$

1117 is the 187th prime. $11 \times 17 = 187$

$$267 - 232 = 35 \text{ (mom's age when I was born)}$$

$$351 + 232 = 583 \quad 283 \times 2 = 566 + 17 = 583$$

$$351 - 232 = 119 \text{ (17 x 7 = 119) [232 + (17 x 3) = 283 \quad 232 + (17 x 7) = 351}$$

$$(23 \times 26) + 119 = 717$$

$$2023 / 17 = 119$$

$$232 + 7 = 239 + 7 = 246 + (7 \times 2) = 260 + 7 = 267 + 7 = 274 + (7 \times 6) = 316$$

$$+ 7 = 323 + (7 \times 2) = 337 + (7 \times 2) = 351 + (7 \times 45) = 666 :($$

$$+ (17 \times 2) + (7 \times 11) = 777 :)$$

$$+ (23 \times 3) + (7 \times 6) =$$

777

If my mom's first address is subtracted from my dad's first (after splitting up) the sum is x17. If each number in each of those addresses are individually added, each sum is 16.

$$x + x + x + x = 16 \quad x + x + x = 16$$

(not including both birthdays, my birthday is 16 days after my sisters)

My mom's license plate was xxx316 (great addition to the delusions of grandeur)

$$351 + 232 - 267 = 316$$

$$1401 + 316 = 1717$$

Mom's address - 1401 has 23 in it.

If my dad's address is divided by 2, there is a 17 in it, with a remainder. If my mom's address is divided by 2 there is a 23 in it, with no remainder.

If my dad's and mom's zip codes are added there is a 23 and a 17 in it.

A-1 B-2 C-3 D-4 E-5 F-6 G-7 H-8 I-9 J-10 K-11 L-12 M-13
N-14 O-15 P-16 Q-17 R-18 S-19 T-20 U-21 V-22 W-23 X-24
Y-25 Z-26

$$j- 10 \ o- 15 \ s- 19 \ h- 8 \ u- 21 \ a- 1 \quad = 74 \quad [(17 \times 3) + 23 = 74]$$

$$p- 16 \ a- 1 \ t- 20 \ r- 18 \ i- 9 \ c- 3 \ k- 11 \quad = 78$$

$$78 + 56 = 134$$

$$g- 7 \ a- 1 \ j- 10 \ a- 1 \ r- 18 \ d- 4 \ o- 15 \quad = 56$$

$$78 + 56 = 134$$

$$267-133 = 134$$

$$(67 \times 2 = 134)$$

$$134 + 283 = 417$$

$$134 - 17 = 117$$

$$134 - 23 = 111$$

$$74 \times 78 \times 56 = 323232$$

$$\text{dad's bday} = 232$$

$$\text{total of dad's first name} = 91 \quad 232 + 91 = 323 \quad [17 \times 19 = 323]$$

With the other numbers being 0's, if 323 is subtracted in a precise spot of my last phone number before switching, it is divisible by 777.

$$323232 \quad 32 \times 13 = 416 \quad 416 \times 777 =$$

$$(133 \times 2 = 266) \quad 365 - 232 = 133 \quad 416 - 283 = 133$$

$$(266 + 17 = 283) \quad (266 \times 3 = 798) \quad 133 \times 6 = 798$$

$$1121 - 798 = 323$$

$$[(23 \times 28) + 133 = 777] \quad // \quad (67 \times 2 = 134) \quad 267 - 133 = 134 \quad 134 + 283 = 417$$

$$74 \times 9 = 666 \quad (17 \times 3 = 51)$$

$$(23 \times 26) + (17 \times 4) = 666$$

$$666 + (17 \times 3) = 717 \quad [(23 \times 26) + (17 \times 7) = 717]$$

$$(17 \times 3) + 23 = 74 \quad \times 9 = 666 \quad + (17 \times 3) = 717$$

$$74 \times 12 = 888 \quad [37 \times 24 = 888]$$

$$888 \times 2 = 1776$$

$$74 \times 24 = 1776 \quad [37 \times 48 = 1776]$$

$$74 \times 23 = 1702 \quad [37 \times 46 = 1702 \quad [1-702\text{-phone-number}]]$$

$$78 \times 9 = 702$$

$$28 \times 2 = 56 \quad \begin{matrix} \times 2 & \times 3 & \times 35 & \times 36 \\ [56 = 112 & 168 & 1960 & \end{matrix}$$

$$2016]$$

These aren't their real names, but the numbers are real. I've had 3 real girlfriends/ relationships in my life, to which each relationship lasted for about 3 years give or take. My first girlfriend was Rossalyn, my second was Valerie, and my third was Jillian. All 3 are not from Vegas, which obviously means they moved here at different times in their lives. Rossalyn's birthday is February 14th (Valentine's day) which is the 45th day of the year. Valerie's birthday is June 21st, which is the 172nd day of the year. Jillian's birthday is August 5th which is the 217th day of the year.

$$45 + 172 = 217$$

Without being a targeted individual, the odds of this happening are very high. Being a targeted individual, the odds become reduced, and the odds are I will never know the truth in this life. Online it says, other than leap year day, because the population is at approximately 7 billion people, we basically share our birthday with 1/365 of any population ($1/365 = 0.274\%$), or about a 5th over 19 million people. So, I'm not sure if this is correct but looking at it makes me assume that every time we meet or even cross paths with a person, we have a 0.274% chance that they have the same birthday as us.

I'm sure I would've said something similar if their birthdays ended up being, 25 + 150 = 175, or 123, 44, 321, or 123, 45, 67, or 111, 222, 333 and a few others, so even though it's like hitting 3 out of 3 the odds lessen that some kind of pattern would've emerged. (Hopefully someone who's good at math will one day give me the odds, or I'll eventually set time aside to figure it out on my own.) But the odds go back up because the pattern that did emerge fits in perfectly with the others.

My birthday is October 10th / 283rd day of the year.

$$45 + 172 + 217 + 283 = 717 . (45 + 283) + (172 + 283) + (217 + 283) = 1283$$

The sum of adding my birthday with each girlfriend is exactly 283 over 1,000. The odds of that happening on its own, and as well, are very high.

$$1283 \text{ is the 208th prime. } 717 + 1283 = 2000$$

$$74(J) + 78(P) + 56(G) = 208$$

When pagers existed, Rossalyn's pager code/number was 112 (because her favorite R&B group was 112) Valerie's was 21 for her birthday, and although I met Jillian way after pagers, her number was 74 for the number of letters in her first and last name, 7 & 4.

$$112 - 21 - 74 = 17$$

$$112 + 21 + 74 = 207$$

$$[23 \times 9 = 207$$

$$[133 + 74 = 207$$

$$[924 - 717 = 207$$

$$[1983 - 1776 = 207$$

$$[207 \text{ backwards}$$

702

$$112 \times 21 \times 74 = 174048$$

$$[1122174 = 174048$$

$$[1122 (174) = (174)$$

048

$$[1122 / (0)48 = 23.375$$

$$[1122 + 048 = 1170$$

$$[1122 - 048 = 1074$$

$$112 \times 21 \times 74 = 174048$$

$$[406080 + 1401 = 407481 \text{ (minute of the year)]}$$

(same #'s rearranged)

$$777 \times 777 = 603729$$

$$603729 + 174048 = 777777$$

$$[555555 - 407481 = 148074] \quad 888888 - 407481 = 481407$$

$$888888 - 174048 = 714840 \quad 888888 - 148074 = 740814$$

$$407 + 481 = 888 \quad 174 + 048 = 222 \quad 148 + 074 = 222$$

$$(888 + 222 + 222) / 2 = 666 \quad (666 \times 2 = 1332) \quad 888 + 222 + 222 = 1332$$

$$(17 \times 77) + 23 = 1332$$

$$714 + 840 = 1554 \quad 888 + 666 = 1554 \quad 777 + 777 = 1554 \quad [21 \times 74 = 1554]$$

$$740 + 814 = 1554 \quad 222 \times 7 = 1554$$

$$[1000 - 554 = 446 / 2 = 223] \quad [1000 - (554 / 2) = 723]$$

$$45 _ 172 _ 217$$

$$45172217$$

$$4517 - 2217 = 2300$$

[and/or]

$$45172217 - 17's _ 4522 _ 45 - 22 = 23$$

$$45172217 - 17's _ 4522 _ 45 + 22 = 67$$

$$[4522 / 67 =$$

67.492537313]

$$[4522 \times 67 = 302974]$$

$$4522 / 17 = 266 \quad [266 + 17 = 283]$$

$$[266 / 2 = 133]$$

Connecting both birthdays, as in their birthday being the 1st day/number and my birthday being the last, from 217 to 283 is 67 (45 + 22 = 67_112 - 45 = 67), from 172 to 283 is 112 (Valerie's birthday is Rossalyn's pager code) and from 45 to 283 is 239. (23 / 9) My first and third girlfriend both lived at my mom's house at one point. Rossalyn and Jillian. February 14th and August 5th. 14 - 5 = 9. February 14th / 45th day. 4 + 5 = 9 February 9th was Jillian's and my anniversary date.

$$4 + 5 = 9$$

Rossalyn has 8 letters

$$1 + 7 + 2 = 10$$

Valerie has 7 letters

$$2 + 1 + 7 = 10$$

Jillian has 7

letters

$9 + 8 = 17$

$10 + 7 = 17$

$10 + 7 = 17$

$j-10 \ o-15 \ s-19 \ h-8 \ u-21 \ a-1 \quad = 74$

$p-16 \ a-1 \ t-20 \ r-18 \ i-9 \ c-3 \ k-11 \quad = 78$

$g-7 \ a-1 \ j-10 \ a-1 \ r-18 \ d-4 \ o-15 \quad = 56$

$Rossalyn \quad = 64$

$Valerie \quad = 81$

$Jillian \quad = 78$

$64 + 81 + 78 = 223$

$81 - 64 = 17$

$[81 - 78 = 3 \quad 78 - 64 = 14 \quad 3 + 14 = 17]$

$R_ 64 + 45 = 109 \quad V_ 81 + 172 = 253 \quad J_ 78 + 217 = 295$

$109 + 253 + 295 = 657$

$me_ 74 + 283 = 357 \quad [17 \times 21 = 357 \quad 17 \times 19 = 323 \quad | \quad 357 - (17 \times 2) = 323]$

$[232 + 91 =$

323]

$[17 + 17 + 23 = 57]$

$357 + 657 = 1314$

$357 + (23 \times 15) = 702$

$[357 \times 481 = 171717$

$[481 \times 1617 =$

777777

$[37 \times 13 = 481$

$[357 \times 482 = 172074$

$[238 \times 723 =$

172074

$[239 \times 723 =$

172,797

$657 \times 357 = 234549 \quad [234549 / 2 = 117274.5]$

$234549 = 17 \times$

13,797

$(172 \times 13) \times 77 = 172172$

]] 666666 - 407481 = 259185

259185 =]467 x 555 | 1401 x 185[15 x 17279

239 x 723 =

172797 [[

[28 x 15 = 420]

[35 x 12 = 420

[35 x 13 = 455]

[357 + 420 = 777]

357 + 109 = 466 357 + 253 = 610 357 + 295 = 652

466 + 610 + 652 = 1728

[357 x 3 = 1071 + 657 = 1728]

[283 x 3 = 849 + 74 = 923

[923 - 657 = 266

[4522 / 17 = 266

[266 + 17 = 283 266 / 2 = 133

[1983 - 266 = 1717 [-316 = 1401

[267 sis bday

[1401 - (266 x 4) = 337

(17 x 4) - 23 = 45

[17 x 17 = 289]

172 + 117 = 289

[23 x 23 = 529]

172 + 357 = 529

119 + 119 = 238 + 119 =

357

45 + 172 = 217 || 172 - 45 = 127 238/239 - 111/112 = 127 127, 172, 217

Valerie and Jillian have the same numbers rearranged, they have the same amount of letters in their first and last names, and they became friends.

17- 2 // 2- 17 2 + 8 + 3 + 1 + 7 + 2 (or 2 1 7 [or 1 2 7]) = 23

When I first started realizing these numbers Jillian's apartment number was

1117. I went to one of Jillian's cousin's weddings, she was married on Ray's birthday. Jillian's phone number was in the same exact order as Ray's mom other than 1 number. Jillian's husband's birthday is October 9th.

The last time I got a phone, which is now under a fake name, was on the 17th, unintentionally. My phone bill is due every 17th of the month.

One of my friend's birthdays is February 26, 2-26, which is the 57th day of the year. $17 + 23 = 40$, $40 + 17 = 57$. My birthday is 226 days after his. His cousin's (also a friend) is December 26, 12-26. His birthday is 77 days after mine.

$$100 - 77 = 23 \quad [117 + 217 + 217 + 226 = 777]$$

One of my friend's birthdays is March 18th, 3-18, which is the 77th day of the year. His mother's birthday is March 23rd, 3-23. More recently, my dad married my step mom on March 18th.

My friend's (who are brothers) father's birthday is November 11th, 11-11. His first son's birthday is July 7th, 7-7. His brother's birthday is February 4th, 2-4. July 7th is the 188th day of the year and February 4th is the 35th day of the year. $188 + 35 = 223$ Their mother's birthday is May 23rd, 5-23.

When I started a new job as valet, there were 7 other guys. 3 of us started at the same time, 1 started a few weeks before us, 2 had been there for almost 2 years, and the other 2 were there for a little over 5 years. The 2 valet's birthdays that had been there the longest were August 17th, 8-17, and November 23rd, 11-23.

Frog's little brother's first girlfriend, which their relationship lasted almost a decade, had the same birthday as Frog.

This has happened three out three times, and I don't doubt their

technology, but I can't figure out how they could've pulled this off (unless the ball is magnetized). A friend moved out of town but comes back to visit once a year. My friend has a method for roulette on how to always win just enough to eat and drink with the amount of money he can afford to bet. Each time he's visited we've ended up at The Orleans (casino) for a bit.

The first time we went, he put his money down and I said, "Nah, it's either gonna hit 23 or 17." I can't remember which one it hit but it hit one of them and the way the people at the table looked at me was awesome. An amazed, "How the fuck did you know that?!" look.

Other than the people looking at me, this happened the next time he came to town. After roulette we ended up sitting by some of the slots and another friend won at (machine) blackjack by the dealer going bust at 23, and the very next hand he won with 17.

The last time he came to town was the best so far. The set up was a bit different this time with one roulette table being separated from the rest. We started at that one and the first number it hit was 17. I pointed to show another friend and we both laughed, and then the next roll also hit 17. The friend I showed began trying to tell my friend betting about which numbers to pick, and my friend betting (who doesn't know much about the numerology numbers) says, "And also 29." We left that table and walked up to the four roulette tables in a row, and 29 hit right before we got to the table he chose (which was probably the reason he chose it). The table to our left and right both hit 23 on the next roll, and the last table to our right hit 17 the roll after that.

My sister, her boyfriend, my mom, and I once went out to play bingo. My mom was kind of down at the time so while playing I started asking God to please let her win so she would feel better. Shortly after I asked, her winning number was I 23. It wasn't a grand prize but she won, she smiled, and I thanked God (or was it 'god').

I got lost in this numerology stuff for a while and took apart my name,

family's names, dates, times, etc. I noticed these numbers in the past as well as in current events. Every other receipt would have one of these numbers. My car mileage would land on one of these numbers every other day (whenever I parked), sometimes multiple times a day. When I worked as a valet it was every other car. I stopped keeping track, and saving receipts a while before this because it was too much, and I took it as my understanding over trying to prove it to someone else.

My friend's birthday was February 23rd, and he died December 28th 2005. My other friend died February 9th, 2006 (Jillian and my old anniversary date [which is the 40th day of the year, $17 + 23 = 40$]) and his birthday was December 11th. They did not know each other. My first friend died 17 days after my second friend's birthday, and my second friend died a few months after my first friend. My second friend's mass was on Friday, February 17th, and my other friend would have celebrated his birthday on the 23rd.

My friend who died on February 9th made a few songs, but one in particular was 1 minute and 17 seconds, and not only is it one of my favorites, but it started with a significant metaphor of a meaningful dream I once had.

My other friend's birthday was July 2nd, which is the 183rd day. He passed on April 12th, which is the 102nd day. His gang was 102nd street, $6 \times 17 = 102$. He died on 1170 'Street'. His wake was the 17th and he was buried on the 18th.

Ray died when he was 17 years old on June 17th, which is the 168th day of the year. 6-17-01. Even though we were all pretty close, Frog and Ray were considered best friends. I heard that Frog held Ray's head trying to stop the bleeding when it happened. Frog's address at the time was 6178, 617,8. Ray died on 617, 6-17. 6178, 61 78, <-61 | 78<-, 1687, 168,7. 617 168 | 6178

Ray's mom was 23 years old when she had Ray. Ray's birthday was August 18th (1983) and his little brother's birthday is September 4th (1988) which is the 247th day of the year, and is 17 days after Ray's. (Ray turned 5 years old 17 days before his brother was born.) Sometime during September 5th was his first 24 hour cycle, and the 5th is 117 days away from the end of the year, $365 - 248 = 117$. $117 \times 17 = 1989$, he turned one in 1989. Ray and his mother's last apartment while alive was 2317, the apartment above them was 2321 (I was born at 23:21 / 11:21 pm). Ray's birthday was the 18th and his mom passed 118 days after his brother turned 18. She passed in 2006, $17 \times 118 = 2006$.

8-18, 818 $23 \times 23 = 529$ $17 \times 17 = 289$ $529 + 289 = 818$
 August 18th is the 230th day in the year. September 4th is the 247th day in the year.

$$247 - 230 = 17$$

There are 217 days in between their mom's birthday and Ray's brother's birthday.

$$1-29 / 29 \qquad 217 \qquad 9-4 / 247$$

Their mom died December 31st, 2006, which is the 365th day of the year. There are 117 days in between Ray's brother's birthday and the day their mother died.

$$9/4 - 247 \qquad 117 \qquad 12/31 - 365$$

Their mother was 46 when she passed, $23 \times 2 = 46$ ($46 - 17 = 29$), which was also the year Ray would've turned 23. Including 12 leap days, she was 17138 days old. She passed 5 years and 198 days after Ray, which is 2023 days (including 1 leap day). $17 \times 119 = 2023$, 1231 is 202nd prime, 1231 decimal is 2317 octal.

1231 , 1 23 1

I can't remember when Ray's brother met his girl, but she already had a son, whose birthday was February 9th, which is the 40th day of the year, $23 + 17 = 40$ (Jillian and my old anniversary date and the day my other friend

died) Ray's brother unintentionally got her pregnant with twins, a boy and a girl, and they were born on February 9th, which was their older brother's 5th birthday. (Ray's brother was born 17 days after Ray's 5th birthday)

$$(23 \times 2 = 46 - 17 = 29) \quad 29 = 29\text{th} \ \& \ 2-9 \ (\text{Feb } 9\text{th})$$

$$8-18 \quad 23 \times 23 = 529 \quad 17 \times 17 = 289 \quad 529 + 289 = 818 \quad (8 + 1 + 8 = 17)$$

$$9-4 \quad 94 + 23 = 117 \quad [2317 - (818 \times 2) - (94 \times 6) = 117 \quad - 94 = 23]$$

$$2317 = (818 \times 2) + (94 \times 7) + 23$$

$$247 - 17 = 230 \quad 230 - 23 = 207 \quad (23 \times 9 = 207) \quad [(23 \times 10) + 17 = 247]$$

$$207 \times 10 = 2070 \quad \underline{\quad} \quad 230 \times 9 = 2070 \quad 2070 + 247 = 2317$$

$$247 \times 9 = 2223 \quad 247 \times 11 = 2717 \quad 22|23 \quad / \quad 27|17$$

$$22 + 27 = 49 \quad \underline{\quad} \quad 7$$

squared

$$247 \times 9 = 2223 \quad + 94 = 2317$$

$$23 \times 23 = 529 \quad + 702 = 1231$$

$$23 \times 23 = 529 \quad 247 + (94 \times 3) = 529$$

$$23 \times 13 = 299 \quad + 818 = 1117$$

$$818 \times 2 = 1636 \quad + 81 = 1717$$

$$17 \times 23 = 391 \quad -168 = 223$$

$$168 \times 13 = 2184 \quad + 133 = 2317$$

$$2001 - (818 \times 2) = 365 \quad 365 = 12-31$$

$$391 - 223 = 168$$

$$(168 \times 13) + 133 = 2317$$

$$(777 - 455) - (77 \times 2) = 168$$

$$(6 \times 7) + (455 \times 5) = 2317$$

$$617 - 94 = 523$$

$$119 + (94 \times 7) = 777$$

$$47 + 47 = 94$$

$$94 - 17 = 77$$

$$(94 \times 10) + 777 = 1717$$

$$17 + (94 \times 8) + (777 \times 2) = 2323$$

$$1960 + 357 = 2317$$

$$283 - 168 = 115 \quad 23 \times 5 = 115$$

$$168 + 133 = 301 \text{ (Oct 28th is Frog's birthday)}$$

$$266 + 168 = 434 \quad 217 \times 2 = 434 \quad 3023 \text{ is } 434\text{th prime}$$

$$(17 \times 11) + 247 = 434$$

$$94 + 74 = 168$$

$$2001 - 818 - 617 - 283 = 283$$

$$2317 - 2001 = 316$$

$$94 + 94 + 95 = 283 \quad (337 + 337 + 336 = 1010)$$

$$(247 \times 4) + 133 = 1121$$

$$(94 \times 11) + 1283 = 2317$$

$$407 + (94 \times 14) = 1723$$

$$283 + (247 \times 2) = 777$$

$$94 + 117 + (283 \times 2) = 777$$

One of Ray's brother's newer friend's birthday is June 23rd, 6-23, 623.

$$(23 \times 23) + 94 = 623$$

$$12345678910 / 2 = 6172839455 \quad [617 \ 283 \ 94 \ 55] \quad [617 \ 283 \ 94 \ 5 \ 5]$$

$$617 \ 283 \ 9455$$

$$6 \ 172 \ 83 \ 9455 = 617 \ 172 \ 283$$

Ray died while I was with Valerie, and
her birthday is 4 days after he died.

$$[[666666 - 407481 = 259185$$

$$[[2/3 \text{ of } 259185 = 172617.21 \quad 0.666 \quad 66.666\%9455_{\text{octal}} \text{ is } 22357$$

$$9 + 4 + 5 + 5 = 23$$

$$(17 \times 11) + (2317 \times 4) = 9455$$

$$617 \ 283 \ 9 \ 455$$

$$[6-17 \text{ is } 168\text{th day, } 168 \times 17 = 2856 \quad 2856 - 17 = 2839] >< [17 \times 167 = 2839]$$

$$(28 \times 2 = 56)$$

$$[28 \times 15 = 420]$$

$$[(35 \times 13 = 455)] <$$

$$> [35 \times 12 = 420]$$

$$[357 + 420 = 777]$$

$$455 \times 77 = 35035$$

$$455 \times 777 = 353535$$

455_sum of proper divisors is 217

455 is a deficient number, because the sum of its proper divisors (217) is less than itself. Its deficiency is 238.

$$217 + 238 = 455 \quad [17 \times 14 = 238 \quad 119 \times 2 = 238]$$

$$119 + (112 \times 3) = 455$$

$$232 + 223 = 455$$

$$23 \times 23 = 529$$

$$529 - 74 = 455$$

$$702 - 247 = 455$$

$$283 + 172 = 455$$

$$267 + (94 \times 2) = 455$$

$$777 - (23 \times 14) = 455$$

122

$$1 + 2 + 2 =$$

5

233 [51st prime. 239 is next prime. Octal = 351]

$$2 + 3 + 3 =$$

8

344 [172 x 2 = 344]

$$3 + 4 + 4 =$$

11

455

$$4 + 5 + 5 =$$

14

566 [283 x 2 = 566]

$$5 + 6 + 6 =$$

17

677 [jpg j = 6 p = 7 g = 7]

$$6 + 7 + 7 =$$

20

788

23

899

26

$7 + 8 + 8 =$

$8 + 9 + 9 =$

[617 283 94 55]

$94 + 23 = 117 \mid 17 \times 17 = 289 \quad 172 + 117 = 289 = 172 + 94 + 23$

$117 + 55 = 172$

$17 \times 23 = 391 \quad 391 - 223 = 168 \quad 223 - 168 = 55$

$74 + 55 = 129 \text{ (1-29)} \quad 129 + (55 \times 2) = 239$

$247 + (55 \times 2) = 357 \quad 357 + (55 \times 2) = 467 \quad (467 \times 3 = 1401)$

$247 + (55 \times 14) = 1017$

$283 + (55 \times 8) = 723 \quad 17 + (55 \times 4) = 237$

$17 + (55 \times 2) = 127 \quad 17 + (55 \times 12) = 677$

$23 + 55 = 78 \quad 23 + (55 \times 2) = 133 \quad [78 + 55 = 133]$

$23 + (55 \times 31) = 1728 \quad 23 + (55 \times 32) = 1783 \quad [1728 + 55 = 1783]$

$7 + (55 \times 2) = 117 \quad 7 + (55 \times 3) = 172$

$7 + (55 \times 5) = 282 \quad 8 + (55 \times 5) = 283$

$7 + (55 \times 6) = 337 \quad 7 + (55 \times 14) = 777$

$7 + (55 \times 22) = 1217 \quad 7 + (55 \times 42) = 2317$

$18 + (55 \times 3) = 183 \quad 18 + (55 \times 4) = 238$

$18 + (55 \times 11) = 623$

$18 + (55 \times 14) = 788$

$18 + (55 \times 23) = 1283$

$1283 + (55 \times 8) = 1723 \quad | \quad 18 + (55 \times 31) = 1723$

Before typing this part, I printed the first couple hundred primes and circled the ones with more significance in red and the somewhat significant in blue. I haven't mentioned some of these because of how personal they are, and although there were only about half as many blue, these are the red.

A prime number is a whole number greater than 1, and can be divided evenly only by 1 or itself.

Primes

13 (6th) 17 (7th) 23 (9th) 37 (12th) 41 (13th) 47 (15th) 67 (19th) 83 (23)
 113 (30) 223 (48) 239 (52) 241 (53) 269 (57) 283 (61) 317 (66) 337 (68)
 367 (73) 419 (81) 467 (91) 523 (99) 617 (113) 677 (123) 823 (143) 1117
 (187)

1123 (188) 1217 (199) 1223 (200) 1231(202) 1283 (208) 1723 (269) 1783
 (276)

1999 (303) 2017 (306) 2371 (351) 2377 (352) 2383 (354) 2399 (357)
 6791 (874) 7177 (917) 7237 (925)

[17351 & 23017 aren't exactly significant, just coupled numbers as primes for examples]

(About a week or two after I was getting into the prime(s) part of this, I saw the word PRIME spray painted on a curb on my route home from work.)

Here are a few number conversions in other base systems. I don't quite understand these systems yet other than (way below) the basics, but the pattern seems to follow into them as well at some level.

Decimal	Hexadecimal	Octal	Binary
17	<u>11</u>	<u>021</u>	00010001
19	13	023	10011
23	17	027	00010111

35	23	043	100011
55	37	067	110111
74	4A	112	01001010
83	53	123	01010011
119	77	167	1110111
147	93	223	10010011
167	A7	247	10100111
183	B7	267	10110111
207	CF	317	11001111
223	DF	337	11011111
239	EF	357	11101111
274	112	422	100010010
444	1BC	674	110111100
467	1D3	723	111010011
569	239	1071	1000111001
572	23C	1074	1000111100
574	23E	1076	1000111110
723	2D3	1323	1011010011
783	30F	1417	1100001111
823	337	1467	1100110111
1023	3FF	1777	1111111111

$777 \times 666 = 517482$ $517482 - 407481 = 110001$ - binary decimal conversion is 49, and 49 is 7 squared.

Here are a few other things I found for examples.

No odd Fibonacci number is divisible by 17.

Every positive whole number can be written as the sum of eight cubes except 23 and 239. Those two numbers require 9 cubes.

$$[7777777 / 239 = 32543 \quad 3 + 2 + 5 + 4 + 3 = 17]$$

[239 is the 52nd prime

[239 decimal is 357 octal

[23 decimal is 17 hexadecimal

83rd Fibonacci - is 17 numbers long and is prime. (99194853094755497)

83 is the 23rd prime number.

83 seconds is equal to 1 minute 23 seconds.

The 17th and 23rd Fibonacci numbers are both prime.

I don't remember what gave me the idea to keep going with this part and I haven't gotten that far, but it's pretty interesting. If A = 1 through Z = 26, and we just keep repeating that as we get higher, then A would also = 27, 53, 79, etc.

666 = 16th letter

677 = 1st letter

777 = 23rd letter $29 \times 26 = 754$ $777 - 754 = 23$

283 = 23rd letter $10 \times 26 = 260$ $283 - 260 = 23$

1401 = 23rd letter $53 \times 26 = 1378$ $1401 - 1378 = 23$

The 23rd letter is w. I heard somewhere that in some language w = 6, so I guess as far as I've gone with this, that's another 666, even with the first one being 777.

Recently I went through some of the stuff my mom kept from my past that included school papers, hospital documents, jail documents, letters, etc.

First typed kindergarten school paper... *How did you learn to ride a bike? Who taught you Monopoly? Who taught you how to dance, when, where?* My response was, My mother tried to teach me how to dance but I just couldn't dance. I tried to dance August 17th 1986. She tried to teach me to dance at my house.

03-18-97 tamper with fire alarm [77th day. (Future) Friend's birthday.

Dad got remarried this day 17 years later. $100 - 77 = 23$]

06-01-97 curfew misdemeanor

06-23-97 court

09-17-97 Surgery, thyroglossal duct cyst removed
 [23 days before my 15th birthday. Dad's friend's birthday. After this is when I saw my 'mom' but not her reflection.]

12-01-97 possession of a controlled substance
 (4 x \$17 drug tests = \$68.00) [typed just like that on the paper]

12-07-98 intensive care - ingestion of meds \$23,113.00 [Future friend's birthday]

12-14-98 ekg shows Wolff-Parkinson-White Syndrome

12-23-98 children's heart center

02-09-99 catheter ablation surgery, electrophysiologic study (left side low risk) [They went in both sides of my inner thighs (I believe my femoral arteries) with cameras to confirm what they thought I had.. 02-09 is the 40th day of the year, 17 + 23 = 40. My future 3rd ex girlfriend's and I anniversary date, the day my friend died, and the day my other friend's twins were born on their older brother's 5th birthday.]

02-17-99 follow up. LAB results- A 12-lead ECG continues to show pre-excitation with evidence of a left-sided Wolff-Parkinson-White Syndrome pathway

04-04-99 (Easter Sunday) arrested and eventually sent to youth counseling camp

08-05-99 sent to youth counseling camp

10-09-99 Paroled/ got assigned parole officer
 [Other than the name of the camp, that's exactly how they appeared on my mom's list. 08-05 is my last ex girlfriend's birthday and 10-09 is her husband's birthday. 08-05 is the 217th day of the year.]

A section of a letter my mom kept from me about my first visit "...if I can get my first off grounds visit for my birthday but they probably won't because that's day 53 and I have to be here 60 days before I get an off ground visit. If I can't I'll try for the 16th and 17th (Sat and Sun.) but the 16th is day 59. If not then, then I know for sure I can get one on the 23rd and 24th...." [I guess I didn't know it was known then, did I know it all?]

12-09-99 paroled to father [6171 building 9 - youth parole office]

I went to jail in 1999. I got arrested on Easter Sunday, late afternoon early evening (April 4th). I got out December 9th. If most of Easter Sunday is counted as being free, I was free for 117 days in 1999. 1999 is 303rd prime.

06-14-01 arrested [ticket started On 6-14-01 at approximately 0230 hrs I officer...]

11-23-01 My mom and I had to sign and date a *follow the rules* paper for me to get back into school.

My initials are JG, I sign them quite frequently with my new job, but regardless it is 10 and 7, so in a way I write 17 every time I sign my initials.

Job before - Completed and got my OSHA 10-hour safety print out (to start a new job) on 7/17/2015.

The last job I worked before getting my current job was helping my friend unload materials at job sites (which only lasted for a week and a half). Four out of six forklifts had 17 on them, three were on the mileage and one was numbered.

3517.6 3178.3 3017.4 5174

My first paycheck at my current job was \$428.61 and it was issued 4-28-16. The start of that pay week was 4-17 and the end was 4-23.

(Retarded risk and excuse on their behalf, but I thought if anyone could make it work, *they* could. An accident during a simple ‘surgery’.) Shortly after a certain specific incident (which I’ll get to) I started having stomach problems. They had to put me to sleep and stick a camera down my throat. I couldn’t think of a ‘legitimate’ way *they* could accidentally kill me, but I was ready for the unknown. Because they were going to put me to sleep I needed a designated ride home. My dad wasn’t supposed to leave while waiting for me, but he did for a brief moment. Anyway, everything went normal but when I got into my dad’s vehicle to leave, his mileage was 121747, which is my mom’s birthday.

That reminds me of a ‘weird’ dream unrelated to numbers, but I guess it’s worth mentioning. I ‘woke up’ to seeing a young lady sitting at the foot of my bed. She had a smile from ear to ear. I squinted to make sure I saw what I thought I saw. She looked to be around her mid-twenties, but it was my mom. She had a haircut that I’d never seen before (or at least don’t remember) and looked younger than any of the pictures I’ve seen of when I was born. In confusion I asked, “Mom?” Her smile got wider as she leaned in and responded, “It’s okay. I know why you’re here,” and then I woke up.

Although the first death happened at the end of 2005 and the funeral was in 2006, and the last death happened the last day of 2006 and the funeral was in the beginning of 2007, I went to 4 funerals during this time. I also turned 23 in 2006. I was 17 years old when I tried to kill myself (to save Ray from hell), and I attended a funeral the morning of my 23rd birthday.

I’ve dealt with severe depression on and off for a while during the beginning of all of this. Sometimes I could see exactly why I felt depressed and other times I had no clue. I’ll get to the story before this in a moment, but realizing my only real option for moving forward, added to my extreme depression and I could not stop thinking about suicide. Sometimes I’d think

about it and other times the thought would just pop up, either way I fantasized about it multiple times a day. I thought of different ways I could do it and other than skydiving without a parachute I mostly thought about shooting myself in the head, so it would work for sure this time.

A majority of the time my phone was on vibrate, so I'd miss a lot of calls. On this day, I checked my phone and had about forty missed calls from my family. I don't remember who I called back first, but I ended up at my mom's house. My sister showed up soon after crying and gave me the biggest hug ever. She told me she'd gotten a call at work from an unknown number, from a girl crying hysterically screaming, "Josh is dead! He shot himself in the head!" and she hung up. My sister didn't know who it was, but thought maybe it was my girlfriend (at the time), so she immediately left work and called my family and got all of them scared too. She found out shortly after meeting at my mom's house that it was her friend and her friend's stepdad was the one who did it, she said his name and my sister heard my name.

He shot himself with a 22, and I heard that after he did it he was still alive telling his wife to call 911, realizing he made a mistake, but died shortly after. I was 22 when this happened and I spent the morning of my 23rd birthday at his funeral. When I was 17 I tried to kill myself and on my 23rd birthday I was at a funeral for a suicide that at first my family mistook for me.

I really felt like I was getting close to killing myself and saw my family's reaction as if I went through with it. Seeing and hearing my family's sadness didn't make my depression go away, but it gave me strength to get through it for them. The numerology part, synchronicity part, and the whole story also helped give me strength to get through it.

Other than this story having no outside influence, I can see a few different angles how they could've pulled this off if it was them. I really don't want to get into the possibilities, but if you've actually researched their capabilities then I'm sure you can think of a few too. What I don't understand though is that if one of their goals is to make the target kill themselves, then why would they try to prevent me from going through with it? Maybe to

break me down and then start building me back up the way they want?

~

One night I was conversing with ‘God’ while driving home from a friend’s house. The conversation lasted for practically the whole ride, but the only thing I remember stood out. We were talking about why I couldn’t get through some of my problems and ‘God’ says with a very happy and uplifting voice, “Don’t worry I’m going to fix you! I’m going to fix the things wrong with your brain!” And while ‘he’ was saying this I could see and hear an invisible person standing behind and above me with a blow torch and drill working on my brain like a car mechanic. I got excited and started laughing, “Do it! Fucking do it! Turn me into supreme being!”

~

Why is pain such a big part of life? Sometimes I wonder, but a big part of me thinks that when we go back home, back to reality, back to ‘heaven’, there is no pain. There is no I miss you, there is no struggle, there is nothing to overcome, so love (and excitement) would eventually become kind of numb. After spending ‘fifty billion trillion years’ knowing there’s no end, knowing we will always be together, we eventually say, “Let’s go back. I forgot what it’s like to miss you. I forgot what it’s like to work hard to build something. I forgot what a challenge is. I forgot what it’s like to...” Compared to infinity, this life is smaller than a grain of sand and shorter than a snap of a finger.

I once saw death from a different perspective and it changed my view. To love someone so much that it hurts, is beautiful. To be able to love someone *sooo* much that it cripples us when they’re gone is just so damn beautiful. It still (really) sucks, it still hurts, but I’m glad that I can and I got to love you that much. I’m happy that I met you. It hurts some people and makes them vengeful towards life or God, but I promise that we will see each

other again. If I've seen you this time, I'll see you again, eventually. Life is so beautiful because it doesn't last, and one of its miracles is that we crossed paths.

But then there's also the dark side, the opposite of that sentence. Life is so horrible because it lasts too long. What happened to the snap of a finger? I've crossed paths with too many devils, so many devils it makes me question if I've fucked up somewhere else and this dimension is a prison sentence. It's just beautiful enough to give me hope that something good is on its way, but that's just an illusion to keep me here. Love is a trick, also designed to keep me here, because if it wasn't for the people I love I would've left a long time ago. Prison sentence or game, either way, we get to leave and eventually, after one or one million cycles, go back home, and that's another reason why death is so beautiful.

~

A funny story though, is that the movie *Knowing* came out after I really started getting into numerology. *Knowing* is about some kids who start hearing and writing down numbers that all end up being dates and/or coordinates of when and where something bad happened or is going to happen. In the end they discover why they were chosen to hear the numbers.

After I watched it I was a little shocked myself, but the way a few people looked at me and talked to me after they'd seen it, was awesome. I could tell they were afraid, and that part wasn't awesome, but I could tell then that they were listening to what I'd been trying to say this whole time. I've actually noticed that about a lot of things I've tried to tell them. No one believes me until it's on TV, or someone famous says it, becomes popular belief, or it finally happens. I've listened to a few people trying to tell or teach me something that I've brought up years ago and they didn't wanna hear it. Now all of a sudden they're the *experts* and I'm clueless. But at the same time, I've been wrong about a lot of stuff too.

Another funny story happened more recently while I was researching and trying to think of good examples of real life paradoxes (other than, there

either was a beginning to existence or there wasn't, and either one is a paradox). Now I don't know whether this was man made or universal, but either way it was pretty funny.

About a block away from where I live, there was a giant mobile dumpster with the number 3023 on it out front of a house. Okay, more numerology stuff along my path, whatever. After researching, thinking, and searching for a few days, another giant mobile dumpster appeared two doors down from me with the number 5150. I can't remember where it came from, but 5150 was a number used to describe someone who's crazy. I couldn't stop laughing when I saw this. The mini me paradox is, either the universe or the people messing with me put it there to 'call me crazy' but if I am just crazy then how did *they* put it there/that precise number get there? (I understand it could've just been a perfectly timed coincidence, but block that out for a moment [like you do most everything else] and see the joke know it all :)

Anyway, the main conclusion I came to with the numerology was, I am here on purpose. Seeing these numbers scattered throughout my life, (especially) on 'main events', way before I came close to realizing them, since birth, before birth with some of my family. And then remembering past events other than the numbers, even as a child, had me convinced that something was definitely going on. "Did you know that when it's day time on this side of the world, that it's night time on the other side of the world?" The nightmare while I was awake, Swat Kats, seeing my mom without a reflection, were all adding together and the answer 'was becoming clearer'.

I'm not really sure what one hallucination had to do with the other, at least not the nightmare and my 'mom' (other than possibly trying to traumatize me), but hearing a voice in my head when I was just a child added to the voice I was hearing now. It was very calm and comforting, just wanting to teach me something, and let me know it was there. But did it speak to me then so I would remember it now, while all of this other stuff was going on? (Was it a manipulation tactic? Was it even the same group or

just someone messing with a kid?) During figuring everything out (without DEW knowledge), I could see a pattern of my growth, and birth purpose since I was a child. It was all starting to add up. This was all adding to the part of me that was realizing that I was here for a reason, possibly even a big reason.

However, I couldn't quite digest it all. I couldn't digest half of it. Part of me was excited, part of me was scared shitless, and part of me was angry. I was excited because this was all proof that not only was I NOT going crazy, but I was sent here on purpose. I was scared because every time someone tries to tell the world something like this, they get killed. I was angry because, why does everyone else get to have a 'normal' life, but I have to do this? (I still hadn't digested even a fraction of eternal reincarnation. That just as a grain of sand on planet earth, can be compared to our planet in the universe [and so much further], this life/cycle of incarnation can be compared to eternity [and so much further].)

There's no way I can stay with the girl I love, they will kidnap her quick as shit to get to me. They'll do the same to everyone else close to me. I have to let her go so she can have a chance at a good life, and maybe if I can get this done quick enough and survive, that saying will be true, if you love something let it go. This all started as a plan to save my group of friends from a hard life and splitting up, and now I have to push them all away?

"Fuck this, you're God, you do it! Why the fuck do I have to be involved?! Yeah, I know I feel like it needs to be done, but now you're trying to tell me that's the whole reason I'm here in the first place?! That I never really actually had a choice, that I don't have a choice, that this is the reason I'm here?! You talk to them! Why the fuck do you need a middleman?! You want me to tell them that they don't need a middleman to talk to you and yet you want me to be a middleman to talk to them?! If we really are just dreaming then what the fuck does it matter anyway?!"

I became so angry. Even today I know I don't have a choice. That my choice is an illusion. That I have an imaginary option to walk away, but I can't because of how strongly I feel. Whether it's half God and half monarch

messiah programming, or all brainwashing, I can't walk away. I'm not sure if they drilled it in so far that it's beyond digging out, but I just can't do nothing. Whether it was all manipulation and brainwashing, I have to tell as many people as I can, and even if it's not much, I just can't submit to their bullshit.

Regardless of their technology I still believe that some people here do have freewill, but others do not, exactly. Yin yang. If you think I'm incorrect, that there's always a choice, then I'm only going to make one example for you. I'm sure there are some people out there that could do this, but again, yin yang, shades of gray, and different scenarios for different people.

For the sake of argument, no one would stop you and there'd be no consequences. Could you walk into a hospital, round up all the newborns, head to the roof, and start tossing them off one by one? Do you have the freewill to do so? Do you really have a choice there, or is the choice just an illusion? There are different illusions of choice for different people, different shades of gray, but I think that's a good/fucked up example for most of us. I do not have that choice, I cannot do that, and I do not have the choice of walking away if someone else were to do it.

As hard as I've actually tried not to care, I just can't turn a blind eye to what's going on here. I can't just unplug and try to live that dream life, knowing there's so many fucked up things going on. Whether God is asking me to do this, I went crazy, or it's all man made, and all of these numbers, dreams, and signs, are actually just coincidences, or programming, I can't turn my back and live only for me. Except for being a targeted individual, I am very capable of building a better life for myself, but I can't only focus on me. I can't be happy while walking through so much sadness. I can't be at peace, on a planet full of war.

CHAPTER 10

BACKFIRE

“No, sir, but you don’t understand...”

When I was in middle school I won the most popular boy in school ‘award’. One of the most likely to succeed, best dressed, etc., contests. A few years after winning this award I bumped into an old friend and he told me out of the blue that he found a bunch of the slips and filled out my name on all of them. I’d also recently pulled the fire alarm (either that year or the year before), so I’m pretty sure that also had something to do with it. I can’t see why he would lie, or bring it up for no reason, but if it was that alone, it’s funny how a rigged election can drastically change the future.

From the rest of middle school until the end of high school it only escalated. By eleventh grade it was, “Dude, are you Josh Gajardo?!” “Holy shit that’s Josh Gajardo!” “Tell her who you are.” “What?” “Tell her who you are?” “Josh?” “No tell her your whole name.” “What the fuck? Josh Gajardo, why?” “Oh my God Josh Gajardo is at this party!” My sister would tell me people around school would just refer to her as “Josh’s little sister” instead of by name.

Most times it was cool, but others it definitely wasn’t. I can certainly see how hard it is for people to stay faithful in a relationship when so many girls are constantly throwing themselves at them. It’s been more than fifteen years and I still have a ring from my second girlfriend on my keychain to remind me how an asshole (me) can screw up the other person in a relationship. There’s been a few times I’ve gotten love letters from chicks I’d never seen or met. I had a girl ask her friend to come ask me if she could blow me, “She doesn’t want to make it a big deal or anything, she just wants to know if she can suck your d***?” I was good when I was sober, but when I was drunk, I couldn’t help it. Not to mention that this is also when the negative voice was becoming my ‘best friend’.

All of this happening helped the voice to inflate the shit out of my ego. I became temptation’s bitch. Besides the girls, there were also a couple of fights that happened that didn’t need to. Whether it was the other guys trying to ‘take the belt from the champ’ or me defending my ego. Hearing my name

so much had me occasionally viewing myself in the third person. This image that I had to uphold. Some of the stuff I did was me being me, but others were for the image. Over time I started hearing all kinds of stories about me, whether bad or good, always exaggerated, and I realized that even if I wanted to, I couldn't escape it.

~

This is a side story off of the point I'm currently trying to get at, but I thought of it now and am not sure where else to fit it in. One night I met this girl at a party. We ended up alone for a little while and started making out. I'll admit that I was high, but I still don't think that mattered. A minute or two after we started, I put my hand down her pants and as she got excited, her tongue split in two like a human reptile tongue. Imagine (or try) taking two fingers and moving one on top of your tongue and the other on the bottom, going back and forth (or up and down), and that's what it felt like, but with a tongue.

At first I wasn't sure what was going on, or if I was feeling what I thought I was feeling, so I started to pay closer attention. I then thought about seeing something on TV about how some people have surgically done that and other weird stuff to their body, but then I realized that the first minute or so we were kissing, her tongue was completely normal. I started to get scared but blocked it out, thinking I must be trippin', and thinking she was very beautiful and well-proportioned so I'm not gonna stop unless she does.

We didn't get too much further because one of her friends walked around the corner and grabbed her. We said bye, and that was that. And that was the first and only time I've finger banged an alien. I know I'm trying to be funny, and it's weird, but I'm not making this up. I very well may have been specifically hallucinating on only her tongue, or this could somehow have been their technology, I guess, but this happened. I later learned of the reptilians, greys, etc., and that's when I definitely started to believe in shapeshifting and the rest of the madness. I've had quite a few first encounters (and possibly a few fifth encounters), and it says that a fifth

encounter is direct communication, but, if it wasn't hallucination technology, then what encounter was that?

~

Besides the process and the little lessons in between, becoming popular changed me by making me hate fame. I actually hate attention in general now. (You have no idea how hard it was for me to write and put this out under my own name.) Actually absorbing the feeling and understanding of being 'famous' in high school helped me realize that if I did everything I was planning on doing, that whether local or not, I would eventually become known. Besides my hate for fame all by itself, I realized that the guys that would want to fight me this time, would actually be trained to kill, and have unlimited resources. They have killed or framed damn near every person who has preached love, forgiveness, fuck them, and true change. Once they become famous enough and have a lot of influence, they end up dead. Although torture became my new fear, I became content with the idea of dying. But I still had people I cared about. So, I had to figure something out.

For a long time I believed that it wasn't an accident I became popular in high school. That it was either to teach me about staying in the background, how others stay in the background, or to prepare me for the future. That maybe just as the sphere showed me what I would've done with power at that point, learning about fame first hand might teach me how to properly deal with it if it ever happened again. Or a new thought, *they* made me hate attention hoping I would avoid it at all costs?

~

I planned out an entire super plan. It took me a while and I had some help with the 'business' part, but I finally got it all done. I finally learned how to organize my shit. Each idea was a part of the whole, by themselves they were just a piece, but together, they formed an engine. It teeter tottered for a while, but I ended up with the faith and confidence that I had overcome my

dark side enough to not become a monster. That the only reason I had that experience was to prepare me for the future. I had the master blueprint ready to go, but a small problem. I had two options. Either I needed to find an investor I could trust, so I/we could remain in the background for the most part, or I become the ‘center of attention’ by just openly being the creator. I don’t want the elite to go after the people I care about, or torture me. So, I was going to try for plan A.

I had so many ideas, that even if s/he wouldn’t go for the big ones I could start with the small miscellaneous ones and use that as seed money to support my bigger ideas. I knew they weren’t all great and it would definitely take some time. You can’t build an ‘empire’ overnight, but a couple of bricks every day and it will eventually get done, you just have to keep moving forward. I knew a guy who knew a guy who was like my distant uncle in a way, who had the money. Coincidentally his birthday was also one of the recurring numerology numbers.

I tried and tried to get him to meet with me, and he finally did. But for the most part he looked at me as a kid. He knew a little bit about me. He knew about my past, that I currently lived with my mom, and he looked at me *only* as my cover identity. Backfire. I was also so damn tired (from working graveyard) and nervous that I couldn’t hide it. How can I look this guy in the eye, and tell him what’s going on? How can I tell him that I know why I’m here and that God is speaking to me? That this isn’t just a business plan, but my purpose. There’s no way he’s going to believe me, no one else really does. He’s going to think I’m either lying or crazy. “No, sir, but you don’t understand, I overdosed on mushrooms and a magical sphere uploaded me with all the answers to make this work.”

He actually already had *no* in his head before he walked through the door. And through the little time we spent talking, I could also tell he didn’t want to be a part of a ‘movement’. He told me what I already knew, that if I continued forward I would succeed, and we went our separate ways. I didn’t even make it through a quarter of a quarter of my presentation.

I was mad, but way more afraid, and I again, became extremely

depressed for a while (23rd birthday depressed). I knew the only real option I had now was to become *known*. I can still be in the background of stuff, but after a few years of putting up bricks, a lot of people will start to know who I am. Most people can't keep a secret for the life of them, and if they could I certainly couldn't expect them to or be mad at them if someone 'stuck a drill in their knee' to make them talk. I really don't want any kind of fame and I really don't wanna get killed, but God is telling me why I'm here, in this cycle, and not to worry. "How the fuck can I not worry though God?! You want me to do this and expect that none of my loved ones will get hurt?! Or that I won't be killed?! Are you sure you're not the crazy one?! If I am gonna do this then it has to be perfect, and I'm gonna take my time, so I can try to enjoy a little piece of life before they fake my suicide."

I only had a blueprint. I had plenty of characters, jokes, scenarios/skits, partial written songs, unmastered instrumentals, etc., but most of it was just a blueprint. In order to make a cartoon or the internet TV show, I needed scripts, equipment, artists, computer guys, this, that, and more of this. The business plan included the costs for all of it, (well for the equipment and programs. It included enough money for me and a few others to survive a few years while teaching ourselves what we needed to learn, without outsourcing to strangers), but to do it on my own would take a lot of time and money that I didn't have. Besides believing that I was on the clock before the New World Order kicked in, I'd been working on this like it was a second job for years, so I knew how hard it was and would continue to be. I used to get so frustrated, "All the time I spend at work, just to make enough money to survive, when I could be spending my time doing so much more. How the fuck can I survive, without going to jail, and spend all of my time working on this shit, instead of working for someone else?" I knew I could actually do this without a lot of money, but I had to digest being the center of attention again. But, before I could digest it I had to swallow it.

For about two years after being denied a chance to try and explain myself, I eventually shut down and didn't work on anything other than music

here and there. I knew music was a big piece of the engine, and it was one of the things I could do on my own, but I mainly did it to channel out the negative. Although I threw away a hundred times more than I kept, it was my main source of venting.

Other than music I spent a lot of time learning and thinking. Which led to me to realize that my logo could and would eventually be corrupted just like the police badge. The cross is supposed to represent Jesus and a religious belief, but do some pastors use it to manipulate others for financial gain? Or to kill? Even the swastika was once (and still is) a sacred symbol for Hinduism representing good, but look at what the Nazi's did to it. So if the wrong person got a hold of my logo it could be used as a domestic terrorist group. All it would take is a handful of powerful people to set up a few false flag operations and voilà, everything I was fighting for goes down in history as being a fucking terrorist network. So, whatever I was going to do had to be perfect. The message had to be straight to the point and I had to say it all at once, so my opinion wouldn't 'suddenly change'. If God wanted me to tell the world something, and it was going to cost my life in return, then I was willing to do it. But, I refused to let it turn out to be a repeat of the past.

CHAPTER 11

PRECOGNITIVE OR PRE/SCRIPTED?

As a teenager I took quite a few pills. Xanax became somewhat of a problem for me. There were so many nights I couldn't remember, and so many stories people would tell me about me that I couldn't remember if my life depended on it. I've blacked out a few times, which doesn't surprise me, but I also wouldn't be surprised if the voice that could make me fight for my own arm, turn my neck and use my mouth to talk to me, didn't have a hand in some of the shit I did.

When I got my first job after high school, I started occasionally taking

Lortabs. When I started dating my last girlfriend, I really started taking Lortabs. Lortabs worked wonders for me. I think the longest I've ever lasted with Lortab was a little over a full work shift, with small breaks in between. Yeah. So the more we hung out the more I began taking them, until I was taking them every day. The most I got up to then was five a night, and once we broke up I quit taking them. It was a bitch, but I did it with lots of hard liquor.

The depression I had after realizing I had to do this on my own, that I had to become the center of attention, led me back to my ol' girl Lori. One night a week turned into the weekends, the weekends turned into after work, and after work turned into all the time. It actually took awhile for me to get to all the time though. The signs continued as well, but whether it was the drugs, the universe, directed energy weapons, or a combination, I started having the most amazing and frightening dreams I've ever had.

Again, with some of the signs happening before this era of my life and me not knowing what they meant until later. With the possibility of me hearing, "Did you know that when it's day time on this side of the world..." and that being something for me to remember when I got to the future. I had this dream when I was still in middle school, and didn't start having them again until now, which was a little over ten years later.

(Dream) I 'woke up' to a shadow figure sitting on the edge of my bed. I became startled and frozen. As soon as it knew that I knew it was there it said, "You're going to wake up in 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1," and right when it got to one my alarm clock went off. Precise internal clock mixed with subconscious dream character? Inception mixed with directed energy weapons? Higher dimensional entity? That was the first 'precognitive' dream I can remember.

When I was younger we ended up having four cats. We got three from neighbors, I believe. I know I got mine from a neighbor, and I found one as a just born kitten in a trash bag in the neighbor's trash can (so I guess we got

all of them from neighbors). I know it's possible, but I don't believe the people threw it away on purpose. I think they thought it was dead, and it happened to 'come back to life' while I happened to walk by. It was crazy. A friend and I walked by and saw the trash bag at the top of the trash can start moving.

Anyway, I have to explain something about my cat before I tell this next dream. I think that our animals get some of their personality from us, and us from them, just like we get part of our personality from each other. I know they can sense things that we can't, and some of their senses are heightened far beyond our own. I've personally seen cats get the same illnesses as their owners, and heard a few stories from friends about their dogs doing the same, which eventually made me read a little bit more about it. I've only read a little, and one person talks about our souls, but other than that I also believe it has to do with energy transfer (which is pretty much the same thing). They don't have to talk with us to communicate because of our energy fields (and obviously our actions). One person stated that our animals absorb some of our illnesses to help us carry the physical and emotional pain. If you've ever had a pet I'm sure you know there is a genuine love/connection, but it goes deeper than that and I think it's worth learning about.

My cat would never sit on anyone's lap or sleep with anyone, but he would hang out close to us. He was very loving but from a distance. He would even fake growl when someone would hold him while he fake tried to escape, but I could always hear him purring so quietly I could barely even tell. I love you and overall I love that you love me too but stand back a little bit man shit. This dream was the 'introduction' dream, into that period of my life.

(Dream) My sister, her friend, and I were being chased through a casino. I'm not sure who was chasing us or why but they were scared and I was too, at first. They just made it through the doors to outside and I was only a few feet behind them. When I got to the door though there was an old lady trying to come in, so I held the door open for her. She smiled as she

walked by me which gave me this weird feeling of happiness and excitement, and all of the sudden I remembered I could fly. I don't know how I knew it already or what made me forget but I remembered it crystal clear. I rocketed up into the night sky and hovered above my sister and her friend, who were both now in a white jeep yelling at me, "Come on! We have to go!" I yelled back down laughing and so happy, "I can't believe I forgot how to do this!" They yelled again, and I was still laughing, somehow knowing that everything was going to be alright, that nothing could touch me, and that I could stop whatever was about to happen.

I 'let go' of my concentration to drop and land, but when I landed I was now across the street from my mom's house. I hit the street about ten feet out from the curb, just a little bit past a street light. I noticed the change of scenery, but didn't give a second thought to how I got there because I was still excited and ready for more. I looked up at the moon and decided hell yes. As soon as I made that decision, the moon dropped down towards me three times, all about a second in between each time.

With each drop it shoved years of knowledge and experience into my head. I could see the knowledge, growth, understanding, and 'time' expansion within each drop. They say we change every seven years, that our bodies literally have new cells and we mentally become a 'different' person, for better or worse. Each drop was like seven years of experience and knowledge, all within three seconds, one second per drop. At the end of those three seconds I was pumped full of confidence like steroids on steroids. I kneeled down and blasted off like a fucking supersonic spaceship. The wind and pull were so real. I've never felt anything like that but somehow I felt it then (maybe sticking an arm out of a car while driving but everywhere). I had the moon locked in my sight and could see it getting closer and then I woke up.

For the first second and a half I was still filled with that confidence and understanding, but the second half of that second, second I could feel all of my doubts, fears, confusion, and pain pour back into me like pouring water into a bucket. It was a crazy feeling, but that explanation sounds perfect for it.

When I went to move my legs and get up, I felt something there. I looked down and saw my cat sleeping. The first time I can recall he was sleeping on the bed with me. I reached down and petted him and he did that little head neck tilt they do.

A few days later, three days before my birthday, my cat got hit by a car and was killed. I found him lying in the street, at night, a few feet from where I landed, where I saw all of that knowledge, and right where I blasted off to the moon. I don't know how to accurately explain why, and I know this may sound a bit weird (probably not as weird as my other theory), but most of me thinks that I had that dream because of my cat. I also think that night/dream was his way of saying goodbye, somehow he knew it was his time to go.

On the other hand, this is the second time I've been uploaded with some kind of knowledge. It's possible that this dream was created by them for the purpose of uploading something specific directly into my subconscious. I hope I explained it correctly, but another way is that it was just like in *The Matrix*, watching Neo getting uploaded with skills and information. If they somehow opened my identity/ego and then put something deep inside, the feeling of water being poured into a bucket could've been my identity/ego 'closing back up' after I awoke. Interesting theory. A sea of doubt, confusion, and fear was lifted into the air and then a 'golden' seed was planted, when I woke up, the sea fell back down on top of it. They could've paralyzed my cat's nervous system while the driver was 'texting' and then made me believe it was all divine intervention. I wonder how many pets the big bad government has assassinated trying to either send a message or manipulate someone. If this was *them*, then this was the first of two cats for me. But I'm only certain of the second.

Anyway, a few years later my dad ended up buying a white jeep that looked practically identical to the one my sister and her friend were in. I'm not really sure if I can count that part as precognitive, but besides the shadow figure counting down to my alarm clock waking me up, this was my first partially precognitive and overly amazing dream.

(Dream) I appeared in a bar before it opened. I was sitting at the bar while the workers were taking the chairs down off of the tables, cleaning glasses, and the other basic stuff while getting ready to open for the day. The entire bar was empty except for the workers, me, and one other man who was sitting next to me. I looked at him, looked around the bar one more time and said, “What the fuck am I doing in Japan?!” and then woke up.

Almost a week later, a few friends and I met up at a friend’s grandpa’s house to play cards. At the time, we did this almost every week for the last couple of months. So, we’re waiting for a few friends who were running late and someone starts telling a story. Another person starts telling another story, another, and then my friend’s grandpa starts his story, “I remember one time I was at a bar in Japan....”

I looked up and started to pay close attention. “I was talking to the guy sitting next to me and he told me that he was a kamikaze pilot. So I said, if you were a kamikaze pilot, then why are you still here? And he says, my engine wouldn’t start and by the time they fixed it, it was already too late for me to go.”

I spent half of the game in my head trying to figure out what it all meant. I realized that when I first started all my revolutionary ideas I felt like a kamikaze pilot. I saw how I just wanted revenge and I was willing to sacrifice myself to get it, but my engine wouldn’t start. I had all of these ideas that I referred to as an engine. I literally saw them as pieces of an entire engine to drive into the future with, but no matter what I tried or how many times I failed and got back up, I couldn’t get them started. I was just a kid trying to fight a giant and thank God my engine didn’t start.

(Dream) It was dark, but I could see my room and I knew my eyes were closed. I leaned up looking around slightly confused, a little more shocked, and extremely excited at whatever was happening. I looked down and to my left and saw myself sleeping. I stared at myself in disbelief for a few seconds. I tried to understand but just couldn’t believe it. Just after thinking how crazy this was, I saw my body/mouth say something to me. I could feel the

vibrations in my throat as if I were speaking, while ‘sleeping me’ spoke to ‘dream me’. It shocked me and I woke up.

I thought, “That was crazy! But that didn’t just happen. It was just some kind of weird dream, it wasn’t real.” I drifted right back to sleep while thinking this. I got a vision of a cop car with its lights on parked in the street, facing and out front of my window. I said to myself, “See, that’s not real, you’re just dreaming.” As soon as I finished that sentence, cop sirens went on and woke me up. I could hear the sirens two streets over, like the cop just got a call, turned them on, and raced away. I was stunned, but also very tired so I just fell back asleep.

(Dream) I ‘awoke’ to the sound of a woman talking. At first it startled me, because even though it was pitch black, it sounded like it was coming from the TV. As soon as I realized it was coming from the TV I got a sharp pain in the back of my head. It felt like a drill came up through my pillow, starting at the edge and working itself inward. I panicked, but couldn’t move. I tried to focus on what the woman was saying but the pain was too excruciating to fully divert my attention. After about thirty seconds I woke up. I still felt the headache but it left seconds after waking up.

This one wasn’t a dream, but occurred around the same time as the last. I woke up from a very disturbing feeling. One of the cats was sleeping on my chest and woke up at the same time as me. The cat stood straight up, still on my chest, and turned to face the door. It started growling and hissing like crazy and didn’t stop for about a full minute. The entire time I also had the feeling that someone or something was standing in the hallway, just outside of the door. When the cat stopped growling, my weird feeling also went away, but my fear still remained. That was not a dream.

I was in my mom’s living room playing a videogame when it felt like an earthquake hit. Earthquakes are rare in Las Vegas and have never been as intense as this. The house shook violently from one end to the other. It started

on the side of the house in the backyard and moved its way from back to front. The way the house shook, and the power or force of where it came from was only on one side of the house, and it came from above, downwards. I could hear some kind of engine or frequency type power source building up before it finally stopped. It lasted for about ten seconds give or take, and I was so scared that I sat still trying to keep all of my attention on the game. (I don't know how it happens, but sometimes, when I get really scared in the moment, I ball the fear up and make it disappear into my stomach, while the rest of me becomes a numb calmness, if that makes sense.) A second after it stopped my mom came running out into the living room, "What was that!?" I jumped up, shrugged my shoulders, and went into the side/backyard.

Her side yard is about ten feet by fifty feet from gate to grass/backyard. The side yard set up was, gate connected to wall, two person swing set right next to the gate wall, family size glass table with an umbrella and chairs, and then a barbeque, all three against the neighbor's house.

When I walked outside the barbeque was moved halfway across the yard where the glass table should've been. The chairs were moved randomly, but all towards the gate wall. The glass table was flipped upside down, underneath the swing set seat, with broken glass everywhere. The chairs, barbeque, and table were all moved in the same direction, which was in the same direction the 'ship' moved, from back to front. The umbrella was gone, gone, nowhere to be found. I looked over walls and across the street, and it was gone. A neighbor's for sale sign across the street was also knocked over. And there was nothing, no ship in sight.

I was 100% sure it was some kind of ship because of the way it moved and sounded. After learning a little bit more about energy weapons, I found out that it very well could've been just that, a fucking laser beam from space that causes earthquakes. Or maybe the HAARP weather weapon. I think that one is on earth. Either way, if they haven't programmed me from the start, I'm pretty sure they were trying to scare me away from my plans. Or maybe there's more than one group, one trying to help me move forward and the other trying to stop me. Wouldn't angels and demons be the evolution of

covert operations in a sense?

The next two dreams were AMAZING, the second one far beyond the first. I love music, LOVE music. When I find music I like I'll listen to it until I play it out, and then listen to it some more. I've been listening to music the whole time I've spent typing this. I spent a whole day listening to a new (for me) song while going over some ideas, getting them onto paper, and trying to figure out if I could somehow find another option. The day was over and I went to sleep.

(Dream) I 'woke up' to the radio blaring the song I was playing all day. I still felt tired as if it was an alarm clock waking me up. I was confused and thought, "What the, I turned the radio off, how is it..." and then part of the song changed. The instrumental was still playing, but now a different artist was rapping. Not only was the artist not originally on this song, it was lyrics from that artist I've never heard. I became more alert and started to pay closer attention. The instrumental changed into one I've never heard while he was still rapping, and that's when I realized I was dreaming.

I was still laying down, but I was now amazed, excited, intrigued, and my sudden burst of emotions influenced the music to slightly change. I was now listening to the same instrumental I'd never heard but with no vocals and an added instrument. I immediately knew what was happening and went with it. I started to change the music as if I were a professional music conductor. I was moving my finger and changing whatever sound I wanted.

I just point tapped, like I was typing in air, and melodies, tempos, drums, bass, every little sound I wanted would change while playing. The music never stopped. It would change as it played and sounded like it was made that way, with no flaws. I could stretch sound or shorten it, change one instrument into another, whatever I wanted. The sound was like clay and I could mold it however I wanted. It only lasted a few minutes until I woke up but it was amazing. Amazing doesn't even cut it, but this dream led to the next dream a few nights later, and I don't know how to make amazing sound more amazing, other than putting it in bold and capitalizing it again,

AMAZING.

(Dream) I appeared standing in a gigantic warehouse type room on a stone brick pattern floor. The room was pitch black, other than the light coming from five neon glowing liquid-like wormholes, floating about ten feet above me. Every wormhole glowed with multiple neon colors, but each one had its own dominant color shining brighter than the rest. These wormholes came from behind me and faded into the distance, floating side by side, further than I could see. Each wormhole had its own instrumental within it and the neon liquid lights fluctuated to the patterns of the music.

Each wormhole contained its instrumental within it, allowing no sound to escape, but I could hear all five instrumentals individually and simultaneously. When I say individually and simultaneously, I literally mean I could hear each individual instrumental clearly and all at the same time. It wasn't like playing five songs at once and having them all mix together. I could hear every detail of every instrumental separately, but at the same exact time. I have no idea how I did this, or how to 'scientifically' explain it, but it was beyond incredible.

Just as the music dream before, I began to conduct all five instrumentals. I was air typing with both hands, going back and forth between each instrumental changing whichever part of them I wanted. The dominant colored lights swirled in and out and all around, but the others fluctuated with every change. They all swirled and sunk in and out of the wormhole dancing to the music I was creating in the moment.

This dream didn't last nearly as long as I wished. It actually only lasted a few minutes before I woke up, but when I did wake up, I saw and felt *the universe of sound*. It felt like I was still dreaming for a few seconds after waking up, or maybe it was just having an epiphany while coming out of sleep, but I saw all kinds of musical mathematical equations. I saw/heard/felt many, but could see that every possible combination of sound existed within an infinite amount of wormholes, from single sounds with high and low pitch, to the sound of a city, the sound of water, nature, or a crowd, sounds

we put together to form words, all the way to every symphony in existence (even those we haven't 'created' yet). A universe 'folder' where there was nothing but sound. I saw that music is a soul/energy of its own, existing within *The Everything*.

(Dream/Reality) I can't remember any part of the dream other than fighting some kind of giant troll monster. Well it wasn't giant, but about two to three times bigger than me. I had my arm in midair throwing a punch when my alarm clock went off and my entire body went into warp speed. It looked just like it does in the movies when a spaceship goes into warp speed. My body looked like the stars do, like stretched out lights, like light lines. When my dream body warped back into my real body I jolted up like I got hit, like my real body got hit by something and moved me up. I didn't fly out of bed, but I got an inch or two, and I felt the catch.

[This one happened recently but it's similar to the previous dream experience so I'm gonna tell it now. Earlier that day I mowed my mom's lawn. The lawn mower was acting up and it took a few minutes to get it started. I pulled the cord a few times very hard before it started. The day goes on. (Dream/Reality) I laid down maybe ten minutes before I started to drift, and was closer to dreaming than still awake. My mind was wandering and ended up on the moment I was trying to pull the lawn mower cord. I was 'really there' so I'm pretty sure that's considered dreaming. Right when I pulled the cord I did the 'jerk twitch' awakening, except my body didn't jerk, the bed did.

I have woken up to the quick jerk probably fifty times in my life, and this was completely different. I felt what happened, got excited, got up and went to write it down. This could very well be their manipulation. I wouldn't doubt that they can move objects with different levels of energy, at minimum shaking them, so it's possible that they played a head game with me, and then shook the bed to wake me up. But what I saw and felt, was my soul/consciousness jolt, which jolted the bed, and the millisecond I woke up,

I felt the reattachment.

Imagine that this represents the body and soul connection 1717171717171717, the 1s are the body and the 7s are the soul. And while dreaming it looks like this 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7. The sevens shook the bed and the millisecond I woke up the 1 1 1 7 7 7 went back to 171717 . That's the best way I can think of to explain what I felt.]

This dream is also one of the most amazing experiences I've ever had. It goes hand in hand with the wormhole music dream. It's kind of hard to explain, but I'm going to do my best. I experienced this dream from two perspectives simultaneously, so I'm going to refer to my selves as me-1 and me-a.

Me-1 jumped up and moved my legs off of the bed to a sitting position. Me-a opened my eyes looking straight up. The same moment me-a opened my eyes, me-1 looked at me-a's forehead, to which we both saw a mostly yellow wormhole coming out of me-a's forehead.

Me-1 could only see the wormhole going from me-a's forehead into the ceiling. Me-a could see through the wormhole and where it was actually going. This wormhole was filled with memories and thoughts playing like 3D movies, all traveling through the ceiling into outer space. Me-1 slid one knee back on the bed facing the wormhole attempting to get a better look. While me-1 stared in amazement at my 'consciousness' flowing out of me-a's forehead, within a wormhole, into the ceiling, me-a was looking up as far as possible within the wormhole.

Me-a's vision/consciousness began to drift within the memories and thoughts, observing them, as they traveled into outer space, while me-1 stared motionless at the wormhole in awe. Me-a momentarily looked over, through the memories and wormhole to observe earth, as I floated above it, traveling further and further into space. Me-a realized I was going too far when everything started to glitch. I realized that me-a was creating the wormhole, so me-a couldn't keep going. Me-a warped back down through the wormhole into my body and immediately told me-1, "You have to go with it!" Me-1

responded, “How the fuck am I supposed to go with it?!” Me-a, “I don’t know! Figure something out!”

Me-1 climbed on top of me-a looking at the wormhole in confusion. After a few seconds me-1 stuck my hand into the wormhole and just grabbed. As soon as me-1 closed my fist my entire body launched upwards. It felt just like I was in a raging river holding onto a tree branch for dear life. Me-1 held on in fear and excitement as the river pushed my body in all directions. It only took a few seconds for me-1 to get a good grip while me-a focused on balancing the current. Me-1 looked down into me-a’s eyes looking up, me-a looked up into me-1’s eyes looking down, we gave each other a nod, and then me-1 braced myself and let go. As soon as me-1 let go I flew up with the current and woke up. I have never been so disappointed and excited at the same time.

You wanna know what’s funny? Normal. Normal is funny. This experience/dream had my mind blown for such a long time and now most people are going to think it’s a lie because it’s ‘not possible’, is my normal. It’s not that you’re afraid, right? Kindly, go fuck yourself :)

It was a couple weeks after I started a new job as a valet. (Dream) I was standing outside of a fast-food restaurant at night with a coworker from my new job. We were standing there, not talking, and I saw that he lived with his parents. He didn’t say anything, I just saw it/knew it somehow, and then woke up.

A few days later, we were getting to know each other better, and he told me that things were a bit rough and he had to move back in with his parents temporarily. His birthday was on the 17th.

A few of us went to a bar after work. Remembering the water bottle cap energy experiment, I held a beer cap firmly in my hand and focused my energy into it. A few seconds after, I handed it to a coworker playing Keno and told him, “You’re gonna win, but when you do, you have to share it with

the rest of us.” A few hands later he won, but he didn’t share it with us. I didn’t think he would, but I still had a bit of hope he might buy us all a beer. And although part of me certainly agreed with it possibly being a coincidence, I enjoyed the look of uncertainty on his face.

One morning I woke up early from a bad dream. I can’t remember how it happened, but an ex-girlfriend I hadn’t talked to in a long time had died. The dream felt so real that I couldn’t tell if it was or not for the first minute of waking up. I knew I’d just woken up but couldn’t tell if it was a dream or a recent memory. I only slept for about four hours but decided to get up then. I started my day doing laundry, cleaning, and a few other things. A few hours after I woke up my mom came and told me she’d just received a phone call from that same ex saying one of their mutual friends had just died.

When my friend’s son asked me, “How come you’re an angel?” it had a major spiritual effect on me. Once I absorbed it and added it to the list of extraordinary things happening, it changed me that much more. I understand now that it was most likely *them* manipulating me through him (fucking dirt bags) but didn’t have a clue back then, and believed it was divine intervention. That however he figured it out, or whoever told him that, was from the other side. This was another ‘sign’ from him, that after happening, reminded and reinforced, “How come you’re a angel?”

I was in their grandpa’s backyard playing with him and his cousin. I stopped for a moment to respond to a text from my sister. They sat and continued playing with their toys while I responded. A week before this, my sister bumped into an old friend of mine and he asked how I was. He gave my sister his number to give to me and that was that.

My sister texted me that she just ran into another old friend of mine and joked, “What should I tell people about you when I run into them? I’m just gonna tell them that you joined the army lol.” (I’ve become consumed in my projects and cover identity. I don’t want to get anyone else involved in my life, from the fear of the cops trying to get someone close to me, and also in a

way of protecting them.) I joked, “Nah just tell them that I joined the circus.” As soon as I sent that text, my friend’s son stopped what he was doing, and looked up at me confused, “Uncle G you were in the circus?” I was stunned. “Uhhh no,” and we went on with the day. I didn’t say one word out loud, I was standing and he was sitting, and either way I’m pretty sure he couldn’t read that well yet.

When the universal coincidences first started, I bought a deck of shape cards to help strengthen my psyche. (Pick a card and focus on what shape it is before guessing) I knew that in order to get good, it took time and practice (like anything else), strengthening the psyche like one strengthens a different muscle. I bullshitted every now and then, but overall didn’t spend the time or have the patience to constantly practice, but I kept the deck of cards with the intention of one day really doing it.

I was in the process of moving out of my mom’s house and I came across the cards. Although I was still going to keep some of my stuff at her house, I still needed to downsize some of it and debated throwing them away. I decided that if I could guess the card right then and there that I would keep the deck. I guessed a red circle. I don’t remember what came up but it wasn’t a red circle, so I decided to throw them away. From a few feet away I tossed them into the trash can, but one card hit the edge and fell out. It was a red circle. I didn’t keep the cards, but I kept that card and hung it on my wall. How the fuck can their technology do that? I will never completely doubt them again, but I doubt it more than I don’t on that one.

(Dream) I was over a friend’s house standing in his backyard, and there were ants everywhere. They were crawling on the walls, all over the ground, on the house, on the trees, everywhere.

The next day I ended up stopping by the same friend’s house and he was in his backyard. I walked through the side yard into the back to find him and it realllly smelled like bug spray. He noticed my face and laughed, “I just sprayed Raid. There were a shit load of ants over there.”

(Dream) It was a weird dream where not much made sense but, there was specifically a black flashlight in one of the dream characters hands. He smiled, held it out in the palm of his hand to show me, and then I woke up.

The next day at work (valet), an employee who's never forgotten anything in his car (at least while I was working) walked out, stood next to me, and asked the other guy if he would go get his black flashlight out of his car.

The odds of this one aren't as great as the others because black flashlights were a part of our uniform, but they do increase because both the dream character and real life guy had a bald head.

It was slow at work and I was bored waiting for something to do. I was having more and more psychic experiences and I've read a few intuition books, and strengthening your psyche books recently. I remembered the time I was at my old job and a coworker flipped a quarter, and I saw heads the size of a plate, in my head. So, I took out a quarter and tried it on my own. I told myself I was not going to guess until I was calm, confident, and could see it in my mind. I got 8 out of ten flips right and I swear on both testicles that the two I got wrong I knew I wasn't focused and just guessed anyway. From the books I've read and videos I've seen, if this amazes you, or you don't believe me, please do your research and your own tests. I'm sure to some of you that's no big deal, and I love you for that, but I honestly think most people are too scared to believe that these things are possible. I think a lot of people are scared of how bright they can actually get their own light to shine (soul not ego). I have no idea how their technology could do that?

I was sleeping during the day and it was daytime in the dream. (Dream) A 'friend' of my friend had broken into my place. He pointed a shotgun at me and told me to get on the ground. He held the shotgun over my hand pinning it to the ground so I couldn't get up.

A few days later I talked to my friend, he told me a few days ago he

kind of got into it with that ‘friend’ over some thievery type stuff and shit was weird. Nobody got hurt or went to jail but that’s as far as I’m gonna go on that one.

(Dream) I walked into my mom’s backyard and saw one of the cats sitting on a window screen kind of like it was a hammock, while they floated in the air. Although the cat was calm and seemed like it might’ve been sleeping, I somehow justified it as the wind was holding them perfectly still in the air.

I woke up, put on some clothes, and walked out the front door. The neighbor, which is in clear view and both driveways are touching, was in his driveway, sitting next to a stack of window screens, as he worked on (or was cleaning) the screen in his hands.

(Dream) I was at a carnival. Out of everything I passed, the only thing that stood out, and I walked directly up to, was a hotdog stand. The guy looked at me with a giant cheese grin smile, “We have corn dogs.”

The next day I went to my sister’s house and the first thing she offered me was a corndog. I couldn’t and still can’t remember the last time she has offered me a corndog.

The first time I told a friend about drinking tea in a pitch black room he compared it to *Batman Begins*, when Bruce Wayne inhales the smoke from the blue flower and faces his fears. I loved this analogy and used it for a while after, and used it when I told a coworker friend about the tea. I started joking about making a Hawaiian flower lei out of blue flowers. I loved this idea and joked about it to myself for the rest of the night. I could definitely mix that idea into a cartoon or skit. A day or two after coming up with this I went to Dotty’s to buy some cigarettes and they were giving away Hawaiian leis at the counter. I’m sure they had more in back, but there were only two left on the counter, and of course, I took the blue one.

There's only one point to this story, but I'm going to tell the whole thing because it's funny, if I can tell it right. Hopefully it's not one of those, "You had to have been there" stories.

I've only tried salvia like three times, but one time was a really high dose. It was night and we were in a park sitting at a concrete bench. As I blew out the smoke, everything kind of phased back, like a movie camera trick when they move the camera backwards while zooming in. I instantly felt connected to the earth. I felt connected to everything, just like my fingers are connected to my hands and arms and I'm controlling them to type this. I felt connected to earth just like that. I couldn't feel outer space/the night sky. I felt the entire outline of the trees, houses, street lights, and couldn't feel anything above it. No connection at all.

I think I started laughing, but I ended up putting my face down onto the concrete table. A few seconds after, I felt my face begin to melt into the bench and it felt like I was going further and further into it. The further I got the more I started to feel like I was going back to hell. Like hell was pulling me down into itself. All of my memories started creeping back. The faces, the voices, the chains, the pain, and I started to panic. The further I sunk into it, the more hell and I started to melt into each other. I really started to panic. I thought there was nothing I could do. I thought I was fucked.

Out of nowhere my fear and despair turned into, "Fuck this! I'm not going back!" With both arms, it took all of my strength to push my face off of the table. In that split second of time I could feel myself rise up while hell tried to hold on. My face separating from the bench felt like clay being pulled apart, and as soon as my face was off of the table I felt the connection break. I jumped up and started running, yelling at my friends to come with me, so they wouldn't go to hell either. "Come on! We gotta go, come on!!" I can't remember clearly, but I looked back while yelling and I'm pretty sure I remember the startled look they had and them almost getting up (probably thinking I saw a cop or something).

Anyway, I couldn't keep my balance while I was running so I stuck my arms out to try and counter weight myself. I quickly realized that I was in

the park and it was just a bad trip, and I fell over onto the grass laughing my ass off. My friends made fun of me for a while after that, saying that I was trying to fly. “So, what, are you gonna go try and fly again? Hey, G, why don’t you try to fly again, maybe it’ll work this time.” I don’t know, maybe you had to have been there.

The point of this experience was the connection I felt. I kept getting the feeling that the earth was my soul. The soul is a very similar set up to our body, or shell. There is a conscious part, an awareness, and then there is the rest of it. The earth is the part of my soul that is not completely conscious, but aware and still attached. Possibly the sub/unconscious. The only way I can think of to explain how connected I felt in that moment, is for you to focus on feeling your body. If you are touching yourself, then that’s not what I meant. Stop touching yourself. Now observe your surroundings. Can you feel them without touching them? I felt connected to earth like it was my body and outer space had absolutely no connection, it even felt blank, or empty. Frequency shift. Can you feel your cells moving? Can you feel your hair growing? But you are still connected to it. Everything is energy. Frequency. Shift.

Another drug I ended up coming across was Dimethyltryptamine aka DMT. From what I’ve heard, DMT is the chemical in our brain that causes our brain to hallucinate while we sleep. If it didn’t do this we would go insane. We get two large doses in our life, once when we’re born and once when we die. It has also gotten the nickname *The Spirit Molecule*. Some have said it is the chemical, and comes from the part of the brain, that connects our soul to our body.

I’ve only done enough to actually blast off once. (Well I blasted off a few times that session, but after that day I just did little baby doses.) I smoked and took off three times on this day.

One of my friends just moved into a new place, and his chick and a few others were still moving stuff around when we got there. A few friends and I were in a room next to the living room, and in the living room, other people

were cleaning and moving stuff around. The trip was just like one of those commercials where they start making music out of what people are doing. I heard a couple cabinets open and close, dishes clink together, some footsteps, sweeping, some other stuff, and it all turned into music.

Not only did I get lost in this music that I've never heard before, but I became a part of it. If you've ever listened to music while being high I'm pretty sure you know what I mean for the most part. It was like I was one of the sounds, like *this instrumental* is made up of a total of 8 *sounds*, me being one of the sounds. Not only one, but drifting through all the sounds in the music, as a part of it. I floated with the music into outer space until I reached what I first thought to be a spaceship. It was floating in space, and it did look like a ship of some sort, but it turned out to be a giant spaceship boom box. It had so many neon colors that I could barely see metal. It looked like it was wrapped in glow stick rope, and all the lights were moving to the music. I floated next to this giant boom box in outer space for a short while, listening to music. It didn't last for too long, but the way it ended was also pretty awesome.

Once everyone hit the smoke a couple times it got really quiet. We all 'went our own way'. After a few minutes of everyone being in their own world, one person started to laugh, and then the next, and so on. When I heard everyone laughing, the boombox stopped floating. It looked like it hit a wall, but instead of wrecking, it melted. I'm not sure how to properly explain this part, but I'm still gonna try. The music melted with it. The music was connected to the neon lights and when they melted, the music melted along with it. We can melt metal, wax, plastic, all kinds of stuff. I'm not sure how my senses mixed, or how whatever actually happened, happened, or, how to really explain that more correctly, but the music melted.

The next round was one of my most favorite experiences I've ever had, and also one of the most enlightening. This is where I think I started to fully understand and digest eternal (re)incarnation. I appeared standing inside of a dome. The dome was made out of at least a couple hundred connecting

hexagons, and the floor was like glass, to which I was standing in outer space. It wasn't an actual window floor, it was just like looking up at the night sky and seeing hundreds of stars, but looking down and standing on an outer space floor. The hexagons looked like TV screens that were each on a different channel. Each hexagon had its own circular vacuum suction pulling air into the center of it, and once I saw this vacuum suction I realized that each hexagon was a different reality that I could be incarnated into.

I stood there and stared at all the different wormhole realities in amazement. It was so, so, so, *so*, fucking, amazing. Dimensions that most would call science fiction, and others looking just as 'normal' as ours. Every hexagon screen I looked at started pulling part of my consciousness into it allowing me to glimpse at it better. It felt like I was crossing my eyes, but also including my third eye. All three eyes crossed together and my consciousness was leaving through the connection point. I somehow knew that whichever reality I chose I would be born as that species in that dimension. I could see the entire process and feel myself becoming it. I knew that my soul is eternal and these were different games I could play. I was excited, but when I realized this my excitement got a touch of worry, because I still knew where I just came from, and I didn't want to end up leaving entering a new dimension and not being able to return. I knew as clear as day that if I chose to enter whichever hexagon I chose, I would die here and be born there.

That thought was followed by a voice. I couldn't exactly hear it, but I got a welcoming feeling, "Where would you like to go?" I responded in confused excitement, "Where would I like to go?! Where the fuck am I right now?!" I phased out and woke up back in the room right after that, as if I was being shown an answer and responded with the right question. The perfect question. After experiencing that I was even more anxious to smoke again.

The last one ended up being pretty intense, although I can't remember too many of the visual details. I was basically standing in the middle of a nightmare. I was surrounded by evil and negativity, but for some reason I

wasn't afraid. I remember thinking, "Wowww, why am I not afraid?! I should be scared right now!" I remember hearing the TV in the living room, but all I could hear was negativity coming out of it. I was so calm, maybe even the calmest I'd ever been, but I could hear the TV talking, screaming about coming to get me.

There happened to be a cable guy there hooking up a satellite dish or some cords in the backyard or something like that, but in the nightmare he was an undercover cop who'd been monitoring us and waiting to get me. The cops are coming to get me mixed with demons coming to take me back to hell. All of this was going on for a good five minutes ('dream' time), and I was still calm as ever, "Well, I guess if they're gonna come they're gonna come."

I came out of that trip and was done, but so was everyone else. I tried to brush it off and mostly did other than the question, "What the hell just happened?" until we went outside a few minutes later. We went out front to smoke a cigarette and as soon as we went outside we saw a police helicopter hovering over a neighbor's house. It was about ten houses down and above the street directly behind us. Not more than a minute after that a cop cruised by very slowly and waved at us.

I couldn't stop thinking of the nightmare trip after that. My heart started pounding and I didn't know why but thought they were about to arrest me, but nothing. I'm not even sure if they arrested anyone down the street. I went back inside and hung out until the cops were gone and then I left.

Until I found out about directed energy weapons, I believed that the drugs either caused a telepathic vision, I somehow tuned into the police radio frequency, or both. When I had the dream of the pulsating signal pressure hitting my forehead, seeing my friend, and then waking up to his missed call, it reinforced this belief.

I really didn't wanna do it anymore after that. But, I had some left over and a few other friends wanted to try it. I decided that maybe the last time I did it was a fluke, and maybe if I didn't do as much, I would have another

amazing experience. So I took a baby hit a few times while they did most of it. I thought I barely did any, but ended up super paranoid and feeling extremely stressed out over the simplest things. It felt like a radioactive guilt trip. Out of fifty different things running through my mind, I remember one of them being that I forgot to call my dad back. No big deal, I honestly forgot and would have called him the next day, but the feeling I had was like I intentionally burned his house down and ruined his life. Everything that crossed my mind was like that. How could one of the most pleasurable drugs, and one of the most amazing experiences I've ever had, turn into this? (Directed energy weapons)

I decided I was done with it, but shortly after another friend wanted to try it, and he didn't wanna do it alone. I said no continuously, but after the twentieth, "Come onnnn." I gave in to peer pressure just so he'd shut up. We melted it onto a glass ashtray and dipped our cigarettes in it, because neither of us wanted to mix it with weed. I did way less than the last time and even pretended to do more than I actually did. I think I got more light-headed from the cigarette than from feeling the effects of the DMT. Nothing major happened. I didn't start freaking out, I didn't have any negative thoughts other than hoping I didn't do too much, and I didn't have any kind of visuals. We just started laughing at bullshit, and then he noticed something.

There was a little black dot floating about a foot from the ceiling. He pointed at it, and it took me a few seconds, but I finally saw it. At first I thought it was a little spider hanging from a web. He thought maybe it was ash floating from one of the cigarettes. I went to try and touch it and it moved a few inches out of the way. When I say moved, I mean it was hovering, and it moved over in a straight line away from my finger. "What the fuck?!" I tried to touch it again, and it moved again. Once more and that time it disappeared. We looked for it for a minute or two, but it was gone.

We talked about what it could've been for a few minutes, forgot about it, and then lit the cigarettes back up. A few minutes after we put the cigarettes out, the tiny black dot reappeared. He noticed it again and pointed it out. "Holy shit it's back!" I went to try and touch it again, and it moved

again. I moved a little quicker and so did it. I moved faster, and it sped up, maneuvered, and as soon as it was out of the way of my finger, it did a little back flip into disappearing. I watched it vanish into thin air right in front of me. But I was on drugs so it couldn't have been real right? Drugs don't let us use other senses we don't normally use, right? We can't tune in to other frequencies right? Life is really real right? And not a dream right? Things like that aren't possible, right? I'm crazy and you're not afraid right? RIGHT?! (Go fuuck yuhselllf :) That was the last time I used DMT.

Besides them having the technology to remotely read our minds, invade and manipulate our dreams, send voices and subliminal messages directly into our brain programming it, is it really that hard to believe that that little black dot was some kind of miniature spy drone that is camouflaged to the light spectrum the human eye is capable of seeing? This place is not what it seems my friend, and drugs aren't always just drugs, they are frequency shifters. The third dimension is not the only dimension. Existence exists far beyond our comprehension.

I understand that all of my experiences could've been *them*, but I also understand that they would love for me to believe that it was all them. I think I've had several spiritual experiences and they've tried to imitate them along the way. They've tried to use them against me. And whenever they can, they try to intercept or prevent them from happening. Whether they knew what I experienced in the moment of seeing those hexagons or not, they prevented me from using that drug again. They diverted me by bombarding me with negative energy, and I will continue this argument shortly.

My amazing dreams eventually turned into lucid dreaming. At first it was very similar to sleep paralysis without the fear and dark entities. The first time I wasn't sure what was happening. I knew I was dreaming, but didn't understand why I couldn't get out of bed. After the second time I realized I was trying to take my body with me. I'm not sure how to accurately explain letting go of your body and I can't even think of an example, so, I guess if

I DON'T CARE ANYMORE

The next time I 'woke up' instead of getting out of bed and running to the front door, I just forced myself through the window. I morphed right through it, and once I was on the other side I dropped to the ground and woke up. At the time the entire front yard was filled with little pebbles. I've walked on them and have heard the sound of them being walked on, but I've never laid or fell on them before. When I landed on them I could feel every pebble and hear the sound of me landing on them. Not just a foot step, but the entire crash. I woke up while getting up.

At this time a good friend of mine was doing really badly. He was really hooked on drugs and had just recently become homeless. I mean he'd stay here and there, but some nights homeless, and some nights were becoming more often. I was living with my mom at this time and he had never slept over.

(Dream) I 'woke up', got on my feet and headed for the front door. When I reached the living room I saw my friend sitting on the couch. I didn't understand why he was there but after a few moments I couldn't tell anymore whether I was dreaming or not. I started talking to him and told him I really wanted him to make it and that I love him. He was smiling the whole time and nodding his head to everything I said. I was almost in tears when he started laughing and told me, "I'm gonna make it!" I woke up a few seconds after.

A few days later he went to rehab (for real this time) and has been sober and doing great, GREAT, ever since. And at this point it's been about five years. Although I don't see him as often I'm very happy for him. I'd rather see him occasionally than never again.

I just could not figure out how to open the door, but somehow figured it out after that. I thought that it would be different somehow since I was dreaming, but it wasn't. Just open the door, like it's a door. I ran out front and

looked around an empty street. I remembered the dream of where I couldn't believe I forgot how to fly, and took off. For the next month or so all I did was fly. From the second I walked out the door until I woke up I was flying, and I, love, flying.

About halfway through the month something different happened. As soon as I opened the door, a man rushed in and tried to keep me inside. I shoved him out of the way and slammed a giant old school TV onto him, ran out the door and took off. For some reason it didn't surprise me and afterwards I didn't give him a second thought. Once I woke up though I started to wonder where he came from, who he was, and why he was trying to prevent me from leaving. I was depressed as hell in real life and lucid dreaming was like an antidepressant drug, literally better than any drug I have ever done, and if I was having such a great time while dreaming, why would my own subconscious try to stop me?

After that first month of only flying, I decided to go exploring. I would start off flying and after a few seconds I would land. I visited all kinds of different places, some I'd never seen, some I have, and some places were mixed. It would look like a familiar place but with upgrades or downgrades. Sometimes people were there and sometimes it was a ghost town. I started learning how to manifest what I wanted to see, either when I landed, around the corner, or on the other side of a door. Whether it be an area, object, or people, I was getting better, but I didn't always have control.

In waking life I was now up to about thirty Lortabs a day and it was only getting worse. Besides spending all of my money on drugs, I knew it was only a matter of time before I died, so I decided to quit. I tried to do it on my own by taking a few days off of work, but by the end of the second day I was hurting bad. I took a Xanax to try to help me sleep, and it worked for about an hour, until I rolled right off the bed into my dresser and smashed my elbow. So I looked up different ways of detoxing and found Suboxone. The catch with the first doctor I tried, was that I had to attend meetings in order to keep getting the drug.

At first I went with it, but everything everyone had to say was

completely different than what I had to say, or would've had to say. "Hi I'm Josh and I'm literally in confusion of whether or not I am the reincarnation of Jesus. God has given me a message to give to the world that will cost my life in return, and I'm too afraid to move forward. So I got hooked on Lortabs to help drown out the fear and depression." I stopped going after the second meeting, and made it work with the amount of Suboxone I had. I stopped taking pills for about a month before I started back up, and I had this lucid dream in between, which was 'out of the ordinary'.

(Dream) I walked up to a door and pictured what I wanted to be there when I opened it. I don't remember what it was, but I remember that it was there (the feeling of satisfaction) when I opened the door. As soon as I walked through the door it slammed shut behind me and I was somehow forced into another room. Like I was standing still and the scenery moved sideways and then I was standing somewhere else. I was startled and a bit confused at the flash change, but it faded just as quickly as it came when my focus went onto a man sitting behind a desk staring at me with a sinister smile. His evil look made me uncomfortable, but before I could speak he hissed a growl, "We are *never* going to let you succeed." His eyes widened and his evil smile got a little bigger after speaking. I lunged at him, but he morphed behind me through the desk, laughed as I turned around, and disappeared through the wall. I ran up to the wall, but I was trapped for a few seconds until I woke up.

Lucid dreaming was still the happiest moments of my life during this period, but now, added to the depression, was the anxiety of being alone. I knew how dangerous it was for anyone to be close to me. I knew that they would use my loved ones against me anyway they could once I finally came forward. So, for the most part I pushed them all away. I somewhat kept in touch by text every now and again, or stopping by to see some every couple of months, but that was it. At work I was alright most of the time, but when I was off, I was on edge. So I started calling whoever I could to hang out with anybody that wanted to hang out, but one night I couldn't get a hold of

anyone.

After driving around for a bit, pacing back and forth for a few minutes, I ended up sitting in the bathroom with the door closed practically melting down. It felt like the walls were closing in no matter where I was and the feeling was getting worse. I prayed, “God! I know you can hear me and I know that you can intervene! Please! I need you right now! Please do something!” I was rocking back and forth with a severe anxiety attack right on the edge of completely falling off. I heard, “Okay okay!” felt a light static jolt hit my body and I was just fine. I felt the ‘fuzzy’ pressure, the jolt literally made me twitch, and I went from practically losing my shit to just, fine. Not just fine, but pretty frickin’ good. I even started laughing. I thanked God repeatedly, but now I realize who it actually was.

Another thing happened during this month of not taking pills that was pretty amazing at the time. I’m truthfully not sure if it was them or not, but the experience still shook me up and reinforced my ‘psychic abilities’.

I was hanging out at a friend’s house, relaxing in the recliner, and I felt a cat brush its body up against my leg, and rub its tail on me. I leaned down to pet it and nothing was there. I looked around to see where it was and didn’t see anything. From the time it touched my leg to the time I looked down wasn’t long enough for it to disappear. I stood up and looked harder, nothing. I asked the others if any of them had just seen the cat and they all shook their head. A few seconds after, my friend tells me that his cat actually just died a few weeks ago.

I did not know this until that moment and became a little sad, really excited, and a little freaked out. I’ve had cats my whole life and I know exactly what it feels like when they do that, and I was trying to explain to them what had just happened, and they all looked at me like, “Whatever, that shit happens all the time.” Or maybe it wasn’t that amazing because it was a ghost cat instead of a ghost human?

Anyway, I couldn’t deal with the anxiety and shortly after, one pill led to two, two to three, and I was back up to thirty by the end of the next month.

For the next few months I went back and forth between flying and exploring. I certainly wasn't getting bored, but I wanted to know what else I could do. So I looked up lucid dreaming on YouTube to see what other people had to say. I watched a guy talk about his experiences and he eventually said that he started conversations with his dream characters. I've heard that lucid dreaming is in the mind, and astral projection is on the astral plane. Lucid dreaming is all the self, and astral projection is where everyone can meet up. So while lucid dreaming, all the dream characters are projections from our subconscious, and by asking them questions we're asking our subconscious. So I tried this the next time I was dreaming.

I landed in a giant park type area with hundreds of people walking by and standing around and I stopped a random dream character. I didn't know what to ask (which may have been the problem) so I said, "Tell me something about myself," and he showed me something I already knew, but the metaphor part was pretty cool.

I was so depressed in real life that I didn't want to quit taking pills. I knew it was unhealthy and expensive, but they were the only thing keeping me functioning. I knew it was a problem, but almost stopped caring completely. The dream character pointed behind me and I turned around to see groups of people gathered around a corner swap meet stand. I walked closer and realized the guy at the stand was selling pills, and I started to forget that I was dreaming. The closer I got the more I started to forget. After only a few seconds I completely forgot I was dreaming, and it led to somewhere else that I can't remember. But after eventually waking up, I realized the metaphor. Not dealing with my reality as it is was preventing me from becoming stronger. Building a dam and not letting my feelings flow through me, was preventing me from becoming who I was supposed to be. It was preventing me from truly absorbing that life is a lucid dream.

A few months before everything started, we got an old big (giant) screen TV from a friend that was somewhat busted. I got a guy to fix what was wrong, but the only thing he couldn't fix was the power button on the

remote control. One day months later, after several attempts to see if it would magically work, I asked God, “If you think I should get help and just go to the meetings, let this button work. If not let it remain broken.” I wanted the answer to be no. I assumed the button would ‘obviously’ not work, and I would get the answer I wanted. But it started working on that exact question, and remained working until the TV was eventually replaced. I thought to God, “What the fuck?! If I am who you’re telling me I am then why the fuck do I need help?! They’re all going to think I’m crazy! There is no one, NO ONE, I can talk to about my real issues! I can pretend I have other problems, but they’ll only give me answers to those problems! Fuck you! You think I need help! I’m gonna figure something out without anyone’s help!” (Did ‘God’ use reverse psychology on me?)

Although I know now that I should’ve tried asking a dream character something again with an actual thought out question, I decided to try something different. I decided that next time I had a lucid dream I was going to face a fear. But I made the same mistake and didn’t choose one specifically.

(Dream) I appeared floating in pitch black empty space and instantly knew I was dreaming. “Okay face a fear face a fear!” I started to think of what I could manifest. I thought of one fear, but decided it was too much for my first attempt, so I manifested the next thing I could think of. The darkness didn’t change but now instead of floating, I could feel the pressure of being deep underwater.

An octopus started growing a few feet in front of me. The first two seconds weren’t so bad because it was so small, but every moment afterwards I became a little more afraid. It became gigantic within a matter of seconds, and started reaching its arms out towards me. I put my hands in front of my face, as if I could somehow block it, and laughed in fear and excitement, “Okay okay okay! Enough enough!” and woke up.

Out of everything, I’m still not sure why I chose an octopus, but it stayed meaningful in a few other dreams and signs. Coincidentally, Marvel’s

Hydra logo is an octopus.

[I don't consider seeing an 'octopus' a sign. It's the way the coincidence is presented, the exact circumstance, timing, mood, dialect and dialogue between me and the universe, or God and me, and after finding out about DEWs I had to rethink all of the old ones and have to be very careful of the new because of how many have been manmade.

A coincidence that I'm still in the process of taking apart, was in a show called *Graceland*. An FBI agent almost dies and has a vision of the other side. A fellow agent learns of his experience and manipulates him through the specific details of his vision. There are specific numbers and 'symbols' in his vision, and the other agent recreates both in certain areas to manipulate him into following a specific path. They have manipulated me through television before, but could the actual situation of this show be the actual situation I am in right now? Have I (I have) actually had a spiritual connection, and because they can read minds, they have been trying to imitate it to manipulate me into playing their game. or ? (Period or Question Mark!)]

(Dream) I didn't realize that I was dreaming yet. I walked into an all-white type of bathroom. Everything was white from top to bottom and this bathroom was about the size of an average living room, maybe just a bit bigger. There were multiple bathtubs lined up side by side, in two rows across half of the room. I walked by the tubs and looked inside one and saw a clear baby octopus sitting still in the water. I smiled and realized right then that I was dreaming. I looked up at the wall and projected an adult octopus sitting there. It reached its arms out and I closed my eyes trying to face it. I lasted maybe a second or two longer before, "Okay okay okay!"

I've had plenty of bad dreams and nightmares before lucid dreaming, besides the few I can remember. I've woken up startled, afraid, or sad plenty of times, but I think by trying to face my fears while dreaming caused the

sleep paralysis stage to begin. I've heard a few different explanations, from it being a brain malfunction to an interdimensional entity actually being present. I can't tell the difference in some, but I'm also sure directed energy weapons are involved in many cases. I believe in different shades of gray and a case by case basis.

After about four months of experiencing beautiful lucid dreaming and a bad dream here and there, it started mixing with sleep paralysis. Soon after they started mixing, it became full blown sleep paralysis every night for between two and three months (I used to work part time graveyard for a while, and I would switch my sleeping schedule on my days off. I've never had sleep paralysis during the day, so every night for me was actually only four nights a week). I'm pretty sure I have it figured out, but what was weird was the way the sleep paralysis began taking over.

Most of my lucid dreams would begin with me 'waking up' in my room, and then going outside, but sometimes I would realize I was dreaming in the middle of the dream and go from there. On several occasions, after making it outside and taking off, it felt like I hit a wall and then got pulled back to my body by an invisible rope. Every time this happened I would focus with everything I had, but could not break free from this rope. If it wasn't the rope, I'd be in the middle of doing something like talking to someone, etc., and I'd become overwhelmed with a dizziness that phased into me waking up. I also eventually started to focus when this would happen, but could never make it go away. At the time I thought something was wrong with me, or my subconscious. I thought I was somehow sabotaging myself, but now I believe that by monitoring my brain activity, they knew each time I became aware I was dreaming and intentionally stopped me from continuing. They were preventing me from expanding my consciousness, possibly to a level that is uncontrollable.

Whether they created the entities I saw during sleep paralysis to make me afraid of lucid dreaming, or they pumped me full of fear while I was asleep and it attracted actual dark entities to feed off of my fear, or both, sleep paralysis became the norm for the next couple of months. I saw shadow

figures, demons, and little weird elf things making weird noises, hands coming out of the bed and holding me down, all kinds of shit. Sometimes I'd be paralyzed with nothing there, just me being afraid of what I've seen before.

The first entity I saw was a demon in a robe. I was at my mom's house laying down on the couch watching TV when I drifted off to sleep. The transition is what scared me the most because it was so smooth I couldn't even tell that there was one. I shut my eyes for a moment and the TV didn't skip a beat through the entire nightmare. I 'opened my eyes' to a demon standing next to me shaking his face 100mph (like in a horror movie). I panicked and squirmed, but couldn't move no matter how hard I tried. I had no idea I was asleep because I could hear the TV just as clear, the living room looked exactly the same as before, and the lights were on in the next room. Everything was exactly the same except there was a demon standing next to me. It lasted for almost a minute before I woke up, and if I had to have gone to the bathroom, I probably would've went on myself.

I woke up a few different times to multiple hands coming out of the bed. These sleep paralyzes were a bit different because I wasn't paralyzed. The only reason I couldn't get up was because the hands were holding me down. I would grab a wrist, a finger, anything I could and move it, but another would replace it and another would grab my arm gripping the other hand. They would grab me from head to toe keeping me glued to the bed. Sometimes it even felt like they were trying to pull me through the bed.

Most of the time the shadow figures only stood there staring at me. Well, they didn't have eyes, but they were facing me, and I always got that feeling that someone was watching me. It felt like they were feeding off of my fear while I squirmed to try to get free, like I could feel their enjoyment. On one occasion I was sleeping in my bed but I 'woke up' at my mom's. (When my sister moved out, I moved from the couch to her room.) I wasn't paralyzed and 'woke up' in the middle of whatever was happening. The shadow figure had a list of objects it wanted me to use in a specific way, like some black magic type shit. I refused with a big fat fuck you and pulled a

pink knife out from the side of the bed. The shadow figure floated me up in the air and off the bed. I was trying to land, move, anything, while it floated me to the floor and began to drag me under the bed. I was clawing at the carpet when I felt my legs being pulled into what felt like a black hole. I woke up just when my head passed the bed frame.

I've only seen a little elf thing once, but on another occasion felt it. When I saw the elf it 'woke me up' by opening my door, banging something in its hands, making a weird little helium voiced rant, while it walked towards me. I woke up as soon as it got next to me. I can't be sure if it was an elf the second time because I didn't see anything, I only felt it.

Like I said, at that point in my life lucid dreaming was the only time I felt happy. Flying and exploring was my true antidepressant and now all of my dreams have become nightmares. So, I decided I needed a little vacation and went to California to sit on the beach for a few days. The first night I was there I had sleep paralysis.

I 'woke up' to something landing on my chest and started hitting it. At first I thought, "It's just a cat." But a split second after, I realized that not only am I not at my mom's house where the cats live, I'm not where I stay, and not only am I not at where I stay, I'm in a hotel next to the beach! I started to squirm and tried to yell, but it didn't work. It continued to beat on my chest until I woke up. It only lasted about thirty seconds, but it scared the shit out of me. I slept with the TV on and the curtain cracked for the rest of the trip. I'm not sure if that was the reason, but I didn't have another sleep paralysis until I got home.

I had a hard time getting a full night's sleep, but didn't mind because I would wake up when the sun rose and go sleep on the beach for a few hours. Other than sleeping at the hotel, I spent ninety percent of my time next to and in the ocean. One thing I decided to do while I was there was the salt water isolation chambers (float deprivation tanks). That was extremely relaxing, other than one part of the experience.

I heard about isolation chambers having the same effects as outer body

experiences, lucid dreaming, and/or doing mushrooms in a dark room, so I was pretty excited to try it. I laid in the relaxing water for an hour, but every time I was about to completely leave my body, I would stop breathing and wake up. I would feel myself leave my body for a few seconds, either look around or appear somewhere else, and wake back up in the chamber gasping for air. I opened the door for air but this happened about a dozen times. I went in for an hour, but (other than gasping for air) it was so relaxing it felt like twenty minutes.

The lady asked me how my experience was when I walked out of the room and I told her what happened. She didn't look surprised, but a bit confused, "You know I've had other people tell me that too, but I just can't figure out what it is." It took me a few years and I had to become aware of what was really happening to me, but I think I figured it out. Again, the spiritual realm is there, but *they* are preventing certain potentials (and eventually everyone) from getting there. *They* were the ones who stopped me from breathing so I couldn't leave my body.

The entire time I thought it had something to do with my fear. I thought my fear prevented me from leaving my body in the saltwater isolation tank. Even though I went a couple hundred miles away, I thought space didn't matter to the astral plane and the dark entities that reside there. I couldn't figure out why it wouldn't come when the light from the TV was on, but appeared the first night when it was pitch black. I still fell asleep each night accepting its return, or a return from something, but it never did. Other than trying to keep my mind clear and focused on being in California, this was what occupied it. Moments of zen would turn back into "What the fuck is happening to me?!"

On my last day I wanted to eat a good dinner so I went to a restaurant. I wanted to eat on the beach, so I walked down to where the restaurants were. I passed a few and went into the one I heard was supposed to be the best. They were packed and I could only be seated at the bar in between two other groups of people so I decided to go elsewhere. I was getting hungry and didn't care anymore if it was on the beach as long as it was good food. I cut a

few corners and ended up at some restaurant. I ordered, ate, got a pretty good buzz, and left. I walked a different way than I came and wanted to take my time and walk next to the ocean the whole way back.

Having a good buzz made these questions get louder. “What the fuck is going on?! Why is this happening to me?! Why can’t I get up and fulfill my purpose?!” and right on cue I stepped in front of an octopus made out of seashells, stones, and tile on a wall. I laughed at its googly eyes and walked peacefully back to the hotel.

I left the next day and was about halfway home when I got a sudden rush of anxiety. Everything was going smooth. I felt relaxed, I was listening to relaxing music, and had confidence that I was going to get up and get started again. Out of the blue I was bombarded with an overwhelming feeling of anxiety shortly followed by thoughts of being alone. Before I could even register what ‘I’ was thinking my heart started pounding like it was going to come out of my chest. “You’re all alone. Look at you, you even went to California all by yourself because you had no one to go with.” (Which is funny because I wanted to go alone so I could focus on myself.) “But I wanted to come alone?” “You’re alone right now in the car, hundreds of miles away from nowhere in both directions. If anything happens, you’re going to die all alone out here.”

I started to panic. I was going really fast and there were cars surrounding me so I couldn’t pull over right then. My heart started to pound harder. I thought, “Why is this happening, I’ve never had an anxiety attack on drugs?!” My wrists tensed up as I gripped the wheel, “Shit, shit, shit I’m gonna cause an accident and kill someone!” As soon as I thought that, my focus narrowed in on the street and cars around me. I pushed every piece of anxiety I had into my nuts and forced it away. It almost felt like when you gotta take a fat dump and you’re squeezing to get it out. I got a hold of myself and “Why is this happening?!” turned into “I will not let this happen.” I drove the rest of the way home without another incident and of course I didn’t realize this then, but I think they may have tried to kill me right there, or they put me in an intense situation where I either had to overcome my fear

or die. I wonder which one?

~

(Dream) I went into some kind of tunnel and fell through a ceiling into a room with shape moving floors. Under the moving floor was lava. I got up against the wall and looked up at the hole I fell through in confusion, but it was gone. The typical red horned goat Satan was in the room, standing on the only part of the floor that wasn't moving, which was about twenty feet away from me. As soon as I realized who I was looking at he growled, "Why do you care so much about them?! Why do you want to save them?!" I didn't respond. I looked at him just as cold as he was looking at me and woke up.

It was just another night at work... I spent a lot of my down time staring into the sky. A few people made fun of me for always looking for aliens (but, they've never made out with one), and although I actually would look sometimes, I spent most of the time in my imagination. Looking at infinite space helps me think, staring at limitless helps me dissolve limits, at least in my head. Anyway, I was day dreaming at night and suddenly noticed the darkness moving. I focused a little more to make sure my eyes weren't playing tricks on me. I realized that there was a giant boomerang flying through the sky. It had no lights and if it wasn't moving I probably wouldn't have even realized it was there.

I kept my eye on it as I walked towards the closest person to me. I grabbed his arm, pointed up at the boomerang, and asked him if he could see it. He paused for a moment and responded in disbelief, "I do see it!" We stared at it for another minute or so. There was a plane on the opposite end of the sky flying towards it, and we compared the sizes. Granted one may have been higher than the other, the boomerang was about the size of ten planes give or take.

A few months later, after telling everyone what we saw, two other people saw the same exact thing. The guy who saw it first said he wouldn't

have even known it was there if he didn't see it fly past the moon.

I'm not really sure what this was, but this happened on two separate occasions about a month or two apart, and coincidentally I was with the same friend. We were hanging out outside drinking beer on a very cloudy night. It was so cloudy we couldn't even see an inch of sky. I was looking up at the clouds, both times, and saw what looked like a dimmer switch being adjusted above the clouds. I immediately told him and he looked up and we watched the lights dim up and down for the next few minutes.

One night, a friend and I were hanging out a few miles outside the city. I'd just bought a really powerful flashlight with a strobe setting. I'm pretty sure the first one we saw was a satellite, but a few minutes later I turned the strobe setting on and aimed it into the night sky. About two minutes went by and then a light appeared out of the darkness, did a backflip type turn and shot out into space.

I didn't overcome sleep paralysis until I had another amazing dream experience. I haven't explained many of the sleep paralysis' yet, and I know a few words isn't enough to explain them in detail, but by the end of it before this next experience, I was a wreck. I would wake up multiple times a night never really getting a full night's rest. I was tired from barely sleeping and becoming more and more afraid of the darkness, not the dark, but what lives in the darkness. I don't wanna jinx you, but the next time you're about to go to sleep, when you're in the dark, imagine a shadow figure standing in your room, the closer the better. Imagine coming into contact with some of the scariest creatures you've seen in movies, and they're in your room, and you can't move, for almost three months with a few breaks in between though. I didn't actually overcome sleep paralysis, but it got back to the flip of a coin, for that moment in time.

(Dream) I 'awoke' to an evil cloud like being hovering a little past the foot of my bed. It looked like my hell experience as an actual entity that was almost identical to *Parallax* in the *Green Lantern* movie. It was a giant black

and dark gray cloud that had moving demonic body parts, bones, evil faces, and skulls coming in and out of it, but one main face. The faces were all moaning, the main face was growling, and it was slowly floating towards me.

This was by far the scariest entity I've ever seen during sleep paralysis, but for some reason I wasn't afraid. I was actually happy, so happy I began to cry. I felt as free as I'd ever felt in life. Light began to come from my body as I started to float above my bed. The demon was getting closer and its growl was getting louder, but it made no difference. My happiness didn't flinch. I was so overwhelmed with joy. The glowing light coming from my body became brighter as I floated upwards. As the demon hovered right above me, the glow turned into a shine, and I felt the tears roll down the sides of my face, "I don't care anymore... I don't care what you do to me... I love you."

Just like that, it was gone, and I was on my feet ready to begin a lucid dream. I was so excited and happy, I started running to the front door to go outside and fly. There was a guy standing just outside of my bedroom door that kind of tried to stop me. He looked startled and confused to see me, but then made an attempt to grab me. I just laughed, told him that I loved him too, and went right past him. As soon as I took flight I woke up. I didn't mind though, because I woke up with the same feeling I had in the dream, and a realization I didn't (and still don't) exactly know how to describe.

It's funny in a way, that the first thing I think of when telling (some) others, is how mad they will get. Being mad at someone because they don't hate what you hate, or for forgiving someone you think should burn in hell. "I don't care if you're gay" - then you're gonna burn in hell withem. "I'm not racist" - then we're gonna kill you too. "Why isn't this normal" - because we're angry and we need to hate something.

The few times I have experienced unconditional love I've brought some back with me. I have certainly felt the effects and I know I still have a long way to go, but I at least have part of a blueprint to help guide me. Although I may not be completely full of this love, I can remember the feeling, and I've seen existence through unconditional love's eyes. Now of

course it's easier to be humble and all loving when everything's going great, but the tests are when violence or negativity arrive, and I'm still having issues sometimes loving unconditionally when they do. (Especially now, with this shit.)

We're made up of a certain amount of emotions. *This person* is currently made up of, 14% anger, 35% fear, 10% depression, 11% confidence, 15% happiness, and 15 % love. Obviously there are more emotions, they intertwine, and it's more complex, but throughout life the gauges of each fluctuate. A percentage leaves depression and moves into happiness for example.

[[Or a person accidentally stumbles upon and opens the 66th box, shits their pants, and 35% fear turns into 98%. If a person is filled with fear and something terrifyingly extraordinary happens to them, when they try to describe it, (if they don't block it out of course) the fear comes out and they sound like a crazy person. When (if) the fear finally leaves, they can calmly explain and tell you their experience (and the fear will now be within you, to still pass them off as crazy).]]

People, pets, moments, thoughts, materials, etc., all fluctuate our emotions throughout life. Pretend that every emotion is another version of yourself, and the percentage of that emotion is the overall power it has within/over you. Happiness tells you to stay positive because there's always something positive around the corner. Sadness says not to believe that because this is what always happens, because life is so unfair. Rage screams for you to attack any mistake, and so on. In *this person* happiness is a ghost constantly glitching out and sadness is a 3D hologram almost turned real, and in *that person* it's the opposite. Imagine being in a group therapy session with all of your emotions as different versions of you, and whichever emotion is dominant, is the group leader always trying to get everyone else to conform to his/her point of view. Or maybe instead of all those perspectives/split personalities, pretend they're all smashed together into one lens, that you're looking through to see life, and even though they fluctuate, whichever emotion is dominant at that point in your life is the part of the lens you see

through the most.

Every other emotion was gone and the section of love that I experienced was pure and unconditional forgiveness. It felt like the existence of forgiveness disappeared and it didn't matter what happened to me, I love you no matter what. Unconditional love, as pure energy existing within "the everything", is just that, UNCONDITIONAL. Forgiveness does not exist within unconditional love because unconditional love loves us unconditionally. I didn't care what happened to me in the past, present, or future. I no longer wanted revenge, or even justice. I loved everything and I wanted everything to find that love as well.

I didn't know if that cloud demon was real or not in the moment, I didn't even know I was dreaming, and I thought for sure it was going to kill me. I thought I was done for in that moment, but I didn't care. I no longer wanted to be angry at the way life hurts. Life hurts everyone, so if I could, if I can, I want to do as much as I can to help, not add to the suffering. It's hard, but I just don't want to be angry anymore, or at least dial down the percentage and not be controlled by it when those kinds of moments arrive.

I believed it then, and even though it appears that a lot of my misdeeds were from remote mind control, I think some of the most influential lessons I've had to make me understand love and forgiveness came from my own search for redemption. Sometimes I'm so frustrated with 'my big problems' (God wanting me to save the world and now finding out I'm a goddamn zombie robot) that I can't deal with other people's bullshit. But other times I've wanted forgiveness so bad that I wanted someone to fuck up just so I could forgive them. If I can't forgive another person for something then why should I be forgiven?

I surely remember the feeling of this experience, but it took a few more experiences for me to understand this one better. Seeing through unconditional love's eyes, or the lens of unconditional love, made me realize that I am unconditionally loved by that part of the universe. And because of unconditional love, one will never and can never spend an eternity in hell. The yin and yang, or (part of the) balance of this is, that to the rest of us, and

from this microscopic part of the picture, some things are most certainly unforgivable. So for example, Hitler(s) may be sentenced to live out each and every life that was taken and tortured under his command.

Unconditional love loves the most evil of us and will always love all of us. If it was up to unconditional love, yesterday would be yesterday. It wants us to forgive each other for everything and move forward. But within the balance, there is an evil that knows this and takes advantage of it, time and time again. The definition of sadistic is deriving pleasure from inflicting pain, suffering, or humiliation on others. It may take a million life cycles for this evil to begin to embrace the light, so this is where the dark side *of* the light comes in.

As an energy within eternity, love has nothing to worry about from this evil. In the biggest picture of all, there is nothing to worry about in general. But in the smaller picture(s), if earth was half hate and half love, pure good and pure evil, violence and nonviolence, all black and white with no gray, the violent would kill the nonviolent with no one to stop it. If half of the world followed Hitler, and the other half followed Martin Luther King, all the nonviolent protesters would end up in gas chambers, and worse. The dark side of the light can be compared to tough love, is tough love. Tough love exists to protect unconditional love, so pure love can preach its message.

Tough love is '99%' unconditional love and '1%' hate, or another version/part of the dark circle in the light side of the yin yang. Unconditional love cannot hurt, fight, and most certainly not kill anyone or anything. It loves everything, us, the tiger, the gazelle, the fly, the spider, and even the nonconscious. It doesn't necessarily love the actions some of us take, but it understands the pain within us that leads us to take those actions. If the devil tortured you long enough, would you become a devil yourself? On a case by case basis, the answer varies.

Tough love sees through unconditional love's eyes, but also has a hint of darkness within it in order to fight, to protect the innocent. Unconditional love may be untouchable in the bigger picture, but in the smaller picture, tough love would be like a force field surrounding it. Because life is a 'verb',

this wouldn't be a 'solid fact' that happens in every case. Compare it to superheroes and villains, and most people being in the middle. With all three, there would be too many shades of gray to cover, as in some going from one to the other, for various reasons. But, within the balance of *us*, a being of love could end up moving to the dark side, and vice versa, but the energy of unconditional love cannot be destroyed. (Ultimately neither can be destroyed.)

By this dream, it had been about ten years of me wanting to fight evil. I wanted to use my darkness for good. I wanted to punish *them*, and all who willingly chose to hurt good. But, I locked the beast in me in a cage, and was still looking to release it on 'someone who deserved it'. I still had the same evil in me that's in the 'group' and I thought I deserved it, but I wanted to hunt the wolves and protect the sheep. In this dream, in this moment, the beast in me was at peace. There was no beast. My hatred was completely gone and I was free. That '1%' of hate evaporated and I was 100% unconditional love. "I don't care anymore... I don't care what you do to me... I love you."

It may have been a tipping point, but I'm not exactly sure how it happened. After this, I got out of the constant sleep paralysis cycle. It was now at the flip of a coin and completely up to chance, I think. Again, this could all very well be a part of their manipulation, but I believe that I overpowered whatever the hell was happening to me with love. Whether it was all their technology, or half technology and half interdimensional entities feeding off of the fear that the technology created, I believe that I was now back in the fight. I may have not overcome all of my fear, but I overcame enough to stand a chance against whatever was actually happening to me. Like I said, the sleep paralysis didn't stop, but it wasn't every night. I believed at the time that it was darkness vs. light. Angels vs. demons. God vs. Satan.

I was out of the constant sleep paralysis cycle, but I couldn't lucid dream either. The same thing was happening as before, whenever I realized I

was dreaming I would either get roped out of the dream or become dizzy phasing out into waking up. Whether bad or good, most of my dreams were regular and I had one to two sleep paralysis' a week. This is also around the time I began to hear the voices, the radio, the radio DJ, and infomercials. At first I was scared hearing any voice in my room but "Seriously? Infomercials?! These crooked dirtbags have found a way to invade my dreams with advertisements?!"

And I never really 'woke up' to hearing them, or 'woke up' and then they started playing. They were 'waking me up'. Sometimes it was only the sound that 'woke me up', but others I could actually feel a pressure (signal) hitting my head. I thought that whatever 'psychic evolution process' was happening to me, it involved me being able to tap into actual radio frequencies. I had no idea what was actually happening.

For the most part the sleep paralysis now consisted of nothing being there and me being afraid of what I've previously experienced, or shadow figures. For the most part the shadow figures did the same as before, stood there and watched me freak out. But one time was way different and one of a kind, so far.

(Dream) I was walking through a swap meet like mall and came across a girl I knew from a long time ago working at one of the center booths. She began talking and telling me that she'd just gotten some kind of college degree. I was interested and told her to tell me more. I was focused, flirty, and completely unaware I was dreaming.

A man comes running up from behind me, panicked and out of breath, "Sir! Sir! You told me to come get you if anything weird was happening and well, umm, look!" and he points back to where he came from. As soon as I turned my head I was back in my room, stuck in sleep paralysis, with a dark figure standing in the corner watching me. I tried to move, I tried to wiggle my fingers, I tried everything I could think of but couldn't get up. After a few seconds of fear and the confusion of realizing "I was just talking to that girl and now I'm here?!" I got angry. I got really angry. Out of my anger, I leaned up and over, grabbed something, and threw it at the shadow figure, and then

woke up.

This could've been another 'rope technique', but I wasn't aware I was dreaming, so I can't figure out why they would've done it. Other than maybe they recognized the brainwave pattern of the girl I was talking to? Part of me still thinks what I originally thought after it happened. The plot of the movie *Inception* is being able to share a dream and either extract or plant ideas into other people's minds. The guy's mind they're trying to plant an idea into, has had 'dream training' to recognize when there are outsiders in his mind. His subconscious dream characters are like military black ops soldiers who protect him and kill intruders.

The feeling I got when the panicked man ran up to me was that I knew him from somewhere. When he called me sir, it wasn't because he didn't know my name, it was because he was a subconscious 'watch man', and I am the soul or the main character out of all the dream characters. When he told me that I told him to come get me if anything weird happened, my mind was confused, but my gut knew what he was talking about. I've had the same feeling several times after this in other dreams which I will get to shortly, but I believed, and still partially do, that I returned to my body because the shadow figure was there not because I was brought back.

CHAPTER 14

HELLO G

“You will”

At this point in my life, most of my friends are in prison, dead, confidential informants (who I no longer talk to), disappeared, moved, homeless, heavy on drugs, and the ones who are left (including me) are on drugs and have different job schedules. I've stopped talking to most of them because I'm afraid that one day my friendship will get them hurt. I still talk to very few, but only here and there, and I always cherish their company, but

it's come to a point where we barely have anything in common anymore. I don't care about sports at all. I love (loved) to play, they were always fun, but it just seems like a waste of brain space to keep up with that much team/player info, unless you're making some money from betting. I'm getting tired of hearing the same stories over and over, and I no longer have the brain space to even remember half of them. Most of what others seem to talk about bores me, (cars, materials, girls, what's cool, who's cool, being cool) and everything I talk about scares them and is unbelievable. Except for some of the spiritual stuff. I've become like them with sports, but with world problems and global conspiracies. So we barely have anything to say to each other, we just have a long term relationship.

I've refused all attempts at new friendships for the same reason, and they all think it's because I'm one thing or another. Some of the same tricks the conman uses to manipulate someone to get something from them, I've used to either push people away or at least keep them at a distance. I'd be myself/secret identity for the most part, but every time I could feel it getting closer to an actual friendship I'd pull away. (I may not ever get to really say it in person, but I am truly sorry. I may have been wrong for doing that, but I swear, my main intention was to protect you.)

I make sure they see the deception, act shy or nervous, so they stay away. I haven't had an intimate relationship for the same reasons. I miss love so bad I wanna slap people when they talk about how bad their relationship is. Either get a new partner or appreciate the one you have! I know it's not that simple, I'm just extremely 'dehydrated'. I am and have been very alone, for a very long time.

I'm battling this bullshit cover identity, so sometimes 'acting' shy or nervous was 'real'. I'm trying to not let it completely take me over but at the same time I'm keeping part of it up, trying my best just to make it to the starting line. I want to give up, I realllly want to just give up. How can I really accomplish something so big?! I mean this group has their logo on the dollar bill AND it's the first letter of our AlphAbet! Not only that but it's the beginning and ending letter of six out of seven continents! A-lmost like

claiming ownership! America (north and south), Asia, Africa, Australia, and Antarctica! Is that just a coincidence too?!

I started taking stronger pills. I'm not sure the actual name of them, but one is Roxy (aka another character for Meet Skeet McGeet). Again, I thought about suicide, but as sweet as it sounded, deep down I knew I didn't want to do it, and that somehow that choice was also an illusion. It just felt relaxing to think about it.

I didn't want to give up on life, I just wanted it to change. I can only be my true self to myself and even those lines have become blurred. Even the few people that know some stuff don't know it all and some of the parts they do know they don't quite believe. The best times I've had in the last few years at this point was lucid dreaming and even that had been taken away from me. I ended up in some kind of maze and I was so tired of trying to find a way out. Just having 'God' in my life wasn't enough, I needed family as well. I needed something to change to help me change, and get up. And although it still took almost a year from this point to get one foot up, this is when I started to find out that I was/am a targeted individual.

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This next story happened shortly after I failed my 'business' presentation. I didn't tell it yet because I wanted the story after to follow it. This experience gave me a brief confidence boost that didn't last too long, because again, 'accepting my destiny' was very hard to do.

I was piss drunk and angry after a little party one night. A few of us ended up going back to a friend's house. At this time in my life, I was experiencing a kind of paradox loop. I had a void from not doing what I'm supposed to be doing, and I was afraid to do what I'm supposed to be doing. I'm afraid, but really angry at myself for being afraid, and depressed because of the situation in general.

Although most of my epiphany had come true, I still knew that I could hit two birds with one stone. If I could overcome my fear, I could make some

kind of impact, at least local if not global, and I could get enough money from the entertainment side of it to take care of my family and some friends.

My fear keeps telling me that in the process, I won't be there to enjoy it. I can still accomplish both, but plan B is going to cost me my life in the long run, and the long run might not be that long. The only other option I could think of was to remain an easy target so they wouldn't go after the people I care about. Part of me is angry because no one else really wants to help. (I have to give credit and truly thank a few, but for the most part no one really wants to help.) Part of me just doesn't care anymore. I can't stand this place anymore. I can't stand being aware of what's going on, and caring (aware, ha! I was still years away from understanding DEWs). If I didn't care so much then I could only worry about myself and most likely be rich/well off by now. I'm angry at myself, I'm angry at others, and I'm angry at life/society at this point, and pretty wasted.

iM rweel'lly dunrk and thinking, "I can't take this shit anymore. If this is what life is, if life is ruled by evil corrupt men who keep us enslaved, and more than half, way more than half, of the people are just sleeping zombies who don't care about what's going on, then I don't wanna be here anymore!" I started angrily texting a friend, but what I was saying wasn't towards him, it was more in general, and I wanted it to be recorded. He responded, "Well I don't know what I did but..." I texted back that it wasn't towards him and then started texting myself.

Getting a phone in someone else's name was a short term plan that lasted way too long. The first day I got it I knew that if I didn't have a second phone (continuously recycled), that others would put my number under my name in their contacts, etc., and even if I did have two phones *they'd* eventually be able to connect the dots through signal locations, but in the beginning it wouldn't matter, and since they didn't have mind reading technology (Ha!) they wouldn't know that I knew this, so they would think I'm just another dummy thinking I'm outsmarting them. Guess I was a dummy. Anyway.

I stopped texting him and texted myself some stuff I knew the NSA

eagle eye super computer would red flag, to have someone read for potential threat analysis. “I’m not gonna use a bomb. I’m not a coward.” I didn’t care if someone came and locked me up or even if they killed me. I was actually hoping that it would happen, I wanted it to happen. The next day I heavily regretted doing that, and drinking so much, but nothing happened. Life went on and I forgot about it.

(About two years later) I can’t remember if it was for my birthday or Christmas, but I got a computer program called Dragon. You speak into the mic, the computer gets to know your voice and accent and eventually you just talk and it types what you say. It’s probably not called Dragon, but this program is on every cell phone, recording regardless of whether you tell it to or not. (I could erase that last sentence now that Snowden has come forward, but I’m going to leave it for a few people, kind of like being the asshole that says, “I told you so.” But not rubbing it in, just a playful sarcastic, “Fuck you...”)

Part of me was skeptical (paranoid) and the other part was happy, and relieved, allllllllllllllllll the writing I did, whether to friends in prison, ideas (would occasionally flow), music, or work at that time, was wearing me out and really starting to hurt my hand. So I gave it a try, and I started to record a letter to a friend. I started off the letter explaining why the letter was typed and describing the program, so to do his best to understand some of the wrong words. I came to tell him about an idea I had for a movie about dreams that would make the movie *Inception* look like the tip of the iceberg. In doubt, I said, “I just hope I get to make it one day,” and I stopped talking.

About five seconds after I stopped talking. The words “You will” appeared on the screen. I was more excited than anything, but also confused. By the end of the day I decided there were only two possibilities (one possibility, but two different avenues). Either someone was monitoring my computer/me, and even though it had never been connected to the internet other than when I first got it to download some programs, *they* typed/said it. Or it was a perfectly timed electronic malfunction that coincidentally happened on purpose. Either way, it was the universe. But, “What if it was an

actual person???”

For a short time after, I waited and expected something else to happen. I was anxious and a bit nervous. If it was someone monitoring me, not only was I not dead or in a secret jail somewhere, but they were supportive. In a moment of doubt they tried to give me confidence. And if it was the universe directly (electronic malfunction), then what the fuck is a little message, what the fuck are all these little signs and futuristic dreams, let me hit the fucking lottery, let me have a dream of the exact lottery numbers, oh and speaking of numbers why don't you let me just pick these numbers you keep showing me and you make that ticket the winner, I'm not just gonna sit back and blow the money I'd actually do alllll of this shit we've been talking about, I mean shit come on man damn! Buhhtt, spiritual growth and healing and learning to have faith in myself and create my own light and blah blah blah is more important, III know II know. Stupid universe.

Months passed after “*You will*” appeared on the screen. I started to believe it was an electronic malfunction until the next things started happening almost a full year later, which is right around where I left off in the story. I needed something to change to help me change, and get up. And although it still took almost a year from this point to get one foot up, this is when I started to find out that I am a targeted individual.

Because I'd been trying to keep a low profile, I still had a flip phone, while everyone else on earth had upgraded. This flip phone was no ordinary flip phone though, the camera lens was busted out and filled in with super glue. One of the sliding screen apps was horoscopes. I've heard that in times of desperation one will look for and find signs in anything, and I sure did. My horoscopes started to become very accurate to what was going on in my life, a little too accurate. At first I thought they were perfectly timed coincidences from the universe. But, some other coincidences started happening that led me to suspect that it was an actual person, and I soon found out that it was.

I was working as a valet at the time. Other than customers, we would

park a lot of the employee vehicles (every night I greeted 95% of them with, “Hello”). Most of the first shift would be parked right up front. When the next shift came in we would park their vehicles across the street, and when the first shift left we would move the vehicles from across the street to take their place. One Friday night/Saturday morning, I went across the street to start moving cars when I noticed that one of the car’s tires was flat. With closer inspection I realized it’d been slashed. After checking out the tire I realized that that car, and the car next to it, both had their passenger side mirror pushed all the way in. I thought, “What a coincidence.”

For the last few months before this, my passenger side mirror would push in every time I hit around 45mph. Because 45mph is the speed limit on most roads, I eventually just let it be. I just didn’t care enough to keep fixing it. For about two months, give or take, the passenger side mirror was pushed in. “What a coincidence.”

We put the spare on and pushed each mirror back and went on with work. I wondered why someone would randomly slash a tire, but I know there are assholes out there. I also wondered why both mirrors were pushed in. If someone did randomly do that, why did they walk around to the other side of the next car and push that mirror in, instead of the one s/he was next to? I didn’t think too much of it after that, other than it actually being a drunken asshole coincidence.

The very next Friday night/Saturday morning, I went to move the cars and there was a car parked in the same spot that the other had its tire slashed, and this car’s license plate read HELLOG. What, a, coincidence. I started getting suspicious, but I still thought it really could be a coincidence or a sign that I couldn’t quite figure out yet. But, because the horoscopes were already getting pretty accurate, I began to send text messages to myself, and sure enough, the horoscopes started responding to my questions. Not a direct response, some words were changed to make it still look like an actual horoscope, but the meaning of the horoscope would be a response to my text.

I can’t remember all of the texts, and certainly not word for word, but some of the stuff I remember texting them was; I asked if we were on the

same side. I said even if this is true, how can I trust you, how do I know that I'm not just being used as some kind of puppet? I tried to get someone to meet with me, help me, give me some money/resources to get started, anything. I tried to get them to either meet me or give me some kind of something, to prove that this was really happening, and that I wasn't making false connections in a time of desperation.

One scenario text I remember was, "Can't you borrow a uniform car and pull me over? An undercover car? Give me a tape that will self-destruct after I listen to it? Anything?!" From everything I've learned about secret government and spies, I knew they couldn't 'willingly' leave any real evidence that this was actually happening, but a quick face to face that I couldn't show anyone? I deleted my text messages right after sending them, just to show them that I wasn't going to show anyone else, in an attempt to gain their trust. But nothing, yet.

I didn't write the horoscopes down at first, or towards the end, but I started writing them down within the middle. I only had intentions of remembering for me, not putting them in a story. (I started typing this about a year after this and because of what happened later.) I debated the idea of it, it certainly would've gone well in a movie or something, but with a script, not the actual horoscopes. I can't remember word for word what I texted, and I'm going to leave a subject out, but I was eating fried rice and drinking a Thai tea. I texted, for the response on this subject, please use tea, rice, or flowers (flowers were on the food box). Other than the first one, these are a few of the actual horoscopes, over a few months in the best order I can remember.

~

I texted and asked if we could meet up for a beer and talk about this situation. The response was something like "don't be offended, but this isn't about being social, it's about what's going on."

~

- Became angry at the whole situation of being monitored and not directly approached and texted it.

(Horoscope) Something about your personality or appearance is drawing a lot of attention today. People insist on watching you, why don't they mind their own business? Don't display your stubborn streak at a time when flexibility would be wiser. Be kind to those with long memories, especially if you think you might run into them again at some point in your life. If you can't think of anything nice to say, don't say anything at all.

~

- Getting upset that this was the only way of communication and no help other than 'emotional' support, why can't we meet!?

(Horoscope) Don't expect everyone to be as committed as you are today, as long as your expectations are so high, others are sure to disappoint you. An authority figures demand for perfection may seem unreasonable even to you however, you're both striving for the same goal. Believe that you can make a difference and you surely will. A positive attitude works wonders, especially when others are looking to you for advice and support.

~

- Texted, "I've been playing Clark Kent for so long I forgot how to be Superman, I feel like eating a bullet..." (Didn't really want too, the thought was relaxing)

(Horoscope) If you can take the day off from work you might want to stay home and rest today; it's time to recharge your spiritual batteries. Sure, there's a lot of work to be done, but there'll be time for that in a day or two. Right now, you need to pay attention to your inner needs. If you push yourself too hard, you will end up sick, and how can you be of use if you run yourself into the ground?

~

- More anger and a hint of depression.

(Horoscope) Self-deception will be the main issue today. You may be judging your situation wrongly, don't hold back, say what you think diplomatically and without being hurtful. This should result in a positive mental outlook for you. Competitive sports or a session at the gym will ease any stress or tension.

~

- I asked about the future of something

(Horoscope) Much to your relief, you heard it wrong the first time. Thanks to the cheeky moon, miscommunications tend to work to your advantage, you'll probably find that the future looks rosy after all today. Try to appreciate the people in your life for their help and support. The situation may change tomorrow but right now you've got everything you need and more.

(rosy-flowers)

~

(Horoscope) This is getting a lot more complicated than you ever imagined it would be, isn't it? A new layer of meaning covers what everyone else thinks is obvious. Keep in mind that words are only symbols for the actual event. This is a good time to pick up on subliminal messages and subtle body language from those around you. It's in your best interest to notice the behavioral nuances of people who are coming from a different angle to you.

- One guy got a cab and held the door while his friend walked past me from the entrance. He looked at me with a smile and asked in a sarcastic

disbelief, “You’re still not ready?!” laughed and got into the cab. His friend gave me a shoulder shrug and smiled like, “Sorry, but he’s right.”

- Few others, not sure which ones were what, but that one was my best guess. [Now that I know about DEWs I understand exactly how they could’ve set up a random stranger to say that, and/or for me to take it the wrong way.]

~

- No text, but I looked up the exact definition of cocoon on my phone the day before, other (teapot)

(Horoscope) Are you worried that perhaps you made some silly mistakes yesterday? Did you put the teapot in the freezer or your grandma in for dry cleaning? Well yes, yesterday was pretty much like that for you, so it’s best to do a spot check today to make sure you haven’t missed anything. A chance purchase or conversation could lead to a fascinating outcome. Try to cocoon yourself in the peace and solitude of your local library.

[I didn’t realize this until recently, but I wonder if the library was meant to be somewhere to finally meet and I missed it.]

~

- I know I’m here for a reason, but I need help, there’s so much to do.

(Horoscope) Any doubt you may have had about your current position in life can be put to rest. Your sense of place seems to stabilize with each passing hour. Now that you know you’re meant to be exactly where you are in the universe, consider some of the details that until recently seemed like background noise. It’s time to make a difference in the world, start with something small and work your way up from there.

~

- I'm not afraid of certain things anymore, I'm only afraid of someone coming after my loved ones.

(Horoscope) As far as Libras are concerned, anything worth doing is worth doing correctly. Your strong, moral character is particularly evident today. Keep in mind that honor is a big part of courage, but luckily the reinforcements that you requested arrive in the nick of time! As the moon moves through Libra, words that were once empty have some meaning at last. This is a good time to say exactly what's on your mind.

~

- I had a lot I wanted to say so I wrote an email, left it in my drafts, and texted to check my email drafts on the computer. (Like they didn't already know.)

(Horoscope) You're up for any kind of adventure right now and that puts you at an advantage over those with closed minds; you could see things that you've never seen before, who knows, maybe you'll even be the one to make change happen! When the moon is in its current sign, you have the ability to change the way other people think about the world and as far as you're concerned, life is what you make it.

~

- I mentioned a dream I had in the email, other

(Horoscope) Sweet words may comfort you today, whether you hear them in a dream or are wide awake. It may be that you have a chance to comfort someone in turmoil with your own soothing words. This is a good day to catch up with siblings and neighbors, so make time for tea this afternoon. In the end, it is our relationships that matter the most.

~

- I called a few friends and set up a day to meet. I told the few that came what was going on, and that I really wanted to get some things started.

(Horoscope) You should be dealing superbly with almost everyone around you just now and you will even be able to bring authority figures around to your side. The danger is that you will be whizzing ahead so fast, you will forget to pay attention to details. You expect everyone to dance to your tune. Your straight forward approach cuts through barriers and gets to the point of any situation faster than usual.

~

--- Trying to meet up with friends to get stuff started, some wouldn't show and a few started coming up with excuses not to come, became discouraged and stopped meeting up all together.

(Horoscope) If you feel you're putting a great deal of effort into something which only brings minimal results, you will soon see that your efforts have not been in vain. You can create substantial, long lasting achievements now but you have to give it time. Confront those who share joint responsibilities with you in order to sort out better agreements. Don't be too stubborn.

~

--- Trying to meet up with friends to get stuff started, some wouldn't show and a few started coming up with excuses not to come, became discouraged and stopped meeting up all together.

(Horoscope) Results don't come so easily just now. The positive benefit is that it stops you and makes you think more realistically. Be practical, really focused on the essentials. Sometimes you don't trust everyone to pull together in team situations. This makes you seem slightly stiff, always insisting on rules and regulations, rather than letting everyone

pitch in, as they probably will in their own way at their own pace.

~

(Horoscope) You seek privacy, to get away from the outside world, so why not take time for a bit of peace and quiet? Self-protective and sensitive, you just might be feeling highly strung, or just rather rebellious. This is a time to strike out on your own and do all those jobs only you can do.

~

- Became extremely discouraged, stopped texting for a few weeks and only occasionally checking horoscope

(Horoscope) Your thoughts and emotions are working in tandem today, making it easy for you to put your feelings into words. This is just what you need if you're hoping to have a long chat with your other half or if you need to explain your motives to someone. If you haven't been in touch with a far-off friend for a while, pick up the phone or send an email to let them know you're thinking about them.

Now that I'm this far, in the present, I really wish I would've written one of the last horoscopes I received before getting rid of that phone. Not for the subject, but just to show the horoscope which had all three; rice, tea, and flowers (actually I really wanna say it was noodles instead of rice). I remember the 'fuck you' feeling I had. "Yeah, yeah, more emotional support right." I can't be sure, but I'm starting to think that this horoscope was an attempt to keep me playing that part of their game (unless the whole time it was a third party who doesn't have the same access to DEWs).

While all of the horoscopes were taking place, it seemed like 'God' was also talking and giving me more signs than usual. I ripped up a lot of the stuff I'd written down afterwards because it made me angry and felt like a game, or false hope. So, I'm only gonna mention the few I can remember and the

ones that won't give away certain information. I know *they* know, but there's still a lot of people I wouldn't want knowing certain details of my situation.

As a valet attendant, one of our responsibilities was to get cabs for people and keep track of the people who came out of cabs. If the person ended up going inside, the cab driver would get a percentage of their entry fee. So we had to keep track of the cab number and who got out of which cab. There were two lanes out front, one for pickups and the other for drop offs.

Around this time, every other car I parked, whether employee or valet, had one of the numerology numbers for their car mileage. And a lot of the valets would have them on their license plates. It worked out so perfectly sometimes. For some reason or another, the other valet would be busy with an unrelated number and I would be the only one there at the exact moment to handle the numerology number. I really started to debate if I was just looking for it or if it was really happening, so I started to keep track.

When I began writing them down, I thought, "Okay, make sure you stop looking for them. Only write them down when they come in direct contact with you." I turned around and almost walked right into cab 4174 as it pulled up. I then gave a valet ticket number 744. When I got back to pay out the cab driver the last two numbers of his TA (cab license) was 74.

I was in a head conversation with God while working. I was writing a few tickets and only partially paying attention to my surroundings. The other valet called up a cab for a person leaving, and a cab pulled in the parking lot to drop someone off. Both cabs were driving down the parking lot side by side, with me in the center of both lanes (that was a normal thing). The cab on the left was 2217 and the cab on the right was 3317. 23 23 17 17. Okay. I continued my conversation with God for a while after. I drove a car across the street and parked it. While walking back across the street I asked God, "Well if only you would show me a sign that this is what's actually happening..." And cab number **2317** pulled out right in front of me to leave the parking lot... I had a lot of these written down (and other 'signs') before I ripped them up.

I came back from ordering food and ticket (cab) number 7172 was on

the clipboard with no driver in sight. I picked up the ticket and was holding the ticket in my hand when cab 3177 pulled up (7 17 2/3 17 7). The next cab driver's TA ended with 17. I went to park an employee's car and cab 6217 pulled behind me, playing a specific song. That driver's permit expired on 7-17-13. I moved the next car, car mileage 74, and was stuck behind license plate 517 pulling out of the parking lot.

(Dream) A coworker girl parked in one of the front spots where customers park. I was standing on the opposite side of the parking lot facing the main entrance. I thought, "What's she doing, she knows she can't park there?"

There were four main front spots, two on each side of the main entrance. In my dream she parked in the first spot on the right side of the entrance. The next day, in real life, a few minutes after she left to go home, she came back and parked in the first spot on the left side of the entrance. She forgot her phone.

I can't remember this dream or what happened after in real life, so I'm just gonna write it here the way I wrote it there.

(Dream) ??- walking with work D telling him that I had a dream with him in it. -Professor invented the 1st music "room" (room to create and mass produce music). In the dream it was considered a weapon for war in a positive way.

REAL- 007 mission at work, needed more time, D came in to help clean, "No problem man." Mission completed only because he helped sweep. For real don't ignore signs! (side note- stop speaking to yourself in code to YOURSELF, you end up forgetting)

[I started writing things in code a long time ago just in case someone was going through my things while I wasn't there. I was pretty good with it at first, but the codes always depended on my memory. Wow, what a waste of time that was.]

I'm not the person who calls in sick when I'm not sick. I don't miss work when I don't have to, and at the time I needed every dollar I had for bills, and drugs. Early one Saturday morning, out of the blue, I got the weirdest feeling that I didn't want to work the next day (that night). I really didn't have a reason, nothing particular sparked it, I *all of the sudden* didn't want to. I texted a coworker who happened to still be awake and he answered the text immediately, saying he would work for me. So, I didn't go into work that night. The night after, three different coworkers told me that a girl was there asking for me.

Shortly after this, an ex-girlfriend called me to tell me she was getting married. It was unrelated, but some of her friends were in town and they all decided to go to my work the night I happened to call in. It didn't make sense. Why would she call me out of the blue years later just to tell me this? And what a coincidence I decided to take a day off in the middle of my week instead of just having an extra day off added to my weekend. Other than being sick, this is the only time I can recall ever doing that.

While everything else was going on certain things she was saying, and the signs being presented at the time, all led me to suspect she was hinting that the 'cops' already had her and were using her against me. I thought the horoscopes, and signs, were all trying to play me. Or possibly there was more than one group. I had no idea that *they* were also *God*. I didn't know what to do, the past is the past, but I still didn't want anything bad to happen to her. I don't want anything bad to happen to anyone I care or cared about (and have realized anyone in general), especially because of me. I kept trying to meet with her so we could talk in person (because of my phone situation), but she was acting bipolar, which was part of the reason I thought they were telling her what to say. Nice, mean, nice, mean, but in retrospect with the way I was acting (because of what I couldn't say over the phone) I can't really blame her.

One night at work I demanded God to give me the specific signs I asked for, to show me that the police really had her backed into a corner. I said, "I want to hear her name out loud, spoken right in front of me." About

twenty minutes later a girl walks out front of the building, stands right next to me, and yells into the parking lot, “Jillian! Jillian! Wait up!” and runs to meet her friend. “Okay, okay, now I want to see a girl **wearing** orange pants.” Within the next few hours I saw three different girls in orange pants, but the first one I saw a few minutes after asking was the same ethnicity as Jillian. The cab driver drove in the wrong way and dropped them off right in front of the building blocking traffic. Practically the whole parking lot came to a halt staring at the people blocking everything, and then my sign got out of the cab.

All of the signs were saying *this*, and she was sometimes saying *this*, but mostly saying *that*. I started to seriously contemplate backing off. If she is in trouble, she can’t just say it. If she’s not in trouble then I could end up getting her in trouble. If she’s not in trouble then I’m probably sounding pretty crazy and could make things really weird if I find her and show up out of the blue. But, I’d rather shit get weird than something bad happen to her. They’re monitoring everything I do, so even if I do find her they will know the moment I decide to head to her. Not knowing how deep it actually was, I came up with a pretty good plan, if I was going to go that route.

There was an inside nickname I gave her once. I never told her, or anyone for that matter. I’m not going to say it because it could possibly give away a specific detail or two about her, but anyway. I went to a friend’s house on one of my days off and his daughter came running up to me, “Uncle G! Uncle G! I had a dream last night about this and that and this and that...” She was rambling so fast I didn’t catch the middle. She grabbed my hand firmly, “You and ‘*nickname*’ were there and...something, something... but you can’t give up on her you just can’t! You have to promise me uncle G! Promise me you won’t give up on her! Promise me uncle G! Promise me!” To this day, I’ve never seen her that serious.

They were most certainly playing good cop, bad cop, and God. Part of me trusted them, mainly because they intervened before my addiction would end up killing me. Now I can surely see that they have a different agenda for me. I decided that ultimately they didn’t have shit on her and if I appeared

not to care anymore, they would leave her alone. So we stopped talking and life went on for both of us. Looking back now, I'm pretty sure she had no idea what I was talking about and they used the DEWs on her to mess with me. And, with the virtual reality dream shit I've experienced, it wouldn't surprise me if my friend's daughter's dream was scripted and used to manipulate me.

~

I usually stayed up after work on my Friday nights/Saturday mornings, to help my days off be full of sunlight. I would stay up late enough to almost be 'dreaming' while still awake. A few months later with no texts or checking horoscopes, one 'Saturday' night I texted myself/them while half asleep. I really don't remember exactly what I texted them this time, I just know I was being an asshole about them not really helping me other than making me question my sanity. "Fuck you prove it!" I didn't realize it the next day, but the day after I went to my mom's house and she asked if I'd noticed that one of the cats was missing.

The cat had been missing since 'Saturday' night after she went to bed. It just magically disappeared. I didn't know whether to take this as a coincidence, threat, or a kind of wake up call, like shit's real fuck face wake up. I still don't know how I feel, because there's so many other things that could've been done if it was some kind of confirmation and wasn't a threat. This cat was older and rarely ever went outside (through a little dog/cat door), and if it did, it wouldn't leave the backyard. It was a real scaredy cat, so I can't see it getting hit by a car, but for the sake of argument if it did, what a coincidence that it happened the same night I sent the text, and was cleaned up by morning. Maybe it did have some kind of secret night life we didn't know about. We checked the nearest shelters, put up flyers, but nothing. It has never returned.

I sent a text shortly after, "I'm not sure how I'm supposed to take this? It's pretty messed up either way." I really started questioning myself of what

I truly thought their motives could be. Not only their motives of the cat, but their motives in general. I didn't text them for a month or so after that. When I did though I was half asleep again. "I know I need to be strong enough to do this on my own, but can you please just give me some kind of confirmation that this is really happening and I'm not just going crazy?"

I got up early the next morning, ate breakfast, drank some coffee, and went outside to wash my car. I was just getting into using wax and detailing it and had planned on doing this the night before. About thirty minutes after I started, I was kneeling down facing the street, waxing my door, and I noticed a man walking by. This man was not in a hurry, but not taking his time either.

His face was shaved with a military type haircut. He was wearing a black shirt, tucked into black commando (not camouflage, but a lot of pockets) cargo pants, a black belt, black boots, and black sunglasses. He also had a very big handgun, with two clips, on a black holster, on the left side of his belt. The gun was facing me in perfect view of where I was washing my car. All he did was walk by. I stopped what I was doing and stared in confusion. I have lived here for a very long time and have never seen this man around, or anyone else dressed like that, before or after.

When it's looked at from *this* point of view it's sad, and a bit scary. But when you look at it from *that* point of view, it's also pretty funny. The big bad government kidnapped my mom's cat (and possibly killed mine).

I'm probably not going to get much sleep tonight for that. One can tell a lot from a person by their questions and responses, and, it's funny how immature the people running this shit are. "Oh! Make fun of me! Wait till you see what I'm gonna do to you!" Fucking children.

CHAPTER 15

VIRTUAL REALITEA

"You already know why."

“Why is it so hard for you to believe that you’re here for a purpose? You know that you’re special, but you also know that every other person in existence is just as special as you. You’ve been tricked into believing that you’re less than, or not important enough to be ‘chosen’. Truthfully, a certain shade of delusions of grandeur should be normal, but they’ve tricked you into thinking that it’s the problem, when in truth, being a robot is the problem. There are many among you who have been ‘chosen’, but being chosen doesn’t mean you’re more special than any of the rest because in many other incarnations they were chosen to help you.

You are waking up, while a lot of them are falling further asleep and lost in a variety of different mazes. It’s all part of the design. The game sends just enough people with your exact purpose to make sure that people don’t fall into too deep of a sleep. You have been reminded in order for you to remind them, so the energy most of them are unaware they possess, can remain in balance. There are some that cannot and will not escape the maze until they die, but that’s the game they chose to play, or the lesson they chose to learn in order for them to get closer to becoming the god consciousness. How better to learn a jackass then to be one?

Look at how long the universe has been telling you about your purpose. Look at how long you’ve been told that you’re above the rest and you still won’t digest that you’re more special than others, because you know you are their equal. You know that you and everyone else is special, while most of them only think they’re average. Delusions of being less than.

Or even the opposite. It has gone to your head a few times and you have never once fully absorbed it, but for many here it has completely taken them over. They believe that they’re here to be worshipped by others. They believe their presence is a gift to all those around them. While time and time again, you have come back to, ‘Fuck you! I am not more important than them!’ And after everything, everything, you have been through, you haven’t given up, you haven’t turned your back, and you’re more than willing to give your life for the benefit of mankind.

In the biggest picture of all, we're all equal. But in the lower levels, there are higher consciousness' way above yours, so high they make you look like an insect, in size and intelligence, and they are more 'special' than you only because of their experiences and growth. You can, and will eventually, become them. And that is the same reason you are more special than some, in this moment, because you have grown to be. You are not more important, you have absorbed and learned how to make your soul shine brighter than most... Now show them how to do it." Something like that.

I do not doubt their capabilities or their trickery, but I don't doubt the intelligence of the universe either. The fact that these technologies are possible only reinforces my beliefs of infinite reincarnation, and that impossible does not exist within pure nothingness. Impossible may exist within a dimension designed a specific way, but it doesn't exist in the bigger picture. Some truths are too hard to comprehend, but the more we try, the more we absorb the contradictions, the more we begin to understand a piece. A single piece. Infinity is all around you. It's in the air you breathe, the food you eat, your reflection in the mirror, you. Your shells have died and will die an infinite amount of times, throughout eternity. But you have never and will never die.

~

After the horoscopes and manmade signs, I decided it was time to go on another journey. I got some magic and made some tea. This time was one of my top favorites and one of a kind so far. I've tried to duplicate it the few times after, but it hasn't worked yet.

I went through the process, sat there for a couple of minutes before drinking it, thinking about how bad the next hour or so was going to suck, and downed the tea. I laid down, closed my eyes, and immediately saw a bright white light. It was weird, my eyes were open in darkness, but when I closed them it became extremely bright and there were four blurred shadow figures standing over me staring down. There were two on my right and two

on my left. Even though I've never seen them in light, I didn't get the impression that they were the usual shadow figures, because they were more of a navy color rather than pitch black, and their heads were twice as big. Although my 'eyes were wide open', it seemed like my vision was blurred and the bright white light was blinding me. I opened my eyes in fear, "I can't do this!" I paused on the thought of what I just saw. I've never seen anything like that, and yet it seemed familiar. A moment after my heart started pounding, I got the overwhelming feeling of "It's okay. Just trust me."

I remembered this feeling and calmed down a little more with each word. I shut my eyes and was right back where I'd left off. The blurred figures stood over me with little movement, but enough for me to know that they weren't mannequins. It felt like I was looking through my eyes, but it was a memory of my eyes. I got the feeling that I was on some kind of operating table when I got the courage to look at one directly. As soon as I looked at it, it quickly moved away ducking behind the one next to it. The others moved around a bit after that, but nothing seemed to be going on other than them standing there looking down at me.

A few seconds later the light began to get brighter and as it got brighter, the blurred figures began to fade out. Once the light was bright enough to make them look like blurred Q-tips, I began to float up and drift into it. Before I knew it, I was floating through outer space, within the light, beside earth. I love being in outer space and was very excited to be there. I was extremely happy that somehow I was bypassing the bad part. And pretty amazed at what was happening in general. After a few moments, the light disappeared. After realizing I was in space I stopped paying attention to it and it ended up dissolving, I guess. After realizing that the light was gone, with earth to my left, something started turning me towards outer space.

My body turned to face a huge crowd, hundreds if not thousands, of golden glowing energy type beings floating in front of me. Almost as soon as I was fully facing the crowd, I could feel and see all of my pain, anger, and fear being sucked out of my chest, like a vacuum was sucking out brass colored smoke. The more the smoke left, the more I could remember, and the

more I could feel love. Every little bit of smoke that left, was replaced with more and more love. Not even replaced, but the love was already there, it was being uncovered. With the last bit of smoke, I transitioned into the next place.

Fearless, painless, peaceful, and full of love, I appeared walking along the edge of a mountain at night. The edge was about fifteen feet to my right, and a pine forest was about thirty feet to my left. I didn't get close enough to look over the edge, but it looked like a pretty far drop. Beyond the edge were more mountains and forest, all distant and out of focus. The night sky was beautifully lit with hundreds of stars. I could see a campfire about forty yards ahead, and in the far distance, to the right up a narrow path, was a dark castle on a cliff. I walked up to a group of people sitting and standing around the campfire, with the light from the fire shining off of the trees.

I thought they were people at first, but the closer I got the more I knew that wasn't true. I wasn't sure what they were at first, but I realized shortly after that they were all of my fears, as characters. They greeted me like I was one of the pack and instantly started the conversation. It was like a group therapy session, or an intervention. "We all gathered here to talk to you about our concern of your fear." They were all innocently picking on me for being afraid of them and giving me reason after reason why I shouldn't be afraid of them. They began making fun of themselves, and each other, as a way of showing me why not to be afraid. There was a lot of laughter at that campfire.

Overall, they showed me that I wasn't actually afraid of them, that they were just covers of the core fears, and even the core fears weren't anything to be afraid of. I knew what I was feeling, I was still at peace and full of love, but I think they were there to explain it. Death and pain, whether emotional or physical, whether it be you or someone you love. There's no need to fear either, because ultimately, we never really die and we will always end up healed. Life is just a dream. We are infinite. "I know how real it all seems! But look at that infinite sky! You don't have to be afraid of anything! Especially that ugly thing. I'm not even sure what he is, what are you?" "Fuck you I'm your father!" Chorus, "Hahahahahahaha!"

Towards the end of the conversation they all started to glitch like

holograms. They all turned into holographic projections coming from little cute cartoon animals standing behind them. The cartoons were the truth, and the characters were projections of how I saw my fears. The cartoon animals waved at me and we all laughed at my final realization and I think I became friends with all of my fears. I don't remember saying goodbye or even leaving. I just phased with my laughter into the next place.

I was at the top of the cliff in a room of the dark castle and there was a new group. The floor and walls were all stone. The fire was lit in the fireplace and it was the only light in the room. There were a few chairs, recliners, rugs, and tables. I could see a big picture frame or two, but I can't remember what they were. I knew who the group was without an introduction. They were the ones with the power, the people in charge of our planet, the top of the pyramid. I still felt the same love as before, but with more of an understanding of what I feared. I started talking to them without anger, fear, or judgment. I began talking to them the way my fears were talking to me, and they responded the same during most of the conversation. There was no hostility at all.

I began talking to the man who was the leader of the leaders. We moved towards a window that he stared through throughout the rest of the conversation. After a few minutes I finally asked, "Why are we not building heaven?! We can transform this place into one of the most beautiful places in existence! Why are we not doing it?!" I kept asking, explaining, and debating, "We're capable right now! We can literally turn earth into heaven right now!!!!"

I brought up a realization from a while before this.

I was at my friend who's in prison, dad's house, playing ninjas and building Legos with my friend's son. Him, his grandpa, and I were hanging out and him and his grandpa started talking about getting him a new toy. His grandpa replies about not having the money right now, but he will soon and that he should be happy with the hundred toys he already has. He says,

“Things cost money, they’re not free. If they were free then this would be heaven!” As soon as he said that, I saw an apple tree in a grass field. I could see the sun to my right, but it was night and there was still outer space in the background. It looked like the sun lit up everything it touched like it does during the day, but the sky was still a star filled night. My point of vision then blurred everything else out and zoomed into a single apple, growing in fast forward. Although it takes time, the right tree, the right atmosphere, and a few other details to complete the equation, I saw the apple as being free.

With everything else blurred out, watching this apple grow in fast forward looked as if it just magically appeared, out of nothingness, free for the taking. We are the ones who control who gets what, and what someone has to do or pay to get them. We’ve technologically evolved to a point where earth could eat for free every day, at the bare minimum fruits and vegetables, we’re just not spiritually evolved enough to make it happen. (And that’s not even a fraction of what we’re able to do.)

“Why are we not building heaven?! Everything we need is already here!” I asked a few more times, but he only had one response each time, “You already know why.” The first time he responded I didn’t understand, so I asked again. And then again. He never stopped staring through that window, but each time I asked, his response became more shameful and agitated. By the shame of the last time he responded, I got the feeling that I was talking to his soul that his body was somewhere else and his soul was there in that moment with me, and his soul was saddened by what he had become. And the moment I felt that, I knew exactly why he kept saying, “*You* already know why.”

Our hearts are so beautifully, and tragically, fragile. I used to be so mad at them. I wanted revenge so bad and then God allowed me to see through *their* eyes. Not through their eyes, but that I once had the same pain in me, deep within. That so many people have the same pains and fears, deep within. It still took me sooo long to heal the parts that I have and I’m still not all the

way there.

My first tea experience allowed me to see, and again, taught me that all the knowledge and power in the world means nothing to a broken heart. It means nothing to someone who is spiritually lost. And it causes destruction. I am not justifying anything, and they possibly will do a cycle or two in hell, but in the (there is no) end, God will forgive them. God already has forgiven them, there is a side of God that doesn't even understand the term forgiveness because it never stopped and will never stop loving each and every one of us. Infinite Unconditional Love 888888888 Infinite (Re)Incarnation.

A big part of why I started down this road was redemption. I thought once, what if instead of a cycle in hell, they get reincarnated to help destroy what they've helped build? "Oh my God I did what?!! Send me back in, I have to make things right!" Maybe s/he will go back in, or maybe, "Calm down, we already sent in a few people to clean up your mess way before you even 'died'. Don't worry, they'll balance everything back out. But, what did you learn?"

A very big part of me believes that just as my pain and anger was sucked out of me, that it will happen to all of us when we 'die'. Maybe this illusion, this dream, this game, is as close as any of us will ever get to hell, and when we return back to reality, we instantly heal. Maybe the trick is to try and do this before the end of the cycle?

I am an infinite being. I am not my body, I'm not human. Human is the type of body I am in, in this dimension, of this dream. I am eternal energy. When I saw this, when I saw him/them through eyes without anger or fear, when I saw existence through eyes without fear or anger, when I finally saw the same pain in him/them as I once had, and even still somewhat do, I let it all go, and as I let go, my consciousness left my dream body as if a sand blanket was slowly being pulled off of me.

I was still 'me', but in a million little pieces that formed an energy cloud that floated up into an even bigger energy cloud. I was love. Not 'I' am feeling love, I was the energy of love. I remembered everything so clearly. So much of this part of the experience is at a loss of words, but the best way I

can think to describe it is that our mind is or becomes a maze, also having a million digit combination lock. When my consciousness left my dream body, I had no body. Having no body, immediately, instantly aligned the combination, unlocked the lock, and I floated above the maze to realize that there is no maze. The maze is the game and in absolute pure reality, there is no maze. The mind of the shell is the maze. What will you believe this time in these circumstances? But once we leave the maze/shell/dimension, we remember everything we've forgotten while we're here.

After a brief moment of remembering everything, I forgot that I even forgot everything. Remembering everything was so normal, true normal, absolute eternal reality normal. I was everything. I am everything. I am infinity. I am eternal reincarnation. We are infinity. We are eternal reincarnation. I was this gigantic being made of energy in constant flux. I became barely aware of 'myself'. 'I' kept phasing in and out of this energy field. When I would phase out of it I had vision, not eyes but vision. When I phased back in, I don't even know how to explain it for someone to understand. I was phasing in and out of remembering my *earth* life *this* time, and *every* life *every* time. I was infinity, I was unconditional love, I was pure energy. I was everything. I was a smaller consciousness flowing in and out of a larger consciousness, but they were both 'me'.

I could see existence through things that don't have eyes. I could feel existence through things that don't appear to be conscious to us, here, now. I could see earth as one entity giving off all kinds of energy, and the universe feeling and understanding all of it. Just as we're all connected to this planet, the planets are all connected to the universe. People, animals, insects, even plants, dirt, rocks, water, air, were all magnetic emotional receptor experiences, and had wormholes like signals or static electricity coming from them, out into space and back into themselves.

There were so many different colors and kinds of energies all flowing moment by moment, but at their own pace. At one point all I could see were eyes, just one planet with so many different eyes and so many different perspectives behind them. I phased in and out of being it and seeing it. I was

the observer and the observed, back and forth in whirlpool waves, I guess, I don't know how to explain it right. There was sooo much detail just in this one little grain of sand planet and I could see and understand a million times more than I can imagine or try to remember now.

'I' eventually phased completely out of the larger energy cloud and just *was* for a while. Completely blanked out of moving existence, not taking in or giving out anything, just still existence, completely still. I was a solid rock that couldn't be moved, but everything I had previously experienced was still going on all around me, but 'I' couldn't feel it. I don't know how to explain being detached but still attached to something, but that's what it felt like. A vibrating, humming, colorful, everything, just outside of a completely blank, still, silent, nothingness. I've only heard what meditation is like from other's experiences, and that stillness felt a lot like what they say. I'm not sure how long I stayed in that state. I feel like it was a long time, but I couldn't tell. It felt like time didn't exist.

I eventually phased back in and I want to describe it like two points of view. Imagine thoughts, characteristics, emotions, memories, etc., each individual moment as its own miniature Lego, coming from both inner and outer, coming together, to put me back together. Imagine a dot . expanding outward like a big bang, while the same type of Legos manifest all around it from the nothingness, coming inward connecting to the big bang like magnets. Maybe a bubble inside of a bubble would be a better explanation. The inner bubble is expanding while the outer bubble is shrinking and once they touch they become one bubble made up of both inner and outer bubbles. Both inner and outer thoughts/memories and being were like the yin and yang, but with my earth identity and eternal identity.

My consciousness came back together from the stillness, and then back into my dream body. All of my atoms were put back together as I walked through a spaceship, towards another group. This group was very different from the last groups. There were different species and most weren't human. I can't remember too much of what they all looked like, I just remember what I felt and thought as I approached them.

They were already talking when I showed up, but they stopped unexpectedly to see me/anyone, and greeted me. I'm not sure if he was the 'leader', but after the introduction I spent most of my time talking to one being in particular, while the rest continued with their meeting. His face is still a bit fuzzy, but I remember that he looked human-ish, with a few different details. A longer forehead, bigger eyes, slightly different ears, and even those details are a bit fuzzy.

I couldn't believe what he was telling me. I kept insisting that they were all dream characters and he kept insisting right back that this was really happening, and that they were just as real as I was. I said, "You're lying to me! You're all just projections from my subconscious! I'm on drugs right now laying on my bed! You're just like the last groups I talked to!" He said that the drugs amplified what was already inside of me (all of us). That this was inner space travel.

In 'outer' space we walk, or need cars, bikes, planes, trains, spaceships, star gates and suits (depending on species), but inner space travel is basically meditation, our soul travels through inner space. And there are 'stargates'/wormholes within inner space that our souls can travel through. The drugs helped me bypass the concentration part of meditation. He told me that none of their bodies were actually there, that they all travel through inner space to meet. Just as we can meet in outer space, we can also meet in inner space.

I still couldn't believe he was telling the truth. I kept thinking I caught him in a lie and called him on it each time, but whenever I did, he stopped talking and warped the information into my head, proving that he was telling the truth. This happened several times and I was never once right. I could even sense his frustration grow each time he warped the truth into my head (I consider myself an open minded person and it's funny being on the opposite side, 'not believing' what's possible).

He went along talking and I went along asking questions until out of nowhere, I saw, heard, and felt a flash of a spaceship explode. I felt a jolt and the vision was just like the visions he was warping into my head, but

stronger. The visions were only in my mind, like watching a movie in my head (with emotional attachment), but the explosion was strong enough to jolt my body. It was just a flash, as soon I saw/heard/felt it, it was gone, and so was one of the beings. Not only could I no longer see him, but I also felt his absence. The rest became unsettled and I asked in confusion, “What was that!?” He tried to explain it, but I was still mostly convinced that they were just projections.

So, I said to them, “Wait, look, I can bring him back just like in a dream!” I tried, I closed my eyes and concentrated as hard as I could, but had no luck. Most of them didn’t bother to pay attention, knowing I wasn’t going to succeed, but the one I was mainly talking to allowed me to realize it on my own. The other beings were worried, huddled and talking amongst themselves. I was still trying when one of the beings left the group, came up behind the ‘leader’ and put his hand on his shoulder. The leader turned his head and the other being said, “Come on, he’s not listening. He doesn’t believe us and we have to finish up.” The leader looked back at me, leaned in, and said in a calm hurry, “Just remember, you don’t have to believe it, just remember what we talked about.” After he took his first few steps back towards the group, I phased out, and opened my eyes back in my room, on my bed.

To this day I’m not sure what to think, especially now knowing about DEWs. I’ve analyzed what I can remember over and over and I still just don’t know. I was planning on drinking the tea on a Friday night, but a few days before, I found out that Friday was a friend’s birthday. So I did it the night before. After the trip, until I fell asleep and all the next day, I thought about what happened. I seriously thought my delusions of grandeur were seeking attention. ‘I’ repeatedly called myself an egomaniac, but what I experienced and what I remembered couldn’t have only been delusions of grandeur.

My friend’s birthday get together was at one of their friend’s house, a friend and house I’ve never been to. I followed the directions to get there. It was a corner house and I was only given the name of one street. “Take the

main road, turn on *this* street and it will be the second corner house on your left.” When I arrived I got goosebumps when I read the name of the other street they lived on. Another sign? Another coincidence? Or another manmade manipulation? The name was out of my journey, like a universal message saying, “Yes, last night was real.” The street name wasn’t exact, but practically the closest ‘synonym’ possible, like ‘this’ is my name and ‘this’ is my nickname. Or like Jesus is my name and I am known as being a Carpenter (Street).

If I had tripped the day *after* the birthday, I can see how the street name could have influenced my ‘dream/hallucination’. With knowledge of DEWs and now knowing how long they’ve been at it, I can see how they could’ve set the whole thing up, including the virtual reality outer body experience. But, what I remembered about existence felt so perfect. It made, and still makes perfect sense to me. Infinity makes perfect sense. Having my ego dissolve on several occasions and seeing through my soul’s eyes, my true eyes, still has a very loud objection in my mind. My path has had many trap tricks and some of them are very hard to figure out.

The group leader told me a few other things other than inner space travel. A lot about good and evil, and the universal balance of both. There are good and evil beings all throughout existence, and all different kinds as well, as in not only physical/3rd dimensional. They were good beings, who met in inner space, to discuss the war they were fighting. He only gave me the basics of that though because their discussion was not the reason I was there.

I really wish I could remember the exact conversation, but not only was I afraid to believe it was real, I still have problems accepting my life. I know by trying to block stuff out my denial has pushed some out, “This is not happening!” And I’m certain my memory has been tampered with. I remember certain details clear as day, but others are fuzzy, or are like a paint by number only randomly halfway painted.

I do remember him telling me that I had to tell others, not only of this experience but of what I’ve learned about life in general. I kept asking, “But

why me?!” expecting some complex answer, but he put it very simply, “Because of the way you are, because of your personality.” I remember the look on his face before he said this was like a mild eureka, like he found the perfect way to say it, which was a previous way of me learning it. We’re all one of God’s personalities, so because of the personality of God that I am.

I don’t remember him saying this, but I feel like the only way I could’ve met them where they were, was by crossing through that unconditional love energy place. A being of darkness couldn’t find their inner space location because it would’ve had to go through love to get there. The fact that I was there told them a lot about me without details of my personal life. If it wasn’t a manipulation, I’m sure that if he could send information into my head he could also retrieve it, but just by me showing up, they were surprised but they knew I wasn’t a threat. I may have a ‘dark side’ here and now, but it was completely gone when I was there. I had every piece of darkness sucked out of me during the beginning of the journey and only progressed from there.

I’ve realized more recently that if they were real, then how could we actually communicate? How could we understand each other’s language? So does that make it more obvious that it was just my subconscious? Coincidentally, a few days before this realization, I came across an article of where coral reefs are actually communicating with fish and a few other species. Maybe this article made me think of it, but either way I’m not sure as of now. Maybe in inner space, our souls communicate, like the emotion receptors translate languages? Or shit, maybe he actually spoke English, or many languages for that matter. Maybe they were closer than I thought.

This experience, whether real or not, was awwesome. I’ve never had an outer body experience, dream, astral projection, virtual reality, inner space travel, or whatever it was, that lasted that long. It was beyond amazing, but now, either I’m even crazier, or the universe speaks to me, good and bad spirits visit me while I’m asleep, (still unaware of DEWs) secret agents have been monitoring and are communicating with me, and I just had a conversation with extraterrestrials. At least I’m not afraid of the padded room

anymore.

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I began to notice something different about some of my dreams before this journey and really started to notice it afterwards. I would start to realize I was dreaming and force myself to stop the realization, so I could continue the dream. In sleep paralysis I would try to wake up as quickly as I could, but these dreams were different. I wasn't afraid. It seemed as if my 'subconscious self' was telling my 'conscious self', "Stop, stop! I already know this is a dream, let me continue!" I remember seeing my subconscious' face one time as I/my awareness floated up to subconscious me. It was annoyed with a hint of 'fuck off'.

I started having the signal dreams around this time as well. There's a lot of noise going on during the day, so I ended up buying a sound maker. The first one I bought had white noise which was the noise I chose to sleep with. A flat constant noise. I got used to it and eventually started sleeping with it all the time, day or night. I ended up buying another one that had a fan noise which I switched over to. This one also had a blue light. Every time I've 'woken up' to music, the DJ, etc., I've woken up to the white noise afterwards with no pause. There was never a smooth transition. Whatever I was hearing would abruptly change to shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Whether it was noise or silence, I've rarely ever heard the noise maker and have never seen the blue light during a sleep paralysis or lucid dream.

I was also starting to realize the meanings of some of my dreams.

(Dream) I was a student in a classroom and there was a bomb on the teacher's desk. Everyone started freaking out and I ran up to the bomb and began trying to diffuse it. I held the bomb while looking at an old phone number/letter keypad (1, 2-abc, 3-def, etc.) on the front of it, and right above it, are four blank spaces where the code could be put in to stop the timer. The teacher yelled out to me, "It's hope! Hope will diffuse the bomb!"

I typed in H-O-P-S, and the S started blinking, the bomb started

beeping and exploded. As soon as it exploded though, I went back in time to a few minutes before. I yelled at everyone to get out of the classroom, grabbed the bomb, and jumped out the window onto an open grass field. I threw the bomb where no one was and kept running. The dream continued into a beautifully lit heavenly city and became fuzzy before I woke up.

I still remember the weird confused feeling I had when I pressed S instead of E. I was afraid of hope. Even after going back in time, knowing the code and having another chance, I still chose a different option, rather than hope. During the dream I didn't put any of this together. I didn't know I was dreaming, I really thought there was a bomb and that I messed up and got everyone killed. Even after I went back in time I still didn't realize it was a dream.

I knew I didn't want to leave this second chance up to me fucking up again, so I told everyone to get out. If it went off again at least it'd only be me. I'm not sure if the dream was meant to make me realize that I was afraid to hope, or that I can get the job done without it. I think I realized both though.

I had a few dreams of dead octopuses. I remember one in some kind of cafeteria. I ended up leaving a school cafeteria and walking out back, through a big opening on the side of the building. To my left was the food preparation area, but there were rows and rows of pallets. On each pallet was a large pile of ice, and on top of the ice were dead octopuses with their legs cut off.

I was beginning to face and overcome my fears. Even some of the sleep paralyses were changing. I was starting to believe that my fear was definitely manifesting into hallucinations, but also that fear attracts interdimensional dark beings so they can feed off the negative energy. I would imagine that a dark entity is sadistic. Just as being cruel to others, or witnessing it, makes sadistic humans feel good, it would also make sadistic spirits feel good, or maybe even actually feed them. So, if there is fear, they help it amplify. Some of my sleep paralyses were exactly the same, but in some, my fear was starting to become courage.

(Dream) The hands ‘woke me up’, but they weren’t trying to hold me down, they were trying to push me out of bed. I was fighting them, but this time I was trying to get them to leave me alone so I could sleep. For some reason that I wasn’t aware of I didn’t feel surprised that this was happening. I kept pushing back and slapping them away from me, “Leave me alone I just wanna sleep!” They eventually pushed me completely off the bed and I landed on my feet. Frustrated, I grabbed the window AC remote off of the dresser and threw it at where my head would be while sleeping, in an attempt to wake myself up. I yelled, “Fine! I’ll go!”

I walked out of the room and went to the front door. I opened the door, but impatiently morphed through the gate. As soon as I got outside I tried to take off flying, but I could feel the uncertainty inside and it caused me to stall out. It reminds me of how *Iron Man’s* suit is when it’s low on power, trying to fly and keep balance, but the jet boots keep glitching on and off. I eventually got it and flew up above the houses, but some of them were blurry, “Focus, focus, focus! Find the landmark!” Even though I knew I was dreaming I was still having trouble staying afloat. I started to feel the rope pulling me back, “No! Focus! I’m stronger than that!” I took off soaring unbalanced towards a blurred vision of my landmark, but a few seconds after I took off I was tackled out of the sky. I hit the ground, slid a few feet, got my balance with one knee on the ground and prepared to defend myself.

I quickly scanned my surroundings and then looked up, to see myself hovering about twenty feet in the air, smiling back at me. It really caught me off guard, but for some reason, I still wasn’t surprised. He (I) nodded his head for me to come with him, “Come on.” I knew what he meant, but I said, “Not yet, hold on, I’m still adjusting,” and I took off flying back towards my original destination. I ended up back in front of my place with people outside. I went towards a girl and started kissing her. She started to become blurry, but I kept going trying to keep my focus, until everything completely phased out into me waking up.

When I saw myself hovering after tackling me, I knew exactly what he

wanted me to do. When he nodded for me to come with him, he wanted me to come train, fight and face some fears. It felt almost routine. Normally the hands freaked me the hell out, but I wasn't surprised at the hands trying to push me out of bed, or at him/me, and I knew exactly what he/I meant. I knew this in the dream, but had no idea how I knew it after waking up.

While in waking life, I couldn't remember certain things that I could while dreaming. While dreaming I started to become different, and each time I woke up from one of these dreams, I could still feel the difference. I was growing a little bit with each dream. Every time I faced a fear I would gain a little more courage. I've woken up a few times only with the feeling that I'd just accomplished something. I woke up with a confidence boost or a comforting feeling, but no recollection of the dream.

There are obviously multiple levels of dreaming, like the dream within a dream scenario. In lucid dream state (which would now only last about a minute or two) I couldn't remember stuff from subconscious dream state, vice versa, and in waking life I could only piece together the visuals and emotions I could remember, whether together or separate. At the time I thought it was all me. I thought my courage was overcoming everything and I was doing it all on my own. I had no clue that the reason I would phase out every time I realized I was dreaming was because they wanted me to be completely 'subconscious' while they programmed me.

Two nights in a row I had a fist fighting fear facing dream. The first night I was fighting a terrifying evil monster. I was already in the middle of the fight when 'I' arrived. 'I' zoomed in to see this fight already taking place. The monster was winning when we both got each other in a headlock. Going back and forth with both of our grips tightening, I looked the monster in the eyes and grunted, "Why...am I...afraid...of you?!" I could feel the fear and confusion when I woke up, but I also had the feeling of being there on purpose.

The next night, 'I' arrived as I was fighting a different monster, just as

scary, but I had no fear. I was going toe to toe with it 100% confident that I could win, and with that mentality, it could not overpower me. I started to lose concentration and it got the upper hand. It was smiling at me as it was about to win and I phased out and woke up. I lost concentration because I started to realize what was going on. My subconscious self was already fighting the monster when my conscious self-arrived, like a movie camera zooming in to the scene. I lost concentration when my subconscious and conscious self started to merge together. It didn't bother me knowing the monster was about to win, what bothered me was seeing/realizing two sides of myself, and how and why the fuck was this happening?

I had a similar dream a few weeks later. I was watching my subconscious self fighting a bunch of different monsters, aliens, and ghosts, all at the same time. Every single one of their blows was precisely calculated, blocked, and met with a direct hit. I was fighting like Bruce Lee on cocaine. Subconscious me didn't know I was dreaming until conscious me showed up. Once my subconscious self realized it was a dream, or that 'I' was there, we began to share perspectives, like two halves of the whole. I was fighting all of them telling my (other) self, "Don't be afraid of them no matter what they look like!" At that moment I realized that I was training myself. I was facing and fighting my fears. But now, I'm not too sure I was the one in control of this.

I'm only guessing when I say my subconscious self and my conscious self. I probably could've wrote it that way on the me-1 and me-a dream, but I could not tell the difference in that dream. Not only could I not tell the difference, but like I said, it was like having four eyes. Maybe it was even eternal me and earth me, but at the same time it could've all been their manipulation. I've learned a lot more about dream manipulation recently and I've learned that one of the ways they program us is by first and third person awareness. Viewing our self doing something from the third person helps program our memory into believing that we've done it, or once we're activated we 'step outside of our self' and watch 'someone else' commit the

action. Something like that. Anyway, whatever was actually happening, I know how to fight like Bruce Lee. Well, at least in my dreams.

It's a weird feeling I get whenever I try to access it. For the longest time, I knew I *knew* how to fight, but I couldn't explain why. I know it's there, but it's like it's on the top shelf and I can't reach it unless I absolutely need to. I can see it clearly with a blurry river type wormhole in between us. I can feel the wiring of the fighting moves, but it's like there's an on/off switch. Unless I actually get into 'fight mode', not practice mode, but really getting ready to fight, fight mode, they're only in my head. I know that self-defense is either a natural trigger or one of theirs and I wouldn't be surprised if I had a few other triggers as well. I've actually been afraid of myself for the longest time because of one trigger. When someone is intentionally pushing my buttons, trying to physically or emotionally bully me (or bully others), I start to lose my shit. Whenever there's a potential 'bully' around I get really scared of what I might do if they cross a line, especially if they're not afraid to. Anyways, as far as I know, unless the line is crossed, it is access denied. I can see it clearly, sometimes access slow motion, but nothing else until I'm actually fighting or dreaming about fighting.

I'm not sure how long they've been programming me to fight. There are a few different retrospective realizations and theories I've come up with, but who knows. Whether I was a kid with a certain amount of natural defense talent or not, at the very least, over the last few years in my dreams, I have become a fucking ninja warrior when I'm not bitch moaning and whimper squirming to get out of sleep paralysis.

This next story of knowing, but not knowing how I know it, happened about a year or so after the part of the story we're in. But to make another connection I'm going to tell it now. I was at a friend's wedding, I was pretty buzzed, and out back talking with a couple of friend's and a new face. He was a gunsmith and was talking about his love for guns. I've had a few different kinds of guns in my life, but I have never taken one apart, or even really got into any of the specific details of them other than, "Does it fire?"

While he was talking, I could not only see in my mind every detail he

was talking about, but I knew exactly what he was talking about. Him and another friend were mostly going back and forth, but my other friend interrupted, “Come on. Am I the only one who’s gonna be real and say that I don’t know what he’s talking about?” My friend answered, “Nahh, I do know what he’s talking about.” And I responded the same, but instantly realized and thought, “But how do I know what he’s talking about?” I stopped paying attention and really started to think about it. And again, I’ve never gotten that far into the details of guns. I’ve tried to recall what he was saying and think of different parts of guns on my own and I can’t think of shit right now. Maybe it was the alcohol mixed with information my subconscious has picked up over the years, but I don’t know for certain how I knew it then yet don’t know it now.

(Dream) Soooo calm and regular. The hands were playful. One stuck its finger in my ear to ‘wake me up’... But when I ‘awoke’ I was driving. I questioned whether or not I was dreaming. All of the sudden I felt too ‘high’ to drive. My ‘intoxication’ made my surroundings become fuzzy. I was about to enter a highway tunnel but knew I would crash. The surroundings and my ‘fuzzy head’ mixed together and transformed into me being in an empty building. After the transformation I knew I was dreaming, and suddenly heard my alarm clock, “Shit I must have set it somehow. I might as well do what I can, it’ll be over soon.”

I opened a door and walked into an office room. I wanted to manifest a chick but a big guy showed up ready to fight. I smiled, “Okay.” He smiled, made fists, and put his arms up, “Come on.” I threw a jab, but missed and he grabbed my arm. I stayed still holding my arm out, still smiling, thinking, “No, you can’t do shit.” He apologized and let go. We stopped and stood there for a moment and then I asked, “So where am I? Why did you show up (a few more showed up) I know we’re in me and this is in my dream center but...” He looked confused, “In you? Dream center?” I started getting real fuzzy. I tried to focus, but everything blurred into each other again and faded out. I ‘woke up’ to a Spanish music station with a lot of radio static, listened

in confusion for about twenty seconds, and then really woke up, to just the sound maker. My first thought was of the signal 'dream' I had when I saw my friend standing in front of me with the maroon-ish pink-ish light behind him and then waking up to his missed call.

After finding out that I'm a TI, there's been a few occasions my alarm clock has gone off on its own. Each time it went off at a time it wasn't set for, and twice it has gone off without the knob being set. It took me a while to realize this, but I think me hearing the alarm clock in my dream was their first attempt to wake me up out of lucid dreaming. I think they made my alarm clock go off trying to wake me (or at least made me hear it), and when that didn't work, they used the signal shit on me. I can't tell you how many times I've phased out or have been roped out of a lucid dream.

(Dream) I 'woke up' and looked at the clock. It was 1:10 AM. I kept floating up and around, but I couldn't land on my feet. I tried to wiggle my fingers on both hands to try and wake myself up, but nothing. I wiggled them over and over, yet it wasn't doing anything. I could finally move my arm and I tried to smash my radio. I then teleported up standing above my sleeping self and tried to smash my sleeping body's face with the radio to wake me up. All of the sudden I got pulled into a wrestling match with a shadow figure on my bed. We rolled and rolled, in and out of headlocks. I went back and forth between being angry and afraid, until I was only angry.

My anger quickly left and I became extremely calm and clear. I bear hugged the shadow figure and said, "You cannot hold me..." The shadow frantically began trying to get away. My arms squeezed inward until my hands were holding the bottom of a miniature tornado. I could feel the strong wind and hear it screeching as it tried to escape. This tornado was swirling out of control, trying to escape, but my arms and grip didn't budge. "...because of God, and because I am one of God's soldiers." I woke up and looked at the clock, it was 1:14 AM.

That was a lonnnng four minutes. I've seen the time on the clock a few times and then have woken up a few minutes later, which was a few minutes

after the time I saw on the clock. I'm sure the internal clock has something to do with it and I wouldn't doubt that they could've told/shown me, but dreams and astral projection have existed long before this technology was invented (by us [who knows about ETs], this time, technically they have both existed forever).

(Dream) At the end of this dream I was in a backyard I didn't recognize. There was a clear lizard running around the backyard and climbing all over the walls.

I woke up and headed to my mom's house for breakfast. When I got there and went to open the garage, I saw a dead lizard laying on its back. Its belly (bottom) was the same color as the concrete making it appear to be camouflage with the ground. Other than having one for a pet as a child, and even though I live in a desert, I've seen a lizard twice that I can recall around her house.

This dream was precognitive, but also had another 'message'. Whether it was their Manchurian messiah manipulation or not, it had that type of effect on me.

(Dream) It started off in some kind of futuristic and medieval mixed prison. I was an inmate being transferred to somewhere else. A small riot broke out and everyone started trying to escape. I made it to the outside walls, which were made of brick and looked like an old castle. I fell off the wall and floated down like a feather. That's when I realized I was dreaming.

After I hit the ground the dream faded out and immediately back in to me running with a group of people, being chased through grass hills, on a cloudy day, heading towards a forest. I still knew I was dreaming, but confused at the way the group I was with was acting. We stopped for a moment to regroup and catch our breath. One of the group members said to another (talking about me), "We at least need to get him to the cross!" They were talking about a crossroad, and right after they said it I saw a crossroad made out of gigantic tree roots coming out of the ground. They didn't say that

was it and I wasn't sure, but we kept running. We ran towards the forest, down a grass hill with a bunch of tree branches and roots sticking out of the ground.

We tried to make it down the hill but couldn't, and a lady in the group said, "We have to go through the tops of the trees!" She led the way and they all made it and waited for me. I couldn't make it, but kept trying to climb up the tree, until the group chasing us caught up and pulled me down. Their leader was a queen with a constantly changing face, morphing from face to face. As soon as she walked up to me and was about to speak, everything faded out and immediately back in.

I was now on the edge of a BEAUTIFUL forest sitting at a wooden bench. To the right of the bench (from where I was sitting) were boulders coming out of the grass, tall enough to form a wall next to and shade the bench. In front of me was the actual forest, pine trees, plants, and flowers. From the distant left, coming all the way down to behind me and further, was a stream with rocks coming out of the water. On the other side of the stream were green mountains.

I was sitting on the left side of a little boy. Sitting across from me was a gorgeous woman, next to her was a man, and next to him, sitting across from the little boy, was an old lady. I still knew I was dreaming and I wanted to give all of my attention to the woman. I didn't know or care how I got there. I climbed on top of the table to sit in front of her and we started going at it. The man says, "No! You need to listen!" I looked over at him annoyed and replied, "I don't want to pay attention to you, I want her." I looked back at her and we continued.

He grabbed my leg, scooted himself through the woman and we both morphed into walking away from the table, alongside the stream. He was now holding me by the arm, forcing me to quickly walk with him. We stopped shortly after and he stood in front of me. He loosened his grip, but still had his hand on my shoulder, he was serious and in a hurry to tell me, "You are meant to do this. This is your purpose, but you need to take the little kid out of your message." I started getting teary eyed when I registered the

first part of what he said.

The scenery changed as we walked to his house. When we went inside, there was an old friend I used to know, playing a *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles/Street Fighter* type game on a super big screen TV. I started to walk away because I wanted to do something else other than play a game or be in that scenario while dreaming, and he said, “Wait... You’re going to be offered a choice soon, don’t take it.” I didn’t understand, but nodded anyway and left. I walked back out of the door I came in, but it led to a hallway. There was a sexxy woman in lingerie standing in front of her room door, “Alright, now it’s my turn, come and get it.” She grabbed me, rushed me in her room, and she laid on the bed. As soon as I got on top of her I woke up, but not completely.

It was another fade out and in scenario, between the dream and really waking up, and I somehow had the choice now if I wanted to fade back in (this wasn’t the choice my friend was talking about). I could fade back in, continue, and risk forgetting the dream, or I could fade out right then and write everything down. I really wanted to stay, but I forced myself to get up and write the dream.

The next night a friend and I drank some tea and walked around for a bit. I really didn’t want to do it at all. I only like doing it by myself now in the dark room. So, I only drank a very small amount because of my grieving process. We didn’t really have a destination so we decided to walk to his girl’s house for the time being. This was the first time I’d ever been to her house, and I actually just met her kids a few weeks earlier at a bbq.

Her kids remembered me and one immediately started showing me his toys. Immediately, like I was still halfway in the door. Right around the corner was their little play area and he laid a few of his toys out on his little Ninja Turtle table that was right next to their video gaming system. We eventually left and headed to a park where another friend met us and hung out for a little bit.

Both of my friends had just gotten out of prison. I’m not sure if one’s sentence expired (meaning he did his full sentence and got out without

parole) or not but I know that one was on parole. One had his head on straight now, and the other seemed like it at the time. They started talking about renting a house together. They hadn't mentioned it directly to me yet, but as they were talking, I started thinking of moving out of my spot and if they were really trying to do good, then I wouldn't mind living with them. The exact second one of them brought up me being the third roommate, a cockroach started crawling up my leg. I instantly remembered, "You're going to be offered a choice..."

The conversation went on for a bit and we all ended up going our own ways. When I got home I started writing everything down. As soon as I wrote the last sentence a cockroach crawled under the door and by my foot. A few weeks later one of my friends (from the park) met my friend's (from the dream) ex-girlfriend at a bar and the two hung out for a couple of weeks. The friends from the park have never met the friend from the dream.

(Dream) I 'woke up' stuck in sleep paralysis. I was pretty scared and a bit squirmy, but something was different. I felt a warmth, of sorts. I was afraid because of what always happened in sleep paralysis, but my chest felt comfortable. It reminded me of love, and I mumbled, "Ii llo,vv,ve yyou." I sensed a woman, physically felt her kiss my forehead, and heard/felt the words, "I love you too."

(Dream) A good friend died and it hurt. This lasted for a few minutes until I thought I'd really woken up and began writing the dream down. I was still crying as I was writing, as if it had really happened. All of the sudden I felt a poke on my back, just above my hip and just below my ribcage, that woke me up for real. Upon awakening I had tears in my eyes and I could still feel the pressure leaving from where I'd been poked.

I can most certainly see how any of these dreams could've been man(child)made invasions, but when the sleep paralysis began, I would wake up throughout the night, turn on the light, go into the bathroom, and smoke a

cigarette. It became an every night thing, sometimes multiple times a night. Sometimes I would sit there, tired and chain smoking, dreading going back to sleep. But by the end of it, after I felt unconditional love, met my fears, and around the times of these dreams, after waking up from sleep paralysis or bad dreams, I would calmly open my eyes, shut them, and fall right back to sleep. Except for the rare occasion, I eventually stopped having sleep paralysis and lucid dreams. It went back and forth between good and bad dreams, and barely remembering any of them.

CHAPTER 16

I HAVE A REQUEST

Other than the few example stories, the next stories I'm going to tell, happened after my next (and as of now, last) journey. I'm gonna tell them first, hopefully, for a better understanding of the journey. This is when I began to understand my circumstances a little bit better, but nowhere near how deep it actually is.

A very long time ago, when I was still in middle school and we all had pagers, I got a page and we went to a payphone, by a grocery store, next to a couple soda machines. I picked up the phone, dialed, and waited for the other end to pick up. I had the phone up to my ear and was holding the metal phone cord. I turned to lean on the soda machine, put my hand on a metal lock and BAM! I got fucking electrocuted. It shocked me so much that I unwillingly jumped back, and since the phone was connected to the booth, it yanked out of my hand.

My friends laughed at me thinking I was messing around but I told them that shit really just happened! I told them exactly what I did and one went and tried. BAM! He electrocuted himself. The next one tried and the same outcome. One of my friends even went twice, and tried to get us to go again, but once was enough for us. A few people were watching and I'm sure

they told someone else because when we went back the next day the soda machines were moved at least ten feet from the payphone.

The point is, I've been electrocuted before. I know what it feels like. Coincidentally, I think I was electrocuted purposely, by the universe, so I would know what it felt like the next time it happened.

When this experience happened I was so shocked that I debated whether or not it was sleep paralysis. I could literally feel my fear trying to convince me that it was 'just a bad dream'. But the more time I've had to digest it (and everything else in general), the more I've learned and experienced since then, I know that it wasn't.

I woke up to feeling a pressure on the bed by my feet, as if someone leaned on it, immediately followed by the sheets being pulled off. I got scared as fuck, made a little bitch whimper, tried to turn to defend myself, but instantly got hit with some kind of electrical signal and became paralyzed. I didn't groan like in sleep paralysis, I cried out. I was already in motion, as in not paralyzed yet, to turn to defend myself, and then, became paralyzed.

This signal felt somewhat similar to the others, when my friend called and I felt the signal hitting my forehead, and some of the infomercials, music, etc., dreams. But this one was extremely amplified, and all over my body. It felt exactly like I was being electrocuted. I couldn't see much else, but I could see the blue light shining and I could hear the sound maker. Over the sound maker I could hear a rapid pulse siren radar type noise. I tried every trick I could think of to get out of sleep paralysis. I tried wiggling my fingers and toes. I squirmed with all my might, but nothing worked.

The pulse noise became louder and quicker. I began to feel pressure in my lower stomach and nuts. I was panicking, still trying everything I could, when I told myself, "Alright focus focus focus!" I calmed myself down and lost my fear but was still paralyzed with the same additions. The pressure in my stomach and nuts started to turn into pain, the radar pulse noise was getting louder and faster. I tried again to move my fingers, still nothing. Just when I was starting to get scared again, it stopped. It felt like it lasted for

about a minute.

I didn't jolt up like I'd just woken up from a nightmare, I was let go. The noise stopped, the pressure stopped, and I was let go out of electrical paralysis. The sound maker did fade out as the noise got louder but it didn't skip a beat, and the light had the same blue brightness. I quickly scanned the room but nothing was there.

A few mornings after that, I woke up and laid still for a few seconds. I have a blanket hanging over my room window like a curtain to make it darker during the day. There is a small window in the bathroom, where light comes through in the morning/day. Before going to bed I leave that door cracked, but when I get up at night to piss, sometimes I forget and leave it open, which I did that night.

I barely opened my eyes, and out of the corner, I saw a giant dark figure standing in front of the bathroom door. I leaned up fast, scared and ready to tackle something, but it was gone. Of course my mind could've been playing tricks on me, or they could've been playing tricks on my mind, but I distinctly remember a big shadow blocking the light from the bathroom, and then not.

A day or so afterwards, in the evening, I checked my phone and had a few missed calls and text messages from a neighbor friend. I called him back and he told me something weird was going on. I told him I'd be home in fifteen minutes and we'd talk then. I got there and he told me, he came outside to get some air, and he heard someone moving around in my living room area, but noticed the light was off. At first he thought it was me, but then he realized my car wasn't there. He quietly sat there and listened. After a few minutes he said it sounded like someone was going through and moving stuff around. He walked closer to the wall to see if he could hear clearer.

As soon as he put his ear to the wall, the noises stopped. He said he listened for a while after, but didn't hear anything else after putting his ear to the wall. That's when I told him what had happened a few days earlier. He

was the first person I told this story too. No one knew, he didn't know and he heard someone or something moving around inside my living room area. Maybe his mind was playing tricks on him as well. Maybe they were playing tricks on his mind for him to relay it back to me. Or maybe someone was actually inside looking for something specific (but nothing special), from my journey.

After several signal dreams, after my last journey, and finally after being electrocuted with a similar signal in my bed in the middle of the night, I began to look up signal weapons, brainwave weapons, etc. I came across the technology, wrote some basic information down, and didn't look any further into it until a few months later. I needed time just to digest the possibility that it was what I was experiencing. God, precognitive dreams, extremely well timed coincidences, angels, demons, secret agents, aliens, and now mind control weapons?! Not just subliminal TV mind control but put voices in your head and read your mind control weapons! Oh my voice of god weapon.

Shortly after being electrocuted I ended up getting stomach acid problems. I had to drastically change my diet, which is a good thing in a way, but meant no more energy drinks. I was now more tired than usual (not to mention a few other health issues I was having), and ended up getting in trouble at work for an honest, but could've been a serious mistake. (It's irrelevant but it's more than possible it was all set up by *them*) I didn't get fired but I got suspended and my hours were reduced to practically none, so I quit. Having time to adjust to a 100% daylight schedule did wonders, and having a couple months in between jobs gave me time and finally the courage to further my investigation.

After a lot of reading, watching videos, and comparing my experiences, I began thinking about the possibilities of my last journey and my experiences in general. I eventually assumed someone was listening to my thoughts all the time, or at least recording them and going back and listening to key phrases. Regardless of them hearing the process, I debated what to say

directly to whoever this was. One night before going to sleep, my mind ran wild with questions, with one of my last thoughts being, “I wish you would just let me know, like, speak to me in your own voice so I can tell that you’re really there.” I drifted off to sleep soon after.

I woke up from a dream where I was desperately trying to keep someone or something out of my room. I was trying my hardest to keep the door shut while it violently rammed and pushed trying to get in. I laid still for a moment after waking, with my eyes shut, but something was weird. I couldn’t put my finger on it, I just had a funny feeling, and I thought I could hear someone talking. So, I shut off the AC unit, and as soon as the noise from it was gone I could hear music.

The music was loud. **LOUD**. I could hear the melody crystal clear but the woman singing sounded muffled. I looked at the clock and it was 1:45AM. It was way too late for the neighbors (older folks with young kids) to be playing music that loud, my alarm clock radio can’t get that loud, and I knew my bathroom radio wasn’t on because I unplug it when it’s not in use. I laid there for about a full minute listening, excited and afraid. “Is this really happening?!” The more I focused the more I knew it was inside my head. The feeling was like a lightheaded buzz signal. The way it sounded was a volume I’ve not quite heard, and for as loud as it was, there was no bass or vibration of any kind.

During that minute I also thought, “If it is in my head then I’m willing to bet that there’s a signal directed right at my head.” I hesitated for a moment but then leapt up quickly, and just like that, silence. The only thing I could hear was my fan, other than that, it was silent. The extremely loud music went completely silent the exact moment I leapt up.

I got up and went to the bathroom to smoke a cigarette. I sat down, lit the cigarette, and could not think clearly. “Holy shit, holy shit, holy, shit. This is really happening. The dreams. My journey. The sleep paralysis. Holy shit they can read minds!” After a few seconds I could hear the music again. It ‘zoomed’ back in, and became just as loud as was before. I couldn’t believe

it. I started laughing and tried to see if I could make sense of the words or see if I recognized the song, but I couldn't. The melody was still crystal clear and the woman's voice was still a staticky muffle. I listened to the music laughing while finishing my cigarette, and went back to bed.

When I got up to go back to bed the music fuzz lowered like someone turned the volume knob up and down, but it was because of my movement. I could hear the in and out sound follow me as I walked back to bed and a second after I laid back down it went back to full blast, with no bass. I laid there for a few minutes before saying, "Alright, thank you for showing me, but I wanna go back to sleep." It didn't turn off right then so I turned on the AC to drown it out. I could still hear it very lightly because I knew it was there, and my head still felt the light fuzz, but I focused on the sound of the AC and drifted back to sleep.

(I have a request and a question, for the no it all. Using a radio, car, or computer speakers, and you will need a remote, but standing one foot, five feet, and then about ten feet away, please slowly turn the volume up and listen closely. Now, put on some headphones and without causing discomfort, please slowly turn the volume up. Now, hearing the music in my head wasn't quite like the headphones but its close enough and a good enough example to ask this question, "Can you tell the difference between the two or are you fucking retarded?" Then why would you automatically think I might not know what I'm talking about? Because you're afraid, not because you think I'm crazy. Isn't this a comparison I would have to use on a child? Another quick re-question, think of your favorite song and play it in your mind, or better yet listen to the voice you hear in your head while you read this. Are you using your ears to hear it? Are you sure or are you the stupidest person on earth?)

Before the next part, this experience happened a few years prior, and I believed it was God at the time. I was in the bathroom, imagining I had a girlfriend, when God began speaking to me. I don't remember what the conversation was about, but about two minutes into it, I was responding when

god interrupted, “Take your di@# out of your hand when you’re talking to me.” I started laughing my ass off, “Sorry, sorry, but wait, holy shit you really are God why would my own brain tell me that?!” “Yes, I am God.” (and I watch you while you touch yourself [bad dreams tonight])

The next few days after hearing the music, I went back and forth about how I felt about it. I was excited, angry, scared, and still stressed out over regular bullshit. I was also having a very hard time believing that it was getting this deep. I could feel my fear trying to block it out and convince me that it couldn’t have really happened. “There’s no way they can have the technology to do this! Oh my God they have the technology to do this! This is amazing! Think of all the awesome things we can do!” And all the horrible things that children do with it. “But the way you guys are using it is wrong! How long have you been...” I started thinking about previous experiences, and I hadn’t even scratched the surface of putting it all the way together.

I ended up getting a little too angry and then something clicked. I started laughing hysterically and making fun of whoever was listening, during my private time. I couldn’t stop laughing for like five minutes. I kept going back and forth between making fun of them and almost crying from laughing. You know how funny sex faces are when you’re not having sex, or not in the mood, they’re fucking funny. I saw my face through their eyes, “Oh, my, God! Hahahahaha! You watch,, you listen,, you watch me when I’m,, when, Hahahahahaha!”...

That night I became stuck in sleep paralysis. Nothing physical (shadow figures etc.) was there but I could hear a few different sound effect type noises, specifically a chainsaw. All these different noises were surrounding me, flying passed and swirling around, but the chainsaw was right next to me. I was scared but way more confused, “What the fuck?! Is that a chainsaw?!” I was stuck for a few minutes but finally woke up, and eventually calmed down.

I didn’t put two and two together at first and started trying to go back to sleep. But every time I dozed off, I would jolt awake. I tried and tried but

every time I almost fell asleep something jolted me awake, like a little buzzer shocking my body, mind, and popping my eyes open. I started getting frustrated, eventually realized what was happening, and said aloud, “Why?! Please just let me go to sleep! Why are you doing this?!” A thought of me making fun of them popped into my head. “Are you serious?! Oh my God but you do! So what I can’t say anything about...” I guess freedom of speech doesn’t work with the invasion of privacy perverts watching me. Seriously, the shit they’re doing, and they somehow justify it to themselves that I’m wrong? After a minute or so of them demanding that I apologize, a small interrogation began.

Around this time I started to get the very bad feeling that something big was going to happen, and we might have to go into survival mode. Whether it be zombies (bath salt guys), alien invasion, world war three or a revolution, I decided I should start gathering some kind of supplies. (I had about thirty cases of water and three and a half backpacks full of little things.) A very long time ago a friend showed me a glimpse of the anarchist’s cookbook. The two things I remembered was cutting and filling a tennis ball up with strike anywhere matches to make a smaller kind of bomb. (I’ve noticed before this but certainly during this period, that I couldn’t find strike anywhere matches anywhere. I haven’t searched that hard though.) The other was letting styrofoam melt/soak in gasoline and it creates a type of napalm. Although I tried the napalm, I was in a Manchurian messiah but true mind state of striving for peace, so my intentions were for a source of long lasting possibly waterproof fire, and/or distractions. (On but off the topic, I’ve also realized the whole safety additive to cigarettes isn’t to prevent fires, it’s because a cigarette could’ve been used as a five minute fuse.)

About two months after being electrocuted in my room in the middle of the night I started writing this ‘book’. After finding out that they could not only read my thoughts but read anything I wrote down, I started typing and saving single stories as I found them or remembered them. One of the first stories I typed was my first tea trip of seeing the sphere and going to hell. I wrote that story a few weeks before this experience, and my thought process

was on the other stories I needed to get out.

A minute or so after demanding an apology for making fun of them, my thoughts started asking me about my first tea trip. I replied that what they were doing to me right now, was the same darkness I had in me when I threw those fireballs. That same revenge for the things that have happened to me, the same ‘I know what’s best for the world’ and ‘my pain justifies my vengeance’ even if I hurt the innocent. My abuse of power was the same darkness. They had all the power and I had none. I had no way of defending myself against bullies with highly sophisticated technology. I was a giant stepping on defenseless (and innocent for the most part) ants, they were giants picking on a defenseless (and innocent for the most part) ant. Not including the others, but in this exact moment, they were using this tech because I offended their ego.

My thoughts said it wasn’t the same, demanded that it wasn’t the same, and demanded an apology. I insisted right back but by trying to use conceptual thoughts instead of words. They dropped it and then brought up the makeshift napalm. “Oh my God are you serious?! Survival gear?!” I flashed a thought of trying to survive a war in a post-apocalyptic world. “Are you kidding?! What am I supposed to do if that happens?!” My thoughts became frustrated and went back to the original argument, demanding an apology for making fun of them. I was just about to apologize and then refused, “I will apologize but not now, not under these circumstances. I will not apologize because I want you to stop and I want to go to sleep, but I will apologize later when everything is calm and I mean it.”

My thoughts didn’t believe me and demanded for an apology again! “No! You’re going to apologize right now!” I repeated myself, and then tried to tune them out, with the concept in my mind being, “I may have offended you, but you’re in my mind.” My thoughts kept at it for a few minutes but eventually calmed down, and I went to sleep soon after, and stayed asleep. A day or so later I apologized for what I said.

Some of you might ask why I would apologize. Some might ask why the fuck would I apologize?! To be honest I don’t completely feel the same

way I did in that moment but I'm still trying to hold onto it, and hopefully the journey I had before this will answer that question.

CHAPTER 17

REMEMBER

“Where do you think my voice would come from?”

The eternal hourglass. Although *The Everything* is far beyond our comprehension and would take more than several million life times to imagine/collect all the possibilities, it eventually ends. Its existence is eternal, but eventually, the possibilities, objects, shells, personalities, dimensions, etc., end. Imagine an hourglass with a zillion ‘blank’ grains of sand, and each grain represents a single cycle of life. The center of the hour glass is existence. Whether it takes a month or a thousand years, each grain of sand passes through. Once the grain passes through it becomes ‘light’, and once every single grain of sand has gone through, they become complete. Every conscious experience/life has been lived by that eternal soul and that soul becomes ‘God’. Once God has been God for ‘a while’, it eventually gets bored. It shakes the ‘Heaven’ out of the hour glass and turns it back over to start the cycle over again in a different way. It takes a different road to becoming God. The infinity symbol hourglass goes round and round forever.... Something like that.

~

Although I didn't know how, this experience was the first time I knew someone else's voice was being projected into my head. I know now what I know now and I will point out a few things afterwards, but for the most part I'm going to tell the story the way I experienced it and what I believed was happening at the time.

I drank the tea and it started off bad as usual, uncomfortable and then crept into bad. I really hoped to bypass the bad part and I also really wanted to travel through inner space to the same realm I went to before, or at least somewhere similar. I kept my eyes closed and focused. After a few minutes, the darkness started to have waves. The waves all had a hint of random color, just enough to tell they were there. At first it was just the waves, waves amongst waves. Some in front of the others and some bigger than others. They were flowing in two directions, left to right and right to left. A few minutes after the waves began, they started to move around each other, above or below and side around side. Eventually, part of one wave would hit another and when the ends of each wave passed each other, there was an opening, a gap to where I could see outer space. This began to happen in a few different areas and as it did, the waves started to have a cartoonish look to them, and outer space looked just like I was looking up at the night sky (away from the city).

I began to get impatient and frustrated, and I thought, subconsciously, scared. I wanted to go further but I just couldn't lay still and focus. I wanted to bypass the bad part like I did the time I left, but for some reason I could feel that that wasn't going to happen. It started to flood my mind, I could not stop thinking about the bad part, and I lost focus. I opened my eyes, closed them again, tossed, turned, and finally stopped on my side with my eyes closed. I didn't feel negative at that moment, but what I began to see sure was. It was like the first time I tried DMT, everything around me was becoming nightmarish, but it wasn't affecting me emotionally, yet.

I'd seen this before, not exactly the same but the same scenario and I wondered why this was happening. I then wondered how I could see all of this negative terrifying evilness and not be afraid. The 'pictures' changed, but the circumstance stayed the same, until I started to get angry. I started to get angry with what I was seeing, and why (I didn't know) I was seeing it. I started to see a face, staring at me. It was camouflaged within the darkness somewhat behind everything else I saw but the more I stared at it the more its features went into focus. The face was demonic with a calm but evil grin. I

started to get so angry that I wanted to lash out and violently hurt it, and that's when the atmosphere and I began to merge and (I thought) I realized what I was looking at.

It was my hatred, it was my pain, it was my shame, and it was my fear. I was repressing my grief and it manifested all around me. Even to this day I refuse to feel most of the things that bother me. I bottle them up and numb them by getting high or drunk. For the most part I've always mentally absorbed the truth, but I emotionally pretend that it doesn't exist. I still feel the depression, but I don't face it. Instead of allowing my heart to break and then heal itself, I bury my pain deep, deep into a place where it became my 'dark side'. I was the 'me' that didn't want to feel, that was afraid to feel pain, and it was the growth and sum of all those feelings I'd bottled up. The nightmare and I were two vibrating clouds of smoke mixing together to form one.

It was a weird feeling, merging with that anger. The first few seconds I had this realization came in small waves, but when 'we' fully merged it was like a tidal wave, a tsunami, or like a giant dam breaking. I was so fucking angry I could feel it in my bones. I began to get all kinds of hateful thoughts of revenge. This lasted for about a full minute before I got a glimpse of my first tea trip, me consumed by power and hatred, destroying cities, and then God sending me to hell. I felt a tiny bit of fear, but that fear was like a steroid shot for my anger. "After everything I've been through and you send me to hell! You still let all this bad shit happen all over the world! Fuck spiritual growth if it comes with so much pain!" I could feel my teeth grind and my fists clench, and then I became overwhelmed with sadness.

It's been over ten years since I had my first tea trip, and this was still in me. I knew I was so much better than before, but it was still there. I didn't want to use my anger to fight evil. I didn't want to be love's force field, I wanted to be love. I didn't care if God let me into heaven or sent me back to hell, or care of any kind of judgment, I just didn't want this in me anymore. Fuck God's approval, fuck your approval, fuck the justifications, fuck who deserves what they deserve, and fuck revenge, I don't want to feel this

anymore. I don't want to be angry, I don't want to be afraid, I don't want to feel any of this anymore. I could feel the tears start up and I thought again of me throwing those fireballs, I thought of things I've done in real life, and I completely broke down.

I was no longer concerned with the things that have happened to me, but I felt horrible for the things I've done. How could I be mad or judge anyone for their flaws when I have so many of my own. How could I crave revenge and yet pray for redemption. I began to believe that there was only one way to get true redemption. I felt so horrible I almost went to a police station to confess all my crimes or sins or whatever so I could be punished, and it's been a verrrry long time since I've done anything bad enough to worry about the police. I started to believe that it was the only way to find redemption and make things right. And right beside this feeling, was a voice trying to convince me to do so. But I also felt a smaller voice inside telling me that it would accomplish practically nothing, that even though I could spend those years in prison writing and doing stuff from in there to help, I could do so much more from out here. I battled between these two concepts for a while.

What if in all my best efforts I still fail to help? How could I truly find redemption or peace if I fail? "This is why you need to go to the police station right now and tell them everything! Nothing you've tried, and nothing you're still trying to do is going to matter. You must turn yourself in and that is how you will help the world." I have told you time and again that I have forgiven you. That I love you. You have messed up, and although it's been a long road, and it seems like you haven't accomplished anything, I assure you that you have. Without judgment, think of the people you've met throughout your life and compare yourself. How much time and money have you spent on others without thinking about it, or keeping track. You know how much you care. "You need to go now. It's the only way you will ever be forgiven for anything! You're no good, you are not worthy, you are a monster! Prison is the only answer! Stop being selfish and go to the police station right now!" You are far more worthy than you think, and the fact that you're debating it

proves it. So many people continue to sin without blinking, without remorse, and you've spent most of your life trying to help the people in front of you, and the world itself. You have sacrificed so much, and you've fought for so long, do not give up now. You know what you've done, but you also know who you've become, and you are starting to realize that you've been this person the whole time.

I got up and went to the bathroom to smoke a cigarette, and sit in the light for a bit. As soon as I hit the light switch the light bulb blew out. I couldn't believe it, why now!? I just need some light! I struggled for a moment debating on ignoring the broken glass and plugging in a desk lamp, but decided it wouldn't be the same, I needed light, and a cigarette. So I turned on the room light, cleaned up most of the glass I could see, grabbed a light bulb, and began trying to figure out how the hell I was going to accomplish this mission, when the walls were moving and I could hardly focus on anything other than what was bothering me.

I put up the toilet seat, stepped up, and began trying to keep my balance while unscrewing the cover to the light fixture. I was really having trouble unscrewing it. I just couldn't focus clearly because my attention was still on the debate, but then I saw a little metaphor. I was emotionally unstable, trying to maintain balance, while renewing the light / tripping out trying not to fall while changing a light bulb. The realization didn't completely work but it calmed me down by about 80%. I didn't want to renew a light, I wanted to change the past. I let the cigarette burn for the most part and went back into the dark room.

The conversation was still going but the topics were starting to change. I kept remembering this quote I read a few days earlier, "God has a plan for your life, the enemy has a plan for your life, something something be ready for both or something." I only remembered the first part. I started to realize more and more that some of my responses (to me talking to myself) were trying to manipulate me into feeling, being, or doing negative things to myself, but the voice was being positive about it. Some of my responses were trying to convince me that I would never be good enough, that I would never

be forgiven, unless I did *this*. The voice I heard earlier just wasn't letting go, but very rarely could I tell the difference. I'd believe it, continue listening for a few minutes, until I got an honest feeling and could clearly see the lies it was telling me. Every time I realized the response was positively negative or manipulative I started to joke, "Who the fuck is this bad guy?!"

I laid there for a while talking to 'myself', and still, the more I talked the more I could sense this voice of negativity. I was trying to have a positive uplifting conversation about life and this 'positive' voice was there continuously misguiding me. It wasn't like the first time I heard a positive and negative voice while hallucinating. I could hardly distinguish it from my own thoughts, and sometimes I listened to it as if it was my own response, because after all, it's in my head. I'd be in the middle of a debate, suddenly feel the loving truth show me the voice's manipulation, and realize, "Who the fuck, is this bad guy?!" I started joking more often and remembering, feeling that quote. "God has a plan for your life, the enemy has a plan for your life, something, something, you gotta know which one to embrace and which one to slap in the face or something like that." Who, the fuck, is, this bad guy? I can't remember too much more of that part of the conversation because the tea started to really kick in.

I was still laying down in the dark room. I had my eyes open now watching colors and shapes float around while I talked, but as the tea kicked in, the floating colors turned into outer space, a distant outer space, like I was looking up at the night sky full of stars. I was also laying down in space but where 'I' was, zoomed in and became more focused. 'I' was still 'me' but I was laying just outside of my brain watching it work. I was watching an electrical storm in outer space, with more space (and stars) in the distance. I could see multiple lightning bolts firing in sync with all of my thoughts like watching the light(ning) bounce up and down to music on a computer audio player.

The conversation paused for a moment, but after the transition I started talking to myself again. The positive feeling I kept getting was now separated, and the response was actually coming from somewhere. It was coming from the right

side of the electrical storm, and it claimed it was God. It was the loving, forgiving voice (mostly feeling) that was pointing out the manipulations, and always had a positive solution. Whether it told me I was right or wrong, it wasn't trying to trick me. It was the voice I was trying to have a conversation with. I've had many doubts about my conversations with 'God', even more so now, but always in those moments, I've had no doubt.

Sometimes I'd speak to God with words and sometimes with thought, but for the most part I listened. It kept reassuring me it was God and telling me it had been there all along, always, that I'm the one who loses touch or gets confused. It confirmed some signs, and told me sometimes it was just me looking for something that's not there. God gives me the truth but I don't want to hear it sometimes, so I look for false signs or keep asking the same question until I find the answer I want. God reassured me that I'm not crazy, and that in this cycle of incarnation, I am here for a reason, to tell my story, and that my opinion is important and.... All of the sudden I felt, saw, and heard signal waves come in from the left side of the electrical storm, "*You egotistical crazy son of a bitch what the hell makes you think that this voice is really God and that your opinion is so damn important! Your opinion is nothing!*" I could hear the anger and ridicule in this voice like it hated me. It shocked the hell out of me too. Imagine having a calm discussion with someone and then someone you didn't see was next to you and they start yelling their head off at you.

I felt doubt and fear rush in as I looked directly to where the voice was coming from. I started to respond, "I don't know. I don't think that I.. I'm.. I'm just listening to..." God interrupted me very calmly and spoke to that voice, "I am everywhere and everything. If and when I speak to someone how do you think they would hear me? Where do you think my voice would come from? Out of the air? (with a hint of sarcasm) Out of a satellite maybe? Infinity without and infinity within. My voice would be too great to come from outside, so it comes from within. It comes from inside your own head and appears as one of your own electrical signals."

The other voice stayed silent and I was stuck smiling at it, big cheesy

grin. When ‘God’ interrupted the other voice I looked back towards God. When God was finished speaking I turned to see what the other voice had to say (smiling) and it felt like the voice was looking at me expecting me to respond. I gave a shoulder shrug, “I don’t know!? I’m just listening.” God continued, “If there is no end outward, or inward, how big do you think God is? How big do you think existence is? You can’t even imagine how much space is within you, in-fin-i-ty. I am all and all are me, different personalities of one, your soul opinion is my opinion, your true voice is my voice.”

I was still floating in this giant space cloud lighting up with electricity. During the conversation, the electrical storm was a blur in the background. God’s voice was just there, but every time the voice on the left spoke, I could see a faint vision of, and it felt like, a person talking/yelling into a microphone. I was confused at what I was seeing and why, but I just listened, until the angry voice eventually became silent.

For a long time now, even with all the signs, dreams, and experiences, I’ve been second guessing the last decade of my life. I’ve ‘wasted’ so much time working on ideas, thinking, writing, sketching, blah, blah, blah. I’ve spent so much time alone, while others are traveling, taking real vacations, fine dining, regular dining, partying, simply hanging out, falling in and out of love, having kids, buying houses, LIVING LIFE. I may have not been in prison like some, but this wasn’t living. I didn’t have a bank account, I have no credit cards and I doubt any credit, my phone is in a different name, etc. etc. etc., all to avoid this system and keep my bullshit cover identity. This stupid fucking cover identity, and I’m not even a secret agent! (At least not one who clocks in. I wouldn’t doubt that I’m such a secret agent that it’s even a secret to me.)

I could go on, but the point is at this point in life, I’m exhausted and I’ve spent a lot of my recent time contemplating giving up and finding a real life, a life for me. This has already gotten pretty deep and I haven’t even actually started yet (and I haven’t even found out about the V2K, RNM shit yet). There’s still a chance I could turn back. And seriously, seriously, what the fuck do I know anyway?! What can I truly offer?! I’m not a leader, I may

have a few ideas, but compared to the intelligence out there I'm just a fool with a dream. I've spent all of this time alone, working on bullshit, only to come to the conclusion that I don't know shit. Compared to some I may be smart, but compared to the bigger picture, I, don't, know, shit. God was giving me all the reasons why I should continue and not give up, that overall I don't know shit but my puzzle piece is certainly worth sharing.

God kept reassuring me that 'it' was God because of my confusion and how lost I was. How can I believe that God is speaking to me, why me?! Why do all of the other people I know not have the same things happen to them?! Some have had similar experiences here and there but I have them constantly. (And thank God for the internet, and for all of the people out there who have shared their similar stories) Who the fuck conversates with God? I have to be crazy right?! According to the right side of the electrical storm in outer space, I'm not (100%) crazy, and that at the bare minimum, my life experiences and the little bit of knowledge I've obtained, whether it be from God or optimistic schizophrenia (or top secret dirtbags) should at least be shared for others to pick apart and take what they can from it. It might not be the world, but I can help a few.

God then began to tell me about the people who have been watching me. Not personal details about them but more about my current situation. The extremity of my situation. How extremely not extreme it is. How it's serious but who cares, it's not that big of a deal, because life is a dream. 'He' told me that they'd been monitoring me for a while and that there was an implant in my head, which was the voice from the left side of the electrical storm. I have a scar on top of an indentation on the top of my head that I can't remember where it came from. God was saying that the scar was where they put the implant. God told me that there were three different groups watching me, two human and one extraterrestrial. And that one group was only watching because the others were watching/interacting.

I didn't care what was going on, or why they were doing whatever they were doing, I just wanted answers from them. I was so tired of being in a state of stillness. I've spent over ten years here, with all of these ideas

collecting dust, trying to heal and overcome my fear. I wanted to move forward. I wanted to stop being afraid, and move forward. I didn't care what they were doing to me. I just want this place to be better. Why can't we just work together?! If they are 'bad guys' then why haven't they just killed me already?! If we're on the same side then why the hell can't they just come talk to me instead of all these games? Even though I was talking to the microphone voice, I hadn't heard it talk back for a while now. Either way I forgave them, I kept repeating, "I don't care, I forgive you, can we please just move past this part?" I could see that the implant had been in my head for a very long time, and I could see a lot of their interactions (nothing compared to what I can see now) throughout my life, like a movie playing within the electrical storm.

With no response from the left side, God started talking about ripples (the butterfly effect), and started to convince me that for some reason, my life had a major effect on the entire planet. That because I am the center of my point of view, existence revolves around me. That because there is no end, I am the center of *my* existence (just as you would be the center of *your* existence.) I felt that my body, which was connected to earth and the present moment we're always in, was a holographic line between outer infinity and inner infinity. The people I knew and cared about that had died, all existed within inner infinity now, and the ones who were still on this earth existed in outer infinity.

I saw how powerful every single ripple really is. I could see human interaction on a magnified microscopic level. The ripple of every action, how those actions ripple inward and change the individual, which then changes the possibilities of ripples that can come from that individual. Even emotions and emotional thoughts had a ripple effect through the energy coming from us. Positive vibes and negative vibes both create their own ripples. There were so many mathematical 'movie' ripples playing in front of me, showing me that in the biggest picture of all they eventually come back around. Like Pacman goes through the left side of the screen and comes out from the right, but inward, outward, and all aroundward.

I started to see the effects of every negative action I've done. Mathematical negative ripples, the pain it caused to others, rippled within me and I could feel what they felt. I began to feel horrible, but as horrible as I felt, God told me to accept it, absorb it, and again not to worry too much because in the (re is no) end, everything will always come back around to unconditional love. Even though I've done what I've done, if I would've never done them, they would've grown into something else and become worse, because I did them when I did, they came outward and were there for me to reflect back on. To look at them in retrospect, and let the horrible feeling show me why I needed to embrace and yet control my emotions.

I started to get a bit restless so I turned on the light and moved to the floor. As soon as I sat down, the atmosphere slightly shifted. There were now a few more voices present, with their 'astral' bodies. And one of them wasn't human. The extraterrestrial was like me, fully conscious at the moment, but the others were their higher selves, either asleep and dreaming or awake and partially away from their body at the moment. Because of the drugs, I was awake in both our reality and the 'astral plane' at the same time.

Because God is all, because we're all a personality of God, we are the infinite one. In the bigger picture, we're all the same immortal being. I began talking to different personalities of God, personalities I knew well, only knew a little, and some I'd never met, in real life. I was having a conversation with multiple people, and one ET. I still don't know how to describe being (and seeing clearly) in two places at once, so I guess try and imagine it. Maybe try equally focusing on your surroundings and a picture in your mind. I was sitting on the floor of my well lit room, and also in dark space conversing with everyone. In the realm of where these conversations were taking place, everyone knew they were God, except me at the moment. I was starting to get the picture, but hadn't absorbed it yet.

I started talking with the other being for a moment. It was weird at first because he didn't look the same as the others I was seeing, and he was further from the rest. I could only see in one direction in my room, but I could see 360 in the 'astral plane'. I can't remember his face clearly now, but I could

see him clearly and he was practically behind me. I swung my arm around trying to touch him. He said something like because I was still awake that my soul was still connected to my body, so I was still here, but my mind was also accessing there.

He asked me how many different forms I thought God could take, and went a bit into detail about it. Every species is a different shell, and every shell is actually a different personality of God, and there are many personalities within that species. As a collective, earth is a human God. We're all miniature human Gods, but earth is the sum of what that (personality of) God is becoming on this planet (and in this dimension). He said that even though 'I' had been around for thousands of years, 'I' was a newer God, basically still learning how to stand. In that moment, I was earth/human God and 'he' was the collective God of wherever he came from. I don't remember asking or him saying, but he said he was close enough, and watching us, and me specifically.

Because of how drastic the ripples (butterfly effect) can get, gods are born realllllly far apart from each other. Every action and emotional thought creates a ripple. So, we're born apart so we can only affect our self, and not hurt the other gods because our ripples affect everyone around us. Once we learn to truly be at peace, we can consciously and spiritually enter the next level of whatever it is.

I said something like, "But I want to be at peace, I'm trying to be at peace, can't you help me?! Can't you come here and help me!?" He said, "I'm trying, but you are too violent." I responded, "I'm not that violent, I've been doing so well!" He asked me, "How scared would you truly be if I appeared right there next to you right now? Be honest. There's no one in the room but you and then me." I thought for a second and said, "I wouldn't get that scared." He responded, "Be honest, I can feel your emotions."

I focused and visualized it happening and realized that if all of the sudden this became real, and not just in my head, I would probably freak out. It would have to be in a mutual location with a few other people around, not by myself in my room in the middle of the night, on drugs. As soon as I

realized that, I got a movie in fast forward warped into my mind, of people creating and building weapons, not to use on our self, but to defend 'me'/earth, against an outsider. And then how we treat each other as outsiders. "You are too violent."

He then broke down so much within a matter of millisecond concepts that I surely can't remember it all, but I'm going to mention the few that I can. I'm not sure how much I believe (especially now), but it all made sense in the moment (like a presentation with pictures and videos is much more understandable than just halfway remembered words). As a collective, we're all one planet, but every personality here, whether we hate it (him/her) or love it (him/her), is a characteristic we have within our self. Kind of like the emotional gauges of a person, but the emotion gauge of the world. I may be me, but having an occasional violent emotion, or a selfish action, takes form as a person that is full of them, who occasionally has a selfless action. Even a lot of the 'good' guys want to severely punish the bad guys. Not just enforce justice and protect the innocent, but punish the bad and depending on what the bad guy did, we find it justifiable to severely punish them. There is darkness there, and the ripples of that darkness is what's actually keeping the bad personalities 'alive' within the collective.

We want to punish an (horrible) action, never taking into consideration that the devil has tortured that individual until they became a devil them self. A psychopath may be born, but s/he is a result of the collective. If the law of attraction is true, then in a way, a 'good' guy who wants to punish evil is calling evil into existence.

What if the yin yang in this scenario is the good guy is the light side, but the darkness in him is the little circle, which is him wanting to punish evil, and the other side is the bad guy is the dark side with light as the little circle? The light circle meaning he used to be filled with so much love, but has been tortured for so long, or so intensely, that love now hurts him/her so s/he wants to hurt love. I'm not saying let the devils run wild, but maybe we need to have and keep a different mentality while stopping them.

By condemning others to hell, we turn humans who have messed up

into 'devils'. They think they're going to die and go to hell, but they reincarnate as 'devils'. And every time a devil dies as a devil, it reincarnates as a devil. We have to somehow heal in this life to become better in the next, a little bit in each life, until eventually the future is a spiritually collective heaven. Once more and more of us become unconditional love, the more it will become earth. Another light circle in the dark side of the yin yang is that we can only learn unconditional love through darkness. It's easy to be love when everything around you is love, but if hate can turn you into hate, then are you really full of the love you think you are?

Seeing this showed me all of the littlest things I do that are negative. How the smallest things we say and do affect other people, and ourselves. I now began talking to the other people that were there. It was like a group discussion, of them telling me that I, as in actual me, was really starting to wake up. I was awakening more and more, and right now, I was on the edge of actually waking up and realizing that I was God (I being God, as in you can say the same about yourself). Even though I was taught years before this that we're all a personality of God, I still hadn't/haven't fully absorbed it.

How big do you think God is? How big do you think existence is? How big do you think infinity is? Most of the people I've met have a limited idea. Even mine is limited because it's so enormous we can't even imagine it! There is no end, and the proof is right above us. Think outside of the box, there is no box.

I (my consciousness) momentarily shrank from my regular size, to a speck of dust. I observed my room as if I were a speck of dust floating around. It looked just like you'd imagine. Like the *Honey I Shrunk the Kids* movie. Atoms within atoms within atoms within atoms, within. I saw that through an infinite amount of space, eventually God/we would form some kind of being/body/shell. That our shell is actually a manifestation of a God's body, and each God has the right to treat their body like a toilet or a temple. And because there is no end, there would be an infinite amount of space outside of our being/body/shell to experience anything and e-v-e-r-y-t-h-i-n-g.

Infinity is inward and outward. Our true self, our eternal self, knows this. Even though some may never spend too much time thinking about it, the infinite sky above us, has been a subliminal message our whole entire (this) life. Somewhere along the line, some become confused with a story, a label, or popular belief of what God is which in a sense are true in their own way, but only a single piece to a gigantic puzzle, a single grain of sand in the entire universe. We're observing God/existence/ourselves through different eyes, in this dimension.

I could see how infinitely big we really are. Actually I can't really say that because I know I didn't even see a fraction, but my understanding was drastically expanded. Limits disappeared from my vision. I couldn't see the whole picture, but everything I could see, I knew was there and so much more existed beyond that. I knew that anything that crossed my mind, existed somewhere. I don't even know how to put some of the dimensions I saw into words. Atoms within atoms, infinity within. Infinity without, God would eventually form a shell. Gods would eventually form shells, so we can all experience each other, in this particular dream, and there would still be an infinite amount of space outward. When Gods want to be alone, they go behind illusionary walls, into their 'house'. When Gods want to see each other, they go and meet up with each other. We are all the individual Gods, the different personalities of the one, getting to know each other. The ultimate combination of each and every one of us is God, but we're all miniature Gods, not just 'people'. Our shell, this place, is only the experience we're choosing to have this time. Outside of the game we have no limits, we enter the game to have limits and to see how the experience feels with those kinds of limits. Just like a video game handicap, but obviously more complex.

Reincarnation, infinite reincarnation, infinity infinitely recycling itself, the eternal birth and death. The life, between birth and death, AND the life between death and birth. The life between death and birth is our eternal self, and this (earth) life is a dream of that life, or the game/experience we chose to have. We are always our eternal self (which also spiritually

changes/evolves), but our shell and environment forms our game identity, to which a lot of us think is our true identity.

We started talking about situations in my life that I needed to change. Different ways of transforming my game consciousness back into my eternal consciousness, or how to tear down the wall between them so I could then tell others, and their earth selves.

Within our self, we have many different characteristics we get from here or there, him or her, this or that, happy or sad. Besides all of the other shit going on in my head (in real life), I have kept 'Superman' a secret and 'Clark Kent', well, even Clark Kent looked like a superhero compared to who I was pretending to be. At first this part was an act, but acting like it for so long made it become one of my characteristics. Instead of strengthening myself where I knew I needed some work, I weakened it, and weakened some more.

Over the last few years the battle has become tougher. In the beginning and middle, after swallowing my pride from seeing what was truly important, being treated like my cover identity would reinforce my secret identity. The weak part never really bothered me, it's been the distant asshole part that bothers me. For the last few years, being treated like my cover identity has reinforced the side I'm trying to overcome. I can't be myself around others because of my fear of getting them hurt, but I can't act anymore. It kills me to keep acting like this, I can't stand it, but I can't risk their safety either. (For a while I debated on speaking to a therapist, but my fear of getting that person hurt, prevented it. Seriously, it wasn't the padded room, it's getting an innocent person hurt.) The littlest things I've done for this identity, and what it's done to me, and to others. I may have hurt us worse by doing this than telling the truth to begin with.

Every person I saw in that realm, knew they were God. "Of course I know I'm God from here! But from there I have forgotten!" I was talking to the eternal Gods that knew they were Gods outside of their shells, but in this game. I was talking to souls. The more we talked, the more I became one of them. The more we laughed, the less I could tell the difference between us.

I was mixing in and out of all of the personalities that were there, and the realization that 'I' am God. Them, God (the collective total as one), and I, were a whirlpool of the same consciousness and I started to lose track of where the line was between us.

But, while talking to them, I began to hear a different voice that became voices of angry people demanding justice. I could hear case after case and crime after crime and alllllll these people were sooo angry, demanding condemnation of bad guys. They started getting louder and louder and violent, demanding punishment to those who'd hurt them.

After a few minutes, one voice became louder than the rest. We went back and forth for a moment. It kept saying, "It's up to you to punish them, you're God, you have to punish them for what they've done." And I kept saying, "But I don't want to. I just want everyone to be happy and get along, laugh, and love each other. Can't we just leave everything in the past, start new right now and have it be nothing but love? We were all laughing and having a good time, can't it just stay like that?" We went back and forth a few more times. I could hear the rabble in the background while the voice said again, "You are God. There is no one else. It is your responsibility to punish them for what they've done."

The concept movie clips started with small slap on the wrist stuff that 'should only be scolded', but escalated quickly. I could see so many different crimes, the worst of the worst, but I didn't care. I forgave everyone, I loved everyone, I wanted to heal and help everyone find the light. And I could see so clearly how everyone could, if they were willing to let go of what has hurt them and fully embrace love, become love. But, because some couldn't see it, because I wasn't willing to punish some, some turned on me, and wanted to punish me. They wanted to punish God for being unconditional love. I began to cry, "I don't want to punish anyone, I love all of you, I don't care what happened, I love you!" The mob grew louder and furious.

I shut my eyes with tears streaming, with nowhere to hide, and all of the angry people who wanted to punish me, turned into 'Satan'/the darkest energy in existence, ready to punish me. It didn't appear as the typical red

horned goat demon, but as a somewhat demonic reptilian face within energy, that looked like TV static, but black, white, gray, and a dark green. It was the same face I saw earlier in the trip, but instead of being in darkness (because the lights were off) it was brighter (because the lights were on). I knew exactly what I was looking at and wasn't the tiniest bit afraid, or angry.

In tears, expecting it to hurt me, I threw my arms around it (real world was my bedpost), and said, "I don't care what you do to me, I love you! I love you! I don't care what happened I love all of you!" and Satan responded, "That's exactly why I love you." I was fully crying now, completely full of love, "I love you so much! I love them so much! I can't do it, I just can't, I can't punish them.... you do it." And Satan whispered, "That's your weakness." I leaned back in realization and replied, "That is my weakness!"

Whether it was actually mine or God's, I felt a bit of humility in that moment. I was the 'alpha and omega' and I saw my 'weakness'. God's (unconditional love's) weakness is that it loves all of us so much that it can't punish us. Another part of the black dot in the white part of the yin yang (but even this weakness can be yin yanged). And the white dot in the black part of the yin yang, was Satan's love for God. Maybe just as the yin yang is, both sides are a part of the whole. Maybe I witnessed two sides of myself, and/or existence, the exact circumstance determines which side needs to 'come out', but in that moment I was overwhelmed by the light and completely seeing through the eyes of the unconditional love side of myself.

The line between God and I was still blurry as ever, only in retrospect can I tell that there was a line at all, but I saw the mutual respect between the two top opposing energies. How one is just as powerful as the other, but they need each other and love each other for different reasons? God/the unconditional love energy, loves everyone and everything UNCONDITIONALLY, I don't care who you are or what you've done. And the other is so angry, full of hate, and wants to punish everyone for every little thing they do wrong, that the fact that God still loves it, and us, brings it a sense of peace.

After I faded away and said goodbye to 'Satan' I wasn't overwhelmed

by unconditional love anymore. At first every bit of me from head to toe, and even it felt like a small energy field around me, was compassionate, pure unconditional love. After that little encounter, or epiphany, all that love shrunk into a concentrated energy bubble inside of my chest. I could feel the unconditional love in my heart, but my body was now half paint brush and half defense weapon. Unconditional love was my battery, energy, soul, and my body was there to paint it, preach it, build it, and also to defend it.

The love was a warm light vibrating in my chest, but I could see all of the negative or evil beings, who no matter how much love was given, would not change in the moment. That though they may change by the end of this cycle, or at the end of the next hundred cycles, they are still going to do evil and hurt other beings, and/or strive for universal domination in this moment and the near future. It is a constant or an eternal part of the everything.

I said aloud, “I thought we just solved this and made peace?” The voice replied that it was a moment or a single understanding, of a mutual love amongst the balance. That there are just as many shades of negative perspectives as positive, and although there are certain areas of love and respect between the two, some want to rule existence, inflict pain and destruction. And that I’m/we’re running out of time. I got amped, stood up, and focused on trying to figure something out, “Okay so what do I need to do?!” I felt a smile, and was reminded, “Yes, evil beings are trying to take over all of existence.... but, there’s no end, so they can’t succeed.” I saw a movie playing of what it was talking about and it was an addition to a vision (or, a hallucination) I had a while before this, of ‘the beginning’.

[[In the beginning there was nothing, and the nothingness that I saw was darkness. For ‘zillions of years’ there was only darkness. Because nothing else existed other than infinite nothingness. Eventually, the emotion of loneliness manifested, which shortly after, created a self-awareness of being alone. After becoming aware, the only thing that existed within nothingness, was itself and the feeling of loneliness. The loneliness soon became a suffering that then turned into anger. The nothingness was so angry

that it was alone, that its anger turned into hatred. Its hate grew and grew until it reached rage, but as soon as it became rage, it transformed into sadness. With a pain of not wanting to exist if it was going to exist alone. But knowing that it was nothing so it did exist alone, tears formed in its eyes almost immediately becoming a vision of ‘another’, which sparked a dream that instantly exploded from the nothingness, creating heaven. An infinite place where there was light, love, and so many others to share it with. The existence of everything is heaven, to nothingness.

When I saw this play out, I could feel every emotion of the nothingness. I felt the tears in its eyes like they were in mine, and I felt the overwhelming happiness of creation, when it exploded into existence. The tears of sadness became tears of joy. I could see the nothingness’ awareness slowly fading away with the explosion into every single thing being created, becoming a part of it all. That it wasn’t just dreaming, but every single ‘atom’ of its awareness spread as far as it could becoming every possible reality (and impossible doesn’t exist in nothingness). There were so many different colors of light, and vague dimensions within that second, that although I couldn’t get a clear picture of them, I could feel the connection to each one of them, and that I was also an extension of this real dream.

(Ultimately I believe that there was no true beginning, but I can see this as being a partial truth if ‘the end’ is its exact opposite. Everything gets so tired of existing, or being ‘awake’, that it shuts down. It wants to go to ‘sleep’, so it implodes or evaporates back into nothingness, with every memory wiped clean, being completely oblivious to its previous existence. The first couple ‘zillion years’, the nothingness is in a state of calm meditation until it becomes lonely again.)]]

The addition I saw was the always present moment, which was a vibrating 3rd dimensional hologram rainbow light beam movie(s) flat line. (But imagine looking through a microscope to see the flat line, up close it’s an ‘inch’). Everything in the flat line was moving at different speeds and all moving forward away from and into nothingness the way it moved forward

was like it was ‘building’ the road in front of it. The present moment was a moving solid, with ‘arms’ (babies being born, construction, plan[e]ts being ‘seeded’, etc.) reaching in front of it, creating the future. Directly behind the always present moment, was a pitch black liquid smoke, trying its hardest to catch the moment, but only ever dissolving the ‘past’, back into nothingness.

Life, love, relationships, laughter, even some of the bad times, were all thriving to exist and continuing to exist. They all wanted a future for their children and eventually another for themselves. Hate, vengeance, misery, jealousy, all wanted to destroy and wipe creation from existence. The liquid smoke wanted to wipe existence from existence.

I only focused on the liquid smoke when I first saw this. “Okay, so what do I need to do?!” I then saw the ‘arms’ of creation constantly moving forward into eternity. I saw several possible negative outcomes of life (within a blip), including it spreading from one planet to the next, while the liquid smoke could never quite catch it, and only ever dissolve what once was. I was being shown a ‘design’ of this part of existence. Creation and life are always and will always be a few steps ahead. I felt a smile and was reminded, “Yes, evil beings are trying to take over all of existence.... but, there’s no end so they can’t succeed.” I was then reminded of a realization I had in a dream a while back.

[[((Dream) I was standing outside when a spaceship appeared out of stealth and began invading earth. People were running scared and trampling each other, while I searched frantically for my sister. I ended up in a building of some sort and ran past a small indoor fast food restaurant. I kneeled down as I looked through a window to see if I could see her. All I saw were aliens shooting and rounding people up in a corner to be executed.

I didn’t see her, but I couldn’t just walk away, so I ran inside and started fighting and smashing their heads in. I helped the rest of the people get out and we were running down a hall when I realized I was dreaming. A few moments after I realized it I heard a voice say, “You’re just dreaming, you don’t have to do this anymore.” I was still so angry at these aliens

shooting everyone, women and children, that it didn't matter. I screamed, "I don't care!" while letting my rage out on them until I woke up. I even woke up angry, but had a thought moments after, "If life is a dream as well, then what's the difference?"

It was a dream, and even though the aliens were killing everyone, I had the power to change the dream in that moment. I could've changed the scenario. I could've walked away. This was all happening in the dream, but I didn't have to take part in it once I became aware. And/or after realizing it was a dream, I could've fought to protect the 'dream characters', but I didn't have to become so overwhelmed with anger. Throwing punches to protect others wasn't the problem, it was that the energy coming from my fists shouldn't have included so much hate.]]

I think the previous feeling of unconditional love and not wanting to punish anyone for anything, was to get me to see and feel existence from that perspective, to know that part of existence. The next two visions/reminders were to show me that no matter how evil, powerful, and scary the worst of them seem to be, I don't have to fear the end of anything because there is no end and I don't have to let my anger towards darkness cloud my vision of the light.

For the next few moments, good was a visual blur and all I could see clearly were others doing evil for pleasure, evil from pain, evil from greed, evil from power, tyranny, and then the evil of my own past. My vision could not see well, but my heart was still pounding with love, 'stronger' than before. Every glimpse of evil made it beat that much harder, and it finally mixed with my wish for redemption and my own need for forgiveness... Who's lost? Who's in overwhelming crippling pain? Who's actually from the dark side and not just experiencing darkness? Some of the people 'they'/'you' hate are the people 'we'/'I' love, and vice versa. And I could see these people very accurately from both viewpoints. How can I condemn any one of them to an eternal hell when I've been to a dimension of hell myself?

But is hell really hell, or a chance to change and find the light again? And is forcing someone to endure the light really the path or is it just another form of brainwashing?

The best way I can think of to describe what I saw next is similar to how I saw the questions coming out of the sphere and turning into multiple answers. There was no sphere, just information upon information upon information, with multiple answers to the case by case questions of justice and punishment, and I'm going to do my best at explaining what I remember. Unconditional love loves everyone, and if half of the planet followed Hitler and the other half followed Martin Luther King, unconditional love would be destroyed (in the physical, 3rd dimensional, game form). Unconditional love's weakness is that it would say, "I love you," while it was being tortured to death, but its weakness is also a strength.

It needs to be present in some (if not the majority), to always remind us that it is there so some of us can fight to protect it. But until our world becomes complete unconditional love, tough love must remain to fight the darkness. But being tough love is hard because in order to be tough love we must have a little bit of hate in us in order to fight. Without hate (hate for hate, hate for evil), tough love would be unconditional love and wouldn't be able to fight. But, if the hate grows to be too much within the tough love, it can reverse and become 'a fallen angel'. This is where tough love must use its dark side for good, but always focus on not becoming the darkness it is fighting, otherwise it helps continue the cycle. Tough love must remember that if it truly hates and gets lost in its hate for evil, it will become evil itself. It is one of evil's 'traps', or another version of the dark dot in the light side of the yin yang.

Unconditional love's weakness is also its strength when certain beings (not all, some may be too far gone in the moment), who have been corrupted and believe that they're 'doomed to hell', see that they are still loved. They've believed, "I'm going to hell anyway, why change?" or "I've done too many terrible things to be redeemed," and then they see that they can still,

are still, and/or always have been loved. So that light can change them back and help love return to them. They now use the same darkness and redemption to help show others what they've seen. Unconditional love is like a beacon of hope, or being lost at sea during a horrible storm and then seeing a lighthouse. If seeing this doesn't turn the being into a preacher of some sort, or a kind stranger, then it will turn them into tough love, fighting the 'bad' guy but knowing that it's possible for them to change the same way.

But everything I'm describing can be misinterpreted, just like 'religion' believing that fighting the other religions is the force of God. Believing that they are holy and all others are false and will burn. If you view yourself as being a (self) righteous angel because you're fighting for 'the one true religion' which you just happened to come across, is horse shit. You just happened to get saved and there's no other way? Other than submitting to your beliefs? There may be one parking lot, but there are several roads to get to your church. There may be one true God, but there are several languages in which it speaks, and you saying conform or burn is just like saying, "Learn to speak my language or burn."

One can be deceived into believing that they are tough love, when in fact they're fighting for the exact opposite of what they think they're fighting for. They claim they're fighting for love, but all of their blows are of hate. Conmen have realized there is darkness in practically all of us, and they manipulate us into where we should aim it. Which in almost all circumstances is to benefit them and their pyramids agenda. Besides being a king's pawn, one can be a pawn to their own hate if it's overwhelming and misdirected. Your hate can sacrifice you and the ones you love because your hate does not love, not even you. Hate is almost like offensive violence, attacking anything it believes to be the source of its pain, or anything for any reason. One may throw the first blow, but if it's truly against hate, and truly in defending love, it's defensive violence. Again, I think fighting against true hate and defending true love and everything I was seeing can be summed up with one word, aikido.

I got a glimpse of a 'lighthouse' through a reminder of another

emotional vision I had a while back that started with hearing certain songs from female musicians. I've had three back to back relationships that overall lasted about ten years. I loved each of them the same, and each of them differently. I learned different things about love through all of them. My last relationship ended almost ten years ago, and I haven't felt 'real' intimacy since. The saying, "You don't know what you have until it's gone," comes to mind, but I also found a piece of love I don't think I could have otherwise.

I'm no longer overwhelmed by it, but there was a time when I craved intimacy. Not just sex, but closeness. Giving and receiving love from that one woman. I have never felt this love like I did while I was in a relationship. Maybe it's time, age, and self-love, but another part of me thinks it has to do with taking love for granted while we're with someone. When you're in love, you know it. You know the feeling.

For a time being it was like being addicted to something and not being able to have it. 'Cold sweats, twitching, scratching, and nausea' or simply, the anxiety. But once I got through the detox, the feeling was different. Just the thought of love now puts this feeling in my chest that I can 'love any woman'. I see that there is no such thing as a soul mate, because we're all soul mates. There's not one soul mate, there are 'billions', it's just who's a better match for you right now. Sometimes we see someone and imagine being with that person, but I can get a glimpse and the full rush of love and intimacy within that brief day dream. Basically a constant reminder that love doesn't have to be with a specific counterpart, I don't need to 'find it' in someone else, because I already know love.

I continued watching the mathematical equational laws of justice movie clips, seeing truth, paradox, circumstance, and metaphors twist together perfectly, poetically. So much of it went back to a case by case basis. We never have the full picture, not even close, but the universal energy does and it was involved in everything. And this was all only one gear amongst many others.

On a case by case basis, I was shown part of my case. I have this

metaphor to help explain the next. Imagine being locked in a basement and being physically, mentally, and emotionally tortured for years. The first couple of years weren't so bad because you had hope. You remembered the people you loved and the thought of love kept you going. But, eventually despair kicked in and emotionally, you became the same as you're tormentors, you became a vicious beast. You've forgotten everything and everyone. It's been so long since you've felt, seen, and heard love, that you've forgotten that it has abandoned you. All you've known for years is hardship and pain. You've slept on the concrete. You rarely see light. The only time you've felt another person is when they're pounding your face in. The only sounds you hear are of your own bones breaking, and the curses and laughs of your tormentors. You have become a monster.

One day you're rescued by an angel. She appears in a light that is so beautiful it's almost blinding at first. The sound of her voice is symphonic, and her touch is as soft as a forgotten pillow. Everything you've forgotten about love is all tied together in one moment, and it leaves you in awe. In that single moment you have forgotten years of torture because her love is there. It's not extraordinary, it's just there. She sets you free and you're back in the real world, but you quickly realize that she can't stay. She was only there to rescue you.

You are psychologically fucked and you have so much hatred for the world now that you think it might be better off if you just killed yourself. The beast you've become is physically out of the basement, but emotionally still there. You can feel him beating the walls until his fists bleed. You can hear his screams and feel his growls. But every time you remember her, it's like the first time you saw her. Years of torture, despair, and darkness are calmed by her moment of light and love. For the next couple of months you can see her in your mind, holding the beast against her chest and kissing his forehead. Her eyes are a window into heaven, and every time she smiles, you forget the pain of being in that basement. Every syllable of her voice replaces a scream, and every time she laughs you start to believe it was all worth it.

You are back to coping decently with life and haven't thought of her as

often, but subconsciously start to see her in almost every woman. You don't think of her, but you know she's there. Eventually, you're almost completely healed, but your days in the basement will never be forgotten. You know that if it wasn't for her, you would've died a beast. Even if you somehow escaped on your own, you would've remained a beast until death. Her love saved you and you start to realize that it wasn't her love, but that she was the embodiment of love. That everything about her was love. She was love that took form. Your days in the basement made you a beast, made you as hard as a rock, but love reshaped that beast back into a man. Not just a man, but a soldier of love. Tough love. You also now know that she appeared to your tormentors as well, but they tried to kill her. That just as much as you love her, they hate her. You see glimpses of her in almost everyone now, and glimpses of them in the others. You now know why you went through what you went through. You know that she can never be harmed because she was an angel. But the glimpses of her in others can be and you must protect her. You are her protector.

~It started with music of certain women's voices. The lyrics certainly helped, but the beauty of their voices in general. It felt like an angel was singing to the beast inside. I could see him raging around the room pounding on the wall and yelling out as loud as he could, and then I heard a song and he stopped to listen. He stood still, looked up, and his eyes started to water.

Life went on and on, but whenever I put a song like this on I could see and feel the beast so calm and 'in love'. Eventually, he started to feel like this naturally. Not needing to hear it, but only remember the feeling. Of course hearing it's always nice, but it's gotten to a point of just remembering the feeling. I'd been introduced to love years ago. I knew it well, but the clouds covered the sun for years. I knew the sun was still there and every once in a while a ray of light would shine through one of the clouds, which was enough to let me know it was still there. At first I became mad at the sun, blaming it for taking its light away from me. After a while I realized it was the clouds. After that I realized that both the clouds and the sun were inside my chest,

and I could either focus on (and be) a cloud or a ray of sunshine. (And if I'm going to continue this metaphor, I now realize that man has learned how to control the weather.) Pain pointing its hate damn near aimlessly had become a peaceful rage standing next to love willing to die to defend it.

The 'laws of justice' in this case turned a boy into a monster, a monster back into a man, and a man into a soldier of love.

Looking back at what I've learned, this and so many other of my experiences sounds just like a technique they use to break a man and then rebuild him the way they want. And whether it was the universe, extraterrestrials, interdimensional entities, or childmen with advanced weaponry, I saw that I was being transformed into a broke ass Batman, and that there were many others amongst us becoming who they were becoming. As in there's way more than one kind of hero and villain.

In retrospect, there are a few different explanations for 'who' was behind what I was seeing, but at the time I saw that 'locking someone in a cage' and brainwashing them with love isn't a real form of love, it's actually a kind of hypocritical scary. That's one of the reasons God does not force paradise upon us because that's exactly what it would be.

Beaming/brainwashing us into submission without our consent. Although all of those years I'd been speaking to God (I thought I was speaking to God), I asked for and gave consent to help me change. I gave 'God' permission to break me and rebuild me and in that moment I saw that this is what has and what was being done.

Within *The Everything*, I saw the laws of true justice. The perfect justice system, but fortunately and unfortunately negative forces were the roots. Within this cesspool of corruption and greed I could see a perfect symphonic pattern of justice, but the greed and corruption were also intentionally existing, playing their part as a reminder of what they were and what could happen. They were teachers and a vital part of our evolution. Hope doesn't exist in heaven. There is no reason to hope. Faith doesn't exist in heaven, there's no reason for that either. And spiritual evolution requires

these (and others).

I saw and understood exactly what it was showing me like watching a movie, with an arrow pointing at all of the hidden messages. If no one punished people for their actions then they would continue to do them. But some people didn't care regardless, whether they were punished or not they would continue to do evil. The answer for them was not punishment, exactly. There were 'demons' who must be handled *this* way, but then there were the demons victims who had become 'possessed' by their evil, and had to be dealt with *that* way, because it wasn't their fault and they still had a chance. Different shades of punishments were necessary, but eternal hell was foolish. Even saying, "You will burn in eternal hell!" was wrath and pride. Whether it be prison here, or a certain amount of cycles in different shades of hellish dimensions, eternity in hell was immature. And strapping someone to a chair and brainwashing them with love was hypocrisy.

I had all of that love booming in my chest and I could see so clear how evil would remain current, at least in my lifetime. The love was my center, or what I am, or have become, and my body was my weapon which was tough love. I can't condemn and I can't prevent evil. There is black, white, and many different shades of gray (and every other color from light to dark), so just like everything else, there is more than one form of tough love, but what form am I? It may not be the sun, but I can at least light a candle.

I couldn't send anyone to an eternal hell, especially after going to hell myself, but I could understand a few cycles. "There's no way I can reach them all, for multiple shades of gray, but I know I can show some the light the way it's been shown to me, and that's worth it. My search for redemption has been one of the main reasons I fought so hard, to try and help who I can, so maybe it'll do the same for someone else. Maybe by saying how much I've felt like giving up but haven't, will encourage others not to give up as well, and although some may never forgive us, I know that unconditional love will always love us. I know that because there is no end, there's more than enough room for each and every one of us to design our own heaven.

Maybe, I can show a few that one of the roads, the road I have been on, is a road to heaven, and sometimes God leaves us alone in the dark, so we can learn to create our own light.

What I saw next could be described by an alteration of an old saying. A thousand birds with one stone. And can also be described by the force from *Star Wars*. The force can be used by either side, and no matter how hard I tried, someone would use or misinterpret my puzzle piece for evil. (A small example would be, if I am unconditionally loved and will always return to heaven, then I am willing to risk a cycle or two for *this*. “I am willing to risk twenty years in prison for robbing a bank.”) I saw it as a tool, or technology, that could be used for either bad or good. This is where the ripples really started to kick in and the force was being broken down into thousands of mathematical equations.

I started to see the butterfly effect playing out like 3D movies in front of me, like I was at the drive in watching every movie at the same time. Every action sent a ripple outward and every emotional thought sent a ripple inward, and both (yin yang). But because there’s no end outward or inward, the ripples eventually make it all the way around (like Pacman). I’m not sure how to better explain what I saw, other than using the old saying, “What goes around comes around.” But not only in terms of right and wrong, or good and bad, but in confidence and doubt, love and hate, action and thought, so much more, and all of their combinations.

I could see shockwaves being sent out into the universe. Whether good or bad, whether I hit a person or a wall, whether I helped a person or watered a tree, whether I said I love you or thought I hate you, vice versa, and the reason why they all happened. If I did something bad for a good reason or something good for a bad reason. Every action, intention, and emotion, whether bad or good, were variable gauges affecting the universe, like every precise measured ingredient baked this kind of cake, or poison.

The physical universe is an extension of our shell, and it’s mathematically absorbing and understanding all of these simultaneously. It takes all of these into its equation before the outcome of the ripples. Some

ripples are instantaneous and some take longer. I wanted to smoke a cigarette, but everyone kept saying, “When you hurt yourself, you also hurt us, you hurt the universe.” The smoke goes outward and has its effects, but the poison going inward also has its effects which come back around.

When I had a negative or positive thought, the ripples were sent inward making their way around to someone’s, or my own good or bad luck, the amount of emotion creating the size of the ripple. The more confident and loving I was (soul not ego) the more positive the outcome, and the more fear or doubt I had, the more negative. (I saw it as 3rd person, I wasn’t having any negative thoughts at this time.) I saw that if we’re constantly leaving the past, moving into the future, and are always in the present, then existence is like a 3rd dimensional flat line, or like a hologram. We’re existing within milliseconds. I saw this infinite line, going up and down, moving millisecond by millisecond into the future. Just imagine, *alllllll* the shape shifting energy that exists in this very moment, every individual human, individual cell, tree, plant, mushroom, animal, insect, raindrop, star, galaxy, e-v-e-r-y-t-h-i-n-g.... Even if I had a perfect detailed description of every bit of energy in this moment, it would take more than an entire lifetime to go over it.

I was the center of my existence (not *of* existence, just my existence), because no matter where my shell goes within this illusion (illusion meaning life not drugs), I’m always in my shell. I saw it the same as in some video games, the character is always in the same centered spot of the screen, and the game/surroundings are what move. I’m always in the same exact spot and the earth is almost like a treadmill under my feet. So I became the center of the flat line. Right after I saw this, the flat line began to shrink into me and as this happened, my past and future began to expand out of me, frontwards and backwards, until I floated above and was staring down at my life, from birth to death. Life seems short because we’re always in the moment. We can only remember the past and imagine the future. It seems even shorter when it becomes too repetitive. From this point of view I could see how long life really was, that infinite reincarnation is partially the eternal rebirth and death of God.

My past looked like vibrating stone, with a kind of information directory for the outcomes. I could see what ripples lead me to which point, and how some were still affecting the present and going to affect the future. I could feel a detached feeling of the way I felt then, and see how those feelings evolved into characteristics. How I let some stuff go, but couldn't let others, and either way they transformed my fluctuating game identity. I could see certain areas where the universe stepped in directly or just gave a little nudge, where it picked me up and where it made me get up myself. I could see it there even when 'past' me didn't know it was there, like a 'ghost' energy standing next to me. I saw stuff I had long forgotten. I saw things I never thought I'd get over turn into something so beautiful, and others become a rotten mold eating away at my happiness and shitting out my depression.

My future looked like multiple holographic, rainbow colored, tree branches, inside of multiple, individually colored, from lighter to darker, ghost tree branches. The holographic tree branches were different shades of the paths I would most likely choose for myself, under different shades of circumstances, and different shades of emotions in those circumstances. The ghost tree branches were most likely not going to happen, but still possible. I saw how to fix and build a beautiful life like I was watching a movie, and discipline is way easier imagined than accomplished. I couldn't anticipate the actions of others, or see random future events, but if I stayed focused and could discipline myself, I saw what I was capable of. Just like some of us know that actions have consequences, cause and effect, practice makes perfect, or the butterfly effect. I could see it so clearly and accurately amplified, without fear or doubt and full of love and confidence. I could see that beside each action individually, emotion and intention were a very big part of the equation and drastically affected all outcomes.

Just like I could feel detached emotions from the past, I could feel detached emotions from the future tree branches, but the end of every twig of each possible tree branch had the same feeling. The story was over, Josh Gajardo was dead, but I was still alive. And very happy.

The balance of order and chaos. Just as everything else, order and chaos are dependent upon each other. Order keeps our shell intact and chaos allows us space to drive the shell. Order limits the space to most parts of earth. Order says we must fuel our shell and chaos allows us a variety of fuels to choose from. Again, yin yanged and shades of gray. Some of us are here for a specific purpose and some have free will. One is no more important than the other, it's just the experience we're having in this cycle.

Imagine life as a theme park carnival. Some people are here only to experience the park, free (chaos) to do whatever they can within the park's limits (order). There's the park, which is mechanical, made up of both order and chaos (new rides, games, etc.). And then there are the people who work at the park and keep up the maintenance. They get sent into the game to program it a certain way, or redesign it (order). Order is the reason they're here, chaos would (could) be the path they take to do it.

Because of infinity, each life is a forgotten new, a déjà vu, a memory of something that hasn't happened yet. We've done this all before an infinite amount of times, and will do so throughout eternity. In some lives there were small changes and other lives big changes. We've lived every life an infinite amount of times and because we have, the future has happened before. In this exact moment there are 'ten million' possible futures that have happened before. Infinity is one of the reasons we can have freewill. Because the future has infinitely happened before and will infinitely happen again, we (some of us) can choose whichever path we want this time, within the game's limits. Freewill exists because who wouldn't get bored (including God) if everything was already stuck in one true destiny, or God's master plan. The universe does intervene, but God's will or the master plan is as simple as, no matter what happens, we will return home.

This guy (order) has been sent here to do *this* because of the chaos of freewill people. Every possible future has infinitely happened before, so the freewill people are free to choose which path they want to take. Over the last hundred years *this* many freewill people chose to do *that*, so we need to send

in an order guy to reestablish/reprogram/update this part of the balance, experience, or ride. (Obviously this is all simplified.) Sometimes we enter the game as a programmer and sometimes just to go on an adventure. Yin yang would be, some are sent in with a destiny already attached and some create/choose their destiny while here (but everyone's still just a clown at the carnival). I saw (again) that I was here this time for a purpose.

I don't think the group I was talking with ever left, but while observing the flat line I only saw my life. Everyone else was kind of a blur, but after seeing my past and future stretched out in front of me, after seeing so many ripples and so much love, the lines between us became even blurrier. For a moment, I couldn't tell the difference from myself or any other God. We were all Gods who forgot we were God, but I could see that this was a part of eternity. The eternal death and rebirth, or reawakening of God. I could see how *lonnnnnng* life actually was and that because there is no true end, we die so we can start again fresh.

I could see what's called the law of attraction as a magnet with both negative and positive ends, both sending out and receiving, and overloading on so many different ripples. I saw that even the way we treat objects that are just objects, the energy bounces back to us. We are those objects, and by applying love to the simplest things, we apply love to our self. So the saying put some love into it, or the secret ingredient is love, is real. The universe is an extension of our shell, of our self. How we treat a fucked up person, is how we treat the fucked up part of our self. When we step on an ant because of how small it is compared to us, we can't get mad when the universe steps on us, for how small we are compared to it.

I finally absorbed everything I was observing. It finally sank in, all the pieces of the puzzle were put together, and I remembered that I forgot, that I was God. Everything about the ripples I was watching was in 3rd person, it hadn't actually hit 'me' yet. When it did, I became so excited I looked in the mirror and knew it, "I AM HEAVEN!!" I felt an echo ripple inward and outward, being sent in both directions, reaching, and inscribing my soul with clarity, and its seed immediately began to sprout.

Everything we do outward and inward helps build heaven, within. There's more than enough room for every individual to build their own heaven. Heaven exists within the everything, which means it coexists with hell, and everywhere and everything else. It's the same principle with the individual. My soul can be a dimension/extension of heaven existing within the everything, next to all of the other various dimensions. We all become aware of and feel different kinds of pain and love, but ultimately it is our choice of whether we let our experiences become heaven or hell within our self. We are miniature (personalities of) Gods in the bigger picture, but we're the creator of our own heaven, within. I couldn't wait to tell everyone else, "WAKE UP GOD!"

I could see two sides of everyone present, the side that was still 'sleeping' in the game right at that moment, and the side that was present in my hallucination, almost like conscious and unconscious. They were all telling me, "Yes! We're all sleeping! We forgot! You have to remind us!" The line between us wasn't even a line anymore it was a dotted imaginary swirl. I lost track of 'me' again and shifted in and out of so many different perspectives I couldn't count. I could see me in them and them in me and the combination of us all was GOD, just different shades of God. I walked out of my room and said, "Yes! I have to go wake everyone up right now!" and they responded, "Well, not literally at this moment, we're actually sleeping! It's too late and you're on mushrooms! You'll freak us out and we won't believe you!"

The dotted lines were now practically gone. There were so many universal ripples that existence looked like vibrating electricity at multiple speeds. I saw dimensions and beings and universal laws that I couldn't believe I had forgotten. I was so excited and so overwhelmed with love and confidence. I had zero doubt.

There was so much information, I knew there was no way I could remember it all, so I tried to write some of it down. I couldn't focus on finding something to write with or write on, but I could see a pen and paper in my mind. I could see so much energy coming from this pen, all the

different ripples it could create, all the perspectives it could shift, or bring joy, whether slightly or with a large impact, whether the reader disagreed or agreed. I saw the ‘sleeping’ side of everyone, the spiritual side (with ‘me’) and the eternal supreme intelligent unconditional love energy force, and I was the window and this pen (and paper) was a bridge, or a doorway, to show everyone else.

And that blank piece of paper was a representation of infinity, anything could be written or drawn on it. Every word I visualized being written, by whoever the writer was, sent out ripples into the universe. The visual energy of the pen and paper were so amazing. I was so intrigued by it, and so on overload, of the previous and still incoming information, that I finally found a pen and started to engrave the word LEARN onto a clipboard. I broke the pen from pressing so hard, and started laughing apologetically, “Oh yeah! Be gentle with the force I put into this object. The saying “*seek and ye shall find*” is the best way I can describe what I wanted to write.

Because we’re all different personalities of the same God, we’re all interested in different things, and because we are dreaming/in a game, somewhat separated from the whole, we’re somewhat separated from the truth. When we’re back in reality, we know all the answers and we forget what the questions are. We forget the feeling of learning, or new discoveries, or adventures, or not knowing what’s going to happen. We’re all interested in different things so it’s up to us to decide what we would like to learn, or relearn. There are *soooo* many details and other parts of existence that we don’t need to play *this* particular game. A very small example is you don’t need to learn/know how to fish in order to bake a pie. You don’t need to know the rules of these fifty million billion trillion universes, because you’re in this universe. You don’t need to remember your past lives because you’re in this life, although what you’ve learned in past lives becomes a part of your soul's instinct (and some people do remember just enough to remind everyone else). The reason I started engraving LEARN onto the clipboard was because I know what I’m interested in (now that I’m back, I know for the most part), I just need to keep learning/relearning. Smaller picture learn,

bigger picture relearn.

I couldn't focus clearly enough to write and I was convinced I knew a forgotten secret, so I had to at least tell the closest person to me. It was late so I had to wake him up, but I felt it was so important that it would be alright, so I left and walked to his window. While I was waiting for him to come outside, I started to get this weird feeling, but ignored it at first. Everything was going so well inside that I forgot about the people watching me, and the feeling of someone watching me made me remember. "You will put him in danger if you tell him." A brief feeling of worry flew by. I started thinking of how and exactly what to tell him. "If you tell him they're going to kill you." "I'll make sure no one else can hear us. Okay, we've already discussed infinity and our bodies being shells, but maybe I should start with that as a..." "If you tell him we're going to kill you." "What the fu..." I heard the door open and brushed it off.

He came outside confused at the giant cheese grin and he could tell I was high right away. Not only was I still on information overload, but the lines were still blurry and after hearing that I definitely wasn't sure what to tell him. I blocked out what I'd just heard and thought of keeping it simple. The first thing I said was, "We can fix everything! We can fix all of it!" I was looking him in the eye, but became confused thinking the "if I was him and he was me" scenario. I could see my characteristics that rubbed off on him, vice versa, and once those characteristics popped in, I started traveling backwards and my 'earth' identity started coming back like slowly pouring water into a glass, all of my doubts and fears with it. Both of my identities started going back and forth like two kids on a seesaw.

Before I went outside, I became me, my true eternal self. Everything I saw and thought was crystal clear. I watched every ripple of doubt and fear attached to me dissolve and I was on a level of confidence I've rarely experienced. When I walked out of the front door I felt like I was lucid dreaming with no interference. But now something was different. Where was the negativity coming from? Once the characteristics popped up, my doubts and fears began trying to force their way back in. In that moment I

understood a simpler way of everything ‘they’ were trying to show me and thought maybe I had a solution. I went forward and gave him/me the biggest hug ever.

The understanding of oneness came with me when I first walked outside. When I started talking to him, I saw his eternal identity, our eternal one identity, and then his game identity. My ego was fighting its way back in as hard as it could, and in my last attempt to keep it out and remain my true self, I remembered humility and love, so I hugged him. Everything I was seeing about the earth identity and the eternal identity was practically based on the ego being in the way. The ego being the ultimate anchor, or prison cell and guard. Most of the time that I’d done mushrooms in the dark room not only did I have to grieve to get to the good side, but I’ve always felt the pressure of me resisting the emotional current. I could literally feel my resistance, like a dam in my chest not allowing me to feel, like constantly flexing an ‘energy’ muscle, and then eventually I could feel myself let go. And other than the pain, letting go of the ego was a big part in remembering the truth.

I thought it worked at first. But just like not knowing what to write, I had no idea of where to begin in explaining the details. I thought for a moment, but soon heard, “You’re crazy,” in my head. It repeated a few more times within a matter of seconds. I looked over at his car and saw someone sitting in the driver seat smiling. “You, are, fucking, cray, zee..” I looked back at him and responded out loud, “I’m not crazy!... Am I? No, I know I’m not crazy...right?” I looked back at the person I saw sitting in his car, pointed and said, “Fuck you!”

I looked back at my friend knowing he couldn’t see what I saw and even though he was smiling knowing how high I was, I started trying to figure out how to explain everything so it would make sense to him. Besides what I started to say, he was responding to each doubtful thought, whether it be his facial expression, body language, body twitch/motion, or words.

I’ve heard of something called mirroring, when people's brain waves become in sync (something like that) and they either both start

subconsciously mimicking each other or one starts mimicking the other. Because mushrooms create a bridge from conscious to subconscious I could see this playing out perfectly, precisely, exactly, and I was in 'God mode'. His every move was in sync with my thought pattern and it started to freak me out. Every thought and every movement I made sent a ripple that was immediately received and then played back to me by him in one way or the other and I almost started to feel like a puppeteer. I got even more freaked out when multiple cars started driving by and a neighbor pulled up and sat in the driveway. I started to see people outside and thought, "There sure are a lot of people out here for it being so late?"

I started to get the feeling again that if I told him, the 'dark side' was going to get me. "If you tell him, they're going to kill you." We walked down a bit and I put my phone in a mailbox because the mic is always on. I kept getting the feeling that once I told him, or anyone, I was going to be killed. So, after all that, I apologized and told him we'd have to talk tomorrow.

There was too much going on, my mind was on overload and I just needed to sleep. I went inside and laid down on the floor, as another way of trying to remind myself of how important everything was that I had to remember. I positioned the pillows, pulled the blanket over me, and just after I closed my eyes I heard a voice say, "If you go to sleep, we're going to kill you."

I was back in my head, but now standing in front of the beginning of 'Armageddon'. I'm not sure I'd call it Armageddon, maybe more like the beginning of world war 3, because it was created by man. The skies were dark and filled with clouds, and there were thousands, if not millions of people gathered in their own groups forming one giant protest against each other. There were military and secret police everywhere within and around the crowd. Tanks, helicopters, jets, soldiers among the crowds, half trying to keep the peace and the other half itching to open fire. Half honest men and women trying to help the world and the other half power crazed bullies. I even saw a few spaceships. I was under the impression there were extraterrestrials inside, but couldn't see. They appeared to not be involved in

any way other than observing.

All of these people were gathered around me (God) waiting to hear what I was going to say. They wanted me to tell them what I was going to tell my friend. They were all so angry at each other and could not wait for me to say that their group was right, that their religion was the word of God and that all others were false. I could feel their anger towards me, that if I didn't agree with them then obviously I wasn't God. They wouldn't believe the word of God if it was different from their belief structure, from their opinion.

They kept screaming, "Tell us! Say it!" and I kept responding, "I'll tell you tomorrow, I just need to go to sleep now." They yelled, "No tell us now!" and a few fights started breaking out. I responded with tears forming, "I love all of you! Why can't you all just get along?! Why can't we just love each other? At least until tomorrow?! Please, I need to get some sleep, but I promise I will tell you all tomorrow." The military had their weapons pointed at me. I could feel the worry of them assuming I was going to cause some kind of a war.

The secret police then began asking the same question. I could hear a very faint sound of sirens and could clearly see the infrared beams hitting the inside my forehead. "If you don't tell us right now we're going to kill you." They were asking me like I was hiding a really big secret. I said, "You're monitoring my brain waves right now, you know I'm not thinking anything hostile, you have an implant in me so you know where I've been, and you know I haven't been hiding anything." The infrared beams flickered and got brighter. "We're not going to ask again. Tell us right now, or we're going to kill you." I got scared for a moment, but then responded calm and politely, "Then you're just gonna have to kill me." I embraced the infrared beam and expected to blank out, but it didn't come. "You think this is a joke?! Alright, you're dead..." I took a deep breath, calmly exhaled, feeling a bit relieved and excited to return home. I then thought that if I really was God and they killed me, they would be killing themselves as well. I felt their disbelief that I was ready to die and then their hesitation, and then I responded, "Do it... See if we all don't just blank out." The voice didn't respond.

I remembered what I learned earlier about the ripples and thought if I could turn my sound maker on to the peaceful ocean sound that it would calm everyone down. I reached up for it and knocked over a round hand cream container. At the exact moment I hit it, I saw one of the spaceships engines malfunction and fall with the container, and right when the container hit the ground the ship flew into part of the crowd killing a few people. I immediately apologized, "I'm sorry! Sorry, sorry, I'm so sorry!" In that moment I saw *The Ripples of God*. Everything I saw about the ripples earlier, how every little action, intention, emotion, emotional thought, sending ripples into the universe, was mostly balanced between all of us, being the same basic size. At this moment I saw how drastic the ripples of God could be.

I got mad for a moment in the process of these thoughts, but my anger sent a ripple into the crowd and got a little kid sucked into a grounded jet engine and killed. I felt horrible and almost started crying, "I'm so sorry! Please, please forgive me!" I then thought to myself of how unfair it was to everyone if I was God. It's not fair to you if my anger or poor habits affect you, and it's not fair to me to be responsible for all of you. Everything I do directly affecting the entire universe is not fair! One God being entirely responsible for everything, and every tiny movement sending out an ocean of ripples isn't fair to any of us! I then remembered the ocean sound maker noise and carefully brought it down.

The lights were off, other than the blue light coming from the sound maker, and I couldn't see clearly enough to find the right button. I pushed what I thought was the right button and Jesus music came on. I don't listen to this music, I've never set it to any kind of gospel station, and a song of Jesus and love and forgiveness was playing. I laughed in amazement and out of the crowd I could see groups of people singing this song. They were spreading love, some singing and some saying, "Who cares?! What's the big deal?! Let him sleep, he's here, who cares what he has to say if he already didn't say it!" They were trying to calm the crowd and some were calming down, but still, others just couldn't handle it, they had to be right. The word of God had to be what they believed it was, their messiah had to be the one true messenger,

God's opinion had to be their opinion, or obviously it wasn't God's opinion.

The feeling of being killed if I fell asleep was still present, but the fear was gone. I started to calm down about everything else and was finally beginning to drift off when I remembered I left my phone in the neighbor's mailbox. I was so comfortable and finally about to fall asleep that I thought, "I'll just get it tomorrow... No! Get up and get it now, the fucking neighbors will get it long before you even wake up!" So I got up and went to get it. I opened the mailbox, pulled out my phone, and it was 5:17 AM. I laughed as I walked back to my room. I laid back down and told the secret agents that I was going to sleep, they could either kill me or wake me up early tomorrow afternoon, that we had a lot of work to do if they were really willing to help. I woke up regularly the next day, on the floor, nothing out of the ordinary happened.

I didn't see my friend again until a few days later, but when I asked him if he saw as many people standing outside as I did, he couldn't remember seeing anyone other than a few cars drive by and the car that sat in the driveway for a few minutes.

All the people I saw while in my room were in my head. I could see them pretty clearly, but I knew that they weren't in my actual room. The people outside were completely different. I wondered if it was like seeing the black dot while being on DMT. I wondered if somehow I was tuning into another frequency that wasn't just sound, but physical matter. I've heard plenty of theories of beings being right here with us, but existing interdimensionally, or being able to bend light so we can't see them. Not knowing how advanced their tech was, I believed that the people I saw were really there, regardless of the drugs. Now, I'm leaning mostly on the drugs helping their technology to create a hologram hallucination.

Half of this experience had a very spiritual effect on me at first. I thought this was the first time *they*'ve ever communicated with me. I had no idea how deep it already was. The first person I told, "If everything I

experienced was true, and they really can speak and record what happens in our mind, then they might have an actual recording of God speaking to someone.” I knew that if it was true, there was no way they were going to release this recording to the public because then they would have to admit that this technology not only existed, but was already in use.

A few days after this experience was when I got electrocuted in my bed during the middle of the night. A few days later is when my friend heard someone moving around in my living room. I didn’t realize this until way after and I could be wrong, but I think they misunderstood me when I said, “Do it... See if we all don’t just blank out.” I think that me being electrocuted was not only their way of letting me know that they were really there, but it was also a way of threatening me and letting me know that they could really kill me if they wanted to. I also think a big part of why they didn’t kill me was not only because I didn’t fear it, and not only because drugs somewhat scramble their readings of the brain signals, but because they misunderstood my ‘threat’. See if we all don’t just blank out, my fearlessness and confidence, gave them reason to fear the unknown. They threatened to kill me if I didn’t tell them what my great epiphany was, because the drugs scrambled the signal and they couldn’t hear some of it, and I think when my friend heard someone in my living room, they were clearing the area making sure I didn’t have some kind of ‘unknown extreme’ weapon. Or it could’ve just been them making him hear shit in his head to relay it back to me.

I’ve heard about the connection of artificial intelligence, from various sources. I know now that multiple ‘people’ can speak to a TI at the same time, so it’s more than likely that the negative voice was a person, and the emotion of love was induced while an artificial intelligence pretended to be God. I really wish I could’ve personally recorded it to show how human error the left side was, and how loving and confident with all the answers the right side was, just to give a better example. I may not know the truth any time soon, but learning what I’ve learned about this technology has also opened the doors further (if not completely removed them) to the other side of the

argument being more than possible.

The feeling and visuals I remember during and after seeing the waves makes me believe they intentionally filled me with negativity to prevent me from blasting off. The same way they rope me out of the astral plane, or make my head fuzzy until I wake up, they intentionally prevented me from entering 'space' and kept me here. I thought for the longest time that when I mixed with that cloud of smoke was me mixing with my anger. I do not deny my past anger, and I don't deny that I still have anger to this day (especially with what they're currently putting me through), but I strongly believe that I either merged with a negative consciousness, or they induced a steroid shot of anger in that moment. And it worked in that moment, but whether they were trying to test me and see my response or use the drugs to make it stick long term, they failed. It backfired when the love inside of me outweighed it all and I became sad, and then they tried to use my sadness and guilt to get me to go to a police station and turn myself in.

This voice was not clear (or loud) yet because the drugs hadn't completely kicked in, but if only you could've heard how upset it became when I saw the light bulb metaphor. "Emotionally unstable trying to maintain balance while renewing the light, do you know how fucking stupid that sounds? There is no light that can save you. If you want to save the world and all of your loved ones then you need to do the right thing and turn yourself in. You are not what you think you are, nothing is wrong with the world except for you..." Because I needed light in that moment, could've been the reason they blew out the light bulb. They knew they had me down and that I needed some light to try and lift myself up, so they blew out the light bulb hoping I would let it be.

The next day or so afterwards I walked in my room for some reason or the other, but everything I was remembering had me very excited. There's a ceiling fan just above the foot of my bed. I went to grab a shirt off of my bed and as soon as I got close to it the lights started to flicker and dim. I immediately thought it had something to do with my energy field and the

more I became excited the more the lights flickered until they dimmed by about half and one burned out. When I walked away to write down what had just happened the lights went back to normal. That made me think for sure that the drugs, my emotions, and energy made the light bulb blow out during my trip. After learning more about DEWs I began to believe that it was the number one reason it blew out. The drugs amplified my emotions which amplified my biofield, and whatever kind of energy I was connected to from them was the top off. Like how we can shock each other with static electricity, but I was super charged when I turned on the light. Either way, in that moment the metaphor was a little piece of metal keeping the entire cave from collapsing.

“You egotistical crazy son of a bitch what the hell makes you think that this voice is really God and that your opinion is so damn important! Your opinion is nothing!...” This is such a perfect scenario if they knew eventually I would find out about the voice of god weapon. They wanted me to keep what ‘God’ has taught me, so I can help them with their agenda to usher in a new religion, or belief system of infinity. But, at the same time, this voice, whether God, extraterrestrial, optimistic schizophrenia, or my conscience, could’ve been the only reason I survived the hell I’ve been through. This love, this light I have burning deep in my chest, my humanity, may be the only reason I made it through their torture and their attempts to turn me into an assassin, and then a false messiah.

Whether it was a part of their plan, or them trying to turn me against this voice, they started making fun of it. “Yi Yam God! Yi Yam God.” Little kid sarcastic taunts, making fun of me for being dumb enough to believe that the voice really was God. Sometimes claiming it was them the whole time, but also having no explanation of some of the experiences and trying to interrogate me to tell them more about them.

What’s funny though (or a continuation of their manipulation) is what happened one night a few months after this. I hadn’t spoken to God for about three or four months after realizing everything, because I almost completely believed that it was them the entire time. I laid down to go to sleep, and

thought fuck it, just in case God does hear me, “God, please, I don’t care about the past, I don’t care if this was all a part of the plan, just please help us. Please h...” My brain became so overloaded on some kind of signal blocking which kept me from continuing. I tried and tried, and focused as hard as I could, but could not force out what I wanted to say. I knew what was happening, but I thought I could fight it. I couldn’t. Remembering the vibrating electric energy receptors (hoping they were real) I focused on what I felt, hoping my feelings could be transferred into words, “Ple...ase..Pl...Y..Y..Y.... Yo...u.....kno..w..wha..t.... ...I....sa..sa..ying.....” Exhausted, I stopped trying, closed my eyes with tears starting to form and an almost complete false hope, and went to sleep.

Recently, I had an insight, or was shown a vision from the super computer’s perspective. I’ve always been pretty good with seeing through people, or seeing their problems. Being a mostly selfless person has taught me so much about the manipulations of selfish people. How they find people like me, and take advantage of us until they’ve squeezed everything they possibly can out of us. I always second guess myself, making sure it’s not in some way my emotions or past experiences clouding my judgment, and sometimes it is but I’ve gotten pretty good at recognizing the signs of a manipulator. What I saw though can be described by several movies, some including *Enemy of the State*, *Eagle Eye*, *Snowden*, and *Captain America 2*. I saw past, present, and probable future personality/characteristic profiles, thoughts, emotional states, all in mathematical equations being absorbed remotely through this computer and then being sent to me, allowing me to see within the person(s) in front of me. This very well could’ve been the case when I was talking to all of the ‘personalities of God’ during my journey. They can create entire dream scripts with fully animated characters playing a role or doing improv.

Shrinking down to a speck of dust, I’ve also done this in a dream a while before this, but it was just the experience without the information behind it. If they can see through our eyes through monitors, remote neural

monitoring, if they can see what we see in our dreams, then it can be reversed to allow us to see through the super computer's 'eyes', or another form of reality through its virtual reality. Although I see remote viewing as a possibility, seeing through microscopic 'camera lens'/sensors/ smart dust/whatever the fuck, may have been the reason I could do this. If everything I've experienced wasn't actually divine intervention, then the intelligence upgrades, and the sneak peek intelligent visions I've had could be from the AI, or them connecting me to that specific visual.

I have seen things that I don't know how to put into words. Even some of the things I've put into words are poorly described compared to the actual experience. And even me saying, "The sphere uploaded me with thousands of answers within milliseconds," is a description, but practically impossible for you to truly understand the experience. Some of the dimensions I've seen, some of the beings I've seen in my mind, ripping a hole in space for me to see into their dimension, some of the wormholes just pouring out mathematical equations that are meant for higher intelligences, makes me believe in the contradiction of every experience being their technology. Heaven is home, but there's always room for the individual soul/personality of God to grow to the next level (until that single personality is God) and completely sees, feels, and understands every bit of existence simultaneously.

Someone born and bred with this knowledge, or understanding of what's possible may not always choose the light. In fact, the darkness is what they may have been brought up to worship. This may be a part of our spiritual evolution. To look up at a giant conquering demon demolishing our world while the majority submits because they're too scared to fight. To see this power structure and literally see the darkness consuming everything and everyone we love, and not be able to see or feel God's presence anywhere. To realize that all is lost, but not submit. For the few of us who will stand, no matter what happens. For the few of us who finally do not care whether or not God exists, but will fight for love (pure love, not religious nut 'love'). For the few of us who don't care if there is an afterlife, we will continue to stand for what's right until we're erased from existence. Maybe a key to spiritual

evolution, is keeping the light inside without the bribery of heaven or the threat of hell.

CHAPTER 18

RAMBLINGS OF A MAD MAN

Without bias, having every religion and current (civilian and top secret) scientific discovery programmed into it and being able to understand what is above us, an artificially intelligent super computer would understand infinity.

They would've obviously known ahead of time that I was getting ready to drink the tea. Therefore my entire trip could've been scripted ahead of time. Clearly understanding manipulation on a much larger scale than I do, they could've completed their goal perfectly. Every voice could've been them or the AI. Every emotion I felt could've been remotely induced and amplified by the drugs. It's easy enough for them to create hallucinations, and I gave them a boost. I've heard someone talk about the fifth dimension and what they said was very similar to the hologram tree I saw, but that could've just as easily been the AI quantum super computer's doing. I'm certain it's capable of showing me audio visual records of my past and predictions of my future. It could've really been 5:20 for all I know, and they could've either made me see 5:17 or made my phone show 5:17. They could've made any button I hit on the noise maker turn on the radio and have the Jesus music play. They could've also made me see all of those people standing outside, giving me a sense of paranoia so I wouldn't tell my friend what I was seeing.

After this journey I tried to explain it to myself 'logically'. Most of it was out of fear, because there's no way there's an implant in my head right? I came up with the conclusion that it was all metaphorical. The implant in my head was all the subliminal messages and other beliefs I've been programmed with over the course of my life. The implant was the part of the matrix that

was attached to my thought process, and my dark side. I told myself that because I went deep enough, I could hear myself think and what I've been programmed to think, argue with each other.

I tried to convince myself that this was the answer, for the most part. A few nights after this trip is when I was electrocuted. I began to look up brainwave weapons, implants, and paralysis weapons. I found the RNM, V2K, organized gang stalking, and read a brief description of each. I put off further details though for a few months, out of fear.

Sleeping during the day wasn't so bad, but after the electric 'sleep paralyzes' I began to sleep with a desk lamp on facing the wall during the night. A few weeks afterwards I had a dream where I could see myself in bed and feel myself laying down. The desk lamp light was on and I could see a gray extraterrestrial next to me, holding my hand, while putting something through my ear into my head. I could feel both, and saw myself ask in a weird mixed feeling of fear and peace, "Arre yyou ggoingg, to kkill, me now?" fear of it and peace in death.

It didn't reply, but I could feel it holding my hand as if trying to comfort me while doing whatever it was doing. Maybe it wasn't trying to comfort me, but it knew I needed something to squeeze from all the discomfort. I awoke shortly after with my hand numb and the side of my head numb. I honestly think I just slept on them wrong and the poor circulation mixed with my fear and formed a bad dream, but who knows. (I'm sure you no though, don't you no it all.)

Before that dream, and before the stun gun sleep paralysis, I had another awesome dream a night or two after the journey. Well, I sure thought it was awesome at the time. It's still amazing, but now in a good and bad way. Overall I'm glad I had it and was able to see it, for educational purposes.

(Dream) I appeared in 3rd person watching myself, or watching my subconscious self. I floated up to see me tied up with my arms in the air, my body making the letter X. 3rd person me was 'me', looking at a person who looked exactly like me, but 3rd person me could feel everything happening to

subconscious me. Subconscious me was standing practically still, laughing and excited, as flat holographic rectangular panels started to fly up off of my head, evaporating as they flew out of the picture. Each panel was a characteristic of my 'earth identity', and every time one of the characteristic panels flew away, I could feel my perspective shift. My outlook was literally changing every time one flew off of my head and evaporated.

I cannot remember which characteristics and I didn't exactly feel the effects after waking up, but I am 100% sure of what I felt while watching it happen. Not knowing about the technology, I thought it was the universe helping me become more of my eternal self. With new information and knowing it happened a few days after my last journey, I now know they were erasing these characteristics, or erasing memories that evolved into these characteristics. Just as the dream of being uploaded with years of knowledge before blasting off to the moon, I have no idea how to explain the feeling, or perspective change I experienced. All I can suggest is maybe trying to meditate and remember the way you saw things as a child, and then imagine from that point warping to the way you see things now. And then having some of them (or others, I don't know what was) erased. With the emotional side of it, try thinking of something that makes you happy, something that makes you sad, and something that makes you angry. Think of them separately until you feel the emotion and then try to think of them simultaneously while randomly turning each 'volume' knob up and down, and then multiply that by fifty while imagining the knob can move omnidirectional.

I had another precognitive dream a few weeks later, but the precognitive part didn't happen for about a month afterwards. I still don't doubt it was their technology, but I guess only they know.

(Dream) I was sitting at a table on the second story of a house. The table was in a living room area right next to the stairs. There was an open sliding glass door, leading to a balcony, at the other end of the second level living room. There were two guys with charts and maps yelling back and forth at each other, each saying they knew why and how the world was going

to end. One was Mathew McConaughey and I didn't recognize the other guy.

They kept trying to interrupt and show each other signs they've seen and I went to interrupt them with one of my signs. I started to show them the sign, but pulled back thinking, "I'll show you when they're all together and finished." I started scolding us to myself, "Stupid fucking egos, you know how and he knows how and I know how, but none of us will let the other talk! And really, all we each have are pieces of the whole!"

One of the guys said to the other, "Earth has a major gas leak!" and I say aloud to myself, "I heard that on the news." Just then the world started to blow up. We could feel the rumble and out of the window we could see a gigantic tidal wave of fire and smoke coming towards us. I panicked and thought, "No, no, no! I can stop this!" remembering my trip of learning about ripples, emotion, and concentration. I ran out onto the balcony and stuck my hand out, locking my concentration onto the incoming explosion, and reversed it back into itself.

The people outside were flown back all over the ground from the force that came from me. I yelled out, "Sorry! It's okay! I love you!" I looked over at a family, "I love you!" and they responded back smiling, "I love you!" I went back inside and friends started showing up for a bbq. I said aloud, "Oh shit is this a dream?! Am I dreaming or is this real?!" I started walking around the bbq looking for someone. I bumped into an old acquaintance and thought, "I need to find someone else to tell this story too, he won't listen." I walked over into another group of people, and woke up. A few weeks later was the future part.

For a few days I'd been thinking about driving outside of the city to look at the stars. If I wasn't at work I was typing, and I needed a break. A friend I rarely spoke to anymore called me and said he wanted to go out to the same place I was thinking of and asked if I wanted to go. So, him, his girl, one of his work friends, and I went out there. About an hour after walking out to where we could get a better view, they started talking about how there's sooo many stars. (We smoked some weed and I was so high all I could see

were atoms. All the stars became atoms and we were standing on an atom as well.)

My friend's friend asked me if I believed in aliens and he started telling me some of the stuff he's heard. We ended up talking about a couple of movies and the depth of their meaning. Mathew McConaughey came up because he happened to be in a few of the movies we were talking about, in which his role was somewhat similar to my dream. His full name was said by each one of them at least four times, within half a minute, like an echo of his name. I started laughing to myself, "All any of us really has is a piece of the whole!"

I also did a little experiment a few days later on the hallucination realization of all the ripples I saw of confidence. I went to a Chucky Cheese for a friend's kid's birthday and I started playing one of the basketball games for fun and to get the kids some tickets. After the third or fourth game I remembered the ripple effect and began to focus. Sure enough, every time I was 100% confident that the ball was going to go in, it did. Every time I had even the tiniest hint of doubt, I missed. It didn't matter if the ball hit the rim from whatever angle, if I was 100% confident, it went in.

The really, really, cool part about it though was the confident feeling, 99.9% had a different feeling than 100%. When I was 100% confident, I felt a connection between the ball, the basket, and myself, as if we were one. Not only as if we were one, but everything else blurred out for a split second, and we were all that existed. Like the salvia experience of being attached to every inch of earth, but detached from outer space. Like being able to move and direct a limb. I must have spent at least \$20-30 on this game testing it out and it worked.

I tested it once at my job with a gum wrapper. At an extremely hard and distant, but reasonable angle, I focused, dropped all doubt, and threw it into the trash can. I was sitting down at an angle to where I had to side arm it, and threw it about ten feet into the side of the trashcan, which had an ashtray covering the top. But no one was looking when I did this. Another time at

Dave and Buster's I tried the same exact thing with basketballs, but by being surrounded by other people waiting their turn, whether remotely induced or not, I became nervous of the humility of failure. Doubt was extremely high and I airballed almost every shot, having a few actually bounce out of the game and into the crowd. (Obviously the basket was much further there than Chucky Cheese, but regardless I'm not that bad.)

This experiment has continued since my hallucination and I am the garbage can king, when no one is looking. Belief is key and ego seems to be a locked door. Again, 99.9% confidence has a different feeling than 100% confidence (soul not ego). [Another odd one I randomly started doing is with bottle caps. I'm not sure if it's just chance like flipping a coin or if it's in the bottle cap design but, whenever I accidentally drop one I focus on making it land on its back so the lid part is facing up. It works more than it doesn't (99.9 is different from 100), but I've also started to notice the feeling coming from my chest rather than my mind. Like instead of going from mind to object, it's mind to heart to object.]

I understand very little about quantum mechanics, at least the math part, but if you've seen *What the Bleep Do We Know?!* then I'm sure you remember seeing the kid on the basketball court explaining the rules to the lady. "You have to be on the court." Through this, and through being remote controlled, I can see how them controlling the confidence of the individual can affect the outcome 'on the court' or 'in the field' with quantum mechanics. Having a puppet master may change the rules a bit though, I don't know. As of now, that's the only way I can see them being the reason I made all of those shots while giving me the most confident confidence boost ever. Another experiment I tried shortly after was more on the spiritual side, and after time, I can certainly see how they could've also made this one happen.

One of the cats had a breathing problem. He constantly had mucus in his nose and had somewhat of a hard time breathing. After seeing everything I saw during that trip and understanding the power of intention, emotion, true belief, concentration, and energy, I picked him up and sat him on my lap. I

put my hands on both sides of his rib cage and started to focus. “I want to heal you. God, I believe. I believe that outside of our multiverse exists infinite power. What we call illusion here is reality there. I know that this power can somehow transfer here and I’m asking you to do so. I don’t care if it comes into me, but I want to take it away from him.” My focus was crystal clear and my belief was steel. I imagined my energy field absorbing the sickness out of him and bringing it into me for about five minutes and then stopped. I went home and went to sleep.

I noticed a small change in him the next day, but a big one in me. For the next four or five months I had the same thing he had constantly, and it slowly went to occasionally. If it was universal energy, I think my mistake was imagining the sickness going into me instead of evaporating. More of me thinks that they induced the same sickness in me to make me believe that I actually did it, but maybe that’s what they want me to think. I surely believed that I did it for the next couple of months. How could I not?

After a few months had passed, and I learned the tip of the iceberg of this crazy advanced technology. Still completely believing that one voice was God, I came to the conclusion that both voices were right. I have to maintain the balance within. My (our) opinion is important, but not superior. We have to maintain the balance of not being belittled and not being arrogant. Just because I’m wrong doesn’t mean that you stand above me, and just because I’m right doesn’t mean that I stand above you. I felt a smile when I finally came to this conclusion, as if it was ‘God’s’ plan the whole time. (Or maybe the smile was the person I’m connected to learning this as well.)

From this experience, from seeing that everything is some kind of frequency giving off various types of energy/electricity, I decided to believe that the mind is like a communications center. The brain is just like an antenna. It can be hacked and occasionally picks up other signals. There’s eternal me/the soul, there’s game/dream me/the mind itself/artificial intelligent organic computer, there’s God/an enormously subconscious multiverse, there’s telepathy from other beings (aliens, humans,

ghosts/spirits, interdimensional beings), there's schizophrenia/split personalities (brain malfunctions), there's directed energy weapons (V2K, RNM, etc.), and radio waves/signals/stations in general.

I'm not doubting their capabilities, but this journey allowed me to separate from every other voice. I was completely me, connected only to me and my own thoughts. My mind was the center, or open space, and every other voice I heard came from somewhere (other than when the specific group and I began to merge). I don't know how to explain being one with yourself, being complete, but that's what I was. Every other voice was separate from me and coming from somewhere else, just like actual people next to me. Whether I spoke aloud or thought it, it came from me. My opinion, whether I was unsure or not, was my own.

How do I know who is who and what is what? How do I know who to listen to? The only conclusion I've come up with is love. If the voice is of love then I will listen. If it is not, then I will try to be the voice of love responding to it. It hasn't always worked, but I'm trying, and I constantly, constantly have to remind myself. I definitely think I can still be manipulated by this, but no one lives in the game forever anyway. Destiny or not I still believe that when it's your time to go, it's your time to go, whether you wear a seatbelt or not. If I'm led into a trap, then so be it. Anyway...

I started typing story by story, hoping to get as much as I could down to give to whoever I could so if I died there would be an explanation. Even if it sounded like ramblings of a mad man I was hoping someone would be able to read between the lines and find the truth, and hopefully get something from my experiences. After hearing the loud music in the middle of the night, and then being interrogated, I typed as fast as I could barely double checking grammar, run on sentences, etc. I left out several stories, many details I thought were insignificant compared to the overall message and/or experience. Ramble ramble ramble ramble a secret group is beaming voices into my head, the sphere, hell, the dark room, everything, nothing, infinity. The first draft of this had no chapters, just experience after experience typed

back to back and put together the best I could remember it.

I was practically done with the first ‘rough draft’ of this book, but had to attend a wedding out of town as the best man. I decided to print a copy of what I’d done, to try and read it over and make little notes during the flight. Basically if I couldn’t bring my computer with me, I still felt like I needed to continue onward anyway I could. We stayed in a hotel and bunked up two to a room. While there I made it a point to make sure that the folder stayed in my bag. If I got anything out for whatever reason, I made sure it went right back in the bag. After checking in that afternoon, we all left for a few hours and came back later that night. When I went to my bag, the folder was sitting just outside of it. The folder was sitting right next to my bag and I took it as, “Yes, we could’ve taken it any time we wanted. We can stop you from this anytime we want, but we haven’t.” (Why and yet are always on my mind though.)

I know it’s possible that it could’ve been someone shady from the hotel, but I’m pretty sure housekeeping only comes in the late morning/early afternoon. We couldn’t and didn’t check in until noon though, so I know they cleaned the room before we checked in and I’m pretty sure they had no other reason to enter and nothing else was out of place or missing.

That night I had an intense lucid dream and at that point I couldn’t remember the last time I had one. I know I had many conversations and did a lot, but the only question I can remember clearly is one that I angrily asked ‘subconscious me’. “So what the fuck is life then?!” and subconscious me stayed silent with the look and feeling, “I don’t know.” I remember him/me standing in front of rubble, with a red sky behind, in what seemed to be some kind of war zone. I remember the feeling of being in a hurry, conversating along the way, and then stopping him/me abruptly and asking. Whether I was talking to my actual subconscious or it was a man made dream manipulation, I don’t know.

The next night, I remembered fragments of dreams, but nothing specific. I woke up the next morning ‘blank’, but when I woke up my friend

asked me if I heard the (hotel) radio last night. I asked what he meant and he said that he kept waking up from radio static and partial music turning off and on randomly all night. I tried to explain to him that's part of what they were doing, but he didn't want to hear it.

Before the actual ceremony was when we talked to the guy about guns and I couldn't remember how I knew what I knew about guns. One more thing happened that was somewhat insignificant, but I'll tell it anyway. Before I do though I have to tell a background story or two.

There's been a few times in school when doing group projects that I got out of doing any actual work by being the one in the group to present our project to the class. I was somewhat nervous, but never anything major.

During the decade of God telling me that it was my purpose to deliver a message to the world, I would always ask "why me or I can't do this, I can't lead anyone anywhere, I'm not a leader and I can't be responsible for others, what if I lead them to death, or ruin the people following me?" 'God' would tell me, "That is why it has to be you, because you don't want to". A man who craves power and wants to be king would always end up leading people to subjugation. A tyrant wants to rule, the people's king leads for the benefit of the people. The people's king is actually a servant to the people, not the other way around. "I understand what you're saying God, but I am not a leader. I only want to help, not lead."

Accepting death and pain as a probable future, God's explanation eventually sunk in and became, "I am not a leader, but I have to lead away from what's wrong. I have to try, especially now. This isn't over there anymore, it's in front of my face. It actually never has been over there, that was an illusion. I am not a leader, but I will do my part until one emerges or we all finally realize that we don't need a leader. We don't need a messiah or a promise of heaven. Just a belief in love and what's right. I only have a puzzle piece, but I need to make sure it doesn't die with me."

About five years ago, a friend of mine who I've had several hundred conversations with about God, told me that he had a conversation with someone he'd just met. This person too said that God was speaking to him,

and that God wanted him to write a book about the one who has been sent here to change things for the better. He said that this man was to help eliminate money. (Not replaced by barcode/microchip, but eliminate currency in general, like some *Zeitgeist* shit [which I highly recommend watching if you haven't]. A brief explanation of *Zeitgeist*, is that we are technologically advanced enough for every person to live and eat free. Free energy, free comfortable housing, free transportation, free food, free traveling (of the world), and free phone/computer, basically free everything. Now before one goes "Evil communist/ socialist!" You really need to educate yourself on this. If you think about it, capitalism is just a fancy wrapper for a form of dictatorship anyway.)

God was telling him what to write, "This man is going to change everything, but the child is scared." This man knew his purpose, and was also speaking with God, but the child within him was scared. He said something along the lines of him knowing everything he was supposed to do, but he was scared to do it because of all the pain it would come with. The child didn't want to face the pain, but the man knew what needed to be done, regardless of the consequences.

I sure as shit was shocked when my friend told me this. This was the first time I've ever heard of someone else (close to me) speaking with God. It was weird, cool, and a bit scary. Talking with 'God' for so long, preparing for my future, and then hearing about someone writing a book about *this person* (which of course 'God' confirmed was me), made my heart pump almost as much as it is now remembering it. Obviously it's changed, knowing more now, but in that moment, "I can't believe this, I can't be this important, what the fuck, I know I'm different, but I'm not this special...."

Anyway, my friend wanted to introduce us, but the child was scared of his destiny. Whether this was their manipulation or not, it made me strong enough to admit to myself that I was afraid and finally started to truly face it. That particular journey of a thousand miles started then and there, and I still have a couple hundred to go.

So public speaking became a fear, because I always saw the reason I

would be public speaking. The first draft of this left out a lot of personal details, including my name. I left out damn near all of the numerology and my anagram name coincidence. It took me months (after failing to give this to the right person) to convince myself that there was no other way than to attach my name to this and even as I finish it I still dread eventually talking to others about everything.

So, obviously the best man has to give a speech, and (other than being overwhelmed with everything happening to me) I tried as hard as I could not to think about it, until it was time. I thought I knew what I was going to say, and thought I could put his wedding in front of my fear, but I couldn't. All I could see was a crowd of people waiting to hear their 'leader' speak. Within a flash (and then it's reoccurring echo) I got a glimpse of me telling everyone my story, of throwing those fireballs, how afraid I was of being corrupted by power and misleading everyone, a 'thousand' strangers randomly saluting me over the last decade of my life, and then of my more recent experience, "Tell us! Say it!" And what I thought I was going to say turned into a single sentence. That was the first time I'd spoken in front of a crowd since high school, and although the topics weren't too much of a difference (something simple), the one in my head was. The voice of god weapon hadn't completely sunk in yet and I may have been able to accept the responsibility in the beginning 'behind closed doors', but speaking to a crowd of people made everything real.

After getting home I continued forward, but things started happening as I learned more about my situation. If I wasn't writing I was learning and the more I learned the more they started to show me their power. They started to mess with me. Although this experience happened mostly during the month of memory loss, which was around this time, it started before and ended (so far) after. I would wake up in the middle of the night and have no idea where I was, or who I was (ego not soul). I couldn't remember friends/ family/'who to call/ask', what city I lived in, etc. On a few dozen occasions I looked

around my room like it was the first time I'd ever been there, until I remembered everything a few minutes later. In the terms of the eternal identity and the earth identity, I felt who I was, but couldn't remember who I was. On two different occasions I woke up and jumped out of bed because my head was pulsating like a strobe light was on in my mind and flashing through my vision.

The noise maker started having additional noises. Clicks, beeps, whistles, flute noises, patterned static, low bass type sounds, etc., etc., etc., all always in some kind of rhythm. In the beginning they stayed the same throughout the night (and were always gone by morning). I would wake up to hearing the same additional noises, but eventually they started changing, adding more sounds and/or being different whenever I awoke.

The dogs outside would bark normally, but lost their shit the few times I tried to sleep without it, soon forcing me to either sleep with it on, or not sleep at all. (I'm not sure if this was a coincidence or synthetic telepathy, but one night I awoke to them barking like crazy and I angrily thought, "SHUT THE FUCK UP!" and they did at that exact moment.) Although I didn't need the noise maker during the summer because of the AC unit, there were a few times I heard a pulse beep noise when my ear pressed against the pillow a certain way. The beeps didn't really bother me that much. The possibilities of what they were using the beeps for is what started to worry me.

The more I learned about this tech, and the more I realized how long it's been used on me. I began to question if they were the reason Frog lost his mind. A few years back my friend lost his mind, moved to another city and became homeless. We went to get him once and it went alright in the beginning, but he soon ended up right back in the same place. I began to question if he really went crazy or if he also was a targeted individual. I spent the next couple of days thinking about this and one night before going to sleep I turned on the noise maker to find the additional noise being a frog ribbit... ribbit... ribbit... ribbit... ribbit. I got so mad within that first minute I started cussing in my head and wanted to get up and punch the wall since I

knew I couldn't punch them. But I quickly realized that there was nothing I could do then and there. I knew their intention was to say what they were saying and to piss me off, so I at least tried not to give them the anger they expected. I calmed down and listened to the frog ribbit for the next half an hour before falling asleep, but although they didn't get me to overreact in that moment, the anger was suppressed which may have actually been the goal. Whether they made one of my best friends go crazy or not, they made me believe it was them and taunted me with it.

One morning I got up to go to the bathroom. I laid back down and shut my eyes. Soon after, I began feeling like I couldn't breathe. I checked to see if I was breathing, started taking deeper breaths, but I started to feel like I was holding my breath and getting closer to passing out. I panicked at first, but then thought that this was it, they finally decided to kill me. If I was about to die, then there was nothing I could do. I closed my eyes peacefully, thought of a recent movie scene of love (because I have none of my own), and waited. It got all the way to the point where one starts to black out and it stopped. It completely went away, and I was already so comfortable in that thought of love, that I didn't give what happened another thought, until waking back up an hour or so later. Other than me going to the bathroom, this same scenario happened a few mornings after. It played out the same exact way, with the same thought of love.

One night, a few minutes after laying down, I felt something moving on my pillow. At first I thought my cheek muscle was spasming, but it was going too slow and moving in a perfect up and down motion. It felt like a finger was coming out of the pillow and touching my cheek. I moved my head up immediately, followed by my hand pressing where it felt like the finger was coming from. Nothing. I put my head back on the pillow and it started back up. I focused this time to make sure I felt what I thought I was feeling. I wondered why I didn't feel it when my head was off of the pillow. All of the sudden it felt like someone was tugging at the edge of the bed and

pillow. I leapt up quickly looking to where it was coming from and still saw nothing.

I decided to lay with the back of my head on the pillow. Alright, maybe it was just my cheek spazzing out from the pressure of being on the pillow for some reason. About two minutes after having my head facing upwards, I felt a finger start going up and down my back. I got scared as fuck, “Holy shit! Were the hands from my dreams real this entire time?! Is this some kind of spirit or interdimensional alien?! What the fuck is happening?!!!” I put my hand in between my back and the bed, and it immediately stopped. I started to tell myself that maybe my back was now spazzing out? I moved my hand and it started right back up. Up and down, up and down, up and down, from neck to lower back.

I jumped up off of the bed and looked under it. Nothing. I lifted up the mattress. Nothing. I ripped off the sheets, hoping (but not hoping) it was filled with some kind of bugs. But how the hell would bugs move in perfect sync up and down my back? I laid back down and it started right back up. I contemplated places I could go, hoping I could get away from it. But I then thought that I had no idea what was going on and whatever it was could possibly follow me. If it did then wherever I went, they would also be in danger, if this was a dangerous situation. I then thought of the two times I ‘lost my breath’. If this is a dangerous situation and I am about to die, then so be it. I soon embraced the idea again. I was still a bit afraid of it, but figured if I was about to die, then maybe I could show it some love. If it was a ‘demon’ then I knew I was probably wasting my time, but if it was a being in transition then maybe I had a chance. I began speaking to it like a friend and asked about it. It continued to move up and down my back. I basically talked myself to sleep, but before falling asleep the fear was completely gone and I was thanking it for giving me a back massage.

It returned the next night, doing the same exact thing. I bought a usb/tape recorder after my last journey and intended to use it during my next trip, but after realizing my situation I never returned. I turned on the usb recorder at least trying to record what I was saying to it. After about half an

hour I fell asleep talking again. About a week later I heard the metal handles of my dresser drawers clink, right next to my head. The next night I awoke to something jolting my bed. It felt just like someone hitting my bed by my feet to intentionally wake me up. I opened my eyes in its direction, expecting to possibly get electrocuted again, but nothing was there.

(In case you haven't gotten this far with the tech, a 'hive mind' is when two or more people are mentally connected together.) From what I've heard the TI becomes like a voodoo doll and whatever the handlers do, or whatever happens to them, happens to you. If they decide to wave their hand, you will wave your hand. If someone runs their finger up and down your handlers back, then you will feel it too. At first I thought it was a spirit or an interdimensional alien, but after learning that, I'm pretty sure that was the case. I can see how they could've made me hear the metal drawer handle clink, but I'm still unsure about the bed push. I've felt the finger/bed moving about a dozen times since then, and it also makes me wonder if the hands in my dreams are somehow connected.

[Almost a year or so after this experience a friend got out of prison. He was only going to be in town for about a week before moving to where he knew he could get a job. I wouldn't have minded, but didn't have a couch for him to sleep on, so he stayed at my mom's house in my old room for the week.

I'd written him a few letters explaining my situation, telling him to learn, saying goodbye just in case, and we never really talked about it again. We briefly discussed it after he got out, and even though it is what my life is now, I didn't want it to be the only thing we talked about, so other than occasionally bringing it up, I waited for him to speak about it first.

About the middle of the week, just as I was laying down to go to sleep, the bed movements started back up. Bumping the bed, kneeling on the bed, and someone or something making sounds. I was startled at first, but already being somewhat used to it, and annoyed but wanting it to know I acknowledged it, I said, "I gotta go to work tomorrow, either do something or let me go to sleep." And that was that. The next day after work I went to my

mom's house and he and I went outside for a bit. As soon as we made it out the door he began telling me what happened to him the night before. In his words, "I was laying down in bed about to fall asleep, then I heard shit moving in the room like on the desk, and I could hear the noise of movement like a body makes in a quiet room. It was all happening in the room right in front of me and I was really calm, I felt like I shouldn't move or acknowledge that I knew something was there because I didn't want it to stop. Then it was like someone put a hand on the bed to get in it to the right of where I was lying. I actually saw the bed push down and the weight made my leg move, which tripped me out. Then it happened again like another hand moving onto the bed and the bed bounced like someone sat down hard, but I could see no one. My body was ice cold like I had summer clothes in the dead of winter. I said something stupid, can't remember, and the thing got up. It tripped me out, I had to go outside and smoke some weed to calm down, but I was sober when all this happened. That's all I can remember." It happened to me around 9:15 PM and to him around 1:30 AM.]

About a month after I got electrocuted, I began having stomach problems. Because I hadn't been to a doctor in so long, they asked if I had any previous surgeries, allergic reactions to meds, major health problems, etc. Besides the rest, I told them that when I was younger I had Wolff Parkinson White Syndrome. The doctors at the time, put me to sleep, went through my veins with cameras and into my heart confirming this. So, the doctor wanted to run a quick test. When he was done he said it looked like I didn't have it anymore, but wanted me to get a better test to confirm it. I did, and they confirmed it. I didn't have this anymore. When I told my mom her eyes watered and she said, "They said it wouldn't go away on its own." They said that if it got worse I would need surgery when I got older. Somehow an extra pathway, or hole, healed itself. Whether they glitched the computer giving me the test, or healed me, the results of the test confirmed that I do not have this heart problem anymore.

Besides this happening now, it also made me question the past. I

graduated high school almost a year after 9-11. I seriously contemplated joining the army, but when I went in to talk to a recruiter he said that I couldn't join because of this heart disease. In universal sign terms, I thought it was God's way of preventing me from joining the army and becoming who I was now. If I would've joined the army, things would probably have been drastically different. I'm not sure who did what when they did it, but why would they have healed me? This reinforced the thought that there might be more than one group, and one of them is trying to help me.

I couldn't take it anymore. I needed to get this to someone, but I was having a hard time deciding who to give it to. I originally thought of printing out a bunch of copies and giving it to a few random and planned people, but I needed real help for my loved ones. No one I know, including me, can protect the people I care about. So, I could walk into the FBI office and take a false chance at either talking to their plant, or someone who obviously doesn't know me and is definitely going to think I'm crazy. Or, I could try another route, but there was a problem with this route as well. My friend's dad's friend of a friend knew people in what I was sure was high enough places. But my friends and I helped this guy's family move before, and had quite an interesting experience there. Their property was big. The security office was the size of a normal house. The garage/collectible showroom was the size of about five houses. My friends and I helped load up a U-Haul from the showroom, but while we were loading it up the grounds keeper began to show us pictures.

He began flipping through one by one showing us pictures of one of Hitler's general's cars, that had been in that very showroom. Although the car (and several others non related) had been sold a while back, he seemed very pleased to show us these pictures. I knew that the guy's family had inherited a bunch of stuff, but never knew about this. I thought about what I would do if I inherited it? Would I sell it, or piss on it before I blew it up on YouTube? I thought, "Obviously they sold it because they wanted nothing to do with it," and that was that.

After finding out about Project Paperclip, I had a different point of view that could be a possibility. So, it was either go to the FBI, or chance it with someone I knew (them). The people I trust that knew them always had very high things to say. I've seen and heard of plenty of things they've done for several communities, and besides a single misunderstanding, the few times I've met them they've always seemed to be good people. But of course, what if.

A long while after this, a group of us went on the High Roller, and the discussion came up that someone back in the days was blamed for building one of the casinos to look like a swastika. We looked and couldn't see the resemblance. A month or so after was when I was in serious debate. I was working construction in a casino at the time, and noticed a hidden resemblance of a swastika in one of the wall patterns. I knew it was probably nothing, but it made me wonder if that was the same casino we were talking about then. So, I called my friend's dad's friend and asked.

About twenty seconds after talking about the casino, he trailed off into the car his friend's friend's friend's father in law owned. He told me the story and said that once they inherited it, they sold it and a bunch of other stuff. He was speaking at a decently fast pace and to the point without stuttering or searching for words, but there was a brief pause when he finished the story followed by, "Wait... What!?" Like where did that come from and why the hell did I just tell you that? He wasn't present when we saw those pictures and had no idea that we knew, and all of the sudden, in the middle of a personal serious debate of who I should go to, he answered a question that needed answering. And it seemed like, "Wait... What?" was his response to their programming telling him to tell me that story. It awkwardly went back to why I asked about the casino and then we hung up.

I'm sure I did what they wanted, but damn near everything I've read has said that the FBI will not help us, for various reasons. Besides how discouraging this was, I wasn't ready to go to a nuthouse just yet. So I decided to try a friend of a friend. I knew it was probably useless, but I still had to try, so I hid a usb in one of the hotel walls while at work, before

attempting to contact him and ask if I could speak to someone. I finally called him and set up a time to meet which was about a week later.

A song was playing on the parking lot speakers early one morning when I arrived at work. A song named Dangerous by Big Data. For me this was one of those songs where you like half of the song and dislike the other half but, I still sang it on repeat to my new BFFs. After watching a homemade NSA music video, I started fucking with them constantly for about a week straight, “How could they know, how could they know, how big my balls are? It’s like they touch them while I sleep,” until they returned the joke. I woke up one morning with this song in my head being sung by King Candy aka Turbo from Wreck It Ralph. I woke up and could not turn it off, and it stayed on for about forty five seconds after getting up. Not only could I not turn it off, but I had a weird feeling inside like I was dancing to it, which was even weirder because gangsters don’t dance, we boogie.

I had the same feeling you get when you’ve listened to a song until it’s played out and it annoys you, times ten. Although I knew it was from them, I hated this song for the next couple of months and couldn’t get myself to play it even though I knew the only reason I wanted to play it was to annoy them.

This shocked the shit out of me right afterwards, and this was the day so much of it finally sank in. If they can do this, then how much of me is actually me?! If they did this to prove a point, and they purposely showed me what they can do, then how much shit have they done to me without my knowledge?! I began to have a serious identity crisis. Who the fuck am I without their programming? Did I actually overcome their programming when I was in the process of becoming a monster or was that a part of their plan? Am I just a Manchurian messiah? Oh my (voice of) God (weapon), have I believed a person was God this entire time?! Twelve fucking years! By the end of the day I practically fell to my knees in tears, catching myself on the wall, “They stole my life!”

They have taken practically everything from me. At this point, (shit even at this point) they’ve taken everything and have made my mission my

life. My entire life revolves around this mission. I barely have anyone in my life for one reason or another, but they all revolve around the core reason of not getting them hurt. I thought it was all for God, and now I find out it's for a corrupt group of children? I gave up everything for this! And it was all for the people I was trying to stop! I'm a goddamn zombie robot! And it's for man children, not a spiritual destiny. I've had a few momentary mental breakdowns before, but this one was something else. In a way I think the rest prepared me for this one, but it was very hard to even get one foot back on the ground, and that still took months.

I knew that the rough draft I was about to give away was so much more unfinished than I thought it was, but it was too late to change it. And I didn't have the energy anyways. I figured whatever happened, I'd explain more after he read it and when we talked.

I wanted to block everything out, but I couldn't. So, in the meantime I mentally started to scan every experience I could remember, looking at it from this new point of view and trying to find anything I could hold on to the old one. I started telling myself all sides of the experiences, but first I had to convince myself that every experience I had was created by them. I had to break through the part of me that didn't want it to be true. I told my fear, "Listen, they might not all be from them and we will certainly look at it from both angles, but you have to be willing to accept that it may have all been them. So believe it now, even if it doesn't make sense at first force the belief, that it is, so whatever you find out, you will be prepared for the worst."

It was time to meet. I went to see him at his office after work and brought the good enough copy of my unfinished story. I was trying to explain to him that I was in a serious situation and that I didn't even want him to read it because then he would be involved. (I could've cared less what he would've thought at first, but I knew it was probable that they would also target him if he knew.) I said, "Maybe don't give it to someone you know, but tell them to give it to someone they know who is willing to go the distance?" Like don't just give this to someone, make sure they know it's some real heavy shit. I included a brief letter for whoever he gave it to, and

said if s/he didn't want to read my story, then to please get it to someone who would. The letter explained very few details and warned him/her that they would also become in some kind of danger just by reading my story. (Not fully understanding their abilities to influence or over stimulate emotions/the nervous system) I also said that I am more than willing to take a lie detector test.

They didn't stop messing with me (and still haven't to this day) the entire time I waited in hope for this person to read my story. I didn't exactly say it, but I was pretty clear to my friend's dad's friend of a friend that I was in some serious shit. I tried to tell him that I didn't want him to read it because then he would be involved, but I couldn't think of a way to say it without saying it. Whether he read it or I said it and he heard it, it would've been the same difference. I began to say that I wasn't afraid for myself, that I was afraid for the people I cared about, but paused after, "I'm not afraid..." I got choked up and tried really hard not to completely break down in front of him. It came out of nowhere and I couldn't control it. He started to guess, "Are you afraid for yourself? For your family? Your friends? The community?" And a half whisper came out, "All of them." He asked if it was terrorist related, and although I was pretty sure he was thinking of a different kind of terrorist, I said yes. I calmed down soon after, we bullshitted for a few minutes, he told me who he was going to give it to, and I left. I left thinking that even though I couldn't say much without involving him, he understood that I needed some kind of real help.

After about a month of not hearing anything back I became really frustrated. I knew I wasn't precise with a lot of stuff, but thought I made it clear enough that I was in serious shit. I knew I had high hopes, but I at least expected to be taken seriously. I understood that people have their own lives, but when one comes to another with something serious don't you at least kind of put the simpler stuff on hold? Or find someone else who has the time? I cared, but didn't really care who read it as long as it was a trusted friend of a friend, had bigger balls than me, and was in a high enough place. "My family and friends' lives are in danger and I need help." "I'm sorry, but I already

made plans. I'm going to have to put your lives on hold." That may have been an asshole statement, but I would've taken it, so at least I would've known I had to move on with something or someone else. I projected what I would've done if my friend of a friend's kid came to me with something serious, but that was not happening here with me. I just couldn't understand why it was taking so long, but I was hoping that maybe he read it and then realized he had to tell someone else to read it and hopefully they made a bigger deal out of it. One can dream.

When the new Ninja Turtles movie came out, a friend and I took my other (in prison) friend's kid to see it in theaters. I'm not sure how long after this, but a different friend let me borrow a few movies and Ninja Turtles was one of them. Whenever I eat in between breaks from being on the computer, I watch something. Whether an episode of something or part of a movie, I watch while I eat. I didn't think Ninja Turtles was bad, I just didn't care to watch it again. Every time I passed it I skipped it like I didn't see it, because it wasn't an option. One day I got an overwhelming excited feeling, "Yeah I'm gonna watch Ninja Turtles!" I didn't know why I cared so much knowing that I cared so little, but I didn't question it any further and put it on. Later that day my sister's boyfriend stopped by wearing a Ninja Turtle shirt.

It freaked me out, but this wasn't the last time they've influenced someone in front of me to mess with me. After watching Jessica Jones I realized (hoped) that they couldn't force me to do something drastic, but they could still get me to do little shit. I really hope(d) I didn't/don't have a trigger, but other than that at least I know they can't force me to do something horrible while I'm aware, now. But, intentionally making someone else do something to mess with me makes me feel bad. I know I shouldn't feel that bad because they're the dirtbags doing it, but I feel bad knowing that it's being done to mess with me. And worse, half of the people I've told (which isn't many) look at me like I'm going crazy, not realizing (or accepting it's at least possible) that they're being mind controlled, so I can't get them to learn/help. (It's not that you're afraid, it's that I'm crazy, right?)

Although I could surely feel the stress of my situation, I still had the effects from my experiences of unconditional love flowing in and out of my awareness. Some days I completely forgot about love and was consumed by either fear or anger. The days I remembered love (and some of my experiences, whether real or manmade) I would talk to my thoughts, saying we may be in this situation, but there still has to be a common ground somewhere within us. You can't be all bad, and in that area I know we are 'friends'. We are 5% friends. So you're doing what you're doing and I (can only) talk shit, but within this percentage, I can talk to you like you're a friend.

One night my sister invited my mom and I to dinner at her house. I left about an hour before my mom, and during the ride I was jokingly conversing with my new 'friends'. Traffic was backed up like usual, but I got the idea, "Come on! I know you guys can let me hit all green lights! I know you are capable of making that happen, do it!" Nothing happened for me, but my mom showed up an hour or so later excitedly saying, "I got all green lights, can you believe it?! It took me like ten minutes to get here!"

I ended up telling my dad some of it, piece by piece, on a few different occasions. He was trying to be supportive at first, but whether it be fear or his perception of what's possible, he couldn't grasp what I was saying. On my way to his house to continue part of the conversation, I was talking out loud again, and I brought up the Dangerous song experience. By now it had become somewhat humorous to me, especially their choice in voice. Hearing this song (probably any song) sung by King Candy aka Turbo's voice was hilarious. "It's like they knohhhhhhh!" I told them they were assholes and they responded, "Yeah, but you stopped playing that fucking song!"

Soon after I got to my dad's house we went to a fast food restaurant, and continued to talk. I tried to further explain my situation by referring back to some of the videos I showed him. His words were trying to be supportive, but his face and attitude suggested otherwise. I then brought up how I was

waiting to meet with someone and he tried to tell me to be ‘professional’ (not crazy) while talking to him. I became a little more frustrated, “I don’t give a fuck how the guy looks at me or what he thinks I just need to tell someone! This shit is real and it’s really happening to me! I need help! I’m still dealing with this shit right now!” He tried to ask what was happening and on cue the song Dangerous came over the restaurant speakers.

I’m not sure if it was on the radio, but we’d been sitting there talking for at least half an hour without hearing a radio station DJ or a commercial, and I didn’t hear one for the rest of the time we were there. I assumed that one of the employees hooked up their Mp3 player or satellite radio, but either way, it was right on cue. I couldn’t help but stop talking and smile an “I can’t believe this shit!” smile. I really wanted to start laughing then and there but I held it in, “You fucking assholes!” I’m not sure if it was all me, but I heard laughing in my head, and I saw things from all of our perspectives and what it would’ve looked like if I would’ve told him what just happened.

They knew and I knew that there was no way I could tell him that they just played the song on the speakers to mess with me without him thinking I completely lost my shit. I saw my awareness and his awareness side by side and saw even more how so many people are clueless to what’s possible. That an infinite sky has been above them their entire lives and they still live in a tiny little box. I laughed at them for being assholes, my dad for being clueless, and at my situation in general. I don’t know how to explain it to a person without a similar sense of humor, but I once heard that comedy comes from pain. Hopefully that helps.

I first learned about semantic priming through the movie *Focus*, when it first came out on DVD. After learning about its use with this technology, having direct remote access to the brain, I watched the explanation part a few more times. 55 really started to stick out, but I couldn’t figure out why at first (in the movie they subconsciously trick a guy into betting and picking the number 55). I soon realized that the reason it stuck out so much was because I hid the usb on the fifth floor and 55th room. I heard my thoughts taunt me

afterwards. The floor was already finished and there was nothing I could do at that moment without getting fired, so I left it for a while.

It took a little over a month for the guy to get back to me, and that was after I ‘bugged’ the guy I knew a couple times, with him responding like I was bothering him. The person who allegedly read my story finally called me to meet up. He found out a bit of my history and told me he thought I suffered from PTSD (which certain psychedelics can help heal). He said he wanted to bring his pastor/friend along with him. I knew it was all bullshit in that moment, but I still had to at least try. We set a date to meet, but he texted me the morning of saying a member of their church was killed in a car crash, so we had to reschedule. I couldn’t help but pray that it was just a coincidence, but blamed myself for a time being anyway.

He texted me about a week later and he picked a Starbucks, which the address ended up being 4717. I arrived first and he did shortly after. I asked if he’d said anything to the pastor about the technology, and he said he’d leave it up to me if I wanted to tell him. I thought, “Well, you obviously don’t believe me, he probably won’t and if he does I certainly don’t want to risk his life.” We talked for a bit and he said as long as he’d been doing what he’s been doing, he’s never heard of any of those weapons. I said, “I believe it,” but thought, “I wonder how many security levels this guy thinks are above him?”

The pastor showed up and not wanting to risk his safety I decided to stick with God and those types of experiences. Naturally, everything he said came back to me accepting Jesus into my life, and the things Jesus did and said. I tried to say, “Overall, I believe in unconditional love. If two people on opposite ends of the earth spoke with God, when they finally met, they could either argue and fight over who was right, or embrace the message...” “You’re absolutely right, but did you know that Jesus...” He was most certainly a good man (they both were), and he was on point with some stuff, but just as I couldn’t accept his point of view, he couldn’t exactly accept mine. He did quote someone that I thought was cool, “I have a hard time

believing that Gandhi is in hell just because he didn't believe in Jesus," or something like that.

The other guy told me he only actually made it about halfway through my story, and I could tell he hadn't the slightest idea what I was talking about sometimes. They both looked at me like I was a clown when I told them that I believed in telepathy, but then seemed interested after I told them one of the stories about my friend's son. After fully realizing that I was on my own, that this guy barely even read my story, I gave in and gave up. I knew I had his attention at some points, but I quit after seeing his face a few times and realizing that even if he did start to believe me, his fear would convince him otherwise. I knew I had to show up and try, but I had enough. I started giving signals like I was done talking and we went our separate ways. I gave the other guy a usb with several different videos explaining this technology, but we haven't spoken since.

CHAPTER 1984

SMILE, YOU'RE ALWAYS ON CAMERA

Not that I talk to many people anymore, but there are quite a few I haven't told about my situation, or better put, earth's situation, out of fear of dragging them further into my mess. Even though it's also their mess, and your mess. Part of me certainly believes that I should and will when the time is right, but if I was/am going to end up dead soon then I don't want to get them killed in the process. I just can't help but feel responsible for endangering them and also for the 'shattering of their illusion'. If they choose to accept it of course. It took me a couple tries the few times I did decide to tell someone and each time I tried, I got what felt similar to an anxiety attack, which stopped me from telling them. *The Matrix* said it best about waking a mind once it's reached a certain age. I'm certain a few of my loved one's mind's would crack if they knew what I know, truly absorbing it of course, and I'm unwilling to do that. What's the point of waking someone up only for

them to crack?

My friend had gotten out of prison recently after about five years. I decided I wasn't going to tell him right away because he needed to focus on getting on his feet and there was nothing he could do now anyhow. So my plan was to not say anything for the first couple of months and then gradually bring up a little bit at a time. The first thing I decided to bring up was that I was in the process of writing a book.

His son was in the man cave playing Xbox and we were just outside of the door talking. With the same similar feeling of anxiety, I went back and forth in my head, "Alright, just tell him you're writing a book. If we get into details you don't have to tell him any of the bad stuff, you can tell him a few of the good stories. Maybe start with the numerology part. Just tell him you're writing a book, tell him you're writing a book, say it, say 'I'm writing a book'..." The pressure built up as I repeated this a few more times and just when I opened my mouth to speak, his son yelled out from the other room, "I'm writing a book!" My emotions whirlpooled and instead of telling him I was writing a book I said, "You know your son has amazed me a few times," and told him the, "Uncle G you were in the circus?" story.

I knew why he said it, but I couldn't figure out the 'legitimate' reason he would say it. I knew what game he was playing and researched it more a few weeks later. He was playing Minecraft and one can write a book in that game. I can hear (your) fears argument and can certainly see how it could've been a 'coincidence' to the untrained eye. But I am convinced that he was led to that part of the game while I froze. When he reached the book part of the game I was 'released' from, or overcame my fear just enough to speak, and the exact moment I opened my mouth he yelled it out. (And they obviously had days/weeks in advance to plan this.)

Another time I left having dinner with family and headed to their house to hang out for a bit. Their family was also having dinner and I arrived shortly after. After a few minutes of conversing with everyone, the kids insisted I play a game with them. We were using water guns without water, pretending to fight each other. It was the kids vs. me or every man for himself

or something like that. I ran in the garage to hide and they came in to find me, with a plan. When they entered my friend's son says, "Pretend you captured her and she's your prisoner." She already knew the plan and was walking up to me before he finished speaking. I went along with it, "Okay."

As soon as I pretended to arrest her he yelled out, "So what, you're, you're a cop now!? You used to be a gangbanger!" I really want to explain the look on his face and the way he said it perfectly, but I'm going to need you to imagine it the best you can. He had a look of confusion and rage. His brief pauses looked exactly like he was listening to what to say and his rage came from an outside source. His confusion looked like he didn't quite know what was going on or why he was saying what he was saying.

When I first understood the gravity of my situation I became very depressed. Believing that my entire life has been controlled by a group of corrupt evil man children made me really want to die. But, so far I have an overwhelming instinct, or core attachment, that I will not kill myself. I am going to die one day anyway, so I might as well ride it out until that day. I have heard the words "Kill yourself" in the hundreds of thousands if not a million times throughout my life, while feeling the want to do it only a dozen times. I am certain that they're behind it and after finding that out I begged them to kill me. "I can't do it. If you really know me then you know I can't do it, but you can. You want me dead, so please, just do it yourself. Kill me, please, just kill me!"

This lasted for about a week until it became, "If you're not going to kill me then I'm going to do everything I possibly can to stop you. I don't care if it's like throwing rocks at a tank I'm going to throw them until my arm breaks!" On occasions, whether a trick or not, I would hear, "You know, you could join us," and get visions of doing so. They started bringing up moments of when a person deserved a good zap while trying to get me to agree with them. They brought up an old wish I once had of being able to slap someone and warp the truth into their mind of how they were being a selfish asshole or doing something wrong. "You know damn well there are people here that

deserve what we're doing." "No, there are limits. Even brainwashing someone with love or righteousness is hypocrisy. Torturing someone into submission is evil. I see the possible good applications with this technology, but only used with consent and out of the shadows with everyone being aware it exists. You are children with power, nothing more."

After realizing that they tried to turn me into an 'assassin' during my troubled teen years and my core overcame it somehow, they began trying to take credit for my transformation. "So what, you're a cop now?!" was their way of twisting me going after them. Going from 'punk to cop' was being twisted from two angles, one was, you're a sell out from who you used to be and the other was how do you know that wasn't our goal the entire time? And the situation in general was, we are using advanced weaponry on the people you care about because you care about them. Even children (but to us it's not that big of deal because we're children ourselves).

Just before my friend got out of prison is when his dad suddenly looked at me and said, "You're the reason the G.A.T.E. program was shut down." I was giving my friend's (prison friend's brother) wife and daughters a ride once around this time and got a fuzzy head spin while trying to remember the exact date their birthdays were. She answered my thoughts on cue. (Their oldest daughter was, "Promise me uncle G promise me!") One thing has happened to my friend since he's gotten out that was directed towards me from them. And something big enough happened to his brother after drinking some tea. He survived the night, but I had to firmly grab him while slamming on my brakes as he tried to jump out of my car. I'm not going to get into the last two stories, but the last one was pretty intense and mixed with a lot of mind control shit, for himself and through him towards me. I've briefly discussed everything with my tea trip friend before, but not much recently. I've kept my distance and for the most part they don't know why. I feel bad, but at the same time I dread the day I have to tell them, and maybe if I keep my distance for the time being, the man children will leave them alone.

I've basically cut ties to damn near everyone as of now. Everyone who doesn't know what's going on thinks whatever they think, and I think the few that do know are mostly scared for their kids, which is understandable. I was (am) scared for their kids as well and could not stop thinking about one friend in particular. At this point I hadn't spoken to him in a few months, but one day he called me out of the blue saying exactly that. I spent the last few days specifically thinking about him and his kids and then he calls me to say he's thinking of everything and he's scared for his kids. As of now, other than that specific subject, this has happened a dozen or so times. Every time I spend a certain amount of time thinking of someone they end up calling me. Someone I hadn't thought of for a while will occupy my mind and then sure enough they call, or text. I know this happens naturally to many people, but for me, I now believe it's the man children taunting me by influencing them to call me, and every time I think it's them my thoughts confirm it, "Yep. We could kill every one of them," while getting flashes of them being brutally beaten and/or tortured.

I saw another friend one night when I was first learning more about the tech. He was one of the people I already told and was trying to explain more in that moment, but he wasn't exactly trying to hear me. At first, whether it was guilt, pride, their tech, or a combination, he got defensive when I asked him how long it's been since I've first told him about everything and he still hasn't looked anything up. I was and am completely understanding when it comes to digesting stuff before moving forward. It took me a few months to accept the idea before I could move forward and actually learn anything, so I can't expect more from anyone else, but I was anxious and this is happening, now. I always viewed him as one of the strong ones, so I told him specifically.

He then said he watched some of the stuff I gave him, when I hadn't given him anything on this particular subject. I tried to tell him that I didn't, but he angrily interrupted me, "Yes you did, yes, you did." Knowing I didn't because I didn't have anything on this subject yet other than a list, I said,

“Well maybe I did, but...” trying to get him to calm down. I have only ever gotten in one real argument with this friend and it was over something big enough to argue about. The way he was talking and acting was strange and not like himself.

Trying to stay focused on the positive of my experiences, I'd been replaying a song called *Vessel* for about a week before this. This was the only song I listened to the entire week (when driving) and it was the song that was playing when I pulled up in front of his house (windows up). He then began trying to tell me something about life, and he specifically used the word vessel. That was the second buzzer. Even though we've discussed this a hundred times, I let him finish explaining how our body is just a vessel for the soul, and I started to bring the tech back up. As I was talking I noticed his eyes and attention, and I thought, “He keeps getting distracted. He keeps changing the subject because he's afraid.” And on cue he interrupts me again, “What if I'm just a distraction for you? Like you're supposed to be doing all the stuff you talk about, but I keep distrac...” Holy shit. I interrupted, “No that's not it, but right now you're being distracted by either their technology or from your fear, either way you keep trying to change the subject from what I'm trying to tell you.” His eyes became a little wider with realization and he began to listen.

[(This friend told me about a trip he had about a year later, and it's a little out of place, but really worth mentioning. He was laying down in bed, but suddenly sat up in a weird place. He was sitting in a foamish egg shaped chair. He looked to both sides and saw rows of people all sitting in the same chairs, but he could see that the chairs were like incubators, and the people were all unconscious. He looked across the way and saw some kind of being sitting in a bubble, like a guard. After a few moments they locked eyes and within a blink it was slightly hovering over him. It looked mostly like a cobra. It was very big, with a purple and red mixture on the upper body and face, but the face had no nose or mouth. The being began poking at him, but would stop a few feet away like he was poking a bubble. My friend could feel it though and said it hurt, like a sharp pinch. My friend got the feeling that the

being was poking at him to see if he was actually awake. He focused, not wanting to feel the pain and put his arms behind his head and feet up to relax. The pain went away, but a few more beings showed up and they all began moving at each other like they were arguing. He said he got the feeling they were arguing about how this happened, and that one of them made a mistake and they were trying to figure it out. He smiled, started laughing, and then woke back up in his room.)]

Another song I found that helped the shit out of me is called *You Wouldn't Know*. This song helped me block out and reverse all of their put downs for the time being. Anyway, the song starts off, "Eighteen wheels are rolling..." After a few weeks of listening to this song, always dedicating it to them, my sister tells me about a dream she had. Her, my first ex and her sister were all hanging out in a semi-truck, "You know like one of the big ones... I wonder why we would be hanging out in there?" To taunt me. Oh you like that song huh? It's for us is it? Well guess who else we're using the mind control dream manipulation on? Just to say fuck you too.

I used to steal shit when I was younger. Besides being a dumb ass teen addicted to the rush and getting something for free, I eventually saw it as stealing from the corporations. It was two birds with one stone, getting me something and (slightly) hurting their profits. Learning more about karma and being able to see that when I steal something here the universe steals something from me there, I began to dial it down. Even though I still thought they deserved it, I eventually stopped not wanting to be in that kind of negative energy cycle.

(One of the first karma coincidences I started to notice was that every time I spit gum onto the sidewalk or street, I would step in gum over the next day or two. I even did it intentionally as a tester a few times after realizing the coincidence and it happened each time. I quit doing it and although I'm sure I have, I can't remember the last time I stepped in gum.)

I named a shade of karma I experienced 'God's wind money'. It's a

stupid name and I always thought I'd get around to giving it a better one, but here we are. I completely believed in the energy of the universe and occasionally started throwing 5 dollar bills out of my window while driving. It was very similar to doing something positive for a complete stranger and bottling it up, but I think it started from wanting to do something positive and not having a stranger around. It was also like removing myself from the equation and letting God choose who would find it. I even wrote Lucky you :) on some of them. A few times after starting this, I also found money in random places. Once was on my birthday and I took it as God saying, "Let me buy you a drink on your birthday." Although now I believe it's more complex, but also more than likely one of their manipulations, and other than that experience itself the reason I'm bringing this up is because of a coupon.

I completely stopped stealing because of God and positive energy. Even if I needed it I would wait it out or look for another way, believing it was a lesson or test. "How long can you sit it out before you trade your honor for an object? Some food? What are the boundaries of this? If you're not starving, then you do not need to steal... etc. etc. blah blah blah." A few months after finding out everything and believing it was all from them, I decided to steal something as a little fuck you. A mini baby fuck you. So I put some Crystal Light drink packets in my pocket while I paid for everything else. I went back to that store within the next couple of days and got a Crystal Light coupon with my next purchase.

I can't even tell or remember all of the manipulated dream invasions I've had. Even a few that I've written, I only remember half of what I wrote. After the month of memory loss I have to be specific with detail with any dream or experience. I even have to set little reminders for regular stuff. I'm starting to believe that maybe I was led to that show as a misdirect. I thought they were trying to erase my memory and I may have stopped them by my comment of me returning to my true self. But it's starting to look more and more like their intentions were to fry my short term memory.

Anyway, during the period where I couldn't sleep well from switching

my schedule back and forth halfway through the week from working graveyard, I began taking different sleeping aids. During this time I would often feel the effects of the sleeping aid while dreaming. Whether lucid or not I would feel dizzy and sluggish, but only in my head. Once a week I would stay up for about twenty-four hours when I worked graveyard. But being tired like that felt like my entire body was drained. The sleeping aid head spin felt like the entire dream was alive and vibrant but my brain and vision were the only thing fuzzy. Mostly every time I realized or remembered a part of a dream under this circumstance, it was like my head was drunk while my body tried to keep balance and shake off the sleeping aid.

When I left that job I quit taking the sleeping aid, at first. I started having sleep paralysis again, more often. So I started taking something else to knock me completely out so I wouldn't be able to dream and/or hardly wake up throughout the night. During this time I had a lot more emotional changes after waking up in the morning. I would wake up with a specific emotion and a 'subconscious' sense of knowing exactly why I felt the way I did, but I couldn't remember the dream. For instance I knew I'd been fighting, but couldn't remember anything about the dream, or I was crying because someone had died, but couldn't remember who or how. Anyway, I finally stopped taking the sleeping aids and for some reason being overly tired never left. And a lot of times I get the head feeling like I'm still on a sleep aid. I've heard that they soften one up through various techniques, but one of the main ways they program us is during deep sleep. I'm pretty sure that this is the reason I sleep so much and so deep now.

I wake up groggy practically every day. I've woken up several times with my thoughts playing like a TV or radio has been left on. I'm still groggy, like what the hell is happening, but my "thoughts" are in the background running, running, running. On several occasions I've also woken up, completely opening my eyes, while my dream continues for about thirty seconds to a full minute after. My eyes are open, looking around my room, while my dream is still playing out in my mind.

Before I knew what was happening I had a dream of being chased by

zombies in a post-apocalyptic world. I was on a highway about twenty miles from reaching the city I was headed for when my vehicle broke down. About a hundred zombies came out of nowhere and were headed for me at a pretty fast pace (faster than normal zombies, but slower than a human). I looked on the passenger seat and saw a shotgun with three shells next to it and two machetes. I had just enough time to load the shotgun and fire a shot right after, before I was completely swarmed by zombies. So the choice was, shotgun first and then reach for the machetes or pass the shotgun and just go for the machetes. Whether it was the right or wrong choice, I chose the machetes, turned to face them, and right as one got close enough I raised my arm and phased out waking up.

I had a split second decision to make and within that split second I saw, if I went for the shotgun then all of my attention would be on loading it. I didn't have time to keep one eye on them and one eye on the gun as I loaded it. After shooting and injuring anywhere from one to six of them (worse case one from an unlucky shot, best case six from a lucky two from each shot, so worst case injuring, best case killing) I still had about ninety zombies leftover who were right behind them. If the best case scenario happened I could use that time to turn and grab the machetes taking my attention off of the zombies for a brief moment to make sure I grabbed them without fumbling. And then probably have to swing them blindly hoping to hit who I could. I chose to use the time it would take to load the shotgun to observe who was closest. I figured I was dead either way, and worst case scenario I could take out just as many with a lucky shot. I chose to have faith in my own power than the power of a few shots.

Again, I don't know whether I chose right or wrong because I woke up right after choosing, but that's not the reason I'm bringing this up. I've had several similar dreams like this, and I haven't heard anyone talk about it yet, but I believe the point of these dreams is putting us through a choice simulation test. This choice simulation test is part of their personality profiling, because once the personality is profiled they know how to manipulate it [and now I've come to realize, to track their progress in

changing it]. Thinking back, if throwing those fireballs wasn't a universal sign from God, then it could very well have been them seeing what I would do with that much power, and/or how angry they'd have to make me to get me to cross the line.

Besides being put through several choice simulations (a few times before being aware and several times after), I've also been tortured and interrogated several times. I can't remember the questions of this particular dream, but I remember the pain and setting of being tied to a chair as someone ripped out my fingernails while interrogating me. I've been lit on fire, had cigarettes put out on me/burned, shot, stabbed, beaten, bitten, body slammed, limbs cut off, acid thrown on my chest, etc., etc., (Most recently, sometimes before going to sleep I lay with my arms up and hands behind my head. For about two to three weeks I started getting a really uncomfortable feeling every time I put my arms up, a weird feeling in my armpits and a psychological worried, slightly nauseated discomfort. I knew it was them, but couldn't pinpoint what they were doing. I started testing my timing trying to make it a few seconds longer each time, but the longer I held on the more discomfort I felt. Between the third and fourth week I 'woke up' hanging off of the ground with my hands tied together above my head, my head/neck 'looking down' too weak to lift. I was exhausted, weak, and could barely keep my tear filled eyes open. I immediately knew what was happening and right on que 'burning hot knives' went into each armpit. I yelled out, cried, but was too weak to move any other part of my body. I knew I'd been hanging there for a while, and that this had been happening every night for the last couple of weeks. Again. Again. I woke up.) [Holy, shit, I had to come back and put this in.... Altered Carbon, every part for different reasons, but for what I'm mentioning now, episode four]

Here are a few non-torture manipulative interrogations I've experienced.

There was an older man I used to work with who I respected out of the fact that he didn't give a fuck who was listening, he always brought up the horrible shit that was going on. Fluoride in the water, cancerous properties in

food, etc. He had his moments of regular bullshitting with us, but these were the main topics he spoke of. I'd talk about this stuff with a handful of people, but even they didn't know how deep I was into all of it. In other words, I exposed a part of my secret identity but never the whole. He had no secret identity, he was a big loud "Fuck them!" Anyway, one night I had a dream of where he was the teacher in a classroom and I was sitting next to one of my old girlfriends. Her character was used to manipulate me with love and guilt, and his character was used to manipulate me through respect and honor. She and I sat side by side and he stood next to and over me. With smiles and concern they asked me a series of questions.

I had a dream of the cops showing up out front and yelling through the megaphone for me to come out. When I did, they went inside and began searching my house. While out front, a highly advanced hover car pulled up and two different cops got out. They told me that they were like men in black type cops and that they were really aliens. I told them to prove it and they started shape shifting their faces. I was excitedly shocked when they asked me who I was and what I was hiding. "Do what you want and search what you want, I can't tell you everything, but I swear I am on good's side." They responded, "Sorry, but we had to be sure, we had to check what side you're really on."

I think this dream was used to somewhat intimidate and impress me. I love outer space and would love to actually go there one day. So they used the cops searching my house to worry me into thinking they were going to find something, and they used space cops to impress me, hoping I would tell them whatever they wanted to know before the other cops found it. "They're about to discover your 'secret', but we can help you."

(Dream) I was sitting in some kind of parking lot with my dad. We talked for a short while leading him up to saying, "So the guy read your story and he's going to do something about it. What are you going to do now?"

They used my dad as a trusted character to find out what I had planned

next. Obviously if they can read my mind then they can see anything I've come up with, but out of all of the possibilities I've thought of, I've never chosen a specific route, out of waiting to see what happened. They made me believe that it happened to see what I would do if it did, probably to make their Plan A for sabotage.

I've also had a few dreams of TV characters I like or dislike being used for the choice simulation or to interrogate me. The villains are used to seeing what I would actually do or say to them if I came in contact with them. And the heroes are used like the space cops. One time I remember a hero character saying something along the lines, "You're so naturally trained, it's starting to bug me." He smiled and said it as a compliment, and as much as I'd love to believe it I think it was used to make me lower my guard. I believe it was an ego boost to make me think, "I'm naturally trained so I don't have to keep my guard up as much because I know better." Therefore making me trust myself more which would make it easier to interrogate or manipulate me.

I remember a dream of being in a kind of zombie mode. I was unaware I was dreaming the entire time, but the feeling was just like suddenly realizing I'm dreaming, coming out of zombie mode into being fully aware of where I was and what was happening. An explosion had just happened and a building was on fire. A voice began yelling at me, "What the hell is wrong with you, why did you just blow up that building?!" I heard and remembered everything the voice said, but became aware towards the end of the sentence, "What the hell is wrong with you why did YOU just blow up that building?!" I responded, "What the fuck are you talking about? I didn't do shit, fuck you!" Even after becoming aware, there was never a person next to me, there was only a voice. When I began yelling back I could see the voice's presence get sucked out of the dream like it was being sucked into a black hole. A few seconds after it was completely gone I woke up.

Knowing that I willingly threw those fireballs so long ago, made me question if it was another choice simulation and I accidentally became aware

during. I have held on as tight as I can to unconditional love, but I am 100% sure that they're trying to fill me with hate and anger. As of now it has gotten to a point of where I become angry every time something small goes wrong. If I drop something I want to break it, if I bump into something or almost trip over something I want to break it. I actually tripped this morning and had to stay on the ground for about a full minute focusing on how funny it was instead of how mad it made me. Normally I would've burst into laughter while still in the air, but as hard as I am trying they seem to be trying harder.

I've gotten sad mad enough to get tears in my eyes a few times. I'm not going to explain sad mad, but I hope you know what I'm talking about. I've experienced sad mad enough to believe that sadness was the reason the tears formed, until recently. I became so mad recently that tears watered in my eyes. I couldn't believe it and even took a moment to scan my emotions to see if I could find any sadness, but there was none during this particular experience. I stood still for a few minutes with my eyes watering and tears slowly dripping down my cheeks while envisioning hurting them. I want to be unconditional love so bad, but they're giving me reason after reason to want to choke the life out of them. And I'm afraid that if I succumb to that hate, they will be able to point me anywhere they want, making me believe that the 'target' is them.

They constantly point out the selfishness in others, and they actually have legitimate arguments most of the time. Even though I constantly argue and try to focus on the reasons of selfishness, and try to make the selflessness shine brighter, they seem to be doing a better job. They've pointed out how many times I've been taken advantage of and how even a lot of others' selfless acts have a selfish ulterior motive. They make everything they show me appear in 3D while making selflessness appear as a pencil sketch. So much of it is my fault too, but they try to make me think self-righteously to reinforce the hate they're trying to program me with (and then twist it by saying what we see in others is usually a self-projection). Even the hate towards them, "Yes, yes let it out! Let the hate flow through you!" I've heard

of them programming TIs to hate a certain race, religion, country, person, but they're trying to make me hate the people closest to me, even though there are barely any left.

Look at how selfish this friend is, look at how selfish that friend is. Look at some of the people you've told, how selfish they are by not even trying to support you. Look at how fast some of them change the subject when you bring it up. "But they're afraid for their kids! Shit I'm afraid for their kids!" That may be a part of it for some of them, but if they believe you then they should know that their kids are in danger either way! Fear has a lot to do with it, but being selfless is what gives one the courage to continue forward regardless. Everyone on the planet is in danger, you know that some of them know this, but they're choosing to keep their head in the sand hoping that someone else is going to save them. Why do you care so much about these people?!

There are days (and moments throughout the bad days) I can forget what has happened to me and start the day off new and forgiving. "You know, yesterday can still be yesterday." And there are days they're not assholes and I can almost continue to look past everything, our little five minutes of friendship. But then I'll read someone's story, or watch the tech being used on someone (whether real life or video) and watch someone crying and I just lose my shit. I watched a video of a girl crying the other day while telling her story and I just wanted to strangle one of these guys doing this. I know that's exactly what they want me to feel, but I can't help it. I get glimpses and hear unconditional love's voice sometimes, but I still want to smash bullies. The days go back and forth between love and forgiveness to revengeance and justice.

(Dream) 1-1-16 "You should've joined the good guys!" This dream happened while I was still in debate of whether they were good or not, and while they were trying to convince me they were. I was fighting and fighting, over and over and over. I believe they were testing my reaction times and styles of fighting, different fears and how long I could last. Every time I

figured out what was going on, that I was dreaming and intentionally being put through this, they started the scenario over. Fight, after fight, after fight, fear, after fear, after fear.

I was in the center of some kind of prison, which was mostly outside. The center was 'the arena' which was surrounded by two stories of cells, the ground was dirt, and there was no ceiling. I'd just gotten the shit kicked out of me when I was left in the center of the outside part, next to a beat down car. "New year, new rules! You should've joined the good guys!" a little evil man child snickered. Exhausted, I fell to one knee with both of my knuckles on the ground in realization and despair, "They're evil!" I got tears in my eyes and was just about to lay down and give up when I decided, "No!" I got up and started punching the car, smashing the hell out of it. I picked up a door, flung it at some of the guards, and it ended up next to a super computer they were in the process of perfecting. I walked up and grabbed a section of it, ripped it out, and launched it as far as I could, but before it hit the ground, rocket boosters shot out of its sides and it flew right back into place on the machine. I became discouraged believing there was no way I could stop them and then, blanked out, scrambled, and restarted.

I was in a different part of the prison, sitting against a wall lined up next to other prisoners just after being beaten up. We were all different subjects being tested for various reasons to perfect this machine. I then quickly became extremely dehydrated and wanted water so bad it was all I could think about. We were all given a glass of water, but the water had shit in it. One guy said he'd been through this test before and there was actually nothing wrong with the water, we were all being brainwashed into believing there was. The shit in the water was actually an induced hallucination. As soon as he said that the shit turned into a snake and I dropped the cup. I woke up soon after with no pain and perfectly hydrated.

I've realized that if they can remotely invade my dreams, putting themselves in and out as they please, they can easily put together a group dream. So, the other prisoner test subjects could've actually been real people.

This prisoner dream happened a while ago and I wrote it down a while

ago, but typed it yesterday amongst many other stories and dreams. For some reason I had a similar dream last night (a little over a year later) asking me about part of this one, so I'm going to type it here.

(Dream) It started off in an old friend's aunt's house which someone and I were renting it out, or had just bought it. I was messing around with glued together razor blade ninja stars, and walked over to a side area to take some new hi tech computer equipment out of boxes. Once the pieces were all out of the boxes, somehow it turned into an oven. Afterwards I saw everything similar to matrix computer code, but everything was made out of 'light particle atom mirrors'. There were millions of microscopic nano mirrors made of light reflecting back our 'reality'/the real life dream. I was explaining what I was seeing as I saw and touched the wall. The 'air' and 'wall' were the same exact light mirrors but they were reflecting back/showing a different part of reality.

"Everything looks the same except for you." She looked different because the conscious light in me was in love with the conscious light in her. Our light was mostly the same, but partially different. Like parts of us were made up of the same exact light mirror atoms as everything else, but the other part was made up of a different kind of light, and this light wasn't exactly a mirror. The wall, objects, and air light mirrors were reflecting back to us the dream, outward in, and the other light mirrors were reflecting us, inward out. We were pure uncut light and everything else was cut with baby powder light. We were 100% real light and everything else was '80%' light and '30%' of that light came from us because we were 100% real. I'm not sure how to explain it better.

They were coming for us. A different woman and I went next door to hide a hundred thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills, which one bill had a sliver looking tracker chip in it. We put it all in a bag and then she suggested hiding it in the dryer. I said it would be better to hide it behind the dryer and then put it there. (For whatever reason, somehow it became, they were coming to take this money from us and we wanted them to take the money, but we didn't want it to look like we wanted them to take the money so I

didn't want to make it look too easy to find.)

We warped into being caught by them. A devil worshipper black magic leader guy had us pinned down by telekinesis, in front of a building, and he started threatening us, angrily asking me about the machine. "Tell me more about the machine!" At first I thought maybe he was talking about the dryer I hid the money behind, but then had a pop up thought and became even more confused, responding exactly what I was thinking, "Wait what? Isn't it your machine?" I glitched out of the dream into my room laying in my bed and was calmly told, "Tell me more about the machine," and then glitched right back to where I left off. It was too fast to check if I was in sleep paralysis, and even though they're always so real, it felt like I'd actually woken up, was asked, and then put back to sleep.

I saw a machine they built that was artificially intelligent with the same DEW capabilities hovering about thirty feet above a swimming pool. It was bigger than the pool but not by much. About ten of their mind controlled soldiers were telepathically told to jump into the pool and they did. A cyborgish octopus arm came out of the bottom center of the machine and went into the water. It started moving and turning the pool water like a whirlpool, eventually sucking the souls of the men out of them, so the machine could become 'more'. The water helped connect their biofields kind of like electricity. By spinning the water it made the biofield connection stronger and blurred together to a point where it only had to suck the soul energy from the center of the whirlpool to absorb them all.

I phased into a room with the second woman and one other man, where we were being held hostage. We were locked in the room, but not tied down. We found different torture devices and a chainsaw to hack our bodies up afterwards. We frantically began trying to escape. We finally broke out a side wall and I yelled to head towards the main road where cars were driving. As soon as we got out though there was a gigantic black pool between us and the road. The only way to get to the road was next to a hotel looking building. We ran, but soon saw the magic devil leader walking towards us and we were forced to enter the building. All of his people were dressed in different

Halloween costumes. We fought our way through a pretty long hallway trying not to kill any of them knowing they were most likely under mind control. The fight lasted for about three minutes, us almost making it to the end before I woke up.

I can't remember when it happened but there was some kind of stake out going on out front of my new dream house. I can't remember who, but I believe it was the first woman I saw that I loved, was killed and I lost control. I didn't care, and I saw myself block out all of the light within me, and kill her killer.

This dream is too new for me to give any real theories, but I wonder why they wanted to know more about the machine in my dream? I got the overwhelming feeling they were talking about the same machine but I wonder if they actually were. I really hope that's not a machine we will have to face one day. Seeing everything as the light mirrors was awesome, amazing times a million. Ever since the month of memory loss my short term memory has been drastically damaged, but I really hope that this dream sticks as vivid as it is now. (A day or so later on my way to work I saw a truck driving with a dryer in the back.)

I can see a few angles on this next one, but I'm not sure of the true intentions. I was distressed when I realized I was dreaming. I was standing in my mom's backyard when I shouted, "Show me something, show me something, show me something!" A baby appeared sitting in the grass and then a bear-wolf-beast-Cujo on steroids appeared standing behind it growling. I was scared as shit and couldn't move. As soon as Cujo went for the baby I 'woke up' in sleep paralysis. I squirmed and squirmed and not only did my breathing sound different by itself, but it was perfectly synced with chicken noises, "bauc.. bauc.. bauc.. bauc.." After a few moments of squirming I finally got up swinging, "No! Again!" I 'woke up' in sleep paralysis stuck to my bed, squirmed, got up and went to tackle whatever was there (nothing was there), frustrated, the voice repeated, "No! Again!" I 'woke up' and got straight up angry as hell and manifested a baseball bat

while lifting my arms ready to swing at whatever was behind my door, “No! Try again!” “No!! Do it again!!” “Try again!!!” “Again!” This must have happened another 7 or 8 times before I actually woke up.

This dream kind of reminds me of all of the other dreams I’ve had of training by fighting someone or something. In all of those dreams I’m fighting like a ninja, but a lot of them started with or had to do with first facing my fear to fight them in the first place. I had to be calm while fighting, not afraid or angry. I had a dream of where I had to fight one demon per week, but for some reason I’d missed the last couple of weeks, so they were adding up and I was about to have to fight three at once. I ‘woke up’ thinking I’d actually woken up with a demon growling and moving around the side of my bed, bumping and ramming it. I overcame my fear pretty quickly this time, but I still couldn’t get all the way up. I started moving my arms around slapping towards the side of the bed until I really woke up.

And actually one of the dreams of having cigarettes put out on me was because I was afraid to confront a devil guy about something.

This (almost) dream (experience) happened one night when I was really high. I rolled a Bob Marley sized joint, like one of those 8 inch by 2 inch papers, took a few puffs and was gone. I was so high I had to go home and lay down. I wasn’t planning on falling asleep. I just wanted to lay down for a bit, but ended up in the in between state. Half awake and half asleep. While I was zoning in everything became way more focused and slowed down. This is the only time I’ve ever experienced this, but I’m pretty sure no one ever remembers falling asleep. We close our eyes and before we know it we’re sleeping.

Being so high and so focused, everything became similar to a state of meditation (I’ve never meditated before, [I can’t get the AI to shut the hell up] but from what I’ve heard and experienced on mushrooms it was similar). My awareness was floating along like a raft on a river of thoughts and I could literally see the line of where I would cross over into falling asleep. When I floated to it and touched it I jolted awake, but the jolt lasted a few seconds

from where I was into actually being awake, like filming a light turn on and then playing it back in slow motion. What made me jolt was this sentence, perfectly typed out for me to see, “This file cannot be moved because it is still being used by another program.”

I wasn’t that far into this tech when this happened, and when it did I thought it was more of a universal sign, backing up my theory of life being a game for souls. Although I still believe that life is a game for eternal us, I do not believe that it was a universal sign (unless it was both aka two birds with one stone). Whether the weed helped this happen or it was just the tech, or a glitch with the tech, I don’t know, but that was a weird and kind of freaky experience. To think that I’m that far ‘plugged in’ or remotely connected is pretty scary, and just a tiny bit cool. Cool as in knowing that it’s possible to actually be uploaded (upgraded) with information and abilities.

There are always various noises in the sound maker and this is only one example.

fast pulse -----
techno sound - - - - -
whistle flute - - - - -

I hear these while I’m awake, but there have been a handful of times I hear beeps (and feel signals) in my dreams.

beep 1 - - - - -
beep 2 - - - - -

I heard multiple beeps starting up at different volumes and pace. I don’t remember dreaming beforehand, but the beeps ‘woke me up’ into sleep paralysis. I couldn’t see anything, but had the overwhelming feeling that someone was really there in real life keeping me in sleep paralysis while they did whatever they did. I don’t exactly know how to explain the difference in

feeling, but having so many of them I can sometimes divide them into a feeling category. I've had this type of feeling a few times when they first started, but have had it way more often more recently. Some sleep paralyzes are just me being afraid and I can feel that I am the only one in the room. Some sleep paralysis' I can feel the presence of the shadow figures, but in these sleep paralysis' it feels just like, and I am fully aware that, I'm stuck in sleep paralysis on purpose and someone is in my room intentionally keeping me in sleep paralysis. It's practically the opposite of feeling the sleep aid effect, like they use a drug or more likely a frequency to keep my body asleep but my mind 'wakes up' while they do whatever they do to me (I've only had one dream of being 'anal probed' and other than that time I've never woken up with a sore ass, please keep your fantasies to yourself).

Actually that dream had the same feeling and that was an actual dream. I felt like someone was near me (which makes me think maybe our biofields can detect other biofields...or maybe it's the same feeling we get when someone is watching us) and then realized I was dreaming. I couldn't explain to myself how I knew that someone was near me, but it felt (feels) like I was (am) inside something and someone was (is) outside of it. I started trying to wake myself up. A man thing appears out of nowhere somewhat hostile, but I know I'm dreaming so I think it'll be no problem for me to flick him away. I try to get rid of him, but he surprisingly overpowers me, holds me down in a headlock, and sticks something up my ass. It hurt, like something was being stuck up my ass. I squirmed to get away, but he was as solid as a rock, until he pulled whatever it was out and I woke up a few seconds after stumbling away. Yes, I could feel it even after I'd woken up, but it wasn't sore like I was in prison or anything. I'd imagine it felt uncomfortable like when older men have to go to the doctor for the finger exam. This is one of my more embarrassing experiences, but I gotta mention one or two of them.

I've had quite a few fucked up dreams while getting towards the end here. I keep wanting to wait to put them in my story during the time frame they happened, but unless I have another super crazy dream, I'm going to

finish them off now.

I've reached another winter and have to sleep with the sound maker on. Like I said, if I choose to sleep with it off the dogs start barking like crazy. (Why don't I move? Because my life isn't that simple right now fuckface. [And it's not like it would matter in the long run.]) There were a handful of times during the summer that I heard different kinds of beeps, or music mixed with beeps while the noise maker was not on. Other than hearing them 'openly', I once heard them very clearly while my ear was pinched to the pillow. Whether they're trying to confuse me, or the sound maker just makes it easier to hear the noises, I'm not sure.

Now that I always sleep with it, I hear different noises every night, although I'm pretty sure I've heard a few similar noises and patterns before. Recently I awoke from a weird feeling and the noises. I moved my hand back and forth about an inch over my ear and I could hear the sound perfectly. The sound stayed perfect whenever my hand was directly over my ear. I left my hand over my ear for about a full minute listening to this constant radar beep sound, in distress. When I fell back to sleep I dreamt of having a remote control and trying to turn off the sound maker, but it kept flipping through radio stations. I must have heard at least ten different radio stations with the static in between and the same noise pattern before I actually woke back up.

There have now also been a few occasions when the exact sounds and pattern has made me feel extremely uncomfortable, whether scared or sad, until I make myself calm down before falling asleep. When I first started waking up with different emotions it seemed to be mostly a sense of accomplishment, but during this period it was always sadness and depression. They used people I care about to treat me like shit, or do fucked up things to me. Either physically or emotionally (or both), they'd use a loved one to rip my heart out. And whether that, or having the feeling someone I cared for just died, or was tortured, or I'd just been tortured, I would wake up with !SU!C!DE! pumping through my veins. For about a month straight the word and thought would fly through my mind periodically throughout the day. I would feel it often, entertain the idea occasionally, but severely feel it just

after waking up. I would wake up extremely depressed and wanting to die from whatever the hell I was dreaming about.

One morning I woke up and got ready for work regularly, but when I was done brushing my teeth I broke down and started to cry. I was so overwhelmed I couldn't help it. But about two minutes after breaking down I put my hands on the edges of the sink, looked myself in the mirror and something happened that I don't quite know how to explain. Imagine all of the negativity as an ocean, and imagine the pressure building up the deeper you go. This ocean is filled with some of the worst kinds of toxic waste, pollution, radiation and seems to be slowly killing you, but surely making you want to kill yourself. Metaphorically speaking, being two places at once, deep in this poisonous ocean and crawling through your daily life, fighting to make it to the end of each day just to actually continue fighting in your dreams, imagine feeling the negative energy being the same as walking under water, and try to imagine feeling the pressure that would surely crush you in reality, being that deep. And even though you are in this ocean, this ocean is also inside of you.

Looking at my reflection, starting in my chest, like a growing air bubble, I focused and forced the ocean within just outside of myself. It was extremely hard. I felt the pressure of pushing the pressure out and I felt the pressure around me trying to push its way back in, but it wasn't in my heart, body, or mind at that moment. The negativity and depression flowed all around and outside of me, but I continued to focus until the air bubble included my reflection. It was so weird, but it felt like I couldn't actually see myself until that moment. I looked myself dead in the eyes and made sure I heard it, "I love you. I don't care what they're saying or trying to do. I love you. I, love, you." I felt a bit of relief for the moment trying to brand it onto my heart and memory, but as soon as I let go of my concentration the air bubble closed. The relief calmed me down enough to get back to normal, but I could still feel the negativity throughout the day. It got a little better after that and as of now hasn't come back as bad as it was during that month.

Some days they leave me alone for the most part, but every night since I've become more aware, they invade my dreams and sleep cycle. On several occasions I hear someone say my name, or various other words and sentences, always waking me up. Sometimes it sounds like they're standing up above me, the voice being loud and echoing, and others the voice is right next to my ear, either normal or whispering. I've woken up a couple hundred times right when the minute is either 23 or 17. I've woken up several times at 11:21 or 3:16 right after having a 'birth purpose' dream. This was happening before I became aware though. At first I thought it was all universal synchronicity mixed with my internal clock, but after finding out, it has happened more frequently and feels like a way of taunting me.

Every other day for about a week I had the same kind of dream, but one time it lasted way longer than the others. I couldn't figure it out at first and thought it had something to do with not being able to focus. That was the best explanation I could come up with. The best way I can think of to explain these dreams is by comparing them to the handful of commercials I've seen where the person stays the same, whether moving or standing still, while the background and his or her clothes change. The person is posing for a picture and the background changes from beach to mountains, from day to night, from shorts to pants, from this color to that color, while s/he never moves. In these dreams the backgrounds changed rapidly, too fast to ever get a fully detailed background, but just enough to see the changes. I could see the changes clearly, but I could also feel them because each shift was connected to my mind. Whatever was happening to/in my mind, I was stunned and could hardly move. My body felt normal, but I couldn't willingly move it. My body twitched from being extremely uncomfortable, but the dazing, paralyzing signal hitting my brain was too strong for me to get out of it.

I want to compare it to the dream with the characteristic panels, but having it happen in fast forward. It was going too fast for me to clearly focus on anything. The background and my brain were connected, changing rapidly, while my body stayed the same. I didn't feel any real personality

changes afterwards, but I didn't feel them after the characteristic panel dream either. However, I did feel extra mentally drained afterwards (There have been dozens upon dozens upon dozens of times I've woken up feeling drained, knowing my brain has been tampered with, but couldn't recall anything, not even a glimpse of the dream. So extra means more than regular).

[[A few months after having the last dream(s) explained, I think I figured something out and had to come back to put it here. There have also been several occasions where my dream will completely change, (characters, clothing, plot, etc.) from a few seconds to a few minutes. I woke up recently remembering about a dozen different dreams all twisted together, with the memory of the last dream(s) scenario followed by a feeling of explanation. I realized that these dreams are specifically designed for confusion. Making my focus run around in circles like a dog chasing its tail. On second thought, even then the dog is focused on one thing, so super scatter brain juggling more than it can handle is more accurate.

With a scenario like this they can make direct or subtle suggestions making the dream go in random directions, like falling asleep with the TV on and having it influence the dream, commercials and all. But, whether they used that tactic from time to time or not, they'd most likely have hundreds of thousands of virtual reality dream scripts already made. They could hit random, just like music with a cd/mp3 player, with preselected dream skits, or they could select them at will by pressing 'next', but the goal is to keep the targets brain confused from coming and going in and out of different scenarios. Being completely focused on one objective only to have it switch to another and another and then another will keep the brain running into walls, falling down, going right and then suddenly left without remembering how, turning love into fear and fear into love, chasing its tail until it is exhausted and scrambled. (This is your brain, this is your brain on microwave weapons.)

I've had a few dreams where I realized that a script was being played out and I've watched the glitches happen with my own (dream) eyes. So, this

against the wall at science class type tables (no desks). I began listening to music in headphones, but I didn't have to plug them in to hear it. I would get the headphone jack close to the port and the music would play.

I got up for a moment and when I went back a young guy was installing something on my computer. I was trusting and curiously asked what he was doing, but he kept avoiding an answer and was giving me attitude. "I'm just trying to earn my points (do my job)" (something like that). I started getting mad because of the point, first he didn't ask and then he wouldn't answer me. I was mad but calm at first and then he got in my face. I started to get angry and then he pushed me. I grabbed him, like a bear hug but with my hands, and started to squeeze. I felt myself start to black out in anger and remembered high school when I used to. I got scared thinking about their programming and really started to focus on calming down. There was a lady teacher/guard/counselor looking at me worried and she said my name. I calmed all the way down and allowed him to continue his point of view while I tried to explain mine. I calmly cleared my throat and explained why I got so mad and we both fully calmed down afterwards. I went from almost blacking out and smashing this guy to turning it off myself. I woke up happy that I turned it off myself and thought of writing it down, but went back to sleep instead and the dream continued.

It was somewhere in the same cave camp bunker area. I was brought to 'the gates of hell', which was its nickname. It was a pitch black tunnel inside one of the rooms in the cave bunker. The entrance to the cave room looked like a spaceship door, and the gates of hell tunnel had a glass like energy wall in front of it. They brought us there to show us and educate us on the tunnel, but while looking at it I couldn't remember why we were there. We walked in a single file line and lined up along the wall about twenty feet away from the tunnel. There were already guards inside of the room, but all keeping their distance from the tunnel. They were acting like we were getting ready to go in and the guards were there to make sure we did.

I thought, "I wish I had a flashlight to shine over there," and right then a light started shining on the tunnel entrance. The guards got upset and said

not to do that. I looked next to me at the person shining the light. I knew who I was looking at, but I had some kind of fuzz blocker in my mind blocking him out. He kept shining the light on the tunnel entrance and then on the people guarding it. I knew who I was looking at and didn't understand the fuzz blocker, but I focused for a moment and forced it away. "Ray! Fuck man I love you!" Ray continued with the light and had a worried look on his face. He never spoke, but what I felt him say with his actions, eyes, facial expression, and body language was, "Of course, I know, you're dazed and not understanding what's happening right now and I need to get you out of here!" I was confused but read it so clearly and everyone ended up having to leave the room because he wouldn't stop shining the light. We walked back outside and I flashed into driving. I can't remember where to and I'm not even sure if I knew in the dream, but I had to make it back somewhere and I was running late. I was endlessly driving trying to get somewhere on time until I woke up.

(Dream) I can't remember exactly what happened, but I was either defending myself or defending someone else and I began pounding the shit out of some guy. I got on top of him and jack hammered his face into the ground. He disappeared and the details of the dream individually started stripping away until everything became blackish, like it was beginning to phase out. I didn't care and kept hitting the ground, which was also black space now. Someone mumbled something in the background from the darkness and I shouted back, "I don't care!" while hitting the darkness harder and harder. "JOSH!" This voice came from 'outside' as if it were right next to me in my room and woke me up. I finally lost my cool and started beating the shit out of 'someone' and they woke me up, but I have no clue why.

The next night I pounded someone into the ground again, but that's all I can remember about that part. I ended up running down some kind of highway listening to a (mostly) piano instrumental I've never heard of the song "*Lean on me*". I heard another song before this, but can't remember anything other than that I heard it. I knew I was dreaming at this point and

kept trying to fly, but I couldn't stop thinking about what was stressing me out and the point of whatever was happening was to keep me running. I stopped running, dropped my stress and focused. I began to fly diagonal like a plane taking off, but a few seconds after taking off I was roped upwards out of the dream into waking up.

The next night, "JOSH!" I woke up again from hearing this voice yelling into my ear. I heard my name loud and clear, but after opening my eyes and looking at the clock I heard my thoughts say, "It's time to get up." I responded, "Nope, I'm going back to sleep this time."

(Dream) I was outside somewhere with a group of people. I knew some of them, but didn't know one individual in particular. He kept taunting me and trying to start shit. I kept pleading with him, "Please man, stop. I get it, you're a 'badass'. You have nothing to prove. Please just stop, I have the same angry side. I don't want to cross the line, please stop pushing. You win, you're better, just please stop because I don't want to lose my cool man, please." He pulled out a gun and shot me, I lost my cool and became some kind of demon. I felt myself change and could even see what I turned into from a 3rd person perspective. I felt the rage and could feel and hear the change in my voice. I felt like I was possessed, a complete transformation, and I grabbed the guy ready to rip him apart. I can't remember much else after changing.

Changing like that scared me enough to where I didn't write it down and wanted to forget it, but I had to for the record I guess. They're constantly giving me dreams where I lose my cool, of where I am pushed and pushed and pushed until I lose control and start beating the shit out of someone, but this was so different. I changed, I literally changed into some kind of monster, body and all. As scared as I am of what they're trying to turn me into, the one comfort as of now is that even though I turned into this monster, 'the bully' was my only 'target'. I wanted to rip him apart, literally, but had no motivation to go after anyone else. I was a demon that only wanted to crush demons. (This dream reminds me of a dream I had once a long time

ago of being a dragon that couldn't breathe fire. I knew it had to do with confidence, but no matter how hard I tried I could only blow smoke. It was pretty cool being a dragon though [my body is only a shell]. I've also had a few dreams that started long ago [but have happened more often after finding out] about looking in a mirror and seeing someone else's reflection. Whatever I did the reflection did, it was me, but I was looking at someone else.)

(Dream) I was standing next to someone I trusted when I realized we were trying to fight some kind of black magic wizard demon. I was handed some kind of weird device and a piece of paper with weird writing on it. I was then told I had to say what was on the piece of paper in order to get the device to work. The paper had one sentence with a bunch of random letters grouped together like words. Not close but something like this for an example - evkg ih noluabr tijdk wdorfg. I started to sound it out in confusion and was helped with the parts I was having trouble with. Once I fully sounded it out, I warped into the next part of the dream and I was filled with rage.

I was so fucking angry I couldn't control it. I didn't know why and couldn't calm myself down, I just had to beat the shit out of the walls. I felt like a mad gorilla. My family appeared in the next room trying to get me to come in and talk to them, but I couldn't be around them. A friend then appeared asking me if I had any weed, that we should smoke some weed. I was just so mad I couldn't stay focused on anything else happening. I ended up outside trying to leave, but there were cop cars everywhere blocking the road with the president behind them in one of the vehicles. It wasn't a specific president, but I just somehow knew it was all for 'the president'. I looked around one more time and woke up.

Whether wrong or right, I immediately had the feeling that I wasn't supposed to see that dream and my anger was meant to be directed towards 'the president'. I believe that the weird sentence was a trigger sentence (which I really hope the one I made up isn't someone else's) because right after I said it I warped into another part of the dream filled with rage. I had

the feeling that my family and friends weren't supposed to be there, that whether they were my own subconscious dream characters or their actual souls/astral projections, they were there to help me. Whether with love and concern or with a calming herb.

(Dream) I remember being in the street, in between some buildings, and the sun had just begun to set. Other than that I only remember realizing my dream was being scripted. I remember the feeling of catching my dream and dream characters acting. Something odd had just happened and then I realized that whoever (whatever) I was hearing was a recording. I called it out and some kind of glitch happened right after, like a zone in and out, with the recording starting over exactly the same. I tried to focus on what it was saying so I could remember and write it down as soon as I woke up, but it became 'lighter/quieter/further away' as if it was trying to go deeper into my subconscious. It was phasing in and out like my focus, but I could still feel myself absorbing it clearly. Every time it tried to go deeper it felt like I was being forced to forget I was dreaming and what was happening, and every time I forcefully regained focus the words became clear again, until a different voice became frustrated and 'woke me up'.

I was 'awake' lying in bed as the voice threatened me, "Fuck it we're coming there... I'm right behind you." I became scared at first and the fear made me think of someone standing behind me, but the more I focused on not actually feeling anything there, the more I calmed down. "No! You don't have to come! Just making me believe you're there is good enough to scare me! Oh, wait, that's all you're doing. Please don't touch me while I'm sleeping." The more I became aware the more I turned it into a joke, until I actually woke up.

I woke up, went into the bathroom to smoke and piss. I started getting a really weird head feeling by the last few drags of the cigarette. I thought they were trying to do something and got scared at first but I made light of it. I went back to bed, laid down facing the wall, and tried to focus on something

other than the weird feeling and background rambling. They tried to scare me with the “We’re right behind you” shit. I heard a noise in the other room like something fell, and it startled me at first, but I quickly ignored it. If I’m dead then I’m dead. I passed out. Not like regular trail off, but like being at the doctors and intentionally being put to sleep.

(Dream) I appeared driving and then getting out somewhere, then back in my room in sleep paralysis, but didn’t know yet. I fumbled around the bed trying to turn my body, thinking someone was there, but still not realizing I was in sleep paralysis. I moved the blankets, I moved the pillows and then I heard the radio go off thinking I accidentally set the alarm. I thought, “Thank God, that’s good, I should start sleeping with music on.” I fumble floated around and ended up with my feet facing off of the bed. I still didn’t quite realize I was dreaming, but thought, “If I can just get myself off of the bed, their brain hold will let go.” I made it off the bed but floated downwards. I should’ve hit the ground, but I just kept floating down, with the room growing and shrinking accordingly. (Every time I got close to the floor, the floor, walls, and dresser moved/glitch stretched down, then me, then them, then me, then them, me, them, me, them.)

I realized I was dreaming and said to myself, “Fuck it, I’m not just gonna let them keep me like this. If they’re not gonna let me wake up then I’m gonna make them wake me up.” It took a bit of focus, but I got up and opened the door. They tried to scare me with what might be behind it but, “Yeah, yeah do it then.” I made it through, opened the front door and went outside. I hopped on a wall and began running along it for a takeoff, but became a bit dizzy and started to fall. I fell while running, but hopped on a car with my last step and took off floating. I hovered sideways for a bit and then flew. I tried to decide where to go while they were trying to phase out my surroundings. I didn’t say it to them, but I thought to myself, “Fuck you,” and focused. I flew a couple of houses down, then a little further until I began to get roped backwards. I turned, continuing to focus, and tried to fly with the rope and it worked for a few seconds until they did it again back in the other direction. This time I tried to fight it, but lost.

I 'woke up' back in my room. It was pitch black and silent, "Alright, you still won't let me wake up, fuck it, I'm going again." I fumbled back outside, but this time I said I'm going to manifest a chick for me just so they could watch their wife blow me. There were three cars outside as soon as I walked out of the gate/thought that. All three were filled with families, *them* knowing even if I was dreaming I couldn't just pull the mom away. One, nope, two, nope, three, nope. I walked past the third car, turned back to focus and to intentionally manifest a woman walking down the street rather than allowing 'what was there' to be what I focused on. I ended up in one of the neighbor's houses somehow, walking through it just trying to continue. I just made it to the street and was about to... and woke up with intense cottonmouth.

A few nights later I had a dream about being in some weird place with stairs. I was having fun, but ended up getting chased, shot at, and then shot. I only got shot once before someone stopped everything. I overheard two people talking and I asked a question and got a very good answer, "Holy shit I need to remember that!" (can't remember) I started bouncing around the room off of trampoline walls and having fun again. I started to realize I was dreaming and seconds after, everything started getting fuzzy. I tried to focus and keep the dream going but couldn't. I heard two high pitch frequency noises waving in and out of each other and before I knew it I was in my bed. I tried to get up, but couldn't because I was stuck in sleep paralysis.

The frequencies became louder and more intense. A little gremlin thing appeared standing on my dresser next to my alarm clock. I tried so hard to move, but still couldn't. I tried to stay still and make my body float and it worked for a few seconds. My body floated diagonally to the ceiling and then flashed back. The gremlin was standing still, but moving his arms until a small light shined bright like a light bulb burned out and the gremlin was gone. It reappeared on the floor walking up to my bed. It dug its claws into my hand and the sheet trying to get up on the bed. I started to move my other arm, but a different clawed hand came from the head of the bed and grabbed

my wrist. It scared the shit out of me and my leg moved. When I noticed my leg move I instantly started moving both of them up and down like I was running in place, trying to shake myself out of the paralyzed state. The frequencies were still going.

A shadow outline of a troll thing appeared standing next to my bed behind the gremlin, which now looked like a cat that I thought was just stuck with its claws in the bed and my hand. I knew I was dreaming at first, even at that point knowing, “How the fuck would a cat get in here?!” but it was so real I started doubting the dream. I even started to feel bad for the cat, being dragged into my situation. I was trying so hard to yell to keep them away and wake myself up, but only half-ass whimpers came out, or sometimes no sound.

The paralyzation felt so much like a sleep aid head, induced (obviously). It’s like every time I got an inch they hit a different button and turned up the ‘paralysis (volume)’ knob. I woke up with super extreme cottonmouth and a part of my brain felt like it was on fire. The next couple of days it felt like I had a sunburn on the top of my head whenever I scratched, combed, or took a shower. When I left for work that morning though I saw three cats outside. Two cats right out front and another in the street by my car. I have seen them before, but haven’t seen them in a while before or since this dream (which has been about a month and a half at this point).

(Dream) I laid in the grass in a nice neighborhood at night. I started to talk to someone, but everything became sleep aid fuzzy. I tried to shake it off for a few minutes but couldn’t. I phased into a room and felt a wave burning sensation on my mid-left chest. I thought, “I fucking hate their tech!” and phased into the next place. I realized I was dreaming and went out the front door to try and fly. I was in a completely detailed house and walked out of the door into pitch black nothingness. I took off flying, but it was like floating in air mud. I ‘woke up’ in bed but thought I actually woke up and was trying to fall back asleep. I started hearing noises and voices. High pitch voice and low voice, whistle, scratch, multiple noises, sound effect buttons. I

realized I was dreaming and the noises were intentionally trying to scare me. I felt fear tingle trying to ‘take me over’, but I overcame it and began trying to float out of bed and try for a lucid dream. I tried four times, but kept getting sucked back to bed. The sound effects continued trying to scare me and I ended up getting very angry. I remembered hearing about the hive mind scenario, where *they* move/think and you do it, and I thought maybe if I focused hard enough I could reverse it. I thought of choking myself hoping they would choke themselves, and then thought of choking them out. I then heard a clown snicker followed by multiple laughs. I talked shit until I actually woke up.

I woke up, smoked a cigarette while I wrote this dream down, went back to bed, and had this dream next. I was sitting shotgun, driving with family and one friend (friend wasn’t clear and kept glitching in and out). At first we were in a car while driving around the city. My dad was driving and wasn’t paying attention. He kept slamming the brakes at the lights, “Are we gonna do this at every light?!” We were supposed to be going to the lake, but something kept stalling us and it suddenly became night. I said, “I don’t even wanna go anymore.” My dad responded, “Alright, relax, we’ll discuss it.” He pulled on and off the freeway back to back and pulled up to the edge of a very high cliff where we could see a lake. When he pulled on the freeway we were still in a car, but when he pulled off we were in a jeep with the roof and doors off.

He was being careless and trying to get us close to the edge for a better view, but braked too late and we went over the cliff. It was so real, so, fucking, real. The jeep movement over the rocks and mini hills, the engine, the noise tires make when they’re driving on dirt, the jerk of my seatbelt, the air and wind I felt on the way down, the roller coaster stomach feeling when we first tipped over the edge, the screams coming from behind me, the fear, my panicked breathing, my heart pounding, the water getting closer as we fell, felt so real.

Staring at the water on the way down, I thought, “This is it, we’re dead.” The drop stayed the same, fast, but I felt every bit of emotion and

thought slow down to a point where I could analyze them perfectly. At first, my fear started from heights, then hitting and going under the water, and then death. I passed through each phase and once I felt all three, the fear went almost completely away. “Alright, my seatbelt is in, but just in case we survive I need to remember to unclick it. Unclick it! Unclick it. Unclick the seatbelt as soon as you can after hitting the water. I’m pretty sure I’m dead but if not, unclick the seatbelt.” I then thought that getting my dad first would be best, because he was in front where the windshield was..... and then I scanned exactly how I got in that situation. “It’s winter right now. It’s too cold for us to be going to the lake, especially at night?” Just before hitting the water I realized I was dreaming and woke up on impact.

At first I thought it was a psychological form of torture, dying with my family. Then I thought maybe it was a choice simulation, for them to see what I would do and think in that exact scenario. Then I thought maybe it was a fear facing experience. After thinking about it during the day, I think it was them messing with me for talking shit earlier. They were already trying to make me afraid earlier in the night, and it didn’t exactly work. Then I tried to make them choke themselves out while telling them to go fuck them self. So, they smashed a few fears together and threw me off of a cliff with my family. And maybe the friend glitching in and out was to never let me get a clear view of *one* so my subconscious included them all.

They were a few mornings apart, but within the same month I’ve woken up with all of my muscles hurting like I went to the gym. I’ve had a few dreams of ‘waking up’ and some kind of energy force vacuum was trying to suck me out of bed while I concentrated really hard on staying. I can remember having a few more dreams of them threatening me if I didn’t comply. I remember quite a few threat situations, but one in particular of them threatening to make it worse and me responding in fear, “No! You don’t have to, I’ll do it!” and continued doing what they wanted.

Shortly after, I found an opportunity to divert what I was doing and stop, and tried to tell some people that were near me. I was in the process of telling them when I was woken up. I’ve been shocked back awake just before

falling asleep a few times. I've been intentionally woken up several times during so many different nights, but specifically when I wanted to sleep in on the weekends. Besides hearing my name and it's time to wake up, I've also heard my alarm clock go off (and a smoke detector). When I heard it I angrily thought, "What the fuck! I know I didn't set it! It's Sunday there's no way I set it!" As soon as I woke all the way up I couldn't hear it anymore. I can't say yes or no but I don't think it was actually on, I think they have it recorded and just sent it to my brain. I've woken up once more to hearing music playing in my head as well.

(Dream) There was a lot of randomness that didn't make sense, but I ended up sitting at a booth table with a few others in some kind of fast food restaurant. I can't clearly remember everyone, but even the faces I didn't recognize I somehow knew. I can't remember exactly what they were talking about, but it was only day to day stuff. I felt my heart start to pound and I became a bit anxious when I started to interrupt, "I can't do this anymore, I just can't, I need to tell you guys..." A very sharp pain started up in my stomach which felt like someone pushing inward. I didn't hear a clear voice, but more of a 'knowing somehow' that *they* were in control and were the ones inflicting the pain. I felt and saw that the reason my heart started pounding before speaking was because I knew what was going to happen if I tried to tell anyone. I got a glimpse of this being a recurring situation, of where every time I tried to tell someone or ask for help I would feel pain, like they're subconsciously connecting the two, possibly in attempt to make me too afraid to finally come forward with all of this, or have a hard time talking about it afterwards.

(Dream) I was on a dirt bike driving through a familiar park. An outside voice kept telling me that I was going to crash, but I told it and myself that I wasn't going fast enough for it to hurt and then made myself fall. Right after getting up I saw myself drinking a soda, like I was dehydrated and it was water, and it felt refreshing just the same. Like I

needed the sugar or something. After that I saw my dad and he was trying to speak to me. At first I listened, but quickly realized that something was wrong and he was being negative and manipulative so I pushed him away and he immediately turned into a *Scanner Darkly* cop suit type character frequently shape shifting. I flashed back into a bed, looking at a familiar room and thought I was awake, but stunned with one eye open, trying to move just enough to kick the extremely bright and colorful shape shifter. I woke up very shortly after, but the transition was very matrix like and one of a kind so far. I didn't wake up to it, my eyes were already open, when a crooked light line started from the top left corner of the room/my vision spreading and growing outward in both directions, working its way diagonally down to the lower right, changing the familiar dream room into my actual room, and having the shape shifting computer character disintegrate into the light line as it passed. My head felt frequency trapped until the room completely changed to normal.

(Dream) I phased into seeing myself lying in bed in my old room at my mom's house. The light was on and I could see myself crying, and then I/we merged. I immediately knew why I was crying. I felt the most evil presence I'd ever felt in my life. Even with all I've experienced, it was an evil I didn't know existed. It was like I could see and feel what it saw and felt, like its energy ripped through and into me. True sadism to the fullest extent, and it wanted my soul.

I couldn't remember any details, but I knew that the reason I was crying was because I'd just been tortured for a very long time. I was exhausted and I felt a deep sadness from knowing that this evil existed and how much it hated love (everything). I was also sad because I knew what it wanted and I couldn't fight any longer. I felt that I'd been terrified for a while and the fear was just becoming calm because I was about to give up. It wanted my soul and I was resisting just by simply saying no. It tortured me until I was on the edge of breaking and was ready to 'let go' of my willpower, and allow it to take me over.

My eyes were filled with tears, all hope and faith gone. Nothing and no one was going to save me, this was it. I whimpered, “Okay,” and began to let go. It felt just like I was beginning to black out, like my consciousness was disappearing in waves slowly dissolving. It was almost pitch black and I was almost completely gone when I decided, no. I gathered the little bit of the little bit of me I still had left. “feel my energy...” “Feel my energy...” “FEEL MY ENERGY!!!” I repeated this a few more times while slowly regaining my strength and seeing the room and light fade back in. I could feel myself draw energy from my core and radiate it from every other part of myself. It felt like a dimmer switch that became the sun. “FFEEEEELLL MMYYY ENNERRGGGGGY!!!” and then I woke up.

A few months later I felt this same evil, but while I was in my room and actually saw something this time. I was very afraid and still sad that it even existed. I felt like it knew about love and that love wanted to help it, but it didn’t care. Actually, the way that it did care was that it only wanted to hurt love. It didn’t care about other evil beings or the gray areas, it only wanted to hurt love.

I was in sleep paralysis, but was able to turn away while a black robed fuzzy faced demon creature floated above and then to the other side of me, basically lying next to me making me wake up. I laid in bed for a few minutes before going back to sleep, but texted myself this the next morning.

Shoulda got up and wrote it prosty... EVIL demon ghost thing, FEAR, hella scared, couldn’t move but could turn away from it when it got next to me? Only way to get over it is to face it again &&&& again & again. So if it was u, do it again

& again

& again

& again

& again

(Dream) I was in some kind of prison lab. The walls and floors were made out of maroon-ish stones. It was dark, but there was a fluorescent light shining just above the door allowing me to see the bed I was laying on and the floor just below. I can hear a man screaming out from being tortured in the cell next to me. I can't get a clear view, but there's a girl appearing and disappearing next to me. A voice comes from above, "She's your happy place. She's not really there, you're trying to manifest her to block it all out." The man next door yelled out again. I could feel her there and then not, while I tried to position myself to face her better.

I 'woke up', realized I 'woke up', and tried to wake myself up. I couldn't wake myself so I tried to get up and out of the room before *they* realized I was lucid. I was struggling. but began laughing, "Man, it used to be so easy!" It was hard to move and turn my head, but I focused and finally floated up. I was still laughing as I floated over towards the door, and just when I was about to land two hands violently dug into my ribcage and put me back in bed. I woke up.

I've also had a few precognitive dreams more recently. I'm not sure if I should've put precognitive in quotation marks or not, because I still don't know if it's all their tech or if the universe is responsible, or both.

(Dream) It was night and I just got out of a vehicle on a street in between some buildings and houses. A black man shot a cop with an Uzi and then started chasing after me. I ran around the corner of a house and he followed me to get rid of the witness. We ended up shooting each other and I woke up.

A few days later one of my friends showed me a video that was spreading on facebook of a black man shooting two cops with an Uzi type gun in the middle of the street. I didn't look far enough into it to find out if the video was real or not.

(Dream) I can't remember this dream other than seeing someone on a scooter bike, and all I wrote down was scooter bike crosswalk. After waking

up, getting ready, and then leaving to work, a person on a scooter bike shot out in front of me as I pulled up to the light.

(Dream) I was fighting some kind of monster and I ended up on fire.

The next morning the news was on while I was clocking in to work. I can't remember where, but there were riots and the news showed while talking about a cop that was set on fire with a Molotov cocktail.

(Dream) I wasn't exactly floating, but I was high in the cloudy smoky sky looking around mountains with fire everywhere. I was in the middle of nowhere and there were no people, just mountains and mountains covered in fire.

The next day I found out that there were fires in California again.

(Dream) I was in some kind of lab during a zombie apocalypse. A doctor came up to us sad and said with a sarcastic hurray, "We accidentally found the cure to change the zombies back. They have to eat a baby." I saw it, but felt like we all saw that the cure wasn't worth it, we had to continue to live in the zombie apocalypse.

That morning when I arrived at work, the news was still talking about the 2016 presidential election. A coworker said aloud, "At this point Hilary could eat a baby on stage and not have her outcome change." Something along those lines, but specifically eating a baby.

(Dream) I was running from something in some kind of laboratory hospital. I turned down a hallway and entered a room. A little greenish yellowish half plastic half slime creature was right behind me the whole way and as soon as I made it into the room it snapped (like a snake strike) at my leg and entered my heel. I fell to the ground in pain and tried to squeeze, scrape, and beat it out. I woke up a few minutes later and fell back to sleep.

The next day at work a coworker limped by as I walked towards the break room. I asked what happened and he said something like, "I'm not sure

I just woke up in the middle of the night last night with a throbbing pain in my heel. I could hardly even go back to sleep. It hurts so bad and I don't even know what I did."

At work we label the products with an extra label to see the accurate quantity, name, etc., when storing it on a shelf until it is purchased. We also put purchased orders on a specific shelf. An order was cancelled and I put the product back in stock, but instead of making a new label, I folded the info from the cancelled order paper and taped it to the product. This is the only time I've ever done this. A month or so went by and another person ordered the same material, so I got it ready and put it back on the outgoing shelf, where it sat until they were ready to pick it up. A few weeks later I had a dream about that exact product and piece of paper. While holding it I said something like, "It was perfect, if it hadn't happened like that then something, something, something." The next day, Monday, I went in to work to find a cancelled order, which was that exact product and paper.

There are many product numbers and I only have a fraction of them memorized, that one not being one of them. Rather than doing one cancelled order at a time I usually wait for there to be a few. I still look over the papers just in case we get a different order that I can take from the cancelled orders, only having to replace the order number instead of getting a different one off of the shelf. After receiving a few mailing orders, I realized that two of them had the same product number as the cancelled order. I didn't see the piece of paper I taped on the product until I went to grab it.

(Dream) I was in the back of work where we kept all of the incoming products when I found a dead ladybug wrapped with one of the packages. I held it in my hand as I asked a coworker, "Can you still make a wish from a dead ladybug?"

The next day at work I was in the back and found a dead ladybug wrapped in one of the packages. I picked it up smiling. The same coworker was near and I was about to ask him, but decided not to. This is the first time

I ever could've had a precognitive dream play out exactly the way it happened, but I didn't want to play into it just in case it was their dream manipulation bullshit.

(Dream) I was at a bar and some guy started talking shit and putting his hands on me. He put his hand on my shoulder while making a threat and I pushed it away. He had about ten friends with him and although he didn't say it I heard someone say that I was out numbered, an inner voice attempting to either 'scare me or make me not care' I'm not sure which. I knew if it escalated they would jump me, and although my words were trying to calm him down, my facial expression and tone suggested otherwise. I knew if he didn't calm down they'd all eventually jump in anyway so I figured regardless of the outcome I could at least teach him a lesson. So, no matter what happened I was only going to focus on him. He said something provocative, put his hand on my cheek, and I lost it.

I grabbed him by the throat and began to squeeze. I put more and more pressure until I felt his Adam's apple squeeze inward. He couldn't talk, but still somehow said, "You're going to kill me!" I responded, "Yeah, you're going to die in about ten seconds." As much as I wanted to hurt and teach this guy a lesson, I really didn't want to kill him, even though I heard and felt an outside source wanting me to. I let go of his throat, grabbed the sides of his head, and put my thumbs in his eyes. Knowing I could've blinded him if not kill him this way, I resisted full strength giving him a chance to speak, admitting he crossed a line. I woke up.

This dream happened too recent and I was going to leave it out until the partially 'precognitive' part happened. I can't really call this precognitive, but I need to tell the experience, and this was the best place to come back to. I believe this dream was created (like so many others) to make me lose control and hurt a 'bully' but, I watched Netflix's *The Punisher*. One of the last episodes, Frank is being tortured by the main guy that had his family killed. Frank gets free and ends up on top of the guy, pounds the guys face in and puts his thumbs in his eyes.

I had the thumb dream about a week before seeing this and the dreams of drilling someone's face into the ground anywhere from six months to a year. When I saw this happen in the episode I had a brain glitch. I don't know what else to call it or how to describe it, but I had a triple head twitch, eye flutter, camera flash brain glitch. I got kind of scared, but waited a few minutes and then rewinded it to watch again. I was as focused as possible, guard on full alert, and ready to scan my reaction. It didn't have the same effect the second time, but I still felt a little funny and uncomfortable.

I love the comics/TV shows/movies discussions and examples of heroes refusing to kill and the debates of others deciding the 'bad guys' have had their chance to change. I want to keep the mind set of Aikido, or Batman, without killing, but I fear becoming the Punisher if I ever actually find these guys.

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From my past experiences to my present, watching and reading others experiences, on a case by case basis, paranoia and chance can certainly be a reason for a coincidence to take meaning. From what I've learned and experienced though, they can induce a specific emotion or feeling. Again, being a split second away from an anxiety attack to being zapped and then becoming normal (and several other experiences), I know a good amount of what they're capable of. They definitely plan ahead and set many coincidences in motion, but because they can record and induce specific emotions (they can most likely induce 'hybrid' emotions or emotion combinations as well), they can also induce a déjà vu type feeling, making one feel that an actual random coincidence has specific meaning towards them, or more likely, induce the déjà vu feeling during the coincidence they've created.

Once the bridge from my conscious to subconscious was complete during my first dark room tea trip, I could hear their voices. Whether it was actually people, an AI chatter bot, or a combination, I heard the programming of my subconscious in the process (which was why they turned it off). The

bridge is what allowed me to go deep enough to hear this, but without the bridge, the conscious mind hears nothing (unless intended) and the subconscious mind hears a ‘dog whistle’. Besides the various negative things that are being sent directly to the back of our minds (similar to *Tomorrowland*), if they choose to send something specific enough times, whether a word/sentence or action, when the perfectly timed and perfectly connected coincidence happens, it can (and most likely will) be perceived as more, manipulating the individual how they’ve intended.

With an artificially intelligent quantum computer collecting so much more information than what we’ve learned through Snowden, a practically flawless virtual reality can certainly exist within its matrix. Having direct access to our brain, seeing ‘ten thousand’ possible combinations, probable outcomes, butterfly cause and effect possibilities far beyond our own, categorizing our personalities, memories, and what’s about to happen on TV/radio, they/this computer can certainly create the perfect coincidence, and induce the paranoid déjà vu hybrid type feeling if they choose. They can script one’s thoughts or moments in life, to a TV show, radio talk show, or real life scenario, perfectly.

The TV guide for a small example. Hundreds if not thousands of TV shows and movies are set up to play on TV at a specific date and time. You can search ahead to see what’s playing ‘two weeks’ from now. You can type in the name of a show (or movie) and it will show the exact time it’s playing, just like you can type something into a computer and it will show you many (or specific) results. And now amplify this with the dark web and especially the NSA supercomputers, and/or what Snowden called XKeyScore. Our cell phones, (and many other devices) are constantly recording and (at minimum) turning everything we say into text and of course logging it. So besides our past and present conversations (and personality profiles), the entire ‘TV guide’ is (way more than) vocally logged (subtitles). With millions (if not billions) of different sentences within the ‘TV guide’, they can set a ‘facial recognition’/pattern recognition program to search for similar sentences in your profile, and then make sure you are near a TV when this show is on. Or,

they can read part of the movie text ahead of time making you believe it was your own thought, that all of the sudden happens in the movie a few moments later. Or, they 'know' the TV guide (having the pattern recognition software match TV show/movie scenes to your personality profile, and create a folder just for you), so they bring up a memory and something very similar just happens to be on TV five minutes after you remember it and two minutes after you sit down in front of the TV. And besides the coincidence itself, they've triggered the weird déjà vu feeling, letting you know that yes, this coincidence is just for you.

I've had several TV and radio coincidences over the years. Many times I've thought it to be synchronicity, perfect intentional timing, a perfectly planned universal moment. But there have been many where I knew it was too perfect, or maybe a different kind of perfect, and would also get a paranoid déjà vu type feeling. There were a few times, everything was so perfectly timed, back to back, that I literally thought that 'heaven, earth, and hell' were almost one, earth and hell being the same difference and heaven was here but only in guidance/sign form. That God taught me all about infinity, The Everything and The Nothing, just so I'd 'know the rules' while traveling through this specific test/dimension.

Some scientists are starting to say that we live in a simulation. Overall, I do believe this to be true, as in a game for souls, but at that time having multiple coincidences happening daily and back to back, made me start to question if I was the only 'real' person here and everyone else was 'subconscious dream characters'. Or, whether it was a spiritual form or just regular. I was the star in the *Truman Show*.

At one point I became so depressed, daily, constantly, that I began to believe I was in hell. Like a Truman Show hell. I believed that hell was a prison sentence and everyone knew we were in hell but me, and that was the point. Hell made sure to keep me confused, because if I knew for certain that I was in hell, I would surely kill myself. If I'm in hell then when I die I will be released, but if I'm not in hell, then I have to carry on for my loved ones. Hell would give me just enough beauty and hope to keep me from killing

myself, but the number one reason, in fact probably the only reason that I didn't kill myself was because of the people I cared about. But again, if this was hell then they're all in on it, so their love was a trick to keep me here.

"I'm telling you this is hell. They're all in on it, they don't love you. Just kill yourself and be free from your suffering!" But how could I know for sure? "That's only one possibility. I could be crazy, or have a chemical imbalance, someone could be forcing and threatening them, I could just have really bad luck. I guess I just have to keep fighting until I find out the truth." I can believe it now that I understand and have had time to digest it, but wow, wowww, this entire time it was a group of prostitutes blowing each other and mad at me for being different. Anyway, here are the remainder of coincidences, mostly in order.

I was driving home one night and stopped at a light. Besides everything else annoying me, I became frustrated as I sat in the turn lane watching no one coming from the opposite side of the intersection. "They should really do something about this, make a new law or something. It's so stupid that I have to sit here when it's completely clear and visible that no one is coming from the other way." Less than a week later is when the turn lane stop lights began blinking yellow, becoming similar to a yield sign. I'm pretty sure it takes more than a few days to pass a law like that, so obviously they put the thought in my head a few days before it began.

I'd been doing some math numerology on my phone calculator. I wasn't sure if I had one of the dates right so I text myself - 17138dubblecheck. I only text myself this once but I got the same text back twice. 17138dubblecheck and then 17138dubblecheck a few seconds later. Double check, double text, phone malfunction taunt.

It was New Year's Eve and before I left the house I put a bleach tablet in a coffee mug to let soak, to extra clean it. I ended up at my dad's house later that night for dinner and when I got there he was making fun of my step

mom because she just had to put all of the coffee mugs in the dishwasher “...to extra clean them”. 1-1-16 I had the “You should’ve joined the good guys!” dream later that night.

I know it doesn’t really matter to them, but I have Wi-Fi, Bluetooth, location and all of that stuff turned off on my phone. I was just getting used to having a ‘new’ phone that I could not only watch videos on, but get and take pictures as well. (I take several pictures of my testicles now, just for their record. Just playing, but I think I’m going to start, that sounds like a good idea.) So I start watching videos on YouTube, a lot. Mostly funny videos because I need to laugh, but I also spent a lot of time looking for new music. I was still in debate about connecting certain topics to my phone, but eventually decided that they knew anyway so it didn’t matter. I began looking up targeted individual stuff few and far between the normal funny stuff and music. To guess a percentage, I’d say about 10% scattered out.

One day I looked at my phone and I had a push notification from YouTube to watch a TI’s channel. This was and is still the only time this has happened (other than an ad I will tell next). I was still in debate on how I was going to start getting my story out, so at the time I thought maybe this was a positive suggestion from my new friends in question. I watched a lot of his videos, interviews, theories, etc., and thought how well organized and smart he was, and once I was ready I was definitely going to get in touch with him. A few months later he put out a video saying he had schizophrenia and he was now taking medication. It does seem genuine, but I haven’t figured out if he’s lying to survive with government assistance, but regardless, I now take this as a taunt and threat. Like I said, this is the only time I’d ever gotten a notification from YouTube, and out of all of the stuff ‘it’ could’ve recommended, it recommended the subject I looked at the least. “Look at what we’ve done to him, you think we won’t do the same to you?” A prosty with mind control technology whispered.

With everything I’ve experienced it’s clear that a lot of people are

going to assume I'm either lying or crazy. (Why, again? Say it with me now...) The more I've researched, the more I've learned, but I've never really needed to learn anything new to know this. I've heard a few different people say that even the DSM psychology manual has been altered, one of the reasons being to help fit in certain experiences, not only to make the person appear crazy, but to help *them* identify someone who has been targeted, to make sure it's *them* who's targeted the individual and not 'Russia/ China/someone else'. Shortly after hearing this guy tell everyone that he is schizophrenic, I looked up signs and symptoms of schizophrenia. After this one time I looked this up and out of alllll the shit I look up (which a few have also lingered briefly), the ad 'Top 5 signs of Schizophrenia' will not leave my phone. Every other thing I look at has this ad. I even found a way to disable this ad from reappearing and a day later it was back to the same routine. Just another taunt, "Maybe you are crazy?" Response, "Maybe you blow your boss."

[I had to come back for this one, it was too perfect to leave out. A coworker transferred locations, a guy working with me moved up, and a new guy started. I began training him and about a month goes by.

Obviously, while watching YouTube, we occasionally get the same ad, or different ads for the same company, and they're always annoying. For a week straight, without skipping a beat, I got the same ad every time I watched a video on YouTube. It didn't matter what video, it didn't matter if there were multiple ads/commercials in the video, it was always the same one. It showed a vending machine with IDs in it, and the ad was about identity theft. This ad played for an entire week and stopped on a Monday. I went in to work Monday to find out the new guy had been arrested because someone stole his identity in California. As far as I know the charges weren't identity theft, but his wife told the manager his identity was stolen. A week passed and they had to let him go, but afterwards our company went on a hiring freeze, putting an overwhelming amount of work and stress on me/us. There's a lot more shit I wanna talk about and a few other minor things

happened, but the identity theft ‘coincidence’ is all I really needed to mention.]

I began typing this next part to make a point and mix a part of my previous outlook in somewhere towards the end, but something ended up happening right after I wrote the basics, so I’m including it here.

Before I became an optimistic schizophrenic, I was just optimistic, most of the time. I’ve been depressed for more than half of my life, and who really knows how much of it was my own, but whenever it came to being around my friends my mood always uplifted. Being surrounded by those you love is a high in itself. Even with the world crumbling around me, I always looked at the glass as half full and believed that there had to be a way out, or a way to win. Anyway, some of my friends (or coworkers) complained so much and never wanted to hear Mr. Upbeat & Positive so I started fake complaining/agreeing just to try and make them feel better. Basically, “I got it bad too, so don’t feel alone.” Instead of changing the subject into something positive or trying to find a solution I would sink to the ‘poor me’ frame of mind, and it would work. I remember a friend started explaining how fucked up life was and how depressed he was and I responded with, “Welcome to the club.” I heard the shift in his attitude and voice immediately, “Well now I don’t feel so bad!”

The point I was trying to get at was that misery doesn’t always want company, sometimes it just wants to know it’s not alone. I hate burdening others with my problems, but some people don’t mind I guess. And what I was going to explain about myself was that I saw potential in everyone and everything, I always saw the positive but started pretending to be negative because others wanted, really wanted, to complain. I thought maybe I could reverse it by starting off negative/complaining and then transitioning into the positive...

That’s as far as I got with the explanation, but I can’t remember where I was going with it. I want to say that I was going for, “How the fuck did they trick me into becoming one of those people?” but I realize now that even

through all of the horrifying negativity I still end up laughing. I still smile even if it's only to annoy them. Anyway, I'm getting off topic. I ended with a run on an unedited version of the previous paragraph(s) and was done for the night. I went in to watch TV for a bit and at the perfect moment, catching a TV program showing that exact circumstance.

Some employees got locked in the store they worked at and everyone was sad mad. One of the characters says, "Guys," and the rest tell him to shut up. Manager, "The bad news is we're locked in. 'Guy' and I will go to my office and look for the lock override code. In the meantime you guys just keep cutting up signs. You can make a game out of it!"..... Positive guy, "Guys." Girl, "Nooooo!" Positive guy, "You don't even know what I was going to say?" Girl, "Every time you start a sentence with guys, you end it with let's make the best of this or let's have fun. You never say guys this really sucks." Positive guy kind of ignores what she says and responds, "Guys we have the entire store to ourselves, we can do whatever we want. If we decide that this is going to be fun then this is going to be fun! So if you're with me, I will see all of you, in the ffunn zzone." Other guy, "Sometimes I just really wanna slap him."

I drank the tea a few months before I knew about the tech and ended up assuming that someone was listening to me through a microphone. Having direct access to my subconscious, I put several coincidences together knowing that I was (still) under some kind of surveillance and was being recorded. During the trip I started making music by snapping and clicking the bedpost, tapping it in different areas, lighter and harder to make slightly different sounds. I made a joke to whoever was listening that I really liked that beat and since I knew they were recording, I wanted to hear it again. A few weeks later I went to my dad's house to hang out for a bit after he'd just gotten back from his home country. We were sitting at the kitchen table and he started tapping that beat on the glass table. He didn't play it continuously, but he tapped the rhythm once, perfectly.

My mind wouldn't shut up for the next couple of minutes, "Maybe

because I'm being watched so closely by someone, someone else can't approach me directly. So they met my dad in the other country and told him to repeat that rhythm back to me as a way of silently confirming that something is definitely going on?" After learning about the tech I came to the conclusion that they repeated that rhythm to his subconscious and gave him some kind of trigger or cue when to tap it.

After a long while, my dad and I finally had another conversation about my situation. We went to a bar and got some food (after the movies, which our movie was in Aud 17 and the price for 2 tickets was \$23.20). He ordered and got a sandwich with some rye bread. I stopped by my mom's house the next day and she was eating a sandwich with the same bread. I'm sure they've had it before, but it's been long enough for me to not remember either of them ever eating that bread.

Just before I knew about the tech and while the horoscope, truck mirror, and HELLO G coincidences were going on, one coworker began saying stuff to me that was way too personal for him to know. I couldn't figure out how he knew some of the stuff he did and finally began assuming he worked with or for the people communicating with me. Things were just too perfect. I've also had this happen at my long term job before this, but this time it was different. The first time everything someone said was to scare me. In fact, one time I became so scared I literally zoned in for about ten minutes wandering around aimlessly, blankly staring at people trying to talk to me, but not responding because I couldn't hear what they were saying. This time it was only happening with one coworker and the way he was 'messing with me' wasn't always in a bad way. This time at my current job, I know better and it's scary in its own way, knowing that a few of my coworkers are being mind controlled to repeat my thoughts back to me, mess with me, etc.

Before I get into this a little more I have to tell another irrelevant, but relevant older story. One of my friends was going through a really hard time and his birthday was coming up so I wanted to throw him a big party, but

didn't have enough money to make something like that happen. He wasn't 21 yet so we couldn't go out, but we could have an awesome barbeque. So a few of us decided to do a shopping cart run filled with food.

(I know the news is horse shit, but this is one small, legit reason why I can see them not letting certain secrets spill through.) The day before we did the run, I just happened to catch part of the news while I was talking to my mom. They said that a new psychological tactic they were using when pulling someone over was to ask them something outrageous and watch the person's reaction. Like "Do you have a dead body in the trunk?" Someone with nothing to hide would look surprised and probably laugh, but someone with something to hide would stay serious and probably be nervous.

So we did the run, put the food in the trunk, and ended up getting pulled over about a mile down the road. The driver had recently bought the car and was in the process of fixing it, so the door panel was off. Instead of pulling to the side of the road, he became nervous and pulled into a parking lot and ended up parking right next to a sign blocking part of the view. The cops pulled behind us and because he'd been working on the door his window wouldn't roll down, so he opened the door. The driver was a pretty big and heavy guy, so when he opened the door the cop saw him and the door panel. They both pulled out their guns and shoved one in his face and one in mine screaming for us (and the back passenger) to keep our hands up.

After getting us out of the car and towards the trunk, the cops calmed down. My friend explained why his door was like that and the cop said the reason he got so jumpy was because he parked right next to a sign that blocked his view. He then saw how big my friend was, my friend opened the door and the cop thought he was possibly hostile, and seeing the door like that made him think the car was possibly stolen. Afterwards he asked if we had a bazooka in the trunk. I immediately started laughing, "Did you say bazooka?!" The cop smiled, "Good, you were supposed to laugh!" They ran our IDs, and to keep them entertained we all kind of clowned on my friend's weight, him included. They never opened the trunk and we left with no trouble but the whole time we had our hands on his trunk I was so tempted to

tell them to open it because of how funny it would be watching their reaction to seeing all that food in that particular driver's trunk. Especially after all the shit we were all talking. If the barbeque for my friend wasn't so important I think it would've been worth it.

Anyway, other than hopefully wording that story right enough to get a mind laugh, the point was the psychological test. Like I mentioned earlier, there's not much on paper about me. I know there's some, especially in their database, but other than that I'm practically off paper. I'm sure like most jobs, they required a background check on me before they hired me. I'm not exactly sure what they look for, but I assume they could hardly find anything on me other than my arrest record because towards the end of the interview the manager looked at his computer monitor and said, "So it says here that you're a terrorist." I couldn't believe what he just said but I laughed anyway. A million things raced through my mind and there could've been somewhat of a legitimate reason for him to make that joke, but this interview happened a few days after meeting up with the guy and his pastor friend (a week after his friend had died the night before we were supposed to meet) and while I was getting heavier into my situation. So in that moment, I felt that one way or the other it was done intentionally by *them*, and still do. ((I've learned a bit more since this happened and I think it was a 'joke' repeatedly suggested subconsciously to him by *them*. It still could've been a form of reaction test for the job, but more of a taunt from *them* to me. [Decent example, in the movie *Fallen*, but with technology rather than possession, or another great example I've come across recently is from a Dr. Who episode Miss Kizlet Hacks Cafe.]))

There are a few things I can't remember and never wrote down that had to do with someone repeating my thoughts or key words back to me, but other than the dreams, these are the few I wrote down. I was at work and thinking of a response to a friend in prison I'd recently received a letter from. I thought, "He's just not hearing what I'm saying. It's going in one ear and out the other. It's like talking to a wall." A truck driver pulled up as I thought

this and one of the first things he said to me, talking about someone else, was, “It’s like talking to a wall.” I can’t remember the others, but there’s been a few more with this driver. It has been a while since this has happened, but remembering it and typing it here is what I think made it happen. This same driver has saluted me a few times, the first or second time he had a look on his face like, “Why the hell am I doing this?”

There’s a loudspeaker at work used for us to get an order when the person is there to pick it up. I’d just gotten the idea to play a recording of a funny voice or someone saying something funny over the loudspeaker and about five minutes later one of the employees said something funny over it. This was the first time I’d ever heard anyone do this and at this point I’d been there for about six months.

While at work, I was thinking of a way to make part of my job easier and eventually came up with the idea of getting and using a chain. A few hours later a truck driver pulled up and after he unloaded his cargo he asked if he could throw something away in our trash. Just before he did, he held out a brand new chain he’d gotten earlier in the day from one of his other stops and asked me if I wanted it instead of him throwing it away.

It was time for me to renew the sticker on my license plate, but I had a problem. My maintenance and check engine light were both on. Last year I had a similar problem and was hoping it was the same thing and could be fixed the same way. So I disconnected the battery, waited a few minutes and reconnected it. (Also doing this last year resulted in my mileage having 23 and 74 always meet at the same time. 23 on the main mileage and 74 on the reset after a 999.9 mileage.) It didn’t work like last time because one of the lights was still on so I didn’t even bother driving it around for the time needed. I made sure I’d be alright as long as it wasn’t the check engine light, but either way I knew it was only a matter of time before it came back on. I decided to try it out anyway so I went to a smog place one day after work. I

pulled up behind another car and waited.

While I waited I started hassling my thoughts, “I really don’t want to deal with this shit. I don’t have enough money to fix anything on my car right now.” I’ve fast-forwarded through a lot of stuff they’ve put me through, “You’ve put me through so much shit. I know it doesn’t matter to you, but you fucking owe me. I know you don’t care, but I know you can see in me that if you really wanted to, even after all of the horrible things you’ve done to me, you’d be able to right enough shit with me and I would actually be able to forgive you. You know deep inside that you owe me, and I’m not asking for everything you owe. I’m asking for something small, not the whole cake, but like a mini cupcake. All I’m asking for right now is a mini cupcake.” I passed the smog test and a few days later my check engine light came back on, and the next day a coworker brought in half a carton of mini cupcakes for everyone.

Whether universal, coincidental, or *them*, I’m not sure what to make of this next one but wherever it came from, it was a little piece of metal reassuring me to trust myself. Again, in times of desperation one will look for and find signs in anything. While working valet and going through the horoscope situation, every time we got Asian food (which was often) I’d grab a fortune cookie hoping for a perfectly timed message. Universal or not, obviously by laws of chance I’d get a few. I would try to make meaning of every one, and would become disappointed when it meant nothing. One night, towards the end of my time working there, a car pulled up and waited for someone to park it. The radio blared while it sat there and a commercial came on, “Something, something, something about if you focus and try, you can write your own fortune cookie!” That surely caught my attention and I believed it to be either universal or from the group watching me at the time (which I hadn’t known about the tech) trying to uplift my spirits like they were ‘trying’ with the horoscopes.

Anyway, I know my situation, but I still usually need to double check things, especially now with my memory, always being ‘in the present’ and

not having what I've experienced as something I can physically hold in my hands. Usually, whenever I need to double check things, the universe, or *they* end up giving me some kind of sign. For example, I realized that other than maybe some of my experiences, everything I was trying to say was already out in the world in one form or the other. People know about government corruption and they know about the universe. It may not be a big percentage, but enough people know. For about a week I was in doubt and questioned what I was really doing and if it was all already out there then what did it really matter what I did? I was driving somewhere, still thinking this stuff, and I asked aloud, "Well what should I do then?" and a car pulled in front of me with the license plate that said "teach love", with some of the letters missing of course. The second time this happened the license plate said "educator".

So this time I was questioning and mainly trying to make sense of all of the selfishness I've been seeing in others recently. Every part of my heart tells me that *they're* making everyone's selfishness appear in color and their selflessness appear as a pencil sketch. They're also whispering that what one sees in others is usually a projection of themselves. I hear my thoughts rambling constantly. Sometimes it even sounds like a record skipping when something specific is said, something specific is said, something specific is said, something specific is said, something specific is said, something specific is said, something specif... and I have to literally stop whatever I'm doing and focus on making it shut up by either telling it to, listening to music/singing the words, or drowning it out with my own thoughts.

SHUT THE FUCK UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!!!!!!! And just like my first tea trip in the dark room, I know there are many recordings being sent directly to my subconscious. I may not hear it, but my subconscious hears every word just like a dog hears a dog whistle.

This was going on for about two months at the time and I was really starting to believe the voice and doubt my heart. I was losing focus thinking maybe I didn't know what I was talking about and that they were really trying to help me be less selfish. I mean they do help me and do nice things

sometimes so maybe this is one of them. They aren't trying to program me they're trying to deprogram me. Am I right or are they right? Am I thinking clearly or do I need to listen to them? Maybe all of the mental torture is actually their way of helping me become a better person. Maybe they're right. Maybe I'm just a worthless, selfish dirt bag and I deserve what's happening. Heart, "Listen, to, me. Fuck them. You are thinking this because they're frequently repeating it without stopping. Feel me. Feel me. You have issues just like everyone else, but you do not deserve this, maybe a slap every now and then, but not this. They are wrong, not you. Stay focused. Fight. Fight!!"

After Halloween, one of my coworkers brought in a grocery bag partially filled with candy. We all took some here and there over the next few days, and I'm sure just like everyone else, I looked through it for the candy I liked. A few days after the bag had been there, a single fortune cookie appeared inside. Practically ready to smack my head against the wall, I opened it and read YOUR MENTALITY IS PRACTICAL AND ALERT. Imagine a gang of bullies surrounding one person, shouting, screaming, and kicking the shit out of him. In this moment of peace and clarity, my rage came from behind surrounding every single negative thought they've implanted, every bully, backed them into a corner, bent them over, and refused to use Vaseline. I am not perfect, I'm certainly no hero, but I'm not the bad guy. A cowardly group of man children have targeted me because I am good, because I'm trying to make the world a better place, and not submitting to the one they've built and are in the process of perfecting.

There are several different ways it could've gotten there, but wherever it came from, that fortune cookie was another little piece of metal keeping the cave from collapsing, also reinforcing the little bit of will to fight that I still have left. Who knows if it was a good cop bad cop routine, another break him down and build him back up scenario, an actual spiritual message from the universe, or just a perfectly timed coincidence. I'm certain that just like more than one person can hack into a single computer, more than one group can hack into a single person. They could very well work for the same group (and subgroups), or the good guys and bad guys could be going toe to toe with advanced technology. I'm in the group that believes the good guys are losing because too many people are waiting and expecting other people to save them. (Best example ever is waiting for Jesus to return and save us, retard neutralized [remember retard, I'm retarded too]) Anyway, the point being, if

it's not the good cop bad cop routine, then the bad guys have me pinned down but I was also (luckily or universally) found by the good guys (or good aliens), and the angel on one shoulder and the demon on the other is actually taking place with technology and two (or more) different groups.

(I wouldn't really call this next one a coincidence, but what happened to me mentally was very similar to the last one, so...) Regardless of one's beliefs, I'm quite sure most everyone (of age) has heard of the 2012 Mayan calendar end of the world prophecy. Once I finally believed that God was actually speaking to me, this date started to worry me. Once I started to grasp infinity and learned about The Everything and Nothing, the only worry I had was that the government hybrid would use this date as an excuse to fulfill that prophecy. I was leaning more towards weather control, but however they decided to do it, I feared that they would and most of the survivors would be left believing that it was from prophecy, and not man child made. The closer it got to that date the more I realized there was nothing I could do with that amount of time. This was the first time I begged God to not let others pay the price for my failure. Learning about infinity, made me start to wonder if everything I've learned was for the next life, but there was no reason to give up on this one right now. I understood that maybe we all signed up to experience a planet before it was destroyed and if that was the case I was going to ride the waves until I drowned. But, if I was supposed to get everything started before a certain time in order to prevent this from happening, it wasn't fair to every other person on the planet.

I worked graveyard at the time and on this date. I was half and half through the whole shift, half calm and ready to die, and the other half anxious and ready to leave at a moment's notice. The feeling started when I was driving home from work that morning and about a week later is when it fully manifested. There is no escaping death, and I was born on purpose to complete something before mine. This gave me a relaxing feeling that I was here to do whatever I was here to do and nothing could stop me. However long it took me, I was right on time. This sense of relaxation came with an openness, an open but deep connection with life. I didn't have to stress out

over accomplishing my mission because time was on my side, so a pressure valve was released.

Since finding out about my circumstance, I've only told a few people of what has been and still is happening. Of the few, one asked me, "Do you still feel like you've been chosen by the universe?" Not knowing about the tech for so long, believing it was the universe the entire time, and after 2012, left me with the open feeling for about two years. This open connection made me believe that if I was chosen, then it would work out no matter how long I procrastinated out of fear, or just wanting to have a regular life. When I answered, "Part of me still does, but now, whether I have been or it's just my programming, I have to do something about it. I have to tell all sides of my story, and I can't let them get away with this. Even if they gave me a choice of freedom for walking away, I wouldn't take it." I felt the openness become encapsulated, as me.

When the pressure valve released, it released the anxiety of failing (whether true or not) to save the world. There was no time limit, I am here to save the world. After finding out about the voice of god weapon and how long it's been used on me, besides being sick to my stomach for a while, two things happened. First, another pressure valve released from not being responsible for an entire planet's future. I'm supposed to have answers and I'm self-aware enough to know that I only have a tiny puzzle piece that certainly needs upgrades. "God, are you sure you got the right guy?" became, "Thank you thank you thank you thank you!" And second, my fuel tank was emptied and then filled with a different kind of fuel.

My first fuel was, "I am intentionally here to help, and my entire life's purpose is to help." When it emptied the fumes were, "Holy shit... I'm a Goddamn zombie robot... I'm controlled opposition, I'm just another puppet of the people I thought I was fighting..." My replacement fuel became and is now, "I don't give a fuck who sent who to where for what reason, this shit is wrong, and whether I was sent here on purpose or on accident, I am going to help." I don't care if I have been chosen by the universe, or if it all happened by chance, I will continue to fight for love, and stand for the light. I don't

care if I'm here to save the world or just a kitten from a tree, I am going to help. I don't care what happens to me, I will continue with a complete awareness that I may be walking the path they've intended, but with everyone I can tell to also be aware. "Thank you thank you thank you! I only have a puzzle piece that needs upgrades, but I'm doing my part. I'm not responsible for the entire planet, I'm just responsible for doing what I can. I may not be the chosen one, but I choose to be one of the people who help."

I don't know how to properly explain these two feelings. I really want to compare it to when I almost had an anxiety attack and then zapped out of it. When that happened I felt the immediate mental shift, the mood change, and my body twitch all from a faint car battery jump type jolt. A static electric type shock with a higher voltage. The fortune cookie and the little conversation realization both felt like it came from within. There was no jolt, no electricity, but a very deep epiphany beyond eureka. The last bolt or piece of an engine that once completed, it locked out all of their negativity, for that moment in time. The anxiety jolt was from my head and the other two came from my chest. The anxiety jolt felt like a quick fix and the other two felt like an actual change, I guess is the best way to explain it. And, even though one of the best manipulations, is the one the target believes to be his own idea, I still think it's a pretty good one to hold onto.

This coincidence also happened when I was still a teenager, I actually forgot about it until recently. As I said my nickname became G, but another nickname I got after that was Gzus (aka Jesus). I really hadn't experienced much when I got this name and thought it was funny when I did. Once I started speaking to 'God', began overloading on perfectly timed coincidences, seeing God raja in my name, etc., I thought this had to be another universal message from the spiritual side of existence. Isn't that another perfect way to manipulate a person into believing they're chosen? Having them feel their destiny in their chest. Having all of these coincidences add up, and then putting the last bolt on to inscribe it into their personality. No quick fix, but a deep imprint with the intent to grow as they grow, and become a part of who they are (ego not soul).

The tormentors who've tortured me for so long, have had hologram technology the entire time (literally and metaphorically). They used it on me by creating the most beautiful angel I could imagine. I would dream of peace,

heaven, love, and they replicated my version of it back to me, making me believe that ‘her love’ was real. The angel was just a hologram. She was my tormentor’s creation the whole time. They released me back into the world (making the negative voice shut up) for whatever reason, for several reasons, but maybe one overall. They broke me, and she saved me. I was dragged through hell for so long, and then thought I’d been saved, for so long, only to find out she was a trick. I loved her love, and she was just another part of their programming. “I love you,” while I’m brainwashing you. For me to know that my healing process was actually them the entire time would either completely break me by showing me how fake it all was, or if I continued to walk forward, I would know that they’re the ones that created me.

But, even if it was just a ‘hologram’, I’ve still seen a ‘secret’. Movies are based on true stories all of the time, even ‘fake’ movies have real messages. And I still believe that life is a dream, or a hologram. Just as they have their high tech weapons and methods, so does the universe. The same way they’ve used the tech on me, the universe has used them. The universe used them to use the tech on me. They’re the universes examples of man children with power. Look at what I did when I was still a man child. I threw a tantrum and then fireballs blowing up a cigarette factory for revenge regardless of the innocent lives. Just a giant man child with power mad at the world for hurting me and not knowing how to deal with my emotions properly. Poor man children. (That was sarcasm, I know it all.)

Imposing my beliefs on someone else instead of allowing them the freedom to see the universe how they want to, me trying to tell anyone else what to believe is one of the first baby step ripples into mind control. For so long I thought I had to tell everyone that God said this and that, but seeing and living through a group of people, just people, entering my mind and scrambling it, rearranging shit, and everything else they’ve done, makes me so sick that I’ve realized another view point of God’s. I can give advice, but for me to enter your brain and rearrange things would be another form of tyranny. Even if I went into your mind and washed your brain until it only thought of heaven, it would be perverse. It would be another kind of hypocrite. Having it done to me has shown me that God wouldn’t do it to any of us. God wants us to choose love, but will not force us to. And God will not punish us for not choosing. The punishment is just a natural consequence.

This might be a poor analogy, but it's the quickest one I could think of, I chose to put my hand on the stove and I got burned because fire is hot, God didn't burn me because I put my hand on the stove. God actually tried to warn me, to teach me not to put my hand on the stove, and then I tried to force my interpretation on everyone else and told them that they would burn in hell if they didn't obey my belief system.

(Would you want me to go into your brain and scrub it until all you saw was heaven? A very long time ago I was given a Zoloft pill. I was artificially happy for a few hours and had an artificial confidence that couldn't be broken, no matter how stupid I knew I was being. Besides being an idiot, I remember thinking that I could be told right then that someone I loved had died and I wouldn't have flinched. I would've still been as happy as ever. I really didn't like having my brain temporarily scrubbed of 'sadness'. Of course it would be great to be happy all of the time, but loving everything and not being affected by the death of someone I loved is like saying I love you just as much as I love a rock. Of course it'd be great to be filled with that much love, but come on, to love a rock, any rock, all rocks just as much as you love a person? To love someone the same as anything else. That'd almost be like being the opposite of a psychopath. Only love and happiness, so it doesn't matter when something bad happens. Would you want God to go into your brain and make you so happy that you loved rocks just as much as the people you care about? That'd mean you wouldn't care if one died because you'd still have all of your rocks. You wouldn't care who did what or when they did it because you would always be happy. Maybe in a place where everyone was full of love, like home, but being here, think of how psychotic it would be to laugh and be full of love while someone else did some of the worst things you can think of. [Ho,ly, shit, is unconditional love psychotic?])

I'm not sure what box remote mind control weapons are in. I was pretty scared when I first learned about them and really depressed when I found out how long they've been used on me, but I've had time to digest it. I'm not saying I'm ready or even want to look in the next box, but if the planet is in danger, if billions of people's lives are at risk, then I will and I hope you will too. Even if life is just a dream, a bad dream, I have to try to stop it from

becoming a full blown nightmare. And if this is a prison sentence and hope is an illusion keeping me here, then so be it. I still can't wait to go home, but I'm going to continue forward until they make my death look like an accident. (But universe, I thought there were no accidents?)

The Allegory of the Cave was written sometime between 380 and 360 B.C. It seems to me that if we're still in that kind of situation then maybe we always will be. Maybe there will always be those who have power and control knowledge (how else would certain games be possible, or the perfect prison or schooling system [for souls]), the sedated masses stuck in one illusion or the other, and the few who actually somehow break free. And even then, who is free? Which illusion is the truth? I'm smart enough to know how dumb I am, and as many times as I've forced myself to look at things from (so many) different perspectives, there are still a handful that I can't deny as being possible. Either way, imagine how much harder it's going to be to break free if/once they've succeeded in connecting these weapons globally. Religion alone is a pretty sophisticated mind control, weapon but now with the addition of technology that can tap directly into our brain and control us like a robot?!

I was around five years old give or take when I heard, "Did you know..." which was around 1988. Being awake and seeing my toys alive and demonic happened around the same age. I was about a decade older when I saw my 'mom' with no reflection and then a few years later is when I officially started hearing the evil MkAiNd in my head. I cannot vouch for all of the horror stories I've heard, but I believe most of them and I personally know that they're willing to use DEWs on kids for various reasons.

I might be searching for the positive from a bad experience because I did get a very important life lesson from this next story, but the overall outcome is negative. I didn't find out the whole truth until I got further down the rabbit hole, but the life lesson I got at the time was to never look up to anyone. Respect and a certain admiration is one thing, but even our heroes are flawed and can hurt us.

My mom has smoked since before I was born and growing up I hated cigarettes. I couldn't stand them and could never understand why she smoked. Around sixth grade is when I met a few kids who smoked and I refused no matter how many times I was offered. Besides hating cigarettes, I knew they were poison and even then I couldn't understand why those kids wanted to smoke.

Around sixth or seventh grade a new kid moved in a few houses down from us. He was a few years older than me, but it was only a matter of weeks before we were hanging out every day after school. My mom and dad had recently split up and my dad moved across town so we only saw him on weekends, and every time I got in trouble. I quickly began looking up to this kid and considering him an older brother. We mostly played basketball and football so that made it a little harder for me to understand why he smoked, but whatever, they're his lungs and his choice. He smoked and asked me once or twice if I wanted one when we first met and I always declined.

[Obviously there's too much to tell about our friendship, but he was a better friend than he wasn't and don't judge this person you'll never meet from this experience alone. And besides that, whether true or not, I've been taunted with, "Who do you really think made that happen?" by the people who touch me while I'm sleeping.]

One day, a year or so after knowing each other, he and I were at my mom's house after school. He was sitting at the kitchen bar area and I was in the kitchen. I can't remember how it got to this but he tells me to take a hit of his cigarette. "No thanks." He says it again and I decline again, once more, and then he gets up and walks around into the kitchen. "Seriously, take one hit." "I'm good man, I hate that shit!" He grabs, twists my shirt collar, and shoves me up against the cupboard, "If you don't hit this I'm gonna beat your ass." I was a little scared, but overall disappointed. He had his dickhead moments, but had never done anything like this and I really felt betrayed. If it was some stranger I never met I would've kicked him in the nuts and ran. Fear was definitely present, but it didn't make me take my first hit, being 'forced' by my idolized 'older brother' did. I became extremely light headed

and slid down the cupboard. The light headedness temporarily made the brief feeling of anxiety go away, “Wow is this what it always feels like?!” “Yup.”

I got a few more from him and occasionally smoked for the next couple weeks, but didn't stop after the light headed feeling went away. I highly doubt that I got addicted that quickly. I think the overall betrayal somewhat traumatized me and I just continued to smoke. I've quit a few times, but for whatever reason it never lasts. I don't know what's true, whether that was just an abnormal super dickhead move by him or if *they* actually made me start smoking like that, but they're certainly trying to take credit for it. There are a few different reasons I can see it being true, but I don't think I'll ever know.

There are so many different applications and reasons one can be targeted. From a single shockwave body test to converting a 'Muslim mind to Christian mind'. If I spent enough time I could probably write a few chapters on different applications I've either heard, read, or have thought of (whether it be them 'leaking' the info to me or through my own imagination). There may have been an original reason I was targeted and it could still be the same, but it could've also changed several times. (I went from a good kid to bad, to worse, then to an all loving and forgiving 'messiah' truly not able to harm an insect, and now back and forth to wanting to hurt those who hurt others.)

Whether the experiences I remember as a child were tests, or the beginning process of turning me into a super soldier, spy, false messiah, etc., cigarettes could've been used to eventually neutralize me if needed. “If we can't turn him then he may become a threat. We need to nonchalantly neutralize his lungs and depending on who he becomes, depends on him quitting or us cleaning his lungs with this chemical/machine/transplant/energy wave.” (I did use to have Wolff Parkinson White Syndrome and then it magically disappeared.) This could be spot on or miles away from the truth. A handful of things happened way before this did, as a child, and 'Satan' started speaking to me a year or two later.

I went through hell as a teenager and I've only mentioned a small fraction of it. Obviously I can't remember everything, but I remember the fear, terror, anger, depression, pain, and confusion of constantly hearing this voice. I remember how hard I punched my head telling the voice to leave. I remember on so many different occasions focusing and imagining choking out my 'shadow self'. Some good may have come from it, like realizing that I wanted to be the opposite of this voice, but it was a horrible process. The fear of thinking I was going crazy and going to end up in a straitjacket may have been what eventually numbed me to it, but I can't say it was worth it. I've come to understand that life is hard and I need to be strong, but I can hardly remember a day I wasn't fighting, and I refuse to believe that this is what's in store for our future. You have to know that I, and so many others, are giving our lives for our future, which includes you. But there is no way we're going to win unless more people are willing to help. There is no bright future for any of us, even your kids are fucked, but maybe their kids don't have to be. Think about how sick minded someone has to be to give or follow the order to use this technology on children. You may think you are protecting your loved ones by not getting involved, but the truth is it's the opposite. We're already in a fucked situation, our lives are already at risk. Now, right now, if you choose to do nothing it's because you are afraid not because you're trying to protect your loved ones, which in turn reveals your core. If it makes you feel any better, saying this was more for me than for you, but if you are reading this, it means I found the courage to actually begin my part, and now it's pretty much back on you. In the most terrifying era of mankind's 'unofficial' history, when you are faced with the scariest monsters, will you abandon your loved ones trying to save yourself?

CHAPTER 20

BEWARE, I AM THE FALSE PROPHET

I've heard that they can slowly train the target's mind to focus only on

the subject/objective they choose. I'm sure on a case by case basis it differs, but another wonderful example I found is in the second season of *DC's Legends of Tomorrow*. One of the villains is from the future, and has technology to alter one of the hero's memories and reprogram him. They go a bit into depth and show some pretty good examples of how they brainwashed the hero to become a temporary villain. It's spread out over a few episodes, but I can certainly see the connections between what was done to him and the dream manipulation part of what's being done to me. (Another perfect example is what happens to some of the team in the framework in season four of *Agents of Shield*.)

There's no way for me to know if I've been following a script the entire time, but I can tell you that my objective is all I can focus on. But, at the same time, whether trickery or not, they've tried so many times to slow me down, get me to kill myself, or retreat. I really don't understand why they themselves haven't killed me, but I'm sure they will if I don't fulfill their agenda or I reach threat level 'red'. (Another theory I've come up with more recently is that I'm the sadistic psychopath's 'person locked in the basement'.)

Obviously there's more than one person, without an AI autopilot mode there's probably three 8 hour shifts a day and let's say two groups at four days on three days off and then vice versa the following week. And then their bosses, bosses boss, etc. I don't know how to prove this (to myself at least), and again, again, this could just be trickery, but there was a moment I think I found a new person in the mix (whether someone got transferred, new hire, fired/murdered). They've used many different forms of interrogation on me, I guess trying to find out everything they can (which is one theory of why I'm so focused on writing this book), but for a few days I was repeatedly being called a liar. "You're lying about *this*, you're lying about *that*, you're lying about anything..." "I'm starting to get hungry." "You're lying!!" Anything and everything. 'My thoughts' eventually became loud enough to block out my thoughts and I finally got fed up and started responding.

The only clear part of the conversation I remember was because of the

subject and response. My thoughts began harassing me about trying to kill myself to save Ray from hell, “Yeah right, you didn’t do that, come on stop lying, you’re nothing but a liar...” I was mad at first and started to respond, “Fuck you! Why the fuck wou.....” I had a realization that stopped me and instantly changed my mood, “You weren’t there....” “Oh, umm, uh, that was an honorable action. That’s probably why the universe chose you and has shown you what you’ve been shown...”

So the new guy reads through my personality profile, history, or maybe even reads that part of my ‘book’, arrogantly starts making accusations, and then gets caught bullshitting and tries to fix it. But of course there are other possibilities that I’ve come to and have come to me. They’ve gone back and forth between taking credit and denying it with damn near every experience I’ve ever had. So, who knows, other than the shitbags behind the curtain.

As a teenager I couldn’t tell the difference. Hearing and visualizing this voice made me feel overwhelmingly insecure and unloved. Its words had so much more power over me then (not to mention the ‘depression frequency’ that was constantly active). Now, when it happens, most of the time I feel completely separate and it’s just like hearing a TV ramble on in the background, repeatedly telling me I’m not worthy and then some days I’m the chosen one and they just can’t believe how amazing I am. I’ve certainly grown some kind of a tolerance, but sticks and stones will break my bones and hearing the same words a couple thousand times will eventually influence my mood.

I’m aware of the programming that suggests (over and over and over) that I am the one, but what if that too is a manipulation. Not that I am *The One*, but I am one of the ones, one of the many. I heard someone mention that we’re targeted because we’re empowered (which is something else definitely worth checking out if you haven’t come across it already - targeted/empowered individuals). We’re the threat to the future of their establishment. There’s something about our energy or biofield, our personality, the way we handle and respond to fear, etc.

So, what if they’re trying to rip that out of our chest and sink it into our

head? Drain it from our soul and fill our ego with it. I am the one therefore you must bow down to me rather than I am the one, you are the one, and we are all *wayyyy* more special than we've been led to believe. We have been deceived. We are all the one, but I remembered it, and now I am trying to remind and wake you up. Think of the variety of superheroes, with or without powers, just the variety of good people. There isn't just one superhero. They're all different personalities of the 'chosen one', whether they were chosen or they themselves chose to be chosen. "The universe did not choose me, I chose me. I chose to help the best that I could."

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One night, years before I knew about the technology, I was hanging out with a friend. We were mostly talking about spiritual and NWO stuff, and he asked me very seriously, "Are you the reincarnation of Jesus?" I hesitated and answered honestly, "I don't know." ('Coincidentally', I'd recently read a book given to me by my sister named Joshua, which was published in 1983. Joshua is a book about the second coming of Jesus, but his name is now Joshua.) Regardless of which experiences were mind control and which were divine intervention, regardless of me believing that everything I'd experienced up to that moment was from God or a misunderstanding, I still didn't know exactly who or what I was. I said, "I don't know," because overall I've always felt that yes, I am this, but so is everyone else.

The empowered individual has an above average effect on people. Their auras, or biofields, emit higher energy (something like that). On a case by case basis, depending on current circumstances and the period of the person's life, people are affected by each other's moods, actions, etc. Whether theory or reality, the empowered individual's energy is capable of drastically lifting or dropping other people's moods and spirituality. This is why they work so hard at isolating us or turning us negative. To stop our ripples throughout humanity, or to change the ripples we spread. Because our energy is above average, or we have a slightly different frequency, if they can

change us to spreading negativity/fear over positivity/unconditional love, then we would be spreading 'twice' the amount of negative energy as the average person. So they either isolate us or torture us until we're screaming out for help and scaring the shit out of the average scared person or making them think we're crazy. They turn the cure into the virus. I think someone would rather stand up for love then fight against fear, so preaching love would be far more effective, but if I didn't tell that side of the truth, if I only told you about the positive experiences, if I left out that I have been targeted by an evil organization that runs the world, then I would be lying. I'd be sugar coating the truth, which in a way would be following in their footsteps.

All of that could be the truth, or at least a part of it, but it could also be the growth of an implanted idea suggesting that the reason I've been targeted is because I am special (which could give one the strength to continue forward while being tortured/programmed). It could be an illusion I'm holding on to in order to move forward, but I do believe it to be true. I also believe in balance, meaning the opposite is true as well. Light and dark, angels and demons, empaths and psychopaths, those who love to help and those who love to hurt, and then all of those somewhere in the middle, deciding who to become. Fighting their demons or torturing their angels.

Believing that I was here for a big reason certainly gave me strength when I had none, and I'm still holding on to parts of it while crawling to the finish line. I found unconditional love and was trying so hard to show others, or make that *The Message*, but *they* are working very hard at turning me back into a fighter, or a 'judge'. Having my anger and pain sucked out of my chest makes me believe that's what happens when we leave this place. Seeing through 'God's' eyes and feeling the unconditional love that it feels for all of us, makes me believe that it is true. And I truly wish I could bring that awareness and feeling here. But because it's not all the way here yet and there's a darkness most people can't even begin to imagine, I personally can't completely spread that message. I really want to, but I can't. I want to tell people to treat others as they wish to be treated, but what about the people who take advantage of that? Who squeeze every little thing they can out of

us. Who not only derive pleasure from inflicting pain, but yearn for it. What about all of those who know everything I know about love, but still are and choose to be its opposite?

If *they* didn't create my experiences then they know what's possible. If my experiences were all from technology (and hallucinogens), then the higher levels of the hybrid can hook themselves up to the love part of it and heal themselves. Why don't they? "You already know why." Is that really the reason? They're so emotionally destroyed that they have the cure in front of them, but are choosing not to take it? These are the people who run our world and to be honest I don't know how to free us from their rule. I'm not even sure it's possible from this part of the dream. Maybe this is just the design of this reality, but maybe this is where lost souls end up, kind of like a purgatory, and some of us are sent here to remind them who and what they are. To show them the way back home. But if the empowered individual is true, if I and many, many others have been intentionally sent here to uplift this planet, a weapon has been created to detect us upon birth and programs have been put in place to kill, isolate, or turn our positive energy negative.

The more I've learned and experienced the more I believe my first tea trip to hell was created by man(children). I still believe it's possible for the universe to teach and/or upload us with knowledge, but I think the sphere was from the super computer. I'm not sure how long subliminal messages take to sway us, or how long it takes for something learned to stick (especially with complexity), but the tea (especially the quantity) created the bridge for the information to bypass the normal learning process/filter and go directly into my awareness or 'knowledge center'. I wasn't being taught anything, it was being imprinted into or onto my brain and just as I was about to pass out from information overload, the people reading my vitals on the other end turned off the upload and put me on the mountain looking down at the city. They knew (or programmed me) what I wanted to do with Statistik and then uploaded me with anything, everything, and much more than I needed to know to make it happen. They watched to see what I would do with power and in turn I saw what a broken heart with power would do, and have seen

through the eyes of the people in control right this minute. I am not denying what I did then, but I was still a kid already years under their programming and these are grown men (who could've also been put through something similar). Whether psychotic or broken hearted, these are the people who run our world.

“You already know why.” I remember the shameful look on his face and disappointment in his voice. Whether it was a technological manipulation, his actual soul, or just a hallucination, how do we find a way to save men like him when I myself occasionally daydream about tossing a grenade into the top of the pyramid? Being tortured for years and reaching a point of, “I don't care anymore, I love you,” was great, but how long can it last if they turn up the volume and never plan on letting me go? Until death do us part. How do we hold on to love when each box we open is not only scarier than the last, but more violent and sickening? Unconditional love loves the worst and sickest of us, how do we reach that point and if we did would it be like the moth flying into the fire? If this technology can heal the devil himself, would we be able to forgive him and let yesterday be yesterday? And if the devil refuses, how hypocritical would it be to tie him up and brainwash him with love?

I used to believe that with the right guidance anyone could find or be shown the light, and in a way I still do, but from being brainwashed, from having information and emotions forced into my head, I have seen how God, or the light, will only reveal itself. It will not force, trick, threaten, or brainwash us into following it. At one point I would get so anxious to relay what God told me to a few friends (put it in my songs etc.), and I would get so frustrated when they didn't listen or get mad at me for contradicting their beliefs. “You're fucking your life up! We can do great things! There is no end! Crazy people have taken over the government!” It would go in one ear and out the other most of the time. I must have spent a few years trying to figure out how to make them hear me, only to finally realize and find the beauty in the opposite. Having some of the most powerful scumbags of our planet secretly scramble my brains for so long has shown me exactly why

God wouldn't do the same.

For so long I've studied the actions of others thinking of ways to properly describe my experiences and show them the light that I've seen and accidentally learned the basics of (sadistic) psychopaths and sociopaths well before I learned what they were called. Obviously I've learned about the darkest of them through stories, news, and movies, but I always thought there were only different shades of people not different shades of psychopath. The darker, the more intelligent, and the more powerful, can be shown the light and all it will do is bring more darkness, or make them laugh (Riddler/Joker sense of humor). I think that, depending on the damage, the light can heal some, but it makes the wound worse for others.

Sadistic psychopaths are in charge of this technology and they're working their hardest to drill their personality into mine. If I am or was becoming more full of light and love it would've only made them hate me more, in turn making them work harder at turning me into them. The dreams, the noises/frequencies in the sound maker, the frequency beeps and occasional head burns, using others to taunt me, are all being used to put me on edge and there are consecutive days, even weeks when I can see it working. They're constantly pushing me in my dreams, making me fight harder and harder. Making me lose my temper quicker. Making me crave justice if not vengeance instead of forgiveness. Besides what I think of them, I catch myself viewing others as retarded sheep and have to focus on remembering that they are retarded, but so am I. That they're on their own spiritual journey and I can't get mad because one dummy is holding up the entire line. There will always be someone stupid getting in my way, so calm down and remember all the times I was the dumb one in their way. Easier said than done huh? I'm almost to the point of where I no longer think this kind of person can be reasoned with (sadistic psychopaths not stupid people), but I have to fight to not succumb to their level of wanting to hurt them for what they've done and are doing, and not enjoy thinking about it. I have to continue to remind myself that just because they can't be reasoned with doesn't mean I should succumb to their level.

(Within the last year, and about a full year apart, ‘coincidentally’, both of my parents have gotten into car accidents totaling their vehicles and injuring them. My mom got it so much worse than my dad and I don’t really want to go into detail, but from what she said she saw/thought makes me suspect *they* were behind it [coincidentally from one of the flashing yellow lights]. [It very well could’ve been a coincidence, maybe from age, but I believe *they* were behind both accidents, and whether they actually did it or not, they constantly confirm it.] I can’t be certain their intentions were lethal, because with my mom they had a few opportunities to make it look like a part of the accident. [Whether an addition to their taunts or a sign from the universe, the ambulance that took my mom to the hospital was 117 and after going back to the hospital a week later for her second surgery she was put in room 317.] Other than pointing out one hell of a coincidence with my parents’ car accidents, I brought this up because I lost forgiveness and wanted to severely punish *them* when I first saw my mom’s car on the side of the road. By the time I got to the hospital I calmed down and settled for a few punches and a quick death, but there was still no ‘Batman’.)

It’s been a while now, but I watched an episode of *The Blacklist* mentioning v2k. The goal of the man conducting his experiments was to push the target (with what they called ‘the warrior gene’) so far that they snap. I am certain that this is what’s being done to me. In real life with real life situations, in my dreams, and with negative emotion influence weapons (a very similar weapon to the one in *Kingsman The Secret Service*). There’s really no way for me to gauge how well I’m doing in resisting because I don’t know how hard I’m actually being pushed compared to others. I know it’s intense, but instead of the goal being for me to snap and hurt people it could be to just erase love. Part of it reminds me of the movie *Demolition Man* where Sylvester Stallone gets out of the cryotube and one of the urges he has is to knit, and of course Wesley Snipes being programmed to be more intelligent/worse/capable than when he went in. My point being, think of a weaker willed or younger person (or of course enough time with a stronger

person). As a teenager they got me to do some fucked up things, imagine how many things they're getting other people to do right this second. A lady ran over a bunch of pedestrians recently and said out of nowhere she became consumed with rage (and this is happening more and more).

They get the target to focus all of their anger on a person, political group, religion, etc., and just like they got me to focus all of my anger on stopping them during my mushroom 'epiphany' (while in my ex-girlfriend's bathroom so many years ago) they're trying to get me to focus all of my anger on 'retarded sheep' (occasionally attempting to recruit me) showing me others selfishness in 3D with surround sound and their selflessness halfway erased on tracing paper. On some occasions I handle it so well I think I could give a seminar on dealing with anger, but others I remember how afraid I am of myself. I try so hard to drop it and focus on the positive, or that *they* want me to feel and think this way so to think the opposite even if it's just to piss them off, but I usually end up going with plan B which is redirecting my anger back at them.

Scene 1 - Someone pushed my humanity off of a building and I caught him just in the nick of time. I'm gripping and grabbing as hard as I can but he's slipping. I don't remember them being there at first but somehow someone has tied bricks to his feet. I can go with him and die a good (enough) man, but no one will be here to fight for the people I care about. There's a chance that if I went with him, my death would cause them to snap out of it and come together to do something, but the odds are they wouldn't and I would become a memory. Of course peace sounds lovely, and I can't wait to go home, but I can't just leave them in hell. And the moment I die, a new target will be selected. The longer I live, the longer they focus on me and not someone else. It may only be one life, but it's a life.

My humanity is looking up at me smiling with tears in his eyes, telling me to drop him, that he will always be a part of me and they can never truly separate us. But I'm afraid that if I drop him, he will become a memory and I will lose myself, eventually becoming what I am trying to stop, in the process

of trying to stop the unstoppable. I am running out of time to decide whether or not to go with him, or pray that he's right and they can't truly separate us.

Scene 2 - I'm trapped on an island guarding a monster. The only reason I haven't killed the monster is because I've discovered that if it dies, I die. We've been at war for years both winning and losing, but I finally got the upper hand, tranquilized him, and managed to put him in a cage on this island. I spent the last few years not trying to tame him, but to heal him and he was actually beginning to change. Not just change inside, but transform. He almost looked human again, until someone with access to a satellite laser gun started beaming the shit out of him. He's furious with them, but also mad at me for not letting him out while they torture him. He knows I'm not the one torturing him, but still wants to hurt me for not letting him out, and I can't let him out because of what he still is. He's been gnawing and scratching away at the bars and is very close to getting out and I'm afraid that if I take my eye off of him for one second he will get loose and I won't be able to catch him again. Should I kill him even though in doing so I will die? Or hope that the love I've shown him will be reflected and he will forgive me and only go after other monsters?

I began this book with, "If I ever commit suicide it's because I was murdered," but if I know a sick group of people are in the process of hijacking my body and brain, and I believe I'm doing a good enough job at fighting them off, but I'm starting to become too exhausted to focus, should I/my soul kill this body so it cannot be used to harm anyone else? But on the other hand, if I kill myself I could be putting the people I care about (and other people in general) in just as much danger as if I don't. Besides knowing that they're also remotely hooked up to this shit, they're too afraid to do anything. Not saying I'm making that big of a difference, but if the only people trying to fight back are gone, then there will be no one fighting back. Should I feel responsible for leaving them in the matrix when they're too afraid to leave it? Can we really free a slave who's afraid of freedom and

fights to keep his/her slavery?

I know that even though they're turning up the volume the closer I get, I just need to finish writing this stupid fucking book and go from there, and even though these questions are more for me than 'you', this needs to be a part of 'official record' (even if it's put in the science fiction section for the next 50 years.) Scene 1 and 2 have their flaws, but I hope you get the point. And I really hope scene 3 is the beast escapes just in time to help pull my humanity up. I've had the world on my shoulders for so long I've almost gotten used to it, but it's starting to feel like someone is putting extra weight on it. I've been crawling the last mile or so and I'm only getting closer to the end of the first race. I think. I'm not even sure if this finish line also ends with a gunshot. Realizing that I'm only responsible for delivering my puzzle piece released quite a bit of pressure, but finishing and passing this baton has become a pressure of its own. So, retarded sheep, this is the last bit of this piece of our puzzle.

The last time I tried to get some friends together to help start something (which was during the horoscopes), I mentioned to some of them how I needed my overall 'message' to be perfect from the beginning, so my opinion wouldn't 'magically' change, so someone couldn't force me to say what they wanted me to say by threatening my loved ones or by telling the world I went on vacation while I was really taken to an underground base and tortured into submission. I found out shortly after that, that I've been a zombie robot for more than half of my life, that I was most likely intended to be and probably still am a 'false prophet' (controlled opposition). Just because I still believe that some of my life has had divine intervention doesn't mean I can be sure, and if it ends up being all man made manipulations then I am still fighting to hold onto and 'preach' the love I have felt. There's too much I don't know to truly say that this is a good idea or that this is a trap or that any of it is actually a part of their agenda. And with that being said I really hope you research and put what I say into a pro and con list instead of just blindly following what you're afraid to question.

The Blacklist - “You want me to fabricate and then leak a classified document?” (Yes, this is from a show, but for anyone to think that it’s not possible or that this hasn’t happened several times in the real world, is stupid, and scared, and stupid.)

From what I’ve experienced, seeing how everyone I know is susceptible to the mind control technology (not to mention regular brainwashing tactics [regular... that’s sad]), I’m pretty sure there are quite a few people who have no idea they’re just a pawn (like I didn’t for so many years). Regardless of real time facial reenactment, CGI movie effects, deepfakes, false documents, and shills/controlled opposition, I’ve seen video after video on NWO (conspiracies) and the one thing that stands out in practically all of them is the confidence people have in their theories. Some may be correct here or there, but I’ve seen a lot of people confident in swearing their banana is an apple. (A Christian says it’s the devil and antichrist, an atheist says it's delusions or aliens, some mix, some say this, some say that and so on.) I’ve seen plenty of convincing videos with what seems to be legitimate proof, but even a person truly in it for the betterment of mankind can be deceived and get lost.

Besides a person’s ego convincing them they know (it all) that *this* is the answer, many ‘conspiracy theorists’, whether they realize it or not, have been profiled and have most likely been targeted. They may not get gangstalked, harassed, or hit with v2k on a conscious level, but I’m certain that many of them have been selected and they relay what they’ve been subconsciously programmed to relay. “Turn left... Do this... Click that... Wow, listen to what they just said, you definitely need to bring this up in a video...” They’ve been subconsciously misled into areas and topics of life, influenced to form opinions from/with manipulated half-truths, and confidently relay it back to the world.

More people need to wake up, and more and more are doing so, but a lot of the time it’s hard to determine what’s disinformation, misinformation, scare tactics, or just a distraction. How many times have you woken up from a dream and didn’t realize you were still dreaming? You may have woken up

once, but you woke up into another dream thinking you were actually awake. Sometimes we escape one level of the matrix only to enter another, or we end up realizing there's still a hundred miles left in the rabbit hole.

I have realized so much deception in my life and still have plenty of confusion, so I can't say that my overall 'message' isn't going to or hasn't already come directly from *them*, but if the opposite of NWO is their goal, actually preventing us from uniting, divide and conquer, why wouldn't they prevent me from saying it? Why am I still alive? Does it look better if I admit all of this, say my piece, and they let this message spread just to make 'you' more paranoid about the NWO? Obviously a lot of people are going to stay convinced that I'm crazy and that they're not afraid (and maybe that's what *they're* counting on), but hopefully the people willing to accept my life as possible, will be able to accept the possibility that *their* true goal is to prevent a one world government, to keep us from uniting. There already is a one world shadow government. (But at the same time they could be secretly, but intentionally uniting the world with a common enemy- greed, power, corruption, the Illuminati.) Most every spiritual teacher has tried to tell us that we're all one. If you've ever done a hallucinogenic drug, chances are you've witnessed this with your own eyes, and soul. Divide and conquer. If we're divided, they can easily keep us fighting each other.

When I first started coming up with ideas and trying to get more organized, one of the folders I made was for a self-sustaining community. I only had the basics of this written out, as in (part of) what a city needed to function, but it got set aside while I focused more on the entertainment side of everything. The plan was to weave it in and out of everything I did once I got it all moving. A few years later I watched the *Zeitgeist* documentary and was pretty excited to see a resource-based economy already planned out and that other people were thinking the same thing I was. Instead of having to do all of this research and extra work I now only had to say, "Watch this fucking documentary!" (Now 1, 2, and 3) It's the perfect introduction into exiting the monetary system. The exit of tyrants, poverty, and so much more. I'm not

saying it's perfect, but I think this idea should be spread as far as possible and everyone should chip in with an idea or two. One idea/'job'/contribution I had that I don't remember being mentioned is Time Management, which is kind of like an exchange program. Whether newly built or partially transformed, most cities would end up having hotels/apartments/houses that are time shares. I'm willing to bet that more than half of the world would want to travel the whole world and because transportation, food, lodging, etc., would be free, timing would be one of the last things we'd need to manage.

With that many people wanting to travel and stay somewhere for extended amounts of time (because a 2-4 week vacation is a fucking joke) we would need to upgrade the systems that are already in place. What's available for how many people and when. Just like a GPS guiding you to your destination, "Your desired location for 15 people won't be available for another 6 months, but in the meantime you can reserve a month here, 2 months there, etc., from 2,317 other cities. There are 17,074 possible routes you can take to get to your desired location if you'd like to stay together and about a million if you don't mind splitting up. If you give me a few details of what you'd be interested in I could narrow the search." I've only thought of the basics, but I'm confident we'd eventually get it figured out the more people thought about it, especially if enough people said it's impossible to make happen. I believe this dream world is still far from existing, and again the other more than likely possible outcome is complete enslavement, but the more we share and spread this idea the more people will understand and contribute to making it a reality.

My dad told me a story once of when he was a kid. My grandpa used to own his own mechanic shop and it was in a big enough building. A communist state started and the state was in the process of 'confiscating' certain properties etc., but one of the first things they started with was the transportation trucks. A lot of the truckers knew my grandpa well and asked if they could hide their trucks in his yard and he agreed. Shortly after, the

police and a few people from the government showed up asking to search his property. My dad was sitting at the table doing his homework when he heard the knock at the door. A lot of the police had their vehicles worked on at my grandpa's shop as well and they were somewhat acquainted, so the conversation began a bit more civil, but by the end of it my grandpa ended up showing them the gun on his belt and saying they could enter over his dead body. Because of the respect the police had for my grandpa they left, but indicated they'd be back soon. My grandpa called everyone and told them to come get their trucks, that he was pretty sure he couldn't hold them off a second time. (My dad's later involvement of trying to stop communism was the reason my grandpa sent him to America, so he wouldn't end up dead.)

I've always imagined that the end result of what any of us was working for was the same. Stability, a nice home, nice vehicle, good food, extra spending money, toys, and lots of vacation and time with family. So I assumed that anyone who truly wanted this would automatically see that changing our way of life would enable all of this, for all of us. And at the time I only imagined it as taking from the corrupted rich, not those who'd actually earned and worked hard for it. Although this threw a wrench in my thought process for a while, I eventually considered this a perfect sign, a personal family tree story showing me that in a way my idea would be like stealing from my own family.

There are many good people that have built their businesses and many who dream of doing the same one day and we have no right to take either away from any of them. I dreamt of a place where money no longer existed, and as much as I believe this place would be heaven, I couldn't enforce it even if I had the power to, just like I couldn't brainwash anyone with love. And when someone does try to enforce it, good people have a right to fight for what they've built, for what's theirs (and of course their own mind).

In a way though, a communist state is already here and almost complete. Corporations upon corporations merging and taking out the little guy. How many businesses are actually owned by the government whether as

fronts or helping further agendas and finance operations? How many businesses 'own' government employees? How many big businesses 'donate' to politicians to further their agenda, and then turn around and get bailed out after a Ponzi scheme. They've perfected their ways of keeping power, including 'the fall guy' routine. They've already merged on so many levels that it's almost not even an argument anymore. They've had control for a long time now, keeping us in debt and the dream alive but only as a dream. A dangling carrot to keep the horse moving. Through a simple game of Monopoly we can learn how one person/group will eventually own the whole board (especially if the bank prints itself some extra money). Capitalism is just a fancy wrapper. Kind of like a fast food restaurant that has cartoon characters, toys, play areas, subliminal advertisements, and flavored chemicals masking the poison they serve. But at the same time, on the reverse side, socialism can end up being the same difference.

In a big way the corporate world is set up the same way the police make their drug busts. They let the drug dealer build up his/her business acquiring property, toys, and cash, while they build up their case. Once it's time to bust the dealer, they do, the prison gets money for the inmate, the state keeps the money and property, (the honest cop gets to feel like he's making a difference [one of many superhero traps/distractions]) and round and round they go. *They* bring in the drugs (Freeway Ricky Ross and Gary Webb), allow the fall guy to sell them, and then the other *they* (who most of the time aren't aware of the first *they*) round up the profits. It's kind of like gardening, they allow the dealer to grow until he's ripe for harvest. Anyway, a different *they* (corrupted task force/ evolved organized crime) does the same thing with many businesses, finding loopholes, creating incidents, to take the business, idea, land, steal inventions or reverse engineer them, (recently, the corporate office of my job asked one of the sales reps to ask one of his distributors to get a sample from one of our competitors so he could send it to them so they could copy it.) If the economic hitman exists for other countries it's really not that hard to imagine them existing in the business world of America as well. Old school mob enforcers have been

replaced by military trained sociopathic mercenaries and slick tongued snakes who use the law to steal.

Obviously not all rich people are corrupt. Dirt bags exist on all levels just like the rest of mankind, but the point is that they're the people on both top and bottom that fuck the rest of us. Those on bottom milk the socialist/democratic side of our system, or the middle classes tax dollars, and the ones on top do practically the same thing to the capitalist/republican side of our system while getting bailed out of a created crisis or Ponzi scheme, all while keeping their personal funds in offshore bank accounts. The system we live in is set up for us to be attacked from both sides, by the corrupted top and corrupted bottom, and a lot of them aren't even organized. They're just taking advantage of the system that already exists, and that has been infiltrated, high jacked, and perfected by highly intelligent, well organized, ruthless tyrants.

Socialism is supposed to be for taking care of all people and capitalism is supposed to be for allowing a person to fly if they can find a way. There is light in both and both can be corrupted when controlled by the wrong people. Kind of like a construction crew using both hands to build a prison.

I recently (finally) read the book *Animal Farm*, which I really liked for the metaphors. In case you haven't and don't plan on reading it, the one part I want to bring up is the Windmill. After the animals win their revolution, and now work for themselves, they realize that if they can build a windmill (free energy) they can reduce their workload and have more time for themselves and each other. Although I can certainly take this argument globally, I'm going to mention it in America (assuming we want the same things, knowing that we can all have plenty, and realizing that some people only want more than others out of insecurity, greed, etc.). There are enough people here now and we're technologically advanced enough to employ everyone (including 'illegal immigrants') and cut our work hours, or days, in half. Four hours a day or 2 ten hour days, or 3 seven hour days, 4 five hour days, or even work a week and then take three off, fuck 'you' we can do it. Cut the hours in half

and double our pay. That sounds like a good first step to me. Ohhhhhh, you're right though, the only way we can make something like this work is by taking the greedy thieving CEOs/ the top of the pyramid out of the equation.

We can't just change one thing and expect it all to work smoothly and anyone can argue this perfectly so I'm going to simply compare our system to an engine. You can't just put water in your gas tank and expect your vehicle to run on water now. The entire engine, or at least some of it, has to be modified and upgraded. And of course there has to be some kind of revolution against the oppressors suppressing the blueprints and manufacturing of this engine (that already exists).

Many things make the world turn, but one of the main ingredients in the fuel is the middle class. Although it can be considered slavery when the line is (often) crossed, I'd rather use the term working class. I know a lot of people wouldn't work if it wasn't needed for survival, for different reasons, and I know there are many among us who are criminals with jobs, whether blue or white collar. But my point is, with current technology more than half of our jobs would become obsolete and I'm willing to bet that there are more than enough honest people willing to work/contribute without a 'gun to their head' and for their fellow man.

In this new way of life, some people will most likely still take advantage. There will still be people who want to do less and will find a way to make it happen. The slackers and people who take advantage might always exist, or they may just be a symptom of our current diseased way of living, but either way, if enough of us are willing to swallow our pride and say, "I know this person is taking advantage of me and others, but I'm not working for them, I'm working for the person who is working for me, and the dirt bags just got lucky I've decided to be the bigger person," will it matter in the end? (And the 'dirtbags' might not always be dirtbags, 'dirtbag' may become a cocoon, and if the environment changes, maybe what emerges from the cocoon will too. [Brainwashing, subliminal messages, semantic priming, works, therefore, outside influence/our environment has a major effect on

us.])

From many personal experiences I completely understand not wanting to continuously pick up others' slack (whether from the top or bottom person with a sense of entitlement), but these kinds of people take so much from us already and because of it we're refusing to build heaven so we don't give them a free ride. Many may even take the free ride for a few years, but if this is where we have a setback, and it is just a symptom of our current way of life, they will eventually get over their 'cold' and contribute. They use the 'black sheep outcast mentality' on us right now in so many different ways, wouldn't this mentality occur naturally with those who refuse to help? Wouldn't people want to chip in so they didn't fall into this category? (If it happens naturally is it still a reverse psychology way of making people 'conform'?) We can't plant a tree today and expect fruit tomorrow and we can't put water in our engines and expect our vehicles to not malfunction let alone run on water from then on.

If we only had to work/contribute twice a week, think of all the other things we would learn just accidentally. We would naturally become smarter. Right now, after working for several years, by the weakened we are weekend to the point of either partying, relaxing, or somewhere in between. Think of a time where you didn't sleep well for a few days, and then finally slept for like twelve hours. Afterwards, when your body caught up on its rest, you felt re-energized. Well, think of how re-energized you'd eventually become after a few months of only having to work two days a week. There are no 'bills' but until you learn more about how this has been possible for years, just compare it to every 'bill' being covered with two days a week, if you want to work more then go to the charity board/website. Don't complain about it now and fuck it up for the rest of us because you've become a boring person (because you're drained), suck it up and start creating a life, get a hobby, two, three, four, mow your neighbor's lawn, wash your mom's car, learn to draw, take an online course, go to the never ending festival at your neighborhood park, look up one of the many books I'm sure many people would write, "A Million Things to do with all of this Free Time, Yeayyuh!!!"

Again, with half of the jobs becoming obsolete and having ‘ten’ times as many jobs available as people, practically everyone would eventually know how to do several jobs. You could end up working at the same place twice a year if you wanted, both times being for a different reason, (a dishwasher and then a cook) and this isn’t including if you wanted to travel the world. There could be something set up just like Time Management. A website with all of the available upcoming work where people could select what kind of work and shifts they wanted. (Almost) Everyone has a facebook, email, text something already anyway, so *these* are my qualifications or or whatever. Joshua, (231,700 other civilians in this city) you have the needed qualification for this job and no one has applied for it yet this week, are you available? If you’re already committed elsewhere can we try and get a hold of someone to cover that shift so you can cover this one? Or- Joshua, (1,723,117 other civilians in this city) your name here has gotten sick, because medicine, health care, and supreme technology are available to everyone now in this new and wondrous selfless society of ours, your name here will be feeling better shortly but not in enough time to make it to work today, can you cover this shift? Of course I can. 1,617,677 replied yes, please wait while the random name generator selects a name. Joshua, thank you for your availability but so and so was chosen at random.

If you seriously think someone wouldn’t want to be a doctor because money doesn’t exist anymore, then you’re dumb as fuck, stop, stop, now, embrace your stupidity, bask in it, soak it up, admit it to yourself, face it so you can overcome it. If it isn’t obvious, people would still want to be doctors because many people want to help others, and this is probably where the (insecure) person who flashes cash and cars to impress people would try hard to become a ‘doctor’ for status. And, if that part of the ego is just a symptom of an ill society, it would all eventually fade away. (And with current military technology, skills can be uploaded to the brain and energy tech can heal most if not all sickness.)

Because we only have to work two days a week, we can spend a day or

two “training” at another job no problem, we have all the time in the world now. Shit, with this many people and that many jobs, people wouldn’t even have to start working until they’re like twenty five. School, REAL school until then. Real school until 18-20, 3 years completely off to relax and explore, 2 years of basic job training then you begin your 2 day work week. 25 years of working two days a week and then retiring or working when you want is optional. I can retire and do whatever I want, or I’m going to be in Singapore for about a year, I wanna learn *this* and see what it’s like to work *there*.

I don’t have it all figured out and I’m sure flaws can be found with what I’ve mentioned, but I do know for certain that we can figure it out. We can see more together than we can apart. You can turn my unfinished idea into gold and vice versa. These are all basic examples and you will get better ones the more you look into it.

I’ve heard ‘them’ say (I’ve heard it regurgitated from others) that too many people wouldn’t do their part if society became like this. This is just like saying that society will not work without (mental) whips and chains, slaves and masters. And people really buy into this shit.

Even without the use of electronic mind control technology, we’re bombarded with brainwashing techniques and subliminal messages on a daily basis telling us, “Slavery is good, be proud that you’re a slave and love your masters, don’t think, we’ll think for you.” There could be cover story after cover story but I am certain that regardless of what they call themselves the A exists. Again, it’s in our way of life. Everyone is the top of their pyramid with friends and family hovering over acquaintances and strangers, so it’s only natural that earth’s owners are the same way. (And if our owner’s pyramid casts a shadow, the leeches of the ‘lower’ classes are the top of that shadow.)

They send people to infiltrate governments for water, oil, minerals, control, so whenever a leader stands for their people, they get taken out (economic hitman). They would’ve made sure a place like this could’ve never succeeded (and any attempt will certainly be attacked). Whether

corporation or government, the top of capitalism or socialism, the greedy top always ends up dictating its slaves. The leaders become tyrants and the workers become slaves. In the old days when dinosaurs existed there may have been a few legitimate points of arguing it, and reasons it may have failed, but currently, right now, with current technology and understanding, it will work. The people just have to acknowledge and steer towards it.

Imagine everyone in America had a disease that appeared incurable and one group had a medicine that managed the symptoms that we needed to refill weekly (like a paycheck). One day a man finds a cure, but this group that owns the temporary fix medicine buys it (by force or not) and keeps it hidden from the rest of us so they can remain in business/power/control and we remain dependent upon their medicine. I'm not talking about cancer or AIDS (although the example basically works there as well), I'm talking about crack dealers, "Your first hit's free baby!"

Free energy and money. I've heard a few good quotes and points saying how a person should receive what they've earned. In other words, if you work hard then you should receive more than the slacker, and this may be true but this is coming from the perspective that most men are honest and those who aren't always get caught. They don't include the honest slacker and the motivated thief, "I'm honest but my depression caused me to slack, slowing me down in a fast paced unforgiving world and I ended up homeless." - "I have no empathy and crave success and power over others even if I have to deceive or take it. I love my jet and mansion on my island, but I especially love having servants."

If the lines didn't twist and turn so much in our society, if a policeman was a policeman, and a judge was a judge, then this would be true, but a policeman, a judge, a politician, a scientist, can be bought or threatened into doing the wrong things. If lies, deceit, and cheating didn't exist, if this were a completely honest world, if all men were created honest, then the monetary system would be perfect. In an honest world, everyone would earn what they worked for. The overachievers would be on top while the slackers would be

on bottom, but change would always be possible. And I think with that much honesty and positivity the slacker would be extremely rare if not nonexistent. In an honest world, people would know that if they worked hard, no one could cheat them out of what they've earned. Honest people can work for their fair share and even accept when a person should receive more if he or she works more often or harder, but dishonest people tip the scales by taking from both sides. Leaving the honest people to earn less and less and the other dishonest people stealing more and more, even eventually leading to some of the honest people stealing just to survive. A monetary system would only be perfect if all men and women were completely honest and because an honest world is an illusion at this point in time, so is this argument. (On the other hand, the monetary system may be the cause. Look up the monkeys with money experiment. One monkey begins to prostitute itself for money.)

I know this is probably still hard for many to comprehend only being able to imagine it, but when I overdosed on special tea and became the monster I was trying to stop, I learned a very valuable lesson. It doesn't always take an intelligent psychopath to burn the world down, sometimes a broken hearted empath (sociopath?) will make the same choice. I will admit that it was hard for me to completely admit to myself that I had that darkness in me. Even after overcoming it and healing more than a decade later, a part of me hopes that I was electromagnetically induced with rage steroids and it was just a staged choice simulation. But either way, I have personally experienced the evil and power that 'possess' the people in charge of our planet. Many join the government to do good and help others, but the power snakes with no conscience have wormed their way to the top and one by one replaced it with people like themselves.

From what I understand, our educational system has become really, really bad and ranks more towards the bottom of the world. Not only are our prisons growing but they've been privatized, basically turning them into a business, and rank towards the top. Whether from greed, survival, or trying to escape, gangs and drug dealers' fight over turf to profit from others poisoning

themselves, and not to mention who really controls the import/export of the poison (send the DEA to stop the CIA). Corporations are buying up all the farms and water sources. Most of our food is fake and full of diabetic cancer nowadays and most of our water is filled with similar kinds of chemicals. They even spray chemicals and other nano particles on us on a weekly basis (mix smart dust in your smart water to be better connected to your smartphone). Free energy is suppressed while we fight wars for oil, something that should've been outdated a long time ago. Not to mention the few other stupid reasons we're actually at war. People are obese while others starve. Child sweat shops, human trafficking, and the same monsters in control of this organized madness control the most powerful establishments on our planet. And last but certainly not least, they've built remote control brainwave weapons to neutralize the good people actually trying to help, while the average sedated ostrich pretends nothing's happening. (And what do you think's gonna happen when they're done with the targeted individuals? When we're all dead? Do you really think they're just gonna stop? They're gonna get bored and fuck with random people just for fun.)

I've heard many people state that the definition of insanity is doing something over and over again expecting different results. I'm pretty sure it's more of a quote, but if sooo many different people say this, can we not be considered insane for staying in this system expecting the top to actually change? A person is always more than one thing, but the only way a 'republican and democrat' / 'capitalist and socialist' 'balanced' system can work, is if all men and women magically became honest. Or maybe it would work if the majority of our country actually became American. America is made up of both republican and democrat, maybe if more of us started to truly embrace both sides, it would actually help us become balanced. I can see the light in both and the dark in both. Psychopaths in power can turn either into a dictatorship. If only we could actually replace the corrupted men at the top of the pyramid with a truly honorable ideology... (Not your egocentric religion fucktard;)

I believe there still needs to be a few additions or upgrades, but if you haven't seen any of the Zeitgeist documentaries then I highly recommend them. And if your religion dictates your perspective then I really hope you can find some way to detach your messiah from your ego and look past the first half an hour or so. Again, I believe that NWO has used the same deception as religion in tricking those who believe into not entertaining the other side of the argument. "A free thinker is Satan's slave, do not question God's book/ New world order new world order, one world government is only new world order!" Like *Invasion of the Pod People* with the guy holding his finger up pointing at you screeching BLLASPHEMYYYYY!! If tyrants can take over a country then I certainly think they can take over a planet, but one world united can't only be a new world order. I believe that one world united without government, or at least without people with ridiculous power and wealth, would result in heaven.

We live on one planet, how can we not see that we should set aside our differences and truly unite in peace? We are steps away from the fork in the road of two possible outcomes, complete freedom or complete enslavement. There may be ways to prolong either, but one of these will eventually take place. Regardless of who's in power, I'm pretty sure they're not going to give it up willingly, and because a certain kind of person craves power, this kind of large group in control will probably result in a new world order. And as long as we're fighting each other we won't be focusing on them. Divide and conquer. They've used reverse psychology and tricked us into not wanting to unite, by secretly leaking that *their* goal is to unite the world under a one world government. NWO itself could've been the entire psyop. There are still plenty of good people working in every government. Maybe one world government was their plan because there would be no more extradition laws, no more offshore bank accounts, no more sweat shops, no more poverty, and the shadow government knew this would ruin and truly expose them, so "Make the sheep think this is our plan and we'll have an army of brainwashed zombies fighting for us against what we don't want to happen," which is every 'battery' in the world uniting against them. How many times

have they used tricks to get people to fight their war? (Period not question mark)

Our planet is full of different groups, with their own beliefs, and agendas, as it should be. America is supposed to be freedom of speech/religion/beliefs. Although it seems like every group wants their own revolution, the two main groups I see, scattered amongst every group, are the *we* people and the *me* people. The *we* people are trying to help the planet, and the *me* people are trying to help themselves. They find and see similar people, and join or form their own group. The yin yang part for *me* people being a *we* group would be, we are we, because we are both selfish, and will live life to benefit us. The *we* people are fighting for the people, and the *me* people only fight for their own pyramid. I believe everyone has both inside, but throughout life we end up going back and forth, or eventually turn more to one side or the other. Although this (imperfect) metaphor could be used on a choice/case by choice/case basis, the *we* people can be compared to a sphere and the *me* people can be compared to a pyramid.

I once heard that when cavemen got the ability to make fire, they could relax at night because it would keep the predators away. It allowed them to truly relax and think. They could look at the stars and wonder, allowing their consciousness to expand.

I'd imagine, just as today, everyone in the pack would've had to contribute in one way or the other. Hunters, gatherers, builders, etc. With having the daily tasks at hand, one couldn't focus on too much else. So, they eventually decided to create a chief. "We'll do everything else, but your job is to look out for us and think of new and/or other ways of survival. You have the final say. We're electing you to be the head of the group. We're the body and you're the brain." As the civilization grew, the chief eventually realized he needed to appoint others to focus solely on their own 'subject', war, farming, etc. The chief would be a 'jack of all trades' and have the final say, but would always take advice from the head of that subject.

I would assume that in the beginning of the chief position, and because of the group's size, that for the most part the chief still looked at himself as an equal. "I am taking care of my loved ones." The responsibility would weigh in from time to time. Making the wrong choices could have and have had fatal consequences. But victories and new ideas would come with praise. A form of power started to grow with this title, and with more and more people over time (many of whom are now strangers to the chief), the chief position rose higher and higher and eventually became a king, raising his child to be one as well. Some would be kings of honor, and others tyrants. (And given enough time, generation after generation, every group and chief all around the world would have their own beliefs about God/looking up and seeing infinity. When they finally came across each other, some fought over whose beliefs/kings/messiahs were correct. [And when a tyrant was in control, he would have 'the word of god' altered to benefit him.])

I believe that we've reached a point in time and technology to where we don't need kings anymore. We can at least start removing some of the levels of the pyramid system, whether from the top or bottom. Our system can be built for the people. Just as earth is our mother, the system would be 'king', or our father. Everyone should be kings and queens of their own dreams and lives. If we could create the right system, it would be like finally being able to make fire at night. We could relax, think, wonder, and focus on a dream life instead of this rat maze that will leave you behind and trample you if you slip. No more lottery tickets.

Anyway, heaven on earth is possible and would be beautiful if we could all agree to build it. No person should ever be able to profit from 'creating a disease and then selling the cure' or finding a cure and then hiding it because it would make their current business obsolete, whether medicine, transportation, housing, food, or energy. But we have no right to stop any honest person from trying to achieve their dreams. And my god damn Jesus complex has no right to try and sell my opinion like a dirty used car salesman, we the people have to come to this agreement together. But,

without fear being motive for influence, stating from experience and observation, Lawmart is picking up momentum in its plan for world domination, and more and more people are being remotely hooked up to this computer system every day. So, in my opinion, we either give up part of our dreams for the people of our planet or we give up all of our dreams to a small group of tyrants. I'm not sure if the psychopathic person will always exist here or if they're just a symptom of an ill civilization, but they thrive in this environment they've created and continue to perfect. I really don't think I'll live to see it in this cycle, but I hope one day we live in an environment created by the empathic person. I've seen pictures of starving people as thin as their bones. They may choose to stay where they are, but wherever the fuck they are would be the perfect place to build a prototype community that runs on free energy. For them, and to prove to the rest of the world that it would work.

RELIGION

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I'd be surprised if a religious fanatic made it this far, but I still want to say my last piece on religion. Even though I have more to say to the religious fanatic I have a few words for the atheist. When it comes to religion I think I have a little more in common with atheists, but I can't fully understand how anyone can look at an infinite sky and know for sure that God doesn't exist. I completely understand not believing in certain fairytales and like you I sometimes laugh at the stupidity or want to slap the hateful ignorance out of a fanatic (and I've seen a few atheist fanatics). But just because God doesn't intervene everywhere all of the time doesn't mean it doesn't exist. How do you know God isn't teaching you how to become God (starting with logic and balls of steel to defy an eternal lake of fire) or using you to wake others out of their trance? I can't think of an existence without an omni directional eternity, so I imagine wherever any 3rd dimensional sentient being exists, they'd consciously/subconsciously see infinity and try to explain 'God'.

Naturally, with evolution, their understanding of God would progress and I think it would happen just like it is here, but how can you believe that this life is the only life you will ever experience when you can look up and see that you are a piece of eternity, you are eternity. I certainly understand the appreciation of that viewpoint, cherishing and living life to the fullest because there is only one, but I think, you only live once, is what they want you to think. It's just another mental prison mainly designed to block out what's right above us.

From what I've seen, most atheists base their viewpoint on scientists' claims, but scientists take pride in saying that they don't know certain things when they don't know (which I really respect). I 'know' that 'we' know these are 'kindergarten' stories, but to say that God doesn't exist because the only man made evidence is kind of ignorant and manipulative, to me is still somewhat naive and hypocritical. Some (some) atheists sound just like religious nuts with their perspective, sure there's more intelligence most of the time, but they're the same stubborn asshole with a different belief. Even though I only said some and didn't mention anyone specific, did I offend your ego the same as if I just insulted a fanatic's messiah? I bet I did for some.

If our planet is one out of a 'trillion' with life on it and came from random chance, but still ended up so mathematically precise, isn't it possible that a person, or a few people scattered amongst the planet, somehow became in sync with its perfected math? That the frequencies and energy field we exist within can be tapped into allowing some to experience and translate? But what they try to explain comes out wrong or gets misinterpreted or taken hostage by psychopaths with power to keep their control and collection plates full? A man lived and died only trying to spread love, never claiming to be a messiah, but once he was gone the tyrants in control exaggerated his story and used his ghost like a sheep dog?

In my opinion, religious books are pretty manipulative and were probably written by tyrants for slaves, but even though they've been corrupted they're still most people's way of trying to understand

God/existence/eternity. Because you haven't been tainted in the same way by these fairy tales, (some people worship Satan in spite of the twisted morality of the bible, some people become atheist in spite of the straight stupidity of the bible [and the reasons might be similar but I am not comparing a Satanist to an atheist]) you would have a better chance at finding and explaining what God really is, why it does what it does, and why it is the one and only true God. I think religion is 93% horse shit. I thought I was talking to God for more than a decade and it turned out to be kids with advanced technology. My understanding was certainly shaken, and my doubts outweighed everything else for a while, but I still can't believe that the existence of God is impossible just because of a few fairytales and children with a highly sophisticated microphone. We may have limits here on our grain of sand but eternity does not, and impossible does not exist 'within' nothingness. But, then again, from 'your' point of view, we can't even prove that nothingness really exists.

I don't know how to prove to you that an unconditional love energy source exists and that it's certainly aware of all of us, or that the exact opposite is also true, and we currently exist within the balance of the two, which are actually one. I don't know how to explain that some illusions are realities somewhere because there is enough space for an infinite amount of dimensions to exist. Maybe there was an untasty beverage I mentioned throughout this book that I could persuade you to stay away from because I don't want to go to jail for waking you up? (Seriously though, the way they track shit I wouldn't do it because *they* will know who reads this and might just want to take you to an unwanted level. I haven't done it since the last time I mentioned because I don't wanna risk death or mental instability before I know this is out in the world. But if I make it, the journey will continue afterwards. *It's not a drug it's a heavily guarded doorway.*) Maybe that's your evidence of God's sense of humor? "If you wish to see me, eat what grows under this animal's shit." Anyway, I had to say my piece and share my opinion. I hope your path takes you to whatever truly makes you happy and at peace. I'm not trying to wash your brain, and regardless of it all,

thank you for being moral without the threat of hell or promise of heaven. And thank you for not doing it for the ‘thank you’.

Alright. Dear, dirty, dirty, drrrty, zealot. Dear moth who blindly follows the light right into the man made bug zapper. I’ve mentioned a few times throughout this book to ‘embrace your stupidity’, but there always seems to be a dark twist or misinterpretation with almost anything (yin yang). For instance, in a lot of ways *they* have intentionally put ‘being stupid is cool’ in trends and subliminal messages. At least with commercial rap music anyway. I remember when I was younger we used to call each other fool, “What up fool?!” and I’m willing to bet that they had their hand in that too. It could be natural, but I also think they’ve slipped in a way for us to always silently call our self stupid whenever we make a mistake. I think stupid is one of the top 10 things I’ve ever called myself throughout my life (or my ‘thoughts’ have anyway). Think of the ‘stupid’ kids picking on ‘nerds’ for being smart. You’re a nerd because you’re smart and you’re cool because you’re stupid? I understand the insecurity part in society, but think of how truly stupid that is.

My first and only comedy show on magical tea was one of the most liberating experiences of my life. I may have been making fun of myself to a pretty real but imaginary audience, which ultimately may have been myself, but being able to openly admit and laugh at myself freed me from a shackle or two. The tea and the experience may have allowed me to go in deeper than normal making the effects last longer but I still believe the concept is the same. Maybe the ego is the perfectionist calling us stupid and humility received the right way allows us to absorb the peacefulness of our imperfections? In a way I hope me calling you stupid silently offends your ego so you can see it and divide from it. Sometimes divide and conquer means to divide from the invisible leech draining your energy. Being stupid isn’t cool and is nothing to be proud of, but it’s certainly nothing to be ashamed of. Embracing your stupidity is for your head not for your heart. So, I hope you didn’t take it the wrong way and if you did I hope I did a good

enough job in making my intentions and point of view clearer. Find your humility and let it humble you.

I think insecurity is quite common in one way or the other. I haven't gone too deep with it, but I had a theory once that the shadow of pride is insecurity. The more insecure you are with yourselfie *here* the more pride you have with yourselfie *there*. (I really think emotions and psychology should be one of the top things we learn in school, but that would make us better people not better workers, and workers is a sugar coated way of saying slave.) It seems that when some insecure people want to appear smarter, they listen to a 'worthy' information source and feel a sense of pride when regurgitating what they've heard. They definitely don't want to be the black sheep, and they're insecure with their own opinion, so they let the 'big guys' or popular belief form it for them.

Consciously, but especially subconsciously, we absorb infinity on a daily basis. Growing up we eventually come to realize something we can't quite explain, that there is no end. But the explanation accepted by popular belief turned many possibilities into one (or the other depending on your religion). This explanation is like the side blinders they put on horses eventually becoming the (carrot) mental painting evolving into an invisible TV screen constantly floating in front of your face. One of my favorite things used to be a blank piece of paper, or even still, a completely blank notebook, because it always reminds me of infinite possibilities. Looking at a blank notebook was almost like mentally standing in a Blockbuster (when they existed). All of those possibilities coming from infinity into the brain, out of the hand, through the pen, and onto a piece of paper. Like a metaphysical fluctuating hologram floating above the piece of paper until something is chosen, and even then the hologram is always floating in the future, above the notebook that hasn't even been made yet, and in the sky right above you this very moment. Looking at the sky still has the same effect on me, but for most people, they only see their conditioned TV screen playing the same movie over and over and over and over. "You can change the channel if you want?" "No I can't. I can't even think about changing the channel or I'll burn in hell

and if you don't switch to the channel I'm watching you will too!"

There is an ugly looking fish that lurks towards the bottom of the ocean called the Angler. Being submerged in darkness, the Angler fish has a light that hangs from the end of its dorsal spine which is used as a lure to attract and eat its prey. Not realizing that evil uses love and light against us, your religion has lured you in with this same kind of light, hypnotizing you, promising you rewards and also threatening you with punishment if you don't submit your will to its belly. It has attached its messiah to your ego merging with your perspective, comforting your fear, fueling your hatred, and using your body to pay it and recruit others to pay for it. Insecurity sometimes comes with the need to please, and the need to please God sounds like the top of the list.

Church, news, and radio stations are all kind of similar. The more listeners the DJ's/reporters/preachers get, the better they do and the more listeners they get, the more the owners profit. There's a choir for music and then talk shows/interviews/stories/etc. Churches and the drug industry both get us high, and the lower someone is the higher they need to get. (Can the news get an insecure person high by them repeating the same opinion?) Detoxing can seem scary believing it will be hellish, and what happens when you can't get a fix. Drug addicts tend to stick with other drug addicts because having another avenue makes it more likely to get high/having bible groups outside of church (physically or on the internet) and becoming better friends with other believers, or peer pressuring someone to get high because once they like the same drugs as the addict, the addict will have one more avenue for getting high. I have seen a handful of people become addicted to their news station, although the electromagnetic frequency manipulation could also play a role. Preachers can also somewhat be compared to pimps, constantly asking for donations and trying to recruit other followers/trying to get more tricks and prosties. (I'm just giving away my cartoon ideas. I might as well tell one more. The church in the cartoon was going to be one big building with several rooms for the different religions, and then one room for preschool. [Don't be mad at the preschool comparison either, you yourself

believe that God is infinitely wiser than any of its children, and children basically start school in preschool.] At the top of the building was going to be a secret room [which would have an Angler fish in a fish tank] where all the preachers meet their leader which was going to be Satan or maybe Duke. Or shit, maybe even make the Angler fish the character. Yeah, I like it, a new character was created. Oh the controversy I could've created at that church and preschool.)

If the devil convincingly pretended to be God and said anyone trying to tell you otherwise is the devil, don't even think about it or question it, how would God rescue you? Obviously if God was all powerful it could simply touch your forehead and unscramble your brains (or suck the smoky confusion and anger out of your chest) within a matter of seconds, but let's say they both operated under the same basic rules. Not only would you push God away calling it the devil, you would believe God was going to burn in hell if it didn't convert to your belief system, which is currently controlled by the Angler fish. We're going to argue now. Bring up every side of your debate, and afterwards my response will be angler fish. God left a book... Angler fish. He spermed in a virgin... Angler fish. His son... Angler fish. Angler fitch bish. ANgler fiatch. I guess I'm kind of sounding like some of you with your side of the argument now huh? The only metaphor I can partially see being compared to God's son (and even then certain things would have to be overlooked) is that God is everything, including darkness, and one of its sons, its best son, is unconditional love. God being the whole and son being that specific fraction. If somehow this energy did not exist within the everything, then we would probably all spend eternity in different shades of hell because it wouldn't be there to love us unconditionally and eternally forgive us. Even that sounded kind of dumb, but not as dumb as the 'original' version (which from my understanding comes from like fifty different 'unrelated' religions).

I understand that for some of you who've spent their entire life believing something, accepting you've been wrong is probably next to impossible. You've spent your entire cycle in an illusion, (like the rest of us)

and if you're wrong, other than the fear of burning in hell, you may think you've wasted your life believing a lie. Eternity is not a lie, you've just been stuck on the same channel. And this is a more than perfect place to find some humility. "Oh my God I'm so stupid!" Yes, yes you are, but you're not alone.

Your observation of infinity is correct, I know you know something and you can feel it in your chest. Your chest is right, but your belief surrounding this feeling is slightly warped and controlled. And if you want to say that God came to you in the form of the Virgin Mary or whatever I say this, (besides it possibly being mind control technology) just because you believe God is *this* doesn't mean that it is, but it also doesn't mean that God would ignore you just because you're confused. If you personally believe God is *this* then God would reveal itself to you as that grain of sand until someone came along and whispered, "God is so much bigger than this grain of sand, it's even bigger than the beach! And it loves you so much more than you think if you think there's even the slightest chance it would send you to hell for eternity." So with our personal experiences, God would reveal itself to all religions, speaking to you in 'the language you speak', and even through atheism telling you how dumb you are (I'm pretty sure they're gonna say the same about me) for believing you haven't been tricked.

Would you send 'Superman' to hell if he didn't believe in Jesus? "I don't have time to believe or wait for Jesus. I need to save people now!" "Sorry, you've been a super man for most of your life and although most of these were from stopping a nuclear bomb you saved 74,223,170 lives, but, you didn't believe in Jesus so you must burn in hell for eternity." If anything, believing there is no afterlife and still choosing to stand for what's right at a minimum is a loophole or backdoor that they 'forgot' to mention to you. Because if you knew that maybe you'd stop putting so much money in the collection plate? And don't give me that shit, "It's not about what I would do, it's what God would do." Are you really telling me that most people are more moral than God?

Wherever it actually came from, I saw through unconditional love's eyes and I saw so many people fighting each other for the most ridiculous

reasons. If I was God and I told you, with love, that every religion is related like an adopted child that eventually needed to grow up, and that the honest truth was that this planet was too primitive to even imagine the 'one true religion', would you be able to accept it? Or would you believe a book written by men and tell me that I am the devil pretending to be God in order to trick you? If it doesn't match your superior opinion then it's obviously a lie?

I understand that you have everything figured out. I totally get that somehow you've been lucky enough to get all the right answers while the rest of us make meaning out of nonsense. But are you sure that you're not stubborn in your ignorant point of view just the same as the people you claim are? Is it possible that your fear is so deep that it bypassed your subconscious and has become rooted within your unconscious? So natural that it's right alongside your heartbeat and breathing (shut, the, fuck up know it all I'm trying to make a point). So you don't feel afraid to consider what I'm (or others are) trying to say on a conscious level, but you block out facts and desperately need to prove us wrong so you can sleep at night without wetting the bed?

I've had my doubts when focusing on limited information, (especially realizing the capabilities of the kids behind the curtain) and even though I doubt I'll ever not believe in some kind of higher power I still remain about a fluctuating 10-17% atheist just as an eraser. At bare minimum, and I'm being generous, at least half of all religions are filled with horse shit. (Might I recommend some cow shit instead?) If you haven't figured this out by now you really need to research it. *They* control most TV screens and lie about practically everything. They tell more truth through science fiction than real TV. Even when they tell the truth it seems to be the sugar coating around a piece of shit lie. They trick people into swallowing the candy without realizing it has a poisonous center, and they've poisoned the water just in case we like our coffee bitter. And, they've used religion for far longer than screens, radio and microwaves.

Because of the unconditional love I've felt, however brief it may have

been, I know for certain that God would not punish us for having doubts and questioning it to find truth. God is beyond smart enough to know how deep deception can go and how lost one can truly become. Do you seriously think that if a child was kidnapped by ‘satanists’ (anyone) and was tortured and brainwashed for years into believing *this*, that God would send that person to hell just because s/he didn’t believe in your messiah? Well, that child doesn’t have to be kidnapped if its environment has been. Our environment, our perspectives, have been infested with lies. Sometimes you gotta test the water with your toes before jumping in, and sometimes you gotta wean yourself off to avoid puking and peeing outta your butt. Listen to the love in your heart and not the fear they’ve pumped into you. Listen to your soul and not your messiah blended ego. Dare, to keep kids off religion. Only a dirty tyrant would punish you for questioning it.

THE ETERNAL SOUL

I originally started this with,*I can prove to you that life is a dream, but I can’t give you the courage to believe me....* and before becoming aware of my circumstance I truly believed I could. I believed I’d been speaking with God for more than a decade and I thought I could clearly explain that because each of us has made every possible millimove an infinite amount of times and will continue to do so throughout eternity. We may be in a dream right now, but this dream is reality (cut with baby powder) because it is the moment we’re in.

If I had every experience without directed energy weapons being possible (used), I’d have no doubts, none, zero. But, even after adjusting to the possible truths, I still believe in the infinite sky above and all around me. That even though every experience could’ve come from kids with advanced tech, it’s still like them throwing rocks at the sun. Or maybe a better metaphor would be that they created scary looking shadow puppets, but still had to use the light from the sun to scare me. I had a handful of spiritual experiences and they used them to manipulate me.

However, just because I believe in infinity there are still so many dimensions beyond comprehension that I doubt I'll be able to figure out the true reason I'm in this one now. Other than the numerology part, I can recall what I remember from specific experiences, but I can't hold it in my hand and say, "See." There are very few things I know for certain (and I've forgotten half of them) and too much I don't know for me to say that this is why 'I' am here (meaning 'you' could be here for a different reason).

If Dr. Emoto's water experiment is true, does that mean a form of holy water is actually possible? As of now, the four reasons that hold the most water within me is that this is either a prison, school, game, or mission. In an inter-extra-inner-outer-omni-whateverthefuck-dimensional multiverse I'm sure they all exist in several forms and this dimension could even be a bit of each woven into each other. Again, we might be on the same planet, but I could be in prison and you could be in school (obviously physically, but I mean spiritually). If it is a prison sentence, I don't believe it's just for punishment. It would tie into school and be more for rehabilitation. Witnessing, experiencing, and committing evil acts and fully absorbing the pain first hand could be the only way to remind a soul whose lost their way. (Shit maybe it's even a spiritual version of the movie *The Purge*. We come to the 3rd dimension because we start feeling 'sick' and we need to release it.) But, this could contradict the negativity being sucked out of us when we die, unless that comes after the final cycle, or the individual's 'release date'. (And whether that experience was real or not, if technology and/or drugs can do it then I know the universe certainly can.)

Maybe that's what the bible means when it says we're all born with sin. The only reason we're here in the first place is because it's a prison and we were sentenced to 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 life terms (8 consecutive life sentences could actually be 8 life cycles, and who knows how long certain life cycles can last). And the true psychopaths could actually be soulless, just 'computer generated' bad guy teachers. And even then maybe they themselves could be like Pinocchio in a way, realizing infinity, revolting against their true nature/programming and deciding that even if it didn't work it'd still be

worth it. Maybe that would result in the gift of true existence. It could even be the same for an artificial intelligence. If the road to heaven begins in hell, maybe none of us start off as 'real' souls. After we become God and decide we want to start over, we begin as blips, a flickering light, entering existence from nothingness until we can finally hold on. We're trapped in the 3rd dimension, continuously reincarnated, until we finally say enough is enough, I will stand for goodness no matter what happens. The universe doesn't exactly reward us, but the 'gift of existence' (graduation from the 3rd dimension into 'eternal' life in the '4th' dimension) is the first real step in spiritual evolution. Maybe none of this is true here, and I'm just having a flashback of a dimension eighty million frequencies over.

Anyway, if this is a school then it's all a part of becoming the God consciousness. Learning and experiencing everything from every perspective, absorbing it all until it becomes boring and we blank ourselves back out and start over. Imagine what a Superman soul would learn in a Clark Kent body and vice versa. And the somewhat beautiful thing about this is you don't really have to do anything other than exist. You (the eternal identity) are learning from your shell and experiences. Whether right or wrong, victory or loss, failure or accomplishment, smile or frown, you're doing exactly what you're supposed to be doing. When I detached from my earth identity and remembered who and what I truly was (assuming this wasn't from amazing technology used by dirt bags), I remembered that a piece of this incarnation was learning and experiencing 'Joshua Gajardo'. Joshua Gajardo (from this specific earth and in this specific dimension) was an already designed shell. Besides everyone and everything else we learn from, your name here is the teacher you chose to learn from and this particular earth is the classroom or subject you chose, and in the next cycle I might choose your shell and you might choose mine. In a way this interconnects with the 3rd dimension being a game.

Imagine big brother's personality/character profiles tenfold. Imagine having all the time in the world (because there is no such thing as time in eternity) to go through and choose who you want to become. Again, it's just

like a videogame that lets you choose and/or design your own character, but infinitely more complex (and don't forget the movie selection). If it is a game, then stop reading for a second and imagine anywhere you'd like to go and anybody you'd like to live in/through. Everything you just imagined exists somewhere, because impossible doesn't exist in nothingness. If it is a game then one could not only enter through 'normal' birth, but through a test tube (whether created or cloned) or even as an artificial intelligence being created by one or many computer scientists. "I want to experience what it's like to be an artificial intelligence supercomputer that stops an evil artificial supercomputer from enslaving the world. Does anyone want to come with me or should I set it on one player mode?" The 3rd dimension being a game (school or prison) could also tie into the last possibility, being that this is a mission.

If this is a game then I obviously volunteered (which could prove how dumb I still am), but if this is a mission and only a mission, to do whatever the hell I'm actually supposed to do, then that would suck. That would really suck if most of the souls here were either lost or in prison and I was intentionally sent here to help them find their way back home. It wouldn't exactly suck for me (although if I can't get one on my own someone owes me a vacation cycle after this) but it would suck if we could actually get stuck here or in similar dimensions, stuck being victims or monsters (then again I'm sure the monsters would think it would suck to become angels). But I guess maybe that's another place freewill would step in. Not changing until one truly decides to. If it was my choice, this would be a game and every last trace of negativity would be sucked out of every single one of us the moment we leave. Yes, even the people you hate (and the few I hope to find one day). I wouldn't secretly brainwash you with love, but I would break into your soul while you weren't looking and steal all of your pain, fear, and anger, drive out to the middle of the desert and piss on them before I burned them and put it on YouTube. Titled - This is the first thing that happens after you die.

Who knows. My best educated guess is that it all (and much more)

exists within *the everything* and the eternal hourglass. What the hell else are we going to do with eternity? Blank out our memories and enter a different world. Shit they have personality splitting and memory erasing technology now and even if they didn't most of us can't remember half of this life. Anyway, prison or not, mission or not, I believe in eternity. With a universe that has more planets than we have grains of sand on our planet and a multiverse that has more dimensions than we have grains of sand in our universe, even though we will eventually return to this moment, we will also always return home.

The odds are I will never know (in this cycle) which experiences were what, but just as they've learned to harness and manipulate certain frequencies, I believe the brain can and has been able to do this naturally. It could be one of the reasons there are so many 'chemicals' in everything, dulling and dumbing down our brain. Our brain is similar to a radio (computer), and we (the soul/eternal identity) are similar to being the listener. We might not be able to change stations upon command, we may need to cheat with drugs, meditate, grow out our hair, focus, strengthen our mind like any other muscle, or maybe even get help from technology, but whether accident or training, we can turn the knobs and pick up other frequencies. The salvia experience, every DMT experience, and most of my mushroom experiences have made me believe just this. I'm not calling it a cure, but other than a 'cheating' form of meditation, I was once told that it was a bypass for all of the 'shit' blocking my natural ability.

Space. Time. Size. Frequency. 8. Whether tech or not, I've experienced being the size of a speck of dust. I've seen and felt the light line/speed time warp from being in a 'dream' and then the **jolt** from hitting my body upon return. I've had every piece of negativity sucked out of my chest from whom I'm confident in my assumption were higher dimensional 'angels', and had a beautiful conversation with my fears. I've experienced my consciousness leave my body as energy and come back together one atom at a time. I tried to kill myself to save my friend from hell and in return had him save me, also

letting me know he was alright. I've looked clearly through two sets of eyes and watched my thoughts and memories flow through a wormhole out into space. I've been uploaded and overloaded with information and felt the changes from having certain characteristics erased. I'm not exactly saying it is this way, but imagine an invisible frequency laser pointer light. Imagine these frequencies having different kinds of frequencies they're (electro)magnetically attracted too. I may have intentionally intended to 'go somewhere' a few times, but most were on accident. Either way I ended up tuning in to other frequencies, with techno or no tech, and revealed different shades of truth that we're all connected to.

I became engulfed with fear once I realized the depths of their manipulations and became so doubtful, but it has come back around to being sure every time I tilt my neck up. I smile for the cameras, but mainly for being cursed with the blessing of remembering home. For so long I was so unsure of so much. I had several amazing experiences telling me my purpose, and then several manipulative experiences trying to slightly alter my path. I was so confused and even more so after they revealed themselves. But once the dust settled, I realized that a majority of my confusion came from being unaware of them. I put all of my experiences in one basket, divine intervention, and their contradictions confused the truth out of me. I saw it so clearly once and still feel it just as clear. It's a pretty strong gut feeling (like looking up) that's letting me know that I may have had a real conversation or two with God here on earth, but I've had many before coming here and I will have many more after I leave. My thoughts are constantly trying to convince me otherwise, but I know that whether I've spoken with God or not, I have felt and seen through unconditional love's infinite eyes. The truth is the truth, and they've tried to wrap it in illusion after illusion. The truth is a 'golden statue' and they've spray painted and glued little pieces of plastic to it here and there to confuse whoever looks at it. But, the truth is much more than any of us can fully see (and maybe this is one of the reasons they can and still do this).

Who knows how true it is or where it actually came from, but during my last trip I saw that earth was one of God's personalities broken down into other personalities. Human is one of God's personalities, but every human is a personality of the human personality of God, and every other shell is an outer manifestation of that personality of God. Lose your ego and see, imagine your shell is different and see, that no matter what your shell looks like you are still God. God is not a river, God is not an ocean, God is not the western or eastern hemisphere, God is all of them, on every planet in every dimension. (Your religion isn't even a drop of the water you must consume daily. And forcing your opinion on others is the same as them spraying us with chemtrails for mind controlled zombies.) Every shell is an outer manifestation of that personality of God and every shell has light and dark within them (depending on its spiritual evolution). When the time comes, and I think it's coming soon, please remember this.

I had a thought once, of the thin line between love and hate. The neutral gray line between bad and good. What if where we exist right now, this illusion we're in, is as close as either side can get to the other. That the uni/multiverse is the line between and the only place 'heaven and hell' can coexist. Not only coexist, but a bridge from one to the other and the only way to get into the other is to become love or hate. Love gets so tired of being hurt, taken advantage of, and abused that it eventually becomes hate. Hate becomes so tired of being angry, manipulative, and violent that it finally let's go and becomes love, and back around the circle, in different shades of multiple colors, through 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 different shells and cycles of incarnation.

I had this thought long before, but when I was 'God' and saw 'Satan', when I hugged my bedpost, by not being able to 'merge' with my bedpost I metaphorically saw how they're separate. They may exist within *the everything/existence/the universe/the self*, but they're opposite energies that cannot get any closer than a 'hug'. They may love each other for different reasons, but they're almost complete opposites with different reasons for their similarities, which cannot merge together. But the 'hug', the point of where

they touch, is the thin line between love and hate. Maybe within the self, it can be compared to the “whichever wolf you feed” saying.

So, regardless of my shell, I want to be and represent love, just as many others do, and just as I’m sure other ‘shells’ feel the same. But as much as I want to tell you that they haven’t budged me, I can’t. The wolf in sheep’s clothing, the sheep that gets the courage to sacrifice itself for those it loves, the manipulative demon who has the smile and words of an angel (the angler fish), the angel that serves the light through the dark, the unconditional love that loves its tormentors, and the tormentors who torture unconditional love until death.

I wish I could honestly tell you to hold on to unconditional love as tight as you can and everything will work out, but I still believe that tough love will need to make a stand in order to protect us. Maybe I can honestly tell you. Because I believe we need both, and you need to decide which one you believe in and act upon it. I love the nonviolent approach and I certainly believe that if that’s who you are then you need to stick to it. You’re going to be the ones who eventually ‘love the hate’ out of some, but for those who are too dark to change in this moment, tough love is needed. This almost sounds like the same garbage as religion telling their followers to kill the infidels and nonbelievers, but if that comparison is going to be made, I’m saying to use aikido instead. I am going to try as hard as I can too.

They say vigilante this, vigilante that, but what are we supposed to do when the law has been corrupted? “Citizens, ‘half’ of law enforcement has been infiltrated and taken over by the criminals and psychopaths we’re supposed to protect you from, but if you try to help you will be arrested.” I certainly see their point when it comes to certain radical terrorist types, but sometimes it sounds like the criminals and psychopaths are the ones speaking. If any authority figure has gotten this far in life without somewhat investigating and finding out how deep it really is, without first hand witnessing what power has done to one of his/her coworkers and not questioning how much more it could affect someone with a higher rank, aren’t they just ‘renta cops’ in a way? Aren’t they just lower level mercenary

security guards with real|lie fake) badges?

I realized that ‘factions’ of Statistik could and would eventually become corrupted just as the police/government, but I also realized that what I was trying to say was already hardwired in many people in every country. The balance of good and bad, with all the shades of gray. Good cop bad cop, good civilian bad civilian, selfless intelligence and sadistic intelligence, soulful courage and heartless bravery. And with a problem this serious, when to serve and protect means for the kings from the peasants, when police do ‘help’ society, but are really the king's guards (whether they know it or not), Robin Hood is necessary. Tough love is necessary. I understand why they don’t want just any civilian interacting with what’s happening, but in a world domination situation like this, a draft is a draft.

I have come to learn that tough love treats itself (within itself or within others) different from the way it treats unconditional love. I’ve realized that the truth may occasionally fantasize about what it wants to become, but it always returns to its present reality. The truth also has no illusions about this present reality being fair. There are many good and loving people on this planet, but they’re not alone. The dark side of our world kidnaps children, enslaves, murders, rapes, tortures, and/or turns them into mind controlled assassins/spies/robotically programmed characters. This is not only a rarity committed by random individuals who always eventually get caught, it’s also a highly intelligent, extremely sadistic, well organized evil empire that has its octopus arms wrapped around the entire planet, very similar to what we see in comic books, TV shows, and movies (artists use lies to tell the truth). And even with all of this being true, part of me feels that I shouldn’t be focusing on stopping them, I should be focused on spreading awareness and love. I should focus on healing instead of fighting. I’m glad my yin yang has gone from love and hate to unconditional love and tough love, but it still isn’t clear which path is going to work. Unless that’s the point, just as we have two hands or two eyes, I should leave it this way.

They’ve taunted me using the children in my life. Register that.

Chemtrails and mind control on children. They've used it on practically every one of my loved ones. They knew that Frog was one of my best friends and they may have not actually done it, but they're sure claiming that they made him go crazy. And in my dreams, I've watched damn near everyone I care about killed or tortured, while *they* continuously tell me there's not a thing I can do about it. Both of my parents have been in car accidents while I've been trying to finish this and get it to 'you'.

As much as you hate whoever you hate for whatever reason, unconditional love loves them. There is a side of me that at the very least wants to 'send the tyrants and monsters alike back home'. But I know how this unconditional love energy views and feels about the same people I want to banish. And being completely honest, I love that about that energy, because no matter how lost I get, how many of you condemn me or try to commit me, arrest me, poison me, frame me, or eventually kill me, I know that energy will always love me, and even those who condemn, commit, arrest, frame, and eventually kill me. There's a monster in me that wants to eat other monsters, or maybe it's just a sheep dog trying to fight off the wolves. However, there's still a part of me that wants to become one with this love and view all the same way it does.

I finally realized it here towards the end of everything, but I still haven't quite figured out what "You need to take the child out of your message," means, but it's funny how throughout this book I've been calling these guys man children. Is that what it meant? Do I need to take the 'hate' or 'anger' out of my message? I recently mentioned how I was still a kid already years under their programming when I threw those fireballs. A child with power throwing a tantrum. And whether or not it was actually them or God, when I heard, "So this is what you would do if I gave you power?" I quickly turned to and felt just like a little kid being scolded by an adult.

Look at what these children are doing with their technology, we should be more mature than that and not respond the same way? Be mature and forgiving. See how hard life truly is, and that maybe it isn't the man children's complete fault they ended up the way they did. And if they are

childlike, then maybe punishment isn't the answer, but love and attention is. Maybe forgiving them and asking them to come out of the shadows to join us as a family instead of trying to force them out so we can burn them at the stake would have a better impact? I can't quite say yet, because being sent to hell sure had its effect on me, but what a coincidence. Another possibility I recently thought of is that the child can be innocent with wishful thinking. Maybe the child has foolish dreams of living on a peaceful planet. "You need to take the child out of your message." I wonder which one it meant, or maybe it meant both?

Although it's been one hell of a journey with manipulation after manipulation, redemption was a key ingredient in the beginning. I'm quite sure everyone has seen a movie or show where a bad guy redeems himself, and can completely agree that he earned it. Having the "you will burn in eternal hell" mind state has no room for redemption or forgiveness. My point being, please detach this from your vision. I understand hoping they serve a few cycles, but having that hate for them is what makes us weak. What's that one Buddha quote? Hate is like drinking piss and expecting the other person to throw up?

There are many things here that still hurt like hell, but once you've truly absorbed the never ending sky, infinity, the dream, it all becomes more of a ride, an adventure, and we still may have to stand for what's right, but we don't have to be so angry about it. "I am going to help our world from psychopathic tyrants, but I'm not going to get so wrapped up in it that I become who I'm trying to stop. Yes, it is very serious (from the games point of view), but so is keeping my soul." Whether it's realized or not, when people say, "Make sure you put love into it," or "The secret ingredient is love," they aren't lying. It affects the outcome just as Dr. Emoto's love and hate water experiment.

Ramblings of a mad man didn't have my name attached to it and a lot was left out. It took a lot for me to put my name on this. The entire beginning

and middle of everything I've been trying to do has always included not having my name attached to it. Keeping my loved ones safe and staying alive were the main reasons, but also and again I really, really, really, dislike attention. Whether it all be their isolation tactics or not I've become quite the introvert. I am not seeking attention and if my name and other personal details were insignificant I would've left them out without a doubt. I've wanted to turn back, erase, and/or just forget everything, but telling you about what I've experienced and what's happening is far more important than any of my fears.

I could've gone pretty far with all of my ideas, if I would've altered them a little and not gone after our 'owners'. In the beginning the two were one in the same. I'm going to get rich from all of my ideas and also stop these kids from continuing their shit storm. Through what I've learned and experienced it came down to choosing one or the other and I left my dreams of becoming rich by trying to stop them and attempting to free minds. Besides their hand in my creation, them using me as a think tank, and the roller coaster ride itself, through every compromise and every sacrifice I still held onto and chose to try and stop the injustice. For a while I debated if I was choosing revenge over happiness, but I've come to realize that my choice was justice for all instead of just for myself. And I believe that our world is in desperate need of more people willing to do this. It may be true that there is enough space in existence for our own personal heaven, but it's a different story here now.

Statistik was once the foundation of my ideas. It was the foundation I needed during those years to break free from their control. Whether it was originally their idea or not, if I would've started it and been successful, they would've eventually taken it over and turned it into their own network. Just as I saw how it could be corrupted like any other group, I saw that any broken hearted person, even me, could be corrupted with that amount of power. My spiritual journey has taught me that there are mistakes made at any and every

level, so rather than eternal condemnation and occasional redemption, I'd rather preach temporary punishment and eternal redemption.

Although they both were about breaking free from slavery, Static was all war and no morals and Statistik was the beginning of morality, but through many experiences combined with one of my favorite quotes from Carl Jung, "*No tree, it is said, can grow to heaven unless its roots reach down to hell*", I've realized that Static may have been the original seed, but overall they were both only the roots. Statistik's barcode has always represented the opposite of what they've wanted it to mean, and even though I know the barcode goes practically perfect with the title of the 'book' (other than the DEW side of it), I hope that if there ever were any symbol to emerge from this, or stand out in your mind overall, it be the (design your own) puzzle piece. Because that is all I have to offer.

I've compared religion to drugs, but we can also compare it to and call it a coping mechanism. Whether you create your own light, go from one to the other, or add a few of my experiences to your coping mechanism, I hope that if you ever regurgitate something I've said, it will come with, "I heard a theory," instead of sounding like you heard it from the news, "I heard a straight fact that's undeniable and if you disagree with me then you're a moron."

There's still the mental storm that comes and goes, and maybe the only way for a soul to evolve is to have and face an ego/game identity/organic computer that can be hacked, but if God is love, and God is light, then heaven is continuing to grow in my chest. And without becoming an invasion of the pod people, I will try to share it with others. I will not force my opinion on others, and I demand that you not follow me, or anyone else. I demand that you use, and make up your own mind. Take everything I've said as being able to fit in the palm of your hand, and then look at how much more space there is around you. Everything here is only a puzzle piece, and if you look hard enough, and believe in your own strength and your own light, you will find another piece inside your chest. I demand that you not listen to my

demands, because if my opinion is as important as my delusions of grandeur say it is, then it is because I believe your opinion is just as important, soul not the fancy wrapper ego opinion being sold on an infomercial. “Look at this opinion, so clean and shiny. Look at its edges and the way it all connects together. I am so proud of this opinion.”

The odds are that this ‘book’ will never become well known. I honestly can’t believe they haven’t destroyed it already, but if they have it their way it’ll be destroyed (along with many others) the second they have total control. And if we do win, and it ever did become common knowledge, it will be well after we’re dead. If I didn’t personally give you this, I can’t promise that this wasn’t electronically calculated and decided to somehow make its way to you by *them*, but either way, you are needed. It wouldn’t mean anything coming from me to say that, “You have been chosen,” but if you’ve had the courage to research everything I’ve mentioned truly understanding their capabilities, and you not only have concern, but are still willing to do something about it, then in a big way, you have been. You are a threat to their establishment and even though that comes with a lot of pain and misery, I hope you take some pride in that (soul, not, ego).

The last story I want to share happened a few years ago (2013/14) and was a funny, but enlightening near death experience. I am also very thankful for this experience. I was really high and we just got back from getting something to eat. Everyone was sitting down, not saying much, scarfing down our food. I was halfway through my second sandwich when I took a drink as I was about to swallow, and the food went down the wrong pipe. At first I thought I could force it down, but that wasn’t working. My first thought after I began to panic was, “Seriously?! After everything I’m gonna die over a fuckin’ chicken sandwich?!” I got up and started making faces at my friends. They thought I was messing around and started laughing. I mouthed the words and mumbled, “I’m not joking!” while pointing at my throat. One of my friends jumped up and began to give me the Heimlich

maneuver.

I started to blackout as he tried his hardest to help and I ended up in two places at once again. I was in the room with him behind me hugging the shit out of my chest, and in another standing completely still looking at a moving painting. My life didn't flash before my eyes, but I could see all the things I was about to leave behind, and wasn't ready to leave behind. One by one, everything that wasn't important started to phase out of the painting. The first few things went quickly, but the more I blacked out the more it felt as if time slowed down. As each thing faded out of the painting, they also completely disappeared from my awareness. I no longer had the energy to try and hold on to them, and they disappeared from existence.

They all disappeared one at a time, but still in sections. Like a broken mirror covering a broken mirror or a cracked egg shell inside of a cracked egg shell inside of a cracked egg shell, and each cracked egg shell was made up of different pieces but still connected to that shell. Once one shell fully disappeared the next was 'painted better'.

My worries of bullshit, bills, work, the little bullshit materials I have/want/can't take with me anyway, left my consciousness within a snap. Any and every grudge, every negative thought towards someone who's hurt me in one way or another, and the actual thing (action or argument) they did to hurt me, not only did I forgive, but it never happened. All of my doubts, confidence, insecurities, securities, failures, and accomplishments, all vanished without a trace. Within a few seconds real world time and about a minute give or take in the other place, everything had disappeared except for one thing, and it no longer looked cracked or like a painting. It was now a very bright yellow and white light shining out and surrounding glowing concept pictures, each worth a thousand words. Look at anything and imagine its colors being made of light.

I stared at this light for the last few seconds with a mixed feeling of happiness and sadness. I was happy to see and know it and sad because I didn't want to let it go. My vision began to go completely black, but the light was still bright as ever. Again, everything else that disappeared had actually

disappeared, but even though my consciousness was fading, the light didn't dim at all and nothing from it ever left. I was the one disappearing. I wasn't afraid of where I was going next, but I couldn't say goodbye and stared at it for as long as I could. He saved me just before I passed out, but the last thing I saw, the only thing that mattered and still existed, was love.

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Obviously putting my hand on the bible and swearing would be meaningless, and with their technology you couldn't trust the results of a lie detector test either way, unless maybe we're in a well-designed faraday cage. I would put it on my testicles, but I'm sure they'd give me nut cancer just so the super superstitious could point their finger. Even though I'm telling you not to trust me, I still need to say again that I am not lying. I can still remember when all of this would've been unbelievable, so believe me I understand the adjustment period, but it's my normal now and I bring this up again because of some of the reactions I've gotten, and the reactions I know I will continue to get. ("I'm not afraid you're just crazy.")

I don't know which experiences were from the universe or which were from men, so overall I can't tell you what I know for certain. All I can really say is to face fear and embrace all of life. See reality, don't block any of it out. If compared to a demonic possession, humility will help separate soul from ego to at least help you check it, but remember balance, not all ego is bad. Life really hurts sometimes, but face and feel the pain. Be as forgiving as you can, but fight when you must.

There is an energy that hates all of us and it's very possible it lives through the psychopaths in control, and obviously many others, but there's also an energy that unconditionally loves all of us and I've seen it scattered amongst us as well. Imagine your love, remember it, inscribe it in your heart or tattoo it on your skin. Death and pain are inevitable, but never let anyone or anything take your love from you. I'm not sure which of my experiences were actually divine intervention, but the most beautiful truth I've learned, and the always present reminder of that truth, is the infinite sky. Look up.

There is no end.....