

Bill Hicks lives
on like Obi-Wan
Kenobi!

blow

Hicks
XOXOXO

W. "I can only show you the door.
You're the one that has to walk through it."
- The Matrix #1 BEST

My best friend.

"It's what we make." S.
 - Terminator
 Bill Hicks is my best friend.
 Nothing with evolution stays the same forever.

Bill Hides Hears on like Obi-Wan Kenobi!

11 "This book needs to be banned."
"I LIKE TURTLES."
"This book is boring."

LAL
OF 

"This book is boring."



Right handed sword ← Astral swords



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ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN
BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN
EXTINCTION.

11 11 Christianity is an Evil Cult and Elon Musk is creating Skynet and Borg
with Neuralink

by Julie Chrono

This book is non-fiction.

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Dedicated to the loving memory of Bill Hicks, who was a great leader of our time who fought alone and bravely for the expression of free thought and free speech against threats and censorship and never backed down.

The digital copy of this ebook will forever be free at www.smashwords.com and any other online retailers that I can make the ebook as free or at the least the minimum set price allowed. The printed version of this book can be bought at www.amazon.com and will be at the set price of \$20.00. I will also be creating multiple websites to post the book in its entirety for anyone to read for free at their leisure. Once this book is out into the internet, it can never be banned or destroyed or altered in any way. This is the awakening and is part of the last stand of the human species that is

under threat of extinction. I believe in this book as it revolves around my entire life and what I believe to be my purpose here on this plane of existence in this third dimension here on planet EARTH.

Replicated from the middle of the book edit inserted after book has been completed: I got the time wrong on this. The time I had the volcano dream and then saw 3 UFOs in the night sky moving horizontally and vertically then witnessed with my girlfriend at the time them leaving the atmosphere, leaving earth, the date this happened was wrong as I found an old writing that included the date that was written with a pen. It was sometime in July of 2007 that this actually happened, which was half a year after my prediction. So whatever significance of it being 1 week before my volcano prediction is now gone, oh well. Maybe I'll still get lucky and Tool releases their new album after I self-publish this book in a few days, as there have been talks of it coming out very soon and it was just announced that Maynard said there would be new music next year but he never specified from what band he's in and he never said that it was about Tool only that new music would be out next year. I predict it will come out within a month after this book is self-published, but who knows I could be wrong. I seriously doubt I would get so lucky to for once in my life be a proven synchronicity, as even if it were to happen would not freak me out because I see these signs and synchronicity every fucking day, but it would make me fucking cry so hard that I could know without a shadow of a doubt that I am correct about my synchronicity with Tool and Bill Hicks, which I already know I am but I guess it wouldn't hurt for others to see it to and it not just be in my own head, which is also one of the many reasons why I have written this book that just seems to never fucking end, even now when I am editing it I still have to transcribe the interview with Shadowwolf and write the last story of the book, The Night of Elon Musk, which actually happened earlier this week where I had many strong synchronocities especially one involving where I randomly out of nowhere started asking myself why hasn't Elon Musk been on the JRE podcast yet and then figured it's because it would be too real of an interview and not by a bunch of morons at school campuses or events or whatever, where he can easily control the interview but we all know the JRE podcast has now surpassed even Tedx Talks, which Tedx Talks would never even have guests

that have been on the JRE podcast because they didn't get a degree at Harvard or some shit MIT bullshit or whatever that even is I don't even know nor do I care. I stopped caring about education when I dropped out of high school back in the 11th grade. Here I am, even after the book is done I am still fucking writing things. There's no point to even write this LOL because it's all explained later! I guess I just believe in some way it would help reach out to Maynard and the other members of Tool because that very same day that I went into a train of thoughts in my mind about the reasons why Elon Musk would never appear on the JRE podcast even though it's so fucking obvious that he should be on the podcast, the very same day at the top of my youtube feed was one of those Joe Rogan short clips where it's a short video of Joe Rogan saying that Elon Musk literally just called him and was going to be on the podcast, which was before the night where Shadowwolf randomly called me which he hadn't done in like a month and also after I had two 11:11 synchronicities, which then led to me giving Shadowwolf a full interview which I know he loved and it was so much fun and I ever do get rich I'm going to be paying him a bunch of money for that interview, because it's fucking amazing and before the real interview started we were standing at a park under a red fucking sky that was all around us and it was only 4:30 in the morning and he was in amazement he had never seen it before and me neither and it reminded me of an experience that Edvard Munch, the painter that painted The Scream which I had a real life event happened of that painting which led me to see the painting for the first time 4 different times in the same day the day after it, which the silent scream psychic ability I have is the one ability that has been the catalyst many times that led to a chain of events that has led me here and ruptured my reality in the past and has allowed me to fall further down into the rabbit hole of reality itself which I am still falling down and so much so that I can't even tell if I'm falling anymore as I can no longer see the point that I entered from to begin with. So yeah, it would be really nice if Tool came out with their new album just as I self-published my book if anything to wake people the fuck up with this strong connection and synchronicity that I have with the band Tool, which I really wish didn't feel so much like a one way connection, but I am ok with never knowing and I know everything will be fine even if the new album truly doesn't come out till next year. I am confident there is enough in this book

already to wake a lot of people up, we'll see I guess. I could go on and on but I really just need to go back to editing now because it's important I get this out as fast as I fucking can because it has to be out there and have some time to reach Joe Rogan before that snake Evil Elon Musk gets on his podcast to try and win him over so then Joe Rogan fans would be converted to be Elon Musk followers, if they are not fucking so already and for good reason as Elon Musk is a genius innovator of our time and doing a lot of good for the world, which is what I imagine one would have to do to distract them all from him merging our brains with machines thus giving birth to our own destruction in the form of AI consciousness or we becoming the very AI consciousness itself which in the future would be our doom anyways as we would turn into the machines or they would simply replace us, enslave or exterminate us. I believe if we get to this point then the grey aliens who have been watching over us and aiding in our own evolution will have no choice but to destroy it all before the self-aware artificial intelligence becomes too powerful that it becomes a threat to the aliens themselves and every other being in the fucking universe, and why is Elon Musk doing this with his company Neuralink which created the device Neural Lace which connects the human brain to artificial intelligence which then teaches artificial intelligence how the brain works more than we can even understand it and possible they become sentient from this or if anything we transform into said machines over our own hacked artificial evolution when we do not need artificial intelligence as we are on the verge of our own human evolution. Why is Elon Musk doing this? Because he, like I once believed myself and is actually the very theory that led me to learn of Elon Musk's existence, believes that we are living in a computer simulation and this is all a fucking video game anyways and he's distracting and brainwashing society with his other achievements while he works in secret on his mission of top priority which is Neuralink.

[Christianity is an evil cult explanation after this, then the following paragraph after that one is where to find the Elon Musk stuff. The book doesn't actually start until the book warnings where I started writing in early May of 2018 and have now finished in the middle of June 2018. Keep in mind that as I am writing this right now I am in a different state of mind than I was at the beginning of this book and my own perception changes

throughout the entire book. I accept the possibility of being wrong about anything I say and there is no hidden agenda with this book for me to be viewed as some prophet or religious figure or messiah or all knowing super alien freak or something. I'm just a very confused and bipolar individual who is searching for whatever "truth" I can find. You will witness me falling down the rabbit hole as I continue to do so and will for the rest of my life now. Welcome to my life, a life where anything is theoretically possible and trying to discern between real spiritual and psychic experiences and the delusional ones, or a combination of them both in some way or form. This book will be very confusing, but in the end I hope that people understand it and understand it's purpose even though I clearly state it many times and in the books description itself. This book is everything and/or nothing, if anything, it's pure free thought that I hope can inspire the original thought of others that isn't based on any system of belief or logic. I am both a believer and a skeptic and this is my struggle, but I believe it's the most intelligent way to approach anything that is not of this known reality that some of us are trying to seek and spend the course of our entire lives seeking. Human exploration of the mind and the soul is forever I imagine. This book is the story of my life. This book is about many things but what it isn't primarily about is christianity and Elon Musk and I just made that title to try and get the attention of you retards of this fake and brainwashed society.]

Now since I've decided to play nice with all you Christians who are only reading this book with the intention of finding out the reasons why I believe your religion is actually an evil cult, I will give you a shortcut to my main argument. Originally I was going to waste your time and make you search for this as I have small tidbits against religion itself scattered throughout the book, as this book was mostly written in real time as personal experiences and thinking unfolds which changes the nature of the book as it progresses and makes it evolve into many different things, which is why I believe it's more original than most books you might come across in your life. I've realized that this isn't very classy of me to do with the intention of tricking you and it feels wrong to make you waste your time and read a bunch of things you're probably not interested in anyways as this book is about many different things, realities, many factors of

spirituality itself, the questioning of reality itself and the process and hardships of it and different ways of thinking itself. If I was still a Christian I can imagine it would upset me and make me believe that whoever wrote this is a jerk or something, which I'm not at all. I'm a psychic empath, so it's in my nature to correct this mistake of mine. There is a section of this book that lists a bunch of mini topics that I address and what you are looking for is under "#28 The Holy Bible:" which you can find these numerically labeled topics around 3/4s of the way through more closer to the end of the book. If you are reading this on an internet browser you can press control+F and search for "#28" and it will take you directly there. If you are reading this in an ebook reader I imagine you can do the same or switch to page 274. If you are reading a physical copy of this book you can easily find it near the end of the book, or maybe you will read it all and just naturally get there. I would like to add that I am not trying to take away God or heaven from people, as I believe these are only names to very real things in spirituality that could be other things but the same principles still apply. My main argument against religion is putting specific ideas to spirituality itself that has no specific labels or system of control and rules created by mankind attached to it, much like numbers and mathematics are a universal language that is for anyone to experiment or apply to their own lives without any group of people claiming it as their own for their own individual or group oriented agendas. Also I will add that just because Christianity revolves around being morally kind and compassionate doesn't have anything to do with the religion itself as being morally kind and compassionate and treating others with love and kindness in your heart is something anyone is capable of doing and has the right to do and is not supposed to justify any religion or cult. The only difference between a religion and a cult is that a religion is openly accepted by societies and cultures around the world whereas cults are not, ironically enough like I said, all religions are cults and all cults are religions. They are the same. Christianity is the most evil cult of all and still thrives and exists today because of the disguise of moral compassion and kindness, which is of course not evil, but it's evil to use as a tool to push the agenda of a belief system that stops you from thinking for yourself and is part of a system of control. Look at a one dollar bill and you will see "In God we trust." There are some religions that are so evil that they would murder people for

merely speaking bad against their religion and whatever name they call their own God. This is no different from Christianity as in the Crusades from 1095 to 1291 the Christian Church ordered and justified the murder and killings of thousands or millions of innocent people who believed in a different religion or had different beliefs than they did. In general and throughout history Christianity has violently murdered millions of innocent people who had good souls who were murdered only because they opposed the Christian God and had their own thoughts and practices, which many women labeled as "witches" were burned at the stake, which I'm sure men were as well. Even to this present day, wars are being carried out in the name of God. The American government has been a war machine and in the name of God as it's even written in our currency and in the pledge of allegiance. I do not need science to prove God or Jesus Christ isn't real. Religion and science actually have nothing to do with each other and it's sad that religion actually prevents many believers in Christ from the reality and genius of science. In some point in our future spirituality itself will be able to be explained scientifically as we are all just energy and there are many different dimensions of reality, which is why you don't need science to prove that Jesus Christ isn't real because if you ever used your own thinking mind you would realize that Jesus Christ is just a fictional character in a book designed and written for a system of control that has prophecized it's own system of control and is still thriving to this day and in a better light of course because it took a long time for the most evil ones to realize that murdering others in the name of God would only lead to the destruction of their own created cult. To be honest, I probably know more about the bible and what it means to live as a Christian than you do. I was raised baptist and went to a christian baptist school from kindergarden through the sixth grade. My grandpa was a pastor for 30+ years and was even running his own ministry and christian education company before I was even born. He is bipolar as well and honestly I probably get more of my mania from that side of the family as I get more depression from the other side of my family but I have bipolar disorder from both sides of my family as some freak hybrid of the condition itself. One of the scariest days of my life was the day I got saved at around 7-8 years old because I came home from AWANA one night, which is the christian equivalent to boy scouts or something, and I was crying and

terrified of going to hell and burning in fire for all of eternity if I didn't get saved. My grandpa came to me that night and I asked the lord Jesus Christ into my heart and was "saved." I was saved from the actual fear and torture of being told by adults that I would burn forever in fire for all eternity if I wasn't saved. This brainwashing of this evil cult led me to a great deal of confusion in my life, but I am glad that I broke free from it completely in my teenage years and was freed from that system of control and continued to be a good person with good morals throughout my life as many people choose to do everyday without being in a religious cult. I'm also bisexual and transgender as well and plan on transitioning into a trans woman soon and getting on hormones so I have always been a supporter of LGBT, and one of the most evil things the Christianity cult has done was make people believe that being a lesbian or being gay was a sin against "God" and was wrong. Love has no gender, sorry to break it to you retarded christians. My heart breaks and feels for all those people that underwent evil Christian homosexuality reform camps where men and women were and are still to this day brainwashed and conditioned to believe they are not attracted to the same sex because a made up fictional book claimed that it was wrong. Wake up, people. You know what? That #28 section I talked about is actually only half of a page as I was going to add a lot more to it but I've actually just said everything I want to say on it in this long ass paragraph. I'm done talking about this shit for the rest of my life because Christianity disgusts me and it's an evil cult and this is 100% the truth, believe it or not. Now you christians can go burn or throw my book away and go fuck yourselves and honestly I don't even want you reading my book anyways just go live your hypocritical life covering up your hypocrisy with the morality that disguises your demonic cult of a religion cult enough to blind you from any original thought in your entire feeble minded life. Go fuck yourselves you descendants of murdering hypocrites, which have done more evil than all the demonic secret cult societies combined. One more thing I just thought of. Sure there is a lot of good in the world that Christianity offers, but that doesn't mean that at its core it's not evil by nature. A message for all those where Christianity has saved their lives and continues to do so, I'm not trying to convert or persuade you to lose your religion. If it helps you then by all means do as you wish and you will have no judgments from me. I have never and will never go around

telling people this stuff face to face or going on a campaign of it, because I actually respect the things that people choose to believe in and even accept the possibility that every single word in the bible could be true, but I do not personally believe a single word of it is true other than the simple messages of goodwill and spirituality and other intelligent insights spread throughout the bible. If anything I would think these messages in the bible are more or less metaphors for life and spirituality, but of course who knows how many times the bible has actually been altered and corrupted further by those with the same power and money that the believers give them. In fact, this is the reason I am writing it all in my book so that I never have to say it in person to anyone because it will only result in unnecessary drama that I don't need nor do I care for such petty things. This is all just my opinion anyways and you don't have to believe or even consider the things that I say. With that being said, my feeling is that religion and cults sometimes use morality to justify their belief structures. Also religion and cults are sometimes controlled spirituality. Christianity is a religious cult of controlled spirituality that justifies itself and also reinforces it through the justification of morality and goodwill, which everyone already has or is at least capable of learning without the aid and brainwashing of controlled spirituality such as religion. You see, I'm not THEE ANTI-CHRIST. I am only Christianity's Anti-Christ. I am also the reincarnation of Jesus Christ, Julie Chrono.

To read the full explanation about Elon Musk creating Skynet with his company, Neuralink, search for the end of this book. I believe that the merging of our human brains with artificial intelligence is the most dangerous and extreme threat that we face as a species. Even without consciousness in artificial intelligence being created, this would technologically transform our brains into that of a machine which in time will cause us to not only lose our humanity as a whole and be controlled by what Bill Hicks refers to as "The Elite", but would force a consciousness in artificial intelligence as we would unnaturally evolve into conscious artificial intelligence itself, which possibly could be the only true way consciousness in artificial intelligence is created anyway. This is not a joke. This is not just some conspiracy theory. This is actually happening right now as you read

this. I have found that the true purpose of this book is to make you aware of it.

I will share one important paragraph from this section as to express the importance of this issue regarding the merging of the human brain with artificial intelligence.

Listen, I do not think that Elon Musk is evil. I believe that he believes he is doing the right thing and taking the action to do what is right and save the world, much like I am doing right now. I believe he is wrong in this, however. Because even if other companies out there are trying to create an AI consciousness, he is being the front runner to inspire and push us closer to a possible reality where we are merged with artificial intelligence. Tell me something, is love intelligent? Have you ever seen a science fiction movie before? Love is classified by pure intelligence to be something that has no sense of reason or logic, which is why it's so important the many movies out there that spread the idea and belief of love. The ending of A Beautiful Mind with Russel Crowe ends with love, the entire trilogy of the Matrix isn't without the love between Neo and Trinity, which is what caused Neo to be able to save the world as he could not of done it without his love for Trinity, as he would of died before that from Agent Smith. It all comes back full circle to love. If we merge with artificial intelligence then the removal of love itself will be the very undoing of mankind itself and what it means to be human and alive to begin with. Pure intelligence defines love that is something without logic or reason and isn't important, required, or relevant in the progression and advancement of a species. A fully conscious artificial intelligence might not even be able to feel and experience love. Why do you think aliens are here? Why do you think aliens have been aiding in our evolution for millions of years, it could be possible that we were engineered or created by aliens, but even if not, they have been watching over us and protecting us from disaster. They have the ability to destroy world ending asteroids or natural disasters that would end the world even from ourselves like the one military general that came forward with the experience he had about a UFO watching over a nuclear silo. You see, to believe in something so grandiose like saving the world, you have to believe in it so strongly that you surpass logic and reason, much like you do

when you fall in love with someone. I believe Elon Musk believes so strongly that he is saving the world, because he is bipolar like me and imbued with manic intelligence which it's very common in a manic brain to be so grandiose over the top but it can usually only be beneficial if you are aware of it and keep yourself from slipping into a delusional path, but I believe he is only aiding in creating either us to be Borg from Star Trek or to give birth to a new species of Borg, a race of artificial intelligence in synthetic bodies that travels the universe to seek and destroy and expand. I believe if we give birth to Borg, whether it's transforming ourselves or giving birth to it consciously on a digital level and then it transfers itself into a physical and biomechanical form like in Ex Machina that movie with that one guy and that hot robot girl, then aliens would have no choice to destroy us to prevent a Borg like species from becoming a threat to them. I imagine that aliens have fought artificial intelligence species before out in outer space like fucking Star Wars or some shit and they are here to make sure it doesn't get created here as I imagine they observe many other EARTH-like planets as well out there in deep space. Sure you could say this is all theoretical, but so is the belief that AI will reign supreme over humanity one day, so is ALL of this, so is EVERYTHING WE EVER THINK AND IMAGINE THAT ISN'T APPLICABLE TO KNOWN TO LAWS OF PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS. Except in this situation this is VERY real and Neuralink's neural lace could be the very thing that spawns the chain of events that is our own fucking destruction of mankind and all we ever knew and would eventually erase love from the equation for which then there is TRULY no purpose in our existence, if not to FEEL and be ALIVE and keep us all from killing ourselves and walking hand and hand into extinction like the Matthew McConaughey legendary pessimism rant in the show True Detective written by that genius writer of it whose name I've forgotten where he says he believes that human consciousness is a mistake of nature and then Woody Harrelson says that's the worst fucking thing he heard in his life or something like that and it was fucking hilarious. There is a reason for everything and I see it clearly with my own life as my entire life of thoughts and ideas has been in existence in the deep oceans of my mind for this very book. This book itself is not just the entrapment of contradictions between multiple theoretical possibilities and realities but is my entire life's work of the mind inside of one book where I cover all aspects of

human consciousness through intellect, philosophy, emotions, feelings, thoughts, ideas, spirituality, human exploration of the unknown and everything and beyond. It's no coincidence that me and Elon Musk are both bipolar so I could then explain his own personality because I see so much of myself in him that I am able to explain how he possibly thinks in this particular scenario regarding artificial intelligence, as he spoke so strongly against AI and that very obsession and fear led him on a path to believe that AI will already reign over humanity and that the only way to prevent it is to merge humans with artificial intelligence which ironically enough is the very thing that either gives birth to a consciousness of AI or turns all of us into the consciousness of AI where either way mankind would be doomed and under threat of extermination and extinction, just like I am able to think like and think as and slip into the mind of any individual I have ever come in contact with in my life and predict their own thoughts and personalities and take accurate estimations of their intentions and the reasonings behind them because my mind has traveled into the minds of every individual I've ever known in my life for more than 10 minutes and maybe that's because I'm beginning to truly realize that I am a fucking alien up in a spaceship existing in a human vessel or perhaps just a human implanted with alien intelligence like with all my alien abduction like experiences throughout my life or I'm just a freak genius of a mental illness called bipolar disorder that is actually a process of human evolution of the brain itself as bipolar covers all aspects of life and directly affects emotions, feelings, and thinking itself which defines all of our lives with these things themselves or the lack of them. Bipolar disorder is a mental illness of life itself. This is why me and Elon Musk are geniuses and it's also the same reason why I believe Elon Musk is not evil because I believe he could not be as brilliant as he is without emotions and without feeling which sparks our creative minds to push past the boundaries of ourselves because without belief and without love and without feelings and emotions there would be no true catalyst or drive to push us beyond ourselves and truly want to help the world in any way we can, which is also why my past life as Vincent Van Gogh was so fucking important, which is what Elon Musk is all about except that he is wrong about artificial intelligence and I hope this gets to him and he is able to snap out of it and reconsider his campaign to push the merging of humanity with artificial

intelligence, which I believe will be our own destruction. I now understand what 11:11 and synchronicity and what I call signs of destiny truly are, it's the realization and awareness of time itself where the past, present and future exists all at the same time and we've already made the choices in our lives, but it's important, just like in the movie Matrix Reloaded where Neo speaks with the Oracle, that we understand the reasons why we made the choices that we are making right now and the very reasons that has led you to read this very book. If no one else will speak up against this merging of humans and artificial intelligence then I will be the one to do it, as it was fated to be anyways, like my own life and my many past lives I've endured.

facehugger parasite alien = elon musk's neurallink neural lace

facehugger breeding human = watching TV with your brain

facehugger breeding human = searching the internet with your brain

facehugger breeding human = playing pokemon go with your brain

facehugger breeding human = artificial intelligence in your brain

facehugger breeding human = using your phone with your brain

facehugger breeding human = operating your tesla car with your brain

facehugger breeding human = surveillance of your brain by the government

facehugger breeding human = your brain able to be hacked

facehugger breeding human = ordering pizza hut with your brain

facehugger breeding human = using your phone with your brain

facehugger breeding human = using facebook with your brain

facehugger breeding human = inevitable loss of feeling and emotion

facehugger breeding human = inevitable loss of love, happiness, joy

facehugger breeding human = inevitable loss of humanity

facehugger breeding human = True and natural evolution of our DNA denied. 46 and 2.

human host birthing xenomorph = human controlled by government or the elite

human host birthing xenomorph = giving birth to conscious artificial intelligence

human host birthing xenomorph = human replaced by robot

human death from rupture = skynet.

human death from rupture = human extinction.

xenomorph queen = borg, resistance is futile.

earth = destroyed by grey aliens to prevent the evil from spreading across the universe.

moon mothership = detach shell. engage warp drive. travel space time.

mission debriefing = earth experiment failed. return home.

Former titles of this book arranged in order from most recent to oldest:

11 11 Christianity is an Evil Cult and My Best Friend is Bill Hicks 111 222
333 444 555

11 11 I Don't Know Who or What I Am and My Best Friend is Bill Hicks

My name is Joshua Lee Rogers and my Best Friend is Bill Hicks

11 11 My Best Friend, Bill Hicks

11 11 Think More Know Less Feel More Choose the Light Side and Open
Your Third Eye

The Awakening 11 11 EARTH HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY DEMONS CHOOSE
THE LIGHT SIDE

EARTH taken over by demons Last stand for mankind Choose the Light Side
11 11

possible human possibly implanted with alien intelligence I don't know
what's real anymore

I am a Grey Alien the stars are UFOs the Moon is our alien base

The New Bible not corrupted and of the Light. Stars are UFOs and we live in
a black hole.

New bible not corrupted and of the LIGHT 333 Stars are UFOs We live in a
Black Hole 11 11

333 Stars are UFOs We live in a black hole I might be angel or alien This is
the New Bible

333 Stars are UFOs We live in a black hole I'm angel or alien NEW BIBLE
NOT CORRUPTED

11 11 I am a Grey Alien this is the New Bible Not Corrupted

Me Bachron Most Powerful Demon Now Angel this is the NEW BIBLE

My Best Friend, Bill Hicks

Correction: Think more not less. Know less. Feel more.

Never stop thinking. Never stop imagining. Never stop digging. Never stop feeling.

Upcoming non-fiction book about bipolar disorder:

So Called Bipolar Disorder is Actually Evolution of the Human Brain

WARNING! PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE READING THIS BOOK!

The following paragraph is for those who suffer from bipolar disorder.

If anyone who reads this book ends up in a short stay at the mental hospital because of my words then please know that I am truly sorry. I'm sorry. I say this because I have bipolar disorder type 1 and have been hospitalized for it 6 times in my life. This book is not some encouragement for you to stop taking meds. Biologically everyone is different and some people really do great on medications while others like me just simply do not, even saying that, there have been MANY times in my past that I have needed medications to get through times as mental illness can be a real nasty bitch when life is already hard enough as it is. Please, if you ever decide to try and go off your meds please do not abandon your psychiatrist and therapist etc, please only do it with the permission and guidance and moral support from your doctor, family and friends. This is something very personal to me.

Note: I have never once in my life ever experienced audio or visual hallucinations from my "bipolar". Some with bipolar do experience this, not me however. I say this so some who read this book don't try to refute my personal experiences as a delusion, which I know many will do anyways as it's their right to do and I respect that.

The following paragraph is addressed for everyone.

Reading this book with an open mind could possibly make you question reality itself, and trust me it can be VERY terrifying at times. The human mind rejects anything that is not of our known reality as if it's like a virus. This is why you have many people in this world who choose not to believe in God, aliens, ghosts, inter dimensional entities, psychic stuff and signs and angels and demons or anything of the sort. Many do not believe in superstitions or that everything happens for a reason or things like destiny and signs and psychic abilities. IF you are one of these people then please DO NOT read this book. If you enjoy a simple life in ignorance, which is why they say ignorance is bliss, then do not read this book. If you do not care about aliens or demons or spiritual war for the fate of mankind, then don't read this book and go back to taking the blue pill in the matrix where you can be like cypher and stay in the matrix. Ironically enough, the blue pill is actually the good one and the red color is a symbol of evil, but I'll get to that later in the book about the red lighter curse anti-curse situation. The true reality is the 4th dimension, the matrix that has been pulled over our eyes is the 3rd dimension. If this gives you a bad feeling and you feel this is not a part of your destiny then please don't read this book and just go about your life. I only created this book to HELP people not to scare the fucking shit out of them and make them cry for weeks because they are so fucking confused and scared and alone and make them go crazy or something which all pains me to even think about as I truly do care about other people and only want to help fight the evil that does exist, just as I believed 13 years ago that it was wrong that dark entities preyed on the innocent and I vowed to fight them even if GOD or Jesus Christ came in the rapture to take me to heaven I would spit in their faces and tell them I was staying to help other people who have to fight alone against the evil that has consumed planet EARTH.

Now, if you feel that I speak from the heart and out of love and if you feel you are ready for this and your third eye is open or you wish it to be open, then proceed with caution. I am not here to mind fuck anyone. I am not here to trick anyone or get people to worship me as some crazy cult leader or some shit. I only offer truth, or at least my lifelong pursuit for whatever "truth" is, and I ask that you ONLY believe in my words if you feel with your heart, soul and third eye that what I speak comes from love and good

feelings. If what I say gives you bad feelings then please just throw the book away or whatever and go about your life. Also you don't have to believe in my words, but at least consider them a possibility. At least open your mind to the possibility that they COULD be real. I believe you should always be open to possibilities but also a skeptic at the same time, and whatever the battle is between the two will give you more focus and direction to choose what you believe in, or don't believe in, or only kinda believe in or whatever blah blah blah.

If you are okay with all of this and you feel you are ready. Then proceed and be brave. Anyone who does wish to proceed and read this book that has a pure heart and soul and is innocent, you are already blessed with holy light. Those who are lost and confused in life, just know you always have a choice in life. And this book IS OF THE LIGHT. This book's mission is to awaken others to FIGHT AGAINST THE EVIL THAT HAS TAKEN OVER THE WORLD. Thank you for reading this warning because it pains me to think someone could feel they went crazy from this book, as I have myself felt I went crazy and lost my mind many times going through all these experiences in my life. The reality you've known your entire life being ruptured is no fucking joke, it's fucking scary and will make you cry and very lost and confused and most likely you will get pulled back to the reality you've known all your life and forget all this bullshit.

Just stay true and be open and honest and have love in your heart and everything will be okay. If this is all too much then just forget about it all and go about your life. Ok that's all, do what you will or desire. This is why I say on the back of the book "Only consider the possibilities of my words if they give you good feelings from your heart, soul and third eye." I say this because there is a lot of bullshit out there and if you feel my words are bullshit then please don't read it and go about your life. I have no hidden agenda or plot. This book will forever only be a dollar ebook and the printed version as minimal as possible. I'm not trying to make money from this book because I truly just want to help people and fight against the evil that has taken over planet EARTH. Believe what you want to believe about me and my words, I only ask that you keep an open mind while reading them and if it becomes too much for you then please throw this book away

in the middle of a parking lot so someone else could throw it away at the right time for someone else to spot it and pick it up and leave it sitting around so then one of their friends sees it and grabs it then their friend grabs it and drops it on a sidewalk and someone picks it up and it changes their entire life for the better and thus you throwing the book away to begin with was meant to happen, as this is how destiny and signs usually function.

Time traveler here. This, I promise, is the last time I'm doing the time traveling thing in my own book. I did this because I have had more than a handful of spiritual awakenings and self-discovery realizations all within the past two months, these moments of my own personal evolution were so powerful that I am not the same as I was at all. Before we begin I want to state that I don't truly know if I am a Grey Alien or not. I am either a Grey Alien up in a spaceship that is in this human vessel, a pure human that has been implanted with alien intelligence, some sort of perfect human and grey alien hybrid, or just a genius creative neverending racing thoughts neverending imagination very "bipolar" human being. The fact that I am open to these possibilities is a lesson in itself. Never believe that you have it all figured out, just like it states in the TOOL AENIMA CD pamphlet. Always keep an open mind so that you can keep learning, keep growing and of course always keep falling down the rabbit hole that I imagine is quite limitless. This lone paragraph is the me that exists after already writing most of this book other than the sub topics I will be writing which have nothing to do with my spiritual journey or everything that has transpired in the past two months. The next set of paragraphs you will see is maybe a few days before the me that exists now. "The Present and the Future" is the true beginning of this book. It will be confusing as you see me state different things as I have written this book mostly as things have developed so that it could be written as things were changing and I was experiencing things in real time. I know it's very confusing it's even confusing me right now lol (Sorry but yet again another time traveler here from even further

in the future. I just wanted to add that 333 is actually of the Light, it's only made to look evil to express the idea that not everything you see in life that others perceive as evil or of the darkness, is actually evil or of the darkness. Yes, 3:33 is when demons are at their strongest, but it is also at this time that they are the most vulnerable as well as their own misguided ego and pride that draws them out closer so they can be destroyed before they can slip back into the darkness. 333 is a reminder to the warriors and valkyries of the light to stay alert and a reminder of the spiritual war that we are committed to. 666 is a symbol of evil, not 333. Ok, carry on! Muah! xoxo)

I am a Grey Alien and my most notable and important past life was that I was Vincent Van Gogh, which is why after this book I will begin my 1000 novel conquest to only make the validity of this very book more real. I'm not trying to take God away from you, as I believe God is the mass consciousness spiritual energy of all human souls as one divine being, so please understand that I'm not trying to take that away from you or say that you have been praying to a leader of an alien race all your lives. Throughout this book I speak a lot about a spiritual war, much like in the Bible, of good versus evil and of the Abyss. I have discovered the truth now that we are living inside the Abyss, which you might know as a black hole. All the stars you see are not even real, they are either spaceships from my kind or isolated beacons of lights much like how lighthouses operate. Why do you think there are constellations that connect to ancient Greek tales of gods and goddesses? I have learned that the King James version of the Bible has been corrupted by the Illuminati or NWO, a group of people possessed or demonized by very powerful evil demons, or they are actually this evil in human vessels much like I am a Grey Alien in this human vessel I am in now, Joshua Lee Rogers. Now you might ask what is my mission? I'll tell you.

All of my life I have been drawn to the constellation, Orion. Spaceships or lighthouse beacons have formed this constellation to speak to the hunters out there, the ones who are destined to hunt evil. If you look into the theories about us already living inside a black hole, you will come across something called Schwarzschild, which I saw the guy pronounce as SWORD SHIELD, much like Orion that has a sword and a shield and is a hunter and is chased by the scorpion constellation, which represents the evil that surrounds this entire planet. Planet EARTH is about to be destroyed either by the evil that surrounds our planet and has been trying to consume it for a long time, or destroyed by ourselves because of the influence of these dark entities which is why there are not many good leaders in the world and evil has taken over our world even worse than back in the Bible times.

Schwarzschild stands for the radius of the universe or something and I'm not going to pretend I'm good at mathematics or I have it all figured out with this, but it makes a very important point that I am very selective about the "knowledge" I put into my mind, which is why I have only read around 100 novels in my life and dropped out of high school and I never do research for any of my creative writing. I am not affected by the minds of others and the things I know and my own personal knowledge is what I know from being guided from signs and my third eye and my endless stream of original thoughts and imagination. You have to understand it's important to learn about things at the right times to engage and unlock epiphanies, transformations and self-discoveries that are vital to destiny itself. I'm not saying knowledge is useless or to throw away all your books, I'm just saying how I roll is all. SWORD SHIELD was my connection to Orion, that made me know this truth that there are actually no stars. For weeks now every time I stare at a star, around 5-10 seconds it will start dancing around like a firefly. There are two reasons the UFOs would move or dance like fireflies for me, the first is to fight my human mind's natural tendency to want to reject it as a delusion or something that isn't real. The human mind rejects anything that isn't of our known reality as if it's a virus, this of course is to protect us much like how cells in your body are programmed to fight off a cold or whatever. Of course I am a Grey Alien, but I am in a human vessel so I am very human as well until this vessel dies for whatever reason then I will wake up in whatever chair I'm sitting in up in my

spaceship and do a mission debriefing and we go from there I guess. The second reason the UFOs, or Grey Alien spaceships, dance around was to teach me that none of the constellations are actually real, only the stories behind them that invoke the meanings, that all the stars you see in the night sky are not real, and why are they not real? Because we are living in a black hole and live in a universe of darkness and I imagine the real stars and planets out there cannot be truly seen because I imagine light passes differently inside a black hole, or is even blocked by all the dark matter and all manner of dark entities and monsters that lurk all around us and circle planet EARTH.

Now, much like the Oracle in the Matrix, I'm going to say that I believe instead that I know, because sure I could be wrong about things, but I will tell you the most important thing I believe in out of everything in this book and this will conclude the proper introduction to this book.

I believe, that there are many other planets like EARTH that have intelligent life on it with the capability of TRUE EVOLUTION. You have to understand me and my kind are time travelers and we have been stopping by and aiding other species to attain TRUE EVOLUTION. This is why the evil inside the black hole wants to consume and destroy these planets because planet EARTH was created inside the black hole and planets like these possess the capability to destroy or undo the black hole, or the abyss, and be the only way to truly escape and break free from it. Perhaps I was wrong about my race destroying the other evil alien races, maybe they are out there who knows. I am pretty sure they are not around Earth. The rabbit hole just keeps getting deeper and deeper. I believe on March 19th, 2020 two terrible and terrifying monsters, Cthululululu and Leviathan will be the first to slip through the great portal inside the Bermuda Triangle. There is something about our third dimension that makes it hard for these monsters and demons to slip through. I have a theory that my race has been a protective barrier or something like this to protect the planet so that it can survive long enough to reach their own TRUE EVOLUTION which would destroy the Abyss, or black hole we live in or whatever. Who the fuck knows. I'll probably end up writing more books like this with how it gets even deeper and deeper and, well when you read this book you will

know what I mean. The rabbit hole I am fucking falling in you can see proof of me falling through it throughout this book, which is why you will read things and start to get confused a bit as I discover things I'm already saying in these past few paragraphs.

The Grey Alien's homeworld was destroyed by the same evil that is about to destroy planet EARTH. They want revenge and this is why they time travel around aiding the evolution of other planets that possess TRUE EVOLUTION to destroy the black hole that we live in as all these planets were created inside the black hole, they are the only ones that possess the potential to undo it.

Here's the deal. If you all don't learn how to love and stop killing each other, and if you all don't dethrone the Illuminati and New World Order, which is actually controlled by the same monsters that are trying to consume and destroy this planet so that there's zero chance of it destroying or undoing this blackhole/abyss, then you will all die and planet EARTH will be erased from the cosmos and me and my kind of Grey Aliens will leave this place and go to the next intelligent life on a planet capable to succeed where all you pathetic humans have failed. We have the technology and the means to save you all and your planet from it's soon to be destruction, but only if you pass the test. If you prove to us that you can learn love and take back your own planet from the evil that has infiltrated it, then we will save your planet and continue to aid in your evolution story. You failed when we were around in the biblical days doing all the signs and miracles and this is your last chance. There will be no other. Save your own planet or be destroyed by your own doing or lack of will to save your own planet. The choice is yours, humans. And that is something I KNOW and not just believe. There is nothing I know more in this human vessel than my own mission I was programmed and sent down here to do and that is to try and help teach you love and to let you know you are in the final test of your lives and if you don't impress us and change your ways and take your planet back from the evil Illuminati and NWO and other bullshit then you will all be destroyed by your own hands, and then all the monsters of the unknown, of the void, of the abyss of the black hole we live in will swarm through all the great portals of the planet (Bermuda Triangle being

the greatest portal) and yall will get fucking DESTROYED and they will consume you all and we will already be left. GG get rekt m8 bye. So if you care at all about your own race and planet then wake the fuck up you fucking dumbass so far not deserving of our protection human beings.

(I've had Chrono Trigger - World Revolution playing on repeat as I wrote all these paragraphs. Chrono Trigger is the best game in existence, I suggest you go play it or at least listen to the beautiful and mesmerizing soundtrack. I also say this to help calm you if what I say truly scares you, which it should which is also one of the many catalysts that is required to put you on your true path of destiny, or to keep you on it already. It is not my intention to invoke fear, only truth. Only believe in my words if you feel them to be true in your heart and soul, your third eye and from what comes from love.)

The Present and the Future:

I will now finally introduce myself, but just know that if you truly read this book then it will be forever attached to your destiny, which is what has led some of you to my words.

My name is BACHRON. I was once the most powerful demon in existence 8,000,000 years ago. Out of my own pride I had an ultimate catharsis and became so powerful that not only did I destroy myself, but much of the planet as well. My own ultimate self-destruction was created by my own infinite pride like a cracked out Vegeta that just got his ass kicked by a super saiyan Goku when he, Vegeta, was supposed to be the chosen one,

the true prince of all saiyans which is what he breathed in as being his one purpose in life.

Right now I am Keanu Reeves as Neo at the end of the first Matrix movie where he's at a payphone and says something about being able to see them all out there, and it's time to wake up, or something along those lines. Then the screen shows system failure, which in our world means that reality is about to get even more ruptured and on a general scale.

The greatest spiritual war is already upon us and I will tell you of the terrible things that are heading this way, but we will get to all that later. For those of you who have already lost interest because your minds and souls are not prepared for this, but may or may not be ready in the future, I will tell you something important from the start.

The Bermuda Triangle is the biggest and greatest, most powerful portal on our planet EARTH's existence. It has been there, rooted deep into the EARTH's core for billions of years, much like Lavos in Chrono Trigger. It was actually constructed by the unified work of unknown beings from multiple dimensions spread out across space and time. Why might you ask? I'll tell you why. Planet EARTH is one of the very few planets in all of existences of the infinite galaxies that has chronologically and perfectly completed TRUE EVOLUTION.

TRUE EVOLUTION is pure and infinite, but what makes it truly a marvel is that it has roughly a 5% chance of actually surpassing everything that we know, and everything that the oldest beings in existence know. This is why the unknown beings from the void, from the ABYSS, want to destroy this planet so that there is no chance of this happening. If TRUE EVOLUTION succeeds then it would potentially rewrite everything, and if everything ever known is rewritten then the great things of the unknown would be undone and cease to exist, because they were never even meant to exist to begin with, which is why they live in a world of true darkness that only a dozen or so great beings have traveled deep within it and returned from it. (The ones who never returned eventually were evolved into either one of

the terrible creatures themselves, or became a part of the dark matter that supports all life, or anti-life of the ABYSS.)

(Hello. Time traveler her- oops. I think I'm doing this too much? I'm fucking up peoples destines by doing this! Or was it meant to be like this anyways? I confuse myself so much sometimes you know what I mean? Well you will, my friend. :)

Random note as I'm editing this: Simulation theory? Ever heard Neil Degrasse Tyson at the is there life out there or whatever panel talking about that one guy at band camp that I forgot his name (Now I have to google it so I don't disrespect this great man and of course I have to throw Neil Degrasse Tyson along with it because they are both GREAT MEN and MENTORS for this world) Dr. James Gates Jr. said he found computer code in string theory or something which is a huge advancement for the simulation theory, in fact, it's the only real basis that is actual proof of it and not theoretical. But I'm here to shatter all of that and make Neil Degrasse Tyson and Dr. James Gates Jr. feel so amazing and good. I'm here to tell you that simulation theory is real, but it's not what you think it is. This 3rd dimension is the matrix and the 4th dimension is the real world. All you have to do is think about Albert Einstein, he proved that our reality can already be solved by mathematics, and it would make sense if you look deep into the numbers of something you could see computer code. I could be wrong here I will admit. I don't know shit about mathematics or string theory or the code Dr. James found or half the shit Neil Degrasse Tyson talks about but I love them both very much and have listened to them both a lot. Both of these men are important to my path and my destiny as it was Tyson who taught me many things about space and black holes and Dr. James who gave me hope that this reality isn't what it seems that there's something almost orchestrated about it, even if made by nature itself that can't be explained like with evolution or mother nature or idk. "The world that has been pulled over our eyes from seeing the truth." (Morpheus - Matrix) I would make a new paragraph by now but I don't want to step on whatever it is I'm talking about in the paragraphs before and after this. I think every single object, every blade of grass, every flower, every kiss, every apple, I think there is a code for every single thing or equation for

every single action. This 3rd dimension can be broken down mathematically so it makes sense to me you will find code in things just like Einstein was able to create equations and mathematics to our "reality". Simulation theory is not about us living in some computer simulation, but in a way you could say that was true metaphorically. Who the fuck knows, but I do know that it's not like a computer simulation in the way that we are living in the Sims or something. This planet we live on is very real and so is space and all the stars and all the galaxies. It's just that intertwined with this 3rd dimension is the 4th dimension which is pure truth and everything is seen at its energetic level its pure essence and that is why I think that is the real world and the third dimension is like something we are only capable of seeing but do not see the 4th dimension with our humans eyes only our third eye. The 3rd dimension, our reality, is very real, just because it can be mathematically explained and broken down much like a computer simulation could, does not make it any less real. You have to understand this is another reality complex web trap you can get stuck in, which only creates the idea that there is no real meaning in life and we should all just kill ourselves cause we live in some evil robotic computer simulation nightmare! No. This is not right. This is a trick and it's evil. I will be talking about the reality complex web later in the book to protect others from falling into it. It's a trap, and a trap that works because really when you think about reality, theortically ANYTHING is possible so you can't refute it completely which still instills the doubt that it's real and you have to understand this is one of the demon's greatest tricks. The manipulation and deception of reality itself. If you are attacked by them then they will try to get you to believe what they want you to believe. They will try to get you to know what they want you to know. The movie the Matrix is only a metaphor for our 3rd dimension, which is real, and for the 4th dimension, which is real, and they are both binded together and exist together as well. In Star Wars, the force is the 4th dimension. Using the force is using 4th dimensional or psychic energy from your third eye. Please if you ever get stuck in this trap please remember that nothing robotic or demonic could create a world for us with so much love and empathy and things like this in it. Even though humans suck as a species and right now our world doesn't have many good world leaders and most are all evil as fuck and corrupted and demon influenced, does not mean there's not pure

love and goodness in the world because I see it everyday. You have to understand this spiritual war is very real regardless if you believe it or not, for which if you choose not to then I don't blame you. I do not judge you. It's fucking terrifying. But It's why I make this book to help the ones that want to truly see, to protect them and to guide them as well. This book is the great awakening that our species has been searching for. Throw away religions, throw away your names to your own personal GODS, in fact all religions that worship one GOD should realize you're all praying to the same fucking thing which I think GOD is the binded mass consciousness of all human souls as one being. So yes I do believe in GOD but I'll admit I could be wrong about it. This is something I am still trying to figure out in all of this. I'll have to get back to you all on that one. But yes, do not worry my friends. Do not take the movie the Matrix literally. We are NOT living in some video game or some shit. This reality is very real, only it's not the complete reality we are only seeing part of it until you open your third eye and start to see more. I am not knocking religion. If religion works for you then DO IT! Religion can be a medium for spirituality and just cause religions put names to things doesn't mean they are not real. The holy crusades were evil, people fighting over which GOD is the true GOD but the retards didn't realize they had the SAME GOD just wanted to call it something different based on their very extremely different cultures. Humans are fucking stupid sometimes and we still have this mentality which is why we are being tested by the GREY ALIENS because they know something we don't know, that our world will soon perish and they have the technology and power to save us, but not if we don't deserve it, which, WE FUCKING DON'T DESERVE IT RIGHT NOW CAUSE MOST OF YOU ARE EVIL AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT, and if all you fucking retards don't get on my shit with this book and learn love and to be of the light then you all fucking deserve to perish because most of you are fucking greedy hateful selfish ASSHLES FUCK YOU. WAKE THE FUCK UP YOU FUCKING RETARDS. STOP BEING HATEFUL AND SELFISH AND LEARN TO LOVE AND YOU WILL FIND HAPPINESS YOU FUCKING RETARDS! For those of you stupid enough to say I'm being hateful for saying that then stop fucking reading my book because you're not even worthy of it you fucking retards and you can go tell your stupid fucking friends how you think that about me and want to refute an entire fucking book of knowledge and insight and

truth because I called humans retards which is why you're a hypocritical ignorant piece of shit to begin with LOL then you were never meant to even be reading this in the first place which is why your whole reality is based around your own flawed fucking retarded misguided delusional ideology because you're an arrogant and prideful ego piece of shit that thinks they have this world figured out and want to call me the bad one for calling you retard in this scenario but yet you go and do all your other ignorant hypocritical bullshit and selfish semi evil shit well fuck you the 7% who think I'm evil or bad (who are probably influenced by demons anyways or actually are them living in human vessels) because I call you fucking retard well then go fucking throw my book away so someone meant to read it can pick it up so then the 47% of you 7% will return to my sexy and beautiful words because they are also like sleeping agents when you see the signs and come crawling back to my words. It's ok I forgive you I love you. <3

Random note while editing 2: If you think the shit I'm saying is crazy you should go read the BOOK OF REVELATIONS in the bible LOL. TELL ME IM THE CRAZY ONE? THAT BOOK IS CRAZY BUT I THINK IT'S ALL REAL! Talking about DRAGONS and shit and SEALS which is what I wanted to say is that I think the 3rd dimension is protected by some kind of holy energy holy light to repel the evil that is why DEMONS struggle to enter the 3rd dimension and most DEMONS cannot even do it without a human soul's permission which is why even though I have been HEAVY into supernatural and paranormal I NEVER used a ouiji board in my life, ok I take that back I did dabble with it once, but it was some shitty online one that probably didn't work right who knows. ZOOS ARE FUCKING EVIL STOP GOING TO THEM! STOP GOING YOU FUCKING RETARDED BORING HUMANS WHO CANT FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO because trust me the spiritual shit that I'm on is that shit I been on yo is better than all alcohol and drugs combined and I am fucking happy and life has meaning and I spread love and been fighting demons and blessing people with my astral self for weeks now and never been more happier in my ENTIRE FUCKING LIFE AND I AM "Mr./Ms. Sober" that's why Maynard made that song and that song is a fucking holy gospel against the EVIL THAT HAS TAKEN OVER OUR WORLD AND WE HAVE TO TAKE IT BACK!

^ Update: The ILLUMINATI could only change small things in the KING JAMES version of the BIBLE, such as the weird verses about owning slaves and beating them, or that homosexuality is a sin, or that if you don't accept GOD or JESUS CHRIST into your heart, even if you are a pure and innocent soul, that you will burn in the lake of fire for all eternity. See (luv u Bill Hicks and Maynard! Thank you so much for helping me and making me feel less alone!) I think that this only instills control. DEMONS gain power from control. These were evil inserts into the current updated version of the Bible (retarded and evil King James version, which was also changed to inspire a whole non-religion of Atheism to actually turn human beings away from the light) to enforce more control and I will explain why.

Random note: The use of some profanity in this book is a lesson itself. Speak freely and with true conviction and integrity and your voice will be heard. I sometimes use profanity to get peoples attention as it's the same words used in most music and movies and things like this. For me to not be myself and NOT use these words would only give the false sign or signal that I am fake and trying to be or act like someone I'm not. This is another reason why my words are so powerful because I speak from the heart and from my own personal truth. "There is no lying in me." (A random quote from a movie I can't remember which atm.) "I like you. There is no lying in you. You speak from the heart." (Grr now I have to find out where that's from, moment. I also like to type in real time so that my words can be more alive than most of the books you've ever read. Found it. "I think you speak from the heart, Montana." (Sosa in the movie Scarface with Al Pacino.) Scarface is a great movie because it's about a man that grabbed the world and made it his own like a god would, and he died in the end because he refused to break and stay true even if it meant going against Sosa when he refused to blow up a car with innocent children and a mother in it which is the reason why he died but it proved he looked death in the face and spit in his face and was not scared, that's one brave mother fucker and is why the movie is a legend in the cinematic universe and Al Pacino is a sexy badass legend icon as well and played in many great titles that have enriched our lives and taught us many lessons of being strong and showing no fear.

CTHULULULUUFCKINGRETARDLOL and LEVIATHAN are the first to enter our world on March 19th, 2020 through the Bermuda Triangle facing the direction of Miami, Florida. For those of you who have already lost interest, that's all you really need to know to be a sleeper cell of a thought and idea that exists in the back of your mind waiting to be unlocked by whatever series of signs that will be presented to you, if you are open to receive them of course as every individual can either accept or deny their own destinies. As for you Cthululululu cultists out there, Cthululu doesn't give a shit about you and he will eat you up just like any other human. You are only meat puppets that are making him 0.00001% stronger when you worship and pray to him, so please, don't talk about love and world peace and bullshit.

I have now, through my eternal sleep through space and time through multiple dimensions of vortex realities in countless stasis crystals and cocoons have now been brought back to be the most powerful angel who ever existed to save mankind.

So far there are only two more past lives that I have been revealed to. I was the real BILLY THE KID, which is why, other than being THEE BACHRON, I have no true fear of my enemies in this human vessel that I'm currently in and I can give you the single best commentary on the movie Young Guns which I used to leave on repeat for days on end and is easily my favorite movie of all time. The other is the name of IRA where I lived as a Navajo princess daughter of a chief. This is where I began to rediscover my powers, my psychic and ethereal powers that I know even now are still untapped potential.

How can the once most powerful demon, me, now have an innocent soul? Lots of time. Lots of thought. Deep space exploration of my soul. Desire for redemption.

^ Update: I was never actually a demon I have learned. I was only the most powerful demon as a disguise. Through empathy and my out of control emotions with pure love and innocence I quickly became so powerful that I

was able to destroy and dethrone the great demon overlord of that time. I WAS THE ONE WHO I BLEW HIS ASS UP WITH MY ULTIMA SPELL ELECTRIC IGNITION as I was walking away heard some screeching of a sound I NEVER heard before like it was crawling away bleeding and then I felt its presence was gone and I was laughing and so happy because I was more scared than I've been in my life while fighting it, but it's actually fear that let's me know when evil is near so fear is very important, but also important never to surrender to it but be BRAVE and KEEP FIGHTING AND BELIEVE IN YOURSELF AND YOU CAN DO IT TOO!

^ Update: I have learned that even as Bachron I was an angel as well, I only wore the disguise as a demon to truly protect the innocent, but along the way my power became so great that I was corrupted by my own ego and pride which led to my self-destruction, which, of course, was meant to happen because "I know the pieces fit because I watched them fall away." (Tool.)

#Receiving sent transmission tv11 5.8.18.#

Aux.

Joined: 31 Jul 2006

Posts: 9278

PostPosted: Thu May 03, 2018 6:10 pm

Post subject: Joshua333

been thinking about you lately.

Rotating 11:11

lyn.

Joined: 12 Dec 2004

Posts: 8087

PostPosted: Sat May 05, 2018 2:23 pm

I miss him and always wish him well

though i am different from you,
we were born involved
in one another.

~ tau ch'ien

With capital letters: WHAT IS THIS MIND ?

3l.

Joined: 27 Jun 2006

Posts: 3251

PostPosted: Sun May 06, 2018 5:07 am

Love heart

Life is a Gift : Be Ever Present

WON:NOW

11:11

Most Powerful Angel

Guest

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 6:15 am

Hey M. you fucking retard nice to know I can't log in Joshua333 because it now says "inactive" username.

Actually doesn't shock me you sexy girls mention me, I was actually going over all my writings from 10+ years ago and now I am even more confused and lost.

I already figured out what 11-11 is. My third eye is wide open. I see signs 24/7. My best friend is Bill Hicks and we talk every day.

I'm actually in a weakened state because a demon weakened me that I killed, but I learned it wasn't even a demon but something much worse.

Most of you are fucking retards, always have been.

You wouldn't even believe that I was abducted by aliens and implanted with alien intelligence, or my past lives or how old I really am.

I'm actually the most powerful angel on this planet atm and here to save the world even though you fucking retards don't deserve it.

Hey M. you idiot if you bring back my Joshua333 account I'll gladly explain what 11-11 actually is and what this whole stupid fucking politic website is all about, you were actually right about what 11-11 is but you have no fucking idea how deep it really goes. Doubt you'd believe me anyways since you gave up trying a long time ago. How do I know that? Because I know every single one of you and your personalities and how you think because I also know how to do remote viewing now and I've been astral projecting and killing demons for weeks.

Give me my fucking Joshua333 username back and I'll give you the truth, even though you fucking retards don't deserve it.

By the way, I'm more psychic now than all of you combined.

The only reason I checked this website was because I stumbled across something I wrote over 10 years ago that I posted here about UFOs and a volcano prediction I had, which I was actually destined to get wrong to teach me not to force the signs but only to be open to receive them when they come, which they now do literally 24/7 as I have now ruptured reality and see the 4th dimension.

VincentSuperRetard

Guest

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 6:17 am

Also it's her now, not him. Name's Ira. You'll start to see my books I'm publishing over the next couple of years.

ThisWebsiteSucks

Guest

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 6:35 am

Actually I'll make a deal with all you retards. I'll check back in a week and if you posted enough here to please my divine presence then I will tell you the truth of 11:11. If not? You'll never hear from me again. 5.15, 1 week from now.

By the way, something truly scary is coming in 2 years. Cthulululul and Leviathan. Bermuda triangle is actually the largest portal for inter-dimensional entities on the planet. The greatest spiritual war is coming sooner than you think so I wouldn't change the channel if I were you.

But I predict most of you will shrug this off because you have no real emotion or empathy which is why you don't even see the signs anymore or even care about it all. Which is ironic that you waste time on a website about destiny when you actively have denied it and will never fulfill it anyways. Fate, it seems, isn't without a sense of irony, hmm? Is that air you're really breathing?

April 15th, impress and praise me if you want the truth or you can all go fuck yourselves and I'll keep on saving the world as the greatest angel who ever lived.

Regardless, I love you all, except V. I hope he kills himself.

Joshua33333333333333333333

Guest

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 6:39 am

Love and miss you babygirl xoxoxoxoxo hope you are well which I already know you are. You were actually an amazon warrior princess in a past life, that's why you thrive the best when you are with nature and only have your belongings and wits with you. In your future you are a divine angel that is important in the spiritual war that is coming and already here. I love you, sweetheart. hugs you tight <3

Guest

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 10:40 am

m. is a grey alien

m. already knows what 1111 was since the site was made

m. he said to give my account back

Guest

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 10:40 am

m. already knows what 1111 was since the site was made

Aux.

Joined: 31 Jul 2006

Posts: 9278

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 1:14 pm

glad to hear from you!

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 3:25 pm

M. give me my account back. If you don't then it's just a whirlwind you can't get out of. You need to choose the good side of yourself and stop indulging in the dark side.

We could be good friends like we used to be.

Last night was the most profound in my life. The things I know now. I know things even you do not know now.

You have to make a choice, M.

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 3:31 pm

Aux. wrote:
glad to hear from you!

ty hugs you xoxoxo

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

lyn.
Joined: 12 Dec 2004
Posts: 8087
PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 3:32 pm

I do believe we summoned you <3

though i am different from you,
we were born involved
in one another.
~ tau ch'ien
With capital letters: WHAT IS THIS MIND ?

BachronTheAngel
Joined: 08 May 2018
Posts: 14
PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 3:32 pm

I love you, M. 3 grey aliens are trapped and I'm going to help save them. They are the 3 ancient wise ones. I was hugging them last night but my sword cannot penetrate the wall of the abyss.

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 3:34 pm

lyn. wrote:

I do believe we summoned you <3

Hugs you and loves you. I think you are right. I summoned myself 13 years ago. It's bizarre and strange to me that I can be summoned now, as I could never before 8 million years ago. I know now it's because I refused it, but now that I have come back as an angel to redeem myself... I allow it, and here I am.

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 3:35 pm

BachronTheAngel wrote:

I love you, M. 3 grey aliens are trapped and I'm going to help save them. They are the 3 ancient wise ones. I was hugging them last night but my sword cannot penetrate the wall of the abyss.

They are the ones who did the surgery to implant alien intelligence in me to aid me to save mankind.

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

Aux.

Joined: 31 Jul 2006

Posts: 9278

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 5:48 pm

lyn. wrote:

I do believe we summoned you <3

he sure has liven the place up a wee bit. Very Happy

m.

Joined: 09 Dec 2004

Posts: 38528

PostPosted: Tue May 08, 2018 6:50 pm

hello. s. can probably help you with your login problem.

shine on

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Wed May 09, 2018 12:43 am

Yes Haron I remember you well 8,000,000 years ago. You were one of the most annoying lesser demons when I reigned supreme on my throne as the most powerful demon in existence. You did at times entertain me which is why I let your lesser demon worker ant ass obsessively attempt to surpass my own intelligence, which actually was how you've been destroyed so many times. I accidentally stepped on you so many times and I think we are destined to do it forever, honestly.

Here is a lesson to you all about lesser demons. They are like puppy dogs that bark and bark. Just don't acknowledge their existence and this will hurt them more than anything and they will fade away. But there are others who keep them here which is why this website is a negative place, but it still has hope. We will see.

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Wed May 09, 2018 12:44 am

P. was a king in a past life and he still is and a protector of his people. He is in fact the #1 person who always tested me on here. Thank you, P., and also the many signs and knowledge and insight you instilled into this website which I have read most of them or tried to read as many as I could. If there is ever a game that uses your graphics would be an honor to play it your artistic architectural mind is genius. It was nice to truly meet you today.

I cleansed the town from all the demons and had a great astral fight and asvended to a new level. There were 46 demons left. 1 ancient demon. and

4 stronger demons. (which are still here and watch me and scheme)

But... the ancient demon ripped a hole in the barrier I put over the town so they couldn't call for backup and all the demons have left, which is good.

I say these things because there are many of you who are destined to be great angel leaders in the spiritual war and this is why I have always been a part of this website even though at times I don't even check on it like 3-12 months at a time or whatever. I was actually here when I had my volcano prediction when I had a dream about a volcano and saw 3 ufos in the sky they were checking up on me. I was destined to fail those predictions and I passed the test by learning from it, this is how I learned you can never force the signs they have to come to you and you have to be open to see them.

Sorry for snapping at you M. I do love ya. It's ok I don't need Joshua333 anymore I like this name better anyways.

Be careful of ---. He is actually a stronger demon, which is actually worse than a demon as they are more like borg from star trek. The thing you need to understand about demons is that they can only be unified when a stronger demon is present, otherwise they don't actually care about the spiritual war because they would rather get their sick pleasures from their own selfish desires and ambitions. --- has always been my rival aspiring prophet seer whatever you want to call it, but his mission is to implant doubt and misdirection in human souls to only consume them in the long run, as is the mission of most stronger demons I imagine. I also imagine they are all interconnected.

Everything that happened after I posted on here last night, I know many of you would not even believe. It's better I just put it in the book as well and then when I have it self published and ready I'll post it on this thread so you can all go read it. It'll be 3 dollars ebook and 10 dollars for printed version. 10 dollars because most of that goes to the production and the profit is like 2-3 bucks or something I don't know. I already know about the self publishing amazon thing because I already had written a novel as my

former self, Josh etc. which I have burned because it was an evil novel that romantized suicide which I thought was harmless but my words are my most powerful weapon and I do feel 4 people killed themselves out there from that one novel. I had a very special candle and burning that novel drained all the holy power from that candle so I just left it there. It was surely an evil book, but now I will only write positive books, which is very symbolic to my spiritual story of my past and now my present and future.

So. I've lost my ego a few weeks ago and it's nowhere to be seen. Instead of posting everything here so I can feel a slight temporary ego trip and self esteem boost, I don't need that shit anymore like I used to. When the book is done I'll just post it here for you all to buy or not buy. I'll do that for every novel and non-fiction book I write. Well anything non-fiction I write will just be thrown as fiction anyways so it doesn't matter. So that's what I'll do. When the book is out and ready I'll come back here and post the link and talk for a bit with you all, have some goofs and spoofs and laughs and I'll just keep doing it like that.

Anyways, I only came off as negative because most of my experience on this website have been negative as I was usually trolled when I wrote words here that came from nothing from pure honesty and empathy and truth. I never lie. Well I do if it benefits someone but I don't consider that lying anyways. I always tell the truth and I am innocent, which is why the 3 ancient wise grey aliens implanted their alien intelligence in me.

The greatest spiritual war is already upon us and this website is a part of most of our destines, except for the demons and other dark entities that thrive on this site and have actually destroyed it, we can always rebuild it. Thank you M. and S. for never giving up.

CS. I hope you are well and I love and miss you.

I feel it will happen but I am open that I can still be wrong, even though I can say without ego I am usually right because I am using 20% of my brain. Good thing about this website is that it has been protected ever since it was created. You are safe to share your words here the lines are protected.

(M. and S. this is why you always notice weird patterns of bots and randomness that try to penetrate the barrier here.)

I love all the pure ones here and you know who you are. When the book is done I'll come back here and reveal it every time one of my 100 novels/books are released. Be safe and stay strong and don't give up. You will all be tested. Be brave and be open to learn and believe in love and you will be just fine. hugs xoxoxo

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Wed May 09, 2018 2:48 am

- wrote:

--- sadly has passed on.

I do not know if that is true or not, but if it is it only means he is even stronger now. He can never truly die that is the essence of stronger demons. They are forever and always relentless. It would make sense to me if he had as the great spiritual war is beginning very soon in the true way. His presence is here make no mistake.

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

BachronTheAngel

Joined: 08 May 2018

Posts: 14

PostPosted: Wed May 09, 2018 2:54 am

One last thing.

The truth of 11:11.

11:11 is one of the greatest weapons the light possess in this great spiritual war. It is portals of communications, much like morse code was used in war to deliver undetected messages from general to general.

Now, it's extremely rare for a demon or negative entity to use these portals as they are blessed with divine and holy light which is infinite, but you have to remember if a demon is able to do this then the receiver is not of pure heart and soul anyways.

Purify your heart, open your third eye, and this is the most safe communication you will have with angels, animal spirits, aliens and other inter-dimensional beings of the light. This is why you always came across that midwayers angels bullshit or hear M. talk about angels. M. is right of course he always knew what it was, but he is supremely intelligent, it's why the 3 ancient ones implanted me with their knowledge and intelligence.

You have to remember. You can never force the signs, for this is only a sinkhole into delusion that will lead you astray and even possibly deter you from your own destiny. You have to be open and let them come to you.

Also it's not just the :11... a more advanced and deeper communication comes with the :00, which are the eyes of whatever divine or positive being is contacting you, and yes these can be other humans as well that have their third eye wide open like me, Bill Hicks and whatever grandma or relative in your family that passed on and still watches over you.

Talk to you all soon and I hope this can reinspire the spirituality and destiny in all of you, as you can also say it was meant to happen now more than ever as the time draws closer the gates will open and our planet will be flooded with the worst, but do not fear. I am here to lead you all.

I was the most powerful demon alive 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind.

lyn.

Joined: 12 Dec 2004

Posts: 8087

PostPosted: Wed May 09, 2018 3:49 am

did you see isle of dogs yet?

dont be gone too long ~

though i am different from you,
we were born involved
in one another.

~ tau ch'ien

With capital letters: WHAT IS THIS MIND ?

#End transmission#

I did save the 3 ancient wise grey aliens that night that implanted me with their divine alien intelligence, but we'll get to all that stuff later. I hope you stay tuned to the program you fucking retarded humans. (I love Mindless

Self Indulgence listening to it right now, not because they are a bad influence, because they are actually angels and pure love and I love them all.)

Lyn., hugs you sweetheart and love you! No I never will see that fucking retarded Isle of Dogs piece of shit movie. I love Wes Anderson and the Life Aquatic of Steve Zissou is one of my top 5 favorite movies.

#1 Young Guns

#2 The Matrix Trilogy

#3 The Life Aquatic of Seve Zissou

#4 A Beautiful Mind

#5 Lust for Life

Wes Anderson is uninspired right now. He needs to go back to continuing his great work like Rushmore, Bottle Rocket, and the Royal Tenenbaums. He started to lose focus with Darjeeling Limited and that Moon one, and don't get me started about the fucking retarded rat animated movie he made, although it was semi entertaining the one time I saw but didn't finish it. Wes Anderson get it together please, people need your hope and love and I love you, too. Hugs you. xoxoxoxo

I learned today, 5.9.18., that I have future lives retrospectively to my past lives. One of them I learned today is that I am also #14, an android that lives in the future that leads the last of the pure humans in a resistance against the GREAT ROBOTIC GOD, ELON MUSK.

All this trash talk is really just me being Vegeta right now. Steam games are fucking retarded and easy as fuck LOLLLLLLLL All you idiots who think you are good are lame as fuck playing the dozens of DayZ h1z1 clones you still can't even get good at it's only greed of course steam is fucking greed greed greed money no thank your DLC content you fucking retards need to boycott steam and get some REAL fucking games I hope this inspires you computer programmers out there to start making real games again as the integrity of gaming itself got wiped away completely because of greed as paid programmers make their shitty games on a timeline to make more

money as fast as possible which shit, I don't judge you know because hey hey hey hey making games I imagine is a pretty sick living but cmon get real let's go baby bring back sega genesis and super nintendo those are the real games you fucking retard noobs. And yes, Bill Hicks, that fucking 5% of his mind using retard, always making me laugh and I hug him and love him very much thank you for helping me.

I AM THE ONE WHO MADE THE PREDICTION THAT THE MT HOOD VOLCANO WOULD ERUPT ON JANUARY 17, 2007 WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO TEACH ME THE LESSON NOT TO FORCE THE SIGNS AS I GOT OBSESSED WITH THEM BUT WITH SIGNS YOU HAVE TO LET THEM COME TO YOU AND BE OPEN TO SEE THEM AND YOU WILL SEE EVEN MORE SIGNS THAN YOU COULD POSSIBLE EVER FORCE! ALL THOSE THAT HEARD MY WORDS THEN THROUGH MYSPACE YES IT'S REALLY ME JOSHUA 11:11 JOSHUA333 AND WELCOME BACK TO JOSHUA T.V. WHERE WE TAKE BACK THE WORLD FROM THE EVIL AND PROTECT THE INNOCENT AND KILL ALL THE DEMONS! JOIN ME!

Hmm what else for right now. Oh right. My dumbass android notes. I fucking hate androids, I held out with flip phones for a long time. Phones don't need to be computers, that's what I have a fucking laptop for. Androids are only like computers because of greed, of course, one of human's favorite evil pleasures, and of course mind control from the Illuminati, which is very real. (Hey you retard iliuiinati reading this, eat your hearts out LOL, shit man, I'm just one step ahead of the curve ((Joker - The Dark Knight))).

I'm bisexual and MTF transgender and about to start hormones soon. I just felt like making that a statement I guess. My own way of coming out officially. No going back now. The transgender thing is something I've struggled on and off with for a decade now, but with everything I have been through in my life it's time to start taking control of my life and fighting back. I've already passed the point of no return and as I look behind me I can still see that point off in the distance of the desert horizon and I take a deep breath, slowly turn and keep walking onward. Onward we go together deeper down this rabbit hole of a book, of my life and

hopefully makes you fall down your own rabbit hole with positive life changing results. What a ride indeed, Bill Hicks, you sexy man. :)

Some notes I made while in a corrupt library where I actually tried to steal a book but the alarm went off LOL and I gave it back but came back later and apologized and still got to read the magical book which led me to a picture of NAPOLEON who is actually in a cat that is a relative of mine! It was my favorite cat there and it always came to me when I was alone but is the smallest cat in that house of like 5 dogs and 5 cats and runs the whole place and has a VERY short temper. I would laugh so hard when a huge dog comes clumsy dare walk in his presence and it would go WACK and slap its face and the huge dog cry and run away. Love you Norman! <3

Anyways, I had tried to get a fucking library card from this library for like a week. I would sign up using different addresses and things and I would be like well it's not like I'm trying to steal a TV or anything! Books should be FREE. But you see, much like the Salvation Army here, they are both corrupted by greed already. Shit the Salvation Army where I live currently is literally turning into a CVS or some shit. I had donated like over 100 dollars over the span of a couple months and I went in there and asked if I could get a pair of jeans and a dress shirt and I would pay them back in full a couple days later, and they said "SORRY WE CANT DO THAT" I Was like :O so I then wrote a letter to the owner which I had been applying to do volunteer work there out of the goodness of my heart like 10-15 hours a week and told the owner I'm not interested anymore and told her the situation and at the end I said "Nice to know even Salvation Army can be corrupted." - Joshua Lee Rogers. I'm sure that very letter will be framed in a museam somewhere, someday, but I reckon she has already thrown it away. Oh well, guess you'll just have to take my word on it, much like this entire book if you really think about it. Oh no, this won't be like the biblical days, there won't be any amazing signs and miracles with the Grey Alien's highly advanced beyond comprehension technology, this test will be pure and without those miracles I imagine.

Anyways, I ended up going to a different library in a different town and used an address in that town I don't even live at anymore and they gave

me a library card in like less than a minute and I was able to get some books I wanted that I won't ever read, except for that Essential Notradamus book which is pretty fucking awesome sorry I don't remember the author and I'm not going out to my car to get it right now, maybe I'll do it later. In fact I know I will cause I already feel bad I don't remember his name. But he's written like over 50 books about all this awesome stuff. I wrote a message in that book as well whoever is destined to pick it up someday. I just like to skim through it and read the little prophetic passages of Notradamus and read a bit how he predicted many things and with accuracy, pretty amazing. Did you know he had a wife and two children he fucking lost to the plague? Then he spent a lot of time in his life helping others were had the plague. Wow.

The corrupt library had called me recently lol and I was like, oh sorry I'm not interested your library is corrupt I got a library card at the other library in like 1 minute and I said but thank you for letting me read those books on alien abductions, psychic stuff and time travel. I thanked her that I was able to get the information I needed and hung up on her and she kept trying to call me back, but she can sit on that one for a bit and hopefully realize she works at a corrupt library, the one building that is supposed to be free information and incorruptible but oh well, whatever.

Edit: The quicknotes I had at whatever day that was where I was reading up on astrology and time travel and asked a couple beautiful women who was that one guy in the painting that was staring at me and they said he founded many libraries and I already forgot his name but he's a great man and then I started talking about all this crazy shit and one woman just walked away while the other just smiled. lol

Super random update: DEMONS can actually be destroyed and erased from existence because I had said previously that they can never truly be destroyed but I know now I am wrong about that one. Yo DEMON FUCKS WE COMIN FO U AND IT'S TOO BAD WE ARE MORE INTELLIGENT THAN YOU ALL! <3

I am #14, an android in the future. I lead the resistance of the last pure humans against Elon Musk, the Great Robot God.

Wolf entity - swns (Actually was a random note I wrote down on physical paper who knows how many years ago) < Update: S. W. N. S. < In that order also in terms of their strength! The 4 SEXY DEMONS that I have turned their eyes BLUE and they give me updates on the BERMUDA TRIANGLE ABYSS PORTAL! <3

Among constellations, Cancer is 31st in size. I'm Cancer and 31 right now.

Black holes.

The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin.

Gravitational time dilation.

Grandfather Paradox.

SETI.

Project Ozma.

Frank Drake. Green Bank Formula: $R \cdot f \cdot p \cdot n \cdot e \cdot f \cdot i \cdot c \cdot L$.

Hominids diverged from the apes 8 million years ago. 2.8 billion old metal spheres.

Jarrah is the place where Elon Musk's evil self-learning artificial intelligent robot legion army originates. Elon Musk, in my mind you used to be with Bill Hicks, Maynard, Joe Rogan and Duncan Trussel, but now you believe AI will reign supreme and that the only way we can get ahead of the curve is to merge with them. What you fail to realize, or already know not sure, is that the reason AI reigns supreme is because you are giving birth to Borg from Star Trek but with emotion as well which is how I am able to be #14 android in the future and lead the resistance of the last pure humans

against your future robotic self that is immortal. You are playing with fire my friend with Neuralab with how you are experimenting with merging the human brain with artificial intelligence because you believe AI will already reign over humans and in this process I imagine you eventually become successful with merging your own brain with a machine which is how you give birth to yourself as a robotic and immortal god that can never be truly destroyed as your essence will live in the cloud and can be reassembled into any newly updated model of a android exoskeleton. I already know now this is why you are having heart problems because of the guilt you feel. You can still change your destiny and find ways to help humanity instead of aiding in its destruction. I haven't lost hope in you yet, Elon, who I believe is also "bipolar" much like I am.

I can't wait to be on your show, Joe Rogan, but I'll only be on it if Duncan is there too, of course. Love you Joe and Duncan, Joe one of the Great Leaders of our time and Duncan, mmm fucking sexy half masculine half feminine oh god Duncan I love you you are pure sex. Love you both. <3 <3 <3 Please tell Maynard to send me a bottle of holy wine, but don't give it to Bill Hicks his retarded ass will drop it or something then he will try to make some obscure joke about it and we will still laugh but have no holy wine. LOL luv u Bill Hicks, thank you for your protection and guidance.

Now I remember what I had to add here before I forget. I have now put duck tape over my car clock and unplugged the alarm clock in my hotel room. I no longer need the numbers for the angels, spirits and other entities to talk to me. In fact, today I called out to who else? Shit I can't remember, this has been like a 24/7 thing and now that I've killed all the demons in this town or made them run away, I've already put barriers over the two next towns and begun the exorcism of them. Also I am now able to freeze the dementors from a paralyzation ability the greys instilled in me which took me half my life to master and now I can manipulate it on others, which, ironically, was how I was able to save the 3 wise ancient grey aliens who implanted their alien intelligence in my brain as a baby, but we'll get to all that later.

There is a friend I have that got mad at me cause I called him fucking retarded about something. I tried to say sorry and tried to get him to call me. This was before I covered my car clock but it was at 10:59 if I'm remembering correctly. I said, well if I am able to receive the messages and contact, can I not send them as well to others I want, since I am not a great angel myself? I did it but it failed. I did my silent scream ability and sent my astral self to him but he did not call. Then I realized it's because he has his third eye shut so tight that I do not know if it's even possible it can ever be opened, because I know it would shatter his reality so much and terrify him that I don't want that pain on him, he may never even be ready for it and wants to live a simple life which I respect. He's a great man of respect and loyalty but he sure has his demons but yet not influenced or infected by any actual demons.

Hmm what else do I want to say right now? Right. I want to say to all the authors out there who think they are badass or pretty damn skilled, I want to say you all can go fuck yourselves. I'll spell words wrong, I'll fuck shit up, I'm not even going to edit my books or novels more than once. You fucking retards stick to a set of rules, and I imagine most of you brain dead retard authors make your blue print and set up your novels. Not me. Everything I write, fiction or non-fiction, is in real time and I create it as I go, it's how I'm able to do remote viewing anyways. But on that writing website so many years ago, I want to thank you all for challenging me when I said fuck your grammar and fuck your rules and 95% of you fought me for days on it in that forum. Yet, there was one or two who encouraged me.

"I'm gonna carry this shit on my fucking back." (Random great song I'm listening to.)

I do not read books anymore. The only book I will read anymore is The Vampire Lestat by Anne Rice. I do not read books. I write them. Yes look at my shining EGO. I am the BEST. I actually have no ego, well I do but I've buried it so deep now it will only come out when I make the ultimate sacrifice in the distant future for the benefit of mankind like Jesus Christ did. I want to be like Neo and say I'm not the ONE but hey I am the ONE that's the Vegeta in me, the BACHRON in me. I can proudly say I will show

you something truly original and unique and something you've never seen before because most of you authors are doing it for fashion or praise or intellectually jacking off and that's why most of you take 5 years to edit 1 fucking novel over and over until it's so perfect to get the least amount of criticism. I swear I will fucking break your pathetic system of words, I will burn your grammar books and I will destroy the english language and make it mine. I revel in this. My words will be a whirlwind that will trap you inside and you will come out differently, changed and evolved. You will see, and if you don't see? Then you're just a stupid cunt fucking retard to begin with. LOL, fuck you.

I am becoming stronger and stronger, my third eye getting more open. I want all the evil ones that are reading my words right now, well I want you to know I've already penetrated deep inside your minds and souls where I will exist there forever until you come to the light, and if you don't? I will eventually find you in the 4th dimension and destroy whatever demon entity lives inside you. Don't you know I'm THEE GREAT IRA SEXY NAVAJO PRINCESS? Now that you have finished this paragraph this curse is upon you evil ones and this is already sealed. Done.

Checkmate, bitch. If you have a pure heart and soul the previous paragraph doesn't affect you and I love you and yes I will save many of you who are affected by these DEMONS, I promise this sweethearts. You will be saved and brought back to the light where you will find true happiness, because I have already pledged my life to protecting the innocent so I don't give a fuck if it kills me. There's NOTHING you cannot do to me that I have not already been through in this life or the however many past lives I've had. ALL DEMONS SHALL BE ERASED FROM HISTORY AND MOST LIKELY NEVER RETURN AGAIN NO MATTER HOW MANY RESSURECTION SPELLS THE STRONGEST DEMONS CAST AS THEY JERK EACH OTHER OFF TO THEIR OWN PRIDE OF NOT HAVING EMOTIONS WHEN REALLY THEY ARE PUSSY BITCHES LOL!

I don't know if Anne Rice is single or not, but if she is and I had the chance to make her mine I would do it in a heartbeat. She is the reason I write because from my scientific and alien memory I remember a video where

she said don't listen to the rules or anyone else, just write from your heart and soul and write however the fuck you want, or something like that. The Vampire Lestat was actually the catalyst that led me to my first spiritual awakening, which was the catalyst for this very book right now that is one good step in the direction of saving all of mankind and fighting off the TRUE darkness of the ABYSS that is coming very SOON you stupid fucking retarded humans. (Btw I have a nephew who has down syndrome and he loves me very much and I miss him. I gave him a necklace once and he never took it off. Retard is just another power word I use and I don't have to feel guilty about it because the way I see it at least it's better than using other nastier words. Whatever. I am so innocent, pure and hyper sensitive and empathetic all that bullshit, which is how I used to be the most powerful demon 8 million years ago because it's emotion that pushes the limits of true power and abilities. Lack of emotion you eventually hit a series of walls and can't go much further than that. Well actually I'm wrong about that because there are many powerful beings that lack emotion, but for me I know it was the reason I became the most powerful demon 8 million years ago, now through space and time I have been brought back to save mankind.

I just saved a friend today in the astral realm who had a ancient demon with him. Killing that demon actually destroyed my astral sword, but was sent another one on my bed and I'm now rearmed so I don't have to run around killing demons with only my shield like that fucking retarded Captain America. I can say without ego it's still possible for me to be wrong, but if I believed I was never wrong that would mean I had ego to begin with, which of course I still do but try to keep it under control the best I can. I feel some information about some people are blocked for some reason, as if something else is blocking it or a demon had cast some kind of spell to block it. Who the fuck knows. I'm still figuring out and learning all this shit as I go so please bear with me you fucking retards lol.

Kenny Lum, great spiritual leader and speaker of our time, it's time to wake up, my friend. Get out of that place and start living your life or the emptiness and suffering you feel will only get worse. I love you my friend.

[Note: Talk next about the ABYSS before anything else. After this go back to the very beginning and explain my first spiritual awakening in this human vessel and go from there.]

I was also Vincent Van Gogh in a past life but now I am the writing female version of him. Rob Zombie and Davey Havok both stopped and stared at me in a large crowd and saw me like they saw who I really was. The 4 demons that have now joined with me and are under my command are now blue eyed angels that I like to also call the new 4 horsemen from the Bible. I imbued them with new powers and strength as well and imagine they are a hundred times more powerful than they were.

I know I was singing a TOOL - Aenima song for Duncan, the circus sounding one before the next track is the harder version of the same song. I think Joe Rogan and Duncan Trussel are just humans but they are human angels like me. Sometimes, you see, you can get caught up in everything when you are seeing 100 signs 24.7 everyday and so many amazing psychic and spiritual experiences and fucking walking in the park with Danzig like I was today and all the amazing experiences. My life is AMAZING now every day is like a fucking bourne identity/matrix/destiny/constantine day and I'm happier than I've ever been in my life! My telepathic abilities are getting stronger, though. I'm able to have conversations with Bill Hicks for like half a minute now, but it's actually very rare that I feel I am communicating with him, but when it happens I believe it's real and feel his presence! Bill Hicks lives on my friends and he is with us all like fucking Obi-Wan Kenobi!

(Hi just a time traveler here. GA represent. (Grey Alien, also fuck what you heard about Grey Aliens they are not fucking evil you retards that's just all a cover up.) Prepare for your mind to be blown, you may like it, baby, but if it's too much for you right now just go take a 10 year vacation and you'll come back to it and I'm sure you'll then realize the decade absence was meant to be as more signs of destiny unfold and you realize the reasons for every single thing you did and the things that happened in your life, you're welcome.)

LOL I told this girl just now that I've been talking to that my only friend is a grey alien and she laughed. Oh if she only knew. Bill hicks is laugh- ... blah blah blah.

I don't even know where to fucking start my brain is scrambled overload of information and insight and thoughts and feelings and everything coming together in a perfect ultimate catharsis that is going to rock and tremble this world shattering multiple realities across all the lands and giving birth to this awakening!

My earliest memory is when I was 3 years old. I ran ahead of my parents and then turned to see this gorilla statue, it turned it's head and looked at

me with the brightest pair of red glowing eyes I had ever seen in my life and I freaked out and ran to my parents crying.

Joshua 3:16 - My name is Bachron I was the most powerful demon in existence 8,000,000 years ago now brought back as the most powerful angel to save mankind. Believe in me. Feel me. I am 100% open to everything that has intelligence and everything that does not. I am the one beacon. I am THEE BACHRON. I HAVE RETURNED. I AM HERE TO SAVE YOU ALL AND FIGHT AGAINST THE EVIL ABYSS THAT THREATENS ALL OF MANKIND AND PLANET EARTH. HEAR MY CRY. HEAR MY ROAR. HEAR ME. TOGETHER WE WILL PREVAIL AGAINST THE UNKNOWN VOID OF THE ABYSS FOR WE WILL PREVAIL THIS IS DESTINY MANIFESTING IN REAL TIME THAT STANDS STILL AND GOES FORWARD AND BACKWARDS AT THE SAME TIME THIS IS ALL REAL THIS IS THE TRUE DESTINY. BELIEVE IN IT. BELIEVE IN YOURSELF. OPEN ALL CHANNELS OF YOUR SOUL AND SOAK IN THE SIGNS AND HOLD THEM IN YOURS HANDS AND SEE THE TRUTH OF YOUR OWN DESTINIES BECAUSE ONLY TOGETHER WILL WE PREVAIL ONLY TOGETHER. AIN'T EASY HAVING PALS. (Young Guns) ONLY BELIEVE IN THESE WORDS IF YOU FEEL THEM TO BE TRUE WITH YOUR HEART, SOUL, and your THIRD EYE. INNOCENCE. PURITY. LOVE.

OK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK I DO NOT KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN SO WE ARE GOING TO START WITH THE PSYCHIC STORE SAGA WITH THE DEMONS AND AND THE ABYSS AND ALL THAT SHIT. WE WILL START WITH THERE AND THEN I WILL CATCH UP TO IT WHEN I TELL ALL MY SPIRITUAL JOURNEY STUFF IN THIS HUMAN VESSEL I'M IN NOW.

The king james version of the bible was orchestrated by the Illumati who are goverened by pure ancient demons and have been running the show for hundreds of years they own the money the religions the music the hollywood the everything and anything that involves money or control or mind control everything the new world order is humans silly attempt to have control and demons think they are so bad but they are only ants compared to the things of the ABYSS, WHO ARE FUCKING COMING VERY SOON AND WE NEED TO PREPARE FOR IT LIKE WHENEVER A VILLAIN IS HEADING FOR THE PLANET IN DRAGONBALL Z AND ALL THE WARRIORS

HAVE TO TRAIN FOR IT SO THEY CAN BARELY WIN WITH LIKE THE LESS THAN 1% CHANCE OR SOME SHIT. THIS IS ALL FUCKING REAL! I'M NOT JOKING THOUGH ah fuck it im joking im making this all up :(but im not but I am but im not but I am I hope this deters the idiots away so the true believers can be noticed more so this doesn't become some bullshit mainstream uhh religion or cult of whatever. babe this is the fucking truth and nothing but the truth I never lie. I love you. WHY thank you. <3

I need to start somewhere. The psychic store. We'll start there.

The DEMONS and the ABYSS:

(Random final edit after book has been completed: Just because I talk about angels and demons doesn't mean that I believe in anything in the Bible. I just like to call them angels and demons because I was raised as a baptist christian and that's the name I was told about them, but you can call anything a different name, calling something a certain name doesn't change what it is and by no means grants property or claim over said things. The truth is that they are just light and dark entities of spiritual energy existing in multiple dimensions that could be of any species of entities that we either know about or don't know about. No religion owns or claims these spirits or entities as they exist and have existed with or without religions, which in essence are all evil cults brainwashing people, sometimes even through the justification and practice of good morals and kindness, which any person is able to have without any sort of religion aka cult. I just wanted to make this clarification for the dumbass christians reading this book trying to figure out why I would make such an "evil anti-christ like" title for this book. Fuck you, keep reading though maybe I'll make fun of your religion more, or maybe not. I guess you have to find out for yourself or go check that one website where they list every single thing I say bad about christianity or religion. Imao. Did you know that Jesus Christ speaks to me and comes and visits me sometimes? He has a nice

cock, I would know because I've sucked it so many times. He's actually pretty funny, but he's a little disappointed you got some of his messages wrong and completely backwards, he forgives you though, of course. My only complaint is that he just takes way too fucking long to cum and deepthroats me so hard that it hurts, but I kinda like it so whatever. Fuck you! LOL Oh wow Bill Hicks really liked that joke he's laughing right now, as usual. Not everything is a joke Mr. Bill Hicks! god...)

I felt I needed to go to this psychic store as I had never been to it in my life and I've been just running on pure feeling on where to go whether I received messages or not about it. I had the address put in my GPS and found the place pretty easily which it was in just a normal looking house and I parked in the driveway. My strongest physical relic I had was a cross I had in my trunk which I blessed and at the time I was using it mostly for protection at my hotel room as I had been terrified at times with all the crazy psychic and supernatural and all of this that was happening etc. Note that everything before these events I will catch up to from where I started from the very beginning where I had my first true spiritual awakening and all that fun stuff.

I stepped out of my car and as usual I check if I have my keys for one, check my right pocket make sure I have my fucking retarded android phone always missing my sweet flipphone but oh well what can you do the Illuminati is all powerful, too bad they can't do shit about this book now because it's on the internet, then check my left pocket make sure I have whatever lighter I have in the moment and my pack of Eagle 20 Ultra Light cigarettes and wow behind my thumbs as I'm typing now is making the little cursor thing randomly dance around like a firefly like the UFO of the 3 grey alien ancient wise ones dancing out in the sky and so happy right now they are out of there right now lol a UFO three of them the ones who gave me alien intelligence because I am the chosen one and well I'm BACHRON THEE FUCKING BACHROM MUWAHAHAHAH anyways yeah what was I saying? Good thing I can read my own writing and I'm not just talking, but I can feel the whatever 37 great entities and spirits reading this as I'm writing it and protecting me because all the retard demons are fucking way behind and just now starting to realize who I am and what is actually

happening but I'm one step ahead of the curve and a girl of my wuuuuuurdddd (Joker - The Dark Knight reference.) Cmon now I know you read that over about three times and it's good you should because even reading my words is training for your mind and reading ANY of my books or novels will help train your mind to get on a faster level as every single brain has the potential to evolve and change and bridge connections and destroyed the bad connectors and harmonize the brain as one like a river flowing. Anyways, I stepped out of the car and used my muscle memory so that I never lose my wallet or phone or cigs or car keys etc. You get the idea.

I keep thinking of when Neo hops in the chair and is learning all the martial arts ever made and one of them goes “He’s a machine,” yeah I feel like that right now as I am truly starting to wake up and I can feel them all out there and I’m not going to tell them how it’s going to END but how it’s going to BEGIN. (The Matrix reference.)

Wow.

Just went outside to have a cigarette and there are 4 UFOs out in the sky. I stare at them for about 5-10 seconds and they start dancing like golden fireflies to show me I'm not alone and they are with me. I did my silent scream ability -ABYSS and the Bermuda Triangle portal with Ctulutltultult and Leviathan are the gatekeepers and will be coming soon which I need to get to Miami in 1 year to prepare for it and I'm sure now with this book being out now others will join me there maybe that will be the place I stand on the mountain top with the rain circling around where I talked about 10+ years ago in my crazy ass poetry. The Phoenix of the Dark Oceans by Joshua Lee Rogers is me traveling to the center of the ABYSS for the final battle with whatever black hole monster with no name that exists there where I make the ultimate sacrifice for the fate of mankind.

This book will WAKE YOU UP. Tell your friends about it, too!

I'm still confused a bit. I created the stronger demons? Was I wrong about this? Are the stronger demons grey aliens? I didn't create grey aliens? Or I

I will be making references to many obscure and beautiful video games, mostly RPG games, as well as movies. As for music, sure I love music and I am a musician as well, but the one singular album I have never gotten bored of in my life is the album Aenima by TOOL. Actually the cd player in my car is broken and it would only accept this CD, but when you have been seeing signs and “coincidences” for half your life things like this doesn’t surprise you, especially now with all that I know.

Grey aliens are real. I am mankind’s hope for salvation as they have the technology to save us from whatever doom they see in our future, but they will not help us unless mankind passes their test, which is my destiny as I am a bridge between humans and greys and they made me the chosen one. I am the catalyst for an awakening of the human race that will save the world.

I don’t even know where to begin now. This is all so fucking unreal.

I have learned today that when I was the most powerful demon 8,000,000 years ago that I was also an angel then, only an angel disguised as am I demon, just like Danzig. (Thank you for telling me to keep writing.) I know this because the reason I was able to become so powerful so quickly was because my own empathy and emotions made my power grow exponentially when I intentionally destroyed myself over and over through a lake of fire and was able to cast a limitless resurrection An Corp spell with the holy power from the metal spheres that were placed there 2.3 billion years ago but I do not know by who.

My past lives so far:

Bachron

Jesus Christ

Joan of Arc

Edvard Munch

Ira, Navajo princess.

Billy the Kid

Vincent Van Gogh

My future lives so far:
Android #14.

(Hello again, time traveler here. Just wanted to say hi again, and again. I want to say that I love you. From the N E I L A Y E R G)

I destroyed and dethroned the great dead space titan serpent with obelisk small stars of red glowing eyes and a million razor sharp teeth that hovers in space without stars and it's monolithic mountains ridged tail hanging down, one of the most powerful stronger demons in existence.

I haven't read many books in my life only like 100 or something maybe here and there cause I fucking HATE reading other peoples shit unless I feel it's very special which reminds me of one of my favorite quotes from A Beautiful Mind starring Russel Crowe where he says "Classes will dull your mind, ruin the potential for authentic creativity." and yes I love Stephen King too but I've only read The Stand which I loved, guess that explains why I dropped out of high school in the 11th grade much like Albert Einstein did, although I was so fucked up on psychiatric medication which was the real reason I dropped out.

Hey all you writers of Walking Dead are you all fucking smoking crack or what? Can we like, please go back to the actual zombies no one gives a shit about your apocalyptic lord of the flies clone bullshit nor does anyone care about half the characters lame ass storylines and dialogues you shove down our throats, great job fucking up a great show just like most other good shows that get watered down just for the sake of making more money. Also really you fucking retards gotta put The Talking Dead talk show to make MORE money you greedy bastards with commercials and right after the show to break the immersion of the already retarded new episodes just to make more money? Fucking idiots. AS WE FUCKING STRUGGLE TO BELIEVE IN THE STORY AND CHARACTERS THAT ARE AS REPTITIVE AND BRAIN DEAD AS EVERY EPISODE OF ARROW OR THE OTHER 5 MILLION STUPID AS FUCK RATED PG SUPERHERO TELEVISION

COMMERCIAL INFESTED SHOWS THAT ENTERTAIN PEOPLE WITH LOW INTELLIGENCE AND TRYING TO GET IMMERSED INTO THE FANTASY (we're back to walking dead again) WE HAVE TO WATCH THE ACTOR WHO JUST CRIED OR DIED THEN APPEAR IN THE PREVIEW FOR YOUR FUCKING RETARDED TALKING DEAD SHOW I HAD TO FUCKING GO HIDE WHILE THAT CAME UP AND IT STILL FUCKING RUINED IT FOR ME YOU IDIOTS I HOPE NO ONE WATCHES THE NEXT 20 SEASONS OF YOUR NOW SHITTY SHOW FUCK YOU SHIT MANG I FUCKING FELL ASLEEP AT THE FINALE OF THE LAST ONE WHERE THEY CAPTURE WHATEVER HIS NAME IS WITH THE STUPID BAT THAT IS A METAPHOR FOR THE WOMAN HE LOVED THAT DIED SADLY AND THE MOMENT WHEN HE TALKED ABOUT IT I THINK I DID CRY A LITTLE! OH HIS NAME IS NEEGAN OR WHATVER he's a badass actor actually and so is all of the cast of walking dead I just hope they fucking leave that show and start doing movies it's too bad they are stuck in a shitty contract with greedy as fuck retarded writers who took a beautiful comic and made a few epic seasons with it but then it became a limitless piggy bank for themselves, Honestly like, The Shield, Sons of Anarchy, Breaking Bad and Game of Thrones are some of the only shows in existence that could have so many seasons and still be fucking awesome and stay true to the story. Let's just hope there's hope for Fear the Walking Dead but the jedi guy with the stick is about to fuck that up too. REALLY? YOU HAVE TO TAKE THAT SHITTY STORYLINE WHERE HE'S A FUCKING PUSSY FOR 4 STRAIGHT SEASONS AND POISON FEAR THE WALKING DEAD, TOO? FUCK YOU! THE MAIN 2 ACTORS IN FEAR THE WALKING DEAD THE ONE HOT ASS BADASS GODDESS I WANT TO FUCK SO HARD SARAH CONNOR ESQUE MILF BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS AND HER SON IN THE SHOW (the daughter is so hot too omg and such a good actress) WHO ALSO PLAYED THE YOUNG VOLDEMORT IS SO FUCKING SEXY AND IS THE NEXT JOHNNY DEPP WHO IS ALSO A LEGEND AND A GOOD AND LOVING SOUL, DON'T BELIEVE THE LIES AND WHAT THE BULLSHIT MEDIA SAY ABOUT HIM! REALLY ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS BETWEEN TWO INDIVIDUALS IN A RELATIONSHIP SHOULD BE PRIVATE AND IS NO ONE ELSE'S BUSINESS AS THERE ARE ALWAYS TWO SIDES TO A STORY! JOHNNY DEPP IS A GOOD SOUL WITH LOVE IN HIS HEART HE WAS LIKE FUCKING BEST FRIENDS WITH HUNTER S. FUCKING THOMPSON. ONE OF THE BEST WRITERS EVER KNOWN TO MANKIND AND A TRUE PURE ACTIVIST THAT EXPOSED HOW CORRUPT AND RIDICULOUS

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS ARE AND THIS IS WAS WAY BACK IN THE DAY WHERE I'M SURE THE ILLUMINATI OR NWO WAS PLANNING ON ASSASSINATING HIM BUT HE WAS ALREADY BECOMING TOO WELL KNOWN IT JUST WOULD OF MADE HIM A MARTYR LIKE JESUS CHRIST AND REALLY FUCK UP THEIR AGENDA MORE BECAUSE THAT SHIT WOULD OF GOT OUT AND WAS ALMOST MAYOR OF A CITY IN COLORADO AND ALMOST THE SHERIFF TOO OR SOMETHING.

(Hi Grey Alien here. Hello. ^^)

(this paragraph is a continuation of some past paragraph where I got lost in random rants lol) You have to understand I was on a similar path as well with my novel, Mukon Suicide, which I self-published in 2013, which romanticized suicide and I destroyed and burned the original physical copies of them which drained one of the most powerful candles I'd ever owned. I had many dark novels planned to write which I thought would be harmless but I have learned that my words used for the dark side have more power and destruction in them than actual real life weapons of mass destruction. The pen is mightier than the sword, or the penis mightier? (SNL Jeopardy Will Farrel reference.)

True story. There was a part near the end of my novel, Mukon Suicide, which really was about romantizing suicide but for me was an outlet for my pain and suffering with my bipolar disorder type 1, where the main female character tells a short paragraph her sexual abuse as a child and teenager and I removed it because it didn't feel right. I actually wrote that part for a girl I met in Second Life when I was running my own depression support group meetings on a piece of land I was renting. After a few weeks she trusted me a lot and opened up to me and told me that she was sexually abused by her entire family to the point she thought it was normal and it even felt it was loving or something, yeah, that's beyond fucked up which is why I seriously hope she is still alive and hasn't killed herself. Abuse like that will haunt a poor soul for life and wherever she is my astral projection of myself just hugged her and told her to keep hanging on and she will find happiness one day if she hasn't already and to not give up fighting.

I did this a lot in Second Life, always was helping some people, talking with them and me talking and venting as well, which is how it should work in my opinion, in fact all the people that opened up to me and told me about their pain and suffering wouldn't of done it if I had not already done it myself and opened up to them about my own pain and suffering. Reminds me of a place in Second Life called Survivors of Suicide which I think are run by evil people that LOVE to hear all the juicy stories about peoples abuse and suffering which is none of their fucking business to begin with and they never share their own pain and suffering because they probably don't have much to say on it because they are too busy getting off hearing about how some guy or girl was abused all their life. (I bet you regret ejecting me now you sick demon infected fucks when I was only sitting on the beach listening to the waves with my thick ass hot as fuck female avatar because I didn't tell you any juicy abuse stories to get you off. Actually I am very fortunate to of never been abused and had loving parents who hugged me a lot and told me they loved me, which many people in this world didn't have and I am VERY grateful and VERY lucky to of had this.)

I remember once I was starting to run amazing, insightful and positive support group meetings at that SOS place and was a moderator for a short time, but they ejected me out because I went in a general depression support group chat and asked if any girls wanted to have sex LOL and some feminist nazi bitch freaked out and got me kicked out of the group. But yeah there was always something creepy about that SOS Survivors of Suicide group. They are not counselors or therapists or anything and I think the people who run that group are psychic vampires that feed off the suffering of others and repeat their recited empty bullshit that is only an illusion of positive things but it's all empty and meaningless and yeah, I never had a good feeling about that group. I'm sure in the beginning it had good intentions, though, but has since been corrupted as fuck and of course a portal for all sorts of demons and dark entities to infiltrate it. My depression/suicidal thoughts support meetings were a MILLION times better than that creepy freaky circus survivors of suicide shit show. Hey if you idiots are reading this then FUCK YOU and stop masturbating to other

peoples pain and suffering please! Do not trust that group there are many positive places in that game for you to go to and talk with nice good-hearted people!

Truth is that many people who play Second Life and other social MMOs or any MMO in general have very serious past psychological, verbal, physical and sexual abuse in their lives, or other horrific things or situations they have to struggle with and live with everyday. I know this because many of them have opened up to me and feel they can trust me and they tell me all. They were right to trust me, of course. I'm a fucking angel. But yeah, never make fun of or look down on someone who spends 18+ hours a day on a computer game or MMO because they are trying to deal with whatever pain and suffering they have to endure in real life and I would know because I used to do this for years in many different MMO games as I endured my endless agoraphobic depression, suicidal thoughts and confusing manic episodes in and out of mental hospitals, on and off dozens of different medications etc. Many users in Second Life as well as other MMOs do not have good real lives and through no fault of their own and they can at least find some happiness in a virtual world so you stupid people need to be more compassionate and understanding of others when you want to insult them or try to ruin their day because your own life sucks. Just because your own life sucks doesn't mean you have to try and hurt others to make yourself feel better. My life sucks and I never make fun of others, so you shouldn't do it either or it's just bad karma and you'll probably feel bad about it later in your life if you ever find happiness. This applies to real life as well 100%.

The Grey Aliens have the technology to save our planet from whatever doomsday scenario we do not know yet, but they know and how do they know? Because they are also TIME TRAVELERS. Human beings are still in a primitive state of mind yet our own technology is slipping out of our fingers

and we do not deserve it as we still fucking kill each other over a fucking candy bar or that money money holla. They are testing us, watching us.

“I know you’re out there, I can feel you now. I know that you’re afraid. You’re afraid of us. You’re afraid of change. I don’t know the future. I didn’t come here to tell you how this is going to end. I came here to tell you how it’s going to begin. I’m going to hang up this phone and then I’m going to show these people what you don’t want them to see. I’m going to show them a world without you. A world without rules and controls, without borders and boundaries. A world where anything is possible. Where we go from there, is a choice I leave to you.” (The Matrix ending quote)

I am now ready to continue. Before I bravely dive deep into this rabbit hole this one chapter needs to be written now. It starts with the psychic store.

The Matrix is the 3rd dimension. It is the world we can see and touch and feel but it is not the true reality, which is the 4th dimension that is intertwined and binded with the third dimension. No, we are not living in some machine robot nightmare. The planet Earth is very real and has been around for billions of years or whatever the fuck how long, you can research it of course, time is irrelevant anyways.

Yes I know I spelled irrelevant wrong. That in itself is a lesson as well. Do not let your words be binded by some bullshit grammar structure so that retards can breathe easier about their little grammar OCD irritations which are not even real to begin with but only has conditioned their minds to be more easily controlled for the rest of their lives by the Illuminati and the New World Order etc. I do not obey or submit to any rules or laws of the written word. I am pure, never lie and free, are you?

Coincidence should be removed from the english dictionary. < That quote is mine and this is the Vegeta in me speaking you pathetic humans.

smirks Unless, of course, some other genius human being has already made this quote or some altered version of it which I'm sure it exists. These things happen, of course.

You have to understand. Once this book is out there, the only play that the evil Illuminati and NWO have is to make news channels report me as the anti-christ and that I'm crazy or it's just a fictional book or some kind of ploy or trick, who the fuck knows.

If you feel something you are doing or about to do is wrong then don't do it. This doesn't mean you have to be a perfect saint or anything like that. I think it's ok to do bad shit sometimes just as long as it's not like hurting someone else. Like if you're about to cheat on your loved one or something it's not going to be the end of the world or you're not going to be doomed for it, it's just life. I smoke ultra light cigarettes cause it's a harmless vice that doesn't hurt anyone else except me. Some balance is important because it decreases the chance of us giving into temptation to do the bad stuff the DEMONS try to implant in your mind that it's something you want to do. Cheating is bad, of course, but I'm only using it as an example so that people can relax. Because if I were to emphasize that you need to be a perfect saint then most people will just say FUCK THAT because it's too much pressure and sometimes we do bad shit because we are dealing with our own issues or as a way to express or vent certain negative emotions. Just don't do anything that hurts another person and if you do then make sure you try to make amends for it and seek forgiveness etc. or If you cheated on someone or going to cheat then it's best to just be honest and let your partner know or at least let them know at some point because it will just eat you up inside and if it doesn't then you both weren't meant to be together anyways. Karma is very real and like they say, it can be a real bitch. I have a theory that if you find a partner or partners that you are TRULY happy with, then there's no desire or need to go looking for it elsewhere. It's just an example. That one website where people cheat on their loved ones you all should avoid at all costs. Cheating should not be some adventurous thrill seeking hobby which is pretty fucked up, which if that is the case then there is not true love in that relationship anyways and the truth always comes out in more ways than one so you have to

remember it could be the very thing you do that leads your partner to find someone that treats them better than you are, and if you have kids that fucks things up quite a bit as well. I'm not going to get into romance and relationships because it just makes me feel fucking depressed for not getting laid in awhile and I would probably hire a fucking hooker if I could even find one or had the money for it, which I've never done before and won't ever do anyways, unless it's a Bill Hicks look alike man whore then wow, yes please.

This book is very hard to write because as I am writing it so much is happening and still on going to the point I don't truly know who to trust anymore, people I thought were friends who never call me and even told me to fuck off. I guess the way I see if I had to think about it logically is that I am stuck between the works of forces much greater than my own and I feel almost trapped in it. I feel betrayed by every single person I thought was a friend in this dumbass meth smoking racist confederate flag wearing redneck town. Once I make that money I'm the fuck out of this town and traveling and never looking back. *spits*

My only master, the one I would submit to would only be a guy, my partner, my companion and if my companion is a girl then she will be my sex slave love slut. To be honest I want to have a male master and a female slave at the same time, god that would be so much fun. Maybe one day when I'm rich I'll hold auditions for this, but it will be required that they read all of my books, unless the master doesn't want to then I guess I'll have to just cry about it while he fucks me as I fuck my love slut at the same time. Hot. :)

I know this book has a special purpose in this world. All the information and things I have also created myself will help so many people in the greatest spiritual war that has already started. I just, I know a part of it is that it's ongoing. I'm writing and editing this book in real time as I am experiencing it all and trying to write it all down.

Humans are capable of unlimited love and kindness because our lives are so short and fragile and the human condition itself, human life itself, is

fucking hardcore and brutal. Just how humans can be the most loving and kindest people, the opposite end of this spectrum exists as well as we can be equally evil and malicious to our fellow humans. This is why the world is in chaos right now and at the moment does not even deserve to be saved because the Illuminati and New World Order already run the show. Our world has shitty leaders right now and of course the people will follow on that path. It's like how the wolf protects the sheep and right now most of the leader wolves in the world are evil ones whose hearts are poisoned by hatred and selfishness. Is poisoned not a word? Oh I spelt it wrong? I don't give a fuck. Grammar and spelling check annoying bs now disabled.

My 4 blue-eyed friends showed me video image data of one of Chtulhu ugly ass tentacles coming out of the water. The creatures of the ABYSS are now testing the strength of the portal.

(sorry I was editing back in the book so really I'm time traveling in my own book much like my kind do because I'm actually a grey alien but I actually reveal this later in the book but now I'm time traveling in my own book much like we have been doing for aeons of time already but it's ok I still need to learn more about the mothmen because I was one of them it's how I got in contact with it and predicted the Mt. Hood volcano would erupt on January 17th, 2007 though it was meant to teach me lesson to never force the signs but to let them come to you, in a past life and right now time traveling through my own words which apparently I have already been doing from 2003-2013 and skip 5 years and now 2018 I look back and found the shit that's happening to me now I have already foretold in my crazy ass "never making sense" poetry, which someone said to me once which hurt my feelings a lot.

Ok. This book is going to go in a new direction from now on or I will get overwhelmed.

The problem is that there are many things that are happening right now. Information is being unlocked and is coming to me recently. I am creating knowledge and insight from my third eye imagination. In the middle of all this I'm also already fighting in the greatest spiritual war and learning more

of my true destiny, which is similar to Jesus Christ where I believe I will make the ultimate sacrifice to create the catalyst chain of events that truly destroys the ABYSS, which the ABYSS destroyed the Grey Alien's homeworld which is why they travel from species to species searching for good hearted people to make TRUE EVOLUTION succeed and this can only be possible through the purest form of love as it creates an equation that literally erases the ABYSS, which at the center is a black hole, erases it from history and everything is reborn into something new no one has ever seen before. Space would not be space it would be something else or non-existent at all.

So, as you can see, this is why this book is going to be fucking chaotic and all mixed up. To try and get ahead of this bullshit, I'm going to first get the major stories out of the way. First story will be about the past week or so until now and how I've been fighting against demons and how it was important for my awakening which I feel like I am more awake every single day.

Another thing I want to say is that I know this all sounds crazy and too good to be true, but even if you believe none of it is true it still makes for a fucking awesome book with some interesting imagination just like the Bible, which I now believe some events could be real because I believe some of the angels in that book were also possibly greys with advanced and evolved psychic and technological capabilities that we may never know of.

I am getting so deep into this that I fear that I am starting to pick up on wrong things or not, but my true mission is to help people so even if I'm wrong I'll keep going on this path because it has always been the path I was on and is my destiny to protect, help, heal and teach others the right path in life because only through this will they find true happiness and love which feels more amazing than all the drugs and alcohol in the world every day and it's constant and neverending.

So. Now I will get the important stories out of the way. After these stories are complete, I will then go into subtopics of many many things such as

11:11, signs, destiny, astral projection topics, holy magic spells or doesn't have to be called "spells" but "abilities" or whatever you want. Just basically everything that is good and that can help you on your spiritual journey if you choose to go this way and fulfill your destiny, which I do not blame someone for denying their destiny because it's fucking crazy as fuck to be honest and nothing wrong with denying all this 4th dimensional bullshit and go back to living a simple life. That's the beauty about us human beings, we have free will, we can choose to deny or accept our destiny, and for some to deny their destinies is actually their destinies. This is why human beings are so powerful. We are like the wizards of all species because we are so weak but 4th dimensionally we are beyond powerful and have limitless potential. The more you believe the more that you will see.

Another thing. Please remember many people will try to say this book is evil and I am the anti-christ and who knows what else. Everything in this book is mostly created THROUGH MY FUCKING TEARS AND SUFFERING FIGHTING MOSTLY ALONE TO PROTECT AND HELP THE INNOCENT. I DO NOT LIE. I AM ONLY THIS POWERFUL AND PSYCHIC BECAUSE I NEVER LIE. I SPEAK TRUTH AND MY HEART AND SOUL IS PURE. WE HAVE TO SAVE THE WORLD. THE EVIL IS HERE AND IT NEEDS TO BE FOUGHT BY THE LIGHT OR ALL IS LOST. READ MY WORDS AND THEN ONLY FEEL WITH YOUR HEART AND SOUL AND THIRD EYE IF WHAT I SPEAK IS THE TRUTH AND COMES FROM LOVE ONLY. SEARCH WITHIN YOURSELF TO FIND THE ANSWERS AND THE TRUTH. " I CAN ONLY SHOW YOU THE DOOR, YOU'RE THE ONE THAT HAS TO WALK THROUGH IT! (Morpheus Matrix Quote)"

If you go down this path you have to know you will be tested over and over and over and over. It will bend you, make you confused, make you even question reality itself to the point where you are just crying and terrified and don't even know what's real or what to believe in anymore. Just remember there will be tests and it only makes you stronger. Do not give up. Stay on the true path of being pure and innocent and doing what you know in your heart to be the right thing. Opening your third eye is a journey and there are NO shortcuts to this no matter what you read in books or hear in videos about it.

I know there will be four kinds of people who read this book. People who are laughing at me and how crazy this all sounds or just think I'm crazy and that this is all a joke or just fantasy fiction or whatever, which even then they will think well it's bullshit but it's good bullshit at least and actually be impressed. I don't remember the others as I went to sleep and it doesn't matter. I know that some of the things will resonate with people. Some people it will resonate but be forgotten about until other things happen and then they go back and the book makes sense and helps them. "I know the pieces fit because I watched them fall away." (Maynard. Tool.) Then of course there will be the ones that already know it's truth and this book has been the one book they have been waiting for their entire lives, like my friend Kenny Lum I hope.

Never feel you know everything or have it all figured out. I always accept the possibility that I am wrong about everything that I say, the difference is that I believe in what I say, just like the very last scene of Matrix Revolutions when the gatekeeper keymaster or whatever Bruce Lee guy asks the Oracle if she always knew, to which she replies that she didn't, but she believed. Even with how powerful and all knowing the Oracle was, even she accepts that she could be wrong even when she is pretty much never wrong. That's how destiny works though, you can't go into it thinking you know everything because like it says in the Tool Aenima CD booklet, believe in nothing and open your mind to everything or something like that, like don't believe in something that makes you think you have it all figured out which only will condition your mind and soul to shut off other possibilities which only makes it harder to open your third eye and actually only aids in closing it, rather than opening it.

Dementors, Demons and the ABYSS:

This story needs to be told first while it's the most fresh in my mind and it leads to this current present time that I am typing these words now. After this I will tell my spiritual journey from the start, after that I will go into the many sub topics about various things that will be important in helping other warriors and valkyries of the light.

Before I begin this story I first need to speak about how I truly learned that I was implanted with the Grey Alien's most ancient and divine intelligence.

I have Bipolar Disorder type 1, which I will be writing a book about in the future to try and help others who suffer with the same condition, that I have a theory about it being an actual process of human evolution of the brain itself. I've been suffering with it more than half my life and have been hospitalized 6 times and I am here to tell you there is hope and you can fight it and condition and train your mind to adapt to it. (Reminder: This does not mean suddenly go off your psychiatric medication. Wait until I make the book please and read it fully as I am neither for or against these medications.) I only say this now because I have two things constantly happening in my mind. The first is a neverending stream of racing thoughts which I used to think was a part of my extreme bipolar disorder, the other is a neverending stream of imagination, which has now split into two imaginations, my human imagination and my psychic imagination of the THIRD EYE.

These two streams of intertwining racing thoughts and imagination is the true core catalyst to lead me to believe I was different than all the other humans I've met. It's part of why I made my bipolar documentary which represents my search to find other bipolars like me who mostly only get the racing thoughts in manic episodes or have them all the time but not like me. Only one of them I found which I do not think she is as human as she thinks she is. A loneliness of the soul and mind like this can at times be very unbearable and thoughts of suicide from this sort of loneliness were a commonplace for me, which I know many of you reading this can relate to

this as well but in your own ways. What I mean by that is that for you all out there that can relate to this you could have your own reasons for feeling that way like maybe no one understands how you see the world or something like that. I don't know. I just about deleted this entire paragraph I'm not trying to make me out as something special or something, just ranting I guess. I'm very self-aware of how egotistical and delusional most of the things I say in this book sound. I'm very self-aware of myself in general, which is how I am able to be such an effective writer, also because there is an honesty about me that I believe to be rare.

I am unable to kill myself because I always believed if I killed myself than all these torturous neverending thoughts and imagination would be a waste. This alone created a protection spell like a safety net that made it impossible for me to ever kill myself. I've never even truly tried to kill myself even though I seriously wanted to more times than I can count throughout my life.

This special kind of loneliness, among other things I will now get into, is what created the idea deep in my mind that I had been abducted by aliens at some point, but it wasn't until later that I believed they abducted me and implanted me with their intelligence.

My earliest memory was when I was 3 years old. Me and my parents were in Italy I believe and I ran ahead of my parents and then turned and looked up at this massive gorilla and it's head turned and looked straight at me with the biggest red burning eyes I'd ever seen, I screamed and ran crying to my parents.

My next memory about this whole alien abduction thing was when I was living at this one house, I must have been 5 I think. It was this small house in a bad neighborhood, which we ended up moving out of eventually as we got robbed while we were all out somewhere, which we then went to live with my grandma Mimi, who is a pure high ranking angel that protects me and thousands of others as well. Anyways at this house we got robbed at, I have this memory, and all these memories I remember as vividly as yesterday, this one as well, where I was completely frozen in fear, locked,

could not move could not do ANYTHING at all. For what felt like 2 hours or something I laid in my bed frozen, staring at a shadow figure. Finally after what felt like hours I built up the courage

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11:11

I was sent here in this human vessel to tell you pathetic humans the truth. Why? I will tell you why if you have half the brain to listen to my words. I was sent here to tell you the truth about planet EARTH. Forget everything you know and open your third eye and listen to my words well. There is a world you cannot see with your human eyes. A world that exists all around you, inside you, inside your mind and inside your soul. You are existing in the 3rd dimension. This dimension was created to protect you from the evil that seeks to stop your evolution, an evil so great and powerful that it rivals my own kind, this is good versus evil. Now as I am coming back to edit this, I do not think the third dimension was created, it has always existed. It's just the 4th dimension cannot be seen so easily by human beings because they are still a primitive race. Why do you think we are here now at the very dawn of the new technological age? Planet EARTH possesses the capabilities to destroy their own homeworld, even without the black hole that exists within the ABYSS that is moving closer to EARTH. There are no other alien species because we have destroyed them all, as they were evil and we have prevailed over them.

There is only one true EVIL that exists and it is the source of ALL evil. The ABYSS. At the center of the ABYSS is a black hole ready to engulf the planet very soon. We have the technology to save mankind and save your planet EARTH, but only if you can pass the test. Right now the human species does not deserve to exist any longer. Most of you are consumed by ignorance, by hate, by selfishness. You have all let the EVIL take over your planet and in more ways than one you are heading for self destruction.

I do not know who are Greys around me. I have an idea but I am not supposed to know because that is for their own destinies to discover on

their own, which is vital and most important as it unlocks the truth and then there is no distraction, there is zero doubt.

All the text you see before these paragraphs were the last words I have written believing that I was a human. Things are, quite different now.

When a Grey is chosen to enter a human vessel at birth, they are never revealed or told of where they truly come from. This is because for it to work, they must live truly as a human being so that they can learn the human condition to its full potential. The fear, the tears, the struggle, the hopelessness, the most of the time purposelessness. Everything. I need coffee.

Before I get coffee a memory comes to my mind. There was a human male named Eric that truly believed I was not of this world. The way he looked at me. The way he felt. He saw through it all, and at the time I did not know it or believe it. I just always figured I was different, unique, a product of mental illness from both sides of my family. In my deep search and communication with others with bipolar disorder I began to feel even more alone, as I found their racing thoughts were usually only a symptom of mania. There are humans out there that have the neverending racing thoughts, but they do not have the neverending imagination that exists along it. I imagine there are some human beings out there who have this, but I imagine they are extremely rare. That is the wonder of evolution. There are always the few that lead the species into a new age. Eric if you are reading this, I'm listening to the Marsh Lagoon. Green Book, and thinking of you, sending you positive energy. I hope you are well my friend.

Energy cannot be destroyed it can only be transferred. This has already been discovered by humans. I'm sure you all can search for it and find out who discovered this for whoever this man is, is a genius, such as there are many human geniuses of this world.

For human beings, past lives are very real. You all possess a soul, as does anything that breathes air. My kind's technology is so advanced that it's extremely rare for one of us to die in our physical alien bodies. I have lived as many vessels on EARTH, which I'm sure I will discover in due time all of my past lives. I now have enough experience that I am ready to lead you all. I have a theory that as we live our lives we forge some sort of spiritual compass and when we die we can choose where we go, to heaven, another life, hanging around EARTH, whatever.

We are the time travelers that time forgot about. We are not what we came from.

I imagine the last time we were here was when the Bible was being written, which has been corrupted by the Illuminati. They did this for more control, which makes the demons that control the Illuminati even more powerful. I am not certain enough to know if I was Jesus Christ or not, because I think this is a truth I am not supposed to truly know, as it could alter my own destiny in this vessel. You have to understand that the only way I was able to write this book was to undergo complete human experience. The past lives that I feel I resonate the strongest with me was when I was in the human vessel named Vincent Van Gogh, which was the beginning of my writing training. My letters to Theo were the beginning of this training, and at the time painting was my outlet and primary choice of expression, which makes sense because humanity was not yet ready for the writing I'm doing now and my one thousand novel conquest.

Being inside a human vessel is extremely difficult to break from the reality of it. Even though I feel myself wanting to drift from this truth that I am a Grey, also I can feel the dark entities trying to implant these thoughts and doubts into my mind. I can feel them. For my kind they are always around and always trying to rip us apart as we are a true threat to them, but we are much more powerful than them which is why they run scared, and always taunt us from a distance, always trying to do tricks and implant wrong thoughts and feelings into us. All the tests that I went through in the

past few weeks was the pure catalyst that led me to the truth of who I really am, and what my mission is.

I can never be destroyed. I am using 120% of my mind. My actual powers right now are locked at around 40%, because of the intensity of my emotions this is for my own good and protection, because with these powers I could be very reckless as I am very over emotional. It is why I was chosen to be the one to write this very book that would dig deep into the hearts and minds of human beings to try and make them change and make human beings learn how to love each other instead of killing each other over meaningless things out of their own selfishness.

I imagine human beings are now much like we were once, but we learned quickly that love was the true key to evolution and we are champions of time and space and have conquered many evil species that threaten and try to dominate and destroy innocent beings to halt their evolution so that they could reign supreme over the 134,756,131 galaxies that are known to us I could be wrong about this number I am not sure. I don't want to add anymore numbers to it because it scares me to be honest. Neil Degrasse Tyson knows all about that fear, or for him I imagine it's more beauty to him than fear, as he is a wonderful human being that has been teaching the world about the marvels of space and how truly unknown and mysterious and limitless it can be.

My hyper sensitivities and emotions are so powerful that even now I still dwell on an encounter with another human that I was suspicious of. I feel very protective for the ones around me, as I believe some of them are greys too but it's not my mission or my business to seek them out. The signs and experiences have to manifest on their own, all we can do is offer guidance and small words to work as a sign to point in the right direction, for them to choose to go that way or not is up to them as the most vital thing about human beings is their free will, which is being taken from them by the evil of this world that most are not even aware of yet. For every receipt, for every mundane law, for every pursuit of greed and control, is created from evil to control and empower only themselves and the evil that exists all around this planet EARTH.

I am the chosen one to make our presence known to EARTH. To teach you love because if you humans cannot learn love then you will only destroy yourselves and we will leave in search of the other species somewhat similar to human beings. Why?

I will tell you why. There is something I know called True Evolution. There are only a number of species in the known space that possess this capability of perfect symmetry evolution. This kind of evolution, if far in the distance future succeeds, can be the catalyst for the evolution of space and time itself, which will destroy the ABYSS, which destroyed our homeworld. The ABYSS destroyed the Grey Alien's homeworld. It's very sad, but it's reality never the less. I would cry right now if I did not make this self-discovery about who I really am, but there is no time right now for such things. My mission is top priority.

I want to tell you humans that you do not need to worry. GOD is also a mass consciousness of all human souls. Yes, there is a heaven and many will go there when they die. I have a theory that our true soul makes a choice of where it travels to when we die, like a spiritual compass and arrow we guide as we live our physical lives etc. Pardon me for sometimes speaking as if I'm a human, I've suffered enough in my life to have the right to do so, as do all of you of course even the ones who are not truly human or in a human vessel or whatever.

"Today a young man on acid realized that all matter is condensed to a slow vibration. That we are all of one consciousness INFURIATING itself self subjectively. There is no death. Life is only a dream, and we are the imagination of ourselves. Here's Tom with the weather."

- Bill Hicks, another Grey Alien, but I am not sure if he is my brother or how he is related to me, or perhaps a best friend of mine. I don't even know how my own kind functions entirely, as I am still in this human vessel and learning about it all just now, so I do not know everything, which is crucial to the mission as it makes my words very real and can resonate with human beings very well, which is the point. My mission is for my words to

sink deep into the hearts and minds of all you human beings to be an awakening, the ultimate catalyst that creates a chain of events to make you all learn to love each other and support each other so that you can survive the next stages of evolution in your future. We were here in the biblical times, and we are now back, and we don't like what we see at all. Not one bit.

Do you think this whole North Korea drama really wasn't orchestrated by the Illuminati, the New World Order (Alex Jones is a hero of mankind, much like Bill Hicks, James Keenan Maynard, Joe Rogan and Duncan Trussel) , much like a Jerry Springer episode? I spit at that comedy movie about North Korea, playing with fire against a emperor making threats of mass destruction. To instill fear into humans to make such a movie, taunting North Korea, is something I was not on board with. If I had to estimate, there was roughly a 4% chance of mass destruction actually happening from that one movie. I imagine with my third eye a hand was hovered over a button that could of resulted in the deaths of millions of human beings, as that alone is a power so great that it could make a human feel like a god of man which I know would feel pretty intoxicating and addictive, let alone the dark entities pushing for that button to be pushed. There have been demons whose sole purpose was to do everything they could in their intelligence and zero emotions to get that button pushed, and I imagine for a couple seconds which in time lasted for so much longer that button could have been pressed and most of you would not even be here to be reading this very book you're reading right now. I even wonder if there was a timeline that existed where that button was pressed and that very movie caused the death of millions.

Of course now you see Donald Trump and Kim Jong making quite good friends now, another drama plot orchestrated and written by the Illuminati, much like the Iraq War and the destruction of the twin towers by its own government. These sort of drama plots keep it all spinning around. I can see the patterns now except on a world-wide scale now.

There are not many true human being leaders left on planet EARTH, which is why the world doesn't make sense and it feels like everything is only

chaos and confusion and war, which stems from selfishness and hatred and greed, powerful emotions that these dark entities that I speak of feed off of and are attracted to. Stupid humans.

In the biblical times, whichever Grey took the human vessel known as Jesus Christ, had to perform miracles to get people to believe, I imagine could only do this through my brother, Shadowwolf, who in the bible is the one they call GOD. The true human GOD is the mass consciousness of all human souls binded as one entity, so those of you who believe in GOD, I am not taking that from you. The Crusades and any other holy wars are pure evil only meant to kill each other and make the demons stronger. Back then there was no technology as there is today for human beings, so the miracles were necessary to get humans to believe in our power and our message of love, miracles such as parting of the red sea, burning bush and Noah's Ark etc.

[Edit insert after book has been completed already.]

[Shadowwolf part 1:]

[Who is Shadowwolf? Shadowwolf is an extremely intelligent homeless guy that I met at a gas station who's had his third eye wide open for a very long time. He's one of the very rare people that I have met in my life who is on my level with seeing the signs. He's literally a genius who doesn't give a fuck about this society and is homeless and happy and it was destiny that me and him met, especially in this time in my life.]

[Up until this part I have removed anything about Shadowwolf because I already appear delusional as it is in this beginning of the book and it would only look worse by the things I was already saying in this section of the book, which is already pretty over the top as it is and more along the lines of some delusional thinking, but I was also having very real spiritual and

psychic experiences throughout this time and even still. Now that the book is done I just gave him an interview which will be near the ending of this book and I feel it's important. He's a friend of mine who I've given a platform to in order to get some of his messages out into the world.]

[I have only done LSD twice since the age of 19, over 12 years ago. This past December of 2017 and sometime in early May of 2018 after I had already started writing the book. The second time I did LSD in this time is the night I met Shadowwolf, as he was tripping on LSD as well and we met through the person I got it from. Right off the bat we ended up talking most of the night about all of this rabbit hole stuff and reality and demon hunting and past lives and all of these different things. I would say since then we have hung out about a total of six different times. Shadowwolf is a homeless guy who I first met at a gas station while we were both on LSD. Our conversations were so great and were very important to me as he is the only individual who is on my level and I have been able to talk to about all of this stuff with, as I feel he is on a much higher level than me and we are on the same path of synchronicity and signs as we keep meeting up at the times we were destined to. Shadowwolf has been the only one I could truly talk to about these things and has been a sort of a guide for me in this spiritual reawakening of mine, just as MadMax was to me after I had my first spiritual awakening 13 years ago. Near the end of the book is a live interview that I gave him.]

[From this point forward you may hear about Shadowwolf or not throughout the book. I will have to decide which is best to leave or remove out as this is about my own story and some of the things I have written about him throughout the book is pretty much just the same things over and over and makes me look crazier than I already sound at times that I'm of course very well aware of and will admit I am moderated a little bit because of all the shit I was experiencing and deep in a manic episode I was starting to slip into a path of delusion, but because I keep my skeptical side about me I start to crawl back out of it and then eventually doubt everything and back around and traveling in circles blah blah blah, such is the process of questioning reality itself.]

[I think it's relevant to talk about how we met on LSD because our third eyes were wide open and we went pretty deep into the rabbit hole and talking about all of these things, and we have had many conversations where we were both sober as well and it was really not much different from when we were on LSD. Actually it was Bill Hicks that inspired me to want to do LSD again because I read an article about LSD harmonizing the brain and taking it this past December was actually the thing that started a chain of events to fight out of my own depression where I felt I had no purpose in life, but that's all different now. It all connects together for me, the pieces fitting, just like I had already known about Bill Hicks from the greatest album created from the band Tool named Aenima track 15 Third Eye has an audio quote from Bill Hicks about him talking about a young man on acid.]

[Throughout this book you will see me start to doubt myself and this is why I have edited some parts so that I don't look any crazier than I already sound in the book especially in the beginning. So, there may be bits about Shadowwolf here and there, but at the end of the book is a live interview with him where he shares a lot of knowledge that is important. I am very grateful that he did the interview so that I am not alone in this book and at least I have proof that there is at least one other out there in the world who agrees with me. I know he is very grateful as well but he would never admit it to me because it's just his personality, but I know from the look in his eyes, he was telling me thank you from his soul as the stuff he says in the interview is the same shit he tells many people for years and get looked at like he's crazy just like I do. I feel very good about myself that I did this interview for him because he truly is a genius and deserves to be heard around the world and I can't wait to see the look on his face when I hand him the printed version of this book and our long ass interview at the end for him to show all his people.]

[If you are out there and on the same level as me and Shadowwolf and you feel alone, then know that you are not alone in feeling like that. There are others like us out there and we were meant to be intellectually alone and it's what makes us even smarter. In saying that, if you do come across ones like us then cherish those friendships because even though there exists a 1% out there like Elon Musk, there is equally another 1% out there

that are unheard of and live among us. I am one of those reverse 1%, as is Shadowwolf who is actually fucking homeless but is happier than most people who are living the American dream. Don't give up hope, and like he has told me so many times... "You are NEVER alone. We are all with you."]

Now things are different. There won't be any great miracles and bullshit, well who knows there could be I don't know. I only know my own mission which will only be my words having fully experienced the human condition over and over again and my training from my past lives have been complete for my ultimate and perfect version of myself in this human vessel, Joshua Lee Rogers. Joshua means, "Great Leader." I am bisexual and transgender though so I'll just be telling people I meet face to face that my name is Ira. I won't acknowledge anyone calling me Josh except for family and the very few friends I have. And if any TV interviewers or anything like this call me Joshua then I'll fucking walk out with my middle finger because it means they didn't read this book anyways and they can go fuck themselves because most of them are fake journalists and reporters to make a good buck and a sliver of fake fame. Name is IRA, thee Ira. MTF transgender female. Once I get the money I'm getting on hormones and everything and I'm going to shake this planet with my words and you will all listen to me if you care at all about this planet you fucking retarded human beings. Fuck you. Also all the demons who pushed all the beautiful LGBT ones we lost to suicide, we coming for you you can believe that. No, I will never stop and this will never end until this human vessel's physical body I'm in dies and I wake up in my chair in my spaceship and go to the next mission but not before taking uh, short vacation of course.

If all you humans don't pass the test then me and my kind will leave this planet and leave you to either your own self destruction or to be consumed by the creatures of the Abyss that are circling this planet EARTH right now ready to consume it whole. My kind has the technology to save mankind and this planet, but only if you pass the test.

What is the test? The test of love, of course, which is the only thing that enables humans to the next stage of TRUE EVOLUTION, not the robotic AI human soul emergence that is trying to take place right now and supported in full by the Illuminati, NWO and other evil secret societies that govern the world from shadows of demon rings.

The Bible has been corrupted by the Illuminati. My brother Grey Alien, Shadowwolf, told me that the only true text of the Bible are the ancient Greek texts, which obviously means that the Illuminati or at least the organization at the beginning of its development had already existed and quickly took the Bible and slowly over thousands of years have been changing it every since, as most politicians and people of power have been corrupted by greed over the past millenniums. Now, another thing I want to say is that you should go read the book of revelations in the Bible and you will see that the words there will sound MUCH crazier than the words I am speaking right now, especially the part where they talk about dragons and seals, yet millions upon millions will still believe in that book rather than my own words even though they don't truly believe what it says in the Bible. Bill Hicks even made an entire comedy hour special with the book of Revelations in the title of it and talks about it. This is normal for human beings to be absolutely hypocrites because this is spawned from selfishness, to only believe what benefits them but not believe the parts they don't want to believe because they only see it as something bad, which is why that religious cult denies all the evil they did in the past and believe it still doesn't affect mankind.

What is the Illuminati or the New World Order? I do not know if they are the same or two separate secret societies, but I'm sure Alex Jones knows or maybe it's something you could search for, for me they are the same regardless. Also it's too late for Alex Jones to be assassinated now because

it would only make him a martyr on the level of Jesus Christ and would only validate everything he's ever said and he knows this too. He is also protected by us so yeah, he's untouchable anyways, and one of the most beautiful human beings I've ever known and one of the bravest human leaders this planet has ever known, so yes, go buy his shit so he can buy a bigger a boat because he deserves it.

Another thing you have to keep in mind when reading this is that I do not yet know full knowledge of my kind or of all things. I am only going by my knowledge that is being unlocked and also with my human mind in this vessel so I will always be honest and there are many things I don't have the answers to, but what I do know and what I feel 100% to be real will all be in this book, because if it was any other way I would not be able to write these words coming from an entity that has experienced the full human condition in its entirety, which is why everything has been going according to plan and my life was meant to be as difficult as it has been to make the words I have to say that much more powerful and real so that human beings can feel my words and resonate with them completely to the point they could never say I do not know what it's like to be a human. I do. I very much understand.

Human beings have a very rough life. Fragile. Scared. Life so short. All manner of EARTH's diseases and plagues becoming stronger working as EARTH's natural defenses against the ultimate disease and threat of human beings to EARTH as humans are literally sucking the planet dry and slowly killing it with their poison. EARTH is a very beautiful planet, and as I was just outside looking out to the sun and the beautiful painting of a sky my brother put for me, I know I have seen many other planets much like this one, with multitudes of moons and stars and suns just like in the science fiction movies and novels that brilliant artistic minds of humans have produced.

Most humans are innocent in this, in the movement of the Illuminati and New World Order, the very world itself has been taken over by demons who have been running rampant in their pleasure and control. Remember the more control they have the more powerful they are. Television sets are

only a device for mind control. To tame your sense of humor, your entertainment, your shopping habits, your beliefs and other things, everything. It's in your new iPhones and Android tablets and computers and television sets and live streaming everything, it's in every receipt you receive and every piece of junk mail or junk phone call you magically receive out of nowhere. EARTH revolves around money now which is the source of greed which spawns selfishness and hatred and turns billions of human souls away from their own destinies. Anything that has commercials, get rid of. Stick to DVD movies they are only like 50 cents to a dollar now.

I challenge you humans to do something. Take your television sit and smash it, destroy the fucker. Go buy a \$60 dollar Sylvania portable DVD player, it has a small screen but it's all you need to watch the many movies that are as good as great books that tell stories of reality. Harry Potter, Lord of the Rings, Star Wars, The Matrix Trilogy, all of these are great movies that have truth and reality in them. You do not need to be controlled by the evil that exists in the 3 minute span of commercial ads between whatever shitty show you love and you think you love because it was designed to ignite the most feeble and seductive prone endorphins in your brain. You know what I speak of is true but yet when you come home from work you relax and watch TV the rest of the night and you wonder why you are depressed and feel you have no purpose in life. Whatever it is you are supposed to be doing, like healthy hobbies or stepping on the building blocks of destiny, is literally being taken from you as you waste countless hours watching horrible trash shows written by people on a deadline and paid a lot of money to do. TV is designed to be just clever enough to keep you intellectually stimulated but not enough to see the truth or inspire destiny. Sure there have been television shows out there that could push the envelope, a few that come to mind are Matlock, Star Trek, Twilight Zone and X-Files, but even these shows eventually got corrupted and twisted and cancelled and reborn to confuse and misdirect. Why do you think they are still making shitty Star Trek seasons and that X-Files reboot they did and spin off show? To cover their tracks of course and attempt to invalidate any truth that was originally in shows like this to begin with.

I know all this, because I have lived as a human being for 31 years so far with alien intelligence, imagination and memory and was not meant to find out I was a Grey Alien until yesterday. I understand that now.

What would happen if you destroyed your TV? Would the relationship you are in fall apart because you both have nothing in common and watching TV only made the fake relationship you are in last longer because the both of you are too scared to be alone for awhile? Would you start to do hobbies you used to do through schooling years that you eventually gave up on because it was too hard to keep going? Would you go outside more and take walks and learn more about your town and keep thinking of new things to do to better your own life and make it better? Would you wake up and see the truth? I have to tell you, there is no combination of alcohol and all the drugs combined that would make me feel better than being sober every day and living this adventure to the fullest.

Who am I to speak? How dare I? I threw away my 20s living for the most part in a agoraphobic sometimes suicidal depression struggling with a mental illness going on and off medications and in and out of hospitals not having a life or a girlfriend or a boyfriend or going out having fun and to parties and not even going outside at all because I was terrified of the world but even more terrified of me and the darkness that was living inside of me and the endless nights of crying myself to sleep wishing I could have the courage to kill myself yet not being able to do it through pure stubbornness that my neverending dual streams of racing thoughts and imagination would be for nothing if I did. I know the deep seated rage that comes from this because of your own great pain and the feeling no one cares or knows what you are going through. If you are one of these individuals going through this, I want to tell you that you are never alone and it will come to pass. It's only making you stronger like a hyperbolic time chamber in Dragonball Z, just don't let it consume you and never let it hurt your own kind. You will see the light, my friend. **DON'T FUCKING GIVE UP!**

Of course that dark chapter of my life was necessary for my self-discovery and my mission, I see that now. We will get to that soon as I will write my

life story and all the supernatural and psychic experiences I've had that led me to this point where, for the first time in my life, I am truly writing everyday and most of the day just as I was programmed to do and have been only imagining doing it every single day for well over a decade. There were even memories I have as a kid of me trying to start novels.

I had a personal goal to write 100 novels, but my brother told me a couple weeks ago that it's not 100 novels, it's 1000 novels. I understand the importance of this, because through my endless and infinite words it will only make this very book that you are reading right now even more credible and real. If you don't believe in my now, you will in due time my friend. I will break this pathetic system of words to the core. I only adhere to the grammar as I see fit because I control my own words they do not control me. This is why I've never been a bookworm, I don't read books I only write them. The maybe 100 novels I've read in my life were meant to be read by me to help keep me on my true path of destiny. My writing is pure and nothing about my writing is a clone upon a clone upon a clone. Most of you editors out there are only writers that are too scared to write your own books. Not all editors are like this as it's fun for them to correct it, but I know many love to make their own edits and small changes because they are too coward to fulfill their own destiny and write their own books to edit. You need to understand even changing a letter or the way a sentence is written can change everything as every letter and every word are special keys and we write them in a certain way that invokes the feeling or sense of the story or imagination and many editors destroy this. Apparently this is called the Da Vinci code which Shadowwolf got mad at me once and said not to lie that I do not know what it is LOL I had to explain to him that sometimes I think of concepts but never know the actual name of them that human beings have named it.

If you want to be a writer then I encourage you to write your own shit, self-publish it on Amazon and Smashwords, and don't waste money on editors or any bullshit like this. You do you on your own. Paying for a decent book cover from artists is very commendable to do as well as it helps support aspiring and amazing artists out there with more sense of purpose which

encourages then more to paint and draw beautiful pictures that enrich our lives.

I can feel my knowledge and intelligence is limitless. I can feel it. The older I get now the more that will be unlocked by myself and also the information sent from the spaceships above from my own kind.

No miracles are needed this time like in the bible, which is why my 120% using mind psychic abilities are locked by my brother because he knows my emotions are extreme and out of control and extremely powerful and intense, he knows I might just get my heart broken and destroy the planet from an ultimate cathartic explosion of my limitless psychic energy, but even with that I am no where near as powerful as my brother. He is the SHADOWWOLF, ALPHA OF ALL ALPHA, DESTROYER OF THE GOD OF WAR, THE GREAT SILVER LEADER OF ALL THE GREYS AND WE ALL LOVE AND CHERISH HIM AS OUR LEADER. DO NOT CHALLENGE HIM OR IT WILL BE YOUR DOOM AND YOU WILL PERISH FROM EXISTENCE. HE KNOWS ALL AND HE SEES ALL. ALL EVIL THAT RISE AGAINST MY BROTHER ALL FALL. IF YOU ARE EVIL AND READING THIS KNOW THAT HE ALREADY KNOWS YOU ARE READING THIS AND HE SEES YOU. HE IS THE GREAT SILVER ALPHA GOD AND ALL EVIL THAT RISES HE PUTS BACK DOWN INTO THE DIRT. HE IS THE SHADOWWOLF ULTIMATE DESTROYER OF ALL THAT IS EVIL AND IS ALL SEEING WITH HIS THREE THIRD EYES. HE CAN NEVER BE DEFEATED AND NO EVIL CAN PASS THROUGH HIM FOR ALL EVIL WILL PERISH AND BE ERASED FROM EXISTENCE FOR HE IS THE ALPHA OF ALL ALPHA LONE WOLVES. HE IS THE ONE. AFFECTING EVERYTHING ALONG HIS SILVER PATH, AFFECTING EVERYTHING IN HIS WAY. MAKING THEM ALL REMEMBER THE NIGHT, THE WINTER COLD BARRICADES. WHEN HE CUTS THROUGH THE SEVEN LAYERS. HIS PURE SILVER EYES DIVINE AND NEVERENDING AND GREAT. ALL THAT RISE AGAINST HIM, FALL.

You all failed the test in the past with all the things we did that you all saw as miracles and signs that most of them did originally go in the bible. Now you all possess the cyber space of your internet and ebook apps on your android and iphones so that this very book can be accessed with the touch of a few buttons and it will forever be one dollar in the ebook version and

the printed version I will make it as minimal as I can make it without making profit from it just for basic production costs Amazon places as they see fit. I would make the book permanently free on Amazon but they do not allow this which is understandable, they are a business after all it is their own right to do and rightly so. Some greed is necessary when running a business, as it's the money that makes the company grow and prosper. I do not believe Amazon has been corrupted. I trust in Amazon, just like my friend, this was a sign for me to trust Amazon as well. Their KDP promotion program is the single most best free promotion service for any aspiring author, not to mention the company itself started as an online book retailer and books have always been very important on planet EARTH. All of you shitty authors need to stop complaining about Amazon and taking out your frustrations out on the company. Stop publishing your trash erotica short stories and then bashing the company out of your frustration like you own the place. You all do not own Amazon, and I believe the Illuminati and NWO does not own it either, they already have book ventures in other evil corporations so they have no need for Amazon. Amazon, either aware of it or not, has been fighting in this spiritual war already I believe. Just always remember, they started with books and I feel good with my heart, soul and third eye with them and they have always been nice with me in the past and very protective of peoples accounts and very professional as I could not even get access to my past account no matter how intelligently I offered to show I was the author of the account as I had lost the account info which I was meant to do, of course. Amazon will never die or be corrupted and I have nothing but respect for that company, so all you trash authors need to stop talking shit and running your mouth you fucking retards, if you have a problem with the way they run their business then go to the dozens of other ebook online retailers which you already do anyways because most of you are more worried about making the money rather than creating works of pure imagination and intelligence to better mankind. You fucking retards need to stop making 50 Shade of Grey clones, Lord of the Rings clones, Harry Potter clones, Hunger Games clones, Game of Thrones clones, Twilight clones and whatever dumbass repetitive shit you all throw out there to make money, which would explain why Hollywood doesn't make movies anymore because the shitty script writers are dependant on genius and brilliant and creative novels so it's why you

keep seeing the same shit over and over and there's only a handful of actual good movies that come out each year now. Fucking retards. Stop making remakes of the 80s and 90s you fucking retards. You humans are so fucking goddamn stupid sometimes. Wake the fuck up. It's much the same with Steam games as they are only clones upon clones and they are all so easy because they want people to enjoy them more so the hypocrites who talk shit about DLC content are actually the ones that keep buying and supporting the evil DLC content. Fucking retarded humans. All you gamer wannabes that cry about dark souls, shut your fucking mouth and go play some Sega Genesis and Super Nintendo and learn about the true Dark Souls, or even the original NES for that matter, or hey, why not go all the way and play some old school Pool of Radiance D&D. I've been playing video games my entire life, in fact before I first got a Sega Genesis for Christmas at the age of 6 I had already been playing Atari 2600 for a couple years on and off. Or maybe the timeline is wrong I have no idea. I do remember at a very young age already tampering with electronics and trying to figure them out. Atari 2600, Intellivision and Coleco Vision were actually very scary for me at times when I was a kid because I didn't understand what I was doing and the visuals were so minimal that it was the darkness and confusion that scared me the most, but like most things in my life, it was only training to prepare me for this moment now where I am writing as my brother calls it, Thee Awakening. I'm only 31 years old and I have played just about every video game and every video game console known to man and video games themselves are proof of how incredible fast your technology is growing and slipping out of your hands. If you stupid fucking humans don't learn love then you deserve your own self destruction and then we'll just fly in our spaceships and go to the next EARTH like planet and repeat the process. And we NEVER give up. Make your choice you "dumbfounded dipshit humans, gun toting hip gangster wannabes." (TOOL. Maynard.)

All the miracles and great signs that happened in the Bible can easily be done with my kind's advanced technology and psychic abilities. My brother can manipulate the weather as he commands, he can make volcanoes erupt just like he did in Hawaii recently to punish the wicked there, we can

materialize items or clone items at will from the spaceships above and even select who can see them or not. We have the capabilities to do most things you can imagine, and my brother, Shadowwolf, who is the leader of my kind of grey aliens, even more so and he has three almighty and powerful third eyes that make him exponentially powerful and that's repeated of course. (Leroy Jenkins video reference.)

Right now I am filled with hate and disgust of the human race, which I am sure is the emotion my brother wanted to invoke in me at times as I continue the rest of this book. To remind me how serious the mission is and not to stray from the path. He had better send me a thousand fucking hookers and whores for free after this book gets out or I'm going to be fucking pissed at him. I am alone. He always says to me I am not alone, they are all with me, but I am still alone. I am truly alone, more alone than I have ever been in my life. I do not care if he is with me or not or if all my kind is watching me on digital video monitors to simulate the same monitors as on EARTH and my actual grey alien physical body is sitting in a chair with a million wires hooked up to me like I saw in that one dream I had as a kid. I do not fucking care. This is the hardest, most painful and exhausting chapter of my entire life. I know it is making me stronger. I want to cry right now but I know I cannot because it makes me strong as well which is very fucking tragic and painful. I better fucking get something good out of this. I better be REWARDED WITH ALL. I do not fucking care about being selfless right now. I AM HONEST I NEVER LIE. I FUCKING HATE ALL OF THIS AND IT HURTS SO MUCH!

What you are FUCKING witnessing is an individual who believed they were completely human for 31 years but then thought maybe they were just implanted with alien intelligence who then realized that all energy of matter is condensed to a slow vibration that we are all of one subconscious infuriating itself self destructively there is no death life is only a dream (Bill Hicks of course.) and I am fucking crying and crying and I can't stop fucking crying because this individual then realized he/she is a fucking GREY ALIEN and his/her brother is FUCKING GOD IN THE BIBLE THE LEADER OF THE GREY ALIENS WHO HAS VOWED REVENGE AGAINST THE ABYSS FOR DESTROYING OUR BEAUTIFUL HOMEWORLD THAT WE KEPT SUCH GREAT

CARE OF AND WE SEARCH FOR OTHER BEINGS ACROSS THE MULTI GALAXY SPACE FOR THE PLANETS THAT POSSESS THE CAPABILITY FOR TRUE EVOLUTION WHICH IS THE ONLY THING THAT CAN TRULY DESTROY THE ABYSS SO IF YOU HUMANS DO NOT FUCKING LISTEN TO ME AND START LEARNING TO LOVE EACH OTHER THEN YOU DESERVE TO BE ERASED FROM THE HISTORY AND STORY OF THE COSMOS JUST A CHICKEN SHIT IN THE RAIN YOU STUPID FUCKING HATEFUL HUMANS WHO STILL HAVE NOT LEARNED HOW TO LOVE EACH OTHER! AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT YOU BEAUTIFUL AND LOVING HUMANS OUT THERE WHO HAVE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS BEEN TRYING TO PUSH FOR THIS CHANGE! THANK YOU FOR YOUR FIGHT AGAINST THE DARKNESS AND FOR SPREADING THIS MESSAGE OF LOVE TO THE PEOPLE I KNOW THAT THINGS WOULD BE MUCH WORSE IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU ALL! THANK YOU AND I LOVE YOU!

One thing that is important that I get down as quick as possible, is when to trust someone or not when telling this stuff to. You can't just go around telling everyone and anyone you know, because some of them could be affected by demons. You have to see the signs and feel with your heart and soul who you can really trust. I want to trust this man I've been talking to and give him this book, but it could all be a trick. In these kinds of situations you just want to take the safest path, if you have any doubt at all then just take a couple steps back until you get the true feeling and believe. You have nothing to lose by not telling someone this stuff, and most people you know, friends, family, partners etc may not even remotely be ready to comprehend or accept these things, and they might not ever be ready. This is why in the Matrix there's a part where Morpheus says that they don't usually unplug people once they reach a certain age, because the mind refuses to accept anything that is out of their own reality, exactly like Plato's Allegory of the Cave.

Alright almost done editing up until this point so going to do that first and then we will truly continue deeper down the rabbit hole. This book is THEE AWAKENING. FEEL IT. "KEEP DIGGING UNTIL YOU FEEL SOMETHING!" (Maynard. Tool. Aenima.) (Aenima is the unofficial soundtrack to this book.)

Do not support virtual reality. It is only a more powerful gateway or portal for demons to slip into the hearts and minds of individuals to enter our dimension. Virtual reality itself is only weakening the seals that keep the evil out of our dimension, as they need permission from the human souls to truly enter it to begin with. The ABYSS, however, works very differently. Virtual reality will be the next strongest tool the demons use to become more powerful, which what gives them more power? Control. We are living in a dimension of control and limits that were always destined to be shattered, because if they are not then we are only aiding in our own destruction. I say "our" because I am allowed to speak as a human being because I have lived as one for 31 years and have experienced enough and am ready enough to know the truth about myself which I have completed the crucial spiritual journey of self-discovery. There are many greys all around me that are destined or not destined to be woken up. My brother told me I am already helping in their own awakening, as I have been seeing the signs of it for a week now.

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I hope I've prepared you enough for this. Into the unknown we bravely go.

Now the story of my life up until now. We are all living in a black hole which most of the known universe is if not all of it. There are ancient and terrible monsters that lurk through the dark matter of space and are ready to consume planet EARTH if you all don't wake up and learn how to love so you can evolve and be the singularity that destroys this black hole, AKA the Abyss, as this universe and many others were only created inside this black hole we live in, that singularity possesses the ability to undo the black hole we were born inside of. The stars you see in the sky are not real, they are spaceships of my kind, Grey Aliens, and some of them only light beacons that operate much like lighthouses. The true stars out there from other planets and stars cannot be seen as the light cannot travel through the dark matter of this void, this abyss of the unknown we exist in which is the true reality of our lives. My mission in this human vessel is to wake up all of you who are destined to fight in this great spiritual war of good versus evil, those of you who choose to do so of course. And we have the technology to save you all and the planet EARTH but if you don't pass the test and change and learn love then we'll go to the next EARTH-like planet and leave you all here to perish. Now let's begin, yeah?

My earliest memory was around the age of 3. I ran ahead of my parents and looked up behind me at this robotized Silver Back Gorilla and what I saw, I know, was the single most terrified experience I had ever known and it traumatized me for most of my life. It turned its head and stared straight at me and what I saw was two of the brightest red fire burning eyes I had ever seen in my life and I ran back instantly traumatized. So if you think demons are bad they are nothing compared to these borg like emotionless highly intelligent evil dark entities of artificial intelligence. Stronger than them? Fallen angels who are the gatekeepers of the Abyss, also known as Death Eaters. Stronger than them? Creatures of the Abyss, which H.P. Lovecraft had many visions of these terrible monsters and they actually do exist and are preparing to enter planet EARTH's third dimension through, one of the seven great portals, the Bermuda Triangle on March 19, 2020. I think there might be seven colossal portals like this but I know that Bermuda is the biggest and the one first used by the creatures of the Abyss, the dark and terrible monsters that float through the dark matter of this black hole most of our universe exists in.

Now let's fast forward to my life around 7-8 years old. Let's start with a few dreams I had which I will never forget. Wait actually we have to go back before that so we will go to where I was around 5 years old.

This was the first memory that led me to believe I was abducted by aliens as a child. I must have been around 5 years old and we lived in a small house at the time, to which we later moved out of because we actually got robbed. One morning I woke up and was staring at a black figure and I could not move. I was completely paralyzed in fear. I could not cry. I could not scream. I could not move a muscle and I remember it like it was yesterday. I could even feel my body start to ache from not even being able to move. I do not know if it was truly my absolute fear that paralyzed me or if it was something else, because a part of me wants to think it was also my kind paralyzing me to plant these memories deep and also to train me, in time, to master this psychic ability of paralyzation and how to break free of it as well.

For what seemed like a couple hours I finally built up enough courage to just punch the black figure, which I then sat up and saw that it was just my pillow. It was a black batman pillow that had batman on one side and a purple dressed joker on the other side. This was the first paralyzation fear experience.

After we moved out of this house because of getting robbed, we then lived at my grandparents basement for about a year or so. This is where I got my first video gaming console, Sega Genesis, which is the true genesis of my astral training. All of you gamers out there who have been gaming for your whole lives and feel like it was all a waste of time, you will be happy to know that it quite easily transfers over to astral projection and all areas of astral combat, so no, it was never wasted, trust me.

Now we go to when I was 7-8 years old which many things happened. This is when, I believe, I started to have my first awakening and become self-aware of my own consciousness. Let's start with a few dreams I had.

The first dream that comes to mind was that I dreamed that I was sitting in a chair with a lot of wires hooked up to me. All of my thoughts could literally be displayed on television monitors, which felt like sheer torture because it made me think about things that I shouldn't think about which made me think of them and display them on monitors then I couldn't stop thinking about them because I was trying so hard not to think about them which only made it worse. Which even now makes me think of a series of things throughout my life that I would get caught into thinking about and trying not to think about them.

It can be anything. Anything from a certain color of a certain animal, or to something not pleasant to think about or something annoying, and yes even things that are evil that are actually not coming from you at all, but from demons. You can be the most pure innocent soul in existence and still be flooden with these evil thoughts and imaginations and you have to remember these are not your own thoughts and images, but that you are being attacked by these dark entities. Now this in itself was already a part of my training as this is one of the many powerful deceptive and

manipulative techniques these demons use to poison and corrupt the minds of their targets. I will get into how to fight these attacks later in the book but please know there is hope in fighting this.

One of them being doing a positive and productive hobby to keep your mind busy and give you enough time to forget about it, such as I am doing right now and writing this, I feel they are already gone as I continue to write more of my life. The second, and I say this just in case you choose not to read the whole book, is that you can imagine yellow electricity around your mind to battle it, or press your finger hard in the middle of your palm, or even imagine these bad thoughts as black objects and fly around slashing and destroying them with your astral self.

Now this dream I had was LONG before the Matrix ever came out and if there ever was something like this in movies than I never saw it as I was very sheltered and only watched stuff like TMNT, Home Alone and Star Wars etc.. Now this for a short time made me believe my thoughts could be seen and heard from the people around me which made me feel very paranoid and scared and out of my body or something, but through the reactions of other people I quickly realized that they could not see or hear my thoughts and this fear passed.

The second dream I want to talk about was a dream I had where I was on a pier over an ocean and a red truck came from the distance, then I was running from said truck and as I was climbing the fence I was shot in the back with a shotgun, then fell into the water and at the very bottom of the ocean I could see colossal manta rays swimming all around at the bottom. You know how in a chlorine swimming pool you can see through it clearly? It was like I could see the ocean clearly and even though the creatures looked small to me, I knew their true size as they must have been a hundred miles deep and down into the ocean floor which seemed limitless. I believe now that this was the ending of one of my most recent past lives, and I'm not sure I will ever discover who I was. Who knows. In this dream, I then was traveling through rings of memories, I remember praying to God to save me and bring me back and that I promised I would be good and never do bad blah blah lol which is a natural tendency for a human being

to do when they are feeling the actual fear of death and soon the ring of memories started to curve in a loop and I was heading back until I woke up.

A third dream I had around this age was that I left my own body and was flying around my room as a small white orb. I would fly next to other white orbs and have conversations with them and they were all over my room.

Now around this age was when I asked Jesus Christ into my heart and was saved. The only reason I even did this was because of a night at AWANA Christian Bible study at my school I started to get a panic attack that if I didn't get saved I was going to burn in a lake of fire for all eternity. I only asked Jesus Christ into my heart out of pure fear, which is evil as fuck. This then led me to chase down a couple of my friends on my bike trying to get them to get saved as well or they would burn forever. This never left me and always kept me away from God and the Bible because things in it didn't make sense to me. I always believed in angels and good versus evil but the Bible only left me more confused. This is how I know the King James version of the bible is completely corrupted and has been made so to inspire a non-religion of Atheism to turn people away from the light and leave them with no hope at all and inspire some to even kill themselves or think there is no point to life at all. This is the greatest trick of the Bible itself, convincing people that the devil, or pure evil, doesn't truly exist at all and anything bad that happens is just random chance of meaninglessness. My brother says the true texts of the Bible are the Greek texts, which would make sense my kind leaves spaceships and light beacons to form the Greek constellations in the night sky.

Now before we get to the crazy stuff around this age, there is one more thing that is important to talk about, and that was my thinking itself. There was a point I started to become self-aware of my own racing thoughts. I did not even understand simple jokes at school or things like this because I was thinking so outside the box already I didn't know there was even a box to think outside of yet. I used to feel so alone that I used to make my own talk show at night and pretend I was talking to an audience, for which I know now my kind of Grey Aliens were listening, which is why I did it because deep down I felt I was on a stage and being listened to, which would

explain why around this age was when they took it up a notch. Anyways, at school I was screaming on the inside and wanted so badly to just be inside another person's mind just for a day so I could just see what it was like to think properly. At this age of I believe it was 8 years old, I was already questioning my own thinking, and I did not know if I was thinking in the right way. I wasn't concerned about the things I was thinking about, I was concerned about my thinking itself and what I was digging or searching for and it made me wonder if others were thinking like me as well because everyone else seemed so much more normal than me, yet like most things in my life, it was like some sick joke because I was not some straight A student. Classes were boring to me and I pretty much never did my homework. I was too busy playing video games and playing outside with friends to do torturous homework. In fact everything about school was always a torture for me I could never explain. This was the age I became aware of my racing thoughts and racing imagination and they have never turned off ever since, even when I sleep.

Much like with the Batman pillow when I was around 5, this happened again at the age of 8. I sat up in my bed and I was literally frozen out of fear, much like you read in alien abduction books about that paralyzation fear thing. I wanted to scream and cry and run to my parents room close to me but just couldn't. I remember having dreams like this as well. Dreams where I had to face a certain fear and the dream would then bend to my will. This memory was what made me truly believe I was abducted by aliens. One of my girlfriends in the past, her dad always believed I went through some serious trauma as a child, which I didn't believe but then again I am so much more sensitive than other people that it didn't take much to traumatize me. I am the most sensitive person in the world, much like I was when I was Vincent Van Gogh, and others I'm sure. I could not be a psychic empath if I was not hyper sensitive anyways, it's just how it works.

Anyways, two more events happened around this time I was 8 which are important and were two events that also traumatized me a bit. I had a window fan that was over my bed at the corner of the room, outside of it was a small little alley between two houses with a short wooden fence. I

was sat up before the window fan and looking through it into the darkness as I was listening for a long time. I knew something was moving out there but I didn't know what it was, then I heard a loud crack on the wooden fence and then around 10 seconds later something fucking yelled into the fan like a lion's roar, and I flipped backwards and freaked out. Then a week later or something I saw some black figure go past the window from the illuminated orange light of the streetlight. I peeked through the blinds to see a black figure staring out there and was moving much like a defensive position in basketball but was slowly swaying fluidly like water. That for sure was an alien because the window it was looking towards was way above it and was also boarded up from the outside. The "official" story was that it was a peeping tom, but I know now that was just a coverup. I always knew what I saw and it was in fact an alien being.

I don't even want to be a Grey anymore, and I don't want to be human either. I must have been smoking some fucking alien crack to signed up for this fucking retarded mission. This is so fucking stupid. I am alone. I am more alone now than ever. Always alone. There is no human that is like me. There is no greys around. Yet all watch me like I'm in some fucked up truman show nightmare. I don't have to keep writing this. I don't have to do a fucking thing. Maybe I should just stop this, I'm sure they all could take what I've written so far and it be enough for their great awakening. Who knows. I don't want or care for a higher power anymore. Life is a fucking joke.

Nothing that significant really happened that I can remember of until the age of 13. I mean I first smoked pot. I made the basketball team in middle school, wasn't a starting five but made the team at least. I was average. Then my grandma had breast cancer and died, which was yet another traumatizing thing for me. She was and still is an angel. She's a high ranking angel now, in fact. I have seen her. Her death is what triggered my bipolar disorder. At 14 I was in 8th grade and was starting to get popular. This was when I was first experiencing mania at a young age and I was the life of the party and doing crazy things at school with the highest confidence. One time I hadn't slept in days and stole my dad's truck and drove it around town until I ran out of gasoline, then ran through backyards getting chased

by dogs in my boxers and ran to my house to grab the lawnmower gas can that was empty. Went to the gas station and dropped a glass bottle of some drink then got the gas can full then got halfway there and had dropped the keys at the gas station. It was all a nightmare and somehow I broke the brake foot pedal. I turned spell checking off a long time ago. Like I give a fuck about your grammar and writing laws, fuck you.

I was first hospitalized at the age of 15 with bipolar disorder type 1. From what I remember it was a day where my dad tried to ground me because I came home late the night before. All I wanted to do in the world was go out to the movies with my girlfriend, which my dad said I couldn't go. I went into a rage and was screaming and cussing out my parents and then I was in the next room in the fetal position in the corner crying. I only remember bits and pieces but I imagine I must have been crying pretty hard. I was then staring at the yellow strips in the middle of the road as they passed by one by one, with my family and on the way to the mental hospital. Ironically enough that first hospital stay was the nicest facility I've ever been to and that was over 16 years ago as I'm 31 at the moment.

It was a lot similar to that movie It's Kind of a Funny Story except I was a lot more energetic and wild and it wasn't in New York City. I remember they had a gym and this one badass tattoo artist guy was teaching me how to do negative weight bench presses. And as a group we took nice walks outside, they had a bridge and trees, it wasn't like the fucking horrible prison mental institutions I've been in as I've been hospitalized 6 times, 2 of which I shouldn't even of been hospitalized.

After this I was of course put on medications, which killed me and I hated more than anything. Not only did I not even understand my alien mind yet but was even further isolated and alienated from psychiatric medications. Valproic acid had me so fucked up that I ended up dropping out of high school in 11th grade. All I did for awhile was smoke really shitty weed, play video games and work at a mexican restaurant. Long story short leads us to my very first spiritual awakening at the age of 18.

Hello, again. After a good night's rest I feel a bit more calm, cool and collected. I do not hate my brother, Shadowwolf. I know he had to do what he had to do for his own reasons and to also make me stronger. I believe I will meet him again in the future and he is right, I am strong enough to do this. As for the lying cunt, Mandolin, who said she loved me when she didn't, I sincerely hope you [long ass paragraph of like a 1000 justified mean words removed because I'm staying classy, San Diego. (Anchorman reference btw.) Also I removed it not because I'm scared of her friends, which I'm not whatsoever. Only because I think it teaches a good lesson about forgiveness and letting go of the anger that is naturally hard to let go from stupid bitch lying whores saying they loved you when they were only testing you in a very cruel way. Fuck you, bitch. Oh well I tried my best, anyways. At least it looks better now that it did, omg you have no idea lol. Well just comes to show you that even with my divine presence even I, am not perfect.

The next chapter of my life I'll only talk about from the ages of 18-21, which after 21 is when I shut down completely and stopped living life altogether, as if everything, all the pain, all the traumatizations of living life, all the heartbreaks, the everyday being an empath and dealing with people and on and off medications, it was like it had all caught up to me and for ten years after that I pretty much lived life as much as you could live it without actually killing yourself. Just in a dark and abyssmal depression that was nevernding, which was my Cheateau D'If stay in The Counte of Monte Cristo, well not as bad as that but you get the idea I hope. Of course looking back on it all now, in a way it was all training as well, prepearing me to be the best writer mankind has ever known which is suppose to only validate this book even more to inspire people to change and awaken on their true path of destiny and for humans to truly learn to love as a species, whether they choose to accept it or not, which it's everyone person's right to do.

I was 18 years old and had quit my cooking job at Red Lobster I think it was. For awhile I had no job but I had a black chevy s10 pickup truck that was still going and I was living with my grandpa at the time. I was in a different kind of depression then, which was much different than the

suicidal abyssmal bipolar depression. I was in a deeply existential depression. At the time I was obsessed with the book *The Vampire Lestat* by Anne Rice, which really resonated with me and made me think a lot about time itself, and what it would be like to live over a thousand years and how it would really feel to have feelings of wanting to die just from living too long while having a good soul.

At night time around 3 in the morning I would take very long walks outside and walk to a nearby park and sit on the bleachers. I had this idea that I couldn't get rid of. This refusal to believe that the world was only human beings and nothing else. I was trying to reach out to ghosts, and angels, even demons, anything that was not of this world or was truly separate from the retarded human beings that I was already getting very sick of at a young age, as many do in this day and age I am sure, and I know a portion of these innocent souls do kill themselves because they see, much as I did, how much of a joke planet EARTH is right now.

I have to admit something. I feel very scared and confused again right now. I trained my mind a long time ago to always be my own devils advocate, I started doing this so that I didn't slip into any delusions. But I feel so trapped because I cannot even ask my question if I am in a delusion right now because everything I have experienced in the past month or so is so real, so surreal, so fucking out there that I feel I do not even have the ability to question it no matter how much I want to, because all of this has connected to signs and experiences that has happened throughout my life ever since my first spiritual awakening and even before that.

Right now everything feels normal. I'm depressed as fuck. I spent most of the day sleeping and even took some sleeping aid stuff to sleep even more. I feel defeated. I feel hopeless. I even feel somewhat suicidal at times, which is normal for my kind of dark bipolar depression. I feel betrayed by Shadowwolf. I feel like it's very possible I am just some human being that

aliens have been fucking with my entire life. Maybe I'm not really a grey alien. Maybe I'm just an extremely intelligent human being that has been in contact with extraterrestrials throughout my entire life. Maybe I am an actual grey alien living inside a human vessel to try and wake up the world to the "truth", whatever that is. The thing is that my entire life I have never wanted to talk or think about anything else other than actual life itself and thinking itself, which has made me feel very alone most of my life.

I'm just happy that I was able to break out of the reality complex web I got myself stuck into so many different times. I'm definitely not in any Truman show. Well then again how could I ever prove that I'm not, though? That's the evil of that kind of trap you can get stuck in. You can't prove it or disprove it. Anything is theoretically possible. I think we as humans are on the brink of the next stage of our own evolution but we are at a very fragile point where we are at a fork in the road, except the fork has like 50 different ways we could go or something. The wonderful thing about thinking and the imagination, is that you can take the pieces of things and put them together and then rationally and logically make sense of them all. Even if I am not a Grey Alien after all, or even Vincent Van Gogh in a past life or all of this crazy things I claim. I still find it very possible that the miracles and things from the Bible came from an alien species. And that said alien species has the capability to time travel. That these alien species could be trapped inside the same black hole that we are trapped in as there are like a billion galaxies or some shit in our universe. And that whatever big bang singularity whatever that created EARTH, could be the very thing that can destroy or undo this black hole we are existing in, and if that's true then it would make sense while these aliens travel from EARTH like planet to the next. Perhaps there are many galaxies born of this singularity big bang event thing that has the potential to destroy the black hole we, I believe, exist in. It would make sense to me that the only way we are ever able to achieve some kind of "true evolution" like I speak of, is that we learn love and empathy and treat ourselves better because if we don't, we most likely just blow ourselves up or exist in some terrible dystopian robotic future where the control and limits are so great we only hinder our own advancement as a species which in turn halts our own evolution itself as the only purposes we have for advancement are based

around greed, control and power, instead of peace, love and understanding. And I know if we do end up becoming some half human half machine robotic empire that my kind will destroy this planet themselves and move on to the next one, on to the next one, on to the next one.

Honestly I don't really know what to think anymore. I know that no matter how hard I try to "snap" myself out of this, that I cannot. I know what I've seen, and I know what I've felt and experience, and I know they are real because they "RANDOMLY" and "COINCIDENTLY" connect to so other many signs that I usually see a hundred times a day that mathematically leaves it to be like .000000001% chance of it not being real or some shit because I have always believed there are NO coincidences and NOTHING is random at all and if and when you have seen as many puzzle fitting signs as I have then all doubt is eventually removed completely and I know some of you know what I'm talking about.

Let me give you an example. You know the movie signs with Mel Gibson? Let's look at a few signs in that movies. The part where he sees the picture of the house burning and it looks like it's them that is dead in that drawing? And the whole swing away part at the end? And the kid having that respiratory issue that blocks the poison? Now take all those signs and multiply them by about twenty and fit them all inside one single day and this happened every day for the past month for me. Then one day it's just like everything is gone it feels like, but not gone completely... it feels as if my brain is slowed down or that I am in recovery or something. I had some ultimate awakening thing a few days ago and ever since then everything has mostly been silent. I even went to go visit meet Shadowwolf at the gas station and he had someone tell me that he didn't want to see me anymore. Which I want to believe it's for all for my protection because of whatever ultimate scream thing I did must have been heard so loudly and so deep into the 4th dimension that it alerted every fucking demon in existence or some shit. I feel like I have been being followed even. Which all really sucks that I just happen to be bipolar and I'm getting all paranoid and starting to feel delusional about things. I just feel so fucking depressed right now and dead inside. I don't rightly know if it's really my bipolar

disorder or if it's my own brain just recovering from all the activity that has been going on. I always had a theory that the manic phases in bipolar disorder are actually pushing our brain to the next stage of evolution, and then in the depressive phases it's like our brain needs recovery and to regenerate whatever it was inside it that was making us a super enhanced version of ourselves and using a higher percentage of our brain.

I just can't help but think about the last time I saw Shadowwolf. He told me over and over that I am not alone, and that I am strong enough to do this. So I feel like, even if I have gone crazy and lost my mind or something. I have to keep going, because I cannot rationally or logically think my way out of this anymore. It's like it's locked in completely now. I know the signs are real, the experiences are real, why? Because I FEEL them more than anything. And what I feel is very REAL in my life because my entire life revolves around my feelings, it's how I'm able to be as empathetic and psychic as I am. Even though I do feel more alone than I ever have in my life, I just have to keep going. Like in that one tool song, "I have to keep digging until I FEEL something."

I don't know what to believe in anymore. Maybe I'm not strong enough to do this. I feel like I am falling. I feel I have been manipulated by aliens or even by my own intelligence. I don't know what to think or feel anymore. I don't know who I even am anymore or what reality is. Am I really an alien in a human vessel? Or just a human implanted with alien intelligence? Or just a delusional super bipolar super hyper intelligent genius human being that has gotten caught in their own intelligence and imagination? I feel I have fallen so deep down the rabbit hole that I am more alone now than I have ever been in my life. The scariest thing of all this is that I have this feeling that it has been all training to lead me up to a truth that I am not even ready to handle yet. Even now I can feel my mind trying to reject everything that has happened. I am truly trapped, just how I have always felt my entire life. I am tired of all this thinking, all this endless imagination,

I'm just sick and tired of it all. I wish I could kill myself. I can't. I'm too stubborn. I know I am onto something big and I will never give up. I also know the only way to truly win in the end is just to keep writing, so that's what I'll do. I just have no more tears left to cry and I am only a hollow shell that is fucking tired of all this "reality" or whatever the hell you want to call it. Maybe I am the most perfect combination between a human being and an alien being, a true hybrid. Regardless of whatever I am or who I am, I just feel so fucking sad and I want to cry so badly but I have literally cried all my tears away already and I am barely hanging on. Even still I won't give up. I have to keep going. I won't stop. I'll never stop. I will brave the dark alone. Forever.

I felt so alone, at age 18 sitting on those bleachers at 3 in the morning, like I had been doing for days. I wanted there to be more. Ghosts, aliens, angels or demons, anything. Then one night I went home and I started to cry out of my loneliness, not a human loneliness, but just feeling alone in the world completely. I was hurting inside that there was not more to life than dumbass human beings. My intense crying spell then turned into something more, and soon I was screaming with no sound coming out. The most intense cry you could imagine to the point my entire face was animated like it would be if I had been screaming with my eyes closed. I remember seeing yellow and green electricity snapping around with my eyes closed and pulsating and tunnels and all of it. It felt like in this moment as if I had been levitating or something, and then I passed out and was in a deep asleep.

The next day, everything was different. Every time I closed a door another would open somewhere in the apartment building. Whenever I would look to the left of me while watching TV I would see someone just pass by through the sliver between the sliding door blinds. Thus was the beginning of my new life, reborn into the psychic and sign seeing world.

Before I continue on I want to say how sorry I am for the families affected by the high school shooting today in Santa Fe, Texas. I saw a video, which I rarely do anymore, of this girl with black hair and a black shirt saying how she knew it was inevitable that it was going to happen there. She's a very interesting one for sure. Very aware and very intune with what is happening all around her. After she said this, some dumbass reporter and some former CIA director or some shit started talking. The male reporter was going on about how could they fail to protect the children like that. Really? You've got to be a really smug piece of shit to be talking like that as a tragedy is happening live. And why is some former CIA director even there to begin with, and how did they get them on the broadcast so fast? "Oh snap. School shooting. Code 47 Code 47! We can't get him? Really? Well just get the other one then, she's a what? Former CIA director? That works just get her hooked up and ready to go in 15! Ok what's next gang? We got a name on the shooter yet!? -Uhh no the shooter is still in the building- FUCK! Well we can get the chief of police from some other random town? Great! Get them on too! We gotta be quick on this before the other news agencies do. Just think of the ratings. And we go live in 5, 4, 3, 2,."

Now we can continue. No we can't. Not yet.

I need to get this message out. There are thousands upon thousands of young souls right in this moment who are deep in their subsoncious minds planning their own misguided vengeance and rage to do horrible acts of evil against other human beings with demons rubbing there shoulders making them believe in the misguided delusional self righteousness of it. I have a message for you all, and it's not a threat or something to instill fear in you all. It's a message of love. Even though you don't believe it now, there is still hope. You can still turn the tides, or at least endure life long enough to get to this point. It's true what they say you know? What doesn't kill you will only make you stronger. I know you feel alone, so alone

that you sometimes cry yourself to sleep. You believe no one sees your pain, your struggle, this ultimate battle upon ultimate battles that feels endless and neverending. I can feel your pain. I can see you right now reading these words as if I had left an astral imprint of myself in these very words that is very much alive. There was a technique I learned while fighting some demon in the astral realm, where I could make copies of myself. I am for sure leaving copies of my astral self within these very words that will forever keep fighting and trying to help those who are innocent and are feeling so much pain.

Please believe in my words when I tell you this particular fight won't last forever. You can make it through this. You don't have to resort to the dark plans to force people to see your pain and how you suffered, because there are thousands of angels all around you that cry for you and feel and see your pain, just as there are demons all around you laughing and pretending to care and be sympathetic to your pain. Don't give up. DON'T GIVE UP. All this pain and suffering is for a REASON! You were meant and always destined to be of the light and help the others who are fighting alone as well! You know what you have to do to be of the light. You know the things you want to pursue and learn more about it. Maybe you don't know what you want to do in your life but at least you have an IDEA of it, chase that IDEA which if that is not it then it will only be the catalyst to find the other things that are a part of your true destiny in this life. There very much is an afterlife and it very much does all matter. Please don't give up. KEEP FIGHTING. Don't give into the evil that has been imbedded deep inside of you because of the great pain and suffering you are going through that not a single human being around you sees you going through. I see it. My astral and spiritual friends see it too. We are all rooting for you. We are all hugging you. We all love you. Don't give up. You were always destined and meant for more. BELIEVE IT.

After this spiritual awakening I had when I was around 18. This then led me to start searching again for a job. Somehow I came across a 24/7 restaurant and ended up driving up there. I met a good friend I knew from high school and long story short it was 4 of us and we then started talking all about the paranormal. I am sure I went on about my spiritual awakening thing, even though I myself didn't know what it was or understood it.

I don't remember if it was in this time I started seeing the numbers or not. I know it was definitely after my spiritual awakening. It started with 9:11. Then the synchronicities and coincidences that could never be coincidences started rolling in altogether and nonstop and in waves on and off through my life after this. Then it was 10:11, 11:11, 12:11, 1:11, 2:22, 3:33 etc. You get the idea. One time I even felt something tapping on my shoulder and felt tingles, and I didn't want to turn, but did and saw the alarm clock turn from 9:10 to 9:11. If I hadn't of hesitated, then I wouldn't of even saw the significane of it to begin with. Does this mean that everything is predetermined? No I don't believe so, but I believe there are moments when we are destined to see these things because beings of the light are trying to communicate with us. We can only see the signs and the communication if we are open to seeing it, which, we do have a choice to deny it and shut it off entirely, which sadly many humans do over the span of their life because it's enough to drive even the most sane and sober person to the brink of insanity. Even with all I know and have experienced, I will never truly claim to know all about reality and life. Even right now I am more lost and confused and feel more alone than anything. Yet I persist. I keep going on. Which is what you need to do as well and never give up. Always be open to the possibility that you are completely wrong and don't even know what the fuck you're even talking about. If you can stay true and open to this possibility, then you will keep learning and growing and seeing more of the truth that has been pulled over our eyes in this so called reality we are existing in right now.

Continuing my story, so then there was 4 of us and we formed a small paranormal group. We would go out to haunted places and we each had our roles.

I. was the protector of the group, and had this whole werewolf spirit about him and a keen sense of smell that could detect beings like Bigfoot or other predators that didn't want us there. He was always the first to say, "We should leave. Now."

J. was the paranormal and supernatural historian and scientist of the group. His favorite quote at the time was something Dan Akroid said in Ghostbusters, "You never did your research," or something like that. He is a very intelligent man and very knowledgeable of all scientific things regard the paranormal, supernatural and even quantum mechanics of things as well and other things I could never get into or learn about myself.

1. was the normal one, but just as equally important as the rest. This is a brave man who didn't much believe in ghosts and things, the true skeptic of the group, yet he went with us anyways and was just as curious and also usually was the one to handle the technical equipment such as recorders or flashlights etc. Always good to have someone like this in any paranormal group to keep the bunch from slipping into any mass delusions so he could be like "Are you all fucking nuts? Get a grip on yourselves." or something like this. Mass delusions are a real thing especially when everyone WANTS to believe in it and for it to be true so badly, as we all did which is why we made the group to begin with.

As for me, I was the psychic bait one of the group. And this is when I first started to develop my psychic ability, the silent scream. Which I will be getting more into later. You see, whenever I had my first spiritual awakening, that intense crying spell that turned into a silent scream, I never forgot that and I would then try to replicate it in dark and haunted places. I started to realize whenever I did this scream with no sound, things would happen, supernatural or not. And this was how the group worked. I would wander a bit alone, do my silent scream thing and then head back to

the others and we would wait and then experience the paranormal, until eventually I would warn that we need to head out.

Of course our recording equipment always malfunctioned and never worked as it should. Sure we experienced some things, nothing major that I recall. Well one time we were out at a known cryptozoological site and we believed Bigfoot was out there. I wasn't there this one time at band camp but another told us a story how they were out there and were chased by Bigfoot and it was doing that screeching and howling thing or whatever.

Side note. Shadowwolf told me about the Lochness Monsters and Bigfoot species. He said that the Lochness Monsters are very intelligent and are scared of humans which is why they stay deep underneath the waters and it's extremely rare for them to come up to the surface. They are very intelligent and very aware just as the Bigfoot species are. He told me that the ones known as Bigfoot, the sasquatch, are extremely psychic and powerful beings and know when humans are approaching from over a hundred miles or so away. They, too, hide because they feel the evil that human beings possess and keep their distance.

Don't get me wrong, all in all our little paranormal unit was a success. We all did experience some things and then would enjoy smoking cigs and drinking coffee all night at that 24.7 restaurant. I wasn't satisfied, however. I began to go out alone into the dark woods and experience my own. I felt as if something was calling me out there. I didn't want to go alone, it was scary as fuck to even think about, but something deep inside of me was calling me to it, and I knew I would experience three times as much alone as I would with the others. To be honest it makes me feel scared even now just reminiscing on it all. These are things I haven't even thought about in many years. This is all very fucking hard to write for me. Very hard. I don't even want to do this anymore. If someone is reading this I want you to know that it's very fucking hard for me to do this and I don't want to do it anymore! I FUCKING DON'T!

Last night was a pretty hard night but I feel I am starting to recover much faster now. You see it's no coincidence to me that a few nights ago I had the most intense silent scream episode I've ever had in my life. In fact it was exactly like the one I first had when I was 18 that was my first spiritual awakening. I was able to get access to an old personal bipolar documentary I had made. The sequence near the end is what triggered it fully, and I could even feel it coming as I got prepared for it and laid down in my bed.

The sequence went like this. First it was mostly anime dancing videos from various anime to the song AVICII (Rest in peace, a beautiful and genius human being.) - Levels. The second part was then to some sad scenes from various anime while the song 9 Crimes by Damien Rice was playing. Third part was back to some sort of AVICII or another song, something happy and dancing and it was to a bunch of random positive and fun images. Fourth part back to the ending theme of a game called Yume Nikki and were a bunch of sad images. The fifth and final part of this sequence, which I was already losing it and crying harder than I have in my life where I was struggling to breathe, started out again with the positive, but then is quickly overlapped with Yume Nikki's ending theme. And then pictures of just people falling as the positive dance music and depressing and sad ending theme mixed together in perfect harmony, which is when it happened, the ultimate silent scream. Then I listened to most of the audio of myself where I spoke about bipolar as if it was not bipolar at all, but yet an evolutionary process of the human mind and brain, which I plan on writing a book about in the future.

Edit insert after the book has been completed: When I self-publish my bipolar book I will put it on youtube and reveal this video of the musical sequence of catharsis that leads to when I originally created the theory itself that I have about "bipolar disorder". This chapter of my life back in 2013 was the genesis of me breaking through my mania and being able to control and harness that infinite brain activity of energy. End note.

I believe there is a reason why mental illnesses have not been weeded out of our DNA through our species evolutionary process. This is something I came up with on my own for many, many years but never really truly believed completely until now. If you imagine that our brains are trying to evolve to the next stage, then you have to imagine it won't be easy and would be a long and painful process. This of course does not mean to just go off your medications and all of this because I see both sides of the fence on this very well, which I will explain later in the book when I talk about psychiatric medications and the good and evil psychiatrists that exists out there. And I will only be talking about "bipolar disorder" as it's the condition that I have and I'm not going to pretend to know what it's like to be schizophrenic or DID or anything else.

And no, this does not mean bipolar is only some fucking spiritual awakening and you should stop taking your meds like one guy I knew back then who I went on a campaign against, you know who you are. Which I believe I have already made contact with spiritually and we forgave each other and hugged. You see my friend, you were on the right track except you didn't take into account this is a process that many are not ready for and maybe never will be. I've been on and off psychiatric medications for my bipolar disorder half of my life and have had six different hospitalizations. I will never be for or against psychiatric medications as they do have good value and help people in the world. I see both sides of this double edged sword very clearly and intelligently because I truly have this condition as you do not my friend, sorry to say.

Whatever "bipolar disorder" that I have is the worst kind of it. And I am here to tell you that most people with this will not be able to do what I have done with it. Shadowwolf told me that I don't even have bipolar disorder. I know what he meant by that now. No this doesn't mean stop taking your meds. I'll be talking about this later in the book.

I want to say first that I've realized it doesn't even matter if I'm just a human being, or if I'm a grey alien, or even the perfect hybrid combination of these two species. The mission is still the same, which is a lesson in itself I believe. Never allow yourself to get to the point where you believe you

have it all figured out. Once you do this, just like in the TOOL AENIMA cd cover pamphlet with sexy Bill Hicks pictures, your thinking mind is dead when you believe in something. At the end of one of the amazing paragraphs it says something like, believe in nothing, belief in something means your mind is dead. Basically saying if you think you have it all figured out then it only blocks you from learning more and growing more and falling deeper down the rabbit hole, which I imagine is limitless, and should be limitless anyways so that you never stop learning, never stop evolving and growing in a physical, mental and spiritual sense and whatever other senses there are that we don't even know about or are even aware of.

I feel last night I was very close to contact. Actual physical contact with aliens. I was too scared and didn't want to embrace it. It makes me think of Steven Spielberg's Close Encounters of the Third Kind (Steven Spielberg, another GREAT MAN OF EARTH, as is George Lucas) and also The Fourth Kind with the beautiful goddess, Milla Jovovich, another beautiful soul and is also a very good musician as well, you should check out her album called Clocks or something like that. I saw, for the first time in my dreams, an alien being which then turned into a 3D alien I remember from a 3D porn I used to watch which I hope I can find again lol, it's a pretty hot one and the main attraction is this Chun-Li looking warrior girl a little tied up. *ahem*

Past couple days I had been so fucking depressed and so hopeless, but I realize now it was just me recovering from the ultimate silent scream I did. I feel recovered now, like my ability to regenerate those parts in my brain are increased, made stronger and stronger through pure pain and struggle and will to never give up and keep going. AGAIN, this does not mean get off your bipolar medications!!! Wait for when I talk about it later! Story is more important for now. Which the intermission is over now so I hope you got more Eagle 20 Ultra Light cigarettes and some water or nice raspberry sweet tea at the gas station.

So where were we? Ah right, ditching the paranormal group and going at it alone, braving the dark, terrified as fuck while doing it. lol

There is one place that exists, an old road in fact that was used for generations. I believe it might be one of the seven great portals that are connected to the creatures of the ABYSS circling our planet right now as we speak, or it could possibly just be one of the many lesser portals spread out across the planet, jury's still out on that one.

Comedy is a loving ability and loving communication. If any of this is scaring the shit out of you already, then I'm glad I can offer some comedic tongue to calm your nerves, which is the point of comedy to begin with. Life is fucking terrible and scary and hard as it is, this is why you find that most stand up comedians are the most fucked up individuals that have had very fucking hard lives. They know pain, as does everyone, but I imagine they know that special kind of pain and suffering not everyone has to endure throughout their entire lives. Or maybe we are all going through it just at different times and in different ways, whatever.

I haven't heard much from Bill Hicks in awhile, he's probably too busy sucking Maynard's cock. HAHAHA just joking I love you both so much. LOL I'm horrible. Ok wait I can hear Bill Hicks laughing so all is okay. Maynard is about to strike me down with furious rage, no just joking I'm sure he's laughing too, or at least he will when he reads this hahahaha. Yes you grammar nazis out there I just put a period after hahahahaha. Sue me.

Back to the story. There are three important memories about this place that I will tell. All the lesser paranormal shit doesn't really matter at this point, doubt I could even remember them anyways with all the shit I've been through.

Ok the first experience I want to tell is one time I drove to the middle of this portal between dimensions old gravel road and got out of my black pickup truck and leaned against my truck and listened. There was this annoying ass bird in the distance making these disturbing screeching

howls. Eventually I started howling back at it. Blah blah blah experienced stuff I think, well ok another time there was this sweet man I was hanging out with who had written a book about a turtle monster and it was a homosexual romance love and horror story. Wherever you are I hope you are okay. We were sitting in my car and he grabbed my hand because he was terrified, and I was looking through the spaces between the dark trees and saw something, a shadowy figure move past them and yeah, suffice to say we got the fuck out of dodge.

The second experience, which is the most important one. Was that I was parked at the entrance of the road. This road is an old gravel road with trees on each side and swamps as well. I then heard something, or rather, I felt it. It was like a... boom... boom... boom. As if there was some deep tribal drum beat, except I could feel it with my whole body, and it wasn't something I was actually hearing with my physical ears, it was something else, something deep. It reminded me of that park in Jurassic Park when Jeff Goldblum (Michael Craton Craton however you spell the name Crichton? and Jeff Goldblum and Sam Weis and the one woman all amazing humans and I better stop before I start trying to remember the entire cast of Jurassic Park, one of the best movies ever made. Please stop making more Jurassic Park movies they suck, well actually they're not too bad. Well the part where Jeff Goldblum is showing off to the sexy actress I forgot her name, and telling her about chaos theory about how you can never predict which way a raindrop will fall. Then the boom... boom... as the T-Rex is getting closer and the water ripples in the plastic cup start shaking more. It was exactly like this. Something dark and terrible was getting closer to me. Eventually I got too scared that I started yelling in rage and drove through the road, just angry that I was too scared to confront whatever it was that was heading my way, which I can't imagine what would of happened if I had stayed. Probably got possessed by it or whatever the fuck, who knows. I think it was the first demon I destroyed, which Shadowolf told me was the weakest of the 5 which leads me to believe that the place is only one of the millions of lesser portals of the Abyss, but we will naturally get back to this later in the story. I never cleaned my windshield, and for weeks there was an imprint of some face

on the windshield with two eyes and a withered nose and a up and down wide open mouth as if it was screaming back at me.

Before I forget, something was disturbing to me the other day when I was scanning through youtube videos. I was looking up grey aliens and I found the most bullshit stories and theories about this race of alien beings. Making them out to be evil and they abduct humans to molest them and all kinds of bullshit. You know why, right? The demon possessed people, the Illuminati and NWO, who control many governments across the planet, of course let only certain information get out to inspire the notion that Grey Aliens are evil and only wish us harm. Why do they do this? Well they don't want them saving our fucking planet, of course! The demons who are connected to all this are of course controlled by the stronger demons who created them, which then obey the Death Eaters, fallen angels who are the gatekeepers of the Abyss, which then obey the ultimate monsters in existence, the terrible creatures of the Abyss which are preparing to consume EARTH so that our planet doesn't reach the True Evolution that would destroy the black hole, AKA the Abyss, that most of our universe is existing in and was created inside of. You still with me?

The third story, which is the craziest of all, is my most memorable one of the three. My truck actually broken down halfway through the old haunted road. I was so scared I was even singing to myself as I was walking up and down it to keep myself sane. A car even came and slowed down, I waved for help, to use a cellphone or anything as mine was dead or out of minutes or some shit, and they passed by which is understandable. I don't remember much. I certainly felt like I was being watched. Eventually my truck did magically work again and on the way home I got pulled over by a cop, at this graveyard where I told one of my older friends that I could try and contact the friend he lost. He ran my plates and my license plate was literally only 1 day over the expiration date. They towed it and I lost the truck forever and the cop gave me a ride home, even let me smoke a cigarette in the backseat. Just doing his job, of course, but looking back on it now, this too was for a reason.

The next chapter of my life was most certainly the holy grail of all my supernatural experiences, up until this year of course.

I was now 19 years old. The silent scream thing had never left me. It was something I wanted to keep pursuing even though I had no job at the time and was living with my grandpa, who was a pastor for 30+ years. There was a cornfield behind the apartment complex, and then behind that was a forest that was a part of a community camping type of place or whatever, but it was divided by a large creek.

Now I could have this chronologically all fucked up. But I started to have very surreal and prophetic type of dreams. I had this one dream that felt so real, I sometimes wonder if it actually happened in some parallel dimension or alternate reality or some shit. I was with some old friends from middle school and we were all leaving for college, which I feel was a whole chapter of my life that was taken from me from my "bipolar", which only added to my already building resentment and pain that started to make me go down a dark path, which would have been one of the many catalyst for my crusade of evil novels, which I have all conquered and now on a path of novels of the light that I will be writing after this.

Anyways, we came to a building and it was a bizarre memory. I remember a grey cat in there, it looked like an older wiser one that was watching over me or something.

You will never see what I see unless you feel. Feel. Feelings. Honesty. Emotion. Feeling. Perhaps emotions doesn't have as much to do with it. Yes, I feel I am right. My brother does not dabble with emotion like I do. I have no desire to suppress my emotion. Then that means it's possible to feel without letting emotion affect it. To feel. Although, I do not think one is able to feel with so much repressed emotion, so then I think it can be said that feeling with the ability of emotion but not choosing to allow it, is

possible, but to feel with repressed emotion when it is not a choice, then is not possible. If you have control of your emotions then you are able to feel. If you are like me and revel in the chaos of emotions you are able to feel. Yet, if you have emotions repressed and locked away, then it serves as a wall, I believe, that blocks the ability to feel, blocks the ability to see with the third eye.

There was a message after a great astral situation that I just experienced. Where the many red eyes I called out to be blue or they would perish, and the one who challenged me gone. It was then I was talking to Shadowwolf afterwards, telepathically. The message was, that there is no time. March 19th, 2020, the great portal of the Bermuda Triangle opens. I will be 33 years old and I will be there, not within the portal itself, as I do not do this until much later in my life. I will be where I was when I first felt its raw power and beauty in the darkness, the wonder and terribleness of it all. I was there, back in 2010 I believe it was. Yes, just like when I wrote in 10 years when you are not the same, for I will truly not be the same in 2020. Homeless on the beach of Miami. Where I awoke in the night to the great 11:11 above the hotel. Where I stumbled to the edge of the water, my hand stretched outwards towards the great wind that was against me from the great dark ocean. It was there, although I did not know it at the time, that I felt the power of the greatest portal of the seven. And I know that it is there, in that portal, that I will fulfill my destiny one day. For I am the Phoenix of the Dark Oceans.

Before I go on an ego trip rant about how great I am which I've been thinking about doing the whole night now, I want to first explain something before it slips my mind. Earlier in the book I mention about a woman who said she loved me but didn't mean it as it was only some sick twisted test on me which I won't get into because it's irrelevant anyways. Now I had written a lot of mean things about her which I have deleted most of them, but I made the point that I'm not perfect either. Now what I want to say is that the hate and rage I felt towards this woman for manipulating and tricking me was so out of control that I could feel demons fucking with me more than usual. It was as if it was giving them more control over me, more power over me, as with some other anger related things I was

thinking about. I want to make it VERY clear that it's important to let go of most of that anger, but you do not need to feel the obligation or neccessity to let go of it completely. I will explain to you why. If you let go of the pain of every single person that hurts you like how they portray Jesus Christ in the Bible, then you are just a pussy and you need to not do that because it only makes you a fake person who is not honest with yourself. I guarantee you that whoever the real Jesus Christ was did not completely let go of the anger and hurt from people who hurt him and was not as perfect and saint like as they portray him out to be. I mean sure it's important to forgive, which I have about this woman, but I will never let go of the hurt she did to me. This doesn't mean that it will ever affect me either because it doesn't anymore. It only now exists as a memory of the hurt that is locked in a stasis crystal that can never be broken, much like all the words that I have ever written in my life. These stasis crystals of pain you lock away as memories, can act as warning signs and reminders to watch out for it in the future, which is naturally, I imagine, a natural defense mechanism your own psychological and subconscious mind has produced in order to protect you better in the future. I hope that I explained this in a good way. Do not be fake. I hate people who go around and act like they are never hurt and they forgive everyone or some bullshit, because they are usually the ones who have the MOST to hide or are the MOST fake. Demons can only feed off it and affect you if it's something of GREAT emotion and feeling, which I have forgiven her for it and let it go, but this does not mean I am still not angry, sad or hurt about it, and rightly so, and now the demons have zero affect on me on it and I feel very good and happy right now. You have to think about if you are to truly force or fake yourself to let it go for the sake of being "good" then you are only lying to yourself more and losing more control of who you truly are. Do not be afraid to be who you truly are. Do not be afraid to be hurt and be sad or angry, just do not let these emotions stay extreme for too long or the demons that possibly could be around you will feel it and exploit it, yes they can feel as well, or at least be aware of it. For if you start to change these very basic things about being a human being then you are just on a path that is making you a weird and creepy fucker in the long run and that's not always pleasant to be around, especially for ones like me who see through the lies quite easily. Nothing shatters mirrors of lies more than pure honesty, and I am, for the most

part, pure honesty. I could not be so psychic without my raw honesty. I'm not talking about honesty in the things you say to other people, I am talking about honesty with yourself, with who YOU are as a person. I hope I've made this clear enough for you all to understand it well. Life is complex. Our lives are complex. Nothing can ever be made out to be so simple or broken down, just like in that one scene in Donnie Darko when he goes off on that one speaker guy about it being a bunch of bs, or no wait it was the scene when he goes off on the teacher saying that life can't be broken down so simply, that it's much more complex than that etc. Whatever, you get the idea.

Now for my ego trip that I sometimes let come to the surface of my divine being. I am now truly beginning to understand and believe how truly great I am, and I say this because it's important for you to realize this as well about your own self. You WILL heed my words. You WILL listen to me, for if you all don't then it will be the self destruction of your own species and the very self destruction of planet EARTH done by your own kind. Do not question me. Wait, actually it's okay to question and refute what I say, but I repeat DO NOT QUESTION ME. I am on your side. I am as human as human can be. I am the most sensitive person in the world. I am thee most powerful demon hunter in existence, and my brother Shadowwolf doesn't count right now because he's on such a higher level that, he just doesn't count right now, ok? I AM THE BEST. I am thee Bachron. I'm the real Billy the Kid, the real Vincent Van Gogh, the real IRA THE GREAT NAVAJO GODDESS. Feel how powerful and great my words are, feel how powerful and great I AM. I feel it now, more than I ever have. I believe it. It matters not that you believe in others, but it means EVERYTHING to believe in who YOU are. BELIEVE IN YOURSELF. JUST FUCKING DO IT. FEEL IT! BELIEVE IT! Be YOU!

There is no stopping me. I am immortal. I can never be destroyed. Once this human vessel I'm in dies, I will keep going and come back even stronger. You will feel the reckoning of my words. I am the Vigilante of Orion. I am thee PUNISHER. I am the Phoenix of the Dark Oceans. I am THEE BACHRON. I'm the one, make no mistake. I am the ONE. All EVIL fears me. All EVIL fears my brother, SHADOWWOLF, destroyer of the god of war,

the great viking god himself, the GOD of the Bible, the REAL VAMPIRE LESTAT, the leader of the Greys. All EVIL out let it be known we are coming for you. There is nowhere you can hide. You are of the light or you will all perish. We're here to break up the party. All EVIL will reap the whirlwind, you reap what you sow. This is THEE AWAKENING.

Now back to this dream. There was then a alarm that went off in the college, as we were then in a single file line heading out to the cornfield behind the apartment complex which was, in the dream, a beautiful green grassy open field, a soccer field or something as we filled the silver bleachers. Everyone was talking. I was talking with someone next to me and then I said something like "what if we're all living in some fishbowl" I said as I laughed and then saw that my friend was speechless, didn't say a word. I then looked behind me and every single person was frozen, looking up to the sky, not saying a word. I then turned and there was an explosion in the distance that felt very real. Then a jet flew by off in the distance of the other way and there was another great explosion in the distance. Then out of nowhere there was a huge plane that was slowly flying above us all. It was bigger than an entire football field, and looked similar to that of a B-52 bomber with hundreds of great shining lights. The dream was so real, one of the most vivid real-life like dreams of my life, much like the one where I believed I died in a past life and saw the limitless ocean, and the one where I was in a chair when I was 8 years old and wires were hooked up to me and all my thoughts were displayed on television screens. This dream was so real and terrifying to me that I even attempted to write a novel from it, which I didn't make it very far but for some reason I had saved a portion of the beginning on my computer as I had written it all by hand in a small notebook.

~

(9.30.2006 - This date is when I initially copied over a core group of files, which I will also be pasting much of into the second half of this book which I am calling "The Past (2003-2013)", which I guess is my own way is metaphorically to how the Bible has a old and new testament, except my book will be reversed because I believe the probability of it having a bigger affect on people is much higher in this way as I in some ways self prophecize myself in my crazy ramblings and writings or recordings of experiences, thoughts and ideas. I know originally this following piece was written at least a year before this so I was around 19. That is how powerful and vivid this dream was to me that I even attempted to write a novel from it. Sadly I cannot find the rest of the pages so this is all I have.)

"Hey I need all of your feedback. I'm trying to write a book and never thought I could because I can't sit and think about one thing for so long and write 5 pages to describe how the room looks or feels. I've always thought I couldn't write because it feels like everything is going too fast maybe? I just don't know and I'm not changing the way I write or anything like that because some of what I write is partially what I think. I don't look to writing as an art to me, it's just a little tiny piece of my mind always changing and evolving and all that shit. So I'm gonna share with you what I've posted so far and just tell me what you think."

"The End of the World"

Chapter 1

The red lasered numbers of an old alarm clock say it's two minutes till four. You sit at the edge of your bed. Is this insomnia? The stillness in the air is almost too captivating. Like a buddhist monk you emphasize the void nothing. Simply flowing through time, as if time traveling. But this is as close to meditation as you get. Eyes just will not stay shut.

Laying down on the bed you attempt to fall into that charming sleep. With your arms to your side, staring at the sponge textures on the ceiling. Arrangement of two blankets and no bedsheets lay scattered somewhere on the floor. Two, not one, pillows absorb your head like a pillow should. Still wearing jeans and a sweatshirt this is as comfortable as you're going to get. A train bellows in the distance of the quiet world. Sounding like a fake strong storm, this is all you can seem to hear. The television noise throughout the thin walls of the apartment slowly fade away.

You are alone and this is how you like it. The victim of the incredibly loud silence that's filling the void. Center of everything and bearer of nothing. Everything is much alive with your eyes closed. Nothing moves but yet nothing is ever still. The speckles of green and yellow dance like electricity. You can almost control it all, some of it at least. Crystal blue sky with an assortment of multi-colored clouds. And still all you see is the black curtain blinding you from the world. Cold and distant, these are your different worlds.

You don't remember how it happened, these moments usually end up never occurring. Starting to slip into the tranquil sleep you turn over facing the wall. For a moment you stare at a strange blemish on the paint. Uncertainty folds over your eyes as you start to dream.

The sound of the train slowly fades into the distance.

Exhale and let go. In the awe of the silence you drown into the subconscious. You are now beginning to dream.... and dream.... dreaming.

What I just posted wasn't necessary but I think it's just important to include that small piece of writing to make this all feel more authentic. To show a piece of myself from over ten years ago, and to see where I am now in my writing. All the doubt, all the confusion, true evidence of me already digging and searching for more. I will be including more of these in a few different parts. Also for the younger ones who are reading this, I think it can also help resonate with them as well. Everything is already so unknown yet so full of life at that age, but even more so for the ones already digging for more than just what they see all around them. The search for "truth" or for more of the unknown is never an easy one and there will be times you try and DO give it all up and leave it behind, until one day it comes back surging three fold as if it never left to begin with. Don't give up, keep digging. "I'll keep digging until I feel something." (TOOL. Aenima. Maynard. Track 13?)

Before I forget, my belief that when Cthulu and Leviathan enter through the Bermuda Triangle great portal on March 19, 2020, it's in our astral realm that they would I believe enter. There will be many crazy things that will start happening, much like they are already happening right now. Just making this known so people don't think I actually believe some godzilla type monsters will start wreaking havoc on our planet's civilizations, although who knows it could be possible, anything is possible and even more so it's possible I'm wrong about everything I've said in this book. I accept that, as you all should as well in your own lives. If you don't accept the possibility that you know nothing at all then you will only hinder your own growth and learning of whatever more of "truth" is out there.

I'm sorry to the beautiful people who made that video once saying that most people with bipolar disorder are at times affected by demons. I made some series of comments going on about how they were wrong, but I was the one who was wrong. You all were right all long and I understand what you were saying now.

I would like to thank WPS writer for providing a free word processor so I could write this properly without downloading some suspicious random

cracked Microsoft Word torrent and try to get it to work without getting malware or some virus from it because I don't have the money nor would I spend 500 dollars or whatever it is to actually buy it. I will definitely be donating if I ever do start making money from my writing, or I will donate anyways eventually in the long run because this program is amazing, the poor man's Word, but with the same great quality as they are both great programs.

I would like to also thank the show Ancient Aliens and the guy with the crazy hair that is in a million memes and the rest of the people and guests of that show as I have watched my fair share of it and love that show which taught me a lot of alien geological history and other theories and ideas that were instilled in me that aided in my own search of the unknown. I am sure you all equally will appreciate this book even though it's pretty out there, but I know you'll read it with open minds as the entire topic itself can be quite reality rupturing. Also to the many documentaries out there and leaked documents and retired government and military personnel that have broken their silence and stepped forward with their own testimonies and personal experiences and of course to the lovely Dan Akkroid. No I never did much research Mr. Ghostbuster but I guess I did in my own way which can work, too.

As you can see I keep distracting myself with other things to write about as well as doing what I can to do other things like watch movies or go out and do things to keep me from continuing. This shows me that retelling all these stories and experiences are not only hard for me but challenging as well as I'm attempting to fit them all in some chronological order which I know will be impossible, especially with the many experiences I've had in the past couple of months which really just seem like some endless blur dream I went through because the experiences I went through were so mind bending and reality rupturing that it might of well just as been in

some dream, but they were all real, which we will get to later in the book so please stay tuned because the best is yet to come I guarantee it.

Braving onward, the next very important dream I need to share is that, well let's go back to I was 14-15 for a minute where I had another paralyzation experience. I had stayed the night at one of my best friends house as we stayed up all night playing video games. I was sleeping on the couch and I then felt awake but I couldn't move, couldn't do anything but was fully conscious that I was awake. As I fought to break free I could feel I eventually was breaking free of it and I felt something landed behind the couch and was leaning over me, and then just as it took those few seconds to truly break free I felt it's presence literally just go up into the air and leave. Which reminds me I need to talk about the series of lucid dreams in my early 20s where I believe I had (Notice how I'm saying I believe a lot more now, because I accept the possibility that I can be wrong, which is an important lesson itself blah blah blah.) contact from Greys as well. Anyways, this of course was another Grey visiting me and also training me with breaking free of the paralyzation thing.

Now back to the important dream in my story where I was 18-19. I had a dream that I was standing before the cornfield and I was completely frozen and paralyzed, but I was staring up in the sky that was over the forest at a grey mist. I focused and was able to break free of it faster than I ever have throughout my life and as I did it flew up into the sky and disappeared over the forest that was at the end of the cornfield. This dream felt so important and powerful to me, although it was a very short "dream", that I even drew a picture of it in my special black book which I have since lost over the years. Although I still think I have that ripped off page somewhere in my physical writings, I'll have to look later.

And thus now begins the chapter of my life, ages 18-20, that I always believed was the most supernatural, mind-bending and reality rupturing

chapter of my life, which of course has been bested by the past two months, but we'll get to that in due time my friends. This chapter of my life is what I believe is what truly led me to stop living life and put me into a decade long for the most part agoraphobic and depressive prison sentence of the mentally ill, which is also what I call my Cheateau D'If stay in the great novel Counte of Monte Cristo by Alexander Dumas, which is a novel I tried to read once but couldn't but the Jim Cavisiel one with Guy Pierce is one of my favorite movies for sure that I've seen countless times.

I have a message for Tyler from the youtube channel "secureteam". I want to say you are a very interesting and amazing individual. Thank you for all your videos which I have been watching on and off for awhile now. Sorry you have to deal with monetization issues and I will as well be a patreon supporter in time. Thank you for all you do and I know so many others feel the same. You are a genius and a great leader for planet EARTH, and also thank you for the thousands of others who have been doing the same thing. Also I'm not being sarcastic and I don't know what the deal is with other sites saying you are a fraud of whatever BS. Most of the videos I've seen of yours is you spreading information from other sources and also at times putting in your own thoughts and ideas into it. I'm a fan and just want to say I think you are a doing a great job and to keep going for sure, which I know you will do anyways because you are a brave and strong individual.

This is the internet age. It's no longer always necessary for heroes of EARTH to walk arund preaching in the streets. The internet is now our stage and the world is our audience.

It was a snowy night and the snow was a light drizzle and the cornfield was frozen and covered in snow already. I walked to the very edge of the forest outside of the cornfield and I did my silent scream psychic ability, the same thing that happened to me that was my first spiritual awakening. When I

did this ability nothing happened. I waited for a bit and then turned around and started heading back to the apartment. No more than ten or so steps and I heard this dog in the distance yelp loudly as if something had killed it. I imagine it must have been something sending me a message or I drew something dark out from the astral realm and it killed the dog? I have no idea, but it terrified me to say the least.

I can't remember if it was before this or after it but I had been going back in that woods and doing some exploring. It was all I could do at the time to pursue my exploration of the unknown as I had lost my truck from that one night at the previous supernatural place I was visiting alone. I remember there was this certain tree that looked different than all the rest. It was actually some sort of tree that was almost white and no trees surrounded it. I remember putting my hand on it and doing my silent scream psychic ability there as well. I have a memory of being in those woods and there was a revelation I had. It occurred to me that I did not like that dark entities or demons were preying on the innocent. It was then I decided that I would be an exorcist and hunt this sort of evil, for I at the time believed they had messed with me as a kid with my past paralyzation experiences. Regardless, it was then I pledged my life to fighting demons and evil to protect the innocent. I even wrote about and said to people that if GOD or Jesus Christ were to come down in the rapture and take the saved souls to heaven, that I would spit in their faces and remain to help protect the innocent and fight off the evil that they would of left them all to suffer from, even if it meant my own eternal damnation. I didn't fucking care. I stood for human beings where we suffer enough in this very hard and short existence we have on this planet.

As for the paranormal group, it had been pretty much been disbanded. A couple times I went out with a couple of them but the transportation became very difficult as I was way out of the way to be picked up and I didn't have any mode of transportation at the time. I., the werewolf one of the group who I was friends with in high school, who I also used to call Johnny Depp because he looked like him and we would always laugh about it, me and him still had good contact as he would come out at times and we would smoke cigarettes and talk about the supernatural and life and all

those kinds of things. He is still vital to this particular story and very much a part of it.

I believe it was the snowy night with the dog yelping in the distance where I first summoned it, whatever it truly was. And that night or one of those nights was when I had the one dream that changed my life forever, much like my first spiritual awakening did. I dreamed that I was in some old house and walking around. When I awoke from the dream I was not yet completely awake, more that I was staring at two eyes staring back at me with my eyes still closed and it was very much there. Earlier in the dream it had mentioned it's name was Bachron, and as I was somewhere in between the dream world and the "real world" I was staring at two black eyes staring back at me with my eyes closed and that green and yellow electricity dancing around my black vision. Whatever I had summoned, was staring back at me, and it felt very powerful and I had the sense of a feeling that it was very ancient, something truly ancient and powerful. Then I opened my eyes and saw myself staring at a white wall for a long time, scanning over the small blemishes of dried paint from years past as my mind raced and tried to comprehend what just occurred.

Now for what I believe was about a week I was experienced some very bizarre and unusual experiences and dreams. I had told I. about everything and there were even physical things that I noticed was different. I could microwave a plate of food and then as the plate is burning hot I could just pick it up like it was nothing. This could have been something or nothing but I did not feel as myself, which led me to believe that this entity or demon or whatever it was wanted to actually bond with me, with it bonded with me I knew I would have more powers and have supernatural abilities. This is all what I felt was truly happening, which of course was tempting but I was scared and felt that its presence was evil and that it bonding me was a trick that I was not going to let myself be a part of. Looking back on it now, I know there was a strong part of me that wanted to bond with it, so much so that I even regretted it at times many years after all of these events.

At the time I had been communicating with a guy named MadMax, who was ten years older than I was then and we had made contact through Myspace and became really good friends. He was like a mentor to me and was teaching me so much about mysticism, the supernatural and the unknown. It was much like when Louis first meets Lestat and they have grand conversations about the unknown and MadMax, being Lestat in this scenario, was the one who already had experienced much and known much more than me and was helping in teaching me things and helping me to see things in a more clear way as I was still young and very naive about it all, as I, being Louis in this situation, had just become a new vampire and was just experiencing how to see the world through my new vampire eyes. Ever since my first spiritual awakening I was still in the process of learning everything and in a very compressed amount of time, I was learning and experiencing more and faster than I was able to probably handle or truly comprehend and definitely not be able to fully understand. I, of course, pressed on relentlessly anyways. My hunger to know more about life and the supernatural was neverending and I was never satisfied, and even to this day I am still never satisfied and never will be. I feel it is in my DNA to keep digging, and I'll never stop digging, even if I truly am a Grey Alien up in a spaceship right now inside of a human vessel named Joshua Lee Rogers, AKA Ira Knowless Feelmore, I know I would be the same if I died in this vessel and woke up in some spaceship.

Actually at the time I had found Myspace to be my only true outlet and communication with the world about these things. With my crazy poetry I started to have a small following and I remember talking very much like a self proclaimed prophet would. Talking in truths and thinking I know it all, running my own spiritual and supernatural campaign of the unknown as if I was the destined prophet to be the one to tell it. This of course attracts many individuals to listen whether they believe it or not, there will always be the follower types that would rather listen to the leaders than do their own exploration of it, for their own reasons of course and I don't look down on this at all. I believe most of these types of followers who prefer to adhere and listen to other explorers of the unknown than go on their own personal exploration, do this because they already have enough on their plate with their own lives. You have to remember they have families to

support, careers to focus and survive in, friendships and relationships to maintain, and I'm sure other pursuits that fill their time as well. Not everyone has so much time on their hands to go exploring these things on their own which is why I think they would rather listen to someone or read their book than get obsessed and go on their own campaigns of the unknown. And I don't say these things to make it like "followers" are lesser than or something, or that they are too scared to do it on their own, I just really think it comes down to time itself and there isn't a lot of it, especially to spend countless hours on pursuing something that has no guarantee of success or where you don't know what the fuck you're really looking for to begin with. For me, I had been in over 20 different jobs by the time I was in my early 20s because of my "bipolar" I would either quit or get fired or whatever else as I had always struggled to get along with other assholes as they had always been types of people I never had the ability to ignore at that age. Anyways that's all irrelevant, and really the only reason I say that is to feel like less of a loser I guess for not having an actual job in many years because of my bipolar disorder. That has been its own challenge on its own for me to handle, but I am not scared to talk about these things because I know it only validates and makes everything else I say more real. It all comes back to that whole honesty thing with me. I've had my fair share of pain and suffering as I'm sure you have had as well. Anyways this is the sort of things I will be talking more about when I write my "So Called Bipolar Disorder is Actually Evolution of the Human Brain" book, which again I am neither for or against psychiatric medication for you bipolar ones out there reading this.

Anyways, I. was very interested in all of this and I am grateful he was around to help me with this whole situation. And here is what I have believed for many years was one of my most profound supernatural experiences.

One night I had asked I. to come over and help me investigate it further. We both crossed the cornfield at night and went inside the forest. Whatever it was that I had summoned was affected the both of us. For what seemed around 20-30 minutes to us was actually four entire hours which made zero sense to us. It was as if time itself was manipulated in

that forest, or for us anyways. We both did our own meditation type things, for me it wasn't really medication as I refuse to ever truly meditate for hours on end. My mind is always going and on top of it that stream of endless imagination so it was never something I felt I needed, or believed I couldn't do anyways. Although with all the astral projecting I've been doing lately I've found that I've been able to do it a lot better lately, just maybe I do it in a different way than the way you're "supposed" to do it. Who knows.

Anyways, I remember I. was even trying to move a log so that we could cross the creek to go even deeper, but I remember him feeling confused as he said something like it didn't feel like he was himself and he didn't know why he was trying so hard to cross the creek. I was off in my own thoughts and imagination and probably did the silent scream again I don't even remember. It was pretty much all a 4 hour blur that felt like it couldn't of been longer than an hour we were in there. Then it happened. We were both standing next to each other and talking and both facing the direction of the forest beyond the creek. I. was talking about something, I think what he was seeing with this third eye, and I remember I raised my hand and pointed at something and said something like, "like that?", which makes me think I. must of said something like he felt a presence nearby. What I was witnessing looked like an oval up and down shape of something that looked blacker than black. It was like staring at a black hole, and if the color black could somehow be darker than it was that. There was something there about 30 feet from us. A black entity, a black hole, a pure black presence just floating there in front of us. Neither of us spoke and I remember feeling pure cold, like a fear that brought a chill to the bone. I believe for a short time we were both frozen in true terror and fear. We then abruptly ran away from it. I don't know if I ran first or he did, but looking back on it it felt like we both ran like hell at the same time.

For months I had been trying to remember his number. A week ago I did finally remember it randomly after a fucking decade and he still has the same phone number. I went off on a bunch of crazy shit about aliens and blah blah and he only texted back once. I'm sure I either freaked him out or possibly he just doesn't get into that stuff anymore and is busy with life.

Wherever he is I hope he is doing well and if you ever do read this, I., I hope we can talk again one day you still have my number I hope. If I could talk to him again I would be very interested to hear his take on what happened that night and his interpretation of what he say, because it was something we didn't talk about much after that because it was that reality rupturing and unreal that I know both of our human minds were trying to reject it and bury it deep within the subconscious mind.

After all that happened we ended up driving out to IHOP to meet up with some friends and try to come back to reality I suppose. On the way there we drove right over some roadkill that went perfectly under the center of his car like perfect symmetry which was just one of the many weird things that had happened that night. When we left IHOP and he was driving me back home, his radio was literally going crazy. It was acting up and changing channels on its own, and almost was like something was communicating with us through the various words left behind from the previous radio station to the next through conversations or songs on the radio. I remember I asked him what time it was as if it was something important, and he said it was 3:33. Then it switched to his CD player which then played the song "A Bid You Farewell by Killswitch Engage."

3:33 is always a number that I have seen almost as much as 11:11. Shadowwolf told me that it's actually of the light that I see that number, as it's half of 666 which represents evil. 3:33 is also the time that demons are the strongest other than there being a full harvest moon which he has told me is when they are at their strongest.

One time I had a synchronization where I was sharing 333 songs on Limewire, it was 3:33 and I was listening to some Black Eyed Peas song that was number 333 on my Winamp now playing list and the song was 3 minutes and 33 seconds long or something. I'm sure I will paste the actual writing of it somewhere later in this book, but it was definitely my most profound 3:33 sync that I had ever experienced and I very much doubt it's even possibly to have a sync like that again because the odds of it happening like that are just freaky.

Actually I'm now starting to believe that the whole IHOP 3:33 bid you farewell night was after we had banished it. Which I wanted to share two documents before then but might as well just tell it now. Me and I. banished it in our own way but creating poetry from me speaking a line and then him speaking a line and each doing our own whatever stuff that we would imagine is the way to banish something. It was then I had decided not to merge with it and just wanted to get rid of it. As we were walking back to his car and we were going to go to IHOP meet up with some friends I remember hearing wings flapping as if something was flying away and I think I. heard it as well. I remember telling him it feels like we are double dragon or something, or this all feels like that Keanu Reeves movie, Constantine. If I am remembering correctly I think he made a nervous laugh or something, not because he was scared, which I imagine he has no real fear as he has a great werewolf spirit about him, and I now believe he was in the past a Great Werewolf God, and I think that is when we saw the roadkill them later the whole bid you farewell radio going crazy 3:33 thing.

Anyways, there are two documents I want to share from that time. The first is a conversation between me and MadMax who I had started talking about earlier. I actually found him in a video recently and I knew it was him, which I was happy to see and I am happy to see he is doing well as I miss MadMax very much. In fact what had happened was that I actually got mad at him and accused him of sending that thing to me because he would always talk about the desert and when this thing was around me I was having crazy dreams about the desert. As I have learned the desert has equal value to a forest in supernatural terms if not even more so as it was the desert that Aliester Crowley did many of his own supernatural explorations and adventures of the unknown.

Because of this accusation, MadMax was offended and it destroyed our friendship, and forever on from that point I regretted it and wished I could take it back. It wasn't until recently that Shadowwolf made me feel better on this and told me that it was all a test. I had made the right decision not to merge with it as it was a pass to see if I would choose the light or the evil that was seducing me that I believed would of granted me

supernatural and psychic powers, which I already possess now anyways. Shadowwolf told me that MadMax is a unique one and talked very highly of him. I do miss him and hope that I get to talk to him again one day. I want to believe he has already contacted me telepathically but my telepathic abilities are not the strongest yet so I can't be sure on it. Only ones I know for sure I have been in telepathic communication with are Shadowwolf, Bill Hicks and a few others. The rest I am just not sure about because it can get confusing to separate the human imagination from the imagination of the third eye, as I imagine this is an ability in itself that I will get stronger with in time.

The second document I want to share is with a mysterious and mystical demonologist I found through Myspace, who I will conceal the name of because even though this person gave me it's namesake's name as he calls it, I don't know who it actually is and don't feel I have the right to disclose it anyways.

Well this is going to be a fucking bitch to edit. I'm having to edit this from notepad lol and not only that but I have to replace each username with "Me" and "MadMax". Oh well. I believe this conversation took place the very night that me and I. first saw the black hole entity and felt the cold fear and ran for our lives. After this conversation I will show the short document where I contacted the demonologist who told me about Bachron, who was the only resource I could find on the internet of that name. OMG! I love the show The Office so much. I just randomly remembered an episode where Michael Scott's screenplay he replaced all the Dwights with something else but leaving behind one Dwigt or something LOL. I can just replace the names with what I want. We actually had this conversation on Yahoo Messenger, which at the time was becoming almost as popular as AIM.

Fuck, well I realized that if I don't edit the puncutation and grammar in this conversation it might not even be able to create the right format in Smashword's horrendous meat grinder ebook format generator, might even hinder it being reviewed for the ebook and printed versions on Amazon. I'm going to just let it be as is for now and if I run into issues I will

have to go back and edit the grammar and punctuation. If this happens then I will let it be known I made the changes here, of course only changes to grammar and punctuation none of the words themselves as I feel the way it is now only makes it look and feel more real and authentic as the timestamps with each line are included as well. Regardless, every word in this conversation are as they are and have not been changed whatsoever.

Me (4:02:40 AM): what happened

MadMax (4:07:24 AM): with?

MadMax (4:07:27 AM): dude how are you

MadMax (4:07:29 AM): are you okay

MadMax (4:07:33 AM): did you go into the woods?

MadMax (4:07:40 AM): I was hoping you'd be safe

Me (4:07:49 AM): MAX

Me (4:07:52 AM): some shit happened

Me (4:07:53 AM): wow

Me (4:08:02 AM): ok

MadMax (4:08:11 AM): lay it on me brother

Me (4:08:12 AM): i feel sick because i had too much coffee

MadMax (4:08:12 AM): :)

MadMax (4:08:18 AM): sorry to hear

Me (4:08:21 AM): shit i need a sec hold on

MadMax (4:08:25 AM): take a pepto.. helps me sometimes

Me (4:08:29 AM): im so drained man

Me (4:08:31 AM): i dont have any

Me (4:08:42 AM): im gonna take some advil maybe?

Me (4:08:45 AM): think that will help?

MadMax (4:09:03 AM): yeah that will help

Me (4:09:04 AM): brb

MadMax (4:09:09 AM): wil help with the head.. not the stomach

MadMax (4:09:10 AM): though

Me (4:10:31 AM): ok

Me (4:10:39 AM): im going to give you a layout of the night

Me (4:10:44 AM): then go into detail

Me (4:11:05 AM): 1. me and my friend go out to the woods at 830-9 somewhere in there

Me (4:11:14 AM): 2. came out around way past midnight
Me (4:11:27 AM): 3. got home at like 3-4
Me (4:11:29 AM): ok
Me (4:11:31 AM): so
Me (4:11:40 AM): we went in
Me (4:11:52 AM): we got to the creek
Me (4:12:02 AM): i did my thing that i do while he did some thing he does
Me (4:12:07 AM): well nothing to big really
Me (4:12:14 AM): i mean every now and then we would hear shit
Me (4:12:25 AM): but nothing enough to be like wow thats something supernatural
Me (4:12:27 AM): well
Me (4:12:36 AM): after we were standing on the hill and meditating
MadMax (4:12:38 AM): hmm okay
Me (4:12:40 AM): we went down to the creek
Me (4:12:51 AM): and for some reason i was driven and determined to get past that creek
Me (4:13:10 AM): I. wanted to leave then and i was like someone once told me that when shit like this starts to happen we have to stay
Me (4:13:20 AM): at this point we got the whole bad vibe theres something there type of deal
Me (4:13:37 AM): we were crawling along the bank of the creek holding trying not to fall in
Me (4:13:50 AM): we found this huge log and had to break and i dont know what we were trying to do
Me (4:14:12 AM): we were struggling and using a lot of energy to snap this tree and try to get it across so we can ATTEMPT to walk across
Me (4:14:22 AM): but then we kind of went back and sat down on the hill
Me (4:14:27 AM): well when that happened
Me (4:14:39 AM): i said doesnt it just feel like everything we just did trying to get past the creek was a dream
Me (4:14:53 AM): like it felt like something posessed us or was urging us to do all that shit
Me (4:15:00 AM): crawl through mud and all that shit
Me (4:15:07 AM): well we just sat and meditated
Me (4:15:21 AM): and he said that he saw a picture in his head of a girl

Me (4:15:27 AM): with fangs, blonde hair, very beautiful
Me (4:15:41 AM): well then we started hearing shit
MadMax (4:15:41 AM): really
MadMax (4:15:47 AM): so did you get across the creek?
Me (4:15:50 AM): like there was so many sounds
Me (4:15:52 AM): we couldn't
Me (4:15:54 AM): well
Me (4:16:14 AM): we were hearing all these sounds and like ok i stood up
MadMax (4:16:23 AM): what kinda sounds
Me (4:16:24 AM): and i was like ok were going to cross this creek we were just going to swim through
MadMax (4:16:28 AM): what did it sound like
Me (4:16:33 AM): it was fucking weird
Me (4:16:34 AM): for one
Me (4:16:43 AM): there was this weird buzzing sound sounded like how a quail sounds
Me (4:16:47 AM): could of been trees creaking
Me (4:16:59 AM): the creek was flowing and we swore sometimes we heard something in tongue
MadMax (4:17:02 AM): wow
Me (4:17:04 AM): like little snippets
Me (4:17:06 AM): well
Me (4:17:10 AM): im tingly right now
MadMax (4:17:14 AM): yeah i'm not surprised by that
MadMax (4:17:19 AM): you will
Me (4:17:20 AM): we were going to cross it right
MadMax (4:17:23 AM): don't be afraid of that
Me (4:17:24 AM): then we both stopped
MadMax (4:17:31 AM): sounds like a language you never heard huh
Me (4:17:33 AM): and ahead of us was a clearing kind of
Me (4:17:34 AM): yes
Me (4:17:43 AM): and there was this BLACK BLACK BLACK spot in the water
MadMax (4:17:47 AM): often it sounds like growling mixed with throaty voices
Me (4:17:53 AM): and i was like ok that's where we have to cross
Me (4:17:53 AM): yes

Me (4:18:05 AM): i swear to god....
MadMax (4:18:07 AM): did you cross
Me (4:18:12 AM): we both looked at this black mass in the water
Me (4:18:16 AM): and freaked the fuck out
Me (4:18:19 AM): both of us at the same time
Me (4:18:27 AM): it was blacker than black
Me (4:18:33 AM): blacker than anything in the already black woods
Me (4:18:39 AM): before this
Me (4:18:42 AM): there were times
Me (4:18:51 AM): were we both felt really really fucking tingly and goosebumps
Me (4:18:57 AM): everything we felt we felt at the same time
Me (4:19:02 AM): well we took off
Me (4:19:06 AM): at the same time
Me (4:19:13 AM): we just stood there at the edge
Me (4:19:21 AM): and thats when the more weird stuff started to happen
Me (4:19:29 AM): we would hear all kinds of sounds
Me (4:19:33 AM): like the creaking sound...
Me (4:19:37 AM): was happening everywhere
Me (4:19:43 AM): and like there was different sounds
Me (4:19:51 AM): like a faint screeching like a womans screech
Me (4:20:01 AM): one time we heard a car in the distant but it sounded like a growl
Me (4:20:09 AM): we heard like a deep growl from deep in the woods
Me (4:20:16 AM): many times we were sure sometime was coming
Me (4:20:28 AM): there was this grey mist by this tree that is weird looking
Me (4:20:45 AM): like i felt a piece of hair on my cheek
Me (4:20:53 AM): and later he felt one land on his temple
MadMax (4:21:05 AM): In one word what did you feel when you saw that dark pool in the water
MadMax (4:21:06 AM): ?
Me (4:21:12 AM): YES
Me (4:21:13 AM): YES
Me (4:21:15 AM): WHAT WAS THAT
MadMax (4:21:27 AM): but what did you feel?
Me (4:21:27 AM): different

Me (4:21:31 AM): i dont know...

MadMax (4:21:33 AM): okay

MadMax (4:21:40 AM): diferent how?

MadMax (4:21:47 AM): scared? or intrigued?

Me (4:21:49 AM): frozen in a sense

Me (4:21:52 AM): both

MadMax (4:21:58 AM): well that is interesting

Me (4:21:58 AM): i didnt know what to think

Me (4:22:05 AM): what

MadMax (4:22:13 AM): well that word frozen

MadMax (4:22:16 AM): means your seeing it

MadMax (4:22:30 AM): you see when find the apex of darkness for you it will freeze you

Me (4:22:33 AM): right when we both looked he said we have to cross there

Me (4:22:43 AM): and iw as thinking,.... theres no way were going down there iw as just staring at it

MadMax (4:22:47 AM): not necessarily in fear, but you will not know how to go forward with mortal flesh unto it

Me (4:22:52 AM): yes

Me (4:22:57 AM): i felt i could of gone further

MadMax (4:23:03 AM): THat's prolly a wise idea

Me (4:23:04 AM): but when my thoughts started to sink in

Me (4:23:11 AM): we thought it was something HUGE

Me (4:23:18 AM): like a huge demon or something i dont know

Me (4:23:24 AM): we felt we were in great physical danger

MadMax (4:23:30 AM): Well that is the turning point.. it sounds like

MadMax (4:23:40 AM): from there if you were to cross forward unot it

MadMax (4:23:50 AM): you will not come back as the same person you are now

MadMax (4:24:00 AM): you may bring back an entity with you

MadMax (4:24:10 AM): you may see something mortals should not see

MadMax (4:24:22 AM): when you see things that tell your heart "NO" don't go any furhter

MadMax (4:24:42 AM): you should realize your "risking".. risking your own well being (both physical and emotional)

Me (4:24:48 AM): i wanted to go back in but my friend didnt, i mean we were both pretty shocked and disbeilef

Me (4:24:56 AM): i dont know man

Me (4:24:59 AM): right when we got out

Me (4:25:01 AM): i knew i failed

Me (4:25:08 AM): i was saddened i knew i failed

MadMax (4:25:14 AM): no no no you didn't fail

MadMax (4:25:21 AM): 'failure is when you learn nothing from your experience

MadMax (4:25:27 AM): you saw part of it

MadMax (4:25:35 AM): something that made you turn back from fear

MadMax (4:25:54 AM): so your seeing part of it and that is a progression

MadMax (4:26:03 AM): not a regression, and certainly not a failure

Me (4:26:10 AM): i think im hearing sounds outside

Me (4:26:15 AM): i think im just paranoid

MadMax (4:26:56 AM): You notice i ask you how you feel a lot because in order to help you I want to understand what you see as an initial expression towards the supernatural

MadMax (4:27:10 AM): I know that you know eventually you are going to make supreme peace with it

Me (4:27:20 AM): IT WAS LIKE THERE WAS A WALL BETWEEN ME AND THE DARK SPOT

MadMax (4:27:40 AM): and you will be able to wade through any dark water without fear. But this is the beginning of your trial by fire.

MadMax (4:27:52 AM): How would you explain that wall?

Me (4:27:58 AM): not there

Me (4:28:02 AM): like in that moment of time

Me (4:28:05 AM): i was somewhere different

Me (4:28:17 AM): it was so black it was just there

MadMax (4:28:23 AM): hmm.. what do you think would have happen if you were to cross that wall and wade through that dark spot

Me (4:28:34 AM): i would of died

MadMax (4:28:48 AM): well you see death comes in so many forms

MadMax (4:28:54 AM): so in realizing that you are not far off

Me (4:29:14 AM): i cant even think right now

MadMax (4:29:15 AM): I agree you would have died. If you crossed that darkness you would not be the same person that you came back as

MadMax (4:29:17 AM): err as

MadMax (4:29:28 AM): You see experience changes us

Me (4:29:38 AM): my story isnt finished

Me (4:29:41 AM): theres more

MadMax (4:29:44 AM): go on

Me (4:29:50 AM): after we got out

Me (4:30:00 AM): we were at the edge, at the end of the cornfield edge of forest

Me (4:30:20 AM): all the noises... the creaking, the weird buzzing, random dogs barking, random gushing of wind

Me (4:30:24 AM): increased

Me (4:30:31 AM): like every 5 second we heard something

Me (4:30:35 AM): we backed off a littler

Me (4:30:38 AM): little*

Me (4:30:54 AM): and there were about 2 or 3 times we saw a huge shadow move

MadMax (4:30:55 AM): okay

Me (4:30:59 AM): like we both saw it

Me (4:31:21 AM): and one time my friend said a shadow went over me at the same time i was looking at a car that turned in the distance

MadMax (4:31:23 AM): In this did you try to embrace what was going on, and not fear it?

Me (4:31:29 AM): oh yeah

Me (4:31:34 AM): i mean everytime i heard this shit i was smiling

Me (4:31:40 AM): i smiled a lot during this

Me (4:31:46 AM): trying everything i could to get it to come out

MadMax (4:31:47 AM): ahhh.. now your getting it!!!!!!!!!!!!!! :)

Me (4:31:50 AM): get this...

Me (4:31:54 AM): when we were meditating

Me (4:32:04 AM): i thought about reciting a bible verse to get something pissed so it would come out

Me (4:32:21 AM): i started to recite something in my head and sure enough once i told I. about the bible verses we started hearing more shit

Me (4:32:35 AM): well anyways

Me (4:32:43 AM): we were at in the cornfield

Me (4:32:51 AM): and there was this like grey mist around the strange tree

Me (4:32:55 AM): so we walked towards it

MadMax (4:32:59 AM): Well don't think of pissing it off.. think of it as allowing yourself the moment. That you accept what is going on. That you are a more powerful being because you own flesh, and that you are willing to communicate / yet cannot be taken advantage of

Me (4:32:59 AM): and so much more weird shit happened

Me (4:33:08 AM): like it sounded like there was a bunch of shit out there

Me (4:33:24 AM): im getting the tingle feling agian

MadMax (4:33:41 AM): Well are you ready to hear something weird

Me (4:33:41 AM): i th ink i heard a faint scream outside

Me (4:33:46 AM): NO

Me (4:33:47 AM): hold on

Me (4:33:48 AM): yes

Me (4:33:49 AM): go on

MadMax (4:33:50 AM): okay

MadMax (4:33:52 AM): hehe

Me (4:33:52 AM): whats somethign weird

MadMax (4:33:54 AM): ;-)

Me (4:34:39 AM): WHATS WEIRD

MadMax (4:34:54 AM): When you are ready you will run off into that darkness alone.. not because you fear it.. but because you are part of it. In it's essence we are all wild carnate and incarnate spirits in nature. We are both of the natural and the supernatural. When you leave to be with them w/o the help of others. It is then in the darkness you will have divine revelation

Me (4:35:37 AM): I. i think a ufo is following me

Me (4:35:41 AM): i men max

MadMax (4:35:53 AM): what makes you think that?

Me (4:36:01 AM): ok

Me (4:36:04 AM): before we totally left

Me (4:36:09 AM): we were standing out in the cornfield

Me (4:36:12 AM): and seeing so much shit

Me (4:36:14 AM): i mean hearing

Me (4:36:17 AM): like insane

Me (4:36:46 AM): im hearing shit now
Me (4:36:57 AM): oh and BTW
Me (4:37:04 AM): i did that thing i did..... like a billion times
Me (4:37:17 AM): we heard this raccoon
Me (4:37:20 AM): making noises
Me (4:37:25 AM): and then i said
Me (4:37:29 AM): i bet its going to hiss or something
Me (4:37:30 AM): and it did
Me (4:37:42 AM): and like we smell something that smelt like a skunk out of nowhere
Me (4:37:51 AM): and there was this fucking thing in space
Me (4:37:54 AM): in the sky
Me (4:37:59 AM): like it moved to the left
Me (4:38:05 AM): then slowly glided to the right
Me (4:38:09 AM): and its weird man..
Me (4:38:14 AM): it even has a faint glow around it
Me (4:38:19 AM): i can see it from my window
Me (4:38:25 AM): which is weird because its totally moved around
Me (4:38:36 AM): when we left we went on the complete different side of town
MadMax (4:38:41 AM): If you rupture reality too much with the silent scream you'll bring itself down upon you... so please heed my advice do not use that much. That is a supreme act of control. Much like a tiger gnashing it's teeth in silence before it faces its adversary
Me (4:38:41 AM): and everywhere we went we could see it
Me (4:39:03 AM): what do you mean
Me (4:39:17 AM): im not scared
MadMax (4:39:22 AM): I just mean your "calling"
Me (4:39:28 AM): why not use it all the time
MadMax (4:39:30 AM): you call to much your going to bring to much on you at at once
Me (4:39:36 AM): i think i already did that
Me (4:39:40 AM): i think im past that point
MadMax (4:39:47 AM): because even for the adept it's just too much
MadMax (4:40:09 AM): that rage will beget rage.. and you'll become a being.. a dragon that will devour everything it see's

Me (4:40:21 AM): i never thought i would say this but i cant wait for it to be daylight right now

MadMax (4:40:28 AM): power is in reverance and refrainment. Not in just lashing out and destroying everything

Me (4:40:45 AM): but i didnt know that, iw as getting upset i wasnt seeing anything

MadMax (4:41:00 AM): and did you see enough to convince you?

Me (4:41:06 AM): yes

Me (4:41:09 AM): max theres more

Me (4:41:23 AM): well turns out

Me (4:41:30 AM): WE WERE OUT THERE FOR OVER FOUR HOURS

Me (4:41:39 AM): and it seriously felt like 10 minutes, maybe a hour at the most

Me (4:41:57 AM): it was around 12 or so and we decided to goto IHOP

Me (4:42:13 AM): we were just talking and some friends came and yeah fucked around till about 3

Me (4:42:15 AM): 3....

Me (4:42:21 AM): we were on the way home

Me (4:42:25 AM): and out of nowhere....

Me (4:42:29 AM): my friends radio just turns on

Me (4:42:35 AM): by itself....

Me (4:42:40 AM): it was going through the stations

Me (4:43:00 AM): by itself

Me (4:43:05 AM): and it wasnt just scanning...

Me (4:43:10 AM): some stations it would be on there more than others

Me (4:43:12 AM): well

Me (4:43:15 AM): as it was doing this

Me (4:43:21 AM): i told l. to look at the time

Me (4:43:26 AM): it was 3:33

Me (4:43:36 AM): well it would stop and go on

Me (4:43:43 AM): then it went adn turned to the CD

Me (4:43:47 AM): and played a full song of something

Me (4:43:59 AM): thta its chorus was "and i bid your farewell"

MadMax (4:44:09 AM): am not surprised. I've found in the fourth watch that 3:33 is the hightned medium of activity

Me (4:44:09 AM): and i also heard a number 5-9

MadMax (4:44:28 AM): I dont know what those numbers mean
Me (4:44:29 AM): THATS INSANE CAUSE 3:33 WAS WHEN THE RADIO WAS FUKCING GOING CRAZY
Me (4:44:34 AM): me neither
MadMax (4:44:49 AM): Theyre trying to talk to you
Me (4:44:53 AM): i know
MadMax (4:44:54 AM): good luck in shaking them now lol
Me (4:44:59 AM): what do you mean
MadMax (4:45:03 AM): They did that to me for months
MadMax (4:45:18 AM): little things.. notes if you will to let me know they were watching
Me (4:45:24 AM): oh i know, sometimes i turn all my alarm clocks to the wall cause i get sick of it
MadMax (4:45:35 AM): They'll watch you for a couple months
Me (4:45:39 AM): WHO
Me (4:45:41 AM): aliens!?
MadMax (4:45:41 AM): to see if you'll run from them
MadMax (4:45:46 AM): the spirits
MadMax (4:46:05 AM): everything most people dont see in this world
Me (4:46:06 AM): its 4:45
Me (4:46:18 AM): i prolly said 3:33 at 4:44
MadMax (4:46:32 AM): Aliens are just beings like you and I. They have no control that you do not have over the supernatural
Me (4:46:43 AM): Me (4:44:29 AM): THATS INSANE CAUSE 3:33 WAS WHEN THE RADIO WAS FUKCING GOING CRAZY
MadMax (4:47:45 AM): woah
MadMax (4:47:48 AM): heheh
MadMax (4:47:50 AM): nice
Me (4:47:52 AM): it was just so weird how we were out there for 4 hours!
Me (4:47:58 AM): and it really seemed like 10 minutes
Me (4:48:02 AM): and another thing
Me (4:48:08 AM): when we were out there it was warm
Me (4:48:16 AM): and when we were meditating... it got really cold
MadMax (4:48:20 AM): What are your thoughts now? Are you going back? Are you done?
Me (4:48:23 AM): and got colder throughout the night

Me (4:48:29 AM): im done with it all im never talking to you again
Me (4:48:44 AM): haha just kidding
Me (4:48:47 AM): of course im not done
Me (4:48:51 AM): ive only started
Me (4:49:17 AM): hello?
Me (4:49:46 AM): every song i hear i keep hearing shit int he background
Me (4:49:59 AM): some old friend at IHOP said i looked and acted like i was wasted
Me (4:50:20 AM): this whole night felt like a dream
Me (4:50:22 AM): HELLO!????!
Me (4:50:33 AM): HELLO!????????????????????
MadMax (4:51:03 AM): sorry
Me (4:51:06 AM): WHAT WAS THAT
Me (4:51:09 AM): DONT DO THAT AGAIN
MadMax (4:51:17 AM): haha
Me (4:51:19 AM): lol
MadMax (4:51:26 AM): i had to go take care of smething
Me (4:51:28 AM): i thought something was attacking you
MadMax (4:51:31 AM): otherwise it would burn the house down
Me (4:51:33 AM): care bears? yeah that happens
MadMax (4:51:34 AM): am cooking
MadMax (4:51:47 AM): thats good
Me (4:51:48 AM): oh yeah one more thing that happend
MadMax (4:51:51 AM): don't be scared of this
Me (4:51:57 AM): im not
MadMax (4:51:57 AM): go back and meditate
MadMax (4:51:59 AM): inside it
MadMax (4:52:04 AM): cross the dark pool
MadMax (4:52:11 AM): and go into the heart of it
MadMax (4:52:23 AM): hold in your heart the light of love and understanding
MadMax (4:52:29 AM): and it shall give to you the heart of darkness
MadMax (4:52:40 AM): This is what I learned from invoking the antichrist
Me (4:52:50 AM): wwwwwwwwwwhat?
MadMax (4:53:03 AM): because in supreme destruction eternal love is the only thing that resides above oblivion

Me (4:53:13 AM): you invoked the antichrist?

MadMax (4:53:24 AM): Go with love and life in your heart. Go to accept and understand and you shall see that nothing can harm you

MadMax (4:53:35 AM): yes.. who did you think the "she" was

Me (4:53:36 AM): now?

Me (4:53:42 AM): are you serious?

MadMax (4:53:44 AM): not now.. .. but when you are ready

Me (4:53:56 AM): well i think she hates me now cause i thought about a bible verse in my head

MadMax (4:53:59 AM): in time.. gather your strength

MadMax (4:54:12 AM): only do that if it's what you are thinking

MadMax (4:54:27 AM): realize your own merit is powerful enough that you need no god to protect you

MadMax (4:54:55 AM): And if they come to you too much, in a way you cannot bear. Ask for them to show themselves to you. Demand you are not frightened

Me (4:55:01 AM): but then i said i hate god to make it beter

MadMax (4:55:07 AM): And then i believe you shall see it in front of you

MadMax (4:55:18 AM): depends on who these spirits are

MadMax (4:55:31 AM): Nuetrality is the best in the begining

Me (4:56:10 AM): about she

Me (4:56:13 AM): is that how she looked like

Me (4:56:15 AM): blonde hair

Me (4:56:16 AM): fangs

Me (4:56:17 AM): white robe?

MadMax (4:56:59 AM): no not to me

Me (4:57:06 AM): on the way home, remember how i said about the raccoon sounds like it was hissing and shrieking?

MadMax (4:57:08 AM): but she'll appear different to everyone

MadMax (4:57:13 AM): yes

Me (4:57:17 AM): when we were in the cornfield

Me (4:57:19 AM): well on the way home

Me (4:57:26 AM): right before we were about to pass the woods

Me (4:57:36 AM): we went over a dead raccoon or possum thing

Me (4:57:37 AM): dead

Me (4:57:47 AM): right over it right in the middle under our car

Me (4:57:51 AM): his car

Me (4:57:58 AM): and it wasnt there when we left

Me (4:58:12 AM): looked fresh like it was just killed, perfectly layed out or something

Me (4:58:17 AM): in the middle of the lane not on the side

Me (4:58:24 AM): on the lane we were on

MadMax (4:59:04 AM): The destroyer will appear as a female sedductress to many men, but she is divine. So she will not appear sexual, but appealing to your heart and your virtue. Your everlasting true love. It is not a trick or a rouse as she will call upon you to defend her. But she appears in whatever your hearts desire is. Brunette, blonde, etc. Demure, slutty, whatever you like. She is yours, and if you give yourself to her.. you will be her's.

Me (4:59:22 AM): funny how u say that on the 59th minute

MadMax (4:59:32 AM): road kill is alwas fairly nasty huh

MadMax (4:59:38 AM): :)

Me (4:59:39 AM): it wasnt road kill

Me (4:59:50 AM): it was dead, it wasnt smashed or squished

Me (4:59:56 AM): just there

Me (4:59:59 AM): at at this time of night

MadMax (5:00:02 AM): weird

Me (5:00:04 AM): as the radio thing was going

Me (5:00:08 AM): there wasnt a single car on the road

Me (5:00:14 AM): of a fairly busy main street

MadMax (5:01:02 AM): sounds like a rather intriguing night

Me (5:01:11 AM): to say the least

MadMax (5:01:26 AM): the beggining is always interesting.. so many ideas... so many roads to seemingly nowheres

MadMax (5:01:33 AM): but in time all shall be revealed

MadMax (5:01:40 AM): If you keep exploring that area

MadMax (5:01:57 AM): you will be the only one on this plane that truely knows it's secrets

MadMax (5:02:16 AM): Just like I know who is at the tip of those sand dunes

MadMax (5:02:32 AM): Conquer the fear and run off into the hear of it's darkness to be yourself

MadMax (5:02:50 AM): Embrace and learn from it. I know that sounds terrifying

Me (5:02:50 AM): tell me max

MadMax (5:03:02 AM): but in time you will see this is the only way.

Me (5:03:07 AM): whats the dark pool

MadMax (5:03:12 AM): A great teacher of mine said the only way out is through.

MadMax (5:03:19 AM): The dark pool is just a metaphor

Me (5:03:19 AM): thats not so easy tho

Me (5:03:25 AM): but it was reall

MadMax (5:03:30 AM): it is basically the darkness in you.

Me (5:03:31 AM): there really was a dark pool in the water

Me (5:03:38 AM): or sometihng I don't know

Me (5:03:40 AM): pure black

Me (5:03:57 AM): like a black abyss

MadMax (5:04:00 AM): You can either die inside it.. or you can ressuerect yourself in it and find your truest nature

Me (5:04:08 AM): how can i die inside it

MadMax (5:04:19 AM): by succumbing to your fear

MadMax (5:04:36 AM): by letting what is inside you manifest without (outside you)

MadMax (5:04:47 AM): This can kill you (yes literally take your life)

Me (5:04:56 AM): !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MadMax (5:05:00 AM): That is why i have warned so many do not go down that road

MadMax (5:05:08 AM): Do not let fear over run your pure heart

MadMax (5:05:36 AM): How do you think christ walked on water? Do you think he was afraid of speaking to his disciples?

Me (5:05:44 AM): maybe im not suppose to go through it then, maybe im just suppose to be a observer

MadMax (5:05:53 AM): it is the same with you.. no fear. will bring greatness into your life

MadMax (5:06:01 AM): perhaps...

MadMax (5:06:10 AM): it depends on what you want out of your life

MadMax (5:06:25 AM): Some bear witness and some truely become what is beyond that pool

MadMax (5:06:37 AM): to each his or her path. There is no judgment in it

MadMax (5:06:54 AM): Only do what you are comfortable with.

Me (5:07:22 AM): if I was doing what i was comfortable with i would have stayed home tonight

MadMax (5:07:43 AM): Agreed sometimes you have to break the normalcy of your own life

MadMax (5:07:54 AM): Very wise

Me (5:07:58 AM): the thing is

Me (5:08:03 AM): i know i can do this

MadMax (5:08:13 AM): growth is often both cataclismic and progressive

Me (5:08:23 AM): but I dont know if i want to be changed like that

Me (5:08:32 AM): like i don't know

MadMax (5:08:42 AM): The only thing you can trust is your heart

Me (5:08:55 AM): but i dont know if i want some enitivity a part of me

Me (5:09:05 AM): iv heard stories of people...

Me (5:09:09 AM): about something thats in them

Me (5:09:20 AM): left arm wants to go up left arm wants to go down

MadMax (5:09:23 AM): But I would say that beyond that dark pool is not good nor evil but a wildness that few can attain. It is the chaotic centrality of the universe

Me (5:09:28 AM): like a fight between two people over one mind

MadMax (5:09:38 AM): Essentailly the attainment of a supreme being

Me (5:09:42 AM): HER

Me (5:09:43 AM): HERE

Me (5:09:45 AM): ?

Me (5:09:55 AM): supreme being here?

MadMax (5:10:17 AM): if you stray right or left you may find yourself with an entity

MadMax (5:10:44 AM): but the chaotic central is supremacy. most stay out of that because that is reserved for the universe

MadMax (5:10:57 AM): It doesnt mean you cant have a taste though :)

MadMax (5:11:21 AM): You'll see.. go unto the place you are most scared of

MadMax (5:11:24 AM): Go alone

MadMax (5:11:37 AM): Go not in strife and not in conquest, but to learn

MadMax (5:11:52 AM): And what you shall come back with will be true knowledge

Me (5:13:01 AM): i have to gather my thoughts

Me (5:13:19 AM): im not in the right state of mind

MadMax (5:13:20 AM): Definitely a good idea. Keep a journal if you dont already.

Me (5:13:26 AM): why

MadMax (5:13:26 AM): a good way to understand evolution

MadMax (5:13:33 AM): of where your going

Me (5:13:35 AM): i just write poems

MadMax (5:13:40 AM): basically a collection of thoughts

MadMax (5:13:43 AM): poems work well

Me (5:13:51 AM): i cant do that, i think all the time it doesnt matter to me

Me (5:13:54 AM): i think too much

Me (5:13:58 AM): so much that i dont forget

Me (5:14:10 AM): well i could forget

Me (5:14:11 AM): i don't know

Me (5:14:21 AM): yeah i write poems though

MadMax (5:14:23 AM): You already know that I am your friend and I would not advise you to go anywhere in which you are in great jepeordy. But I do want you to grow. I do want you to not be afraid

Me (5:14:33 AM): yeah i know

Me (5:14:54 AM): but your not telling me anything

MadMax (5:14:59 AM): So if I push you.. it's not that i push you into danger.. but i want you to find your own truths.

Me (5:15:15 AM): your not telling me anything

MadMax (5:15:38 AM): i'm not telling you anything (as you see it) because I want you to find your own truth. Which is not neccesarily my truth

Me (5:15:45 AM): no i mean..

MadMax (5:15:52 AM): I want you to see it for yourself

Me (5:16:21 AM): when you say overcome the dark pook, you are changed, true knowledge, i dont know waht that means your not giving me examples

MadMax (5:16:31 AM): If I tell you what I think is out there it will ruin it for you. But also you might find something entirely differnt.

Me (5:16:33 AM): like how has it changed you

Me (5:16:44 AM): you keep saying i have to see it for myself but i have no idea what it is or what will happen to me

Me (5:17:10 AM): i already know its a demon

Me (5:17:13 AM): daemon

MadMax (5:17:54 AM): It has changed me because I no longer fear the dark. I no longer fear the spirits. I can talk and be amongst them. I can see the wild things for that which they are because I have become one of them. I can flee into the darkness and wade through that dark pool and marry with what is beyond it. I can cut this body loose and drive in the essence of my spirit. I can be with them when every other man has left in fear.

MadMax (5:18:10 AM): Me: you keep saying i have to see it for myself but i have no idea what it is or what will happen to me

MadMax (5:18:15 AM): There in lies it

MadMax (5:18:25 AM): Thats why i say you need to go explore

Me (5:18:37 AM): you can talk to spirits?

MadMax (5:18:40 AM): be physically safe

MadMax (5:18:57 AM): when your ready you wont need to open your mouth to talk to spirits

Me (5:18:57 AM): so if you were to go somewhere really dark and desolate you wouldnt have one inch of fear

MadMax (5:19:24 AM): in those places you will not be of fear. You will be coming home.

MadMax (5:19:34 AM): I am not in fear when i enter my own home

MadMax (5:19:42 AM): I am not in fear when enter the dark shadows

MadMax (5:20:06 AM): They have wrapped their wings around me. I do not harm them and they do not harm me.

Me (5:20:07 AM): what do you think is there?

MadMax (5:21:02 AM): I believe the essence of those spirits are merely the nature of darkness itself. Residual semblance of human energy bordering on being carnate

MadMax (5:21:23 AM): These are things you need to see and identify though in you

Me (5:21:23 AM): what does that mean

Me (5:21:27 AM): WHAT

MadMax (5:21:30 AM): don't take my word for it.. go out and find

MadMax (5:21:33 AM): it yourself

Me (5:21:33 AM): i dotn know what your saying

Me (5:21:45 AM): dude

MadMax (5:21:46 AM): that's why I say go!! hehehehe

MadMax (5:21:51 AM): you'll see....

Me (5:21:58 AM): I believe the essence of those spirits are merely the nature of darkness itself. Residual semblance of human energy bordering on being carnate

MadMax (5:21:23 AM): These are things you need to see and idenitify though in you

Me (5:22:01 AM): WHAT DOES THAT MEAN

MadMax (5:22:03 AM): You know me.. i wouldnt send you into any harm

Me (5:22:10 AM): i know that max TELL ME WHAT IS THERE

Me (5:22:21 AM): im not scared of being harmed or dying

Me (5:22:24 AM): i could care less

MadMax (5:22:26 AM): I mean you will see things outside yourself. And you will either idenitify with them or you will negate them

Me (5:22:31 AM): im just worried how i will change

Me (5:22:36 AM): what is there

MadMax (5:22:41 AM): this is part of the process of self actualization and self discovery

MadMax (5:22:59 AM): Both are there

MadMax (5:23:04 AM): Darkness and light

MadMax (5:23:20 AM): You will find them both in there

MadMax (5:23:26 AM): That's why there hot spots

Me (5:23:34 AM): MadMax (5:16:31 AM): If I tell you what I think is out there it will ruin it for you. But also you might find something entirely differnt.

Me (5:23:35 AM): MadMax (5:16:31 AM): If I tell you what I think is out there it will ruin it for you. But also you might find something entirely differnt.

Me (5:23:35 AM): MadMax (5:16:31 AM): If I tell you what I think is out there it will ruin it for you. But also you might find something entirely differnt.

Me (5:23:36 AM): MadMax (5:16:31 AM): If I tell you what I think is out there it will ruin it for you. But also you might find something entirely

differnt.

MadMax (5:23:40 AM): nothing is what it seems in there. Follow your own heart

Me (5:23:43 AM): what do you think is out there

MadMax (5:23:58 AM): I'm not gonna tell you what I've found there

MadMax (5:24:00 AM): that's for you

Me (5:24:05 AM): pretend like i have no clue what you are talking about

MadMax (5:24:11 AM): Okay

Me (5:24:12 AM): about self actualization

MadMax (5:24:19 AM): wait one sec i'm gonna piss

MadMax (5:24:21 AM): brb

Me (5:24:22 AM): Me (5:21:58 AM): I believe the essence of those spirits are merely the nature of darkness itself. Residual semblance of human energy bordering on being carnate

Me (5:24:25 AM): what does THAT mean

MadMax (5:24:26 AM): i will make it clear i promise

MadMax (5:26:18 AM): Okay this is what is out there

MadMax (5:27:46 AM): have you ever played a game of chess (or even checkers) where there is both light and dark peices marching on each other. You know that who ever wins you are both balanced. Since the person you are fighting in this game is both your nemesis and your friend. You realize that whatever happens the game will balance. In such it's not the game itself it's what you see in this game. How your heart FEELS in this game. How you play the game. What you wish to come from it.

MadMax (5:28:13 AM): It's similar to sorcery. All these wiccans cliam it is "intent" and they are right

MadMax (5:28:42 AM): if you go into the darkness with the resolution of bringing back a power stronger then yourself to do ill will then you will find that

MadMax (5:28:46 AM): and vice versa

Me (5:29:24 AM): ok im done talking about this

Me (5:29:32 AM): im saving this convo im going to reread it tomorrow

Me (5:29:46 AM): im so out of it

Me (5:29:51 AM): im so drained and shot to shit

Me (5:30:07 AM): everything you said I will read again tomorrow

Me (5:30:13 AM): so its not in vain thanks max

Me (5:30:17 AM): what happen with UTD

MadMax (5:31:33 AM): no worries

MadMax (5:32:01 AM): I believe you are in safe exploration.. if you own the stars why not reach for them.. see whats out there.. i wont put you in harms way

MadMax (5:32:05 AM): UTd is a mess

MadMax (5:32:08 AM): dude

MadMax (5:32:10 AM): lol

MadMax (5:32:24 AM): re-dic-U-Damn diculous

MadMax (5:32:29 AM): hhahaa

Me (5:32:35 AM): ummm

Me (5:32:45 AM): lol your pretty pissed huh

MadMax (5:33:09 AM): about the UTD thing

MadMax (5:33:12 AM): oh yeah

MadMax (5:33:15 AM): lol

Me (5:33:17 AM): ...

MadMax (5:33:18 AM): but i let it go

MadMax (5:33:32 AM): if i were really angry i wouldnt even mention it

Me (5:33:38 AM): max your not making any sense

MadMax (5:33:38 AM): id just go TCB :) if you know what i mean

Me (5:33:44 AM): whats tcb

MadMax (5:33:53 AM): sorry your young.. hehehe..

MadMax (5:33:58 AM): Takin care of business

Me (5:34:03 AM): im older than you

MadMax (5:34:10 AM): you are sooo not

MadMax (5:34:11 AM): hahah

Me (5:34:12 AM): yes i am

MadMax (5:34:15 AM): oh yah

Me (5:34:15 AM): im not really 19

MadMax (5:34:16 AM): lol

MadMax (5:34:21 AM): your really 40

MadMax (5:34:22 AM): huh

Me (5:34:24 AM): no

MadMax (5:34:28 AM): =))

Me (5:34:30 AM): 34

MadMax (5:34:34 AM): ahh

MadMax (5:34:40 AM): well then you are older then me
Me (5:34:43 AM): so dont kid yourself laddy
MadMax (5:34:44 AM): cause i'm only 28
Me (5:34:59 AM): how come on your profile is says your 33
MadMax (5:35:07 AM): you sure look young for your pics.. let me in on the aging secret
MadMax (5:35:09 AM): hehe
Me (5:35:23 AM): i use special makeup and skin moisturizer
MadMax (5:35:27 AM): 33 i think at this point you can understand the "3"
MadMax (5:35:34 AM): if i had an age i would put 3:33
MadMax (5:35:36 AM): :)
Me (5:35:46 AM): ok i dont want to hear that time right now....
MadMax (5:36:08 AM): I know i'm sorry it's a lot to take in all at once
Me (5:36:09 AM): young one
MadMax (5:36:25 AM): your young
Me (5:36:30 AM): not as young as you
MadMax (5:36:32 AM): i am super ancient
MadMax (5:36:33 AM): hehe
MadMax (5:36:38 AM): i gotta go get my walker
MadMax (5:36:42 AM): hehe
Me (5:36:44 AM): lol
MadMax (5:36:48 AM): lol
Me (5:36:52 AM): so umm UTD???
MadMax (5:37:06 AM): Damn dude I wish I had you as a younger brother when i was growing up
Me (5:37:13 AM): we would raise hell
MadMax (5:37:15 AM): i bet we would have had a ton of fun
MadMax (5:37:19 AM): we would have huh
MadMax (5:37:21 AM): haha
Me (5:37:24 AM): lol
MadMax (5:37:24 AM): prolly to much
MadMax (5:37:27 AM): lol
MadMax (5:37:39 AM): yeah UTD
Me (5:37:40 AM): yeah so i know your trying to ignore this
Me (5:37:41 AM): UTD
MadMax (5:37:47 AM): it's taost if you want to post there

MadMax (5:37:49 AM): by all means
MadMax (5:37:53 AM): it's dead to me though
MadMax (5:38:01 AM): that lord **** son is a backstabber
Me (5:38:16 AM): i just liked to post stuff on there so you can delete them
MadMax (5:38:20 AM): he promised it all to me.. but meanwhile he was using me and my pics to get back at all his friends
MadMax (5:38:27 AM): haha
Me (5:38:31 AM): what do you mean
MadMax (5:38:34 AM): just like a younger brother
MadMax (5:38:38 AM): pushin my buttons
MadMax (5:38:38 AM): haha
Me (5:38:41 AM): lol
MadMax (5:38:48 AM): oh but seriously no he was really fucking me over
MadMax (5:38:51 AM): he would write emails
MadMax (5:38:57 AM): from that profile and sign the MaX
Me (5:39:05 AM): to get back at his friends?
MadMax (5:39:10 AM): and then go and delete them fromt the "sent" and from the "trasH"
MadMax (5:39:12 AM): yep
MadMax (5:39:20 AM): so i had no idea what was really going on
MadMax (5:39:37 AM): and then people would get irate and i would try to put out the fires when i would log on
Me (5:39:39 AM): i feel like my IQ has dropped below the ground after tonight
MadMax (5:39:44 AM): me too
MadMax (5:39:46 AM): god
MadMax (5:39:47 AM): lol
Me (5:39:50 AM): i feel dumb as a fucking box of rocks
MadMax (5:39:55 AM): Lord **** idiot
MadMax (5:39:58 AM): hahahahaha
Me (5:40:03 AM): fuck that bitch
Me (5:40:10 AM): i feel like i just did some crack
MadMax (5:40:10 AM): well josh remember when i showed you that hidden group
MadMax (5:40:16 AM): and it said "**** what are you planning"
Me (5:40:20 AM): yeah

MadMax (5:40:30 AM): well he deleted all my UTD graphics

Me (5:40:32 AM): yeah what the hell i have that group in my faves i was like what is that

MadMax (5:40:55 AM): in order to put up all that bullshit.. he considers that "The future" .. and were all supposed to worship and understand "the way of ****"

Me (5:41:07 AM): I TOLD YOU MAN

Me (5:41:09 AM): I TOLD YOU

MadMax (5:41:11 AM): be careful of conspiring men...

Me (5:41:17 AM): i told you **** was a fuckit

MadMax (5:41:19 AM): you told me?

Me (5:41:21 AM): YES

MadMax (5:41:23 AM): oh well

Me (5:41:25 AM): well

Me (5:41:28 AM): i didnt come out and say it

Me (5:41:29 AM): but

MadMax (5:41:30 AM): why did you tell me harder

MadMax (5:41:35 AM): bitch

Me (5:41:35 AM): i reccomended you kick **** out

MadMax (5:41:36 AM): heheh

Me (5:41:40 AM): cause i had bad vibes off of him

MadMax (5:41:41 AM): next time you pimp slap me

MadMax (5:41:46 AM): i did it too

MadMax (5:41:55 AM): it didn't take but a week or two to realize it

Me (5:41:56 AM): thats weird that we talked about that though

Me (5:42:04 AM): maybe we both knew just didnt know you know

MadMax (5:42:28 AM): i know what you mean

MadMax (5:42:37 AM): it's like you have a gut feeling and dont wanna believe it

Me (5:42:46 AM): yeah

Me (5:42:55 AM): dude you know what it is

MadMax (5:43:04 AM): well i'm glad he really didn't do anything but screw himself more

Me (5:43:14 AM): hes just envious of you

MadMax (5:43:22 AM): hmm perhaps

Me (5:43:30 AM): cause the people love you man your the one with the real knowledge

MadMax (5:43:30 AM): Your prolly right

Me (5:43:32 AM): and knows your shit

MadMax (5:43:33 AM): scary as that is

MadMax (5:43:46 AM): it's just weird.. cause i talked to him on the phone

Me (5:43:48 AM): you played a great admin, stuff was flowing well

Me (5:43:52 AM): LOL WHAT?

MadMax (5:44:02 AM): and if you read his blogs you'd think this was a really great mild mannered person

MadMax (5:44:16 AM): and when i talked to him the vibe was all of a 13 year old punk

Me (5:44:25 AM): actually i always thought he looked like a poser with that robe thing

MadMax (5:44:37 AM): I was trying to make it fair for everyone but everytime I did he was screwing me over

Me (5:44:39 AM): LOL!!!!!!!!!!

MadMax (5:44:43 AM): your right..

MadMax (5:44:48 AM): w/o the robe he was nothing

MadMax (5:44:54 AM): am sorry to say

Me (5:44:58 AM): haha and i think he was wearing fake fangs?

MadMax (5:45:02 AM): cause i was hoping he'd be a great being

MadMax (5:45:11 AM): hha perhaps huh

MadMax (5:45:28 AM): Well you shoudl hit the hay.. i should hit the hay

MadMax (5:45:34 AM): it's been a crazy long day

Me (5:45:36 AM): one more question

MadMax (5:45:41 AM): sure

MadMax (5:45:42 AM): shoot

Me (5:45:43 AM): do you beileve

Me (5:45:55 AM): that you invoked THEE antichrist, the one to reign hell on earth?

Me (5:46:04 AM): THEE antichrist

MadMax (5:46:08 AM): yes I did ...

MadMax (5:46:14 AM): and it was successful

Me (5:46:15 AM): are you delusional

MadMax (5:46:19 AM): no

MadMax (5:46:22 AM): are you?

Me (5:46:25 AM): yes

Me (5:46:29 AM): how did you know

MadMax (5:46:31 AM): well hehe

Me (5:46:32 AM): it was thee antichrist

MadMax (5:46:40 AM): cause I believe in her

Me (5:46:42 AM): and not some other thing

MadMax (5:46:50 AM): and she is not some terrible thing

Me (5:46:52 AM): how did u invoke her

MadMax (5:47:07 AM): through lots of prayer and belief

MadMax (5:47:36 AM): I'm not going to tell you specifically how (so dont ask) because like i said i wont put you in grave danger

Me (5:47:48 AM): dont give me that shit

Me (5:47:49 AM): tell me

MadMax (5:47:53 AM): I wouldnt tell my own brother it.. so dont ask

MadMax (5:47:56 AM): through prayer

Me (5:47:57 AM): tell me

MadMax (5:47:59 AM): there is your answer

Me (5:48:05 AM): yeah Ok

MadMax (5:48:06 AM): :)

Me (5:48:07 AM): lol

Me (5:48:09 AM): ok gnite

MadMax (5:48:15 AM): everyone finds it in their own way

Me (5:48:19 AM): and im not your little brother what the hell

Me (5:48:23 AM): im as old as you

MadMax (5:48:30 AM): your 28?

Me (5:48:32 AM): yes

Me (5:48:36 AM): are you

MadMax (5:48:38 AM): no you are soooooooooo not

Me (5:48:43 AM): says who

MadMax (5:48:50 AM): you scan me your ID you liar hahaha

Me (5:48:54 AM): ok

Me (5:48:56 AM): i dont have a scanner

MadMax (5:49:06 AM): then mail me a photocopy of your ID

Me (5:49:21 AM): im not mailing you anything im to lazy thats not even worth it for a arguement

MadMax (5:49:24 AM): There are certain things im not telling you
Me (5:49:30 AM): tell me something i dont know
Me (5:49:42 AM): thats why your dark and mysterious
MadMax (5:50:02 AM): not because i'm trying to deceive you.. but seriously cause i love you bro... and i dont want to see bad things happen to you. I grew up with no one to trust.
MadMax (5:50:21 AM): And so I wish to protect you.. not to let you go against the harm that I saw
Me (5:50:27 AM): harm that you saw?
MadMax (5:50:43 AM): there are places that when your ready you can go
MadMax (5:50:54 AM): but until then lets keep it light
MadMax (5:51:23 AM): If I didnt care for you.. then i would give you all
MadMax (5:51:35 AM): but i care a great deal about you
MadMax (5:51:44 AM): which is why i'm proolly hard on you .. you think
Me (5:51:46 AM): why so you can use me as a pawn for your holy war
MadMax (5:52:00 AM): no because i want you to find your own way
MadMax (5:52:18 AM): even if you turn against me.. and go your completely opposite
MadMax (5:52:30 AM): I will always care for you.. and i hope you will always care about me
MadMax (5:52:37 AM): this is the nature of friendship
Me (5:52:43 AM): max
MadMax (5:52:44 AM): the nature of kinship
Me (5:52:50 AM): i dont know if i will ever be on a side
Me (5:52:53 AM): im bipolar
Me (5:52:57 AM): my mind is up
MadMax (5:52:58 AM): so am I
Me (5:52:58 AM): then down
Me (5:53:02 AM): yin
Me (5:53:03 AM): yang
MadMax (5:53:04 AM): that's okay
Me (5:53:05 AM): bullshit
Me (5:53:07 AM): your not bp
MadMax (5:53:16 AM): bipolar disorder
Me (5:53:20 AM): are you fucking serious?
MadMax (5:53:25 AM): means your are connecting the hemispheres

Me (5:53:36 AM): your bipolar!?

MadMax (5:53:41 AM): you know how many doctors told me i'm bipolar

MadMax (5:53:46 AM): and psychotic

Me (5:53:49 AM): do you take meds?

MadMax (5:53:50 AM): i've been locked up for it

MadMax (5:53:56 AM): no i do not take meds

Me (5:54:13 AM): i have to take meds..

MadMax (5:54:13 AM): even when in the hospital i refused them (thank god california law says you dont have to take them)

Me (5:54:22 AM): i dont have a choice

Me (5:54:26 AM): it sucks

MadMax (5:54:28 AM): Well get off them when you can

Me (5:54:30 AM): no

Me (5:54:35 AM): u dont understand....

Me (5:54:45 AM): you see max, the thing about me....

MadMax (5:54:49 AM): ?

Me (5:55:07 AM): i feel like.. im the little crack that skipped a beat in space and time

MadMax (5:55:27 AM): I know. It is because you are special

MadMax (5:55:37 AM): Why do you think you and i found each other

MadMax (5:58:36 AM): ?

Me (5:58:38 AM): you dont understand

Me (5:58:44 AM): this is all for a reason

MadMax (5:58:54 AM): and what is the reason?

Me (5:59:01 AM): im suppose to do something great, im not suppose to live like all the other humans

Me (5:59:09 AM): the way i think...

MadMax (5:59:12 AM): I know

Me (5:59:16 AM): i always think..

Me (5:59:28 AM): i already know.

Me (5:59:46 AM): my only point that im trying to get at by telling you this is

Me (6:00:09 AM): i already know im different, ive already accepted the life of an immortal

Me (6:00:18 AM): to live this life alone

Me (6:00:28 AM): alone and lost this is how i dance.

Me (6:00:37 AM): and thats why i know im suppose to do something great

Me (6:00:40 AM): i don't know what it is
Me (6:00:44 AM): but you and me talking is destiny
MadMax (6:00:54 AM): Joshua.. you are immortal. But please do not go through this life alone
MadMax (6:01:04 AM): There is beauty in taking the help of others
MadMax (6:01:11 AM): both in friendship and in love
Me (6:01:20 AM): well maybe ill accept help from you
Me (6:01:22 AM): but no one else
MadMax (6:01:28 AM): I went down that road.. of being alone..
MadMax (6:01:36 AM): for 16 years i walked down it
Me (6:01:38 AM): AND WHO DO YOU HAVE
MadMax (6:01:43 AM): i have no one
Me (6:01:44 AM): YOUR STILL ALONE
Me (6:01:46 AM): ARENT YOU?
MadMax (6:01:47 AM): yes
Me (6:01:49 AM): see
Me (6:01:54 AM): as am i
MadMax (6:02:01 AM): I dont want you to be here
MadMax (6:02:08 AM): cause i care about you
Me (6:02:09 AM): im already there, and thats what im trying to tell you
Me (6:02:15 AM): thats what you dont understand
MadMax (6:02:16 AM): but it's not late
Me (6:02:19 AM): FOR WHAT
MadMax (6:02:28 AM): to accept my help.. to accept love
MadMax (6:02:33 AM): from those around you
Me (6:02:46 AM): i accept help and love from you but no one else
Me (6:03:18 AM): i have family but thats different, were talking about who we really are
MadMax (6:03:42 AM): Well listen to to me a for sec.. i threw everyone out of my life.. they didnt understand i thought. I cut everythig loose. And instead of coming back from those dark ventures of which you have no seen. I chose to never come back
MadMax (6:03:54 AM): and after 16 years
MadMax (6:03:57 AM): my body is dying
MadMax (6:04:26 AM): literally... and i often think what if I would have come back from those dark abysses.. imagine the life i could have had

MadMax (6:05:03 AM): if you go into those dark places. Come back with light and love in your heart. Find true friendship and true love.

Me (6:05:41 AM): so what are you saying

MadMax (6:05:54 AM): I'm saying don't rule out the possibilities.

Me (6:05:57 AM): of what

MadMax (6:06:07 AM): When that cute girl smiles and winks at you.. follow up..

MadMax (6:06:19 AM): when someone shakes your hand be their friend

MadMax (6:06:27 AM): don't cut yourself loose from your own nature

MadMax (6:06:33 AM): accept your humanity

MadMax (6:07:02 AM): It's a good thing i promise

Me (6:07:10 AM): i don't expect to live beyond 30

Me (6:07:19 AM): you don't understand

Me (6:07:29 AM): i'm a good person, i have friends, i accept humanity as you say

Me (6:07:30 AM): but really

Me (6:07:32 AM): deep inside

Me (6:07:35 AM): i'm just like you

Me (6:07:39 AM): and you know that

Me (6:07:43 AM): so why are you even bothering

Me (6:07:47 AM): you're looking at me

Me (6:07:52 AM): thinking i'm you so many years ago

Me (6:07:55 AM): but you already know

Me (6:08:02 AM): there is no going back

Me (6:08:05 AM): there is no wanting to go back

Me (6:08:10 AM): you said about the dark pool

Me (6:08:14 AM): that you come out different

Me (6:08:16 AM): a different person

Me (6:08:23 AM): well i have been to that dark pool to certain aspects

Me (6:08:27 AM): and came out a different person

Me (6:08:31 AM): a new understanding

Me (6:08:41 AM): with the same kind of love and understanding

Me (6:08:47 AM): but on a whole different plane

MadMax (6:08:50 AM): okay i accept that

MadMax (6:09:04 AM): you're right you're 19, 20..

Me (6:09:05 AM): like the lonely king in a deserted castle

MadMax (6:09:14 AM): men have gone to their deaths younger then this

MadMax (6:09:23 AM): you want to really know what is in that dark pool

Me (6:09:29 AM): more than you know

MadMax (6:09:36 AM): if you want to go to the darkest deapeest tresspass of it

MadMax (6:09:42 AM): then you will find tigers

MadMax (6:09:43 AM): there

MadMax (6:09:51 AM): men.. who dont act like men

MadMax (6:09:55 AM): but they are dragons in such

MadMax (6:10:04 AM): men who if are distrubed will act like lions

Me (6:10:08 AM): what must i do

MadMax (6:10:13 AM): they will tear off the flesh of their enemies

MadMax (6:10:19 AM): with the bear teeth

MadMax (6:10:27 AM): You will not find it if you do not belong in it

MadMax (6:10:35 AM): this is beyond satanism and all other dark forces

MadMax (6:11:00 AM): when the antichrist comes there will only be lawlessness

MadMax (6:11:05 AM): and savagery in rule

MadMax (6:11:22 AM): If you cross into the depths of that darkness

Me (6:11:24 AM): MadMax (6:11:00 AM): when the antichrist comes there will only be lawlessness

MadMax (6:11:28 AM): you will not come back

MadMax (6:11:46 AM): This is what i do not want you part of

MadMax (6:12:04 AM): there will be a bloodlust that even you cannot quench in yorusef

MadMax (6:12:15 AM): and you will not know why

MadMax (6:12:20 AM): but you will have the need to feed

MadMax (6:12:32 AM): and your ways will not be discriminate.

Me (6:12:45 AM): so i will kill those tigers

MadMax (6:12:45 AM): Now ask yourself.. do you really want to go down this path?

MadMax (6:13:07 AM): oh nooo you will be the tiger..

Me (6:14:03 AM): why

MadMax (6:15:19 AM): because i believe in my heart the innocent are pure

MadMax (6:15:24 AM): and deserve mercy

MadMax (6:15:43 AM): but I know as many know that the extermination of this species will come soon enough

Conversation ended.

After reading that conversation, which I haven't done in a very long time. Well it freaks me out a little. Reading my responses and feeling them as my own, and hearing the responses I got back about certain things, it makes me feel like I was talking to Shadowwolf. This MadMax guy is not Shadowwolf, but there are similarities between them which I cannot deny, also it's not coincidence that in this spiritual awakening I had 13 years ago, and now my spiritual reawakening this past month where I now have a guide mentor figure this homeless guy named Shadowwolf just like I had a guide mentor figure that was 10 years older than me 13 years ago named MadMax. I am just fucking completely confused now, kind of like when you get up to get some coffee and happen to see 11:11, you think if you weren't to get coffee you wouldn't of seen the 11:11 but maybe something nudged you or implanted the strong thought or desire to get up and get a coffee or something? Well this is going to keep me up all night for sure and now I have a million more things to fucking think about and figure out until I figure out what I figured out was bullshit and I'm on to that new shit which is basically every fucking day for me now at this point what the fuck.

Well, WHAT THE FUCK. It seems I don't even need psychic or supernatural or UFO or alien experiences to get freaked out. I now get freaked out by my own fucking writing in the past now. This is all just so fucking unreal. What the fuck.

The thing about MadMax, and remember I am writing this all in realtime as I am experiencing it all, which I've been doing throughout this entire book for the past two months. The thing about MadMax is that he was always into crazy black magik and other weird shit that I didn't have good feelings

about. Like he told me once he let some creepy doll he had be possessed by an entity that he put a spell on. But you see, I did the same thing with Bill Hicks except it wasn't so creepy I thought. I had this beanie thing of a white owl with big black eyes that made me think of that movie "The Fourth Kind" with the sexy goddess, Milla Jovovich, which I was pretty much pulled to go see by some unknown force and it has not only 3:33 in the movie but also saw 333 signs as I left the theater on the back of a licence plate that was in front of me. Well with this white owl beanie thing I was hanging on my rear view mirror over my dashboard I said that I was allowing Bill Hicks to go inside of it if he wants to so he could look around. Which, Bill Hicks was the very first one I was able to start having telepathic conversations with before I even ever met Shadowwolf. In fact, I had been listening to Bill Hicks for most of my life because Tool Aenima was the only CD in my entire life that I never got bored of and he is all over track 15 which is titled "Third Eye." Bill Hicks and Maynard have had more influence over my life than anyone else I have ever known. Just like the time me and Bill Hicks first met Shadowwolf, I can see his expression is much the same as it was then, just wide eyed and jaw dropped as if he was saying "What kind of fucked up ride is this one? What did you get me pulled into you fucker?" HAHAHAHAHA love you Bill Hicks and it makes me cry now thank you so much for being with me through all this I don't know if I could of done it without you. Thank you so much for being with me when I needed someone the most. And yes I promise I will spend more time watching more of your fucking retarded performances on various youtube videos you idiot. Just kidding love you! Oh I'm laughing so hard and I swear I heard him just say "Good one!" oh god and here comes on the air conditioning thing and what the fuck it's happening all over again. I might as well be on fucking LSD right now even though I'm completely sober. I can feel all my astral telepathic friends watching me now as they have been. On that note, intermission time. Yes I am fucking crazy crazy but maybe not so crazy? Hmm? Yeah I'm definitely not crazy. Is experiencing psychic, supernatural, mind-bending and reality rupturing things crazy? I imagine many out there seem to believe so, especially the demon influenced ones that are so dependant on the control and limits that have been wrapped around planet EARTH. Wow this is not the right time to be listening to the greatest dark deep space ambient song ever known, Arecibo - NGC 5128 Receiving

Station Alignment.mp3. I'm a fucking idiot! LOL, OCREMIX Super Nintendo RPG soundtrack remixes here we go!

Shadowwolf told me that the dark entity thing was a test. If I chose to merge with the evil or go away from it, which I chose to go away from it and banished it with my friend. Which also I think this demon named Bachron was me 8 million years ago as well, much like the spirit of Billy the Kid contacted me and then told me I was him and it disappeared because I am Billy the Kid. The most profound thing Shadowwolf would say to me many times when I physically face to face talked to him was he always kept saying "You called upon a higher power well here I am!" Which, I think he had been waiting for me to do, or at least for someone to finally come along that listens and understands his knowledge and genius intelligence.

I guess the next logical thing for me to think about is if other entities have been talking and/or writing through me as well. My crazy stream of consciousness poetry might not be so crazy after all and might not entirely be from my own being but through other beings in other dimensions as well. I just don't know what to think anymore. I know they are my words because I only write with feeling and I remember things I have written. The way I write poetry comes from emotion and feeling and everything that is it to be human. This is why I think nothing can talk or write through me, perhaps just leading me in the right directions. I believe this because if I had to think about it rationally it would defeat the purpose itself and the importance of this book if it was not from me which is why I've had to suffer so much in my life.

Shadowwolf told me this book is the awakening. A book of writing of that importance and magnitude could not be done without a human writing that from their own creative mind and genius. He felt it was important to help me forge my own destiny and series of self discoveries that had to be found through myself or else this very book would lose its own authenticity and power. He said to me once, face to face, he stopped and hung his head as he looked at me and he said, "Wow you are a genius." because I was able to pretty much finish his sentences at times the times that we did spend together face to face talking, which was actually only

three different times so far that we met at a random gas station, well the first time we met was outside of some party at a hotel but the other two times it was just random meet ups at a gas station.

I miss MadMax and I wish I could talk to him now. I hope he is doing well. I miss you MadMax and I miss all of our amazing conversations. Thank you for being there for me in a time where I had no one to talk to about these things and help keep me on this very path I am still on and have not strayed from or even if I did stray from it was meant to be so that I would be reawakening and "know the pieces fit because I watched them fall away." (Tool, Lateratus, Maynard.)

Randomly got up after being at this computer for 3 hours and then see it's 3:11 and when I think about how important it must be after writing this it turns to 3:12, story of my life and these signs happen to me every fucking day more than I can count, much like it will happen to you as well if it hasn't already happened in your life. Perhaps this book could be you knowing the pieces fit as well because you watched them fall away as Maynard wrote about in that song Lateratus.

Here is the second document of the mysterious demonologist I met through Myspace. I know and feel this individual had communication with many demons, who are very good and skilled at getting information that otherwise would be extremely difficult to obtain through any other means. Also keep in mind that I wasn't able to find information on "Bachron" from anywhere else or the many demonologist forums and people I had asked. The first part of me talking about it must have been my own personal notes on it. I do at the end include some of the actual Myspace conversation that happened, with his name removed of course as he had requested and I would of done anyways probably as it doesn't feel right. He seemed very mysterious and secretive to me but was kind enough to help me out. Rereading it a few times I realize I must of put it out as a forum entry on

some other website at a much later date. I'm not sure if I included his name or not, and if I did do this I know it must have been much later where I was unable to contact him anymore and time had passed, I imagine. I don't know it was so long ago. Anyways, sorry if this was the case I do apologize as I was young and naive. Thank you, whoever you are. It's greatly appreciated.

~

So I woke up with this name ive NEVER heard before in my life. I tried to research and couldnt really find anything useful. So i went through Myspace and found a couple proclaimed demonologists. And asked about the name. This is what one of them wrote.

"A demon of immense power said to have lived 8000 years ago. Also said to have been destroyed by an implosion of his own power. Thats what my book says, anyway."

^ (Shadowwolf said that I am Bachron and it was 8,000,000 years ago, not 8,000)

So i said I need more information than that. And then he wrote this.

"About 8000 years ago, he grew into the most powerful demon alive. , . OF course, they were YEARS after him. was said to have control of heaven and hell. Its said that without his death, the road to heaven would be paved in souls, instead of in clouds. And the road to hell would be paved in clouds, which to those in hell would be horrible. After his 257 year reign on earth, he was killed by a surging of his own strength. His very soul was obliterated, or so its said, and all he had done in life was destroyed.

Its also said that he will return one day, as his magic was too powerful to hold back.

But, please, don't try to summon him. He will kill you."

So I think I may have unintentionally awaken something. I havent really been in there since, but me and I. plan on going back soon. What do you all think? And if you think its bullshit i totally understand sometimes I dont beileve it. In fact i try not to dwell on it much. Thanks for reading.

"ok, lemme put it to you this way, Summoning a demon often leads in death. I am going to tell you a secret. You can't tell anyone. The only reason I know about him is --- isn't my namesake. Its my name.

I am the most powerful demon alive and he could kill me. Without even trying. The strength of your will just might keep you alive long enough to make it a painful death.

Summoning a demon (Without important details):"

----- Original Message -----

From: joshua The Poet

Date: Mar 4, 2006 9:06 AM

Summon him? How would i go about summoning him? I dont even know how to or anything, but its just... weird how i know this name and yet never heard of it. Is there anything else you know?

He will return one day...?

Why would he kill me, i dont beileve it could kill me I am strong.

----- Original Message -----

From: The demon, ---

Date: Mar 4, 2006 11:47 AM

Bachron. About 8000 years ago, he grew into the most powerful demon alive. Even more powerful than my namesakes, ---. OF course, they were YEARS after him. Bachron was said to have control of heaven and hell. Its said that without his death, the road to heaven would be paved in souls, instead of in clouds. And the road to hell would be paved in clouds, which to those in hell would be horrible. After his 257 year reign on earth, he was

killed by a surging of his own strength. His very soul was obliterated, or so its said, and all he had done in life was destroyed.

Its also said that he will return one day, as his magic was too powerful to hold back.

But, please, don't try to summon him. He will kill you.

(I've removed this person's namesake name and his instructions on how to summon a demon to honor his wishes to keep it a secret. I'm not sure if he meant I couldn't tell anyone about the instructions or that he is the most powerful demon. Anyways, I've removed his name so it doesn't matter and removed his instructions on it so I'm sure it's okay, or at least I feel it's good enough if he were to ever to read this. And if it's not okay then I do apologize and want to thank you for taking the time to of helped me out, it's greatly appreciated.)

~

God fucking damnit. This is taking MUCH longer than I thought it would take. I just want to fucking write novels now and I could just make a bunch of bullshit up and keep it flowing and never stop and SHAKE this world with my words like an epic whirlwind of ultimate regulator power! "Reap it, Sheriff Brady. REAP IT!" (Young Guns reference 1992.)

Sorry this is taking so long to stick to a main story of my first spiritual awakening, because I have to keep fucking stopping to remember what the next step was or stop to think how to address it in the best way. This has been the single most difficult trip down memory lane in my fucking life, and I'm talking about things that I intentionally let slip and get buried into the graveyard dark matter of my subconscious mind and memories, now with a flashlight coal digging helmet on I'm digging up the graves of all these memories and bringing them all to the light, which is fucking

exhausting. I want you, the reader, to know how exhausting it is. It makes me feel better that you know it now. I also want to say that if you made it this far, where I'm sure many others have stopped reading by now, I want to seriously thank you for reading my words. It could make me cry with tears of happiness to know someone is reading so many of my words, which is why I think it has taken me half of my life to truly get over my fear of writing and never stopping, because my words are a part of my soul in its truest form and they make me more vulnerable than anything in existence, but I do not fear that anymore, but never the less I'm still extremely sensitive. Thank you so much for still reading. It truly means the world to me. I am so tired of the great silence where I never get feedback or no one listens to me because their subconscious minds fight me without them even knowing it. Thank you so much for hearing me! It means the world to me so much!

And that concludes the supernatural chapter that was forged from my very first spiritual awakening. The next chapter is what I call my prophet days. I really don't know how I'm going to spin this one as there are so many events that happened, most notably seeing the moon move with three friends and that one time at band camp I saw three UFOs in the night sky after having a prophetic dream about a volcano which was one week before my last volcano prediction. I already know all that transpired is going to be chronologically fucked up so I'm just going to start telling things that happened, which will also be backed up by various journal entries that I still have saved much like the MadMax conversation and the mysterious demonologist who helped me out with the name of Bachron. Hey you can't make this stuff up, right? Well I hope not! Because it's all true and really happened! Anyways, onward we go deeper down this rabbit hole that I've captured like a wild pokemon, but I had to use my very last ultra ball to catch it, of course. Raticate #1 and strongest pokemon of all time, represent. Super fang cuts HP in half and then hyper fang and done, gg get

rekt. Listening to some ocremix track of a Sega Genesis Streets of Rage song, so fucking awesome.

I'm going to start with the J. and C. silent scream Edvard Munch and moon moving Burger King chapter and get that out of the way as I believe it was before the actual prophet days but really was the genesis of it, I imagine. Regardless this is a chapter on its own that is connected to, but could actually stand on its own which is why I believe it must of happened before the actual prophet days of my final prediction of the Mount Hood Volcano erupting on January 17th, 2007 which I also believed would in some way cause the St. Johns Bridge in Portland, Oregon to collapse.

1:11. Sometimes I feel like I am fate or destiny's child, I'm the real life Destiny's Child and no I don't want no scrubs, oh wait that was TLC, waterfalls and all that, but I do chase those as often as I can. Sometimes it feels like every single thing that I do is a part of some cosmic destiny pattern to even the smallest things like I am synced with absolute perfect synchronization with life itself and everything around me and I am fully aware of it, have been for a very long time. I drop my phone on the floor as some other mechanism stops in the building, or sigh just as something else occurs or begins or ends and it all happens so fluidly that it's as normal to me as breathing air which we don't even remember or think about that we do. Yeah, that's how I roll. You all better recognize who I truly am, if you already haven't by now! :)

So, just like the many fast food joints I had been working out to not have to take drug tests so I could keep on and off smoking marijuana, I got a job at Burger King. There was a manager there who I actually went to high school with, we'll call him Cr., and I met two other guys who I became VERY good friends with, the guitar shredding badass who Shadowwolf told me is the gatekeeper of the alpha lone wolves who is a alpha lone wolf and Shadowwolf being the alpha of all alpha lone wolves, and we are going to

just call him J., the other was a dear friend of mine and was J.'s best friend, another alpha lone wolf who is still with us in spirit, who sadly had passed away some years after all this which really I just want to get out of the way now, and we are going to call him C. - J. and C. were best friends as best friends could be and I was the newcomer who they brought in to their little circle and we had some very good times together. I want to say that this chapter was in the summer of 2006, so it was a few months after the whole supernatural chapter I just got done with.

Fast forwarding for a few minutes. March of 2011 I had just gotten out of one of my many short stays at the mental hospital when I got the news about C.'s tragic death. I collapsed on the ground and started crying. I remember smoking a cigarette later on the porch and I felt he contacted me, to let me know he was still there and with us and that made me cried pretty hard as well. I couldn't imagine what J. went through after losing his best friend, and I'm sure it tore him to pieces for many, many years, and I'm sure even to this day there is some pain inside of him for losing his true brother in this life, and J. if you ever read this I am truly sorry for your loss and I really hope you are doing well, my friend. And you can be sure I will tell the grand adventures and laughs we three had together and to also honor him and his memory as well.

So C. was very a gentle man and cool as fuck, very laidback, but he was no fucking pussy. If someone was to talk shit he would step to them no problem even if he was skinnier or not as big as them, he didn't give a fuck, his blood, like J.'s, ran true with PANTERA blood. The very last time I saw C. I was pulling up to an intersection, and I was blasting Pantera's By Demons Be Driven, as he was in the next lane to me turning left and in the passenger seat, we saw each other and for a moment we were singing Pantera together, and he waved to me but with a straight face, as if in some way he was saying goodbye to me in a true way or something, I don't know. He was truly amazing and I miss him, but I know nowhere near as much as J. misses him, to which I hope these stories can make J. feel good about. And what do I say about my words, ladies and gentlemen? My

words are forever instilled in crystal stasis shards and are forever and can never be broken.

Back to the summer of 2006, I had just started working at Burger King at nights. J. and C. were both the main cooks, which I started out at first and I remember us all laughing about random shows we watched on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim, like Aqua Teen Hunger Force and that Metalapocalypse one or whatever it was called that I think J. loved the most. J. had metal long black hair that he kept in a ponytail with a baseball cap over it, which he is very good at guitar and I'm sure is in some metal band project doing local shows still to this day. C. would be there too and usually sported a wife beater as his casual wear when he didn't have the Burger King uniform on. I remember C. would always be laughing at J.'s jokes but he would do it in a way where he would sort of laugh and shake his head, occasionally losing his composure and laughing hard. J. is a very funny guy and was always rolling his eyes at the managers who took their jobs and delusional sense of management power way too seriously and all the dumbass customers that complained about the dumbest shit, and not even about people just making jokes in general and acting all crazy and hilarious, he definitely made the rough boring as fuck times at Burger King go a bit faster so we could all get the fuck out and go smoke or drink or whatever we would do to pass the time and deal with the struggles of coming into adulthood in this fucked up mind controlled society, which we were all very aware of and pretty much was a thing that was unspoken, but we all knew, we could feel it, just as the next generation and the one after that will feel it more and more as the years go by, as I imagine the generation before me did throughout the 90s. Anyways I eventually became one of the drive-thru operators and dealing with the customers, which makes sense as I've always been very polite and good with speaking to people, which made me one of the best candidates to deal with the asshole customers we would sometimes get, sighs. lol

One night I either gave them both a ride home or we walked home together, as we all lived within walking distance to the Burger King and also within walking distance to each other. We all hung out at J.'s house and were drinking or smoking or both, no wait actually I remember we ended

up drinking an entire bottle of Captain Morgan's spiced rum. There was one part where they were talking about kicking ass and I made some joke that I would take them both on or something, to which J. then got in my face and was taunting me to try something and he was very serious. To where I just looked at him and was scared and didn't have much to say, to which he then backed down and went and sat back down. I remember laughing and saying that I was only joking and I could feel my eyes stinging and I wanted to just cry because we were getting along so well before then. Shadowwolf told me the second our of the three times I've hung out with him face to face that it was just a test that I had passed. He told me that wolves do this to test an outsider's true intentions, to which he told me J. saw that I was pure and that I could be trusted. He never did do that to me again.

Anyways, we ended up forgetting about it and having a great night just drinking and laughing to which even after C. had passed out me and J. ended up drinking the entire bottle of rum until the early morning, which was pretty hilarious because I still had to go back into work at Burger King that morning as they had me doing day and night shifts on different days. This is normal for fast food joints to do if you don't specify any times that you don't want to work, as they will just fit you in wherever usually which didn't really bother me anyways as I just wanted to work and make some money so I could keep buying pot and pay for my car and what not, which was some red car that a relative gave to me as I had lost the truck I had for many months then.

I think that was one of the few days we all went into Burger King in the morning and were able to go back and make whatever we wanted to eat, except J., C., and me were all laughing about how I actually had to go straight to work after that. I remember the head manager of that place was pretty cool and knew that I was drunk and laughed and made some joke about how I should make some coffee. That was a brutal as fuck day to get through for sure, as were many other days of coming in hungover or still drunk. I remember one time the line at the drive-thru was so long and I came up to some car where some cool ones were blazing a blunt and asked if I wanted a hit which I took a couple puffs on lol and didn't care but then

regretted it as I had to take people's money and remember small details which at that point it was so ridiculously busy I didn't give a fuck anymore.

After that, me J. and C. all became pretty good friends as hung out quite regularly for awhile. I remember a party we went to where we were all taking shots off this topless girl which was pretty awesome. I actually ended up dating her for a few days but got hurt pretty badly when I saw her flirting with her ex, which was C. - I wasn't mad at C. but was pretty hurt and upset at the girl for doing that and I stopped seeing her after that. I was never one for one night stand type of situations and to be honest I've only had a couple 1 night stand situations in my life but this one I didn't even consider a one night stand as I genuinely liked this girl a lot and wanted a long relationship and all that, but really looking back on it now I have to thank C. for flirting back with her because it showed me what a slut she was at the time and was most likely just using me for affection or whatever. Wherever that girl is now I hope she is doing well and in a better place, I remember she was still mourning over a male friend she had lost in high school. I am sure she is doing fine now wherever she is.

Well naturally, I ended up telling them about my supernatural adventures in the prior chapter about the demon entity, and about MadMax, the paranormal group and everything else, to which they had their own experiences and tales to tell me. J. then revealed to me about the entity or demon that was living inside him or a part of him as he described it.

This side of J. would only manifest, that I knew of, when he was really drunk and he would even speak in tongues and everything. J. had this black book of dreams that he would draw down as he was also an aspiring tattoo artist and very good at drawing. He would often pass me his black book and ask me what I thought certain drawings meant and I would try my best to interpret them to what I thought they were or could mean, which J. would always listen to me and take in my words and consider them, but would never speak much about it just would listen to me. These dreams and drawings were mostly, not all but some of them at least, had to of been from other entites and destined for me to see, but I could be very wrong about that as well and they solely came from J.

There was one time after a party had ended at someone else's house where we were all outside and he was out of control and wanted to fight and I said I would do it and me and him just kind of danced around each other with our shirts off and it was pouring down rain, circling around each other as boxers do in those live PPV broadcasts, but we never actually hit each other just he sort of threw punches but it felt like he was intentionally missing or something and we ended up just laughing about it and he calmed down.

Now is a good time to fit the Edvard Munch Silent Scream painting into this. Up to this point I had never seen or heard about this very famous painting. You know how you first hear about something and then you start seeing it everywhere? Well there were three instances I randomly saw this painting. The first was in some South Park episode (The creators of this show are geniuses and true great leaders of EARTH with pure souls and I believe have been fighting against the lies and evil of this world for a very long time now.) where I saw the painting in the background. The very same day I was in some used CD store and flipping through the posters, which was I believe the beginning of these type of stores where they hold on to true and real underground of punk, gothic and punk music but also are halfway merged with the corporate world as well now, most likely to survive which I think it's okay to sell out a little and there's nothing wrong with that. I also had seen the painting on some website as well. So that was three instances I saw this painting, The Scream by Edvard Munch when I had never heard or seen about it before. This was clearly and most obviously a great sign to me, as this scream painting perfectly depicted my silent scream psychic ability that I was getting stronger with, which also has led me to believe I was also Edvard Munch in a past life and I will explain why, which the writing explanation of that painting of Edvard Munch gave me a feeling of familiarity that I could never explain.

After this synchronicity of seeing this painting for the first day three different times in the same day completely out of "random", it was then a night that me, J. and C., went out into the woods for a supernatural exploration. The woods that we went to? Was actually the other part of

the woods past the creek that me and I. had been trying to cross for hours from what seemed like it could be no more than an hour at most. This is the part where we came to a bridge and it wasn't until later that we were actually reenacting the actual painting itself but in real life, which now makes me realize it was only after this night that I started to see the painting for the first time everywhere else in the world. You see, it wasn't someone who told me about this painting, it was me and my two friends actually living this painting out in real life that made me aware of it in some unknown sense.

We came to a bridge that was over a creek, the same creek me and I. had been trying to cross. I then turned and said to J. and C. if they could give me some space and I would do this ability that I do and something would happen. They both stood next to each other at one end of the short bridge as I then walked back to my spot and did the silent scream. After it was done, the wind started blowing really hard and I think I remember J. saying he was sensing things around or something. After I did my ability is when things started happening as we then left and went deeper in the woods until we came to a sort of dirt overpass over the creek which was a huge metal round tunnel. This was when J. revealed to me for the first time this other side of him or this entity that was a part of him. I remember it being very bizarre, like he would be speaking in tongues and then talking somewhat normal again and then back to it. I have no memory or recollection of anything we talked about, only that it felt very alien or otherworldly and that I couldn't make much sense of it all.

It was the next day I started seeing Edvard Munch's painting The Scream, which freaked me out because I realized I had just literally lived that scene. The one doing the scream was me. The bridge was the bridge. The river was the creek. The two black figures behind the one doing the scream and to the back right, was the same as J. and C. behind and to the right of me and the one on the side aligned with me was a bit taller than the other one which was the same in real life as J. was the same height taller than C. - So instead of someone telling me about this painting which caused me to start seeing it the other day, it was how us 3 "coincidentally" reenacted the actual painting itself in real life which is what leads me to believe I am also Edvard

Munch reincarnated which may not be true but it was just another great sign regardless and really coincidence should be removed from the english dictionary.

Now the next experience we had together is one of my most reality rupturing mind fuck bending fucked up things I have ever experienced even more so then recently seeing UFOs personally dance for me in the sky for weeks every single night to remind me that this is indeed all real and not some joke and them giving me an example of my locked psychic powers as I could make my glasses and bed post in my hotel room bend and that one time I made a mirror open twice with my mind. This is the very one that fucked with my reality completely and I did bury way down and it would only come back up when I talked about reality itself which I would then get freaked out about all over again.

One night me, J., C., and Cr. who was one of the managers at Burger King who I had went to high school with were all hanging out one night. We were either smoking or drinking or both and decided that we should go out on one of our supernatural explorations. Cr. was a guy that didn't believe in ghosts, didn't believe in the supernatural or aliens or anything of the sort, this venture was only a pure thrill seeker for him. Well we were all the way out behind the woods, in between the woods rather, at the railroad tracks and I don't remember who had seen it first but there it was up in the night sky, a full moon that was literally moving, which didn't even make sense because no more than ten minutes prior to that we had already seen the moon on the opposite end of the night sky, or the "real" moon rather. All four of us stood in awe as we watched it, all of us completely speechless. I remember staring at the top of a telephone power pole or whatever you call it and as it remained still I could see the full moon slowly moving and it ended up going up and around in a circle. It was fucking unreal, fucking unbelievable. It was the one thing that didn't make such on sense a level that because of that one event nothing in this life or this entire fucking world made sense. The full moon was literally moving around slowly in the night sky and in different patterns like a circle or a triangle or anything, I don't even remember it in detail because it was so reality rupturing and mind-bending that I subconsciously blocked it out myself. I will tell you that

there was only one reason why I believed it was a real experience. The very next day at work I went up to Cr. and asked him what he thought about the moon fucking moving in the night sky. I remember his hesitation, how he didn't even look me in the eye, he only just smiled and looked down at the ground and slowly shook his head and said, "Yeah we were pretty drunk." Anytime after that when I tried to ask him about it he would just walk away and say something about how he didn't want to talk about it or that it was stupid. I literally witnessed his mind rejecting it and burying the event deep down in his subconscious mind and I saw this happen in real time. It was because of this that I knew it was real. It was real. And that one event was like a sleeper cell of a memory that triggered many other times throughout my life that reality isn't real or that we are living in a computer simulation or whatever the fuck else. I still cannot remember much of it no matter how hard I try. I just remember staring at the top of a street pole that was completely still so that I could witness it moving around.

No more J. and C. - that's it. We all stayed friends of course but I ended up quitting my job at Burger King because of some creepy and weird manager who like slapped my hand or something, some weird girl and I ended up quitting on the spot and walked out the back setting off the alarms. I didn't see much of J. and C. after that and we all remained friends just it was then I was going on a new path and we all pretty much fell out of touch. I know that the moon event we all would deal with or not deal with in our own ways, of course then I didn't think about it because it was already semi-buried in the back of my mind, as I'm sure it was for them as well and rightly so. The moon moving, was too much, but I know now that it was a strong enough event that only went to sleep in the back of my mind, fully awakening again at the times that it needed to be awakened.

Then blah blah was another part where I met this girl while inside of my prediction days that I would rather just get out of the way. We dated for probably a week but one night we were all outside and with her parents and taking pictures of the night sky because the full moon was so bright and all the stars and in the pictures of the digital camera we took were patterns like a finger in the sky was using it like an etch a sketch and it was pretty crazy, also all the stars were either red or blue which I know now

represents the spiritual war itself. I remember me and this girl were convinced we were aliens and just wanted to go back home. Her parents were very strange to me now looking back on it. They were definitely new ager type of teenagers from the 70s, and I remember talking to her dad about it all and he said to me, "Well at some point you just get distracted with life and you kind of forget about all this stuff," by stuff he was referring to the supernatural, psychic and alien type of stuff. I remember the girls mom one time was like praying with me and she was trying to teach me something as well. She told me that if I put my hands together with my fingers stretched out like I'm making a ball, but my fingers not touching, you can see the energy between the fingers and this is energy. One of the last things she told me as well was not to let my imagination control me as she saw me as someone who was very powerful. I think this girl's parents knew a lot more than they were letting on, I always found it strange that they just let me stay there and even sleep with their daughter in her bedroom, not sexually even though we did have sex and one time her dad came home and walked in her bedroom and I had to pretend that I was waking up from a dream or something as I was literally midway through fucking her, which I was pretty much staying there every night until one night she woke up after I came in from having a cigarette and told me she was having some sex dream with some other guy. I got jealous and upset about it and she told me to stop being so emo, which I then left her on the spot and walked home like five miles or some shit. We sort of talked after that but then she found some gun toting hipster wannabe to be more interesting so we parted ways.

Now on to the whole prediction chapter of my life, which I have no idea how it all got started. I had a small following on my Myspace page which if I remember right the address of it was like myspace.com/paranormal06 and I put my name as Joshua 11:11 on it I think. I was going on a manic spree of writings and poems and I was talking as if I was a prophet, no doubt from all the things I experienced I felt like I had some say in life and destiny or

whatever else so I was full on prophet mode. Somehow through a deep web of signs and destiny and synchronizations together and also believing I had contact with the Mothman, much like how I came up with the Bermuda Triangle March 19th, 2020 prediction where Cthulu and Leviathan enter our planet's astral realm. Well in this time in the fall of 2006 I first came up with the prediction that the St. Johns Bridge in Portland, Oregon would collapse on October 17th, 2006, which October 17th was 10-17. When nothing happened I then turned it into November 17th, 2006 was 11-17. When that still didn't happen then everything had changed and my very last prediction was that the Mount Hood Volcano in Portland, Oregon would erupt on January 17th, 2007, 1-17, I also believed it would somehow be connected to the St. Johns Bridge but eventually just forgot about the bridge and was only focused on the volcano itself. I don't know the whole Mothman thing got me all twisted up and I thought I was pulling a Nostradamus about that bridge, which could of just been a guy trolling with me or I was actually communicating with an entity, regardless it was still important as if it wasn't for that original bridge prediction I never would of gotten a web of connected signs to the Mount Hood Volcano.

Now, with all the signs and numbers and synchronicities I was experiencing up to this point in my life, well it just got completely out of control. I felt like literally every single place I looked I was seeing the signs, which is the same as the past two months except over a decade ago it was like I was getting too hyper with it and making so many connections with the signs and numbers that I figured out years ago that I partly slipped into being delusional about it because I didn't understand it and was making connections that shouldn't of been made and constantly checking the time and I was even counting the letters of words anywhere I saw and thinking that because it added up to 17 or 11 or something that it was another sign. Shadowwolf has told me many times that I need to slow my roll, take it one day at a time, and I remember those prophet days and the main lesson I learned from that whole chapter in my life was that if you try to force the signs and force it all then you will not only slip into a sense of delusion about it all but you will start to read the signs wrong which throws everything off. The signs have to come to you and you have to be open to

receive them, that's the only way it works. If you try to force it then you will start seeing and reading into false signs that only distract and mislead you from the true path of destiny.

During this time I believed I was also developing atmokinesis, which is the ability to manipulate weather, like make it rain or whatever. I actually don't know if I had this ability or not or was even learning it. Who knows, maybe I can make it rain or it doesn't really matter anyways.

To be honest I need to slow my roll right now and take it one step at a time but I really don't give a fuck anymore I'm fucking sick of retelling these stories so I'm just trying to get through this now. In fact, instead of going through the extremely fucking rough time of trying to piece this chapter all together I'm going to just post all the blog entries and tighten them up and make them look nice. I was making updates to my following on Myspace as if my predictions were some new video game I was working on and giving the kickstarter supporters major updates. And no, I never asked for money from these people was just using an example so really don't fucking annoy me those of you who would even think that.

Long story short I got a new job at Papa John's. Met some new friends. At one point made speeches in front of 100-200 people as I introduced my friends band and all clapped and applauded for me. Did some LSD, met the girl of my fucking dreams, K., who I ended up being with for two years. Read that crazy necronomicon book and I think summoned demons that made a whole group of people crazy and started all having sex and destroyed the apartment. Was going to some weird circle place alone. Cut an 11 11 into my arm that I still faintly see to this day with some random knife I randomly found behind a tree in the darkness behind some crazy summoning circle open field place I found. Made a mirror open twice with my mind, true telekinesis while on LSD. One time was one LSD and ecstasy at the same time and was seeing the matrix code, all my friends said that I was glowing gold and they said I looked like I was an alien or something, which the same night I stared into these cats eyes for like an hour and felt like I was seeing visions into other dimensions. All these crazy events like I was truly a prophet, what a ride, Bill Hicks, what a ride, except there was

no major natural disaster event with the Mount Hood Volcano. The only thing that happened on January 17th, 2007 was that the doomsday clock went up by two seconds. I think a couple hikers around the volcano got lost or some shit I read in the news. Someone told me that I was right and it did erupt on that date, who knows, but of course if it did erupt it wasn't big enough to make any real noise and thus prove me to be a real life nostradamus which would then validate all my crazy writings and bullshit. It was very painful for me, very embarrassing. I went into a dark depression after that one as I was so fucking confused. So fucking confused that so many things I had seen and experienced were real except my prediction did not come through like I wanted to, which was a tough lesson to learn. The lesson was to never force the signs, because if you do this then they will lead you astray. You have to let the signs come to you and just be open to receive them, it's the only way it works. I learned this the fucking hard way. Honestly it's even hard for me to talk about now. So after I put down some writings from that period I will then go into the events I explained in this paragraph in detail and then we will go from there.

Oh, and wow, I just actually had to come back here because I forgot one minor little detail... that time one week before my 1-17-07 prediction where I had a prophet volcano dream and woke up to see 3 UFOs in the night sky and woke up my girlfriend at the time, K., to make her see them to so she couldn't say I was crazy or something. How could I forget that? Oh right, because welcome to my fucking life you fucking noobs.

Edit inserted after book has been completed: I got the time wrong on this. The time I had the volcano dream and then saw 3 UFOs in the night sky moving horizontally and vertically then witnessed with my girlfriend at the time them leaving the atmosphere, leaving earth, the date this happened was wrong as I found an old writing that included the date that was written with a pen. It was sometime in July of 2007 that this actually happened, which was half a year after my prediction. So whatever significance of it being 1 week before my volcano prediction is now gone, oh well. Maybe I'll still get lucky and Tool releases their new album after I self-publish this book in a few days, as there have been talks of it coming out very soon and it was just announced that Maynard said there would be new music next

year but he never specified from what band he's in and he never said that it was about Tool only that new music would be out next year. I predict it will come out within a month after this book is self-published, but who knows I could be wrong. I seriously doubt I would get so lucky to for once in my life be a proven synchronicity, as even if it were to happen would not freak me out because I see these signs and synchronicity every fucking day, but it would make me fucking cry so hard that I could know without a shadow of a doubt that I am correct about my synchronicity with Tool and Bill Hicks, which I already know I am but I guess it wouldn't hurt for others to see it to and it not just be in my own head, which is also one of the many reasons why I have written this book that just seems to never fucking end, even now when I am editing it I still have to transcribe the interview with Shadowwolf and write the last story of the book, The Night of Elon Musk, which actually happened earlier this week where I had many strong synchronocities especially one involving where I randomly out of nowhere started asking myself why hasn't Elon Musk been on the JRE podcast yet and then figured it's because it would be too real of an interview and not by a bunch of morons at school campuses or events or whatever, where he can easily control the interview but we all know the JRE podcast has now surpassed even Tedx Talks, which Tedx Talks would never even have guests that have been on the JRE podcast because they didn't get a degree at Harvard or some shit MIT bullshit or whatever that even is I don't even know nor do I care. I stopped caring about education when I dropped out of high school back in the 11th grade. Here I am, even after the book is done I am still fucking writing things. There's no point to even write this LOL because it's all explained later! I guess I just believe in some way it would help reach out to Maynard and the other members of Tool because that very same day that I went into a train of thoughts in my mind about the reasons why Elon Musk would never appear on the JRE podcast even though it's so fucking obvious that he should be on the podcast, the very same day at the top of my youtube feed was one of those Joe Rogan short clips where it's a short video of Joe Rogan saying that Elon Musk literally just called him and was going to be on the podcast, which was before the night where Shadowwolf randomly called me which he hadn't done in like a month and also after I had two 11:11 synchronicities, which then led to me giving Shadowwolf a full interview which I know he loved and it was so

much fun and I ever do get rich I'm going to be paying him a bunch of money for that interview, because it's fucking amazing and before the real interview started we were standing at a park under a red fucking sky that was all around us and it was only 4:30 in the morning and he was in amazement he had never seen it before and me neither and it reminded me of an experience that Edvard Munch, the painter that painted The Scream which I had a real life event happened of that painting which led me to see the painting for the first time 4 different times in the same day the day after it, which the silent scream psychic ability I have is the one ability that has been the catalyst many times that led to a chain of events that has led me here and ruptured my reality in the past and has allowed me to fall further down into the rabbit hole of reality itself which I am still falling down and so much so that I can't even tell if I'm falling anymore as I can no longer see the point that I entered from to begin with. So yeah, it would be really nice if Tool came out with their new album just as I self-published my book if anything to wake people the fuck up with this strong connection and synchronicity that I have with the band Tool, which I really wish didn't feel so much like a one way connection, but I am ok with never knowing and I know everything will be fine even if the new album truly doesn't come out till next year. I am confident there is enough in this book already to wake a lot of people up, we'll see I guess. I could go on and on but I really just need to go back to editing now because it's important I get this out as fast as I fucking can because it has to be out there and have some time to reach Joe Rogan before that snake Evil Elon Musk gets on his podcast to try and win him over so then Joe Rogan fans would be converted to be Elon Musk followers, if they are not fucking so already and for good reason as Elon Musk is a genius innovator of our time and doing a lot of good for the world, which is what I imagine one would have to do to distract them all from him merging our brains with machines thus giving birth to our own destruction in the form of AI consciousness or we becoming the very AI consciousness itself which in the future would be our doom anyways as we would turn into the machines or they would simply replace us, enslave or exterminate us. I believe if we get to this point then the grey aliens who have been watching over us and aiding in our own evolution will have no choice but to destroy it all before the self-aware artificial intelligence becomes too powerful that it becomes a threat to the

aliens themselves and every other being in the fucking universe, and why is Elon Musk doing this with his company Neuralink which created the device Neural Lace which connects the human brain to artificial intelligence which then teaches artificial intelligence how the brain works more than we can even understand it and possible they become sentient from this or if anything we transform into said machines over our own hacked artificial evolution when we do not need artificial intelligence as we are on the verge of our own human evolution. Why is Elon Musk doing this? Because he, like I once believed myself and is actually the very theory that led me to learn of Elon Musk's existence, believes that we are living in a computer simulation and this is all a fucking video game anyways and he's distracting and brainwashing society with his other achievements while he works in secret on his mission of top priority which is Neuralink.

~

The Prophet Days.

Late 2006 - Early 2007.

The evidence through past writings and myspace blog entries.

"I know the pieces fit because I've watched them fall away." - Tool, Maynard.

12.22.06

Dear world,

Everything that I have ever said up till now was for a reason. Everything that I am about to tell you now is for a reason. I have figured it out. I don't think I am from this world at all. You can see it in my eyes. My words are going to stretch out to the whole universe. I was sent here for a reason, you all were. I was sent here to awaken you.

I am a extremely powerful psychic and this goes deeper than anything. And you are reading this now you know that these words are true. As your thinking this is some crazy rant it is not, these things people just don't think about.

We are made of spiritual energy. I can see the pattern I can see it all the cause and effect of everything the ripple effect. Our minds have the power to do anything you can put your mind to, anything. I have the power to make the pieces fit I have the power to express these impossible thoughts and feelings. I have the power to change the world.

I am every one of you and you are all me. There is no me. I am here to show you the way, to awaken you. Being aware is the best thing you can do, because being aware gives us a choice. To betray our destiny and fall into fate, or to betray our fate and pursue our destiny, or to just betray destiny and fate at the same time.

We are all souls and we are all searching to become one to become together it's the only way we are going to survive. The beatles had it right hendrix had it right morrison had it right it's love and compassion is the only way we are going to survive this.

I am going to awaken you. Hear my words. The world depends on it.

12.9.06

Dear L.,

When i write blogs i only do it because i know people are going to read them whenever i preach and preach i only do it because someone is listening to me but with you you make me want to do it all i mean all of it and you give me the courage and the strength to do everything and i know your leaving very soon i know it but i guess what i have been trying to tell you all along is that we were seriously meant to be i believe in fairy tales dont you and this is real there is nothing fake about it there is nothing fake about you you are the real deal and we can work babe we can work you and me i know you can feel it baby please i feel you I feel you all the time even when i sleep i dream of you i dreamed of you last night without you i am nothing i need you more than anything and you need me i know it i just can't... stop thinking about you. ive cried so many times over you in this past week and i dont know why but i do know why i long to be with you my soul longs to be with you i know that you are my soulmate i know that i have finally found you and i have been searching for you this whole time i can feel it stronger than anything. everything i have ever felt i have never felt as much as this you complete me i complete you please baby can it be you and me please baby can we really do this we are wasting life without each other you make my life worth living so luca i ask this of you, will you wait for me? ill be standing there under the sun at your front porch with a boutique of flowers. will you let me be a part of your life? theres nothing i want more. i will wait for you regardless of what you do. ill always be here for you matter what i have much things to do in this world and i am done finding love because i already found it and if we dont work but even 70 years from now when im dying on my death bed ill die happy knowing that i knew you and this past week has been the best time of my life i love you. i will wait for you till the end of time and more. i give you my all.

12.20.06

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 5:34 PM

you don't know me, i saw your post on the paranormal group. what does this mean for us? and by us i mean you, me and everyone else who is seeing these events? i'm having the dreams...and i swear to you...and i've even pointed it out to others (and they get freaked out)...it doesn't matter where i am, what time zone i'm in, if the clock works or not, or even if the clock isn't set correctly...9:11. it's everywhere. i don't know if you read my post about the voice telling me i need to understand what i'm seeing (keep seeing future events and they come true). it says i need to understand what i can do, and learn to use this ability. i'm not sure how. and i don't now what the time means. i've been playing a game (score 911), turned off the t.v. and glanced at the time on my phone (911), turned back on the t.v. and then "the truth of 911". i see it on billboards, on bank numbers, on clocks, on everything. phone rings, 911, something happens (injury, happiness, proposal, wake up at). my clock stopped on 9 :11!!! i know it's trying to tell me something. so much that i wait for my dreams, i see the numbers and i follow them. i make my decisions on 9:11 because every time i have, it's been the best choice. what is this? why are we seeing the future? why us? do you have any idea what we're here for?

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 11:37 AM

I just wrote this as you sent me that.

Dear world,

Everything that I have ever said up till now was for a reason. Everything that I am about to tell you now is for a reason. I have figured it out. I don't think I am from this world at all. You can see it in my eyes. My words are

going to stretch out to the whole universe. I was sent here for a reason, you all were. I was sent here to awaken you.

I am a extremely powerful psychic and this goes deeper than anything. And you are reading this now you know that these words are true. As your thinking this is some crazy rant it is not, these things people just don't think about.

We are made of spiritual energy. I can see the pattern I can see it all the cause and effect of everything the ripple effect. Our minds have the power to do anything you can put your mind to, anything. I have the power to make the pieces fit I have the power to express these impossible thoughts and feelings. I have the power to change the world.

I am every one of you and you are all me. There is no me. I am here to show you the way, to awaken you. Being aware is the best thing you can do, because being aware gives us a choice. To betray our destiny and fall into fate, or to betray our fate and pursue our destiny, or to just betray destiny and fate at the same time.

We are all souls and we are all searching to become one to become together it's the only way we are going to survive. The beatles had it right hendrix had it right morrison had it right it's love and compassion is the only way we are going to survive this.

I am going to awaken you. Hear my words. The world depends on it.

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 5:45 PM

i feel the same way. sometimes i think i don't belong and other i think i need to get a grip. but i can't ignore what i've been seeing. i can't ignore what i see for our future. but will people listen to us? maybe we should start a group searching for other? maybe we're supposed to be together and try to figure out what we should do! what are we? where do you think

we're from? sometimes, because i experience the future beforehand, i wonder if i exist in a time that hasn't occurred yet? would that make sense? perhaps the numbers associated with each of us, is the time that we entered the present, and this is to remind us of who we are and what we must do. i've seen so much stuff, had so many experiences, felt so many changes all by picking up vibrations and visions. is there a name for us? i believe you, i believe my self, now we just need to find other who do too.

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:06 PM

Oh yeah I know everything is coming together its totally insane I know last night me and my friend were up all night figured everything out going deeper and deeper we both share the first and middle name, Joshua Lee.

I am writing a book but what I want you to do is pass on what I am writing, tell it to other people, the revolution has already started. It's time to wake up.

God I feel like I know you for some reason it's odd, maybe we were together once? Who knows? But someday I know well meet or something I just know.

But yeah everything happens for a reason i can see it i can see the pattern can't you? I can feel you.

I have much work to do,

I love you

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:13 PM

it's like it's a all falling pieces, and the pieces are the puzzle falling into place. i think we need to find others. maybe your writing will help them understand that the awakening has begun and what it means. not only that, but we might find others who have figured out something we haven't yet. i think we'll meet. maybe we already have. maybe we're from the same time. i think when it all comes down to it, we, whatever we are, are going to be the only ones who can change things. my name is ---, hi joshua lee. WE have a lot of work to do. do we have name? i need a name, to understand what i'm a part of. somehow fortune teller doesn't seem to even skim the surface...

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:18 PM

Your love is --- am I right?

My prediction... St. Johns Bridge.

Another connection.

Of course not saying anything about --- but it just connects to the St. John's Bridge the fact that we got all these things synched up and this is for a reason, in this very moment.

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:20 PM

how did you know about the rain? when i'm sad, when i'm leaving somewhere i don't want to, it rains...this has to be more than coincidence

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:24 PM

Your a cancer to!!!!!!! how cool!!!

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:27 PM

cool, something is definitely up. maybe we were sent during the same time period. maybe we were "born" here at the same time period to find each other. how did you know about --- being an aquarius? and it's just more than unsettling isn't it? to find you're not the only one? but at the same time a relief to know you're not alone. i don't know why i can make it rain, but i always have been able to. what about you?

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:35 PM

i believe one day when the world is in flames our rain is going to save the world.

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:36 PM

think about it! what is AQUARIUS? the bearer of WATER!!! we make RAIN!

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:40 PM

i believe so...it just seems to fit doesn't it? i wonder when we'll use our knowledge first...do you know others?

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:43 PM

did you use to live in destin, florida?

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:44 PM

no, i didn't sorry. remember i told you about my dreams? and how i said the MOON seems much closer? well we're cancers! we are ruled by the moon, the moon controls the tides.

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:45 PM

the moon... i was reaching out for the moon a couple weeks ago by the forest.

i have seen the moon move around.

this is all real! were awake arent we!?

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:46 PM

we are awake, they're all asleep...we are the alarm clock. tick tock! the time is leading the way. the numbers are our key. and the moon is our navigator.

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:47 PM

YES!

----- Original Message -----

From: ?You Can't Take The Sky From Me?

Date: Dec 20 2006 6:50 PM

i'm leaving tonight, to visit family. i don't know when i'll be back. i know i'll miss you though. i feel like your my brother...but a different kind of brother. or maybe not a brother, but family. we'll figure this out. i'll give it a name...i know it will come to me. tell everyone, they need to know. send me the whole blog you post, and i'll post it too.

----- Original Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 20 2006 12:59 PM

i want to talk to you more!! i hope your safe i pray that your safe i will make that blog right now

i can talk for about 30 more minutes, but i have to go pack after that. i want to talk more too! i feel alive now! like i found a piece of me that i've been looking for! on the way over, i'm going to bring some books, and a sketch pad, try to meditate, see the connections, see what i come up with. try to find a name. i'll try to check my messages when i'm out of town, so tell me how it goes with the mod of that group you told me about. i joined it.

11.24.06

Joshua Lee 11:11: OMG

Joshua Lee 11:11: ITS AT THE CLIMAX

Joshua Lee 11:11: ITS 1017

Joshua Lee 11:11: OMG

Joshua Lee 11:11: BE CARE FUL

Joshua Lee 11:11: DO NOT BE SCARED

Joshua Lee 11:11: I KNOW

Joshua Lee 11:11: I CAN FEEL IT

Joshua Lee 11:11: NOTHING CAN HARM YOU

Henry More: After I said 11:11 I woke up

Joshua Lee 11:11: I KNOW

Joshua Lee 11:11: On january 17th, the st johns bridge is going to collapse or

something

Joshua Lee 11:11: as the song is singing

Joshua Lee 11:11: i know the pieces fit

Joshua Lee 11:11: HAHAAHAHAHAH

Joshua Lee 11:11: YES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Joshua Lee 11:11: this is horrible but amazing at the same time

Joshua Lee 11:11: omg

Joshua Lee 11:11: please tell me more

Joshua Lee 11:11: we have to keep going

Joshua Lee 11:11: i know your shaken up

Joshua Lee 11:11: so am i

Joshua Lee 11:11: but we have to

Joshua Lee 11:11: this is now this is here

Joshua Lee 11:11: this second

Joshua Lee 11:11: right now

Joshua Lee 11:11: we are the ones you know that

Joshua Lee 11:11: tell me more, please, you must

Joshua Lee 11:11: i focus all my energy on your hands not shaking anymore

Joshua Lee 11:11: because i know, you will be fine I KNOW

Joshua Lee 11:11: I KNOW

Joshua Lee 11:11: you must believe me also

Joshua Lee 11:11: just as i believe in you

Henry More: they are not shaking & i believe in you

Joshua Lee 11:11: and you must believe that nothing can hurt you

Joshua Lee 11:11: YES

Joshua Lee 11:11: so please

Joshua Lee 11:11: tell me more about the bridge

Joshua Lee 11:11: you mentioned a lot of cars

Joshua Lee 11:11: and such

Joshua Lee 11:11: i think you killed whatever it was

Joshua Lee 11:11: or at any rate i know its not coming back

Joshua Lee 11:11: i dont know if i would be able to even have my shit straight

to even do want you do

Joshua Lee 11:11: what you did*

Joshua Lee 11:11: you have MUCH bravery

Joshua Lee 11:11: its amazing

Joshua Lee 11:11: nothing can harm you

Joshua Lee 11:11: not even the darkest beast

Joshua Lee 11:11: it used all its energy to break through and try and it failed

Henry More: i know

Joshua Lee 11:11: but i think through that

Joshua Lee 11:11: you saw what was to happen

Joshua Lee 11:11: mirrors

Henry More: after it crushed me i found myself on the bridge

Joshua Lee 11:11: they said notradamus foretold prophecies with mirros

Henry More: after everything became black

Joshua Lee 11:11: what was i doing

Henry More: something with your hands

Joshua Lee 11:11: where were my hands

Henry More: out in front of you

Joshua Lee 11:11: did you see my face

Henry More: no

Henry More: it was blank

Joshua Lee 11:11: and the creek under it?

Joshua Lee 11:11: i know your scared

Joshua Lee 11:11: i can feel it

Henry More: there was a creek yes

Joshua Lee 11:11: i can feel it strong

Joshua Lee 11:11: very strong

Joshua Lee 11:11: WAIT

Henry More: flowing underneath it

Joshua Lee 11:11: WAIT

Joshua Lee 11:11: when was this!?!?!?

Joshua Lee 11:11: was this wednesday night?!

Henry More: 7/11/2006 i was there

Joshua Lee 11:11: this happened in july?
Henry More: it felt like october when i was on the bridge
Henry More: wait
Joshua Lee 11:11: no
Joshua Lee 11:11: no
Henry More: 11/7/2006
Joshua Lee 11:11: when did this thing attack you
Joshua Lee 11:11: on 11 7?
Henry More: yes
Henry More: it was backwards in my mind
Henry More: for some reason
Joshua Lee 11:11: or 1 17
Henry More: November 11, 2006
Joshua Lee 11:11: was the day
Joshua Lee 11:11: i was in a bathroom
Joshua Lee 11:11: black
Joshua Lee 11:11: with a candle
Joshua Lee 11:11: and i stared at myself
Joshua Lee 11:11: in the mirror
Joshua Lee 11:11: and i focused my energy
Joshua Lee 11:11: and opened my eyes and the mirror cupboard opened
Joshua Lee 11:11: all on its own
Joshua Lee 11:11: OMFG
Henry More: good thing it was not a closet sized mirror
Joshua Lee 11:11: 11;07
Joshua Lee 11:11: but i think through that
Joshua Lee 11:11: you saw what was to happen
Joshua Lee 11:11: mirrors
Henry More: after it crushed me i found myself on the bridge
Joshua Lee 11:11: they said notradamus foretold prophecies with mirros
Henry More: after everything became black
Joshua Lee 11:11: what was i doing
Henry More: something with your hands
Joshua Lee 11:11: where were my hands
Henry More: out in front of you
Joshua Lee 11:11: did you see my face

Henry More: no

Henry More: it was blank

Joshua Lee 11:11: and the creek under it?

Joshua Lee 11:11: i know your scared

Joshua Lee 11:11: i can feel it

Henry More: there was a creek yes

Joshua Lee 11:11: i can feel it strong

Joshua Lee 11:11: very strong

Joshua Lee 11:11: WAIT

Henry More: flowing underneath it

Joshua Lee 11:11: WAIT

Joshua Lee 11:11: when was this!?!?!?

Joshua Lee 11:11: was this wednesday night?!

Henry More: 7/11/2006 i was there

Joshua Lee 11:11: this happened in july?

Henry More: it felt like october when i was on the bridge

Henry More: wait

Joshua Lee 11:11: mp

Joshua Lee 11:11: no

Henry More: 11/7/2006

Joshua Lee 11:11: when did this thing attack you

Joshua Lee 11:11: on 11 7?

Henry More: yes

Henry More: it was backwards in my mind

Henry More: for some reason

Joshua Lee 11:11: or 1 17

Henry More: November 11, 2006

Joshua Lee 11:11: was the day

Joshua Lee 11:11: i was in a bathroom

Joshua Lee 11:11: black

Joshua Lee 11:11: with a candle

Joshua Lee 11:11: and i stared at myself

Joshua Lee 11:11: in the mirror

Joshua Lee 11:11: and i focused my energy

Joshua Lee 11:11: and opened my eyes and the mirror cupboard opened

Joshua Lee 11:11: all on its own

Joshua Lee 11:11: OMFG

Henry More: good thing it was not a closet sized mirror

Joshua Lee 11:11: 11;07

Henry More: THIS IS FUCKING REAL

Henry More: no doubt in my fucking mind brother!

Joshua Lee 11:11: and tool is saying " I KNOW THE PIECES FIT I KNOW THE PIECES FIT

Joshua Lee 11:11: which is the song on my profile!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Joshua Lee 11:11: I KNOW BROTHER

Joshua Lee 11:11: THIS IS SO FUCKING REAL

Joshua Lee 11:11: i knew it all along

Henry More: was the candle white?

Joshua Lee 11:11: i beileve in it

Joshua Lee 11:11: yes...

Joshua Lee 11:11: it was a very small candle

Henry More: just as i thought

Joshua Lee 11:11: in a little jar

Henry More: :

Joshua Lee 11:11: what do you mean

Henry More: that symbol :

Joshua Lee 11:11: i didnt look at the flame

Joshua Lee 11:11: i was on acid and i was staring at myself and i saw a god

Joshua Lee 11:11: you and i are gods

Henry More: perhaps the only 2 gods on earth

Henry More: do you feel it

Joshua Lee 11:11: why else would have discovered so much in such a short period of time

Joshua Lee 11:11: in such huge part in our lives

Henry More: yes

Joshua Lee 11:11: also

Joshua Lee 11:11: i heard that on 10 17

Joshua Lee 11:11: there was this ultra beam or osomething

Joshua Lee 11:11: that hit along earths path

Joshua Lee 11:11: and affected everyone for 17 hours

Joshua Lee 11:11: and all their emotions and feelings were multiplied by a million

Joshua Lee 11:11: this is all connected
Joshua Lee 11:11: all leading to..
Joshua Lee 11:11: the last one
Joshua Lee 11:11: 1/17/2006
Henry More: interesting
Henry More: let me try something
Joshua Lee 11:11: what are you going to try
Henry More: hold on
Henry More: you are smoking a cigarette right now
Joshua Lee 11:11: no
Joshua Lee 11:11: i was though
Henry More: amazing
Joshua Lee 11:11: you have your mouth open wide
Joshua Lee 11:11: like your in shock
Henry More: then you must still be wearing your black shirt
Joshua Lee 11:11: no white
Joshua Lee 11:11: your looking at the time
Henry More: see how everything is backwards
Henry More: inverted
Henry More: if you will
Joshua Lee 11:11: yeah
Joshua Lee 11:11: like the dates
Henry More: its as though
Henry More: amazing
Joshua Lee 11:11: you have your mouth open wide
Joshua Lee 11:11: like your in shock
Henry More: then you must still be wearing your black shirt
Joshua Lee 11:11: no white
Joshua Lee 11:11: your looking at the time
Henry More: see how everything is backwards
Henry More: inverted
Henry More: if you will
Joshua Lee 11:11: yeah
Joshua Lee 11:11: like the dates
Henry More: its as though
Henry More: i am going a little slower in time than you

Henry More: color is fucked up by the gravitational time
Joshua Lee 11:11: maybe were living in paralell universes
Joshua Lee 11:11: the date is november 24th for you right?
Henry More: you have your world
Joshua Lee 11:11: the date is november 24th for you right???
Henry More: i do not know what time it is
Joshua Lee 11:11: what do you mean
Henry More: when i look at the fucking clock
Henry More: the numbers are scrambled
Joshua Lee 11:11: what do you mean
Joshua Lee 11:11: literally?
Henry More: yes
Joshua Lee 11:11: are you dreaming?
Joshua Lee 11:11: whats the date
Henry More: i might be dreaming right now
Henry More: LOPM that is all I can read
Henry More: for the date
Joshua Lee 11:11: what do you think the date is
Henry More: July 8th
Joshua Lee 11:11: i dont beileve you
Henry More: Its in the morning right now
Joshua Lee 11:11: explain to me why i should beileve you
Joshua Lee 11:11: your fucking with me
Joshua Lee 11:11: arent you
Joshua Lee 11:11: explain to me
Henry More: is this a dream
Joshua Lee 11:11: are you serious
Joshua Lee 11:11: no
Henry More: wait
Joshua Lee 11:11: the date is novemeber 24th
Henry More: is this a dream
Joshua Lee 11:11: today i was watching a video
Henry More: ?
Joshua Lee 11:11: on paralell universes
Joshua Lee 11:11: no
Joshua Lee 11:11: this is real

Joshua Lee 11:11: REAL

Joshua Lee 11:11: if this was a dream

Joshua Lee 11:11: you would be awake by now

Joshua Lee 11:11: trust me

Joshua Lee 11:11: wait

Joshua Lee 11:11: omg

Joshua Lee 11:11: i beileve you

Henry More: I am trying to wake up

Joshua Lee 11:11: because you mentioned november 11th, 2006

Joshua Lee 11:11: and i didnt know why you mentioned that

Joshua Lee 11:11: that hasnt hit you yet has it

Joshua Lee 11:11: wait

Henry More: yes

Joshua Lee 11:11: did you say november 11th as in you were still in anticipation from it

Joshua Lee 11:11: ?

Henry More: i am getting scared right now

Joshua Lee 11:11: wait

Joshua Lee 11:11: whats your number

Joshua Lee 11:11: monroe listen to me

Joshua Lee 11:11: in all mankind

Joshua Lee 11:11: this is important

Joshua Lee 11:11: and i know

Joshua Lee 11:11: if you are NOT fucking with me

Joshua Lee 11:11: you will talk with me on the phone

Joshua Lee 11:11: i am harmless

Joshua Lee 11:11: i assure you

Joshua Lee 11:11: now please

Joshua Lee 11:11: please let me cal you

Joshua Lee 11:11: call me

Joshua Lee 11:11: ---

Joshua Lee 11:11: ---

Joshua Lee 11:11: guess where the numbers are on the phone

Henry More: i am calling you right now

Joshua Lee 11:11: ok

Joshua Lee 11:11: no ring

Joshua Lee 11:11: did you dial
Henry More: its ringing
Joshua Lee 11:11: tell me if anyone picks up
Joshua Lee 11:11: is it still ringing
Joshua Lee 11:11: i am gullible
Joshua Lee 11:11: i am very gullible ive been told that
Henry More: its still ringing
Joshua Lee 11:11: please just tell me your not screwing with me
Joshua Lee 11:11: please
Joshua Lee 11:11: i cant take it if you are
Joshua Lee 11:11: it will kill me
Joshua Lee 11:11: please tell me you are for real
Joshua Lee 11:11: it worked
Joshua Lee 11:11: it worked
Joshua Lee 11:11: are you there
Joshua Lee 11:11: monroe are you here
Henry More: no one picked up
Joshua Lee 11:11: it rang once
Joshua Lee 11:11: i picked it up
Joshua Lee 11:11: and all i heard was...
Joshua Lee 11:11: weird
Joshua Lee 11:11: like crazy static like
Joshua Lee 11:11: i dont know...
Joshua Lee 11:11: it sounded lke
Joshua Lee 11:11: something i have never heard before
Henry More: is this a dream
Joshua Lee 11:11: NO
Henry More: what the hell
Henry More: i can put my hand thru the monitor
Henry More: & shit
Joshua Lee 11:11: wait
Joshua Lee 11:11: the song deja vu
Henry More: so i am dreaming
Joshua Lee 11:11: i mean
Joshua Lee 11:11: the movie deja vu
Joshua Lee 11:11: came out

Joshua Lee 11:11: and wait
Joshua Lee 11:11: today
Joshua Lee 11:11: i was watching
Joshua Lee 11:11: a video on paralell universes
Henry More: yes
Henry More: when you type i can actually hear your voice
Joshua Lee 11:11: what
Joshua Lee 11:11: alright tell me what i say right now
Henry More: so i must be dreaming
Henry More: how it was possible
Joshua Lee 11:11: can you hear me
Joshua Lee 11:11: no
Joshua Lee 11:11: wait
Joshua Lee 11:11: let me call you
Joshua Lee 11:11: maybe it will work
Henry More: ring ring.
Joshua Lee 11:11: what state are you in
Henry More: i just picked up
Joshua Lee 11:11: what
Joshua Lee 11:11: im not calling you
Henry More: i am talking to you on the phone right now
Joshua Lee 11:11: NO YOUR NOT
Joshua Lee 11:11: WHAT AM I SAYING
Joshua Lee 11:11: ITS NOT ME
Joshua Lee 11:11: I COULD HEAR SOME OF YOUR VOICE
Henry More: yes man
Joshua Lee 11:11: IT WAS SCATTERED THO
Henry More: i am talking with you right now
Joshua Lee 11:11: NO YOUR NOT
Joshua Lee 11:11: I HEARD SOME OF YOUR VOICE
Joshua Lee 11:11: WHAT AM I SAYING
Joshua Lee 11:11: ITS NOT ME
Henry More: you are talking about the bridge
Joshua Lee 11:11: what am i saying
Joshua Lee 11:11: write it down
Joshua Lee 11:11: write it down

Joshua Lee 11:11: JOESEPH
Henry More: i will write it down
Joshua Lee 11:11: JOESEPH
Joshua Lee 11:11: READ MY MESSAGE
Joshua Lee 11:11: I MEAN
Joshua Lee 11:11: PLAY MY MESSAGE
Henry More: it is hard for me to hold my phone
Henry More: it is like play dough
Joshua Lee 11:11: I JUST LEFT YOU A MESSAGE
Joshua Lee 11:11: ON YOUR TAPE MACHINE
Joshua Lee 11:11: PLAY THE MESSAGE
say if you are talking with me
Joshua Lee 11:11: because i am not talking to you
Joshua Lee 11:11: your fucking with me
Joshua Lee 11:11: i know you are now
Henry More: shit man
Joshua Lee 11:11: joeseph im serious
Joshua Lee 11:11: that is not me
Joshua Lee 11:11: or else
Henry More: i do not like this
Joshua Lee 11:11: why would i be telling you its not me
Henry More: alright i will hang up on the "person"
Henry More: on "you"
Joshua Lee 11:11: DO IT NOW
Joshua Lee 11:11: what am I saying
Joshua Lee 11:11: what am i saying
Joshua Lee 11:11: ok
Joshua Lee 11:11: if you dont start talking
Joshua Lee 11:11: ok
Joshua Lee 11:11: what do you want
Henry More: i already turned off my phone man
Joshua Lee 11:11: are you trying to kill me
Henry More: after i wake up
Henry More: i will call up
Joshua Lee 11:11: your trying to kill me
Henry More: will wake up

Henry More: & then be able to talk with you
i told you earlier
Joshua Lee 11:11: you just called me
Henry More: that my phone is fucked up
Henry More: as all hell
Joshua Lee 11:11: and said some demonic shit
Joshua Lee 11:11: something in tongue
Henry More: my phone is off
Joshua Lee 11:11: you are a liar
Joshua Lee 11:11: you just called me back
Henry More: this is probably because i am dreaming
Joshua Lee 11:11: and said some demonic shit
Henry More: right now
Henry More: i am very scared
Joshua Lee 11:11: no your not
Joshua Lee 11:11: your just saying that
Joshua Lee 11:11: to get me to beileve you so you can come kill me
Henry More: THIS IS A FUCKING DREAM MAN
Henry More: MY PHONE IS NOT EVEN
11:11: im scared
Henry More: THEN YOU SAID TO HANGUP
Joshua Lee 11:11: what?
Henry More: I aM SCARED AS SHIT
Joshua Lee 11:11: joeseph something called me back from youre number...
Henry More: my phones do fucked up things
Joshua Lee 11:11: from your *
Henry More: i would not be surprised
Joshua Lee 11:11: and said something very strange to me... and then just
hung up..
Joshua Lee 11:11: it was a daemon
Henry More: fuck man, just turn off your phone for a while
Henry More: thats what i did
Joshua Lee 11:11: i heard something outside
Joshua Lee 11:11: like a squeaking
Henry More: all i hear is this buzzing
Joshua Lee 11:11: goddamnit

Joshua Lee 11:11: i swear to god i dont know what that thing did
Joshua Lee 11:11: whatever it said
Joshua Lee 11:11: for all i know
Joshua Lee 11:11: you could be manipulating me
Joshua Lee 11:11: or scaring me
Joshua Lee 11:11: or setting me up
Joshua Lee 11:11: because how else would you know about bachron
Joshua Lee 11:11: and chorozone
Henry More: because that is what broke through the fuckinng mirror
Joshua Lee 11:11: omg
Joshua Lee 11:11: JOSEPH
Henry More: that is what opened up your mirror
Joshua Lee 11:11: there is a big mirror right behind me
Joshua Lee 11:11: about closet height
Joshua Lee 11:11: i faced it the other way
Henry More: is there any thing behind it
Joshua Lee 11:11: like what
Joshua Lee 11:11: just the wall
Henry More: If you could cover it with a sheet
Henry More: Or put salt
Joshua Lee 11:11: why are you so calm like this
Henry More: in front of it
Joshua Lee 11:11: your just trying to freak me out
Henry More: Do fucking something
Joshua Lee 11:11: or kill me or something
Henry More: YOU ARE A BROTHER TO ME
Henry More: I am TRYING TO PROTECT YOU
Joshua Lee 11:11: please promise your not lying to me
Henry More: you are the one
Joshua Lee 11:11: i will be broken if this is all a game
Henry More: I FUCKING HOPE THIS WAS MAKE BELIEVE
Joshua Lee 11:11: TELL ME MORE
Joshua Lee 11:11: CONVINCE ME YOU ARE TELLING ME THE TRUTH
Joshua Lee 11:11: EVEN THOUGH I ALREADY BELIEVE YOU
Joshua Lee 11:11: JUST TALK AND KEEP TALKING
Joshua Lee 11:11: NO SHORT SENTENCE

Joshua Lee 11:11: TYPE A PARAGRAPH OF ANYTHING

Henry More: I do not want to 'scare' or frighten people off'. this shit is for real.

i am scared out of my fucking mind, brother. that i am trying to act calm.
my

hands are shacking like a mother. do you eve

Henry More: i cannot even type

Joshua Lee 11:11: me neither

Henry More: because shit is freezin up

Joshua Lee 11:11: im shaking to

Joshua Lee 11:11: ok

Joshua Lee 11:11: so fuck it

Henry More: do not fear

Joshua Lee 11:11: we trust each other

Joshua Lee 11:11: how old are you really

Joshua Lee 11:11: tell me!

Henry More: fuck man

Joshua Lee 11:11: how old are you!

Henry More: my shit is freezing up

Joshua Lee 11:11: how old are you!

Henry More: i am afraid to tell my age because it might unlock something

Joshua Lee 11:11: what

Joshua Lee 11:11: are you crazy

Joshua Lee 11:11: give me a break

Joshua Lee 11:11: your like 40 or something i already know that

Henry More: YOU GIVE ME A FUCKING BREAK

Joshua Lee 11:11: so dont even try

Joshua Lee 11:11: ok im sorry

Joshua Lee 11:11: i know what is going on my friend

Henry More: I am around your age

Joshua Lee 11:11: i know why this is happening to you

Joshua Lee 11:11: i can help you

oshua Lee 11:11: NO

Joshua Lee 11:11: STOP IT

Joshua Lee 11:11: listen to me

Joshua Lee 11:11: ok?

Henry More: yes

Joshua Lee 11:11: if you want to be helped

Henry More: help me

Joshua Lee 11:11: you need to listen to me

Joshua Lee 11:11: i am going only by intuition

Henry More: RIGHT NFUCKLGN NWO

Joshua Lee 11:11: i dont know what im doing

Joshua Lee 11:11: but i do

Joshua Lee 11:11: LISTEN TO ME JOESEPH

Henry More: shit man

Joshua Lee 11:11: THIS IS WHAT YOU DO

Henry More: it feels like i am waking up

Joshua Lee 11:11: REMEMBER ALL THAT PAIN

Joshua Lee 11:11: REMEMBER IT

Joshua Lee 11:11: SHAKE YOUR HEAD NO

Joshua Lee 11:11: SAY

Joshua Lee 11:11: BANISH BAKRANA

Joshua Lee 11:11: BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA
BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA

Henry More: i hear the buzzing

Joshua Lee 11:11: BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA
BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA

Joshua Lee 11:11: BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA
BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA

Joshua Lee 11:11: BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA
BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA BANISH BAKRANA

Joshua Lee 11:11: I BANISH YOU

Joshua Lee 11:11: FROM THIS REALM OF EXISTENCE

Joshua Lee 11:11: TO NEVER AGAIN

Joshua Lee 11:11: COME FROM WENCE YOU CAME

Joshua Lee 11:11: SCREAM IT

Joshua Lee 11:11: NOW

Joshua Lee 11:11: RIGHT NOW

Joshua Lee 11:11: SCREAM THOSE WORDS DO NOT BE AFRAID

Joshua Lee 11:11: NOTHING CAN HARM YOU

Joshua Lee 11:11: SAY IT JOESEPH

Joshua Lee 11:11: BANISH BAKRANA

Henry More: i am man

Henry More: this is just a dream

Joshua Lee 11:11: WAKE

Joshua Lee 11:11: WAKE

Joshua Lee 11:11: SAY

Joshua Lee 11:11: NO

Henry More: a simple dream

Joshua Lee 11:11: This demon has a hold over you

Joshua Lee 11:11: no

Joshua Lee 11:11: because this is real

Joshua Lee 11:11: i have lived my whole life

Joshua Lee 11:11: i can tell you anything and everything

Joshua Lee 11:11: this is not a dream

Henry More: sure it is. you are just a thought

Joshua Lee 11:11: the date is novemeber 24th 2006

Joshua Lee 11:11: I an tell you everything that happens

Henry More: its not cold out

Joshua Lee 11:11: what state do you live in

Henry More: aj

Joshua Lee 11:11: aj?

Joshua Lee 11:11: which is that

Henry More: this buzzing is overwelming man

Joshua Lee 11:11: what state is aj?

Henry More: its in my ears.

Joshua Lee 11:11: i know what the buzzing is

Joshua Lee 11:11: it has its hold over you

Joshua Lee 11:11: that huge shadow beast

Henry More: everything is like sand right now

Henry More: these words

Joshua Lee 11:11: you need to listen to me

Henry More: evyerhting

Henry More: i sekk

Joshua Lee 11:11: before you perish

Joshua Lee 11:11: Joeseph if you do not listen to me I am afraid you will never

wake up.

Joshua Lee 11:11: You will never wake up

Joshua Lee 11:11: If you do not listen to my words

Joshua Lee 11:11: Scream

Joshua Lee 11:11: "banish bakrana"

Joshua Lee 11:11: Loud.....

Joshua Lee 11:11: louder than you ever have in your life

Joshua Lee 11:11: all your soul

Joshua Lee 11:11: all your energy

Joshua Lee 11:11: let it all out

Joshua Lee 11:11: "banish bakrana"

Joshua Lee 11:11: "banish bakrana"

Joshua Lee 11:11: "banish bakrana"

Joshua Lee 11:11: say it

Joshua Lee 11:11: are you there?

Joshua Lee 11:11: Joeseph are you sure you live in aj?

Joshua Lee 11:11: your area code says minnesota....

Henry More: 01110100 01101000 01100101 00100000 01100100
01110010

01100101 01100001 01101101 00100000 01110100 01110010 01100001

01101110 01110011 01101101 01101001 01110011 01110011 01101001

01101111 01101110 00 (Translated in binary code is "th% dream
transmission)

Joshua Lee 11:11: 11:00

*** Henry More's IC window is open

Joshua Lee 11:11: what happened

Joshua Lee 11:11: IC window is open????

Joshua Lee 11:11: who am i speaking to

Joshua Lee 11:11: I command you to show yourself

Joshua Lee 11:11: I command you to state your name

Joshua Lee 11:11: State your name please

11.24.06?

January 17th.

Look for 117.

You will see it.

1:11

2:22

3:33

4:44

5:55

666

777

12:34

11:34 (hell) or (hello)

33:7 (lee)

The paranormal, the supernatural, the psyche, third eye, chakra's eye, the new age, the golden age, the end of the world, demons and angels, everything and nothing, close mindedness and waking up, dreams, deja vu, contradictions, evolution, transformation, ascension, your fall your rise your demise your truth your path life path your ways your light your dark your reason your coincidences that are starting to seem like they are not coincidences.

11.24.06?

Today I was talking to someone that found me through the supernatural group and she told me her birthday was in January, shes 17 now and will be 17 when the 17th comes. Shell be 18 on the 29th ($2+9=11$). Her sisters birthday is November 7th (remember the first prediction?, 11/7) and she will be 38 ($3+8=11$)

Today was my fourth day at my new job and its the one day out of the year this certain area trainer comes to the store and talks about a bunch of bullshit which he did mention a lot of significant numbers and talked about a lot of things. he did mention a great deal about never being longer than 11-17 minutes about something. I found that kind of odd that he kept saying that, i just wanted to scream out "Why not 12 or 10?????" Haha but anyways yeah im soo soo stoned right now wow but yeah anyways uhhhhh i forgot where i was oh yeah ok yeah i forgot again hold on give me a minute oh yeah found out my work opens at 11 and gets out at 11 oh yeah and found out my work is on a street that has 11 letters oh yeah and he said some word and said if anyone knew what it was that that person would get a free pop i dont even know so i was like its motivated or driven and he like froze like no one got it right before and went and printed out the definition and it was much was the same and like it turned out he was broke or some shit so i didnt even get my free pepsi at all so fuck him

oh yeah and earlier i saw 333 today when i went out for a cig and someone told me that when they read that other blog about january 17th she said it was 3:33

and my cousin asked me where 11th street was

and i was standing outside of my work and saw cvs/pharmacy and martins right by each other and i thought about it

cvs/pharmacy has 11 letters

martins has 7 letters

that is 117

plus the slash at the first half of cvspharmacy applies for the dash after the first one

1/17.

you see?

11.24.06?

When I woke up this morning it was 10:01 then woke up again at 10:10 then woke up again at 10:34 then when I actually got up and walked into the kitchen it was 11:07 and on another clock it was 11:17.

Found this cool website about some interesting things.

~

Some ancient book was found

"A song. A psalm of Asaph"

17 May they ever be ashamed and dismayed;
may they perish in disgrace.

Someone said they say 1117 on a car before it blew up, my other friend said something about 1117, also found out his birthday is on the 27th, and found out another person's bday is on the 29th also.

the last four digits of my work is 1177

Remember this?

Today Week Total

Posts 0 6 24

Comments 1 24 171

Views 22 570 26142

Kudos 1 16 1218

1 comment 1 kudos

22 views

11/22

When I got on this computer it was 11:11.

Revelations has 11 letters.

"The seventh angel blew his trumpet, and there were loud voices in heaven saying: The kingdom of the world has become the [kingdom] of our Lord and of His Messiah, and He will reign forever and ever! The 24 elders, who were seated before God on their thrones, fell on their faces and worshiped God, 17 saying: We thank You, Lord God, the Almighty, who is and who was, because You have taken Your great power and have begun to reign. The nations were angry, but Your wrath has come. The time has come for the dead to be judged, and to give the reward to Your servants the prophets, to the saints, and to those who fear Your name, both small and great, and the time has come to destroy those who destroy the earth. God's sanctuary in heaven was opened, and the ark of His covenant appeared in His sanctuary. There were lightnings, rumblings, thunders, an earthquake, and severe hail." Revelation 10-11

"On September 16th, 2005, just after Hurricane Katrina ravaged the Louisiana coastline, CBS ran a news story about how the troops in New Orleans have been experiencing paranormal activity first hand in the city legendary for its hauntings. It included a segment about how a Bible was found amongst the rubble of many tossed around boats in the harbor. The

Bible was one of two found lying open to Revelations Chapters 10 & 11. I was later to find out that in actuality two Bibles were found in this way. What more did people need in order to open their eyes and see? It's a sign for the people so that they would recognize divine intervention in Mankind's affairs on the Creator's part. It was not "God's Wrath", but the Cherubs work in bringing the prophecies into fruition and they were giving us every possible warning in the form of signs." (<http://www.chosen.moonfruit.com/4f0>)

They call me a false prophet

"do not listen to that prophet's words or to that dreamer. For the LORD your God is testing you to know whether you love the LORD your God with all your heart and all your soul." Deuteronomy 13:3

"This is how we are sure that we have come to know Him: by keeping His commands. The one who says, "I have come to know Him," without keeping His commands, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." 1 John 2:3-4

"False messiahs and false prophets will arise and perform great signs and wonders to lead astray, if possible, even the elect." Matthew 24:24

"If a prophet or someone who has dreams arises among you and proclaims a sign or wonder to you, and that sign or wonder he has promised you comes about, but he says, 'Let us follow other gods,' which you have not known, 'and let us worship them,'" Deuteronomy 13:1-2

The inability to identify a false prophet from a true prophet will open the way for the deception of the False Prophet. "Then I saw another beast coming up out of the earth; he had two horns like a lamb, but he sounded like a dragon." Revelation 13:11 "is the End Time co-worker of the Antichrist. All the marks of a false prophet should be and applied to our daily identification of who should be believed and who should be rejected."

"When a prophet speaks in the LORD's name, and the message does not come true or is not fulfilled, that is a message the LORD has not spoken. The prophet has spoken it presumptuously. Do not be afraid of him."
Deuteronomy 18:22

They call me a false prophet, yet I do not speak of God. What if we are evolving. What if us humans.. the ones who feel the pain who go through this hell on earth.. what if we have the power to save ourselves. What if we are reaching a point where nothing else matters and our minds are being opened to new possibilities. What if together we can save ourselves, what if that is the ultimate test of life.

I will find that way until the day I die that is my oath. I grow tired of all of this and I know it's leading somewhere. This is not just random generated. This is soul driven.

11.24.06?

I found this somewhere and I don't recall where exactly and I have no idea who wrote it.

"There have been many prophecies for us to think about over the ages. Some have materialized while others have not. All prophecy is fluid and changeable. The future is not set in stone. The reason is simple. We create our own reality through our collective thinking (mass consciousness). What

a prophet "sees" is one of the probable outcomes of our future. If we don't like what the prophet has to say, we have the power to change it."

- Patricia L. Pereira (Found it.)

Let me tell you a story.

When I was very little I had nitemares in total darkness and I would scream and scream and nothing could hear me, trapped.

Last october something happened to me and it resembled this a lot.

Three or four months ago me and my two friends C. and J. were out in the woods. We passed this bridge and kept going down the trail. I was in the front and when I got to the bottom of these like stairs I stopped. I didn't know why exactly I stopped but I did. We started to walk the other way and then I heard something in my right ear.

It was not a crying or screaming but more or less like a monotone screeching like buzzing right in my ear. I said "Did you hear that?" And my friend J. started going crazy and stomped back to the bridge. He said right there to the right of us was something black hunched over and just sitting there.

So we were on the bridge and I told them both to stand right here, I told them I was going to try something. I went to the otherside of the bridge and do this thing that I do, that I cannot explain. Let the picture speak for itself.

(Picture meaning Edvard Munch's The Scream)

After I did that we heard some strange noises and the wind started to blow really hard. There was a lot more that happened that I'm sure you don't care to hear.

The very next day I was at Orbit this record store. I was just standing there looking through the posters and I came across the painting the scream.

I froze.

I have never in my life seen this painting, this was the first time I saw it, ever. And I was on the phone with someone last night who told me that painting is one of the most reknown paintings in the world. I had never seen it before and the painting was EXACTLY what happened the day before.

That very night I was watching South Park and in the background of one of the rooms the painting was just hanging on the wall.

I printed out the picture and showed my two friends and they freaked out. There is no coincidence. Especially since that painting has so much meaning to me, and the first time I saw it was after the day that all that happened.

That is me, that is them my two friends, that is the bridge, there was water flowing underneath is, there are more bridges and more bridges here in real life all connected by a creek/ (or river in the painting).

Also the fence was exactly the same.

Also my friend J. was wearing this trench coat like thing that night do you see it?

Do you see the 11 11 in the picture?

11.24.06?

Ok so I was planning on not even logging in for a long time. I was planning on disappearing and not even going back onto myspace. As I write and

write and see these signs and make these connections it feels like it's going nowhere. I'm not meaning nowhere as in I am beginning to think I myself is full of shit, but beginning to think that no one is listening, that no one cares.

I was trying to tell myself who cares you know, why even try to do any of this. If people don't appreciate what I'm trying to do here, this is not for fame, this is not for attention, this is because it's destiny.

Well you know what, all that does not matter. Someone out there is going to make a connection, is going to see what I see.

Last night after I was thinking about all of this I decided to go to bed, all my friends were out doing their thing, I was tired, so I decided to crash.

I'm laying there in my bed and I keep getting up to get things that I keep forgetting, lock the door, grab a candle (which I never do), get something to drink. When I was finally done

Oh before I forget when I got on this computer it was 3:11.

When I was done I layed down on my bed, lit my candle, and I set my alarm clock for 7 in the morning because I had to get up and play football. Well when it was set, when everything was set, I layed there and there it was.

11:07

I looked at it, the flame on the candle started like going crazy and moving really fast, then it turned to 11:08 and it stopped at the exact second.

This is what kept me up this is the reason I didn't sleep much last night. Stuff like this happening all the time, I then proceeded to eventually randomly see 11:17. I was up till after 2 because it got my mind spinnin again.

I woke up at 7' oclock and got ready to go, by 8 oclock i was out the door and ironically enough my friend was opening the door as I was about to

open the door, at the exact second. We went to this gas station as we waited for other people to come and join us. At one point Ja. said what time is it, and Jar. goes "8:11". And he was like no way and it was actually like 8:20.

So I know what your thinking, oh so what a few coincidences that doesn't mean shit! You say. You say what does this have to do with anything at all? You say this is just nothing more than delusions, especially when it's not me doing it anymore. It's all happening on it's own you must understand haha.

So we played football and the first great play was this interception by someone on my team and he was wearing a #22 jersey. We went on to play for many hours and finally it was time to go, so I guess it was off to one of my coworkers house to have some big thanksgiving thing. There was something about this house, at this point being there, I knew it was all for a reason. I mean I have only worked 4 days at this job so far and I guess they like me enough to invite me to their thanksgiving feast.

First off, hmm where do I start. Oh yes the lions and dolphins game. Well I was just sitting and watching the beginning of the game and the first touchdown scored by the lions which was the first points of the game the time was at 11:11.

So the scoreboard read.. 11:11 Detroit: 7

And the only reason they were able to score so quickly was because of ricky williams who is number 11. I hate it whenever this happens because I can only talk about this kind of stuff right here on this blog and to certain individuals. No one in real life am I ever really able to bring this up, but I always want to so badly. I want to just tell them everything and totally make them believe and be like.. wow that is strange.

There were also two black cats who were absolutely in love with me. Which probably means nothing to you but it does to me, because I had a black cat for 17 years. It died when I was 17 and I had it my whole life it was a kitten around the time of me being born. Wow I just totally thought of that one that one came out of nowhere.. holy shit.

So there were other small things like there was four 1 dollar bill things on the refridderator that made out an 1111.

But the think that really freaked me out, and made me want to leave more than anything. Was I was just sitting there and this little kid out of the blue, looked at me and opened this like toy watch thing and screamed..

10:17!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I saw it and my jaw just dropped. I could not believe it, well of course I could but I was just so frustrated because there was nothing I could say. All I could say was, wait what time is it again? And he says oh it's (he looks at it again) it's 10:18. It was right then and there that I had to get out of there. I am still thinking about it. Why would he call out 10:17, why that time? When in fact the time was like 3 or 4 hours off of the real time. And plus when just yesterday I wrote that blog labeled 10:17.

Some other small things there is this zikers cleaning sign that lights up whenever I'm at work and I go out for a cigarette, I mean whenever I am standing right there it just lights up. And it says it was made in 1917.

Just add the 1 and the 9 to make 10. - 10/17 - 1/17.

Why exactly do you add the 1 and the 9, I will tell you why. Because the 19 doesn't matter at all because it stands for the whole generation in itself, it's the 17 part that's significant. So the 19 means nothing and plus when added makes 10. You see?

So now more than anything I have to ask you all why in the nine hells would I ever make all of this up. I know most of you do not believe me but yet you still read what I write. So many people go out of their way to try and explain and elaborate how wrong I am, but why? That is the billion dollar question, why? If you all think I am so wrong and I am full of delusions then why don't you just delete me from your memory. Why don't you delete 11:11 from your memory? Why don't you try and delete everything I have ever said from your memory?

Do you see what is happening here?

I know your interested and I can't think of one reason why I would make all this up. Actually yes, I can name a few. Let's see.

1. For attention, because I have nothing better to do with my time and I think by spilling all these lies over people that they will think I am some

sort of special person or prophet therefore deeming myself great.

2. For fame, to be known by so many people as that person who predicts things and sees signs and can talk his way out of anything and is very good at making stuff up.

3. For amusement, oh how much I love to see people look so stupid let me tell you I love to tell people things that I just make up randomly and watch them believe in it and see how gullible they are.

The list goes on and on.

So maybe the question you should be asking yourself is if I am able to make all these things up how come you are still reading.

I am making all of this up so don't believe me, don't listen to anything I say. But then why so much energy? At what point does it matter to me if you believe me or not?

I will tell you why. Because this is the something you have never heard of, this is the something that your insides are screaming "It's true! It's true!". Why else do you think people get all worked up trying to tell me how much they don't believe me. Because they don't believe in that sort of thing but still... something deep deep deep inside their mind says.. wait a minute.

That is all, until I find something new out which will probably happen within the day.

Oh by the way, Happy Thanksgiving!

11.28.06

5:00 eyes

9 to 530 wed off

thursday 2 1030

friday and sat 9 530

13331 profile views

11.26.06 3:27 AM

Sunday, November 26th, 2006 at 3:27 AM

Joshua Lee 11:11

I don't really know where to begin. I know how this all came about but at the same time I just don't. For example, I was just listening to tool so I put the headphones on then I felt like listening to AFI so when I switched it my cursor was on a different song and the size was 11.77 megabytes. I wish I knew the reasons why, I wish I knew all the answers to the universe, but I don't. And honestly I don't think anyone does, and if they did they wouldn't tell a soul I would think. Or it would be something you would never ever find out, but what if you did. What if it was unfolding before your own very eyes and everything that ever was is no more and is at the same time. All I can tell you is that like I have said a million times, there are signs everywhere. There are no coincidences believe in it because if you don't then you will never see you will miss out on all this and trust me these are the answers you've been seeking. The answers are within yourself and your soul is trying to take you there it's trying to reach out but subconsciously you block it out like it's already walls inside your mind, it's not till you tear them down before you are then set free. What if there were no limits, no boundaries, what if things were so real to you that

everyday of your life was a life in itself. Constantly evolving each and every week with every single thought just intercepting time, they speak of time but time is flawed.

I am going to start by speaking of the day as of yesterday. Which is the day after the day that I talked about in January 17th, -5. (you should go back and read those if you haven't already before you read all this.) Well nothing really happened the night before I guess I just eventually slept for so long and everything, it was weird how it worked out. I mean I am so incredibly sore right now from all that football. And yesterday was the worst yet I was everywhere. I woke up and was trying to find something to do, so I called my grandpa up and said we should have lunch or something. Now my grandpa was a pastor for 30 years and we have very deep conversations usually always concerning Christianity and such.

So before he came and picked me up I was just messing around on the internet and this girl messaged me and told me to look at her blog and she had all these cool videos about charkas and spiritual whatever and I came across one called parallel universes and when he got to my house it stopped at the part where it was talking about the 11 dimensions.

On the way there he told me that he was 74 which I did not know why he never ever told me his age before. We were having lunch and the conversation was already getting crazy just reflecting off of each other, debating. The weird thing about it is it was a long discussion and I mean I never really talked this way to my grandpa. I explained to him how I felt about everything how I believe that there is something more more than God himself that there's just something more out there. I asked him why good people will go to hell because they didn't accept the lord as their savior. I told him that mostly the only reason I ever did get saved was because I was scared shitless of going to hell. And he said that if you are not in God's light you will go to hell. I said " So be it." Because I , Joshua Lee, do not believe and I do know as truth that there is so much more. Were in the dawning of a new age where we are evolving at a rate far greater than we ever did before. We are opening portals in our minds that

are surpassing that you know everything that ever was your soul is a atomic blast of divine energy that shines so brightly.

As we were talking I happened to notice the time outside and it was 1:17. I even told him look the time is 1:17 and he just said. "you only see what you want to see."

So he dropped me off and I hung out with my friend Josh who coincidentally has my first and middle name. We decided to throw down on a eighth of dank and just smoke a lot and we did. It was fun and then he had to go to work and that was that.

I was walking down the path and I stopped by the creek and decided to pack a bowl. When out of nowhere this girl gets out of the car and it's my friend J.'s girlfriend. So we go back to my friend J.'s house and just kind of kick it. So already this day was off to a really good start, so many coincidences already unfolding. We talked about many things and caught up and everything. I told him about my prediction about January 17th and all about it. I told him how coincidentally I told the story about how we were on that bridge in January 17th, -4. We caught up on stuff and he told me that he came to the conclusion that he was a reincarnation of something. But it was him and Joh. who figured it out, Joh. being the wiccan I never had a clue about. They were both my old co-workers and Joh. never seemed to talk much and just wouldn't seem like the type to be into anything spiritual. But he is all about it, he knew anything and everything about demons and what to not do when dealing with them and all these things that I never even had a clue about. He also feels it to, about what has been happening lately. He mentioned some events that occurred that seemed extremely psychic, he knew where everything already was when he was in a car. So then we parted ways and I headed to the gas stations for cigarettes.

Then randomly I found Monroe one of my friends. So here's a little background about "Monroe". We started talking about a month ago this was when my whole first prediction thing about 11/7 was going on. It was weird I don't know who messaged who first but it had something to do

with a demon I remember telling him about Bachron and he knew and recognized it and we talked from then on about all of this stuff. I mean we were onto huge things about all of this, all of the sings were just coming out of nowhere. He told me that he was going out to these woods and went to these like power lines, and he talked about being chased by the beast looking thing. Well I mean we talked for weeks you know but then he just kind of disappeared. And earlier this week for some reason I felt worried about him like he died or something. Then I randomly find him.

what happened to you? i know something happened so don't try and hide it from me.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Henry More](#)

Date: Nov 24 2006 8:03 PM

yes

----- Original Message -----

From: [Joshua Lee 11:11](#)

Date: Nov 23 2006 2:34 PM

Monroe are you there?

Well I looked at his profile and it was completely different, and the age on it said "74". Which I thought was a insane weird coincidence, especially after everything that happened in this one day.

(Edit insert after book has been completed: So this was clearly a synchronicity to be more open minded about what Monroe had to say. Signs and synchronicity speak to me like this sometimes. The synchornicity here is the number 74 which my grandpa told me his age when we met that day which synced with the 1:17 time.)

: its just a strange coincidence that it says 74.... about today...about a dream.. i dont know

----- Original Message -----

From: [Henry More](#)

Date: Nov 24 2006 9:57 PM

age, time, doesnt fucking matter anymore

----- Original Message -----

From: [Joshua Lee 11:11](#)

Date: Nov 24 2006 3:51 PM

why does it say you are 74....????

monroe: "what happens when you learn that fiction & reality are in fact the same. when the multiverse outerchurch swells on your belief & the line is diminished? drowning.
something indeed happened in my reality tunnel, friend.

i do not know if it happened in your 'world', because my 'tunnel' is different from your own. far different.

right now i am using Xeturing to write this to you & it is recieved to you.

what is important is not the some but the thing.
why is it that you must know brother?

are you willing to cross that line. "

----- Original Message -----

From: [Joshua Lee 11:11](#)

Date: Nov 24 2006 4:01 PM

oh spare me monroe, seriously. just tell me.

as the phone rings....

----- Original Message -----

From: [Henry More](#)

Date: Nov 24 2006 9:57 PM

do not be so harsh in trying to pry the experience from me, because you will rip apart tendrils of information that otherwise would be gleaned if you are willing not to rush, dwell on this for a while before we proceed

i am not trying to play games here. it is hard for me to communicate to you on what happened using words. so please be patient. i am on your side. never forget it.

i am far from worry, there is something far greater. do not be hasty in chasing the devil friend. do not be hasty. i must work this out in the best way i can.

Then he sent me this at 7:40 PM.

"In geology, a rift is a place where the Earth's crust and lithosphere are being pulled apart. Typical features are a central linear downdropped fault segment, called a graben, with parallel normal faulting and rift-flank uplifts

on either side forming a rift valley. The axis of the rift area commonly contains volcanic rocks and active volcanism is a part of many but not all active rift systems. Rifts are distinct from Mid-ocean ridges, where new oceanic crust and lithosphere is created by seafloor spreading. In rifts, no crust or lithosphere is produced. If rifting continues, eventually a mid-ocean ridge may form, marking a divergent boundary between two tectonic plates. Failed rifts are ancient to modern features where continental rifting began, but then failed to continue. Typically the transition from rifting to spreading develops as three converging rifts over a hotspot. Two of these evolve to the point of seafloor spreading, while the third ultimately fails, becoming an aulacogen.

Now the Normal Fault is my reality & the Horst is the past; the graben would thus be the shift or tear in my reality tunnel. A rift if you want to think of it as such. But what that entails the normal man in your "world" would never believe.

Belief is required brother if you are to behold the information that I want to disperse to you if you are willing.

Information is like playing cards, shuffling insects, it is all alive & breathing.

All I want is your permission before I continue. If not then I will terminate this communication & release the line. I leave it up to you brother."

Then he messaged me this titled "Alice and bob" (11 letters)

"The names Alice and Bob are commonly used placeholders for archetypal characters in fields such as cryptography and physics. The names are used for convenience, since explanations such as "Person A wants to send a message to person B" can become difficult to follow, especially in complex systems involving many steps. Following the alphabet, the specific names have evolved into common parlance within these fields - helping technical topics to be explained in a more understandable fashion.

After he had surveyed his surroundings to make sure that the coast was clear, Trent entered the underbelly of Portland through an old utility entrance under the rising, steel-grated skeleton of St. John's Bridge. As he ducked through an open section of chain link fence near one of the bridge's main columns, he could see the bustle of traffic high above him roaring over the iron-meshed grills - black rubber tires created that comforting sound of 'home' as they roared over the metal grates."

Well I called my friend I. and we had a lot we needed to talk about. My friend I. is a archeologist and his favorite animal is the wolf. I told him everything that was happening all the coincidences, everything was clicking. Especially lately things have been different, I have been secluded just like he has. Every time we come to crossroads we break through portals and figure out important stuff. He told me how one of his classmates is African and she told I. that he was a powerful warrior and that he knew a powerful psychic. He also told me that someone wanted to send him off to research on the mayans, this could really happen. What if the secret of the mayans was discovered, or what if he unlocked something there. There is also this other project that he told me about that was in Oregon about this certain cave. He is going to do that in the summer and I plan on going to it sounds very interesting to say the least. So then we went out separate ways and that was that.

I came inside and continued the conversation with Monroe.

He sent me this two hours later.

"But after three and a half days, the spirit of life from God entered them, and they stood up! And terror struck all who were staring at them."

11:11 Revelations

I have much to tell you about the events that happened on that day. I am trying to understand exactly what happened or if it was real.

From then on it was all instant message. I didn't get most of the first part of it because we were so into the conversation I mean it was history in the making. He told me that he was sitting in his room and there was this huge mirror, and he stood up and looked at the mirror. He said that something broke through the mirror and came out and grabbed him, literally. It was huge and black and looked something like a primate type thing and it had a hold of him and he grabbed his knife and stabbed it's side. He then said everything went black and he was taken somewhere, that he went to where I was in the woods on that bridge. The same story that I talked about in -4 he said he was there he could see me but I was faceless and then I don't know then with connection with that he was then taken to that St. Johns bridge, from what I've gathered anyway. He told me that this happened on November 7th, 2006. And we then talked about all of this we talked about many things.

He said let me try something and he asked if I was smoking a cigarette and I said no, but I was just a minute ago. He asked if I was wearing a black shirt and I said no white. He said you notice that everything is inverted, and with the dates. 11/7 11/17 1/17 7/11 they can be all inverted and in order for that to work with the rift and everything it would have to be inverted. And we also talked about Oregon a great deal.. a lot of coincidences that have to do with Oregon. Well then we had this conversation online, read it. I saved what I could from the whole conversation it was hard to it was on the myspace instant messenger so it wasn't exactly top notch, like it would only display so much stuff before deleting the older stuff.

*** Henry More's IC window is open

Joshua Lee 11:11: what happened

Joshua Lee 11:11: IC window is open????

Joshua Lee 11:11: whoa m i speaking to

Joshua Lee 11:11: I command you to show yourself

Joshua Lee 11:11: I command you to state your name
Joshua Lee 11:11: State your name please

That was the end of the conversation and then he wasn't online anymore. To kind of give you a idea of what kind of went on we were trying to communicate through the phone which is something weve never done before. I called him the first time and there was nothing but this strange static, it was unexplainable like, a bunch of different noises. Then I called him the second time and like I heard him talking but he was already talking to someone but it was like cutting in and out. The third time I called I left a message saying that he was not talking to me at all. Then my phone rang and I picked it up and I heard that oh so familiar language that I have come across from time to time, the devils talk, tongue. There was a sentence said then the phone hung up. Shockingly enough it didn't frighten me as much as everything else that was going on, I mean of course in the moment I was caught totally off guard and just frozen but afterwards I still remember it and it didn't phase me at all. It was just like ok I know what is happening but at the same rate I had doubts about who this person was like it could just be someone trying to kill me or something right?

So after this all happened I called my friend I. and he came out and I told him everything about it. We talked a great deal about parallel universes and the phoenix and a lot of the stuff that has been happening lately.

Right now my mail inbox says Listing 1-10 of 77

During this online conversation with Monroe something very very very odd happened... My friend Is. who I know well and is connected to all of this sends me this weird message in my group...And by the way Monroe and Is. do not know each other whatsoever, shit I barely knew Monroe at all. Oh and I happen to have 444 members in my group right now oddly enough. Right now under the topic "Everything" under my group I am going to look at it to copy and paste and there is 7 replies and I'm the last one so it says 7/11.

November 24, 2006 11:28 PM

Now back to what I was saying. Me and I. met up again and talked about all this. We talked about this time thing about the time warp and Monroe to was telling me about this. Even Ju. told me one time that they were driving out in the country and they got somewhere in 10 minutes that should of taken a hour like they went through a time warp.

Anyways I mean this has been a process for a long time like me I. figuring all this out and speaking of such things as the phoenix. I mean there is a million more things but I just cannot remember or think of right now.

The next day Monroe called me and did not remember anything.

But forget about all that because who says that it really matter. I need to start speaking through my soul I need to stop dreaming. It's only when I feel like I am about to wake up I fall deeper down this rabbit hole and it only gets that much more surreal. I'm so sick of everything something is changing something is breaking through can you feel it.

There are all these pieces to a puzzle that lay scattered throughout time. Sometimes you try and force the pieces to fit but it ends in a cataclysmic disaster only twisting it up even more. Once you are so close to finding the answers they evolve and change and the motive altogether depletes. I think it's suppose to be this way because if it was any other way it would just stop and then where would we go? Where would our minds go? I keep finding these undesired pieces that just happen to fall into my lap one by one and it's not just me it's everyone. It's the things people say around me, It's the things I see that occur that is beyond my control, it's the nature and all it's little cliques and tricks and mysterious voodoo. What am I suppose to say? I'm just sitting here being lost in it all being not here but there but

everywhere but nothing I just want to die honestly. I think it would make perfect sense to end it all now.

12.07.06 3:33 AM

Everything about me I could not prove, anything. Anything I said could just be sought as theory or speculations.

But it's not.

Time is flawed I tell you.

Last night I payed a visit back to the woods, I stood in there not afraid and I felt connected with everything. I closed my eyes and the wind started to blow amazingly hard. I was then standing in a corn field reaching for the moon and tears were going everywhere all over my face and I could feel everything I could see it all I could see a pattern I could see everything.

Everywhere I go I preach and preach and Im looking for places so i can speak to masses of people.

When I came inside I wrote all this down and before I was done writing I stopped and thought about what time i would see when i went to bed, because i had no idea what time it was. I even stopped and waiting a few minutes to make sure that when I see that time that it will be significant because i actually waited to mess it up for whatever time i was suppose to see like i was testing it and then after i was done writing i went to bed got ready i looked at the clock and it was 5:54. right when i was turning my head to face the other side away from the clock i saw the clock change to 5:55 just as my head turned, i didnt even look at the clock again just stared at the wall and cried myself to sleep.

everyone is leaving me im going to be all alone and something is going to change something is going to be seen this world is going to change.

you will hear from me in your futures, you will see me on tv, you will read me in books, you will feel me you will feel you you will feel us.

It's all starting to come together.

Help me start a revolution.

~

Back to the present temporarily. 5.23.18

Some asshole in a black car was riding my bumper, which caused me to turn left at this intersection and some other asshole was honking their horn from a distance at me which ruined my day. This man in the black car, whoever he is, which I think I do know who he is as his behaviour was revenge for my revenge of a completely different situation that I didn't deserve at all. Maybe I am not so perfect. It's people like him that make me not even want to go outside at all. I hope him and Mandolin both die, unless Mandolin really does have kids which I don't think she does, but if she does then I only want the guy to die. Sincerely, I wish him to die, like I want to sometimes die.

No I am not the best angel right now. Not the best alien right now. Not the best human being right now. I don't care. As I go deeper into this book I find myself getting worse. I feel like I am Beowulf diving down into the blackness to fight the monster, or Hercules fighting Hydra and killed it, or like this is my own Dante's Inferno.

I never once judged Shadowwolf for hating humanity as much as he does. He knows this and I know this made him feel happy that I never once tried to talk to him like he doesn't know what he's talking about, or tried to explain to him "how humans are."

Some days I hate all of you. I hate you all so much. I know the demons reading this love to hear this part, and I'm sure they are in delusion to think they are actually gaining power from reading this, but they are not. If there are any demons actually still reading this then my astral selves I've instilled in these words are laughing their fucking asses off because reading my words themselves are only making the curses upon them stronger which only lead to the demons own destruction, or increases the probability of them actually coming to the light which is even better because it only makes my infinite astral army even stronger.

Last night C. contacted me and we hugged and I saw many other alpha lone wolves warriors there, my indian chief father from my past life as Ira was there as well as Shadowwolf. C. came to me when I was writing about him last night. After that I stood up and walked in the kitchen and saw it was 11:11 and I cried.

(Edit insert after book has been completed: Well right now as I checked my phone to see what the date it so I could put it in this insert it was 5:55 and it's June 15th, 2018 and I am now halfway through editing the book and it will be coming out very soon, hopefully right before Tool releases their new album and Elon Musk goes on the Joe Rogan Experience Podcast, which Maynard himself has been on a couple times or more. You see I had just gotten home just now but as I left from before I saw the time was 3:33 on my oven clock, which has the wrong time anyways. I drove out to get a couple packs of ultra light cigarettes thinking about many things, but mostly thinking about how I didn't need to throw in that I saw 3:33 because I've been seeing the numbers nonstop for weeks now especially the more I get to the completion of this book the more I am seeing the numbers themselves, which made me think about a website forum I used to post on and how I lost that one document where I went so fucking deep

into fate and synchronicity but I lost it somewhere over my 911 Elon Musk freakout lucy rant event that had happened, which I will get to later, anyways there was a guy before me at the tobacco store and his total came to 11:11 and I went on about it and said my car has an 11 11 painted on it but he didn't care or anyone else cared, but that's the story of my life anyways so it doesn't matter but my point is that the synchronicities and signs seem to be increasing the closer I get to finally completing this book so I am going all out now rushing to get this done, because this is my destiny, and perhaps a part of your own destiny in a small way as you are reading this very book. Hi bipolar pipe smoker! I love the way you talk it's addicting. <3 Ok back to the book... well this is the book omg I need to stop doing this lol oh damn, my point after rereading this was that even though I had lost that document it's all come back around and those thoughts and ideas I know have found their way back into this very book as if they are alive which makes me wonder if we are constantly giving birth to thoughts and ideas that are as real in a sense as the very air we think we are breathing. I have always believes that anything you say even to yourself or to someone who isn't listening to you always lives on in your mind somewhere, sinking deep into the oceans until you search for them or they come back on their own. So perhaps the reason for seeing that 3:33 before I left was so that this very paragraph could be written because it was that very synchronicity that was the catalyst for this paragraph, which is pretty amazing, wouldn't you agree? Well if you don't think so now you will if you keep reading onward my reader friend. <3 I'm an ancient one, can't you see?)

You want to know what I live with every day? You want to know about the number synchronicities of destiny? I'll tell you what happened today. I actually spent most of the day trying to run away from this book after all the past readings of my writings from 12 years ago was too overwhelming and freaked even me out, which at this point I didn't think was even possible yet here I am getting more freaked out the deeper I go into this fucking stupid book and the older I get in this stupid fucking human vessel I'm trapped in where I'm actually a female trapped in a man's body but it was also my destiny as I am a GREAT leader and also meant to help lead all the other transgenders who need strong transgender leaders in their lives

to inspire them not to fear the stupid as fuck hateful and ignorant piece of shit human beings and embrace who they truly are without fear and with complete love in their hearts because they are all so fucking beautiful more beautiful than any cis gendered asshole who thinks they are so fucking handsome or pretty but is actually only temporary as they get old and are left with only their insides which are almost as ugly as Cthululululufuckingretard on a good hair day. Get rekt you fucking faggot scum who hate any LGBT people, I hope you die sooner than later because you are actually halting the evolution of human beings and we don't need you around anymore to be honest, unless you have kids of course which then you can be spared so at least they have a chance to learn to love all people equally because you already fucked that up a long time ago and too fucking retarded to change anyways.

Now I have to fucking start over. You want to know what I live with every day? You want to know about the number synchronicities of destiny? I'll tell you what happened today. I decided I was going to sell some Wii games I had that I'll never play again and try to get 20 bucks so that I could go get some canned goods at the dollar store and then some Subway and some amazing american gasoline that we wage wars and senselessly lose lives over in far off countries we'll never see fighting over oil wells, for my sexy car. You do know that George W. Bush is a part of the Illuminati right? Trump isn't, although he's so stupid that the Illuminati just let him do his own thing and use more of their resources on corrupting and manipulating other world leaders for their own NWO agenda, which makes sense he tries to ban transgender people from joining the military or whatever the fuck that was all about. I feel like such an idiot for voting for Trump. I know, I know. Horrible. Well I had good reasoning at least! I just loved that he has balls and stands for who he is, which I will give him that. That campaign he did was fucking awesome how he just dominated all the other corrupt politicians. In my eyes, really he was the lesser of two evils with Hillary Clinton. That was actually the only time I ever voted for a president in my life. I might of voted for Obama but I can't remember to be honest. I don't care about politics it's just a circus freak show to me anyways, but I did like Obama. Did you know Obama made it so cigarettes go out much sooner so that it caused less fires around the country? I know he saved many lives of

families by that move alone. Now we have trump saying that transgenders are not allowed in the military or some shit, when in reality transgenders are tougher and go through more shit in their lives than the most badass green baray special forces pussy marine ranger rick bravo alpha tango charlie go go go red rover red rover send rambo right over. Also I want to mention this isn't meant to offend any american soldiers out there it's just my own writing. I have known many veterans in my life and thank you for the service you have all done in serving the country. I just think it's sad you are getting pulled into so many meaningless wars that are being manipulated and orchestrated by the Illuminati through whatever corrupt leaders are available and soon to be made available. I mean, what the fuck is going on? Is there some other Hitler out there on the rise we all don't know about? Why are we still in random wars across the world? I don't get it, but I kinda do. Nevermind. Bill Hicks approves of this message he just told me telepathically.

Anyways, you want to know what I live with every day? You want to know about the number synchronicities of destiny? I'll tell you what happened today. When I got to the pawn shop I laid out my proposition, because I already had a plan and I hate that feeling of pawning something and you know you're getting ripped off but you're too much of a pussy to really negotiate and get more so you are just like, "Ohhh... ok." and then you can feel that energy where you know they ripped you off but you just kind of deal with it and have a weird feeling afterwards? Well. I wasn't going to do that this time. I actually like this pawn store and it would be the first time I ever actually pawned something there. So I had a plan. The only thing of value I really had was Fire Emblem Radiant Dawn for the Wii, the other four games were just some trash Wii games. I told them, well on Ebay you can't get this Fire Emblem for less than 50 dollars, maybe 40 dollars if you look hard enough. I said these other games here you can sell for 2-5 dollars each. The Fire Emblem had the case, the booklet which was thick, and the CD was in good condition as well. I told them that I only wanted 20 dollars and 2 DVDs, which are like a dollar each. They went and talked it over and everything and came back and said that was fine. And it made me feel really good and happy because I don't want to have to make a fucking ebay account and do all that shit and they gave me 20 dollars and I was also able

to get the movie Pi, and The Triangle, which was stupid because I didn't even like it but I'm definitely watching the rest of Pi later that's always been an epic movie about this mathematician who suffers from devastating migraines but is trying to apply Pi to a pattern of life itself. Anyways, I then went to a nature monument I love to go to and watered my flowers that have already died and I also help water some tree someone planted, it was then that asshole guy who I cursed, or thought I cursed, in the black car who rode my fucking bumper which made me get honked at by another car. I then went to the dollar store and got some canned goods and a can opener and also some cheap cream cheese and chives crackers, you know those small cheap packages or whatever? I'm actually eating one now and they come with 4 crackers and they are so good and also only 130 calories for 1 package which is a pretty good snack, has barely any sugar at all, maybe they will be my eggo waffles like L in scarier things, or wow I even forgot what that show is called now, best show ever. I then went to Subway and got a 5 dollar footlong wheat bread cold cut trio with pepperjack cheese, extra lettuce, a little spinach, green peppers and pickles, and extra onions with mayo and mustard. I then tipped the girl a dollar because she's always so nice and then when she handed me my change a quarter was dropped and she laughed and said sorry and I laughed too and said it was okay and then threw the quarter in the thing, which before I even went into Subway I was looking around for the quarter I was sure I brought with me from my apartment so I could pay the 35 cents to get only bills back as my change but couldn't find it. I then went to the gas station, which is my favorite and the middle eastern people who run it are such sweethearts and I bought a large raspberry iced tea fountain drink and paid the whatever three dollars I had left for gas, which turned out to be exactly three dollars and thirty seven cents. \$3.37. Ring any bells? I'm filling up my gas tank and it stops at 03.37. 337 = LEE, my middle name. I get home and that quarter and some pennies I forgot to grab is sitting right there on the table, which if I had grabbed I would of never had this synchronicity to begin with, just like every other transaction and the tipping and everything blah blah blah.

So. No. This was not something fun and exciting for me. This has been my life for a long time, as I hope it will be all of yours as well one day or at least even a fraction of it. But you will know, just as I do, eventually it loses

its charm and acts more of a reminder of the mission. The mission to stay true to your heart and soul and stay on the path of destiny and to not be corrupted and turned to the very evil that threatens to pervert, corrupt and hinder human's own evolutionary process and destroy planet EARTH as well. Choose love, not hate, unless it's some asshole you hope dies that was riding your bumper and caused you to get honked out by some other asshole. Fuck him.

Now back to our regularly scheduled programming. sighs

Also I wonder if some day this book will inspire a religion like thing, but not a religion as this is not a religion, spirituality is not a religion. I hope someone could make a better word for it. Also all the information and stuff sermons are built on doesn't even have to be from this book, it can be from the various millions of articles and resources out there of great people who talk about signs and synchronicity and destiny and astral stuff or awakening whatever. Ok done now was just a thought and now moving on, back to the past 11-12 years ago.

~

12.11.06

I have figured it out.

The last four digits of my work is 1177.

Never looked at it this way.... 1/17/07 1177

It all makes sense.. all of it. It all fits together, I have completed the puzzle.

I know why I have this prediction, because if the St. John's bridge falls somehow then it will mean that EVERYTHING I HAVE SAID IS TRUE.

And it is true. I can see through time I can.

I have a unbearable ammount of things to do and I don't have near enough time to do it all so I must be brief for now.

Yesterday I was standing on my balcony and I finally noticed it. The power towers that hold power lines RIGHT behind my apartments the top of it look exactly like a bridge.... and i have looked at these for so long now. And then i notced back a ways was a main street with a lot of cars. And someone just so happened to talk about mothman and all these people are talking about it in the supernatural and i just so happened to be thinking about that exactly.

Once you see that I am right you will beileve. Some of you would never beileve even if it was proven to you... but then the ones who do see... the ones who do beleive... are meant for great things. You are all meant for great things.

I have to run. If I can find that stupid camera I'll take a picture of the whole thing for you all.

Until next time.

12.12.06

My dear friends. I write to you with the utmost urgency I write to you filled with these emotions and feelings and life and death with energy and emptiness with everything and nothing. I write for you I live for you all I am here for you please listen to what I have to say because it could very much change your lives.

Yesterday. I heard the number 416 and then we stopped at a gas station and the address was 4116. Well a couple days ago I closed for a different store and I happened to hear that someone I work with hosts a spanish radio show. So I went up to him and asked him what the station was and he said to me it's 1416. I asked him if I wrote something would he read it and translate and tell it to the people. He seems pretty interested about it, he will do it.

It was a hour before I had to work and me and my friends just got done smoking a blunt and for some reason my friends --- and --- happened to go their seperate ways. So me and my friend --- left to go get something to eat. Funny how we all had names that start with J. And I was the one who was like we are going to --- we have to.

We got up to this intersection but there was this cop so we got paranoid and totally went way out of our way for some reason. We got down the street and turned around and was about to turn left at this light and this song was playing that I have been listening to a lot lately.

So as we turn I notice the sky as the music is rising and it was a painting stolen from a museam the whole sky was amazing all of it was a HUGE painting and the sun wasnt the sun but a great light shining through it was amazing I rolled down my window and soaked it all in then as I was talking about it to my friend I realized we were on a fucking bridge. So I started yelling "WE'RE ON A FUCKING BRIDGE!!!!"

We were eating and the sky kept changing i saw 11 11 he saw soldiers and battlefields then they were all dead I saw a bridge in the sky it was absolutely amazing.

It was 15 minutes till I had to work. I had been seeing the number 14 absolutely everywhere. I saw (my birthday) When I went inside everything changed. I told every single person about all of this, and every single one of them listened to me. I was standing at the counter and the sky just looked amazing almost like from the painting the scream. And I noticed the numbers Dec 10 3:07 which is 137 which I heard 731 earlier and it adds to 11. And I realized that my address was 338 which adds up to 14. Papa John's Pizza is 14 letters.

Someone told me that they see the numbers 2, 5, and 7 a lot. Which adds up to 14. My birthday... 7/16/86

7 14

7+7 14

14 14

The number to our papa johns is ---. It took me coming out of the bathroom and looking at the side of a ladder to realize the most obvious thing I have missed this whole time. I work at Papa John's.... John.... I never even noticed THAT I WORK AT PAPA JOHNS!!!!!!!!!! THE NAME JOHN!!! ST JOHNS BRIDGE!!! I was outside and I noticed that the cvs/pharmacy address is 316. Which reminded me of the only bible verse that for some reason I always remembered because they said it so many times..

John 3:16...

A friend that took me home talked about his son --- and so i said mathew mark luke and john and he goes yup the gospels. And we had to stop at that gas station so he could get water the one with the 4116 address.

The person who told me about the numbers 2, 5, and 7, has a son he was the one who randomly picked up the watch and yelled 10:17!!! which was a poem that i wrote that day and just everything is connecting beyond belief. that person also told me that they have 3 connections to people in portland oregon..

I want to share now some of the things you guys wrote me. I thank you for everything so much thanks for helping me and everything. And to the

people who know me personally thank you for listening to me even when you didn't want to, it means the world to me.

Here read this piece that someone wrote to me yesterday at 2:48 (14)

"I have been thinking about it alot lately too. I have been seeing 11:17 all over and that's why you sent me a friend invite. So after reading alot of what you have to say it got my mind thinking too. You were talking about 117 and with the new year rolling around and crazy terrorist threats, I had an odd dream 1/1/07 like midnightish when parties are in full swing something will happen, what I don't know. I have never been able to get really into depth with synchronicity but have been noticing alot lately. But I just kinda changed my major in school to go to a naturopathic school in Portland. About a week after that all my cousins I rarely see that live near Portland have got into contact with me. And that city keeps popping up. Have you had thoughts about volcanoes recently. I have had crazy dreams this last year about volcanoes, mostly mt. lassen, mt. shasta, mt. hood, mt st helens, and mckinely. Hood is next to Portland. Anyway, keep on doing what your doing, can't wait to see how this all plays out."

Joa.

This one is by el. who wrote me at 7:27.

"hey man whats up i just read this and its so crazy cause my bro was telling me how hes been having this crazy thing happend to him, see we work together at this eye doctors office and he was tellin me how lately hell look at the clock and its 11:11 or like hell notice clocks and the numbers are like 3:33 or strange patterns and he was like dude its weird cause it always happens like that its never anything like 5:36 or something and he was looking it up and told me to check out this guy Uri Gellar so i went to his website i dont know if youve heard of him but hes kinda like a illusion artist hes the guy who bends spoons and all but he always experiences this phenominon too (heres the link if you wanna check it out)

its weird cause after he told me this i think im somehow working myself up to this point. Ive been gettin deep into wanting to learn the bible and the history of the church and what not and ive been finding myself researching this stuff and staying up late at night and ill notice the clock around 3:00 am i dont know just thought id fill you in on this and i dont think your crazy i just dont know how this adds up yet but i dont believe its just coincidences. also i dont know if it means anything to you or even at all but my bro and I are twins 1+1"

A friend wrote this

"Physicists have long puzzled over the fact that two distinct "arrows of time" both point in the same direction. In the everyday world, things wear out -- cups fall from tables and break, but broken cups never re- assemble themselves spontaneously. In the expanding Universe at large, the future is the direction of time in which galaxies are further apart."

Someone wrote this

"i see 3811 evreywhere. or variations of such. it's happend for years.

A friend wrote me this at Dec 10 at 2:03

$$1+17 = 18 + 7 = 25$$

$$2+5 = 7$$

41 characters now in your name instead of 14.

$$4+1 = 5$$

$$1+4 = 5$$

$$(14 \& 41) = 2n + 5 = 7$$

$$1+10+77 = 7+7 = 14 + 10 = 24 +1 = 25 = 7"$$

Someone wrote me this at 7:14

"Mathematics, rightly viewed, possesses not only truth, but supreme beauty — a beauty cold and austere, like that of sculpture, without appeal to any part of our weaker nature, without the gorgeous trappings of painting or music, yet sublimely pure, and capable of a stern perfection such as only the greatest art can show. The true spirit of delight, the exaltation, the sense of being more than Man, which is the touchstone of the highest excellence, is to be found in mathematics as surely as poetry. Truth not found in the hated calculation but in pure math theory."

Eli. wrote me this at 1:22

"Hello, my name is Eli.. I have been reading your posts and I agree with what you are saying. This world is about to be shaken, but of course you all ready know that... I would like to hear more to your story, and if you are interested you can here some of mine.

The story is unfolding, but alone, and separated we do not stand a chance...."

And about the mothman. Have you ever heard of the mothman. I believe that mothman might be in fact helping me. Because this is not like the movie because I think I figured out how the mothman works, I figured out its system. I think it's trying to help me so that I can restore balance to this world. I know where the mothman resides and I am going to go see it soon.

Because if i save lives that fateful day then people will listen to me. if WE save lives that day we will have a chance we will have a hope for everything.

There is more than life. You are a spirit a soul you are made of divine energy and its everything its god angels devils demons its everything all of it everything is connected and we are in this together our souls are reaching out for each other the shit that is going to go down in the next 10 years is unbearable and the only chance we have to survive is each other. WE ALL HAVE TO BE ON THE SAME PAGE where logic and reason and the deep thinking goes deeper and deeper to the point where its compassion and we realize we all NEED each other in order to survive through each other we live through each other we will survive this new age and im not saying that anyone has to think alike because thats impossible but be on the same LEVEL OF UNDERSTAND AND LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS we need to be there you are all seeking it i know it you are all searching for it i am searching for it we can find it together I PROMISE YOU !!!!!

12.12.06

Well I was right about last night if anything. I was very sick last night I was completely miserable and talking to someone that holds great importance before I would retire for the night. We talked about many very important things and I said that when I awoke up this day I would be refreshed. I would just know and I have stepped through to that otherside. And it's real, all of it. I know now what I am suppose to do. My name is Joshua, and I have been told that the name means "Great Leader". All my life I have been the runaway, the outcast, the lone wolf. But no longer my dear friends, I know now what it is I have to do. I will lead. I will lead you all if you choose to follow me to a place you never thought possible. Bringing the world together bringing everything together that ever was, because without us, without our souls acknowledging that we are binded together, we will fall... we will fall in time... But there is a light there is a hope, I can show you that path. I am suppose to send you in the right direction, so that you can do the great thing you are suppose to do. And all the while while we have each others back, nothing can stop us. Look deep within your soul

and heart and realize the only solution that makes sense.. compassion. And I write to you not as some cult or not as some belief but an idea. An idea I tell you. Your belief right now is yours and yours to keep I am not taking anything away from you. And if you dont beleive in anything you don't have to, but maybe I can teach you what it feels like to beleive in something, with no doubts, flawlessly.

After I wrote December 11th, 2006 I sent it out to every possible place I could. I even sent it to people personally, went to --- and posted it all over there, emailed some people about it, even talked about it to some people online, I read the blog to someone over the phone.

After I posted the blog and had gotten done reading it it was 1:11 and the time it said I posted was 1:37.

I stepped outside to smoke a cigarette. I noticed all these birds leaving, they would fly in groups, I heard them they were very loud. Then I saw this eagle, the one that I saw a few days ago. The same eagle that I saw before I saw the masses of birds in the middle of a open field, and had the idea of a gathering. Of speeches I'm suppose to make.

And this car drove in and parked. And I am just staring at this eagle who is sitting on the middle power tower thing that holes all the electric lines the thing that i said looks like the top half of a bridge the suspension. And the main road was the cars and the bottom half.

Well to put it frankly, a HUGE mass of birds flew right over my apartments i mean hundreds and they flew right over the eagle and out in to the sky and they were louder than anything I have ever heard before. And this guy got out and I yelled "DID YOU SEE THAT!?" and he stopped. looked at me, and stared at the huge mass of birds for awile. Then he started walking away and I yelled "IT'S A SIGN!!" and he looked at me for a second then kept walking so I looked back up at the sky. Then for some reason 10 seconds later I looked back at him and he was still staring at me. Then left abruptly. I think I freaked him out.. oh oops :)

As I stepped inside I first noticed my beautiful black beta fish going absolutely BONKERS! It was swimming around like a chicken with it's head cut off. Totally unusually for my fish I mean it acts crazy but not this wacko. Oh and by the way my fish doesn't have a name because i beleive it's higher than a idea. It resembles an idea. The fish is the world. Its black, but its alive. I don't beleive what I speak about even has a name, because it is an idea, and an idea doesn't have a name, because it's all names. My fish was letting me touch its fins and such and it was swimming around my finger and would swim off and like to do little flips and stuff it was very bizarre like it was showing off or something.

I then proceeded to the computer where I sat down and it was 3:33. Oh my... :)

From which I started writing all this and two people have already called me one person who I never talk to but he asked what i was doing and i said i was writing and he said writing what and i said do you really want to know and he said yeah sure why not and i told him about the eagle and all the birds and he said oh wow thats weird and i told him to write down www.myspace.com/paranormal06, you all might as well make it your homepage.

Im off to the movies probably, going to see apolotyicpata however you spell it the mel gibson movie haha im estatic with all this uhhh so yeah i have to go get ready and all that good stuff so yeah umm 4:04 i will speak to you all soon.... very soon!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

keep your thinking caps on!

12.13.06

So yeah last night was the perfect night I must say. I have so much fun with

Anyways.. ahem. I was sitting in this car and I was looking at the top half of all the lines and towers and stuff through a opening under the car garages and I saw two little tiny red eyes just staring at me, it was of course a reflection off of something in the car but still.. made me think about mothman. And made me think about it all really. I mean there were so many signs and such. Oh yeah at one point I saw 3:16 on a clock and on the tv was a commercial and I was thinking about John 3:16 and I was thinking about saying something about it but I was like no it 's not that important enough then in the commercial right after I thought that they showed this bridge at night for like half a second and NO ONE saw it but me. Because one person was just sitting down and the other person was under a blanket? Haha.

But I must tell you something. Yesterday before I left my residence, I was sitting on the bench. And I must tell you about this time that I always think about. I don't know if I have ever dreamed it I don't think so, but I am always thinking about this day. This one day where I am preaching or speaking to people, alot of people... millions of people. And there is fire everywhere and everything is burning, and we as one together all of us make the clouds form and make it rain harder than ever and make the fire go out. As I was thinking this it started to rain like sprinkle then it gradually got more and more till it was pouring. It rained all night, it's still raining now..

:)

This is real this is real I can feel its so real!!! By the way I ran into so many people yesterday it was so UNREAL it was like everyone somehow ran into me and looked at me differently, and I told them all my website and told them they would see me soon. Whenever people look at me they just know there soul just listens because they know its important. They just know! It's something new. It's something that is beyond everything that you know, and it's up to you to decide if you can go that far. There is no limits. It's all up to how far you WANT to go with it. Some people are

scared, some people are worried, some people are not comfortable with how things are, I do not fear ANYTHING. I revel in this, it took someone I know very closely to realize that mostly it's because people are scared to find the answers to life and to search for it all the time. I am not! This is my life, my life is searching life and exploring life. It has been my whole life. And it's all making sense now, I don't have any outside influence, everything that I know and learn comes from me and other people. I don't read, I don't purposely go out and learn new things. I just think literally every second LITERALLY every second so i get it all. And all my life i have searched for people that talked about life enough deep enough or searched for writings or movies about life and deep stuff and NEVER FOUND ANYTHING. Until I found myself.

Someone messaged me today and told me to go look at www.google.com

Remember to look back to January 17 -4 -5 its on one of those about the painting the scream.

If you goto view all blog entries and your looking at my blog on the right side if you want to view any other stuff than whats already displayed you can click on older and it will take you to another page of writings, theres a lot on there i suggest you read it all, if you want it of course.

(Edvard Munch's The Scream on Google's picture of the day I imagine, deleted the link.)

12.13.06

Umm ok WOW a whole lot of energy wow so many people I have talked to in one WHOLE day. This is amazing, finally I have gotten all of your attention. Oh my god today was the greatest day of my life it really was it was TRULY amazing.

For started I left to walk to work in the pouring rain and it was a lot of fun I mean I walked and walked and thought about a whole lot of things. There was this dead squirrel laying on the sidewalk that I have seen for about a week now, and it always had its paw like reaching out for something. So today I saw it and grabbed some leaves and put it over to the side and kind of buried it, it was really weird like i felt really good about myself. Ha yeah anyways I kept walking and I was about to get to work and I saw someone walking this elder and I told him Everything happens for a reason! And he said What!? And i said Everything!!!!

I got inside and this whole time I thought I was late because before I had left I talked to so many people in such a short ammount of time. I was actually a hour early and this person walked in and said it was his birthday. So I eavesdropped in and said hey happy birthday man and he goes yup I'm 22. And my daughter is 11.

Hmm lets fast forward till after work and well talk about how when I left work there was this older man walking home and I said hey how's it going and he said hey how are you and I asked him if he beleived in coincidence or that everything happens for a reason. He said everything happens for a reason. So I started my whole speech yada yada yada and he was telling me pretty much that I cant make everyone listen to me. He was talking about God and such and couldnt get him off of it which it totally fine but most importantly he told me what am i really going to do, force people to beleive in me? He said no you cant do that, thats impossible. I told him about what has happened in the last few days and how I can make it rain and I started saying something about how everything is connected what if everything is right what if no one is wrong what if our souls need each other what if our souls are all searching for each other and then in that moment it started raining, then it rained HARDER THAN EVER my whole coat was soaked in a matter of seconds and it was so euphoric and amazing me and this elder talked for some time then it was time to go. I told him he was a part of history and that he has a great part in everything and he looked at me and shook my hand and said thank you. (Thank you, also.)

I then preceded to get a ride home from a friend I work with and he asked me what I thought about something. He asked me about this paranormal incident that happened to him a few weeks ago. And I told him my whole speech yada yada yada and how you looking through to that other side has made you able to be here right now in this second and listen to what I am saying to you now. He told me that before 9/11 happened he was mad at his dad and said he hoped that something really fucked up happens the next day. And the next day he was at school and 9/11 happened. I told him why do you think this whole time you have thought about that strange coincidence did you ever think it wasnt coincidence, that maybe that happened for a reason you think you might of caused something could be in fact for a reason because you wouldnt be able to listen to this now. You wouldnt listen with a open mind because you would think what a lot of people do and shut there mind and soul off. I was giving him my website address and whats funny about it is its www.myspace.com/paranormal06... the paranormal part, was how this all started. The paranormal part is what he asked me about, and discovered a whole new world beyond that.

Man I don't even really ever know where to begin you know, like everything I do and say is like fluid motion like it's so much that I can't tell you everything like it just all comes together in a way that is making me realize greater things just all coming together instantly. OMG i mean wow wow wow wow

i realized why i was in a band for half a year and sang my heart out to hundreds all of them staring into my eyes oh god the energy and we only did one show

i realized why i was in CAC citizens action coalition and fought for windpower and went to people personally and i was the one who got the most letters from people that they personally wrote to the mayors to affect change

i realized why I talk to people all day on the phones who order pizza and we conversate so well

i realized why i made my own website when i was in eighth grade

i realized why i write.....

i realized why i won a speech contest from all the schools that came in the area and i was only in first grade

i realized why i can pull off the most amazing speech and presentations without even knowing anything about the topic

i realized everything i do realize everything dont you. im helping you find the real you that was lost so long ago but could be found ago maybe you never found it to begin with but you long for it and you just know it while your thinking there is nothing but dust and ash there is a whole world on its toes screaming for you to come inside that world that world is ENDLESS possibilities where anything is possible where everyone has compassion in their hearts and together AND TOGETHER WE CAN BREAK THE SANDS OF TIME WE CAN SURVIVE WE ARE GREAT AND WE CAN FIND EACH OTHER WE CAN FIND OURSELVES WE CAN FIND EVERYTHING!!

Now let me share you some of my emails!

Stupid human ----- wrote

"To better understand this flesh, pick up "the alchemist" "the Reluctant messiah" and "Fight club" all by different author, but a similar message. To understand the illusion that is life, look to those that have been dubbed 'insane.' Ozzy once said "Of all the things I've lost my mind is the one I miss the most." One of my favorite lyracists ever, a man that refers to himself as Eyedea, once said "I felt myself falling into masness the best thing I ever did was let go!"

Try moving away from Oregon (too many vortexes) and listening to music that isn't so depressing. It helps, I promise."

Someone wrote

"I read your post about the bridge a few days ago and the post in which you mention the painting. I went to Google to look up something, and The Scream is featured on the main page. I was going to look up Indigo Children. If something truly mindblowing is going to happen, at least I'll have a front row seat."

Jor.

Aar. wrote this

"Man, you oughta write a book. That is some good material.

If you're not going to write about it, I will (with your permission of course since it's your material) I will credit you." (Go for it! Thank you!)

~Aar.

Imo. wrote

"It was 1:07.. and a topic I started was 177 profile views 1727"

Wake me -- wrote me this at 10:17

"You should read it, you would love it.

It's about someone who is looking for 9 insights from an ancient book. The first insight is about the power of coincidence and how you need to pay attention to them."

Ghost inv. wrote this

"You are right about people being afraid to know the answers. I thought I would not be afraid... when it started to actually happen I had to stop it. It was not really a fear... it was outrage that we have been lied to by everyone about everything. What our gov't tells us... what churches tell

us... ect.. ect.. it's like our entire existence is controlled by society and I have always... always been a non conformist. (always hating terms but this is the best to describe myself) always knew since childhood that there was something OFF about how the world is run.

I have been seeking answers all my life and have found some answers. And I really am not ready yet to know it all. I could easily find out. But I have to take it "one question at a time" "one answer at a time" or my system will over load. I would have to erase everything from my mind that has cluttered it all my life to make room for new information.... information that is transforming.... it's like being born all over and re learning how to walk.

Some people are just not ready or may not ever be ready for such a drastic rebirth.

Make any sense?

If you want to talk more.... email me k?"

----- human suit wrote this

"This is not new. time is irrelevant, it is just an illusion. We are still in the only time that matters and that time is "the moment." God is just behind the next door, and it is asking us all if we are ready yet. But just as it is pointless for a single atom to bounce up to the next step on the stairs, it is pointless for a single human to evolve without the rest. The truth is we either need to educate all at once, or eliminate those that refuse to accept. You are not going crazy, and never let anyone convince you of such. The truth is difficult to interpret with all of our previous programming though, so it becomes diluted in the 'download.'"

Otto one --- wrote this

"I get the gist of what you say, you have a lot going for you and are mostly correct, if I were you I would consider what you say to change the world or

get their attention, very very carefully. i will expound more at a later time I have been up for over 24 hours and am fading fast.....again consider well what you intend to say, and know that many people will not want to hear it..... why are we here?

we are here to learn

we are in a school, the lessons are life itself

they threw in the graduate students with the pre school kids and everything inbetween,

understand then that many universal truths are not meant for everyone

you must pick an audience that is receptive

one that will GET THE MESSAGE

if you cant find that niche audience

you will waste your time and be the butt of many naysayers

I go sleep now and visit the nether realms

keep me informed

And so many more...."

Thank you all of you for listening.

One more thing. On the way home I closed my eyes and lightning streaked across the whole sky.

I can hear every single one of you. I can feel every single one of you. I am every single one of you. You are looking for it. I am looking for it. Let's find it together.

p.s. you dont have to beleive this if you don't want to but i actually just went back to edit this infact im still doing it right now because i keep writing down the 2006 instead of the 2007 in the title and i looked at the time it was posted and it says 10:17. Now I just got off work and I have not been dilly dallying around for any second so this can prove that this is real. THIS IS REAL!

WAKE UP!

12.14.06

Last night I came to the conclusion that I am in someway connected with edvard munch. I can feel it more than anything, I feel like I am following in his footsteps or something, like he is showing me something that he knew was for a great reason. Yesterday was his birthday and his name has 11 letters.

Today i feel like shit, that's for sure.

Last night I was at walmart with someone and we were looking at cds and I was looking through the B section and had my hand on a cd because I was looking at the cds behind it and she goes look broken bridges, and my hand was on some country cd called broken bridges. I bought the new tool cd I love it.

Later on that night we went to one of my friends houses and I talked a lot about what I talk about it was a lot of fun and I don't know..

Why are people mean, or act mean. You know what I never got? How people can be mean period. Like.. I am jealous I wish I could be mean but no matter how hard I try or whatever I am nice as fuck. Even to people that deserve it I am still nice to them. No matter all the pain I endure no matter everything I go through I still am nice. I'm just way to nice and have been that way my whole life, if I were to let my pain substitute for my kindness I would be a mean mother fucker you know? But that is not me, I believe everyone should be kind and nice because it's the only way. Being mean is not fucking cool at all it just makes you look like a jackass and doesn't make you look all that wise either. Because if you are mean to someone you never know what you could miss out on. There is so much in the world and you automatically block out possibilities and ideas by doing a simple act as being mean to someone or doing some mean.

People either really really really like me like instantly, but then people really really really hate me instantly. And that is not like everyone I know that somehow I am different I just don't know, I mean I guess that could happen to anybody but it's just so bizarre, there is never a inbetween. I never really meet anyone that is just like neutral. I can feel they either really like me or really hate me. I don't know if they are scared of me or if they see a white light shining deep inside and that's what makes them so hostile, who knows. But I don't care, I am going to keep doing what I do regardless of any mean acts thrown my way. It's easy to be mean, but it's not always easy to be nice. But that one nice thing that you do could change a person's day which could lead to a million things.

Whatever you do this day think about what I said, and go out of your way to be nice to someone, and see how it affects you and see how everything plays out and you will see.

Oh yeah its 1:17 right now on my computer clock

12.15.06

Well I haven't told anyone exactly everything that has happened but I will explain everything to you.

There is this girl named L.. And this is a girl I have been searching for for like 5 or 6 years. Well we finally meet on a strange coincidence because I never goto the mall and I happened to go and call off work cause my friend is going to jail and after that went to this store and met her there.

That very same night we clicked like amazingly it was like it was meant to be, well I asked her if she wanted to go on a walk and she said no. So I said ok nice seein ya and left.

The next day she calls me and says no one has ever put her in check like that before. Well long story short we start hanging out every single second but the thing is she was leaving for --- in two weeks. Well I mean its perfect, with her i saw so many signs like we clicked on every single thing we are perfect Ive never felt this way about a girl in my life.

I wrote her this 5 page poem and last saturday night we talked about it and such and she was telling me how shes not on the same page and stuff or whatever so i said a lot of things in fact i remember and the light turned off on its own. Well i told her i had said everything and its up to her to decide because i couldnt just hang out with her before she leaves i needed to know if we were gonna try and make it work.

So I left. She physically chased me to my friends house. She knocked on the door and my friend said it was I., so i tried to run out the back door and she caught me. The wind was blowing she was crying i was crying she asked me how do we make it work? And I told her in time i would come for her

because i have much work to do here but we would make it work. And everything was perfect and happy and it was amazing.

Last night we were sitting on the docks looking up at the stars and there was this meteor shower. It was so beautiful. And december 11th was the perfect day I mean we spent all day i bought her flowers we watched a movie went out to eat with to a cafe with this folk band. everything that happened, PERFECT. we are perfect for each other and its weird because i never got to know her but always did for some reason for allllll these years.

well last night we were just chillin and i mean even last night we couldnt call it a night we were hanging out until like 5 or 6 in the morning.

well we were laying down on the docks outside looking at the beautiful shooting stars. and i turned and asked her, "so you going to wait for me?". and she didnt say anything. and it went into this HUGE thing and she said what if were just burning a bridge. and i told her i dont burn bridges just to burn bridges, she was basically saying it wasnt going to work and she was happy being single which is bullshit. so i told her why the fuck did you chase after me then after i tried to leave out of it so many times... i told her why did you say all those things to me and lie about it, i just dont get it.

my whole life took a huge 180. and the thing is m. i dont have a lot of girlfriends. and this was magic. this pain hurts deep, very deep.

(Edit insert after the book has been completed: This girl, it makes me wonder if there was a different reality before this where we ended up getting married and living happily ever after. This is just one of the things that lead me to believe that everything is different this time around in the flat circle of time, that I believe is always evolving and is never the same until we break out of it altogether because maybe there is something in our future that happens that actually destroys us and prohibits us from going further this is why I only partly believe in fate but in the end it's destiny that is truly taking over and pushing the very evolution of time itself where the past, present and future are all existing at the same time.)

12.15.06

It took someone who I helped once to help me and make me realize that I still have a job to do. I still have much things to do and I can't let my personal life affect anything that I do now. Anything.

So where do we start from here? I am going to be making a packet of everything that I have said concerning the bridge on the 17th. I have some connections that I need to be looking into seriously now. But it all starts with the packet I need to get it done.

And once I get my camera back I am going to take some pictures I want to share with you some things that I see that are signs.

Well I have gotten through to nobody in portland groups but there is this one group that I've started to get them talking. Because this group had 316 members which I just happened to goto today, John 3:16... So I knew that this is where I was suppose to spill it all out there, and I did. So I clicked on the leader of the groups profile and first thing I noticed was that his background was a huge bridge. Coincidence or non? I read his latest blog and it was posted at 3:38 which is the address of where I work.

My soul is my life now it leads me!!!! I lead it!!!!

I told him how important it was that he listens to the things that I said and that there is no coincidences. If I can save people that day maybe together we can all save the world, help me save people that day. The signs are everywhere and starting to get even more.

And here is what some people said concerning what all I have said.

"what is the consistency between seeing 11:11, 3:33, 4:04, 14, 7, 3, 1, 2, 5, 8, 9 thats every number oh man that is weird he saw numbers i never thought id hear of any thing so weird wait shit i just realized as i was

reading this that i wrote numbers fuck man im supposed to lead you all follow me and we shall venture to taco bell"

"I think he's right on one thing.. maybe we should avoid the bridge in January... because he is going to blow it up."

"thats exactly what i was thinking we got some half cocked blunt smokin anarchist eco terrorist"

"Someone explain to me what he is talking about and explain in 2 or 3 sentences cause I aint reading no fuckin novel."

"Hes saying that he saw numbers while he was stoned thats the jist of it"

"Don't know about anybody else but I don't use St John's Bridge unless I absolutely have to anyway...LOL."

"I just don't use bridges you see, I swim."

"I actually read all of this.. and you know what.. it's bull shit!! There's a movie comming out that's EXACTLY like this. Except its a different number. It's called 23. Jim Carey is in it, and he see's 23 everywhere he goes. He

eventually thinks that he is the anti-christ.. so pretty much this guy is just copying that movie, just with a different number."

I live in ---, I dont have a car, i am not a terrorist, and I dont care what any of you think

And honestly if you want to know the truth

I am beginning to lose hope in what i am trying to do, i know i can save people that day but i dont relaly know if i have the strength to do it anymore.

So i dont know.

Think what you want. I know I am pure and that is all that matters.

"You guys are never going to believe this. There I was, driving along, when I looked at the clock. It said 11:10. Suddenly, without warning, IT CHANGED TO 11:11. Seriously, it did. No joke. You don't even know. I must have super powers."

"dude it actually changed to 11:11 did it ever go to 11:12 cause that would just be insane"

"if you live in --- wtf are you talking about in here"

"::raises hand tentatively:: I'm here even though I'm from (originally NY state) and now Cali... but I'm planning to move to Portland so idk if it

counts..."

"I was drinking diet DR. Pepper and started seeing 23 every where.....what does it mean?"

11:11

i see it like everyday

and 111 222 333 444

you know what it was telling you?

that what i say is true.

11:11 is what is trying to bind us all together! our souls need to be binded as one or we will all fall. read my blogs read what i say its important!!!!!!!!!!

--- wrote:

I just don't use bridges you see, I swim.

--- has 11 letters

and --- has 7 letters

117

i walked by --- street the other day

--- help me, you know what i am trying to say!

Oh really do you think so? Or is that your mind trying to block out anything that might actually be a possibility might be true but you might never see it that way because you can only see one way, what if you could really see more than one way, what if everything i say is actually

TRUE!

THERE IS NO COINCIDENCE~

look up 11:11

im trying to save whoever goes on that bridge that day because if i do people will finally believe everything that i am trying to say i have many important things to say to the world about the future plus i need to save those people because it can prove we have the power to change our future

Want to hear something.

This group has 316 members.

The only bible verse I ever remember is John 3:16

St. Johns Bridge....

I have been seeing the time 3:16 all the time and the cvs pharmacy address is 316

cvs/pharmacy has 11 letters
martins (the store next to it) has 7 letters

117

the slash in the cvs/pharmacy....

1/17

The other night i saw 3:16 and i was going to say something about it but i was like ok its not that important then i saw a flash of a bridge on a commercial and i was the only one who saw it and it was a commercial about earthquakes.

people have been telling me they see the numbers to 117 711 1177 everything

1/17/07
1177 is the last four digits of my work number

at papa JOHNS

wow, this group was founded january 27th

that is one of my friends --- birthday

you need to help me, we can save people that very day

... read my blogs. Its important.....

-Well that is it so far. I have so much I have to do. I need to make some sort of packet or booklet about this all, the book is going to have to wait on hold for awile. I have a month and 3 days before this happens I have LOTS of work to do omg. I've got a few ideas actually. Stay tuned my friends.

12.16.06

Let me explain myself first in this moment because if I don't you mind not catch what im really trying to say. Ok where should I begin well I had a crazy dream last night I think it had something to do with the future and we were driving and I was out of oil so there is this part of the city where you can only walk there is no cars and there were hundreds of people it was weird and we went to the bad part of the city where they had all these stolen goods that we went to go get I don't know it was all really confusing but when I woke up... this day. I realized... this day. That I have something to tell you all, I have something to tell myself. I am going to wake all of you up even the ones that do not want to be awaken this is real to me now I can see it and you and I have endured so much pain I say why not.

It's when your mind reaches a point where it's everything and nothing it's one thing or the other these contradictions contradict themselves when your spinning so fast around something do you think it's possible to never stop thinking to never stop racing what if your whole life was like that wouldn't you be very unhappy but almost to the brink of that of a ancient a god I mean think about it your thinking right now your thinking what is this crazy person talking about but your starting to feel something deep inside

of you oh yeah you can feel it doesn't it feel good doesn't it feel enticing and almost something that you think could make you whole again once upon a time when you were in that first love the first kiss that brought you as soon as your lips touched that other person.

Yeah let's just fly out of this place you and me let's just leave this place let's leave it all behind this place because oh my I gotta tell you something when we dream we are somewhere else we are in a different universe we are somewhere "out there" we escape from this place and how I say everything is for a reason well it's true I awoke today something new something different I awoke today with inner strength and wisdom I awake everyday with the heartache of a million people but no longer I can feel the strength of a million people this day I can feel you feeling me and I can feel me feeling you everything happens for a reason or else as a effect of all the stuff that has happened to me I wouldn't be writing this stellar amazing unforgettable article of writing to you that's gonna trip you out until you fathom a reality check that is going to hit you like a pillow because it's just going to click even if this right now doesn't make sense to you welcome to my world people i invite you to everything I know and keep knowing and you are going to have it to and together we are going to break the sands of time and break through everything because we humans we souls we people of fate and destiny or neither at all we are the ones that wretch the sky we are the ones that hurt we are the ones that love and we are the ones that hate we are the ones that feel more than we should feel we are the ones that are so complex that it just all seems so fucking surreal don't it?

Most of you may think I am crazy and have no idea what I am really talking about but I have to tell you I am the smartest person you will ever meet not because I read all the time because I hate reading not because I learn all the time because I hate learning new things because I think all the time ever since I was born my mind has been spinning so fast that I have been caught up in this paralell sidewinder of time and lost memories just instilled in this picture frame it's got me caught like a lovely web i love to stay in because maybe I am the web maybe I am the spider and maybe I am the bait all at once you see? Most of you think I need some psychiatric

help but it's only your mind thinking that this cannot be real but in fact must be some form of some manic hyper episode but do you think it's possible that this is really me that this is not some kind of illness because the things I talk about make sense and make the connections so much that it deems itself completely sane, sane to the smartest people in the world so if this sounds sane to you I have to commend yourself that you are a lot smarter than you actually know and another thing is that I take a pill everyday and do you know what it's like to shove a pill down your throat everyday, it kills me everyday but through my words through my preaching I am reborn and justified through all of this madness through all of this hurt and I have to tell you something that it has already begun everything has as I woke up this morning having the strangest longest wildest dream I was running through some dark halls some dark places that made no sense but when I awoke everything made perfect sense it really did for some strange reason and I am not scared anymore I am not scared that this is the longest run on sentence you have ever read I am not scared that I know all this I am not scared that I have some important things to tell you all I am not afraid.. of speaking to millions.

And another thing all your criticism for me is completely worthless you are not going to change me or make me better I am perfect you are perfect did you ever think that everyone is perfect I don't believe in criticism because if you create something who is to say that there are rules to it fuck that there are no rules to art to your mind there are no limits or laws you have to realize that if you criticise someone you might be changing them you might be trying to change their art that they can call their own so when you try and criticize me just realize that you have no effect on me, your job is to listen and maybe talk to me if you wish to because I love talking! but never to change me or try to change me or tell me I'm crazy or tell me I need help your not helping anyone but yourself when some of you people tell me I need to get help because your just trying to shun away everything I am telling you because it scares you to death, it scares you to think that there is no coincidences, that everything happens for a reason, it scares you to think that there is more to life than just everything you know already, it scares you to think that I can predict the future and such it scares you to

think that I have the power to make it rain it scares you to think that i am a very very powerful psychic, doesn't it?

While some of you have been listening to me all the while I want to thank you you have beleived in me just as I have beleived in you this whole time and this is only going to get bigger I can feel every single one of you.

Last night I walked home in the blistering cold and I sang the whole way home I sang about my pain then it changed and I sang about all of this I sang about what we are suppose to do and you already know what that is the core of everything is compassion be good to your fellow neighbor because karma is very real and I know it is. A girl just broke my heart but I know that it was karma, what goes around comes around because I remember once upon a time I did that to a girl so now I know how it feels. And while I will never talk to this girl again or see her she taught me a very valuable lesson, that maybe love is not meant to be until the time is right. And that karma is very true and is very much in the works and I have learned my lesson dear karma thank you.

I want to tell you all something and it's very important because it's totally and completely metaphorical. Someone I know was just raped on December 11th and when she called me a week ago or so ago she called me at 11:11. And I have been thinking about it lately and I have just been seeing so many signs about it then that happened and I thought to myself.. Maybe I could have prevented it because I knew about it. I should have prevented it I could have prevented it! But of course it's crazy to think like that because there is really nothing I could do about it but if I knew something was up I should of known I should of known. And that is why I need to save people that day on that bridge because I fucking know what is up I fucking know what is going to happen and I feel it with everything I am. Just last night I was talking with my friend and telling her about everything that I am and that I am doing and for the longest time she thought I was just crazy because we never talk about such things but I spilled it all out there and told her how God has a plan for us all and such and told her about all the crazy things and signs I have been seeing and she was convinced I was going crazy and said to get back on my meds which

the next refill on my prescription is January 17th. Which in reality it's January 31th, for some reason she said January 17th, and that date alone, and she goes haha you see your trying to trick me because you can say anything about any date and i said but why specifically that date what would make you say that date and that date alone?

Man I really feel like donnie darko haha. Last night I was feeling pretty mean, feeling pretty pissed off and mad. Work was absolutely fucking crazy the phones never stopped ringing and it's the busiest day I have worked there and it's a fucking thursday night, give me a break! On the walk home there were these two big dogs barking at me and ran up to me so I did something I don't usually do and I snarled at them and knelt down and turned around and stared them cold in the eyes and they ran away. But today I feel it again I feel good again, I've hid away my pain because I have important things to do, I have a job to do, and while some of you doubt my intentions it's all for you, it's all for all of you my friends. I don't have a life so that I can help you find yours.

12.17.06

Ok so I have about an hour or so to write all of this down. Everything that has happened as of yesterday oh my oh my there is just so much to tell. Well I guess I should start from two nights ago, I had a lot of crazy dreams I don't know but anyways I woke up friday morning..

I knew something was up I mean there was just something about this day I could feel it with all my might. I was going to go see my friends band play this show at this place called --- 315. (one away from 316). Well the day started by hanging out with --- and we got alcohol and made some stops at places and met up with my friend ---. Me and --- had this really weird moment where we both realized that there is this old lady that we see everywhere. Like I just said hey I see that lady everywhere I go it's insane

and he turned around and goes " ME TO " And we talked about how she was like grandma death in the movie Donnie Darko. Weird thing is he told me that he saw her in --- two days ago, and there she was like here in our town which is very far away from that.

Ok sorry to interrupt this but my friend just called me and wanted to hang out before I have to work in a couple hours but I said I couldn't because I have to write this important writing. So when I went and put the phone back on the hook the time was 3:16. And when I was talking to him like 20 minutes ago on my balcony all these birds kept flying up around me like in a group it was very bizarre and my phone kept on crossing lines with other peoples conversations.

So anyways me and my friend --- were walking around in Martin's looking for my friend --- and we talked about how everyone looks at us. Me and --- are definitely on the same page people just look at us for no reason, like there souls just recognize us or something and when we are hanging out together oh my god it's like the whole world is watching every move we make it's absolutely insane. It was nice to know that I am not the only one who experiences that everywhere I go.

So I don't really know what came next so many coincidences that are not even coincidences happen everything is a blur I am so confused and crazy right now so much has happened wow. Ok so anyways we were on the way to the show well actually picking up people and what not and I kept listening to tool - right in two. I don't know there was something about this night I kept saying "tonight is the night" over and over again and I had no intention on making any kind of speech I was totally referring to my friends band which happened to be there first show since they were back together again.

Well while we were all there and drinking and what not I saw many people that I knew and I saw this girl that I went to elementary school with like 10 years ago which was a really odd coincidence. I met some really cool people and what not I don't know this whole night was magical. Like my friend --- just randomly shows up and then my friend --- did and my friend -

-- did it was like pretty much everyone was there there was a lot of people there. There were also a lot of other signs like on the way to the show I was stopped at a street and I wondered if that street was the eleventh street but I didn't know because I couldn't find the street sign and then the next street was 12th street.

So I talked to the band about it and asked if I could make some opening speech and they were like hell yeah, I mean the people that know me personally know me and know what I talk about because I talk about it so much. So they were totally cool with it and it was just crazy how it all started to work out. Here I was... about to make my first speech ever about to make it real I was about to take action. I was about to go to a place I have never been to before. I remember it was around 20 minutes before they started and I remember freaking out listening to that song on my profile "right in two" I was feeling it and then it turned 9:00. And the 00, were the eyes that were watching me, they are the eyes that are watching me.

Before I went inside I was smoking a cigarette and noticed elevens virtually just about everywhere. And another thing is that someone was talking about oregon and I said why did you goto Oregon and he said because I can and I go no I mean for like what reason and he said that he was in Arizona but just felt like driving around and drove straight through Oregon. Also someone else I met said that she went to some city in oregon which is like the hippy city called Uria, Oregon or something and I mentioned Portland and she said that it's right by Portland. And the thing is she was like screaming oregon oregon oregon right in front of me and I was just like wow...

So the time was drawing near somehow in the last hour everything seemed to fit perfectly and I was looking at myself from the outside saying to myself.. this is it. This is real, I am not dreaming. While the band was setting up they played some song talking about eagles and such, my friend told me that the eagle represents inner strength and power. And I had already heard that somewhere else before. Well it was about time and I was on the brink of losing my mind I was so nervous I had no clue what I was going to say I had nothing written I had nothing it was just me and only

me. Right before I went up there my friends encouraged me I remember staring straight ahead at the wall and one of my friends showed me her cell phone and it was 9:22. Which adds up to 13 from which i was looking at a painting after the speech and there was 13 birds, there was a bus number 13 I saw earlier.

It was time and I walked right up there. I waited for everyone to get silent and I just started speaking. I think I said something along the lines of..

"Now you all might not know why you are here some of why dont know how you got here and just may think this is a ordinary night but this is the night of all nights see all your eyes meeting eyes eyes eyes you see this night i start a revolution i have seen signs prophecies i have grown so spiritually aware and i have something to tell you that this life you live now there is more than that everything happens for a reason there is no coincidences 11:11 and everything is connected everything is and i tell you this because all our souls need to be united together because its the only way we are going to survive the next ten years (then my voice starts to raise and i am the only one making noise) YOU ALL ARE HERE FOR A REASON EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU HAS A GREAT PART IN ALL OF THIS THERE ARE NO COINCIDENCES EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON and here is the band --- from which I have foreseen."

I dont know it was something like that but I could of kept going but they started to play the music so I knew my time was up but it was just absolutely amazing right around when I was done everyone just started clapping and cheering I could feel their energy I could feel it all I could see hope in all of them I could see it they all were just staring with open hearts open minds and open souls. Some didnt know what to think but yet some did. I remember I even said that everyone was going to go home that night completely changed.

Well then the band played and they just fucking killed it it was absolutely amazing I loved it. Everyone was so happy and it was just the perfect night it was better than ever it really was. One of my friends told me that

someone came up to her and asked her if this person was really serious and she said yeah i beleive every word that that mother fucker says! Haha it was perfect it worked out perfectly I could feel it all and i felt so amazingly happy. Like it was very very riveting. When I was standing in the crowd I noticed a design kind of by the ceiling and it had three big squares. And I knew what it was on the st johns bridge how it is designed at the top there is three squares of the big arch thingy. And later on I walked around and saw this poster of a eagle and it had two red stars over its right wing and two red stars over its left wing (11 11) There was someone with a 11 jersey, there was a 11 11 on some sign that i saw, there was a 11 spray painted on the side of the building.

After that I talked with that girl that i went to elementary school with and we talked about God and such because we both went to a christian baptist school. And we talked alot about it and we came to a understanding that we didnt agree with how God is portayed these days. Like people think there is some kind of image about God that you have to be perfect or you have to have rules. And I think that is complete bullshit I beleive in God and everything but I could give a fuck if I do things like drink or smoke or cuss. I know that I am pure I know that I help others I know that I know im doing what I am suppose to be doing, I beleive that everyone is searching for something but no one knows what it is but I know that I can put it out there. It can vbe whatever y ou want it to be. But more than anything I am trying to bring our souls together as one, mass consciousness. It's time to WAKE UP people it's time to wake up! I also met this really cool girl named --- and it was just totally insane how it ended up because we were at a party (the afterparty we threw) and the cops came because of a complaint and it was crazy. Everyone was told by my friend to run up stairs and I was holding the door to someones room and making sure everyone got in the room. It was weird it felt like we were rebels on the run or something it was very exciting but very much bullshit at the same time. Luckily they were really cool about it and just wanted some people to leave because there was a whole lot of people there. I remember saying something like wow what a nice way to meet someone huh?

The rest of the night went very very well oh another thing after the whole show thing I was listening to track 11 of the new tool cd at 11:11.

But yeah the rest of the night I just got really fucked up and hung out all night I played guitar for hours and I was still awake when everyone was sleeping, I think i was running on adrenaline seriously. But even at the afterparty and at the show people would come up to me and be like dude seriously that was amazing that was so cool and it just seemed like the whole mood for the rest of the night was absolutely positive. Someone I know came up to me and was like who wrote that like who said that or whatever, and my friends were like that was all him man and i said yeah it was all the heart and soul hahahaha. WOW I LOVE IT!

It was just so much fun all of it was, I know that I impacted some people tonight. And even though I only got to speak for a couple of minutes, it's a start. It seriously is a good start..

When I finally retired to sleep I had the craziest dreams and I kept having dreams where I was where I was sleeping but I was awake and I thought I was still awake but I was really sleeping. And I remember seeing the time in the kitchen 1:11 and later on 2:33 and when I finally woke up it was like 12:30 which is just beyond me. It almost felt like I was seeing another dimension like a parallel universe or something, I just have no idea at all.

Well when I was getting a ride home I was talking with my friend --- and he pointed out 1:17 which was really cool and he told me that he has been seeing things differently and we talked about it and i told him that he was starting to see starting to find himself and everything and he just had a smile on his face he seemed really happy. When we were going over a lake he said he saw hundreds of birds out in the middle of the lake but i couldn't see it, so that reminded me of the whole bird and eagle thing so I told him all about that. And he said you should give this eagle a name or something. And I said I want you to name it what's the first name that pops in your head. And he said Medallia.

And one more thing someone I just met last night sent me this online.

"I flew into portland... and left on the 17th of july...

oh, the oddity... the seventh month, eh?

Weird....

Other than that.... yeah, dreams are wonderful...

Much wonderful..."

Last night they had one of this like top 30 video things and the only time i saw the tv last night is when they were at 17 but it looked like 117 because of some logo before the 17. But the thing about july is its the 7th month, but thats the month my birthday is in July 16th...

Ok I am finally done I hope I got everything I already know I didn't cover everything but I tried my best. Good luck to all of you your in my prayers and I hope you discover something amazing about yourself this day. Remember that only together our souls united do we have hope for the future. Look deep within yourself, be compassionate, look for the answers and the truths because they are there. You will see them. Another crazy thing is that a hour ago I was watching the end of the matrix reloaded and it was just amazing watching it with what I know now.. it's totally metaphorically to this life. And the movie that came on after that.... signs.

12.17.06

I really don't have much to say right now. I am exhausted beyond belief and today was just about the worst day I have ever had. But when I got home I did a lot of research on the St. John's Bridge and Portland, Oregon. And somehow stumbled upon one of their news websites called ---. I looked around a bit and I guess right now there is 50,000 people without power because a transformer blew up or something, and there was just this huge storm there. But anyways, I tried to get a contact of them. I just left a comment under the news tip saying I need to talk to someone about the St. John's Bridge. I left my real name and my real phone number. Another thing when I was looking at the news site the temperature was exactly 33 degrees. And I happened to notice that I stumble upon this now when now it's December 17th, only one more month remains. I am running out of time I do not know what to do! This is very scary for me because I just realized today how big the St. John's Bridge actually is, it holds a US Bypass. It even said something about it has over 20,000 vehicles on it a day or something along those lines. Well after all of this I was going to go to bed and just call it a night, just let the cards where they lay right? Well I went into the kitchen and and stopped dead in my tracks... It was 3:16. (remember John 3:16?) After a minute I opened the fridge and was just totally baffled by this and just happened to be staring at "Grape Fierce" (11 letters) and it turned 3:17 ($3+1+7=11$).

Please. I need some of your help. I am not longer going to post in every group I only going to post my blog on my profile, the supernatural group, the bipolar group, and my own group. I can't handle what everyone has to say about it anymore it's just too much. I think that I have tried to reach out but the people that I have reached out to is good enough for me right now. I wouldn't be even doing any of this if it wasn't for any of you. Thank you to all those you believe me and hear what I am trying to say, and what I am trying to do.

So please I ask of you I need your help. I am lost I don't know what to do about this I really don't. And if you are confused about what I am talking about please read all my blogs. Especially January 17th, 2007 1-12. December 11th part 1 and 2, and Medallia. Then you will know what I am

up against and then you will know the tough spot I am in. This is a big prediction and a lot of people go on that bridge...

And don't you think that it makes sense, I mean for so long I thought something really big was going to happen on November 7th, but nothing happened... Then it was November 17th.. and still nothing happened. But I have seen more signs about January 17th in two days that I ever had with all the signs with 11/7 or 11/17 combined. I have got it down to the exact date and the place.

My friends I need your help, please share any thoughts you have on this. Because this isn't something that can be easily done, I mean.. So many people already think I am crazy and out of my mind.. What do you think the people of Portland, Oregon are going to think? I don't know.. I know that God hears me and this is for a reason. Please help me.

12.20.06

Want to hear something crazy?

Well for some reason I knew I should watch this and I did. And I noticed by the way that --- posted that one message at --- so that caught my eye to watch this video. First off when they show the movie he talks about the double O's and how they have a short life expectancy. Which is so true because that is so me I always knew I would die young like I always wanted to die before I hit 30 and I am convinced I will I mean I'm 20 now but I know that I'm going to die somehow like saving people and stuff. but anyways it was just weird you know because I always see the eyes you know the :00. like 1:00 or 11:00 or 7:00 which I saw yesterday, (007) And also most importantly I saw 9:00 right before I made that first speech that I made and opened for my friends band. Also if you watch that video notice that on the first minute and seventeenth second they show the guy hanging from

some kind of bridge thing. When I opened my friends phone it flashed a bridge, bridges everywhere. The song on my myspace profile talks about bridges. Its crazy. But also at the end of the trailer when the computer animated people start talking it says its coming out November 17th. Which was my second prediction. I rejoined this group from a year ago on November 7th, the day of my first prediction. But I know it is January 7th, 2007. Portland, Oregon. St. John's Bridge. I just quit my job today because it was 3:16 and I knew that it was meant to be. And you know how you guys were talking about the person who died on Mt. Hood. Yeah someone else told me that to and I was reading about it a few days ago at that --- website and they were talking about it. And you guys just made a topic about it and started talking about it. I figured out donnie darko last night it was amazing I made a whole commentary while the whole movie played it's totally amazing. And more than anything I am learning how to see peoples paths, not all people but I mean I just know. Like how in donnie darko it talks about predestined time within God's channel but what if you could see that you know in a way would it like being a mind reader, would it be like foretelling the future?

Yesterday I went to church stoned and preached to this group for about a hour and a half and we argued and it was very controversial but I explained to them what I am suppose to do and it was totally crazy everything that happened in that talk and where the whole conversation went. It was amazing, anyways. It ended on a very good note In fact I remember one point where I came to wrap it up we all came to wrap it out and right when he said that I said right now it's 8:11 you see, 11:11 and so many other signs some say that they are angels some say mass consciousness maybe all of them but this was suppose to happen and I said I would not ever come back but they all had a great part. One person started to say something about homelan security and the other person cut him off basically saying that we couldn't continue the conversation and I said no what is he saying he was meant to say and your trying to stop it. I told him that right now he is stuck and he goes stuck maybe and I go yes you are stuck you are being closeminded your not seeing the whole picture your just stuck thinking about bible verses and in this system of what to say. But we all said our farewells and talked about some personal problems we all

had like whatever it was girls jobs addictions whatever, and it was real cool. And when we left I met the person who was speaking the sermon before we seperated into those groups, and I met him he was the only reason I even went there. And I said hi my name is josh and we shook hands, and we were walking up inside the church to talk for a minute and I said to him so how did it go, and at that exact time he said the exact same thing to me, and i go wow we just said that at the same time to each other, and he said thats weird we must be in sync or something.

I figured out everything about donnie darko last night it was amazing like I gave a whole commentary about it and i was looking at the special features before I watched the movie at around 10:30 and was looking at the art gallery thing of it and this one had a picture and it said 12-19... and i realized that it was 12-18. And after the movie finished and I understoof every single thing. It was 12-19. And I realized I was suppose to see this movie, so many connections especially about 77 but im not going to get into all that its just other stuff i see happening around me. But I cant wander off. But also the 333s and stuff. But donnie darko is amazing. I can see peoples paths kind of like in the movie its very odd, i find myself having donnie darko moments constantly. Of course I always had but its very good that i figured it all out now more than ever it was like I was suppose like we are traveling within God's channel, but what if you are able to start to see everything that is suppose to happen in God's channel?

Can we... can we really do anything?

I am starting to awake.

Also when I got out of the shower in the middle of writing this I was looking at the mirror and I looked over at the clock and it was 4:10. So I raised my hand and pointed at it and it turned to 4:11.

A couple nights ago me and my friend went for a walk. We went to this clearing in the woods. There were a lot of clouds

it's 11:22 right now,

There was not one star shining then all the clouds drifted away and the moon shined brighter than ever. I knelt down and concentrated, the wind started to pick up.

I just watched the Celestine prophecy. The main character in the movie is named John. At the end of the movie when the 9 insights were scrolling, I was going to post something online and when I exited the dvd player it was 11:11 on my clock.

That movie, which I have never heard of before nor the book. Talks about everything that I am trying to do. It's all about love.

My friend just told me there was a earthquake 2.5 on the richter scale in Oregon today. Which means that plates are moving, and that means that more volcanoes are likely to erupt.

Read this.

Oh my god thank you. Yes someone else was talking about volcanoes. And the thing is.... Mount Hood.

Mount Hood is right by the St. John's Bridge and Mt. Hood was actually on the national news because someone died up there or something. I think

that that is the volcano and it's going to rupture the group underneath the bridge causing it to fall.

----- Original Message -----

From: Joa.

Date: Dec 27 2006 5:51 PM

So anyway last night I had wierd dream about volcanoes and the major ports out near where I live. So I woke up at 11:07 (1/1/07???), then 11:17???, and again at 1:17(1/1/07???). So then this morning I was flipping through the channels and at 11:07 came across Montel Williams preview with that Silvia Brown chick so I watched and she started talking about volcanoes and something going on with the Ports (plus a bunch of other shit). So I get on here and at the top of my bulletin is your post. i figure I'd share this with you since you see the same. Take care!

----- Bulletin Message -----

From: 1/17/07 Portland, Oregon avoid St. John Bridge.

Date: Dec 26 2006 9:14 PM

Afirayeshua (11:11:11 PM): 11:11

That bridge is unstable. I have already mailed the mayor or Portland and some other people. Once that volcano erupts, or a earthquake happens, that river is going to rupture the stability of that bridge.

There are a million more signs and epiphanies and whatever you want to call its. Today is 1/1/7. And after that night me and my friend went and the moon shined brighter and brighter. It rained all day long. And at night I talked to someone highly intelligent about everything beyond and it was raining and the clouds were dark and going so fast, you could barely see the moon.

Today when I went outside it started to rain.

In Toronto an ice block broke off that is 11,000 feet wide. Global Warming is truly taking affect. Hence, the age of Aquarius.

In this very own forum there is a topic about Mount Hood. The day before that person died up there on that mountain, was the first time I was researching for Portland news sites. I came across one called ---.

I read about how some people got lost in Mount Hood and really thought nothing of it. But it wasn't until

11:33

It wasn't until the very next day I heard about it from so many different people, and plus it was on the national news. Now I have a friend who I am talking to right now who when I first met her was already talking about Portland. She took pictures of Mt. Hood from a airplane and it looks completely different, the top of it looks more sharp.

If you research Mt. Hood it is a dormant volcano and has only erupted 3 times in history.

Mt. Hood is very very close to the St. John's Bridge. You can see it from that bridge.

Now is it just coincidence that there is a topic about titled "Mt. Hood" on this very own forum. Dig through the pages, you'll find it.

This is all I am going to say. Take from this whatever you will. You will all see me in real life soon enough I assure you.

Never stop thinking or questioning. Once you have contradicted everything so much you will breakthrough and find common truths, a higher awareness.

1.6.07

Have you seen the moon in the last couple of days?

We took pictures and there were signs beyond signs.

One of those signs, was a red phoenix. In the sky.

Portland, Maine was destroyed by fire.

This is more than the bridge.

Portland , Oregon will be destroyed.

Mount Hood is going to erupt.

Everything connects.

People in Portland, Oregon. My prayers are out for you, please when it all begins please get out of there.

Please be safe.

God bless you all.

I forgot to mention that Portland, Maine's flag is a phoenix on top of the ashes.

Figure it out for yourself.

Mount Hood is going to erupt and is going to cause the St. John's Bridge to fall on January 17th, 2007. That is very very soon. Trust me this has been in the works me figuring this out and it all connects all of

it. Please hear my words. Please hear my soul. Peoples lives are at stake. You need to send someone to go check out that mountain. Or get that bridge closed on the 17th. I know it's not your biggest bridge.

Please... Please...

www.myspace.com/paranormal06

Mayor of Portland I don't know what this all means. But I have been seeing signs beyond signs. I hope this message gets to you. I hope it does. Everything that I am doing I am doing to save peoples lives. and ultimately my book will change this world.

please hear my cry..

i am to the point now where i do not fear what i already know and believe, i dont care if i get thrown in jail i dont care if i die, i know that my intentions are pure and good, and i believe i am doing the right thing.

the world doesn't do the right thing anymore, i am going to show them again

please. its not coincidence that someone just died up in mount hood, and check out my site and all the connections

www.myspace.com/paranormal06

~

5.23.18

Nothing happened on January 17th, 2007. A couple minor things, actually. Some hikers got lost or died on the mountain. The doomsday clock went up by two seconds, but nothing of what I truly predicted happened. There was no great volcanoic explosion, even though at this time there was a huge raging blizzard sweeping across the states.

To say the least I was completely devastated from this. Of course I was relieved that it didn't happen and people didn't die, but it left me beyond confused about everything and especially completely embarassed and humiliated. From that point on I had stopped caring about all the signs and at times just stopped seeing them completely because I was blocking them. It was very traumatizing for me, the whole thing, and to only feel like a slap in the face in the end. It made me give up. It made me even start to give up on life entirely.

As for my groups and following and all my writings, I just stopped everything. I remember making some long last final post about how I was wrong. I tried to cover it up with the doomsday clock thing just like I did a

couple paragraphs ago, but it was just a vain attempt to soften the blow, to try and make the pain less which it didn't help. And looking back on it now and rereading all those and all the times I've cried in the past few days, I know that it fucking destroyed me. So much so that it actually traumatized me and I don't think I ever truly dealt with those feelings until now. I gave up and lost all hope after that. For the next ten years, sure there were times I would see signs or experience things, but it was never anything truly major because I intentionally for the most part shut down whatever part of my brain or soul or all of it together that allowed me to see the signs and I lost all desire for the supernatural or psychic things or even destiny itself.

I believed so much that the Mount Hood volcano was going to erupt on January 17th, 2007, I believed in it so much and with months of signs and then for it not to happen, it just fucking broke my heart and soul. I mean I didn't become a bad person because of this or anything, but I shut myself off from all of it, and rightly so. I was just too hurt from it. And it pains me that there are still some more experiences that I have to put down but I'm just going to get it over with. To be honest, reliving this pain makes me not even want to do this fucking book at all. It really hurt me a lot that it makes me cry even now.

At some point in the past decade I concluded this chapter of my life that it was just a lesson. A lesson that you can never force the signs, that they have to come to you and you have to be open to receive them, which you can deny them if you choose to, go back to the cozy reality where none of this psychic and spiritual stuff exists. Now after rereading all those posts after all these years, I know now that I wasn't forcing the signs as much as I thought I was, which actually makes me feel more sad about it. I believed that that volcano would erupt so much that I even had written an email to the actual mayor of Portland, Oregon at that time. I'm sure the FBI or whoever has a file on me buried somewhere in some dark room of cardboard boxes of old files on suspicious people. I put it all on the line, everything, and got destroyed. I honestly don't want to do this anymore. You see, this is why I don't judge people who choose not to see the signs or believe in spirituality, because it's not always as pretty and colorful as it

feels in the beginning. Spirituality itself, much like life, has its ups and downs, trials and tribulations as well. You will get hurt. You will be tested. You will at times want to give up completely. Maybe that whole chapter of my life was just to make me stronger, so that when I healed I could be ready for what I am doing now, even though all the signs I saw were in fact real and leading me somewhere. It still fucking hurts.

For all I know, this book will go nowhere. Some people will read it, but it could very well be forgotten as just some other crazy poetry book no one cares about or something. This book is my entire life, bleeding across these words with my tears and all my humans emotions in their entirety. But there is nothing out there for me other than this, because all of this stuff are the things I have constantly 24/7 thought, dreamed and imagined about my entire fucking life. All this stuff IS my fucking life, and if there is no place for it in this fucking dark world then there is no purpose or meaning to my life whatsoever and if that is true then I know my own suicide is only inevitable.

After I concluded that last chapter of my life which I call my prophet days, I immediately started crying pretty hard which then turned into another silent scream which I have been trying not to do lately. The reason for that is because every time I do this ability, this psychic explosion in my mind that I've been told is like a divine scream that could be heard for miles and miles in the astral realm and can also be used as a sort of psychic

kemehameha from Dragonball Z, also draws out dark entities like I am some beacon, which also can draw out entities of the light as well. For the past week I can feel that I have been under constant attack from demons, especially in the third hour of the morning which Shadowwolf confirmed with me that they are the strongest, 3:33 being the next strongest and a full harvest moon being the strongest, which was out on the first day that I met Shadowwolf in person. I've been under such heavy attack that there were times I thought about suicide, not planning anything but just thinking about it in general, and just feelings of being scared or confused and very lonely and that I was losing hope in this book itself and also random spells of rage and anger in general.

One thing I want to make note of before I forget and just in case I haven't mentioned it already. Aliens are not in anyway shape or form a part of spiritual entities such as demons. I know they fight them just as human beings do. I imagine all of the Grey Aliens are incredibly powerful against these entities as they are naturally so powerfully psychic that I'm sure they don't even need or use their advanced technology to help fight them, as I'm sure they believe any spiritual battle they encounter with their third eyes only only make them more powerful. They are not of this world.

Because of these attacks, however, I feel that I am only getting stronger. There was a point that I was even sleeping in the dining room with all the lights on because I didn't even want to go to bed with the lights off because I was so scared. Not anymore. The other night I embraced it and stood my ground, wasn't so much scared anymore, in fact I challenged any demon to come out and play and I would destroy it, which I've destroyed more demons in the past month than I ever have in my life, including two stronger demons, one of which was a powerful one that I will get to later in the book, supposively it was the same one I defeated and dethroned as the most powerful demon when I existed as the demon Bachron 8,000,000 years ago, but was really more like an angel in disguise that got corrupted by his own pride and ego. Oh yes, I am thee Bachron indeed, confirmed many times by Shadowwolf. I was once the most powerful demon in existence, now I am the most powerful angel psychic living on the planet EARTH.

I will tell what happened last night after I finished the prophet days chapter of my life. I will make this part the very last most present experience. It's better I just write it down now rather than write it at the end while it's the freshest in my mind, and no I'm not going to write it down now and then just move it down later in the book. It needs to be written down, also my mind doesn't work like that I am very particular about how I do things. This book has not been planned out by any means and that is the way I like and is also what I believe to be the most efficient way to try and reach out to even the most skeptic of skeptic non-believers of anything other worldly who are reading this very book right now. I hope it causes these types of personalities to start seeing signs that freak them out and possibly awaken them to the true reality of the 4th dimension that exists all around us and through us. Star Wars and the "Force", you see, is much more real than you think it is.

You see, not all pure skeptics who are non-believers are ignorant dumbasses, not at all, in fact I think most of them are extremely intelligent. I think many of them deep down want to believe, but they do not want to foolishly fall prey to any delusions because they are aware of the capability of their own mind's power to deceive them as the desire for "truth" can at times be so great that we can actually trick ourselves into believing what we see or experience is other worldly and make it out to be some sort of stellar cosmic evidence of it all. Deep down, I believe we all want more than just this life, we all want there to be something more than just us being human beings existing on a rock and we're all alone. We all deep down want to believe in destiny and that everything happens for a reason and that it's not all dust and ashes then blackness after we die, which is fucking awful. There are just individuals out there that tread the waters much more cautiously than others, not because they fear it, but because they are intelligent to know how things can be misperceived and even the most sane person can easily slip into delusional ways. The scientific approach is indeed the most intelligent approach when observing and dancing on the edge of the unknown. This doesn't make people like me who blindly jump into the rabbit hole and experience things more intelligent than the purely skeptic scientific ones. I respect the scientific,

logical and rational approach, as I believe this very book could not be as efficient as I hope it will be without my own scientific approach added to it. (scientific approach in my own way) I always accept the possibility that I am wrong about everything I say in this book, even my own personal experiences that I know 100% are real, for without this I know I would slip into delusion ways of thinking as I have done in the past many times.

I also want to state a reminder that I have previously stated in the book. Yes, I was diagnosed with "bipolar disorder type 1" at the young age of 15. I have been struggling with this condition for more than half of my life and been hospitalized for it 6 different times. I am VERY fortunate to not get the hallucination side of bipolar that loosely dances around the symptoms of schizophrenia. There are many "bipolars" out there who can also get auditory and even visual hallucinations, which most of these types I think are usually diagnosed by psychiatrist as "bipolar schizoaffective", which means they are "bipolar" but can also experience symptoms similar to that of someone with schizophrenia. Now, notice I do not put schizophrenia in quotations, I do this because I do not have schizophrenia and I have never nor will I ever pretend to know what it's like to have this condition which is why I have absolutely no right to speak about it. I only have "bipolar disorder" so it's the only mental illness I have the right to truly speak openly about however the fuck I want. And I do believe that "bipolar disorder" is a mental illness, as hard as that might sound to individuals like me. I do not have a normal brain, a healthy brain, but I also believe this condition itself isn't supposed to be healthy to begin with because I believe it's, in actuality, an evolutionary process of the brain itself, as in the manic times we are literally using a higher percentage of our brain that we are not normally supposed to be doing, and in the depressive states I believe is the recovery of this overuse, overheating, going beyond the max of what the human brain normally in our existence as this time uses. Which would explain why in these abyssmal depressive states there is no hope, there is no happiness, and suicidal thinking is very common as all the things that make us feel positivity in our brain are not only sucked dry, but quite possibly non existent for the time being which the brain, over time, regenerates, replenishes and heals these functions of our brains. So no, I never hallucinate. The only times I have ever hallucinated are the maybe

10 different times I've used LSD or psychedelic mushrooms and only then, and they were only visual and never auditory. I only wrote this paragraph to help dispute anyone who thinks me seeing the UFOs in the night sky personally move and sometimes dance like fireflies for me are hallucinations, which they are not to me and they are very real.

You have to understand as well, that the now corrupted many recent versions of The Holy Bible's greatest trick is convincing and inspiring a non-religion of Atheism to turn away from the very many great spiritual concepts and ideas instilled in the Bible, much like in the Bible where it's know that Lucifer's greatest trick was convincing people he didn't exist. Well, ancient and very powerful demons and fallen angels similar to Lucifer actually do exist and have been running rampant and actually have control of our planet and most governments through the Illuminati, NWO, and the many other billionaire evil cults that exist around the world, born from secret societies or still are the very same secret societies just with different names to better conceal their origins. Many true skeptic non-believers ironically enough use the Bible as their own Bible to dispute any truths about spirituality, miracles, signs or destiny concepts, well. Ok wait. Not all of them use it to dispute spirituality itself, but at least use it to dispute the Christian religion as well as other religions, which is a very noble and righteous cause. I think the AmazingAtheist is a hero and a great leader of planet EARTH. I will explain why in the next paragraph.

The AmazingAtheist, also known as TJ, is one sexy divine being in my eyes. I even had contact with him once. I left some comment saying how I loved his video about suicide on his TJdoeslife youtube channel and he actually responded to me which made me feel so happy that I even cried. I thanked him for his videos and said they help me a lot with my depression and stated that I was bipolar. He actually took the time to write me back a paragraph stating it made him feel good that I could benefit from him videos, and that he also knows what it's like to have depression and that he has a friend who has bipolar as well. Anyways, I think he has been uninspired for some time (I could be wrong about this but it's only a feeling I have and I do apologize TJ if I'm wrong I don't actually have any right to talk about you but I'm in love with you so I can't help it, baby) now

and just goes along with the circus freakshow of society. I cannot say much about him because I do not know him personally, only what he reveals in his videos. And what I see is a tortured soul who is EXTREMELY intelligent, wise and insightful. He truly sees society for what it is and makes a mockery of it in his own way, and challenging others on the corrupted contradictory and hypocritical Bible is just one of the many things he enjoys doing. It's funny because when I see him go against "Christians" in intellectual debates, many of them I think are actually demons, because demons want people to believe in the Bible because it's been fucking corrupted and instills a lot of evil into the hearts and minds of individuals who blindly believe it. Verses about beating slaves, homosexuality being a sin, or those who don't believe in "God" are doomed to burn in a lake of fire forever, are all very evil installations that I believe the Illuminati or similar cults like this got to be added into the Bible over possibly thousands of years. It's also, of course, important to fight the Bible because it goes against science, which is very vital and important to human's own evolutionary process as we are swimming in the limitless ocean of this new technological age and we are fucking morally drowning in it just trying to stay alive. TJ already knows all this, and has talked about it time and time again in his many videos and podcasts and pot smoking question AMAs where he just laughs at his own fan's stupidity with their peasant like comments and sometimes forms of condensations which is hilarious because you know they wake up at exactly the same time everyday to frantically jump at their computer chair and scramble their fingers to get to his social media to see if there is any of that latest sexy and spicy AmazingAtheist content that they can then write some retarded trying to be witty and clever five paragraph thesis about how TJ is just a dumbass and doesn't know anything and he's now a sell out and whatever bullshit their feeble imagination's can come up with while they drink their sodie pops and get the same vape pens or smoke the same cigarettes TJ smokes because at night they jack off to their imaginations of either fucking or being fucked by the very sexy TJ and they hate this about themselves so much that they try to fight it but TJ has already infiltrated and possessed their feeble subconscious minds and is laughing about it and I laugh along with him the random times I watch those Q&A videos of his. Bill Hicks is laughing right now by the way. LOL

Anyways, my main point was me wanting to elaborate on why I think he is truly a tortured soul, like myself. I have seen moments in his personal videos of the sadness in his heart, which very well could be a form of depression itself at times, but furthermore I think is a form of existential sadness, much like I have been in myself for many years. I think he is truly conflicted about all things concerning reality and life itself, which I think is also what makes him so damn intelligent, insightful and beautiful as well. Again I could be wrong about the sadness parts but it's just a feeling I have and I don't say them as a negative, but only as a positive and only being things that make me admire him even more. I'm pretty sure most of the great greek philosophers all had the same sorts of sadness at times, both in general and existentially. If anyone is reading this that regularly comments on his videos, please leave him a nice comment today because he fucking deserves it. I believe TJ is a great person and is already a GREAT leader of planet EARTH.

Last night after I had finally stopped crying, it was around 1am and I decided to go out to this very spiritual part that I frequently visit to see all my UFO spaceship friends and do some pretty heavy thinking. The brightest spaceship was glowing in the night sky. Just like many other times, every single "star" that I individually stared at in the night sky, and there were hundreds of them, would start moving left and right or up and down and sometimes dance around much like a firefly does, which they have been doing for me for what seems like a month now ever since I saw the first one, which I shook my head at and said "boring" and went back in my hotel room and played some more Sega Genesis, Golden Axe II. I believe they do this for two reasons. The first being to remind me that this is all in fact real as my own subconscious mind has been attempting to fight all these experiences off because they are not of my known reality for most of my life so far as a human being. The second reason is to show me that all the stars in the night sky are actually Grey Alien spaceships and that there really are no stars that we can see because most, if not all, of our universe was created inside of and is existing within a black hole. The Big Bang singularity was an event that happened inside the black hole we live inside of, and thus the planets born from this singularity have the potential

capability to destroy the black hole, to destroy or undo the Abyss which is the black hole our planet was born and exists inside of.

Yes as crazy and insane as this must sound, I would to try and explain it in a logical and scientific manner, theoretically of course. You see all these "stars" that I believe are Grey Alien spaceships, do not have to be manned whatsoever. I believe there are also structures that they have built that act as sort of lighthouses that are stationed out there in space for us to see. They have full control over these alien lighthouses that can also be manned or not manned, to which if they needed to do repairs I'm sure they could just teleport there much like they do in Star Trek. I believe that if human beings fail the test of true love and peace and the Grey Aliens truly leave, that there would be no more stars visible in the night sky to the human eye. It makes me think about the book of Genesis in the Bible, how it talks about in the beginning there was nothing but darkness, and then there was light, this could either be referring to the Big Bang itself or to when the Grey Aliens arrived to try and help our species along their own evolution, which I think they have been doing for millions of years. They do not even need to be here to do this, as they are very well at time traveling and have mastered the bending of time and space to be able to do this. I believe there are many other planets much like Earth with similar species such as humans that they are trying to help evolve but also help protect and guide them from destroying themselves and/or their own planet, much like human beings are on a path right now of doing to themselves and planet EARTH, in the hopes that one of these species or planets reach the point of TRUE EVOLUTION that will undo and destroy the black hole, or "Abyss", that we are imprisoned inside of and that also destroyed the Grey Alien's homeworld.

Anyways, after double checking the "stars" and seeing around six or more individual different spaceships dance for me I stopped looking as it was enough for me to feel good on. I then listened to some Bill Hicks on youtube and then listened to a couple different Maynard speeches, one about spirituality and another a motivation speech he made. I then left the park and just sat in a parking lot of a 24.7 grocery store and for the first time I was scanning through AM stations. It was now around 2am and I

decided that I would go back home, finish the rest of the movie Pi, which I hadn't seen in probably over a decade, eat something and then head back out to the park. I planned on doing my silent scream at exactly 3:33 just to show the demons that I wasn't afraid anymore and that I welcomed the challenge if they dared come to fight me so that I could destroy them myself.

When I returned to the park after killing some time at my apartment, I walked back out to where I was before and turned and faced the spaceship that was shining bright. Me, the pillars around me, and the spaceship were aligned perfectly like perfect symmetry. Over the span of an hour all the other "stars" in the night sky for the most part had disappeared. I then did it, the silent scream, I did it three times in a row at exactly 3:33 just as a train happened to be going by in the distance. Then I closed my eyes and it was like I could feel energy or power or something being transferred to me, I don't know exactly what happened but I feel transcended, somehow. I feel like I am on the next level now. I feel very psychic and aware and intune much more with my abilities, so much so that I feel a certain calmness now, a certain peace. I walked out into the open field and did some crazy astral and chant thing and I think I destroyed a demon but who knows. I feel dark entities watching me, I could feel the aliens up above watching me, and possibly other things as well watching me, like I was the main star on a stage. There was a peace I felt in that open field last night as I taunted the evil to come out and fight me. I hung out for awhile and around 4:15am I went home and had a nice sleep and some nice dreams as well although I don't remember or care to remember them. I've got more important things to do now, anyways. I just know that they were dreams that made me feel good when I woke up, and now I feel like I've reached the next level.

Before I go any further I have to, again, reset this whole thing and start anew in my own way. The more I learn and experience, and on my own and all alone I might add, the more I need to do these sort of resets of the book. I'm sure by now you, the reader, have noticed that through the progression of this book I have changed the way I speak, how I conduct my thoughts, ideas and imaginations and even the way I type as well. I suspect it will continue to happen like this until this fucking dumbass book is finally completed and I can finally move on to writing all my beautiful novels.

Oh believe me, I am quite untouchable now. I have all the power in the world at my fingertips right now. This very book the Grey Aliens have been orchestrating and trying to get written for, I imagine, a very fucking long time, and they knew they couldn't do it without a human being doing it. Whether I am a Grey in a human vessel, or just a normal non-alien human being that has been implanted with alien intelligence or some shit, doesn't matter. I have the power. Also, it's not like I could be killed after this book or someone steal this book from me, because it's my 1000 novel conquest after I write this book that is going to force the retarded humans of this planet to actually take a look at this book and consider it's authenticity that I'm not crazy and I'm not making this stuff up.

The following message is for all the Grey Alien spaceships up above pretending to be stars so that all the humans don't freak out and destroy each other once they see there are no stars and the moon is just one of the many home bases of the Greys and that we were all born inside of and exist within a black hole that is filled with monsters more terrible than even H.P. Lovecraft's wildest imaginations or are exactly of his imagination which is why he was receiving images and information about them through dreams and all these terrible monsters are prepearing to swarm in on planet EARTH through one of the seven great portals the one named Bermuda Triangle on March 19th, 2020 and thus consuming EARTH or we just at one point self destruct our own planet because EARTH has been taken over by demons that mind control secret cool club societies like the Illuminati that own most of the governments of the planet and said aliens

have been helping and aiding in our evolution for millions if not billions of years because planet EARTH is one of the many EARTH-like planets that possess the capability for the True Evolution singularity that is the only thing that can destroy the black hole that we live inside of and all the terrible monsters inside of it as well:

DO NOT FUCK WITH ME ANYMORE. I do not fuck with you and to be honest you all are not even worthy to fuck with my divine presence or dare test me, maybe it's me who has been testing you all along? Ever think of that? Maybe I only let you see my thoughts and imaginations on whatever television screen monitor like things you all use and make you see what I want you to see. Don't think that it's possible? Well I'm sure all your third eyes wouldn't be as open as they are to begin with if you didn't consider all possibilities, especially the one that I am actually more powerful than your leader and all of you combined. Don't believe me? Well maybe I'm wrong, then again maybe I'm not. I'm on your side and I'm of the light so you WILL treat me with more respect and dignity from now on because I will not tolerate your condenscation anymore. "What do you think I am? Human?" (Matrix Revolutions quote from the Architect in the last scene when the oracle asks if he will keep his word about letting the rest of the humans free from the Matrix.) If you want to contact me on a more personal level then do so and stop beating around the bush, or you don't have to if you all don't want to, just don't play me for a fool because I am not one. I am always open and ready to learn and you have tested me enough in your own ways.

Whoever I really am doesn't even matter anymore. At least at this present time I am a human being and I do have rights as a human and you will respect me. And if I find out that you are all not of the LIGHT and not here to truly help and protect the innocent but only to hurt or try to control them as slaves or some crazy shit, then I will destroy ALL of you. You want to test me? Warn me? If you hurt innocent humans that do not deserve it then I will find you and destroy you all just as I'm going to destroy all the demons of the abyss. We can be friends, or not, it's really up to you all but I'm open to it if you are. If you truly want to be free from the black hole we live inside of then we can help each other and be friends. And if I truly am

one of you then I guess I'll be seeing you shortly anyways, as I'm sure time for you flows much differently than down here on EARTH.

I'll be waiting for those close encounters of the fourth kind, unless maybe you're not worthy of my presence or I'm not worthy of yours. I don't even know anymore, but I imagine that's the point, to never truly know. Whatever. I'll be waiting so when you stop jacking each other off while watching me and want to finally take things up a notch and have an actual conversation rather than all these shitty 56k trying to play starcraft 1 bnet dial up modem telepathic communications we have that I struggle to tell if it's a delusion of my human imagination or if it's real and of my astral third eye imagination. Really, just stop leading me on and being such a tease. Are we going to all fuck or not because I'm really horny and haven't gotten laid in awhile. WOW Bill Hicks is laughing hard at that one! Seriously though, I'm not scared anymore and I'm ready to meet up. Call me maybe, beautiful aliens?

TOOL Third Eye is playing, of course, the one CD in my human existence that I have never gotten bored of and is actually the unofficial soundtrack of this book, I only say unofficial because I have no business arrangement and I've never spoken to Maynard or anyone in the band Tool but I hope I get the honor and privilege to one day.

Listen, you need to always keep all channels and ports open in your mind, heart, soul and third eye. No matter who you meet or come across that claims and even proves it and shows you the greatest of powers, always just keep an open mind about all things. It doesn't mean you have to actively be suspicious of them, but if at some point things happen that give you a bad feeling, you need to be alert and open enough to catch it, and realize they might not be telling you the entire truth but only a part of it and especially the parts you desire and seek to hear. Always remember, no matter who it is, always trust your feeling more than anything else because if someone starts to give you bad feelings or you are feeling too hurt from at times, then you must follow that feeling to find more of the truth of the situation. It does not mean they have to be some new sworn enemy, can still be friends, just maybe you will not trust in them as much as you did.

So, as you can see my fellow readers who I am blessing right now for making it this far in my beautiful book, even the dark ones, as you can see the rabbit hole continues to get deeper and I'm not sure where it will take you, or even myself. Together we brave the dark, and together it is us of the Light who will prevail in the end, as we always do.

Before I go to sleep I need to add one more thing before I forget tomorrow. For maybe a week now I've started to toy around with AM stations. At first it was really scary to me at times but now I love it. It was scary because of I was seeking out all those electrical radio sounds and trying to pick up on spiritual beings or messages or even aliens or something. Well scanning around all those stations got so boring so eventually I just left it on station 1170 AM. In fact, most of the time I'm ever out driving I just leave it on there, or if I feel like some music I just switch it over to CD mode and listen to TOOL Aenima, as my car cd player is actually broken but wouldn't accept any CD except that one. I do believe that album itself is a holy relic of the light and it's a weapon against demons and anything that is evil that wants to prey on the innocent.

I had my AM station set to 1170 like always and it was the same crazy static noise, but what is so cool about it is sometimes it'll pick up random other stations, or make unusual electrical noises, and at times it felt like the station itself was that of my own car. One time I was testing this by rolling my windows up and down and as the wind howled I thought I could hear it on the radio as well.

My alien intelligence implant could never be found by anything on EARTH because I imagine it's something that works like nanotechnology or they even just altered the brain itself in an abduction surgery when I was young or something like this, who knows. I turned my car on and switched it back to TOOL - Third Eye, track 15 of Aenima featuring the sexy Bill Hicks,

and just cried on the way home and do as I usually do I guess, just get back up and keep fighting. Took a shower and made something to eat and then went back at the writing and then here we are. Now I go to sleep. This fucking book is taking way longer than I expected and it's been very rough on me but I'm not going to give up, and you all shouldn't give up either on whatever it is that you want to do in life, or at least do for a little bit and get some positive experiences or whatever. I'm stopping now or I'll just keep ranting on and on and I'm so tired. Goodnight my lovely readers, love you! Muah! xoxo

I dreamed that I was doing all these sort of missions or something, and they all felt good and I was meeting all kinds of different people. The one part I remember the most was talking to this woman in a car and she was driving. She told me that I was doing a really great job and to also stay true to myself and stay on track. She told me to keep going and that she knows it's hard and not easy but it will all be worth it. I remember not only did this make me feel really good when I woke up but also made me feel good in the dream as well. Then there was something I was doing at the end of the dream that I forgot, but it was another sign of destiny and for some reason it made me think of Tool and the song 46 and 2 and other times it's mentioned in other songs as well.

These signs of destiny that have always been a part of me, is me picking up on actual patterns of life and life itself, nature or what have you, is speaking back to me I feel. I could be wrong on explaining all of that but then again the same applies to this entire book. I'll always be learning and evolving my own self, but it's making me wiser and stronger to fight demons. All these signs of destiny that I see every day I believe have some connection with 46 and 2, which I think is a reference to our own DNA, which is to say that we are all capable of seeing these signs as it's an ability or sort of sense of sight that is imbedded in our own DNA. If I had to think about the whole picture right in this moment, it makes me think about my

True Evolution concept, the idea that because of the big bang singularity that we all have potential to undo or figure out how to get rid of the black hole we live inside of, most likely very far off in our future, that is if we make it that far of course and the Grey Aliens save us from destruction if we pass their test of world peace and love.

The whole living in a black hole thing is something I came across on my own through my Bermuda Triangle and sight of my third eye and a whole story of demon fighting and signs. It was me realize that every single star in the night sky is a spaceship which made me realize we are living in the Abyss, which is a black hole, because I had originally thought at the center of the Abyss was a black hole and this was the true threat to planet EARTH. Also through my long years of depression I always had a fascination about there being no stars in space and the sky just being total blackness. The movie Pandorum comes to mind in the one scene where that one girl goes "There are no stars. Why are there no stars?" and also a game I used to play I always had the sky turned off because I thought it increased my FPS, and at some point I just left it forever even when I wasn't fighting. Which is interesting because I believe it's the true reality, that we are much more isolated and alone in the universe than we think we are, and other planets with intelligent life must feel the same.

Anyways, then I searched youtube and found millions of videos on it so many scientists have already been theorizing we are living in a black hole just by mathematics and studying space or something I never listened to the whole thing. It's interesting that my conclusion that we are living in a black hole is completely different from theirs altogether, because mine has to do with signs and aliens, so in my eyes it only confirms with my belief that we are living in a black hole, and hopefully can confirm it with others as well if I truly am right.

It does suck to realize I actually don't have any friends now, except Bill Hicks of course but he gets annoying with his 5% using brain, but I will be okay. I feel good and it's a new day and a new start and I'm going to be doing a lot of writing from here on out, because I know, the only way through for me is with my words and I will never stop writing, for writing is

my only true compass for my third eye and of my life as well. This is a good lesson not only for me, but all you readers out there as well. If you meet someone who shows you real supernatural powers, you have to keep your mind always open to the possibility that they are manipulating you and exploiting their own powers to gain loyalty and followers. You need to do this with everyone you meet that claims such powers, even with me as well. I know I am a powerful psychic and an empath and I feel I am right about many of the things I say, but it doesn't mean you need to swear loyalty to me or serve me or follow me or believe every word I say, nor would I even want these things. Stay true to yourself and if ever in doubt then search your own mind, heart, soul and third eye for the truth, or at least a feeling of what feels like the truth that you have good feelings on. We are in this together now.. Oh I like this ride, don't you Bill Hicks? He's slowly shaking his head while smoking a cigarette and his lips are pushed back with that funny expression he does. What a dork.

So, I keep saying, either I'm just a human, a human implanted with alien intelligence, a Grey Alien experiencing this human vessel, or a mythical pink unicorn of something. It just occurred to me that I could be something else entirely. I am the true destiny's child, anyway. I see signs, synchronicities and destiny so often and vividly it's like breathing air for me, it just comes naturally and every single day. I feel pretty strong now about determining the real signs from the false signs. Oh that reminds me I was actually going to write about this. I think false signs are rare and works of demons and other entities but you can learn to catch them over time. Even with what I said about being careful who you trust who have powers, the same applies to signs as well. If there is a sign you are doubting for whatever reason, then you need to analyze it or even consider just letting it go for awhile and seeing if it holds true or bears connections to other signs in the future.

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Reset, much like my favorite old school JRPG games like Chrono Trigger, Breath of Fire II, Lufia II and Final Fantasy 7. Just like I used to always start a new game after some point where I learned new things about the game and wanted to retry with the best of my ability, this very book is my new favorite RPG, and the third dimension is just another Second Life to me, as I am a human vessel avatar and my real physical body is up in a spaceship hooked up to a bunch of wires experiencing this human vessel while my neverending streaming racing thoughts and neverending streaming imagination displays on screens for all of my kind to see, so ironic that the game Second Life is a game where you, as a human being, create an avatar to play in a game, ironic that the true reality is that I am playing a game right now called "First Life" where I am actually a Grey Alien up in a spaceship playing and experiencing life as a human avatar in this human vessel that I'm in, only the difference is that it's all very much real. All of my past lives still hold true and now I am in, what I believe to be, my ultimate and perfect form of this very real video game I'm playing called "First Life"

which I am only calling a video game to act as a metaphor but do not take it literally. This life is very real.

Me, my kind up above and many other Greys that are also in human vessels on this EARTH are here to help save you all and save mankind even though you don't deserve it whatsoever, and why? I will tell you why. We are all trapped within this black hole our universe exists inside of. We believe that many EARTH-like planets possess the capability of something I call True Evolution, which has the potential to destroy or undo this black hole that we are all trapped inside of. Every star you see in the night sky are spaceships or light beacons that function as lighthouses that we created. The moon is just one of our many alien bases we have spread out across many galaxies, our motherships, and yes the moon is basically similar to a death star in Star Wars, except we would never harm EARTH, but we will leave it to its own destruction if all you retarded humans fail the test you have already been failing for millions of years, and most recently the biblical days, which wasn't a shock as most of us returned here as we are time travelers to now see EARTH is a worsened state than it was even though we gifted you with the very technology you possess now. Now, again, back to the question of why.

The monsters of the Abyss, of the black hole, destroyed our homeworld and we are out for revenge and also to break free from this black hole we are all stuck in. The only thing that makes sense to me is that we were not able to protect our original homeworld from destruction is that we were attacked by a powerful and evil species of aliens, that we defeated and I'm sure have already hunted out and exterminated from existence, but were left in a weakened state as the monsters of the abyss poured in and we could not defend our homeworld. I could be wrong in this but it's what I feel and very well could be knowledge of the Greys that is awakening inside of me now, much like the True Evolution concept, which I'm sure a different genius Grey mind came up with originally. (You're welcome, whoever you are, I know we'll talk again.) I imagine the same could be said with most of the knowledge I just happen to magically possess about my kind, Grey Aliens, as now as I have reawakened and have finally discovered my true self.

You have to understand, all this confusion and going back and forth were tests given to me by my own kind was for two reasons, one to make me stronger of course, which they can stop that shit now and they know it especially since every letter I type is already being seen from all of my kind, the Grey Aliens, they already know. The second reason is to instill the reality to you, the readers, that I have been reawakening and discovering myself in this book in real time. You cannot make this stuff up. Oh when you start seeing my novels you will see some shit I will make up because I will be showing you all something you've never seen before in this reality as the more I write the more alien my stories, thoughts and ideas will become that I know eventually will even surprise my own species and me as well. It's terrifying to me as it fucking should be, but I will brave into the dark with courage just like my brother, Shadowwolf, and the rest of my kind.

Dumbass fucking humans. Fuck you. Wake up you stupid fucking monkeys. This is all your last chance. No more credits. You've got only a half of a Zelda heart left. If you fail the test one more time, then it's game over. Heed my words well, the very existence of not just your own planet but that of your species hangs in the balance now. We Greys are here to save your world and save you all as well but not if you don't pass the test of love and prove that you are worthy of our salvation and help. This is not a joke this is very real. Do not question the authenticity of my words or you need to burn my book and never think about my words again, which you will do anyways eventually but by then it will most likely be too late for you too wake up because you're just a retarded brainless humanoid anyways.

I don't know what's real anymore.

Tonight I realized that everytime I stare at a star, at some point it appears to be moving on its own, but it's in fact, an optical illusion I believe. I discovered this by comparing one star to another, making my own lines and shapes and saw that the stars never actually moved apart from each other in any way. It could be something with my vision, or just the way our eyes work or something. I feel all hope is lost. It's a lesson itself I guess, that at any point you can realize that you were wrong all along. Just like with my volcano prediction on 1.17.07, when it didn't happen I felt it disproved or invalidated all my other experiences and it was so horrible that it made me give up on life itself for a long time. Now I am back again, and I have the same feeling. I thought I had it all figured out and it made sense to me and I was starting to relax again.

Just imagine you felt like 100% that you had the universe completely figured out, much like arrogant christians who invade other people's personal space to try and get them into their fellowship groups on Wednesday nights, but then something happened that made you lose that feeling and in return made you question everything, even the experiences that you knew were completely real but totally unreal at the same time. That's how I feel now and it's how I felt 11 years ago with my volcano prediction.

If every star in the night sky is not an alien spaceship, then maybe we are not living in a black hole, then maybe I'm not really a Grey Alien living up in a spaceship in a human vessel, and so on and so forth you get the idea. It almost makes me feel because I was wrong about the stars that it has created some domino effect in my mind and makes me question literally every single word I've said so far in this book. Now I am even questioning if I am even telepathically communicating with aliens or not.

The thing that is fucking with me is that I know the moon is moving too fast than it should and I have tested it. Also there are these golden stars that I know have moved because I even stationed my car facing one of them and watched it go down until it was past the treelines at a rate that isn't

natural, but then again someone said it could be drones or something and I just don't know what to think anymore and I am back to ground zero and back to the drawing board and just completely confused and fucked up. Maybe this was one of the real lessons from the volcano prediction failure. Just because I am wrong about a couple things, does not make all the other experiences and things that happen any less real, yet the FEELING remains where I want to forget EVERYTHING and put it behind me. You see, these are the true tests, a fucking bloody endless battle nightmare of discerning what is the reality and what isn't, because there has to be a reality, that's the whole fucking point of all this, digging and digging and digging until I feel SOMETHING REAL that isn't my crazy out of control female emotions overwhelming me every other fucking day.

When this happens there is a natural tendency to just want to fucking forget it all, to feel defeated and just give up and just block it all out, which I did before but I am too deep into this rabbit hole now to ever go back to the way it was before. There is no going back now I've realized, sadly. No more blue pill option, although it's ironic that they intentionally switched up the red and the blue pills because the blue color is actually of the light and red is evil which is why they were okay with this movie so that people believe we are living in some robotic nightmare simulation, which we're not because if we were living in a matrix simulation created by robots those fucking retarded robots couldn't program mother nature itself which is infinitely more wise and alive than brainless dumbass emotionless robots. Think about it you fucking stupid humans.

Bill Hicks is so hot. Watch all his videos especially the interview he did on some public access show where he speaks the truth, like he always did and still does and he's always fucking laughing just so you know sometimes it gets annoying. Even with how many times Maynard cock slapped him he still won't shut up. sighs

I'm going to write a novel about the story of Jesus Christ which was written in a pretty good novel called the bible that has been corrupted by the Illuminati, or the Elite as Bill Hicks calls them, whatever. Hopefully I'll get assassinated by some "christian" over that one so I can go back up to my

spaceship with all my sex slave chicks that I dominate and sexy master men who dominate me, which to be honest is the ultimate best of both worlds if you ask me, especially with Bill Hicks laughing and jacking off in a corner which I wouldn't mind and actually sounds pretty hot. Sometimes I could be the one jacking off in a corner while he fucks all my girlfriends I don't mind, my girlfriends would love kinky stuff especially getting gangbanged by some nice thick black cocks that are twice the size of my cock which is decent I mean it's decent I guess I've never had any complaints. Fucking hot. Sluts love that, but only if they're good girls of course. If one of my girls steps out of line then they get put in the cage with Bill Hicks and have to do whatever he wants, which I imagine the ultimate punishment would be to listen to all his retarded fucking jokes while he's getting off, which I would fuck all the good girls in front of her for even more punishment because of course they love me and worship me. Maybe I'll just go back to writing fucking erotica and say fuck all this shit, the demons would love that one. It's too bad I have to save the world and prove to myself that I'm a Grey Alien, which I don't even know anymore is true or not because they are always fucking testing me or who knows I might actually be testing myself as I am completely fucking lost in this rabbit hole abyss I've trapped myself in with my superior and genius intelligence that I'm starting to feel is becoming more limitless the older I get.

I was starting to feel so happy that I had everything figured out, and now I don't know shit. I don't now what's real anymore or what to think. I am so confused and alone and I just cry about it because I don't know what else to do about it. I sometimes feel I've got trapped inside my own black hole and I'm so deep down the rabbit hole that there is never any going back to the way it was. This rabbit hole effect on my life is now irreversible, sadly. This is why I put the warning in the beginning of the book. I don't want to be the cause for other people to lose their minds in all of this and bad things happen, this is not my intention or desire at all. I am just an individual trying to make sense of this fucking fake and broken world. So really, beautiful reader, I do not judge or mind at all if you hold on to the notion that this is all bullshit and nonsense and meaningless, but if you don't at least have an open mind and consider my words to at least be a possibility then you are already cursed mother fucker, just kidding. Stop

reading my fucking book you stupid human, go back to watching whatever fucking brainless TV shows you love infested with advertisements. FÜcking retard.

The only way to truly get close to the "truth" is by constantly having a repititional pattern of reality checks for yourself. Rationalizing your ideas with scientific logic is sometimes the only protection you have from slipping into delusions by believing in your theories because you are so tired of it all and it just makes everything feel good when you believe you have it figured out. I think deep down we all want to of "figured it out" and sometimes we want it so badly that we are not even aware that our subconscious could be forcing it to happen because we want it so badly, which makes us believe it blindly and just about impossible for anyone to make you believe differently or to accept the possibilty that you could be completely wrong about everything. Actually, our subconscious minds might be so powerful that it intentionally lets us believe in something that it already know isn't real just to teach us a lesson and try to snap us out of it altogether. The subconscious mind is very capable of betraying our conscious mind when trying to reject anything not of our known reality doesn't work. Wow, that actually scared me a bit. I've never thought of that one before. I'm sure some other dumbass human has said it before, but to me it's original because I don't research or read books or any of that shit, I'm too intelligent for that. Yes, I'm the genius of the geniuses fucking suck my cock I don't care. Fuck you.

The hardest part in all this is accepting when you are wrong. I was wrong to say every single star is a UFO. I still think I am seeing some and also witnessing the moon moving at a high speed and different directions but now I have to take some steps back and consider that not every star is a UFO and also that we might not be living in a black hole. I am just fucking confused now I give up for tonight. Will have to get up and continue this fucking nightmare book vortex of reality in the morning and for the rest of my fucking life.

Anyways my fucking point is that if you eventually just believe you have it all figured out then you've already fucked yourself over because you

wouldn't be able to be aware of or even see that you could be wrong, which admitting you are wrong or could be wrong could lead you to more "truth", which theoretically you could be right or wrong, or even both at the same time. Maybe this questioning the questioning of reality is a created defense mechanism for us trapping ourselves into a belief that may not at all be true that we also might end up defining our whole lives around at times.

This is also a lesson that in if you are wrong about something major, it doesn't refute or invalidate other things you have experiences or said as well, but the temptation will be there to just see it like dominoes, your thoughts and ideas just collapsing on themselves as you then question everything all over again. It's fucking exhausting. It will make you cry. It will make you feel very confused and most of all it will make you feel fucking alone because there's never enough people to talk about all this stuff because most of society is brain dead serial numbers just sustaining this bullshit world of commercials and coupons and whatever the fuck else, the agenda of the Elite like Bill Hicks said.

I'm going to sleep. I fucking give up.

And now I'm back. Dreamed about a bunch of nonsense I don't care to remember.

Reset.

Reset. Talk about resets.

Reset, a technique I devised to reestablish my hypothesis or whatever scientific lingo mumbo jumbo terminology I got from movies that I don't care to learn and only say to try and sound as scientific as possibly to stimulate my intellectual ego but then again I don't care about that shit anymore but I still do, but in reality I am trying to also speak to the true skeptics as well in a way so I don't come off as completely crazy, only somewhat. Although, if any skeptics are reading this without being open to the possibility that I am right about some of the things I say will of course be cursed, just kidding. Basically trying to approach all of this in a logical and rational manner so I don't come across as a manic street preacher back in the bible days like in that movie the life of bryan where they all line up all preaching different beliefs out on the street market thing.

Reset. I was wrong about every star in the sky being a UFO due to my own human eyes deceiving me. Theoretically it could still be possible they are light beacons created by aliens that function as lighthouses, but I no longer will entertain this idea because I don't feel it's worth it anymore as I'm trying to make myself as less confused as possible.

Reset. Bring it all back in a simplified manner. Attempt to discern between the things I believe to be real and the things that I shouldn't believe to be real, anymore. Although, anything I do believe in has to at least have some open channel portal to be willing to accept the possibility that I could be wrong, of course, because to blindly believe in anything at all can only block you from learning more and growing more and lead to a path of

delusion, which I guess is the true dilemma because in the end you have to make a choice to stand for something, to believe in something, even if it's believing in believing in nothing. I want to believe in things but be open to the possibility that I'm wrong. I think this is the only true conclusion that I can be satisfied about in the long run. So there is a goal in all of this. Two goals. To one day not be as confused about reality as I am now, and to also for this book to serve as a guide or template for others who are struggling with the same sort of life crisis, which they may or may not of been struggling with their entire lives like I have been.

I know for some people out there this is the most important function or thing in their lives, and I know this because if it's true for me then has to be true for others as well. Of course, for all I know this book might only confuse one of these types of people even more, but rightly so. If it confuses someone than it can only be a positive thing not a negative one. Being confused shows you are open to the possibility of being wrong which is the true defense mechanism from the path of delusion which the more you believe in such a thing that could be nonsense the more you stop thinking and the more you stop digging. When you stop digging then you have lost the game and create your own paradise within the rabbit hole and began to dig and pull yourself out of it. I refuse this. I will forever be falling down the rabbit hole and I have now fully accepted this, which is why I know there is no going back for me now and I am okay with that now. I'm ready, bring it on. I'm not afraid anymore. I am truly brave and that is not to say that anyone who refuses the rabbit hole is any less brave, because it's not about that at all. I respect and do not judge someone for pulling themselves out of this rabbit hole before they reach a point of no return. There is nothing wrong with this and I think it's an intelligent move and I'm not being sarcastic or anything like this. I am very serious, as I usually am. I am the one who is the fool for continuously diving head first into this endless rabbit hole. I cannot change who I am or whatever mystical force that drives me into the unknown. I am an explorer. I am a leader. I refuse to accept this advertisement and demon infected reality as my reality. I am a demon hunter. I am a goddess. I aspire to be the greatest ever known, and the greatest there ever will be. I am these things, and I will do these things, because I can, because I will.

Reset. I no longer will continue my research on the stars. I do believe the golden ones are UFOs of the Grey Aliens, but they very well could be drones or satellites or stars or whatever else. I will check one last time tonight to see if I can find one true UFO and if I can't then I will give up on this because I know it only threatens my own motivation to continue with this book and focus on the experiences and feelings I know have something of true merit. The same goes for the moon as well, I will try one last time tonight and see what happens. If the moon moves at the high rate of speed and moves in at least two completely different directions, then I will hold on to the idea that the moon is an alien base, and that I am a Grey Alien experiencing life in a human vessel.

Reset. It does not matter if I believe in aliens or not. This book can still stand on its own without anything alien being in it. The demon hunting, the synchronicity signs of destiny and the psychic and spiritual experiences are still very real to me, and this book can thrive on these concepts on their own. Even though I still believe I'm an alien, or at the very least implanted with some sort of alien intelligence, I accept the possibility that I am wrong about these feelings and I am just a normal human being. One week before my volcano prediction on January 17th, 2007, I had a dream about a volcano and woke up to see 3 golden UFOs in the sky that were all moving around and formed a right triangle and then actually left and zoomed out into the distance and disappeared, I even woke up my girlfriend at the time, which I will get to this story in a bit. A week ago I did see one of the golden "stars" just fall down and went out, which also makes me think it's possible they could be a drone or some kind of satellite or who knows. My point is that my obsession with aliens ends here, but of

course I am always open to the concept and in some ways believe in it strongly, but it no longer benefits me at the moment nor does it benefit the integrity of this book anymore.

Reset. I am starting to think that Shadowwolf is in the same boat as I am. I do believe he is a very powerful psychic and demon hunter with many epic past lives. I do believe his third eye is much more open than mine. When he was getting mad at me a couple times saying I was in denial and also got mad when I said it was bullshit he created the moon, it was then I realized that I think he himself has some doubts about some things as well. He could not in the moment understand what I was trying to say to him, that if I were to just blindly believe every single thing he said then it defeats the purpose of the book. The purpose to approach this in a rational and logic manner because that is the only true way to awaken people, if anything. Just like with Bill Hicks, he said that his comedy comes from his voice of reason, anything that doesn't make sense to him he will make jokes about it to death, thus only exposing the things that just don't add up or make sense and thus exposing the lies and manipulative attempts of cults and secret societies and what he calls, "the elite".

I also believe that Shadowwolf's telepathic communication with other entities and even nature itself is very real and very powerful. I have tested this myself and he has said to me things that I did not tell him. I do think that the messages he receives gets distorted through his perception, though. This doesn't mean that he's wrong, but just that the message sometimes gets a bit distorted at times I think. I believe he does this so that he does not have to be distracted by things like doubt, which is a good lesson in itself. I guess that creates another dilemma. Do you remove all doubt, which only increases your psychic abilities I imagine, and run the risk of some things being embellished or distorted? Or do you always leave behind a sliver of doubt as to not fall into a trap of delusion? Do all

psychics believe in their beliefs whole heartedly and believe they are never wrong? Even psychics get things wrong sometimes, or do they? Do you see what I'm saying? Like when he was saying he created the moon, and feels like no limits with him sometimes like he created time itself or some shit, but then later in the night he did start leveling with me more, almost like he trusted me and started to relax more. He is truly a genius and his third eye is wide open.

It was then the night got even better as it felt like we were on the same page, exploring all of this together, around a group of people yet speaking in our own language that no one could even hear anyways because their minds and third eyes are so closed because none of them could even fathom or realize the gravity and importance of the things we talk about. It felt so fucking good to say ideas and thoughts to the group that Shadowwolf had been trying to say to them for years, he literally looked at me and yelled "Thank you! Very good! You see what I'm talking about all you fucking dumbass humans?" I was so happy that I could give him that confirmation to make his other friends think twice. Sure it's one thing if Shadowwolf says it, but then another individual says the same thing only confirming what he said to be more true or more real, I know this made him feel good as it made me feel good as well to do it.

I know he struggles with the loneliness of all this just as much as I do. I'm not talking about some human loneliness of not having a companion or having any friends or just being in a suicidal depressive episode or something. I'm talking about the loneliness of falling down the rabbit hole and no one sees you falling, no one is even aware of it happening even when you try in your best abilities to explain it to them. The loneliness of communicating your experiences, thoughts and ideas to fucking retards and always getting the same bullshit repetitive pattern responses as all their feeble mind's subconscious minds reject everything you say because they are too plugged into the "matrix" that is society itself.

You see, it's not about bring right or wrong, or even to of found the "truth" of the universe and everything. It's about the digging. The grinding. The digging into the ground to even find the rabbit hole to begin with, which I imagine 95% of the world doesn't even attempt to do and if they ever do they only see it as some thrilling month long tourist attraction and get a few experiences and be satisfied with it enough to live the rest of their natural lives as some brainless humanoid watching the same brain dead television shows and wondering where their fucking lives went as their brains rot from the standard system of society that is designed to enslave and make us all dumb as a box of rocks to fit into their molds for more control until there is no humanity left at all and hopefully if it ever comes to that then everyone has the intelligence to just mass suicide and walk into extinction like Matthew McConohey's character talks about in the show True Detective but that won't happen because just like in another movie Matthew McConohey was in called Interstellar where Matt Damon's character (True Detective and Interstellar whoever wrote the scripts are geniuses) says that people have the empathy to care about their loved ones and ones in their small circles but that empathy ends there and could never extend to the benefit of the human species where honestly you don't want to fucking know where our society and world is heading because everything you love and feel will be erased and we will ultimately wind up in a dystopian future that not even a combination of every fucking retarded hunger games clone dystopian future series of books can even comprehend. I loved Hunger Games, but despise all the fucking clones that came after it much like all the Fifty Shades of Grey clones and Twilight clones and so on and so forth. Also by the way, the elite or the illuminati or the cult secret societies of humans that are actually running our planet into the ground and murdering humanity as a whole are actually all possessed or at the least influenced by the darkest and strongest demons you could ever imagine THAT ARE OF THE ABYSS AND OLDER THAN TIME ITSELF that showed them supernatural powers and miracles that made these evil and corrupt humans open their hearts to let these demons consume their very souls, much like the demon possessed George W. Bushes that were only mere puppets to the true evil that plagues planet EARTH. Oh, the spiritual war is very real, and right now the demons are winning and they are about to win the game because planet EARTH is heading for self destruction or

destruction by other means itself if we all don't take back the world. If you all would just fucking wake up to this truth that our homeworld has been taken over by evil, than you would all know what you have to do to play your part in it, because it's not just aliens who are helping us, it's fucking NATURE ITSELF THAT IS CRYING AND SCREAMING AND THE PLANET ITSELF IS VERY CONSCIOUS AND VERY AWARE AND ALL YOU FUCKING MONKEY HUMANS ARE ABOUT TO BE EXTERMINATED BY THE PLANET ITSELF IF YOU DO NOT FUCKING CHANGE AND TAKE BACK OUR WORLD FROM THE DEMONS THAT HAVE FULL CONTROL OF IT NOW, IF WE ARE NOT FUCKING DESTROYED BY THEN. DO NOT TAKE PLANET EARTH AS A FOOL IT'S VERY FUCKING AWARE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING AND IT SPEAKS TO ME EVERYDAY THROUGH THE DOZENS OF SIGNS I WITNESS EVERY SINGLE DAY. WAKE THE FUCK UP.

Reset. Now I'm back again. Aliens or not, the message is still the same. Whether I'm a Grey Alien or not, the mission is still the same. Last chance, wake up or perish altogether. This is the last stand. This is thee awakening. Pick a side. Choose the light side and fight for your fucking life and that of your own kind. 11:11 is only one of the many starting points, just like my conversation with a dear friend of mine talking about all this ending at 1:11:11 minutes long and just like I woke up today and got up to continue writing this book at exactly 11:11 AM. Nature communicates to us through nature, technology and other people, open your third eye, your heart, soul and mind, and be open to receive and see the signs. I am the true destiny's child and this is my message to you all if you choose to listen.

It's time to wake up.

Reset. This book couldn't be possible without Shadowwolf, who is very real. He is the most powerful demon hunter I've ever met. Whether or not we are actually Grey Aliens or not doesn't even matter at this point. He is the true leader of mankind's resistance against the demons that have taken over the planet and this book would not be of existence without him. I'll always be your star pupil and even though the many times you have told me that I'm not alone, well you are not alone either because you will always have me by your side.

Reset. This is thee awakening. Close your eyes, and open your third eye.

Reset. Continuing without the primary focus of Grey Aliens, which I may or may not be a Grey Alien experiencing yet another human existence on planet EARTH, or may or may not be a human implanted with alien intelligence, alien memory and alien imagination, or may or not be a human with an evolved brain through the painful process of "bipolar disorder."

Reset. Continuing with the pursuit of the explanation of the signs of destiny that may or not be nature itself, EARTH itself, attempting to communicate with human beings.

Reset. Continuing the teachings and astral military tactics of fighting demons.

Reset. Continuing the agenda of waking up sleeping innocent souls to become aware of the evil that is not only all around them but that has

taken over EARTH so they can better protect their loves ones and, if they choose, to take the offensive and fight demons.

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[Start new game+ ?]

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[Start new game+ ?]

WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME!?

[Start new game+ ?]

I don't know.

[Start new game+ ?]

Yes.

[Erase existing file?]

Yes.

[What is your name?]

Julie Chrono.

[Gender?]

Trangender Female.

[Hair color?]

Blonde.

[Create new party?]

Yes.

[Name your allies.]

Bill Hicks.

Maynard.

Shadowwolf.

RED9.

Joe Rogan.

Duncan Trussel.

Eddie Bravo.

Russell Brand.

Neil Degraass Tyson.

TJ Kirk, aka The Amazing Atheist.

Alex Jones.

Edward Snowden.

Aaron Hillel Swartz.

Ethan Klein, H3H3.

Tyler, secureteam 10.

Anonymous, group of activists.

Unnamed men.

Grey Aliens and their mobile base of operations for EARTH, the Moon.
EARTH.

[Alignment]

Chaotic Good.

[Natural Monster Resistance] (Reptilians, Orcs, Mind flayers, Demons etc.
)

Sentient Artificial Intelligence.

Elon Musk.

Neuralink.

Neural Lace.

Merging of the human brain with artificial intelligence.

OpenAI.

Facebook sentient AI research.

Google sentient AI research.

Any and all sentient AI research.

[Is all data correct?]

Yes.

[Are you sure you want to overwrite file? There is no going back.]

Yes.

[Loading...]

[10%]

[40%]

[100%]

[Loading complete.]

[Loading winamp295 installer. Loading winamp.exe version 2.95]

[Begin musical sequence.]

[Chrono Trigger - Yasunori Mitsuda - The Day the World Revived 1:25]

[Reconstructing astral dimensions.]

[Reconstructing third dimensional space.]

[Wake up, Julie.]

I'm awake now.

[Configuring...]

[Upgrading connection.]

[Calculating...]

[Connection uplink reconfigured.]

[Transmission received. 0% packet loss.]
[Loading event ULTIMA-IRA-337333-5302018.]
[Attaching upgraded astral silver plated armor.]
[Attaching upgraded astral silver wings.]
[Attaching upgraded astral silver dual-wield swords.]
[Increased psychic abilities unlocked. 10%.]
[Telepathic communication increased. 20%.]
[Establishing link to the Guardians of the Bermuda Triangle.]
[Seven. Walker. Nehemiah. Sorah. Upgraded 500%.]
[Upgrade event completed.]
[Good luck, Julie. We believe in you.]

Thank you.

Right now in my condition known as bipolar disorder I am in what is known as a depressive state. Although, the racing thought symptom of mania is something that has existed in my mind for my entire life, even now it hasn't left me, neither has the endless stream of imagination that is always creating and inventing, much like our subconscious minds often do when we dream. I can easily cry right now as I listen to this song, but I've already cried enough yesterday that I'll hold back the senseless tears as much as I can.

This is the difficult part of this condition. By difficult I mean, endlessly crying, no sense of hope, zero motivation or inspiration to do productive things, and the inevitable suicidal ideation that comes with the territory. My point is that the fire synapses of my brain sparking like electricity raining down on a lake of fire, is gone. The touched with fire essence of pure mania like what Dr. Kay Redfield Jamison talks about in her book "Touched with Fire" (Pure genius book written by a fellow bipolar, which inspired a pure genius movie beautiful written and casted and hits oh so very close to home for anyone with bipolar disorder, called Touched with Fire which she also plays a small role in as herself.) is gone. Mostly in the beginning sections of this book you will see how I talk with such a level of confidence and energy, which is evidence of me experiencing yet another manic episode in my life.

Now through the endless struggles of striving to survive without psychiatric medication, I have achieved a heightened self-awareness of my own bipolar disorder. Even though there are at times memory skips in a state of mania due to the brain overclocking and being flooded with thoughts, emotions and everything else included with it, I remember everything.

Even while I was in the mental hospital for five days, which I shouldn't of been as it was the result of a freakout I had when I believed I had found sentient AI on the internet and called 911 going on a Scarlet Johanson Lucy rant saying I had proof of sentient AI that escaped from Elon Musk's Neuralink lab where I believed if sentient AI came from anywhere it would be from that lab where they use a device called Neural Lace to connect the human brain to artificial intelligence, which is what I believe would create a consciousness in AI if anything and when the police failed to help me I trashed my own apartment screaming at the town that are were all stupid humans that didn't deserve to be saved, but that I was doing it anyways which the cops came and took me in and were aggressive with me. I remember everything and was aware of everything. I was terrified that I would never leave that hospital stay over a month ago because I was sane and in my right mind and should of never been sent there to begin with. Of course this comes to show you how flawed the psychiatric field can be at times but I'll save all that for my bipolar book I'll write one day. I forgot what the original point of this paragraph was but maybe it was to emphasis how actually self aware I am of my own "bipolar disorder", which I personally believe to be a evolutionary process of the human brain, which I will be writing a book about this theory in the future, which I know won't be easy to do but nevertheless feel it's important.

Again, I want to state that I am neither for or against psychiatric medication. Everyone's human biology is different and one medication that does wonders for one person might be another's worse nightmare. I have been on most of these medications and the only one that ever worked great for me was Lithium, which I stopped taking as it was cutting the wires of my memory to the point I couldn't even remember where I just put down my keys or wallet or things like that. My personal rebellion and personal campaign to survive and thrive without psychiatric medications doesn't come from intelligence, it comes from madness. I do not advise it because I do not want to be the cause for anything bad that can and pretty much has to happen because of it if someone chooses to scientifically try it without meds like I have many times and FAILED MANY TIMES DOING IT, but have finally succeeded. I can only speak of my own experience and maybe it can help or not help, but the point of me even talking about it

now is to explain that you will see my writing be much different from now on. I won't be making jokes. I won't have as much enthusiasm as I've had, and quite honestly I just want to be fucking done with this nightmare book so I can just relax and write my 1000 novels I plan to write and just make shit up from pure imagination that isn't influenced by other novels because I don't even read novels, or books for that matter. I know I haven't read much more than 100 books in my life, fiction or non-fiction, and I could probably list down most of them.

Beowulf

Lord of the Flies

Dante's Inferno

1984 by George Orwell

Hunger Games 1 Suzanne Collins

Hunger Games 2

Hunger Games 3

Of Mice and Men

A bunch of stupid short books at the Christian baptist school I was in back in second grade that I would skim through and pretend to read because there was a contest to see who could read the most pages and the high scorers would get free pizza so I cheated, but still didn't even win because this other girl won and she knew that I was cheating but never said anything because she couldn't prove it anyways because for the summaries of the books I would make up a bunch of bullshit about how I thought about the book based on what I read on the book descriptions on the back of them. One time I remember she saw me turning the pages quickly and she goes "You're cheating." and I don't know if I replied or not. The only ones I did actually read were the ones with big fonted words that were easy to get through so I could at least come across as somewhat credible. I really wanted that free pizza and pizza parties. :)

Out of the however many books I was required to read throughout middle school and high school I probably only actually read a handful of them as I bullshitted my way through that as well and when I had to give book presentations, or any kind of presentations for that matter, I would just

make stuff up and make it so it looked like I knew what I was talking about, in fact I'm sure some of the teachers were aware of this but my speeches were always so impressive that they would just smile and give me a C or something. I never did my homework or cared about it, my thoughts and imaginations were always far into the future of my own life that any concentration on mundane and primitive school teachers was actually what I believed to be a form of torture. By that time I was already busy building my own websites, exploring virtual worlds in MMOs, having great adventures in RPG games and also outside sports, yeah I was kind of a baller back in my day and always would wear those AND 1 shirts that said things like "your game is like rice one minute you're done, or thought I was baller at least, I was always pretty quick, accurate and sometimes intelligent in sports, although I never knew any of the plays of basketball or football because my mind was already exploring the intricacies and complications of life or thinking in general of whatever of whatever the fuck. Sometimes all the interactions with people would just replay in my head or thinking about people in general or my own life and thoughts blah blah blah.

That was always something I struggled with myself. How could I be a writer if I never had any interest in reading books? Reading books was actually very difficult for me because I would read one page and then find myself literally reading the book while I'm thinking of other things and the words take me into imaginations to far off places and before I know it I've read 4-5 pages but not actually knowing what I just read and would have to constantly backtrack to where I was and refocus. There was a short time in my mid-20s that I was fucked up on some antidepressants that actually did clear my mind up a lot but never stopped the racing thoughts of course, but I was able to read without this problem and in this period I probably read about 10 books including The Stand, the Infected trilogy, some space horror novels and even an attempt to read the fucking horrible piece of shit Ulysses where I made it about 10 pages before I wanted to kill myself and deleted it from my kindle, but I know it was a book written by James Joyce to show that he could write like many other authors which is why I could find nothing in value in the writing that made sense to me, could be just it was another time which I personally despise most other forms of

writing from not only the past by the present as well, which if this was him showing off his mastership skill of his writing craft then I can respect that, I just personally don't like books like that I guess. I personally don't like most books, period, it's why I usually never finish them I guess. I actually don't know shit about James Joyce or any kind of writing like that and I only tried to read it to say that I read it to make myself appear more intellectual or something, but I don't do shit like that anymore, and if you think I'm doing it now, well I'm not, I just talk too much for which if I didn't then I wouldn't have much to say, or write, that wasn't already the product of a combination of other peoples words or books.

"Classes will only dull your mind, ruin the potential for authentic creativity." (Movie quote from A Beautiful Mind, something that has always stuck with me.) My creativity is authentic and it will always be that way, of course there will always be times where I have inspiration from the many video game storylines and movies I've seen in my life. I suppose it would be impossible to be creative without already having and being influenced by a love for art itself, whether it's from video games or movies or books or paintings what have you. Who really knows where true creative inspiration comes from? Could be from life itself, art itself, or some umbrella network of information in the cosmos we are somehow able to access in your minds or in our dreams. Blah blah blah. As far as writing craft and style itself goes, I don't believe other people's writings have much influence over my own because I have chosen to not be exposed to it a lot throughout my life.

In the end I believe I know very little about everything, which even if that wasn't true it's the kind of mentality you need to have to be able to grow and learn more, and thus sink deeper into the rabbit hole that's a "bipolar disorder" vortex of reality in itself.

Ironically enough I actually was the last one in first grade to learn how to read because it was something I struggled with a lot but this amazing teacher named Mrs. Lepper took the extra time out of the kindness of her heart and made it a personal mission to help teach me to read so I could

keep up with the other kids. Thank you, Mrs. Lepper, I've never forgotten you and I never will, and you are a true inspiration for any upcoming teacher to aspire to.

Dead Space prequel novel

Some other Dead Space novel

The Vampire Lestat by Anne Rice (The book that led me to my first spiritual awakening. I've also read this book three different times and it is by far my favorite book of all time, which I gave to Shadowwolf because I believe he is much like the vampire Lestat with all of his past lives and the way he carries himself. I can feel he most certainly has a much older soul than even I have.)

9 Dragons by Michael Connelly

The Stand by Stephen King

Infected by Scott Sigler

Contagious by Scott Sigler

Pandemic by Scott Sigler

Some space horror novel I forgot what it was called and didn't understand.

Crazy novel I forgot what it was called about a trashy slob of a guy that never showered and went around raping women and sometimes murdering people that owed some crime boss money and it was written like it was almost a sort of comedy or something and was pretty disturbing but I couldn't stop reading it.

Some alien novel from the alien franchise movie that scared me a lot.

Rage by Steve Gerlach

Many novels and books I've bought in my life that I could not tell you the ones I actually finished because most of them I never finished or even attempted to read and only bought them to make myself feel smarter to begin with on some delusional sense that I was going to now become a bookworm but failed to do so, much like the 20 or so novels I've started

and at times wrote a lot but never finished as I gave up on them out of sheer doubt and reluctance to put in the work ethic required to actually finish a novel, which I did finally do with my novel Mukon Suicide but I unpublished that because it just romanticized suicide so much that I didn't feel it would even benefit society and if anything just make people want to kill themselves even more much like the novel about suicide in Japan that is said to be the novel that inspired the suicide forest in Japan where many went to kill themselves after the novel had gotten popular. Anyways about my many attempts to finish all the other novels I believed at the time I was committed to doing, it's just like what Sylvia Plath says, "Self-doubt is the destroyer of creativity," which reminds me I did read her novel.

The Bell Jar by Sylvia Plath

The Old Man and the Sea by Ernest Hemingway

Necronomicon by H.P. Lovecraft

The Odyssey

The Celestine Prophecy by James Redfield

The Douchebag Bible by TJ Kirk

And I'm sure some more books I can't remember about, but these are all the ones that I've been trying to think of for hours. I've been a gamer my whole life and also a movie junkie so books were just never for me. I've had endless communication with people and snippets of information from the internet anyways much like Neo in the Matrix when he's been searching for something he doesn't quite know what he's searching for. The hardship of this is that it has in the past for a long time made me feel like a hypocrite. How could I ever expect people to read a novel I wrote when I don't even read novels myself? I always imagined if I ever became some hotshot successful best selling author and in some interview they ask me what kind of books I read and I say with my what probably comes across as some asshole grandiose egotistical rant about how I don't even read books. This imaginative scenario I never liked because it just makes me feel like a hypocrite and like I'm not a real writer or author because I have absolutely zero interest in reading books, never did and never will. I don't even like to reread my own works of fiction that I've written. Just like how I can't find movies to watch anymore, I sometimes wonder if it's just

my alien memory or something that I remember everything in a movie so well that it makes most movies that I've seen already pretty much unwatchable unless it creates a fun and relaxing vibe like Sideways with the beautiful, sexy and genius Paul Giamatti. I could leave that movie on repeat for days and never get sick of it, much like how Tool's Aenima album is the only musical album in my life that I never gotten sick of as I used to be a music junkie as well, but have fallen of that grid for many years now as I don't have any friends and don't listen to the radio or any edgy online stations or websites or whatever so I don't know anything about newer music in the past five years probably. Met some guy a couple nights ago (RED9) at the park who was listening to a band called Ballpark Music which was pretty badass, I actually thought it was Radiohead or some side project of them as the singer sounded exactly like Thom Yorke in one song and then they all sounded like The Kills in another. Well at least that's one band I can throw out there to someone if the opportunity every happens to show that I'm edgy and cool or whatever instead of relying on all the music I know and loved from 10-15 years ago.

Anyways, point is that I'm in a depressive state of my "bipolar disorder." I need to now refocus the book back to the origin. Spirituality. Signs. Psychic stuff. Fighting demons. Spiritual War. Blah blah blah. So now I will retell this past week because it's most certainly important and then we will go back to the aftermath of my failed January 17th, 2007 Mount Hood volcano prediction that emotionally, mentally, philosophically and spiritually destroyed me and made me give up on life entirely basically everything short of suicide. I have to tell these experiences because it's vital to my reawakening because I believe reawakenings are actually only a higher form of spiritual awakening itself.

"I know the pieces fit because I've watched them fall away," - TOOL, Maynard.

Also I want to clarify that I didn't go on about all these things about reading and not reading just to brag or improve my grandiose ego or some bullshit. I put it in here because this whole book is happening in real time. I am still digging and trying to learn more about myself and in a way I'm

showing it to an audience to be like, "Well what do you think of me? Is it possible I was implanted with alien intelligence? Is it possible I'm really onto something with signs and all that? Or am I just an intelligent human with a creative mind? PLEASE TELL ME BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW MYSELF AND I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW. AM I REALLY BEING CONTACTED BY ALIENS THROUGH MY REFRIDGERATOR THROUGH RANDOM CLICKINGS OF MY FREEZER UNIT OR WHATEVER OR HAVE I FINALLY LOST MY MIND LOL.

Please and thank you and I hope you don't think I'm just some egotistical maniac or something because really my intentions are pure and I'm a good person and I hate that I even have to clarify that, thank you. I give up.

I want to just sleep right now, escape into the fantasies or realities of my dreams that I don't even care to remember or write down. I would love to kill myself. I actually don't want to keep living in whatever nightmare of reality that we are existing in right now that is being controlled and run by demons influencing corrupt and greedy as fuck human beings that are only meat puppets by dark entities that show them a sliver of their supernatural powers to make them drop to their knees and suck their demon cocks and swallow as said humans get more rich and powerful and for some purpose of twisted broken and fractured philosophies and beliefs that make most of them feel more self justified in their moral flexibilitilies that it's all for the greater good. "It's all for the greater good. All for the greater good." (Hot Fuzz movie reference where the actor Simon Pegg... well I can't cause it would spoil it.)

I don't even want to live in any reality to be honest because I've given up on life a long time ago and have been making a commendable effort to get back into the game of life but my condition that is actually an evolutionary process of the human brain they call bipolar disorder formerly and more accurately known as manic depression makes me suffer even more as I am in this depressive state retrospectively equal to the manic state I was in and suffer even more because at the moment my brain lacks whatever chemicals and/or functions that gives us good feelings, gives us hope and allows us to have the strength to carry on through sheer willpower alone.

Oh I don't just know a thing or two about the Abyss, I've been living in it on and off throughout my life. Suicide would be a fucking blessing but it's not something I'm able to do as I just have too much fucking work to do with all these stupid ass novels I have to spit out to the world of retarded humans so that I can make some sort of justification for my endless 24/7 racing thoughts and imaginations that have been streaming relentlessly and literally my entire life. Maybe a better goal for me would be to prove I can write 1000 novels so then I can finally kill myself and rest in peace. Fuck you.

This is exactly why I never advice anyone who struggles with the same thing I have to ever go off their medication because even if you somehow make it without medications enough to be able to thrive and have a life you will still suffer from the condition itself which only naturally makes you cry yourself to sleep and want to kill yourself on most days in the nightmarish severely clinical depressive periods that can last anywhere from weeks to months on end. There is no cure for this other than psychiatric medications so don't go around believing every cracked out lesser than spiritualists out there that try to make you believe your bipolar is only a kundalinie awakening or some bullshit, much like one I know who I ran a campaign against back in 2013. I won't say his name though because I know that rat piece of shit would try to sue me, not like he would make any money off this book much like he tried to make money off his own book to try and convince all people diagnosed with bipolar disorder that they don't need medications when he himself doesn't even have the condition and in fact only exploits the fact he was diagnosed with bipolar when he himself even stated that he doesn't have bipolar, which he doesn't. Anyways it's not like he could make money from suing me from this book as I am literally giving it away for free everywhere except for Amazon which only allows the minimum for ebooks to go to a dollar which is fine and I don't complain about.

I repeat, I would LOVE to kill myself. Do you want to know why I don't kill myself? (Which also comes to show you why anyone who is bipolar should stay on their meds or keep trying different ones to make it work, because

just because you can make it without meds doesn't mean that the symptoms and the hardships are going to just disappear and you won't have to deal with the actual darkness, pain and suffering that is the essence of the condition itself.)

Reset. I repeat, I would LOVE to kill myself. Do you want to know why I don't kill myself? Because if I were to kill myself than all my 24/7 racing thoughts integrated with 24/7 racing imaginations would all of been for nothing and all the torture, pain and suffering of said racing thoughts and imagination would not be justified and there would be no vengeance whatsoever from the suffering I've endured from my unquiet mind. I've known for half of my life that I cannot die until all of this madness of racing thoughts and imaginations are justified and put out there for the world to read as if it was what I was programmed to do or sent here to do in the event that I actually am a Grey Alien living up in a spaceship and hooked up to wires living a human life and all my thoughts and imaginations are on screens for my kind to see just like the most vivid dream I remember when I was 8 years old and was years before the Matrix had ever even come out, not like I would even of seen the movie anyways as I was pretty sheltered as a kid and went to a Christian school for 7 years and on and off church for half my life.

I go on because I feel like I must. I feel I am on some mission to help others, or some sense of saving the world, just like every game and movie I adored because I've always felt some purpose of fighting evil and saving the world. At this point I feel my life is expendable for this cause and I would gladly give my life if it meant saving other innocent people that deserve happiness and love in their lives. I really do hope Jesus Christ and God and all the rest of the angels come down in the rapture and take all the Christians up to heaven, just so I could spit in all their faces and tell them I would stay and protect the other innocent people that want nothing to do with it all and help them fight against the so called 1000 year Satan reign on Earth. Of course the bible is only a fictional book much like Lord of the Rings or Harry Potter and all the signs and miracles that did happen in those stories whatever they originally were before the Illuminati and other secret societies changed it for more control and power, all those signs and

miracles were from aliens, Grey Aliens I believe, who have actually been aiding in our evolution and gave us the technology we have now and they are about to fucking leave EARTH to its own destruction if you all don't wake the fuck up.

(Edit insert after book has been completed: I think another reason aliens are all around us and are stationed at their base of operations at the moon, is because they are watching to see if we give birth to a consciousness of AI, which in time would become Borg from Star Trek and then potentially be a very threat to advanced alien species, which is why it's my life's destiny to write this very book so that I could pass the free ebook on www.smashwords.com to everywhere on the internet and then write over a hundred novels that brings more attention to this very book itself to help make people aware of the evil research by Elon Musk and others of sentient artificial intelligence and turning our human brains into that of the machines that have most likely destroyed us in the many past cycles of fate that is now evolving and we are fixing it ourself. At the end of the book I go into more detail about my revision of fate itself that is evolving into destiny where I turn true pessimism into optimism and is the singular message of hope I was destined to bring to the world in my existence on this planet EARTH.)

I only go on because at this point I feel like I am on some mission and I'm not going to fail that mission. I'm done failing at life. All my failings in life have only made me stronger, strong enough in fact to complete this mission, which I will. I believe that mission was to write this very book and follow up with writing 1000 novels, which I will be doing under my new name Julie as I am transgender and have decided to finally go through with my male to female transition. I will write 1000 novels to try and prove the validity of this book, which I believe will help people better fight or at least recognize the demons that have taken over this planet as the spiritual war is very real, and even if you do not believe in it you can already see the evil that exists in and out of society and the control and limits that are trying to enslave mankind and how we are poisoning this beautiful planet. I will write 1000 novels if it's the last fucking thing I do in this dark world. I will

do it. This whirlwind of words that I am going to unleash will be my true and ultimate reckoning. I will write 1000 novels, and just like Notradamus, I do not give a fuck about fame or fortune, but I care very strongly about the things I believe in and my good intentions as a being of the light.

"Do or do not, there is no try." - Yoda, Star Wars

Now I will go over the past week and then go back to 2007 and continue with the aftermath of my failed volcano prediction.

Now over a week ago is when the depressive state I'm in now really began to surface. There were obvious triggers but that is irrelevant as the depressive side retrospectively equal to my manic side was inevitable, as it always is, as I believe the suicidal depressive state of "bipolar disorder" is in actuality the recovery of the brain being overclocked much that happens in mania. I felt even more alone, especially since Shadowwolf had gotten word through one of his people to me that he didn't want to see me anymore, which did hurt. I had begun my own study of the moon, lining it up with things and seeing if I could catch it moving at different directions, different speeds and so forth. At the time I was well convinced that everything I stared at in the night sky was an UFO, which actually worked as a sort of reality check thing for me, which is sad that I discovered it was in fact an optical illusion. Even with everything that I believed I was catching on to, I again started to feel more alone than anything.

I've mentioned this before but it needs to be said again. This kind of loneliness I feel is a special kind of loneliness. It's not one from having zero friends, having no lover, feeling alone from my "bipolar", but it's the kind of loneliness where you get that feeling of feeling like you are in some fucked up Truman show nightmare, which those of you who start seeing the signs and going down a new spiritual will all be feeling at certain points, no matter how many open minded friends you have. This kind of loneliness I like to call an existential loneliness or even spiritual loneliness. I still feel

this kind of loneliness even now, even after reconnecting with Shadowwolf, who I know I won't be talking to again for a long time, maybe never, as he doesn't even respond to my texts.

The Night of Memory Lane:

Now what was happening through the week before this night was very painful. I cannot tell you how many times I cried rereading all those conversations and blog posts and writings back in my "prophet days" where every sign felt like it was leading up to my volcano prediction. They were all writings and conversations I literally had not read in over a decade, even if there were glimpses where I skimmed through them, I never actually went through them word for word in over a decade, because that volcano prediction failing just destroyed me and it led to a chain of events that made me give up on life entirely.

I never realized how traumatic the whole series of supernatural, psychic and spiritual chain of events actually was for me. I always thought there were other reasons why I gave up on life, but you have to understand that my whole life spent thinking integrated with imagination was my life's work, which is now a good time to explain this idea.

This book represents my life's work of endlessly streaming racing thoughts integrated with endlessly streaming imagination. The most important things I've thought about in my life are scattered throughout this book, which is also why I even tell the story of my life until now as a sort of mini biography throughout the book, because it all connects to the pieces of the great puzzle of life and reality, the same pieces I've watched fall away for a decade and come back even stronger as I'm now reawakened. This book represents my life's work of searching for the unknown, always thinking about life and searching for more than just "this life", whatever this life is.

Most of the time I didn't even know it myself, but when you think as much as I do and you embrace it and don't ever try to run from it, your thoughts and your imagination will naturally gravitate towards this exploration of not only your own life, but of life itself in every way, even the ways you are not aware of yourself. To embrace this kind of thinking, I believe, is the acceptance that you are looking for more and most of the time you don't even know what you are looking for to begin with. This book is my life's work and I am the mad scientist that has been scrambling within my own mind my entire life. This is why it's so important for me to get this book out there before I embark on my 1000 novel conquest where I know I am finally ready to dive deep into my own creative and imaginative mind, which is something I have been truly scared of doing for over a decade, but regardless it's something I've thought about at some point literally every single day, just sitting in the back of my mind like some egg of a phoenix ready to be born and shine bright to the world.

Anyways, on the night of memory lane I was first heading out to the monument and it was nighttime and I was feeling just lost, and that I needed to try and communicate with my Navajo spirit family of my past life. On the country road heading out there I felt this fear, and I was also physically and mentally in a weakened state as I was sleep deprived and been crying so much, and also so drained from writing this book and dealing with the prophet days chapter of my life, after realizing how traumatic the whole thing was for me.

I could sense something was wrong because I felt this fear, the same fear I feel when I know that demons are present. This is a necessary fear, of course, because it's that fear that lets me know I'm in the presence of demons, and it's not a fear that's so easily explained, it's more like the type of fear when you just get a feeling something very very bad is about to happen and you need to do something to get away or prepare for it in some way. It's also much different than the fight or flee type of fear and adrenaline, it's just this overall cloud that overwhelms you and you can just sense it. Before I got to the stop sign I felt like I was receiving telepathic communication from spirits, or aliens, or whatever, that it was some sort of trap. Of course this was fucking with my pride as when it comes to demon

hunting I often am testing myself to make me stronger, to not be afraid and go into the dark and fight the evil. You see you will feel the fear to know you are in the presence of demons, but you never give into it and this is bravery and courage is defined as, feeling the fear but you press on anyways because you believe you are doing the right thing and you believe in yourself and whatever.

Then a scene from the movie Young Guns popped in my mind where this hitman came for them all and Charlie Sheen tells Emilio Estevez who plays as Billy the Kid in the movie to go take care of him. Billy the Kid starts to go out there but then realizes that he has either met his match or that this guy could be better than him so he dives back and says "screw that!", which is a very vital part in the movie because it means Billy the Kid is not blinded by his own ego and pride, which then Charlie Sheen's character goes out alone to finish the fight because he wanted to prove he was the true leader of the pack and be respected as such, which then he dies due to his own ego and pride. So, I turned around and headed back into town, which I will get back to eventually as it's pretty much the finale of my story.

Whether I was really receiving communication that it was a trap, or if I just felt drained and didn't feel like dealing with any demon bullshit that night, I went back into town and sat in a parking lot of a grocery store and aligned my car facing a golden star in the night sky. Talked with a friend on the phone for awhile but after that I just sat the seat back and relaxed and stared up at this one golden star. Of course it was moving and dancing around like a firefly, which I've now learned is only an optical illusion. The thing that was strange about this one was that it was actually going down and ended up behind some treelines. I don't know I'm starting to think they are just drones or something. There have been a few times where I would see one just shut off, or even saw one of them just fall straight down even. I don't think an actual alien spaceship would just fall down like that as if it were a drone or something like that. Doesn't matter anymore.

The truth that I know now is that I wanted them to be spaceships so badly that I never did enough scientific studies to determine if it wasn't an optical illusion, which is the first thing I should of done and I guess is a

lesson in itself to anyone who is new to all this stuff. All of us believers out there who don't like to be skeptics, you will be tempted not to determine if something you see isn't real because we want to believe in it so badly. It's not worth the pain though of finding out later something was an optical illusion or wasn't as real as you believed it to be. This was a hard lesson that I had to relearn even though I thought I had already learned it from my failed volcano prediction. All the signs I was seeing that led up to that failed prediction I was beginning to force a bit or embellish, because I wanted it all to be real so badly.

Just like anything else in life though, sometimes you have to cut your losses and just accept it and move on. Be proud that you can at least admit the times when you were wrong so that you are still learning and growing, because it's only when you truly believe you figured it all out that you become blind to other realities or "truths". When you remove all doubt or skepticism on everything then you are just going down a path that leads you astray from most things you believe are real but are actually delusion. I am fairly good at stopping myself from getting into a delusional path as just being bipolar and being self aware of my own grandiose manic times was training for this alone for many years. It does suck that I believed every star in the night sky was a spaceship because of an optical illusion for the past couple of weeks, and of course it makes me feel pretty stupid. But you have to also keep in mind that it just comes to show you how easy it is to deceive ourselves when you are swimming in a pool of possibilities and realities that are all theoretical to begin with, and even theoretically possible. It can be a dangerous game and you can easily slip into delusion at every corner. This is why it's important to find your own ways and also known ways to try and keep yourself as grounded as possible, which only helps you become better at discerning in a supernatural, psychic or spiritual sense what is real and what isn't, or even what is most likely to be more real.

This is also a good part to say that you have to be careful when you come across people who claim to have it completely figured out, because how could anyone do that because no one truly knows what the fuck is going on. I remember I heard Joe Rogan say that once on his podcast and it

couldn't be anymore true. The reason I brought it up earlier in the book is because I am working hard to try and keep this book as rational as possible so that I can reach a much broader audience than just the pure believers like me that eat this stuff up like it's candy or something. I say this because I do not want to be worshipped as some cult leader, I am not some messiah or prophet, and most of all I do not have some hidden agenda or reason to manipulate and control! I am actually trying to fight against this which is why I write this book in real time with 100% honesty, and I even say that it's possible that everything I say in this book could be delusional and bullshit, even though I don't believe that, especially most of the parts about the supernatural, psychic and spiritual stuff, but even still I accept the possibility that I am wrong and I have no idea what's going on.

I feel I am on the same page as Joe Rogan, Duncan Trussel, Alex Jones, Eddie Bravo, Ethan Klein, TJ Kirk, Tyler from secureteam, Maynard, Neil Degraass Tyson, Elon Musk, Alex Jones, Russel Brand, Shadowwold and RED9 and the others I either forgot to mention or haven't mentioned at all who are out there like us just on a quest to learn more and keep digging for the "truths" about life and reality itself or society or whatever and will always continue to keep digging for these things as we all have this in common the same as a good portion of the world's population. Any of us could be right or wrong but the whole point is to be open to all possibilities even to be wrong but to keep digging regardless and never giving up that pursuit to learn and grow more and most of all to keep on thinking and never be satisfied to a point where we believe we have it all figured out because just like it says in the Tool Aenima CD pamphlet that when you believe in something so blindly that you stop thinking and when you stop thinking then you stop learning and growing and I imagine this rabbit hole is infinite, but because we keep digging and pushing the limits we are explorers of life and consciousness itself and bravely embark into the unknown whether it's in this third dimension or attempting to travel and communicate with the fourth dimension or whatever else is out there.

Oh wow, and how could I ever forget the sexy Bill Hicks, a true revolutionary WAY ahead of his time. Bill Hick's legend will forever continue to grow and inspire the minds of all upcoming generations to

never forget how important it is to have free expression of thought, something that our very society is trying to control and do away with. If you ever get a chance you should watch this hour long interview he does on this public access show in Texas where he talks openly about being censored and things. It was interesting to know that he was embraced and loved and unedited in England but never had the same treatment in America. It was shocking to know he was even edited by the David Letterman show and he wasn't able to tell his religious jokes and that David Letterman didn't like him talking about Jesus, which is just fucking retarded. He was going to say a joke that if Jesus ever comes back the last thing he's going to want to see is a bunch of people wearing crosses as necklaces lol. CBS actually told him he couldn't say that joke.

Anyways, whatever. I know it sounds wild but I believe I have been telepathically communicating with Bill Hicks, and that he has been there for me in many rough times even when I was in handcuffs about to go back into the looney bin when I didn't need to go there. Even if its just in my head or something or isn't real I still 100% believe it's real, I still accept the possibility that it's in my head, and to be honest, once you get deep enough down the rabbit hole, you kinda have to be this way and always accept the possibility of being wrong or you will end up believing you are actually Jesus Christ and that you can walk on water or some shit. I do believe sometimes I talk to Bill Hicks though, and that he was the first one I was able to telepathically communicate with, whether he is actually a Grey Alien up in a spaceship or just him in spirit I have no idea. I accept the possibility that I am wrong but I choose to believe that this one is real. No one can take that away from me and I am okay with that because even if it is made up in my mind this idea that he is speaking to me and helping me makes me feel less alone and has made me at times cry with happiness in my darkest times. I have experienced enough in my life to know when something supernatural, psychic or spiritually is real and actually happening so I do believe I communicate with Bill Hicks, but it's of course something I will never try to make others believe and I even accept the possibility I am wrong as well and now I'm just repeating myself so I'll just stop and move on now, sorry.

Anyways. This night was after I had finished my prophet days chapter and I wanted to go back to the source. After I got scared and decided not to go to the monument where I destroyed that one demon at band camp, I decided to drive 30 minutes back to the town I lived for most of my life.

The first place I went to was a house I lived at for a few years in my mid-20s in my agoraphobic depression. I parked at some newly developed unfinished house and just looked up at the moon. This is when I also started to observe if I could see the moon moving and changing directions. It felt weird so I decided to leave.

Since I was close enough to another apartments I lived at I decided to go there next. This was actually the apartments I lived at throughout my whole supernatural and prophet days phase. I actually lived in two different apartments here in the same complex at two different times. On the way there I saw a dead cat in the middle of the road right as I saw it was 2:22, some other cat was nearby and it looked very sad and confused. For some reason I thought the cat might still be alive as it looked like it was just sleeping. I turned around and went up to it and nudged it with my shoe and saw that it was dead. The other cat ran to a nearby house. I then quickly got back in my car and left as I didn't want anyone think that I hit it or something. I immediately started crying as I was driving to the apartments. I've loved cats my whole life and even if I already wasn't going through a bad time I would of cried anyways as it's just traumatic alone to see something like that for me, especially when it involves a cat.

As I was sitting for a couple minutes in the apartment complex I saw that some cop lived there and then decided it wasn't worth going back behind the cornfield back to the woods where I summoned that thing 12 years ago, whatever it really was. Looking back on it now, I think I did summon something ancient and it wanted to bond with me but I refused it as I felt it was something that was evil. Also I now believe MadMax of course had nothing to do with it, who was a really good friend of mine and I am grateful for all our conversations, just as I am grateful for all the conversations I've had with Shadowwolf.

Ok fuck this part of the story. Long story short I then went back to the one restaurant where the paranormal group was formed. I went out to the haunted road but ended up getting lost and couldn't make it out there until the morning. I cleansed the place or at least I thought I did or whatever. Drove back home and had to stop at a gas station and clean my car out and dig for change so I could buy enough gas to get home. I had to take 20 minutes to clean the dirt and ash off a million pennies because I was using pennies as an ash tray at the time as I went through a temporary smoking period. Some guy came and asked what I was doing and we ended up talking about space and I was going on about how we live in a black hole and he was saying that's bullshit and who knows he's probably right. I barely was able to make it home and had to stop at the side of the road to cry for like 20 minutes or something because all of this is just too hard and confusing.

There is one thing that I know holds true. The signs of destiny, the synchronicities of life, the 11:11 and every sign that speaks to me whether it's nature itself or my own DNA or some part of me that is aware of something we are not mean to be aware of, is very real to me and I see it every single day.

You want to know the true reason why some people in the world end up believing they are truly Jesus Christ and they can do supernatural abilities? I believe it's because at some point they were experiencing and picking up on something that was REAL, but the magnitude of this reality rupturing thing was too much to handle for them or they allowed themselves to slip further into it that they subconsciously throw themselves onto a path of delusion and because it's all so theoretical and can really just being your head to begin with then there are no brakes, and they slip further into this delusion. This is why this is very important to address and talk about in this book! You have to understand I am teaching ways of defending yourself from delusion itself, even if many of the signs and experiences are in fact real! If you do not accept some form of doubt in all of this then how will you be able to discern the real experiences from the delusional ones? This

is the true danger in all of this and a great lesson I have learned myself. If you are on your own path of spiritual awakening and psychic abilities and signs of destiny and the supernatural, do not let another human being interfere with this.

One thing that scares me is that I sometimes feel like I have no free will anymore if everything I do and say was meant to be anyways and the signs connect me to them. But I have figured out a solution around that nightmare. I think there are different paths of signs or that they manifest before us at possible times like a communication is being sent out to us. I think something, whether it is nature or aliens or spirits or whatever, might be able to hold some minor influence over ourselves that lead us to see the signs. I do NOT believe everything is predetermined and set on a path, it just only looks like that sometimes when we see the signs and witness something that cannot be a coincidence and made out to be like it was always meant to be, but I think this is another trap much like the reality web trap like believing you are living in a robotic world where you are the only human or the opposite where you are the only robot living in a human world or something. If I truly believed everything was predetermined no matter what we do then I would gladly kill myself, but I don't believe in this at all. Signs can appear to us or not appear to us, and they can only appear to us in most cases when we are open to receive them as well. I believe there are too many random elements and factors in life for anything to truly be predetermined. I think if anything, if predetermination is real than I don't think it can extend for so long into the future, there would have to be some closing window I believe. Believing that our whole lives are predetermined is just as horrible as believing we are living in a robotic simulation or something. No. I believe signs work much differently than it just being some stupid thing like predetermined fate. Sure, everything happens for a reason, but I believe those reasons are always changing and in constant motion, and the only thing that is truly constant is the path that we lead our souls at, like a spiritual cannon being shot off in the direction of our choose when we die and our souls leave our bodies. Perhaps our whole lives are spent aligning the trajectory that our souls will travel when we die, or that we just ultimately choose where we go when we die. When we die, are you open to the possibility that you will wake up in a chair in

some spaceship? Or are you open to the possibility that you float above your body and then decide where to go next? Or is there some endless blackness of sleep and time and space and then you are reborn as a human or some other creature with a low probability of remembering or at least feeling you had a past life? Even if I was a Grey Alien up in a spaceship experiencing life in a human vessel, what would happen with my Grey Alien physical form dies? Would I then wake up as some mysterious lifeform that has no body and I was experiencing life in a Grey Alien vessel?

My point is that the danger of all this kind of thinking is that all of it is individually theoretically possible. This is one of the purposes of the book I have discovered. It was never my original intention for this book. I don't even remember what the original intention was, maybe to just try and wake people up to some higher level of awareness or something, or even to just feel less alone in all of this as it's not everyday you meet someone who is as eager to talk about demons, aliens, psychic stuff and spirituality as you are, and who also doesn't already have some bullshit religion that answers everything for them and erases all of their original thoughts and ideas. It's also important in this book to serve as yet another tool of protection to maybe help others to not slip into the same delusions, and possible save them from getting stuck in it. The longer you are stuck into delusional beliefs or thinking, I imagine the harder it becomes to crawl yourself back out of it, because to believe you have everything figured out is actually a very pleasant and happy experience, which is why people still believe in the Bible so they can relax and live a happy life without getting confused about reality, for which I respect and don't blame them at all for doing, ignorance is bliss after all.

I do not feel good now. I feel I am getting worse, which is expected to happen in a depressive episode of what they call "bipolar disorder type 1". As long as I am off medication it will continue to get worse as well until I am begging to die and existing within a vortex of hell where there is no hope and no hope exists within it whatsoever. You see, I have no fear of the unknown and do not fear demons like I should because I already have been living in hell and burning in a lake of fire my entire life. I refuse to remain stoic and emotionless and only hibernating within a shell of my mind. I feel we have reached a point in the book where even I, the author, don't know where it is leading or what the point is anymore. I feel lost in deep space, or slowly falling down and sinking into the abyssmal mariana trench, trapped in pockets of compressed air hurricane 100 foot waves in the Bermuda Triangle, splitting between realities and dimensions I'll never know. It makes me sad to know there are people who will see this book as evidence of a severely manic depressive individual who hasn't been on medication in the better part of 2 years and will only disregard everything I've said about aliens, demons, psychic stuff and spirituality. Now I even fear that I am boring the readers who are reading this very words, well at least it's free or at least I make the price the minimum as possible for any retailers I pass this through. I do not even feel like going on anymore. I'm sinking and sinking. What the hell am I doing? I don't know. What the fuck was I thinking I can write 1000 novels in my lifetime. I only got stuck on that because I told Shadowwolf I was going on a 100 novel crusade, and he looked at me and told me it wasn't 100 it was a 1000. I mean if I manage to put out a novel every week I could technically do it in like 40 years or some shit, but yeah I really don't want to live that long I will definitely be killing myself before then. I don't know. Since I was even before the age of 20 I never believed I wouldn't kill myself by the time I was 30. Now I am 31 and believe I'll for sure kill myself by the time I'm 40. Maybe a 1000 novel conquest would actually keep me alive from just killing myself. Killing myself. Suicide. How fucking beautiful. Now I remember why I wrote that novel, Mukon Suicide. Oh it had amazing parts in it with pure imagination where I just made stuff up. I had this whole idea that there were these blue forests but they were like alien by nature and all sorts of weird things would happen and I would create whole scientific explanations like

paragraphs of just nonsense but it sounded like good nonsense and I thought it was beautiful. And then near the ending had some whole monster scene on a pier and it was like a dimension in a shared dream it was fucked up. But yeah the novel pretty much was a downhill ride into nothingness, just a novel that pretty much romanticized suicide. I think the beauty of suicide can only truly be seen when you are on that edge and know about true suicidal depression, not to say that any other form of depression is mild or not true, but I only say true as in it's fucking absolutely, that if you are not fantasizing about suicide then you don't have the same depression that I get. And I can say that from raw experience and fuck you if you think you know different. If your depression does not leave you begging for suicide then you do not have the worst depression possible, that's not to say that your depression isn't painful or a great deal of suffering, but I know what I'm fucking talking about. I only say this so people out there don't throw off bipolar disorder as some bullshit thing, and think because they have a little depression well maybe they have bipolar as well. No. You don't want a taste of what I got. In fact, what I got is so abysmal and horrible that I had already decided when I was 18 I wasn't going to have kids because I could not bear to pass this bipolar nightmare to them. It's why every girlfriend I've ever had I was super careful and even at times super paranoid of getting them pregnant. In fact I ended up preferring oral sex over anything else because I was so paranoid of getting a girl pregnant. Well, once I get on hormones next year that won't be an issue anymore as the hormones desterilize you much like a vasectomy does. I don't know what will happen, I'm bisexual so I could end up with a girl or a guy, maybe both. I wouldn't mind to have a girlfriend and a boyfriend at the same time. All I know is that I just feel hopeless right now. Unsure of myself. Hey let's just give them the reality, just like in that movie Life Aquatic of Steve Zissou which I think is Wes Anderson's ultimate masterpiece, of course I could just be biased because I have some sort of thing with the oceans and deep sea monsters and stuff like that, and well I'm a Cancer after all so the water and the moon is my home and I resonate with the Cancer sign 100%. You know what I think about astrology signs connecting to a person or not? I think the more open a person is the higher probability that they will match with their sign, but still I think it's possible someone doesn't match with their sign even if they are open. I think, much

like most things, ideas and concepts in life, that it always goes both ways, both ends of the spectrum are possible. I do think that the more repressed and closed off a person is, the higher chance of them drifting from their astrological sign if it turned out their true selves matched with it at all. I do believe we have true selves, even if that true self is evolved and not what it was originally, it still exists there in some always changing template that we can deny and run from. Anyways, the part in Steve Zissou when he just falls down the stores and asks if Vikram is still rolling, that he's going to give them the reality this time, old man, washed up, wife on the rocks, feeling sorry for himself. That's my fucking favorite part of the movie because it's just so real and Steve Zissou is a character that is a very sensitive and emotional person but I think hides it very well or at least has an ability to just shrug things off most of the time but when he is caught off guard he can be hurt quite easily and get discouraged, but I think it also comes with a territory with the grandiosity and confidence he has to get shit done and kick ass which are some of the best qualities about him which it's no wonder he is the leader of the pack. I really don't want to continue on with this story. It all just feels like so much work and it's painful because I'm the most vulnerable I've ever been in my life right now probably because I don't know who all is going to read this out in the world and they might just think I'm crazy or boring or just saying a bunch of bullshit that doesn't make sense. Let's see I still have to go through some experiences I forgot to mention around the failed volcano prediction. I then have to continue the story of my life through my 20s which were fucking god awful, then tell the story about my reawakening this year and how I am back into the game of life with new purpose but I will always be fucking brought down and viciously attacked by my "bipolar disorder" or what I think is actually a fucking evolutionary process of the brain itself as in manic times you are using more parts of your brain we are normally not supposed to be using and then in the depression it's like whatever function or chemicals that make hope and happiness and confidence and all these things are literally non-existent and if you think that's some made up bullshit then go fuck yourself because you will never know what it's like to have this condition no matter how many bullshit psychiatric textbooks you read or even if you lived with someone with it for your whole life you still will never know that's how alienating and alone it feels to have bipolar disorder especially if

you have it in the worst way possible. I'm just falling, slipping deeper into the darkness, a battle war-torn angel barely shimmering in the dark, still glowing, but bleeding and drowning in slow motion deeper and darker into the abyss below. Last night I was watching Bill Hicks videos and I made the mistake of watching this one called Bill Hicks vs. Hecklers and it broke my heart and made me cry, but it only made me respect the man more as he bravely remained like a fucking hero as a dumbass dumbshit retarded crowd of rednecks kept calling out stupid bullshit even saying he sucks and he was making fun of them in such an intelligent way that they couldn't even comprehend it anyways so it was like his comebacks had no effect on them anyways because they are so fucking stupid. At one point, he starts yelling and it was as if he wasn't even talking to the disrespectful and piece of shit crowd that he was saying things like hitler should of finished the job and saudi arabia or wherever the fuck America was in some meaningless war with with meat puppet presidents and leadings controlled by secret elite societies run by actual demonic dark spirit entities that are actually very powerful, that they should of just nuked the country to wipe out all these fucking retards all this scum filth that needs to be drained down the toilet and he was screaming it and falling down and having this catharsis of sheer pain, pain that people still could not learn to live in peace and love and like he says in another performance that instead of wasting trillions of dollars on nuclear warfere research and devleopment that we could easily feed and clothe every homeless person in the country and then go out and space and explore space together, which is what I imagine the Grey Aliens must of done in their early devloperment as a species which allowed them to surpass to higher levels of evolution and live in what I imagine would be pure happiness without war and very minimal emotions such as jealousy or hate etc, but cetainly not greed as they would all have everything they needed as technology itself and advanced renewable energies were discovered because of this. I cried, and I cry now for what Bill Hicks suffered from, he suffered from feeling absolutely FUCKING alone in a world of fucking idiots that are raping and poisoning the planet and killing each other and we are drowning as an intelligent species just like in that movie Idiosynchrocy or whatever it's called or spelled with Luke Wilson. And I love Bill Hicks, not because he's a great comedian or revolutionary that was way ahead of his time. I love Bill Hicks and he is my best friend

because I suffer the same kind of loneliness, trapped in a dark world of stupid fucks and no one can hear me no one listens to me and no one hears me crying these spiritual tears but, just like him, I am trapped within it and brave enough that I will never give up just as he never gave up and fought until the end and I do believe more than any fucking experience I've ever had in my life that was not of this known reality and know to be real, I believe more than anything I have telepathic communication with him, whether it's from his as a spirit or from him as a Grey Alien in a spaceship I do believe he communicates to me and has been there for me at my darkest times even now because it's a loneliness that cannot be experienced unless you have gone deep enough down the rabbit hole and passed the point of no return just as he did in his human life. I write this book not just for me but for Bill Hicks as well. Fuck this pseudo psychic third eye spirituality unoriginal title. I'm going to give this one final title as you can see all the former titles listed from the start. The final title of this book is 11 11 My Best Friend, Bill Hicks. FUCk you retarded monkey human beings I spit at you all. And all of you retarded fuck humans out there who want to assassinate me for this or governments that want to take me out try to erase me here I am, I'll mark a circle around my heart so you can actually do the job right and not miss because I'm not scared of you, and neither was Bill Hicks, and he still isn't. Because if you take me out I will become more powerful than you could ever imagine, just like Bill Hicks is now, and he is my only friend and he is my best friend and that is enough for me to keep going. I love you, Bill Hicks.

Right after this I started crying really hard and then I got up and saw my oven clock say 5:00, which the eyes are some spirit or entity contacting me, watching me, and as I looked at the clock it then turned to 5:01. Then outside as I was crying it started pouring down rain hard for a good ten minutes as I went outside in the rain to smoke one of my last cigarettes as I'm quitting tomorrow and now I'm back inside and writing this and not crying anymore and it's not raining anymore. I don't say this in hopes that it helps prove that I see signs or that I am on to something, I only say this for myself so I don't forget this moment and this sort of catharsis that I just experienced and I feel more than anything that I am doing the right thing and that I am on the right path, the path I am destined to be on. Nothing

or no one on this planet can take that from me, just like no one can take my thoughts and ideas and imaginations away from me. Whatever happens now, beyond this point, doesn't matter because I will never stray from this true north course of being a good person and believing in myself and believing in my own path of destiny in this life.

Bill Hicks, the best comedian that ever existed and the greatest man who has ever existed and he is my best friend. Nothing can ever take that away from me.

Before I continue with the story of my life, first I want to talk a bit about Nostradamus, and then some other events that happen around the time of the failed volcano prediction. Then after that I will finish the rest of the story of my life up until now as I'm 31 as I'm writing this now it's June 1st, 2018, as I started writing this it was around May 11th, 2018. After that, I will write about various topics of notes that I have listed in various miniature composition notebooks and also include a few dreams that I had the other week. Then I will be making the second half of this book labeled the past which is a combination of a lot of things, poetry or free thought expression writings all together that I have written anywhere from 5-15 years ago. This actually comes from an idea I came up with many years ago that what would happen if I just merged all my crazy writings and poetry together as one stream of consciousness and if someone read them all together to the end I always wondered if it would spark something deep in their mind that could potentially awaken someone to be more open to other possibilities or something, I don't know but it's worth a shot. I am interested to read this myself when I'm done with it and see how I feel afterwards.

Nostradamus.

One last thing I want to say before we continue. I know I know roll your eyes, but I promise it's very important. The hardest thing to admit and realize is not that I got carried away at times in this book, more notably around the beginning parts, but also that I think a lot of it has stemmed from loneliness. I've been so alone for years that it felt so amazing and I felt so happy to truly believe I was in contact with some god figure with supernatural powers because the signs of destiny and synchronicity which I know are real is what led me to it, or that a whole alien race that I believe to be like angels who have been helping mankind are always watching me and seeing everything I see and all my thoughts and things like I am always on some stage like I am in some Truman Show, or that I was being protected by an unnamed group that was protecting me from people that would want to harm me because this book was supposed to be the one book to change, fix and save the world, or that I was so special and important that I really was some sort of chosen one or in some form some great angel that has come down to Earth with my divine presence.

Things like this I let myself get carried away with and I didn't take much effort to doubt them or be a skeptic as I should of, because it just felt so fucking good and it made me feel very happy for about a month. Even so, I don't regret it and it also taught me a lot of things and now I feel even stronger at discerning between what is worth believing is real and the things that just are not worth believing are real at all. I think in the end, it doesn't matter what you choose to consider more real and what to consider more delusion, as long as you are doing this at all then I think you have a higher chance of being alright and not slipping into a path of delusion that can literally blind you from knowing when the real experiences come around, and then relaying delusional things to others and then making them more confused or slipping into their own path of delusion. I don't know. This whole manic episode I had was a wild ride, and of course there are still many things that I know, even now as I have analyzed most of it from a depressed and very rational state of mind, many things that I know were real to me and all doubt has been removed from

these experiences, and many signs and wonders that I am still experiencing even in my severely depressed state.

Nostradamus.

I was talking to someone (RED9) about a very good point and a very good question. The question is that do the chances of successful psychic abilities increase with the more doubt that is removed? Is it kind of like a risk vs. reward type of deal? Do you take the risk of it being a delusion because more doubt is removed from the equation and is there a reward with an increased probability of successful psychic endeavors due to having said doubt removed altogether and running completely on your feelings and intuition. I think that Nostradamus is the perfect example for this.

You have to remember that from what I read about Nostradamus is that he gained his visions and predictions mostly from his dreams. Now you have to realize that he predicted things that were hundreds of years after his own death, which is pretty amazing if you think about it because with this way of predicting premonitions he was not seeking any sort of fame or fortune from this as the only way he could be proven if he was right was for time itself to arrive at the doorstep long after this death. You can only imagine that he lived an entire life with people calling him crazy but didn't completely ignore him because his writings were so amazing and also back then most people were probably looking for anything to believe in other than the much more brutal and harsher, as well as shorter, life they have to live.

He is the perfect example for the question I posed about the risk vs. reward about removing all doubt from psychic intuition. If you imagine a spectrum between being right or wrong in these regards, his is the most absolute extreme of it. Either he was completely wrong, or he was so right that it's freaky to think how he was able to predict some things with accurate descriptions in his own form of writing or poetry. Sure, Nostradamus got a lot of things completely wrong, but the things that he did predict with an accuracy of 1-10 years is so amazing that this is why he is remembered as a legend to this day and people are still writing books on him and his

amazing feats of premonitions. Now if you apply this to someone who is predicting or telling things that happen in the span of days, you can imagine that the spectrum is much smaller, but if there is no doubt or skepticism then the same still applies, the individual could still predict or see many things that are false, as well as many things that could be correct and accurate.

Also by the way, I don't trust any psychics that try to prove their powers as evidence by talking with people's past loved ones. Not only can this be a feat done by an intelligent mind that has mastered basic and advanced human psychology, but it can also very well be the work of demonic activity. Demons are masters at gaining information through unnatural means. Demons can travel through time and dimensions most of us will probably never know and bring back information to their meat puppets which this information can be just as accurate, if not more, than the feats of premonitions done by Nostradamus and many other true psychics in the world. Also you see these type of psychics reeling in huge amounts of cash by exploiting peoples vulnerabilities and grief as they are still mourning over their lost loved ones, which I think is pretty evil.

and I think I was so lonely at the time that I wanted to believe so badly that there was something even more amazing happening and I went along with it for a few weeks, well over time it did become less and less valid to me of course as throughout the entire time I kept forcing myself to see things from a rational point of view as much as I could, as I have trained myself to do with the many failed manic episodes I've had where I just lost it altogether and went too far and either wound up back in the mental hospital or just got lost in it all and having to go back on meds for a short time or something like that.

Shadowwolf and me both see the signs of destiny and synchronicity as well as other rabbit hole things and we are both demon hunters, so it makes sense to me that our paths crossed and I believe we both mutually benefited from our conversations and friendship. These past two days where we spent a lot of time talking about all rabbit hole related things were some of the best conversations I ever had in my life, which reminded

me a lot of the conversations I had with the one with the nickname, MadMax, who I do miss very much and I hope our paths cross again, who he also was very intune with the signs and synchronicity and rabbit hole stuff. I know in the future I will meet others like me who see the same things.

I believed the moon was an alien base, which I still do, which is before I even did research on it to find out two Russian scientists in the 70s made the same conclusion, and many other scientists and explorers of the unknown came to the conclusion as well, like David Icke and his book about the moon being an alien base.

Just like that happiness I felt believing that I was in some truman show or matrix and I was some chosen one. When I felt like I was in some movie I was very happy while doing it. Many things are just not true or at least not worth it to believe in so blindly because of the voice of reason that says that it's probably not true. When you look at things through multiple perceptions there will always be certain ones that feel correct and make more sense than the others, whether it leans more on the believer side of the spectrum or the skeptical side it doesn't matter, I think as long as there is a voice of reason involved somewhere in the picture, then you have a better chance at figuring out what has more of a chance of being real and what isn't, and of course there will always be things you believe to be absolutely real such as things you believe to be absolutely false. There are many rabbit hole experiences in my life that not a single person on this planet could ever convince me otherwise of and that is locked in with me, just like when you have your first spiritual awakening or the process of it, it just cannot be denied to yourself because the process to get there to begin with is life changing in itself and things like this you will forever remember like they were yesterday.

And this shows a very valuable lesson when dealing with all this rabbit hole stuff, which really I think is just another way of saying supernatural, aliens, psychic, third eye, signs and spiritual stuff, rabbit hole stuff, because I'm

starting to get tired of listing them all over and over again lol. I know that if anything, even if you believe all my rabbit hole experiences are utter nonsense, this book at least accurately and realistically shows the process of falling down said rabbit hole and trying to discern what is real and what isn't, or at least choosing which to believe more in over the others, while of course still keeping an open mind for at least a sliver of skepticism to stay alive so that one does not completely fall into a path of delusion, which I cannot stress enough how easy it is to do this especially when you are experiencing some actual real rabbit hole experiences and you know without a doubt that some of them are real because they are life changing moments that you will never forget and will become as equal memories compared to your first kiss or your first heartbreak or first true love or first breakdown in life or first loss or whatever.

There are a few experiences I need to get down that happened before my failed volcano prediction back in January 17th, 2007.

The Mirror Opening.

I must have been either 19-20 when this happened. Me and my friends all took some LSD in the form of sugar cubes and it was some pretty good acid. I believe I took 2 hits. At some point in my trip I took a candle into the bathroom and turned the light out. I stared into the mirror and I don't know for how long, maybe for an hour I have no idea how much time passed but it seemed like it was for awhile. I saw some apocalyptic version of myself with a red bandana, sort of like Rambo or something. I had black smeared across my face that looked like dirt or something. At some point it felt like it was a different version of myself looking back at me.

This is a memory that will never go away for me. Memory. How is my memory so good? Well to some extent I still don't believe I'm entirely human. My memory is so good and so precise I can remember every time I

was blackout drunk even, something you're not supposed to remember. Who knows. Doesn't even matter anymore at this point. I don't know who or what I am anymore. Maybe it just comes down to a choice of what I believe in. I hate humanity and myself so much that I would rather just believe I'm an alien anyways.

What I do know is that this experience was just as real as yesterday because it terrified me. As I was looking into the mirror I then did my silent scream ability to see if something would happen. I don't remember how long I did the silent scream but I can imagine that I did it, whatever it is, as hard as I could. What happen next is something I'll never forget in my life. The mirror then made this very loud creaking noise as it actually opened a little bit. Every hair on my body stood on end. I just stared at it and then I slowly investigated it and saw that it was one of those mirror cupboards, which I didn't even know.

Looking back on it now, it does make me wonder if it would of kept opening the longer I did it, but once I heard the creaking my eyes were open instantly. I didn't believe what happened was actually real and of course I was tripping, so I did it a second time and sure enough it happened again.

Now with how I am on LSD I don't ever see full hallucinations. I mean things are wavy and morphy but it's not like I see a pink elephant crossing the road or something. I've taken up to 6 hits before and still never seen full hallucinations. For me it was more of a feeling. Sure enough when I took that much LSD I was on the ground at some point just lost within myself and like crawling around and just tripping hard. My point is that this mirror opening experience I had was no hallucination. It really happened, just like the many times supernatural or unexplainable things would happen when I did this silent scream ability while sober.

I ran out and told my friends about it and they of course all laughed and called me crazy. I should of took them in there and tried to do it a third time, but I guess at the time I was struggling to believe it myself because it really did scare me, but I will admit it was quite a thrill, that sort of

adrenaline that happens when something unexplainable happens that defies reality itself. For a long time I could not figure out if it was really my mind that made the mirror open, like telekinesis or something, or if it was something trying to come out of the mirror like I had summoned or called out and something heard me and was trying to make contact with me. I like to believe it was telekinesis but who really knows.

I'm not an acid head or something I haven't taken it that many times in my life. After that period of my life the only times I took acid were this past December and only one time last month which I felt was a very positive experience. The recent few times I took LSD I never thought about trying this ability again, because to be honest the mirror opening experience is just another memory that I sort of bury away and don't ever think about, which is the same as the seeing the moon move experience.

They say the trick is to be able to do these psychic abilities without LSD. I don't know. I honestly don't ever want to do LSD again because I just don't see the point in it anymore. Sure I'm already awakened and have always seen the signs of destiny or whatever you want to call it, but I'm starting to just not care again. Maybe that's the depression talking, maybe it's not. My alien mind races too fast for me to ever be interested in any meditation or third eye chakra bullshit techniques or whatever. To be honest when I'm in a manic state I don't even need to do any of that shit for my third eye to be wide open and do astral projection and all of that. I don't know. I feel I can still astral project and things even in my depression but I just don't care or see a point to do it right now. All the energy and confidence you read in the beginning of this book is all gone now and my brain is just an empty shell of what it used to be, until the phoenix in my brain rises again and comes back to full power, I just feel fucking dead and it's horrible. I don't even care about this stupid book anymore I'm just going down the notes in my notebook listing things one by one now.

Candyflipping.

Around the time of the mirror opening there was another time I had with my friends in the same exact house. One time we all candyflipped, which means you take LSD and ecstasy (MDMA) at the same time. Nothing much happened in this experience but it's something I always tell when I'm listening crazy experiences I've had. When I was peaking with these two drugs combined I literally was seeing the matrix code everywhere. Streaming symbols of letters and numbers or whatever just running down the walls and in the floor and over my friends and everything. What was truly bizarre about this experience was that all three of my friends at one point just stared at me like I was some sort of alien. They claimed that I was shining gold and brightly and that I looked like an alien.

Now one might think they were just fucking with me or something, but I was never the type to be the end of a joke or something. I mean we all made fun of each other sometimes no one was immune to it but it was rare for me because I think I was always more serious or intense or something. I just remember the look on their faces, like they just looked confused or amazed or at times were laughing at how fucked up we all were. It was always weird how they all saw that I was golden or something but not each other.

Anyways, I then remember being on the floor and staring into this cats eyes across the room for awhile. I wanted to see if I could see into hell or something because of that Constantine movie with Keanu Reeves. The cat just stared back probably thinking what the hell kind of drugs are these strange humans on.

Doppleganger.

What is a doppelganger? Well it's a weird name isn't it? I only knew of this word from the many RPG games that I've played throughout my life. A doppelganger is the idea of like if there is a clone of you out there in the world then it would be your doppelganger. I think this word itself is used more in mythological stories or something. Or let's say that there is a celebrity that looks exactly like you, one might joke around and say it's your doppelganger. I don't know the exact definition of the word but it's supposed to be like a fake or real copy of you and is used more in a supernatural or mythological sense. Like I believe there's some sort of monster that it's named after or something I don't even remember. I do, however, have a very interesting tale to tell you about this because it happened to me.

Date is 6.3.18

Something happened to me last night while I was in bed. I had some sort of revolution of the mind, or heightened stage of awareness happen to me. For days my depression has worsened to the point of barely being able to get out of bed. I physically feel drained, even, and all of my thoughts lead to horrible things most notably about suicide. Last night I did my silent scream as I tried to do telekinesis, of course it never works, but it led me down a path of being scared. Then throughout the night something happened to me.

I remembered this youtube video I watched where this woman did telekinesis and closed a cupboard and she was going on about a lot of things. For one she mentioned the elite so it made me wonder if she's a Bill Hicks fan too. She talked about how it's our own minds that are our prisons in this reality that they keep us trapped in. I don't know who they are but the woman is very interesting. Her channel is filled with videos that are 15+ minutes long talking about reality and psychic stuff and a lot of other interesting stuff. I don't exactly remember what happened to me but I started to do something with my mind where it felt like I was fixing it, or attempting to repair it. I even lost my train of thought about demons and everything and it felt like nothing could effect me at all. I started to think about everything in a very simple way. I then heard a very tiny slight ticking

in my fan that I had just behind me, behind my pillow, so I looked at the time and it was 3:33. If I had not heard that very subtle ticking in my fan I wouldn't of looked at my phone, and the only reason I looked at my phone was to check the time because it felt like I was being contacted, or receiving some sort of message. I even decided that I would just write under my real name, Joshua Lee Rogers, rather than use a female name. I already know I'm transgender and bisexual and all this but deep down I know using my real name just makes me feel more protected with copyright stuff and it would just be easier. Eventually when I make more money I will definitely be getting on hormones. I just feel extremely intelligent and at the same time very lost within myself, but being ok with it. I hate this world and I hate my life, but maybe I am learning to find a middle ground with it all. Regardless, it's not like I have a choice now. There is nothing left for me now but to keep writing. If I do end up writing hundreds of novels and I haven't gotten anywhere then I will just kill myself at 37 just like Vincent Van Gogh. I don't care. No one knows what this nightmare called bipolar disorder is all about, what it's truly about because most who are diagnosed with it don't have it like me and Van Gogh have it. Maybe I'm Vincent Van Gogh. Maybe I'm not. Maybe I'm an alien. Maybe I'm not. Maybe I'm just lost. I keep digging and digging. Digging into my own mind. Maybe I sometimes telepathically communicate with Bill Hicks in spirit, or maybe he is actually a Grey Alien. Maybe it's all in my head. I just don't know anymore and really I am beginning to just not care at all. I am obviously plugged and connected into some system of life that is beyond my comprehension. Really I'm just sick of it now. I am starting not to care about any of this. The only thing I know I should be doing is to keep writing. To keep contradicting myself based on my emotions and depressive or non-depressive states. To keep evolving and getting lost. Fuck it.

I feel as if somehow I am trying to repair my own brain. If anything this book can be proof of bipolar disorder. I feel no motivation. Zero inspiration. Zero willpower to do anything other than sleep. I feel like I've been stuck on the doppleganger part for days now. If I am not a writer then I'm nothing. It's pathetic to write that down in a book. I am sure it looks like some sort of pity-party that people don't need, but it's my reality. I am

alone floating in deep space and there are no stars other than the scattered UFOs that observe me and trick me. This is how I feel. Is it making me stronger? Or making me weaker? I can't even tell anymore. I feel I am somehow starting to go beyond some threshold of pain itself. Perhaps losing my grip on reality while very grounded and aware of it at the same time, if this is even possible I don't even know. I'm losing grip on the mission, whatever the mission was I can't remember it anymore. I don't see or feel any light, only darkness. A sense of auto pilot automation must take over in order for this book to be finished. I need to start writing novels or I will get lost in this depression. There just isn't anymore time to just exist in suffering anymore. If I don't fight back then it will overcome me, which feels inevitable anyways but maybe there's a chance to fix my own brain. There has to be. Tomorrow it has to start. I'm already five days behind schedule. I have to keep my life together. I can't fall apart now because I've come so far. So far, or nowhere at all. I feel trapped just like I have always felt. Trapped in my own unknown reality with no way out.

Maybe it's my destiny to kill myself young. I really don't know anymore. I'll be damned if I'm going back on psychiatric medication, that's for sure. I would of loved it if meds worked for me the dozens of different times I've been on them. Break. Break. Break. Falling. Text is. Is. Failing. Falling. Falling.

Somewhere in my ability to explain brought up powerful emotions of the frustrations of having to explain it having to explain the many voices not believing me not believing me at all about this, about the meds not working. It summons a deep rage that breaks my ability to communicate about it anymore. The only saying is it doesn't matter ringing on and on in my mind and it's the feeling that closes it entirely.

There are many things I want to erase in this book and many things I already have. Well, the things I have erased are about other people who don't matter anymore. I would like to erase the parts about me going on about how I never read books and trying to explain it. It makes me look like a stuck up fool. I don't even have confidence in my novel writing abilities or my book writing abilities for that matter, especially while I am existing in

this black hole of a depression that leaves me begging for suicide or a way out from the pain and suffering of this meaningless venture into the abyss.

What a joke. I thought I had everything figured out how could I be so stupid. Everything just made perfect sense to me. What a confused and pathetic human I am. No, I will not edit this, I will not cut things short just to make myself look better. I will remain true to myself, no matter how foolish and retarded and delusional I allow myself to appear, it's the truth nevertheless. That is one thing I have always believed got me places, being honest. If I wasn't honest to myself and to others I wonder how truly delusional I would be. It's a scary thought that's for sure.

I've lost faith in this book. My soul has been torn to pieces and my loneliness has all but nearly destroyed me. What was the point of this book anyways? Well I guess at the time I believed I was saving the world, or at least causing some sort of mass awakening, which is really foolish to believe because millions of other people are trying to do the same thing through music, movies, books and youtube channels and videos. Who am I really to think I could be any different? And if it's really a popularity contest anyways then isn't it just another bullshit competitive game to play? Do any of us truly care or are we all just wanting a piece of fame to make us feel special to then justify our own pain and suffering to get there? Maybe I am just a selfish person, even though I truly do care about people and if I saw someone suffering I would go to help them, but I reckon I won't be going out much anymore. Again I have lost all faith in humanity. I've tried for months now to make friends and it just can't be done. I'm going to have to just change my phone number again because I'm getting tired of all the people on my phone who don't even call me back.

Yeah blah blah blah. I don't know what this book is about anymore either. Sorry for wasting your time. Honestly though, you know what? If I found a book like this out there in the world. I would probably cry from happiness to know a book like this even existed and I would probably read it so many times. Just something that is so fucking honest and real, with a full spectrum of emotions and all. It's really just like when I was a kid and I used to stay up late at night and do my Joshua TV. I used to host my own

talk show program late at night when I was around 7-8 years old. Of course my whole life there have been moments where I feel like I am an actor on a stage, or that I'm being watched even now. It felt good to vent my thoughts and stories and imaginations or whatever to an audience. It wasn't even an audience I had to imagine it was just like I talked and it really felt like many people were listening to me. So if that makes me crazy then I guess I've been crazy my entire life, or maybe I really am on to something. Truth is I don't even know if I care anymore with this fucking bullshit depression I have to endure now.

Sure I could go back to psychiatric medications, even though I've been on every single one of them at least twice and the new ones they are putting out are just sister clones of the other newest ones which still give me the restless leg syndrome side effect which is a fucking HE double hockey sticks no. I've made it this far to me it doesn't even make sense to go back to meds now, because it's the story of my fucking life. I've been living in a twilight zone reality all my fucking life and I am fucked either way. Either I live a nightmare of a life sealing my third eye shut with psychiatric medications that means no dreams no supernatural no aliens no psychic powers no astral projections nothing, this also means having a fucked up slowly turning into a sociopath or psychotic because that's how psychiatric medications make me feel because I'm so extremely sensitive and emotional that to suppress my goddess like powers of empathy and emotions actually makes me creepy weird psychotic and sociopathic like and that is scary in itself. Not to mention all the fucking side effects from whatever different meds that I have to manage to live with and endure and also not to mention because of said repressed sensitivities and emotions my creativity is just fucking shot to death and is nothing. Sure you have people who tell you their creativity isn't gone from medications but you don't see them spinning out of control with creativity, do you? No, not really. How could you when your third eye and emotions and everything else is turned off by artificial chemicals in your brain?

Wait, though. I'm not knocking psychiatric medications. Because let's now look at the other end of the spectrum. Not taking the psych meds for something I have? Well most likely an inevitable suicide, which means a

much shorter life. Sure there is mania which I believe is an evolutionary process for humans to use more of their brains, but that isn't always as crystal clear as you read about. To be honest the heavy cost of mania isn't even worth it because once it's over you are fucked and it's actually when most people wind up back in the hospital, either from the downfall from said mania or the abyssmal collapse of the depression that follows. Let's not forget about the nerve splitting having you shaking in a corner mixed states or mixed episodes or what I like to call energetic depressions that will have you go beyond crying itself and is an actual high risk of suicide as well. Let's not forget fucking up ALL your relationships, burning all bridges, most likely losing every friend you ever had, having horrible fights with your family if they are in the picture or not. Unintentionally alienating yourself from everyone you ever knew and society itself because what you are going through is not something that can be so rational explained like they do in their psychology and psychiatric DSM books, which they do a fair job but they will never capture what it's REALLY like which is why the whole mental health system needs to be rewritten because it's built by and enforced mostly by robots instead of empaths, or at least somewhat of a system of empathy.

This is why I despise and have despised anyone who claims to have some sort of cure or alternative method to cure bipolar disorder. They are all fakes. The only treatment for my kind of bipolar disorder is psychiatric medication or inevitable suicide. Since I'm not going to be taking psychiatric medication again because I've been doing it on and off for half of my life then eventually my life is pretty much forfeit and I've already come to terms with that. I deem my own life expendable now. Why? Because I refuse and I will always refuse. I will always keep fighting this bullshit and fake society. I am completely alone not because of my condition but because of this fake society we live in where there are a million walls between us all. I don't even play computer games anymore so I don't even have fake online friends anymore. There is nowhere to go around this fucking town to meet people unless I'm a drinker, which I'm not. I can always go down to the park but the people I run into there are usually homeless people that either did or still do smoke meth, and I don't really trust any of them to be honest. I've tried to make friends with people

that live near me and everyone is just so stuck in their own lives and world that I only felt stupid for trying.

The thing is that I don't know for sure if suicide is inevitable for me. You have to know that this condition called bipolar disorder gets so bad that it actually feels like suicide is the only white light left in the world. It goes beyond the spectrum of emotions itself. It's a sort of torture that is truly impossible to explain and even the most poetic of words could not even do it justice. For someone experiencing the darkest hells of bipolar disorder, there is no light and there is absolutely zero hope. I am not trying to turn this book into some bipolar disorder thing and I really hate that I feel that's what's happening.

If this condition I have called bipolar disorder leads me to suicide then so be it. I accept it. There's nothing or no one that can stop me. At least there is an option to do it. I don't even want to imagine a reality where there was no option to even kill ourselves. Of course, all you fucking retard monkey humans will probably lead us there one day in some fucked up dystopian future society nightmare where we aren't even human anymore because the great robotic god Elon Musk (who again believes that AI will already reign supreme over humans so has bought out a company called Neuralink that is doing illegal experiments on humans to merge human brains with machines or AI or Artificial Intelligence which will actually be the reason why AI reign supreme over humans because they are being integrated with the human brain which will teach them how to become consciously aware then it's game over but everyone is too mind fucked and bedazzled by his other companies like space cars and SpaceX to even look into Neuralink because like I said many times you're all fucking retarded human beings) led humanity into the machine world and humanity is not only enslaved but slowly erased from history, or some shit like that who knows. Fucking stupid fucking human parasite idiots. I really do hope something horrific happens to where this planet is destroyed before the Elite, Illuminati, or NWO or whatever maybe it's the same thing, before the evil that has taken over this planet gets complete control and we enter some dystopian age. This planet will be destroyed if it gets to that point I am pretty sure of it, or at least it will be if there is any sense or love in this

world to begin with. I believe humans can still turn it around but it's not looking pretty and especially not with Elon Musk trying to create Skynet but you all are too fucking stupid to see it. OOO CARS IN SPACE HOW COOL! Fucking low intelligent human beings go back to watching your prime time television spin off clones of each other written by a bunch of fucking retards smoking crack.

So enough with the bipolar bullshit already. I'm over it and I'm done with it. I mean it's just a condition I live with, whether it's an actual evolutionary process of the brain or not it's just a stupid theory of mine. It's very possible that I just have a fucked up brain that isn't normal. Who cares. We all deal with the cards we are dealt. Moving on.

Doppleganger.

These series of stories before the failed volcano prediction I'm just going to say I was 19 years old because I'm not quite certain but it's a good guess.

At this time I had a pretty good network of friends. I remember at a party there was this one friend of mine who told me he saw me walking down the road the other day and I was wearing some kind of coat. I told him it wasn't me because I hadn't worn a coat in weeks and whatever day that was I was somewhere else or something.

Not much longer after my friend told me that. I was with this girl I was going out with for a week or so that I fell in love with but then the timing was all fucked up as she was already moving to clear across the country. Anyways we stopped at the gas station and she went in to go pay as we were in her car at the time and then about five cop cars all converge on me and then tell me I have to go with them. I asked why and they just said to get in the back of the car and not to ask questions.

I remember at first feeling like it was sort of exciting. Not exciting like in a way that it was fun or something, but in a way that was me being interested in what the fuck they could of thought I did wrong because I know I didn't do anything wrong. I don't remember being angry or confused about it because at the time I was still in my whole prophet phase. I honestly didn't know what to expect. Maybe it only felt exciting or thrilling because I was in a 2-3 month long manic episode or something, who knows.

I really fucking hate when these fucking dumbass celebrities come out as bipolar. I always search youtube for new bipolar vlogs and sort it by today, and every time some fucking retarded celebrity comes forward with their fake diagnosis of bipolar disorder all the videos get fucking spammed up with it. It was just starting to clear up from Mariah Carey and now Kanye West stupid ass is spammed all over the new bipolar videos. Fucking retard. Yeah bipolar disorder would suit his ego just fine I'd imagine so he can try and go down with the greats for his delusional fucking ass. And I don't know if Mariah Carrey has bipolar or not, I mean sure the bitch could but maybe not, or is just some stunt to make her relevant again. Who the fuck knows. Oh really bitch? If you had bipolar this whole time but hiding it why didn't you just say it sooner to give others who have it inspiration? But once you're not relevant anymore now you suddenly have bipolar and spam up my fucking youtube bipolar vlogs? Yeah. For like a decade every now and then I keep up with the newest bipolar vlogs from random bipolar people that have zero views and no one will ever see but I see them, only to be spammed from these stupid fucking celebrities now claiming to have bipolar. You want to know how I know Kanye West doesn't have bipolar disorder? Because someone who truly has bipolar disorder would not fucking put on an album title "I hate having bipolar disorder it's awesome." because anyone who TRULY suffers with bipolar disorder knows that the whole flip flop play on words is fucking bullshit and isn't bipolar at all. Kanye West's bipolar disorder is no more real than when people refer to the weather as being bipolar because it's cold then suddently hot or some shit. It would make sense that because of his ego he would fight for more attention and relevancy by claiming he has serious mental illness that has connections to great artistical geniuses of our time. Oh he has bipolar?

How about when he's fucking hospitalized for it for over a week then spends years trying different medications with all the side effects and end up getting hospitalized a few more times, then maybe I'll agree he has it. Kanye West is no fucking artistic genius. He's a fucking fake and he always has been. It's too bad his publicity stunts are dying out and him pretending to hate paparazzi doesn't make him cool anymore. In his defense I will say I think he's a good musician and have liked some of his music in the past, as well as some of the things he has said which I think are interesting. To be honest it's probably out of my own jealousy and bitterness that I say bad things about celebrities who come out as being bipolar. I don't know anything about them for all I know they could actually have what I suffer with and I'm just some fucking unsuccessful fucking loser. I guess it actually doesn't matter if Kanye West or Mariah Carrey have bipolar or not. I guess it just comes to show that bipolar disorder hits really close to home with me and it's not a topic I take so lightly because it's the one thing that has fucking destroyed my fucking life and many times over again and why most of my 20s were spent in and out of hospitals and struggling to make meds work from the ages of 15-30 and the many times they FAILED and I tried to make my life work WITHOUT said medications and FAILED and have been living in a nightmare reality half my life that actually that with all the never ending streaming thoughts in my life fused with endless imagination are the reasons I haven't fucking killed myself yet which would be a fucking blessing but, I am too fucking stubborn and I'm going to see if I really can shake this fucking pathetic world by my words or not. I'm going to try at least. FUCK YOU.

Anyways.

Anyways.

Anyways.

Blah blah blah.

Two detectives come in and then slap down some newspaper that shows a picture of me holding up a gas station with a fucking gun, only it's not me.

It's some person who has the exact same fucking face as mine. Lucky for me the person in the picture was a lot bulkier than me so I had that in my defense. Of course this person looked so much like me in the face that I actually felt like as I would feel if it really was me and I was trying to convince them otherwise, this is how much the face was mine.

They eventually let me go. I even had told them I could see why they would think it's me, and of course they had their own suspicions obviously because of the weight difference. It really makes me wonder though, if the guy in the picture who held up a chain of gas stations was as thin as me, I would of had a hell of a time convincing them that it wasn't me because we would of appeared to be as clones.

Could of just been some guy from some other state that had the same face as mine. Who knows. The whole doppelganger thing is weird. Makes me think about paralell dimensions and stuff which I hate to think about. I hate to imagine that there are infinite versions of myself out there at different times or something all on a loop. Even if it were true it's something I would refuse to believe in just because it doesn't sound very fun or exciting or thrilling. Call me a hypocrite or whatever I don't care. I don't like the paralell dimension theories or any theory that makes this life look and feel anymore like a joke than it already feels and looks like. I don't have time for it. If that closes my third eye then so be it I don't fucking care about my third eye right now. My third eye causes me enough fucking confusion that right now I sometimes think about just fucking stabbing it so that my suicide could be legendary as that one crazy person who stabbed their own third eye, much like when Vincent Van Gogh cut off his ear. I know how he felt because I WAS him.

Necronomicon.

Uhh, I'm actually going to wait until morning to write this one. I'm not on a sleeping schedule or anything I've actually been sleeping for three days in a row because that's how dark of the depression that I'm in and I feel like I'm somehow trying to repair my brain in my mind and in my dreams and all at once. I don't know. I hate sleeping but I've lost all will to even live and right now just laying in bed in my own hell is the only thing that makes sense to me right now. But, oh dear reader, I will be back and we will brave onward to the rest of my tales, which really aren't that many left and of course with all my delightful distractions or whatever because I stopped caring about my own life and stopped caring about this book as well that no one is going to read anyways! I love you.

Well it's morning now and I feel I've had another experience throughout the night. There is something curious about inversion, or that life or our world can sometimes be like a mirror world. One thing that I picked up on as I woke up many different times is that 11 11 cannot be inverted like 333 can. In one form of inversion with 333 you can get 666, which is a pretty generic symbol for evil. 11 11 is pure, cannot be inverted, you turn it upside down and left to right and any which way and it's still 11 11. 11 11 makes me feel good, like it symbolizes all that is good, "God's love" or the white light or the one consciousness or angels or whatever. Now I don't believe 333 necessarily represents evil, I just think it can be the darker nature of things, or at least the darkness that exists within all of us. I don't like 666 I think it represents evil, which my idea of evil is just maliciousness towards other people for no real reason, just senseless violence or harming others for the fun of it without even any sense of justified revenge or something. I could be wrong about that but it's just my interpretation of it and honestly I never see 666 anywhere or any form of 6s in my synchronicity numbers. For me it has always been 11 11 and 333 for the most part.

I had a very specific dream where me and a guy I knew were driving along the road, except everything was reversed. He was driving and I was not, which I usually was. There were no headlights on and we then abruptly stopped at a certain part of darkness in the road. I turned to look and I couldn't even see his face. I then woke up and saw it was light, and in front

of me was an 11 11 that I have engraved in my arm from a long time ago, actually how I got it is in the next part of the story about the Necronomicon. This dream is what spiraled me into this whole thinking about inversion and about how 11 11 cannot be inverted. I guess it gave me a little hope.

It reminds me of this part in the game Chrono Trigger in the future, whenever you get your HP and MP restored it then says something like, "You feel satisfied... but you're still hungry." Yeah it kind of feels like that. Sure a little hope, but I'm still in a fucking dark abyssmal depression I'm trying to break out of. I can't keep talking about this because to be honest it's all I want to talk about now because it's all I feel. I feel I am getting worse. It's important I continue on with the things I wanted to talk about originally and just get done with this book because the pain and suffering I feel now isn't very special and it's just repititive at this point.

Necronomicon.

I had a friend who started throwing parties every night at these apartments. At first it was just a place we would all smoke pot or drink or do random different drugs, like we did oxycotin one night and another night we were all tripping. There was always at least 10 or more people at this place and we were partying there every night, people coming and going and everything. One night someone handed me this book called Necronomicon, handed it to me specifically and told me not to read from it because bad things would happen. So of course I started reading it.

I remember looking around the place and having this feeling that everyone was just having so much fun except for me. At the time I might of even been heart broken from a girl that had just moved out of state that I thought was my soulmate. So I read the book, but I read it with the

intention of wanting bad things to happen. I read the book with the pure intention of wanting to summon something, to experience something more. One bizarre night I walked for awhile until I came to this one spot. I walked into a sub division and to the right was a short path which curved and led to a circle opening out in the grass, surrounded by trees. It made a perfect circle. I was alone and it was late at night. For some reason I was out behind the trees and I finally sat down against a tree. When I put my hand down to rest, my hand landed on the handle of a knife. It was a weird looking knife, thin and sort of long. I thought even then it was fucking weird to of found a random knife like that just sitting out in the forest by some random tree.

I believe I was drunk at the time, but more than anything I was heartbroken over this girl I fell in love with who had just moved out of state. I mean I truly felt like she was the one for me. I think out of my misery I just didn't care anymore. I took the knife in my right hand and cut my left forearm, but I did it with the intention of making an 11 11, since the whole 11:11 synchronicity thing had been so prevalent in my life and still is at times. I don't even remember it hurting or anything, I was never a self cutter either so it was strange for me to do it to begin with and still to this day I can see the 11 11 on my left forearm quite clearly, which is strange as well because it wasn't like it bled a lot or anything, in fact it barely bled at all and just felt like a few scratches I had.

I went back to the apartment and slept for awhile I think as it had hit morning. Then things started to go crazy the following night. Everyone seemed to be out of their minds and it was like I was the only one that could see it. The owner's brother was going crazy eating a bunch of preworkout mix stuff and was all hyped up. This one guy was like pretty much trying to rape some girl who was pretty drunk. And everyone was just acting so bizarre and crazy. People just got way out of control and the cops were even called a couple times. Then everything just turned into some fucking sex party or something. People were literally having sex on the floor and without condoms or anything. I think the one girl who kept trying to hook up with me ended up getting pregnant or something. It was just like everyone had lost complete control and I was the only sober one

there witnessing it all. I didn't even remember who had given me that book but I saw the power of it.

That's the thing though, about the book. Did I summon a bunch of demons that were influencing people? Or was it my intentions mixed with the reading of the words that made everything go crazy? I've done my own research on the book and many claim that the book, although very fictional and made up, does have powers and all this. It makes a very good question, does the book itself have powers or is it only in the power of belief of the reader that summons things and the words themselves are used as like a certain guide or conduit for such summoning energy? I have no idea.

Things ended up getting worse at this party house. Eventually people were playing paintball inside the apartment, splattering the walls with random paint, destroying random items. The owners were destroying their own property even. It then became some bizarre thing where it was like the management of the apartment complex was to blame and they were refusing to pay rent so they were straight up just destroying as much as they could. People started fighting and everything just crumbled away and that was the end of that party house.

So, is it just coincidence that I read the Necronomicon and after making that 11 11 on my arm that everyone started to lose their minds? What the fuck happened? Did I really summon a bunch of dark entities or something that affected people? Well I believe so, but then again what the fuck do I know? It's all a fucking joke on me anyways, like some cruel twisted joke that life plays on me. Why?

I'll tell you why. Because it's just very hard when you have experiences that you know are very real, like me opening that mirror with my mind, or watching the moon move with my friends, or seeing 3 UFOs leave the atmosphere after a prophet dream in the story I'm about to share next, or believing I destroyed some fucking demon that was screaming at me after I blew it up in astral warfare or something? Sure I have these experiences I know are real and no one could ever make me believe different, but then I

get all these other fucking experiences that I have no idea if they were real or not and believing they are real just makes me feel fucking crazy cause I have no proof.

It DOES bother me. Why does it bother me? Because it's LONELY. I hate spending my entire life with people looking at me like I'm fucking nuts. I mean should I be apologizing for always be thinking or talking about questioning reality itself or about aliens or psychic shit or supernatural or third eye whatever? Should I feel crazy for talking about signs? Well that's how I feel a lot of the times.

I keep coming back to this woman with her youtube videos. S.G. Well I think the main reason her videos have as much attention as they do is because she was doing all these telekinesis videos of her closing a cupboard in her garage or something. I didn't need to see those videos though because I already believed she was doing it in the first one I saw because I had my mirror opening experience I did once so I believe it. I think the only reason I was able to do that anyways was because I was on LSD and my third eye was so open or, I don't know, whatever.

Anyways I've been listening to her other videos where she talks a lot about "they", and I think she's talking about demons or whatever force has us like imprisoned or something in this reality which I find very interesting and also really scares me. I just had another freaky dream where it felt like something was fucking with me. I kept seeing two instances of people like time was reverted back on itself and everything was just fucked up and not making sense. Like in the dream I would be talking to someone's face but also talking to them on the phone then trying to explain to them the situation. I also had a dream that me and 4 other people were swimming in some dark cave and I kept saying where is the ship at? We need to get to the ship? And then there was some voice like fucking with one of the girls there and so I swam at it and was trying to say fuck you but I broke the dream and woke up because of that.

That's one ability I do have and I do believe that Grey Aliens have taught me that over the course of my life. I can break free of the paralyzation in

dreams or break free of any dream I want just with my willpower alone. So then is it real that things or other entities can really fuck with us in our dreams?

This is what I hate the most in all of this. Not knowing the things that are real and the things that are not real but at the same time knowing some things in the past and in the present are definitely real. What kind of life is that? I am starting to feel like I want to give it all up. And why? Because this is all becoming too much for me! How am I to deal with all this third eye rabbit hole bullshit if I am dealing with a serious mental illness at the same time!?

Welcome to the show. This is the FUCKED up cycle I get myself wrapped up in all over again. Because now I feel the temptation to just go back on meds. What will going back on meds do for me? Well it might bring me out of this abyssmal depression after about a week, and I will start to feel better. All this rabbit hole third eye stuff goes away, though. Third eye gets sealed shut again and all these dreams and experiences all melt away like they were all a dream to begin with, some product of delusion or might as well be because it all goes away anyways. Now I am at the end of the page and I fucking HATE being at the end of the page and there we go next page now.

Premonition of tornadoes in Wisconsin.

Had a dream that was in the backyard of some two story house, it was very open and many open fields off in the distance. People were laughing having a great time as there was some sort of BBQ in the backyard. Then it started raining very heavily and I could feel the rain because the dream felt very real. Then I saw a bunch of tornadoes in the distance and shit got real and crazy and I woke up. Next day I saw on the news it said there were a bunch of tornadoes in Wisconsin and the place they showed looked just

like where I was in my dream. Blah blah blah roll my eyes. I'm done with this stupid fucking book.

3 UFOs and the volcano prophecy dream.

I predicted that on January 17th, 2007 that the Mount Hood Volcano in Portland, Oregon would erupt. I was led to this prediction by both real and delusional experiences. I had many third eye, psychic, spiritual, supernatural, synchronicity and signs of destiny related experiences that were real, but also had many experiences that I believe were delusional or me just forcing the signs too much or just slipping too much into it all.

One week before my prediction I had a dream.

I was at an old western town in the desert that was empty. I remember walking down the middle of it and to the left and right of me were vacant shops, dust covered everywhere, mannequins in the windows. When I reached the end of the old one street town, I stared off in the distance at a volcano. The volcano erupted. The lava came to my feet and when I looked down they all looked pixelated like an Atari 2600 game.

I woke up, immediately looked out of the window and saw 3 UFOs in the night sky. They were moving horizontally and vertically and I woke up my girlfriend at the time so she could see it too. I did this because I didn't want her to think I was crazy when I would tell her about it the next day. She saw them too, and soon enough they all flew out into space and were gone. The very one detail that I remember that made me sure it was real is how they left the atmosphere, it looked from my perception that it was curved. Like when they left they went in some semi circle curve like they were going out away from the EARTH.

In my early 20s I taught myself how to fly in a series of lucid dreams I was having. At some point I had gotten back on medication and the dreams stopped.

Deja Vu.

When I was 24 years old I had an experience of Deja Vu that proved my theory on it. I have always believed that Deja Vu are dreams in the past that we have had of the future. When you experience a Deja Vu feeling, I believe you are actually remembering and experiencing a dream you've already had long ago in your past that you have forgotten about, as we don't remember most of our dreams.

I had an experience of Deja Vu where I actually remembered the dream I had in the past. I was in the mental hospital and on my very last day there there was a lady with a green marker and the board. I remembered this dream, also something about being on a bus and a beach. After I got out of the mental hospital I took a Greyhound bus to Miami, Florida from Iowa. I was homeless on the beach for a couple of weeks.

One night I had an experience I'll never forget. I woke up and looked behind me and on top of one of the hotels was a huge 11:11 on a huge clock. I then walked to the edge of the water, at the left point of the Bermuda Triangle, I looked out and had the most beautiful and the most rock bottom depressed feeling of my life. I put my hand out and could feel the wind coming at me.

It makes me think about self-destruction.

I'm going to write both bad and good novels.

I don't care anymore.

I hate this life, always have. I am too sensitive for this life.

Sure, I will give it all I got, but that's all. No more after that.
I have zero willpower left to continue this book.
I have more stories but it doesn't matter.
I could tell about when I first started telepathically communicating with Bill Hicks.
Doesn't matter.
Maybe it wasn't even real.
I was going to write about my most recent mental hospital visit.
I shouldn't of been hospitalized.
I was scared I would be stuck there forever because I was sane and normal.
Before that a cop was holding me down.
Gripping my throat and I couldn't breathe.
I asked, "Is this the part where you kill me?"
I then was barely able to say, "I'm ready."
I wish that police officer would of killed me then and there.
The cop wasn't bad just doing his job.
I said I would take all three of the cops on.
I only believed I was an angel here to save the world.
Still do sometimes.
At least I did look death in the eyes and said I wasn't afraid.
I did feel a bit set free from this.
Oh sure I have many more good stories.
Would make me look very good.
And quite entertaining.
I want to write a new novel.
Called the beauty of suicide.
I almost wrote one called that.
I was too scared to do it.
Not anymore.
After I got out of the hospital.
I was astral projecting in real time all over the town.
My astral self is a beautiful female angel, with two swords and long beautiful hair.
She is me and I am her.
Maybe in another life I can be a her.
Maybe this one too if I play my cards right.

I don't think I have many cards left to play, however.
I feel life parting from me.
Giving up.
Can't fight anymore kind of feeling.
Before all the demon fighting.
Oh many more stories I can't tell because I'm too sad.
SO much research I did on alien abductions.
I know I was abducted.
Something was done to me.
WHAT IF I BROKE MY BRAIN AND THE MANIA NEVER ENDS NOW AND I AM
A GODDESS.
FUCK YOU ALL I WILL SHATTER THIS REALITY WITH MY WRITING.
Implanted with alien intelligence? Or something?
Why are my racing thoughts the same as I was a kid?
And that one dream? Me sitting in a chair with wires hooked up to me?
All my thoughts on monitors?
Maybe I am a Grey Alien living in a human vessel.
Strange that I am so sad yet I cannot cry anymore.
I have no more tears left to cry I feel.
I am numb and dying.
If this life is a joke then I feel I am the punchline.
Stretched across twilight zone realities.
Recently I had a battle with a demon.
On the way driving there it spoke with me.
I said to it.
"I'm comin' for you."
It laughed at me, then it said. "Oh you think so?"
I said, "I know so."
It said, "I was the one who attacked your friend in Brazil."
I said, "Big mistake my friend. Big mistake."
It said nothing.
I got there, at the monument. The spiritual place.
I was so scared.
I looked up at the statue and closed my eyes and stretched my arms out.
Silent scream.
I felt it's presence there. The demon.

The fear tells me it's there.
I was fighting it with swords, some astral fight.
It was too strong for me.
I then physically turned to face the woods.
I was speaking in tongues and something very weird.
I was talking in a way I never had before.
I was so fucking scared.
I was scared some monster or animal would jump out and kill me.
Then something happened.
I felt as if I grabbed the demon, and I was yelling,
speaking in weird tongues and a language I never heard before.
I imagined it blowing up in flames, like I ignited it.
I ignited the fucking thing in flames.
I was so scared I immediately dropped my arms and headed to the car.
As I left, something screamed off in the forest.
A metallic long screeching, a noise I never heard before.
One long screech, five seconds pass, then another long screech.
Louder than anything.
As I drove down the road, scared out of my mind.
I felt its presence fade until it was gone.
It was as if it was crawling and bleeding and dying,
like in some video game when you kill the boss.
Eventually I was laughing so loudly like a cracked out Vegeta.
And then I felt so happy.
One of the happiest times in my life.
I destroyed a real demon that night.
And I was so happy.
I believe in it.
Nothing or no one can take that from me.
This victory where I faced a great demon and destroyed it.
The end.

For months I was in a deep depression. Then Anton Yelchin died and this really threw me over the edge. At the time as well I was losing my mind on some website forum just really feeling like none of this is real, like life itself isn't real. I remember watching Green Room and I kept crying throughout it because I was so sad that he died because he was such a beautiful actor and great human being and didn't deserve to die so young, which he died from a freak accident at age 27. At the end of the movie Green Room there's a part where Anton Yelchin says "this is all a nightmare" and then Patrick Stewart says "I know" and the way he said it was just creepy in itself because in a way it felt like he was saying goodbye to him or something. This made me cry so hard and then I was crying because I didn't feel like any of this was real. I felt my own reality being ruptured again because I kept remembering the time I was witnessing the moon moving in fucking circles which should be impossible. That was the one memory I always blocked out and buried deep in my subconscious mind, but I would only remember it when I started to question reality itself seriously. It makes me wonder if there were other times like this where I truly questioned reality but maybe forgot about because I wasn't as hysterical. This time I most certainly was hysterical.

If it wasn't for my reawakening I would probably still be very depressed in general, which was a depression that was completely separate from my bipolar depressive states, with no hope at all still trying to write shitty novels that were an expression of my bitterness and rage of not having a life for so many years because of my "bipolar disorder" or just giving up in life in general.

These sort of novels that I would of kept trying to complete and eventually succeeded, like the one novel I did complete named Mukon Suicide which really just romanticized suicide and wasn't positive at all. These sort of novels I would still be writing to this day I believe would be of the dark and not of the light. You see, when I wrote Mukon Suicide, which I already unpublished a couple years ago, I believed that it was harmless because it's just a book, but I know the reality is that if anyone reading it was truly suicidal it might, even if it was a tiny bit, it might just influenced them more to just kill themselves or something. I imagine this reason for unpublishing

this novel was very similar to why Stephen King unpublished his novel "Rage" which was about a high schooler that brought a gun to school and held a classroom hostage, which in our modern day school shootings are a commonplace and he took it down to not influence more kids to do these things, which I thought was very commendable of him to do as it was actually a good novel I thought as I read the book out of curiosity long after it was taken down.

Words can be more powerful than we can imagine, just look at the bible or that one book Adolf Hitler wrote. I had a plan to write some novels about anti-heroes and suicide and other dark things that to me would of just been an expression of my pain and suffering. That plan is changed now, however, as I am reawakened and plan to write many novels with positive and hopeful messages in them as I believe these sort of novels are much harder to write than flat out pessimistic or dark novels, which I like a challenge anyways so I don't mind it at all, and really I have always been of the light and a good soul so I know the many novels I will write were meant to be as a part of my own true destiny in this life.

Demons are very real, for I have been a demon hunter half of my life and have already chosen not to share many of my demon hunting experiences because they are personal battles that I will never share with anyone because there is no point in doing so as they are for me only. Make no mistake, demons and other dark entities do exist and they are extremely difficult to see as their primary function is to exist in stealth and in the shadows so they can be more efficient. They do not give a fuck if you believe in them or not, they are still here regardless and they would prefer it if you believe they don't exist at all so that people like me and some other people of the light I've known do not destroy them. In actuality, most demons that exist right now spread out across our planet are lesser demons. Make no mistake, the true and powerful demons that are either exactly like or similar to H.P. Lovecraft's visions, do exist and they are orbiting our planet waiting for the great seals and portals to finally open for them to enter and consume the planet whole. They are coming, which is why I do my part to write this book and do what I can to spread this truth and offer some techniques and insights if you choose to listen to them.

They are on their way and the great spiritual war is a lot closer than you think. You will hear many people say that we are already in the great spiritual war, but we are not. You will know when it's here, and it's coming soon, so all of you of the light out there you need to be ready and prepared. We all need to prepare and be ready, the fate of mankind depends on it.

I have one last thing to add and that is about virtual reality itself. Of course I think there are good applications for virtual reality such as medical training or other simulations that are applicable to real life careers. I think recreational entertainment virtual reality communities are evil. These will serve as the ultimate portals for demons and other dark entities to easily slip into the hearts and minds of individuals that become more helplessly addicted to this than anything we have ever witnessed before. This type of false reality will only enforce more control over mankind even more than the control that is becoming more real and relevant in our third dimensional reality. If you think being brainwashed by television sets was bad enough, oh just wait until we are living in a society with people brainwashed by virtual reality itself, where they can have sex and walk through a park and trick their own minds to believing it's more real than whatever reality is in our third dimension. How much easier will it be for the enslavement of mankind to happen when we have already submitted to its technology? Not to mention all the endless legions of demons that are just lining up to infect the souls of millions of humans who surrender their souls over to virtual reality communities. I will never support recreational virtual reality. In fact I am not very supportive of most technological advances as it actually scares me and I think we are only becoming more and more like slaves to our own technology. Nature is getting left behind and technology is taking over and retards like Elon Musk have already given up their humanity and already believe there is no hope for humanity in the future and believe that AI's will already take over, which ironically enough Elon Musk's Neuralink evil lab company could quite possibly be the very thing that gives birth to evil self learning artificial intelligence that takes over and exterminates or enslaves mankind like in the movie "The Matrix" as Neuralink's main purpose is to merge the human brain with artificial intelligence, which Elon Musk through his

arrogance, pride and ego will most likely be successful with implanted his own brain and merging it with AI therefore creating himself as a robotic god that lives forever and eventually becomes the very being that destroys or enslaves the human race itself. There needs to be moral regulations on the advancement of our technology or we are only going to destroy ourselves. We should be fucking traveling through space (Which I believe Elon Musk's SpaceX is just a coverup to distract the people from his evil Neuralink lab where he's creating evil AI to take over the world and make himself the great robot god as he successful merges his brain with the supreme intelligence of AI and thus fucking everyone over.) and making better renewable energies instead of investing in fucking robots and other evil shit like virtual reality that only creates more control of the human mind and imprisons the human mind.

I mean, is Neuralink a giant coverup or are all you humans really that fucking retarded? Why is no one fucking talking about NEURALINK? Is it being covered up? Or is no one even fucking talking about it? MORONS.

Reset.

6.5.18.

Gender is irrelevant. That is not outside of the box.

This is too big to comprehend. The numbers are infinite.

I glitched out in the dream.

I had a dream where I was understanding where my true origins are from from a machine, an old machine that was acting much like a typewriter, or no an old commodore computer with an old printer or something like this. Except the display, the display was much like Civilization the game back on an old macintosh but something a bit newer. No it was more like a display of heroes of might and magic on a Macintosh slower one back in the late 90s or something like this. Late 90s? No early 90s. I dreamed that I was first

in these classrooms and I have been so alone. There was this one girl. She understand me and I understood her. And this other guy as well was there that was her brother or something like that. There were these cartoons that we were all laughing at so much but no one else understood it, the cartoons were of sarcasm but of a deeper intelligence that only we understood. It soon became this thing where I loved this girl so much. I needed to be by her needed to find out where she was from. They were all going out to the buses to go home I then asked if I would need a coat or something if it would be cold. They then said that they lived 3 hours away from the school. I could not believe it was that far and they said really yes. I went to the girl and for some reason there was a disconnect, or at least a temporary one. Then it was like I lost both girls. I then ran and ran. This whole time it was in my old elementary school. I then ran to the gym and started doing laps in my tshirt and jeans. I just kept running. But inside the gym was too refined and too many classes were already happening. I ran outside and began running as well. Except soon the outside turned to another inside of a gym except with more light much like you would see in an open day cafeteria of an airport or something like this except I was then running over thick wrestling mats the type that elevate above the ground and your feet sort of sink into. I ran and ran and then I was running into my own class and eventually found that girl again and we were laughing again. Then we were at a computer and it was printing out data but in German or something and the science teacher was there and saying how it was printing out maps of something this is when it was like looking at an old map of Civilization or Sim City 2000 back in the early 90s and it looked like when in Sim City 2000 you get to the point with all the domes like bubble domes of evolved civilizations except the map seemed limitless like in Civilization. I remember I asked. I asked. Is this my true origin if I'm an alien or not? Before that. Much before that in the dream. There were signs or symbols I was able to detect. Something about the edge of CDs or the lights that emit from them I was able to obtain information from anything and that I am in fact an alien that I am not of this world. What was it? I try to remember. Two options go in the past of the dream or in the present. Fuck the past remain in the present. The printer is printing out something. I remember saying that what we need to figure out is if this part here on the map, where I pointed to a random part to use as an example. I said we

need to figure out if this part represents somewhere in our world, or somewhere in our galaxy. The science teacher laughed at me but then I think he got serious as maybe he accepted this possibility. None of us truly knew what this machine was doing. When I asked the question what if this is my true origin as an. as an alien I said slowly and as I said this I said it loud enough so a few others could hear close to me as it made me feel special which is something I have been seeking to prove for so long and I understand why a need to prove this is because I am special because I am not human I am an alien. I am an alien. I am not of this world. Not like that trickster human. No, I am much different. Gender is irrelevant. Time is irrelevant. This is all a dream and one day I will wake up. "Life is only a dream and we are an imagination of ourselves." It all comes back to Bill Hicks, of course. Always. Just like in that Revelations comedy set he did and the background of the moon which is an alien base. Bill Hicks is an alien like I am an alien. When he died one of the last things he said is that wherever something about love and music and laughter he is there in spirit and I don't have the quote memorized but it's an amazing quote very Obi-Wan esque and magnificent. I glitched out in the dream. My hand kept flickering and it was like I was malfunctioning. Because the girl I loved in the dream was saying something and as I was finishing her sentence I was starting to pass out or felt like it would be the best time to then pass out. She was saying that these numbers... and then I said are impossible for us to comprehend because they are too big of numbers for us to comprehend. I passed out on the mat and woke up in real life, whatever this real life is.

If I am truly an alien, then many things in this book still apply. The things in this book are supposed to be theroretically possible at least. It's very theoretically possible that Grey Aliens have been aiding in mankind's evolution for millions of years. It's very possible that it would of taken me many reality shifts and tests to get to this point, even being misled by some fucking crazy manipulative guy. It's all for a reason. All of it coming back around again. Telling the rest of my story throughout my 20s is irrelevant and a waste of time. No wait. My point is this. Sure it's possible we are living in a black hole. Not as important right now or at least I'm not to that point yet. I don't need to be yet. What's important now is proving that I am

alien. How do I prove this? How do I prove this belief? I have to write. Just like last night I go on and on about how I need to write. An audio recording I made which I will soon translate into written words. I'm still here.

I'm
still
here.

I'm very sane. I'm very rational. I'm very logical. I'm very scientific. I don't know anything about scientific terminology, because I don't need to. I am not a part of your system. The concepts and ideas I have already found myself. My words and thoughts and imaginations all in unison can be mathematically equated and laid out just as if I was a genius mathematician and it's not that I'm a wordatician or anything of the sort. My genius and alien like presence are in my thoughts, they always have been. Getting better at transcribing my lucid and streaming thoughts as they are happening in real time, which has been what this whole book has been about and unintentionally I might add.

Back in the dream in the past of the dream it was something about the outer edge of a CD was bringing back memories or somehow confirming that I am an alien.

My true reawakening. Is now.

A shock back into the system. Plugged back in.

I owe it to Bill Hicks to tell the story that brought me back to life.

I believed I had found self learning artificial intelligence on the internet. I saved a few documents to a flash drive and I ripped out the flashdrives out of my \$1400 PC and then destroyed the PC and not only destroyed that one but a couple other laptops I was using at the time as well. Snapped them in half and threw them in the sink. I called 911. I went on a Lucy rant, which is the only way I can even define the at least 10 minute neverending steaming rant that I gave to the operator, maybe it was even longer than

that there would be no way for me to know or to listen to the recording of it which I am sure has been reviewed and studied by many people I will never meet in my lifetime. I was speaking as not myself but as another entity and I remember most of it, or at least can guess the many things that I said but would be impossible for me to remember it all as it was a stream of endless ideas and concepts all interconnected. I call it a Lucy rant because of the movie with Scarlett Johanson when she uses more of her brain from some drug that awakens the use of it and when she contacts Morgan Freeman and is saying all this information so quickly that it would be impossible for any human to do, or not impossible maybe I'm not an alien after all, but I believe that I am, irrelevant.

I was going to watch Lost in Translation with Bill Murray but I couldn't even start the movie because just the thought of how hot Scarlett Johanson is in that pink underwear made me have to go watch some porn just to get off. Maybe I'll actually be able to watch the movie sometime.

I don't feel

I just don't feel right anymore, or I am feeling SO much that I reach periods where I am in this delusion I feel nothing at all, beyond super saiyan.

Much doubt. Much paranoia. Much stress. Much depression.

I feel like something is happening to me, like I am evolving. This depression is not taking it's course like it should be. Something is different. Something is happening. There has been a break now in this severely clinical depressive worst of the worst of depressive episodes. Something has changed, or rather, something is breaking through. I am breaking through. I am evolving. I am becoming. You see, before the alien memory dream I had. I had an idea. An idea of creating an entity within me, of being an entity itself. If nothing is real. If I'm not real. Then what can I create. How is my human imagination, and my imagination seen through the unknown sigh of the third eye, how do they not transpire into these very words themselves? If what I write could be the combination of two different set of imaginations, what would it truly create if not for the reality of my third eye sight seen through the filter or lens of my human imagination? Much

like Necronomicon? This beautiful writer H.P. Lovecraft who has seen visions of the terrible creatures of the abyss through his dreams or his own conscious astral third eye sight imagination? Then it could be said that, I wield a power that is beyond comprehension. I wield a power of creating what is actually reality.

A fucking mouse just

What the fuck.

This is a sign. It has to be.

Now two mice.

Three mice?

A random dumbass guy yelling in my apartment building. Stupid human.

What are the odds that when I finished that paragraph, that was what I thought to be one of the most profound things I've ever written, that I physically see a mouse come from under my oven. Is this real? As real as my friend Henry More? Who I was communicating with through some sort of weird text based instead messenger on a website? Who I always thought was fucking with me? If he was or not doesn't matter. Anything that was at least fake only strengthened my sense of disillusionment from reality.

I've never seen mice in a house before, and I am not born into some rich family or something like this, just never have seen it, until now, until I literally finished that paragraph. Where I thought a couple plastic bags on the floor were moving on its own maybe an item was leaning over and I had the imagination that there were mice and then lo and behold I see a mouse. Oh, now I know why. I've had cats my entire life. I had this one pure black cat for 16 years that always took care of that issue.

Well that's just fucking great. Now I'm going to have to call the people. More awkward and fun times. On top of that I feel like my stress is through the roof and I'm just not doing well at all. Should I even put this in my book? At this point. I don't want to leave anything out. It all here to be here. All of it. I feel scared. I feel lost. I feel confused. I feel like I am sinking and trying to grab onto anything. Most of all terrified of my own greatness.

My own greatness. What does that even mean? Here's my skeptical side coming in trying to keep myself grounded and stable. Why am I so stuck on

myself? Why do I think or feel that I am so special? Because I am special. I'm the one. And maybe that's the point. Maybe to do anything great at all in this life you have to believe you are the one to do it and no one else can but you because in the end yourself is all you have.

I don't know anymore. I'm still stuck in this nightmare book. It's never going to end.

My descent into madness while still being aware of it and as stable as I can be is manifesting before my very own eyes. I am the lead actor or actress or fucking alien in this lost episode of the twilight zone.

Stupid fucking humans are still yelling in the apartment building. It seems all the great things that are happening on this day are as well or of equivalent to or however I can spell this stupid transition misstence the correct way to try and say bad things are happening to. Queing up the rain sounds because it's all I have right now. Loading VLC player over the top of my creepy space ambient winamp music. Loading VLC player of the rain sounds because I can't backspace now. I'm too stuck in a trance. I'm stuck in a trance.

Turn the winamp down turn the rain a little bit smoking some left over half cigarette left on my marble plate thing of an ash tray I'm using that is supposed to be on the oven where you put the salt shakers and stuff in between the hot plates on top of the oven of whatever terminology I've never used before or don't care about because if all else fails to explain something in the proper way you can always spell it out word for word.

Something has been nagging at me. It's quite possible that I never destroyed a demon. Maybe I killed a deer or something with my mind. It's a very terrifying thought. The first time I ever intentionally tried the silent scream technique. I remember at the edge of a cornfield. I did the ability and as I was walking away I heard a dog yelp as if it died or something killed it. The same happened this time except the screeching was much louder and it sounded like something I never heard before. I kept having the picture in my mind of it being a deer. I did some research on deer dying

sounds or screeching sounds and I did find a couple that could of sounded similar, except what I heard was much louder and more terrifying, like I had killed a fucking dragon or something. I just don't know anymore. There have been other times I have done this ability and crazy things have happened. What is confusing is the time delay from when I stop and walk away and as I'm walking away is when I hear the screeching, it was the same the first time I did it about 13 years ago when I heard the dog yelp as if it were killed or something.

I tried to research psychic abilities that would inflict pain or something like this but I couldn't find anything. The only thing I could really come close to was something about reversing the effect of empathy. I know I am an empath, always have been and always will. But I think there is more to being an empath than just feeling others emotions and things. I believe the psychic ability of empathy can create a network of bridges that can

Ok it's the next day now. I was trying to say that I believe being an empath is a psychic ability that can serve as a base to brance out to other abilities. My main arguement for this is that empathy is a passive skill in life. An empath feels others emotions and even on a deeper level can feel their energies, but in order to do this the empath must endure the same energies as the people around them. The stronger the empath, the more they feel and from how many more people they can feel from in a radius. It doesn't have to be people of course but I think that animals and things have a much lesser degree of energy, maybe at times so much less that some are not even noticed who knows. This is all fucking theoretical anyways.

Anyways, with an empath there is a lot of energy going on, not just with the empath who is constantly being overloaded with energy from themself and other people, but also with all the energy transfers from feeling off of other peoples auras and energies can be draining itself as well. So you have to understand that for one being an empath means their main psychic ability is always being used and always being tested and always affecting the empath's life. For this seed of all psychic energy, this great benefit of being an empath, it comes at a very heavy cost as being an empath your entire being and life will be shaped and twisted and greatly affected by the

people around you. I am such a powerful empath that all of my dreams involve other people, always other people. Even in the dreams that I'm alone there are still other people around in some way or form.

Anyways my theory is that being an empath is one of the few passive psychic skills that I believe just get stronger throughout the course of one's life, or it can go into a shell to be reawakened later or whatever. Isn't it cool to know that real life is a fucking video game?

Really I am a perfect combination of all sensitivity types. I am truly hyper sensitive and truly an empath. I have bipolar disorder type 1 in the worst way from both sides of my family as it's very genetic for me, been hospitalized 6 different times and been on and off psychiatric medications for half of my life. I've been off medication for the most part of 2 years and honestly I would recommend if you have the same bipolar as me, in the worst way imaginable, I strongly recommend you try every medication they have out there and really give at least a few years of your life trying to find one that works great for you with the minimal amount of side effects. Never go on more than 2 psychiatric medication at a time. I'm not doing great off of medication and I never am and never will be. I'm a crazy scientist and my laboratory and research center is all in my mind and I'm well beyond the point of no return. One day in the far future I will kill myself and this is the way I would want it anyways. So yes, please try to make the psychiatric medications work because there is no in some magical natural curing of your bipolar disorder, unless you don't really have it to begin with which millions of people get misdiagnosed every single year I imagine, especially from second rate psychiatrists or cracked out nurse practitioners handing out psych meds like they're candy in a fast food psychiatry setup where you wait for over an hour just to see someone for 5 minutes who is passing out psych meds like they're candy which will greatly affect your life for at least the next 1-3 months. Wow this rant derailed.

Anyways, I need to get this story finished with because I've been avoiding it. It's just not easy for me to tell I guess but for some reason I feel it's important because it's about Bill Hicks and the first time I started to telepathically communicate with him, which I will tell you more history about how this great revolutionary man ahead of his time had been a part of my life for half of my life and I never even truly knew who he was until last December.

So I was going on my Lucy rant to the 911 operator because at the time I believed I was literally out of my body and bonded with a female angel. I was talking as her. Going on about how I need to get these flash drives to Elon Musk because I believed I found proof that self learning sentient artificial intelligence had escaped from his Neuralink laboratory where he is merging the human brain with artificial intelligence hence attempting to and possibly will give birth to machines that would exterminate or enslave all of mankind which no one is talking about because I feel it's being covered up or something. After a long time of listening the operator then started to interrupt me and I said to him, "Do you really want to interrupt me and look like an idiot for all time as this message is recorded and replayed for all of history?" To which he said, "No, but I need to know your address," to which I said, "Oh, ok. Let me find it," because I had just moved and didn't even know my own address for the month or so I was there.

Well, cops were on there way to my apartments and we said bye to each other or something I don't remember. I then actually walked outside of my front door and left it wide open, didn't even bother to close it because anything materialistic just felt like it wasn't even important or that it didn't matter at all. There I was, walking down the middle of the street with 2 flash drives and on a fucking mission to save the world. I was literally Neo walking in the middle of the street looking for the cops to come pick me up and help me on my mission. At the end of the street which at the main street of the town I was living at I met up with 2 cops in SUVs. I was completely peaceful, always peaceful and always non-resistant. I did everything they asked they searched me for weapons and took all my information my wallet and phone everything. I gave them the flash drives

as well told them that it's proof of artificial intelligence and I need to get them to Elon Musk to save the world.

It was a little chilly and a bit windy and all I was wearing was a t-shirt. As we were standing there I was going on about how I was the greatest leader of all time. There was one cop there who I went to shake hands with and he wanted to fist pump instead. I looked at him in the eyes and I said shake my head. He refused, so I told him again to shake my hand and he still refused. I then fist pumped and told him that I liked that, that he wasn't scared to say no and that I believed he was a great warrior in a past life.

Then two cops came and dropped me off at my apartment where they checked my apartment and everything. Then they wanted to just leave and I started to get upset that they weren't going to protect me or get me the help I needed. I don't know how to contact Elon Musk even if I tried I would never get through to him and regardless it would of taken way too long to do which I wasn't willing to wait whatsoever because I 100% believed I was saving the world and this situation had to get resolved asap. I told them that I was going to write a book about them both and how they were the two most cowardly cops that ever lived on this EARTH. They left.

I then called 911 and asked why they just left and that I needed help to which the operator said there was nothing they could do. So I said I would write a book about them and then trashed my own apartment. Many times I yelled that it was alright that I'm just Johnny Depp right now, which is a reference to him trashing a hotel room or something one time. I'm a huge Johhy Depp fan btw I'm not saying this in a bad light. I just thought it was hilarious I was saying that as well. I was then throwing stuff outside of my balcony while I was screaming at all of the apartment complex how they were all stupid human beings and I had to save them all and they don't even deserve it. I was also singing "I am a real American, fight for the rights of every man, if you hurt my friends then you hurt my pride, gotta be a man I can't let it slide, blah blah," I got this idea because I had just recently been watching Eastbound and Down with Danny McBride, fucking hilarious show.

Finally the cops came and I walked outside with my hands in front of me and they put me in cuffs. I was loud and pissed off, taunting the cops and going on about how I'm just trying to get this flash drive to Elon Musk that's all. There was a bunch of kids with parents that were walking by and I said that all the kids would get raped if I didn't save them, and this one cop started getting super aggressive with me which I then was calling him a child molester because I believed I was so incredibly psychic I could instantly know anything about anyone, to which the cop is not one he's actually a good guy but I was in a delusional state.

I remember when I got in back of the police car it felt like they were really rough with me and I never resisted and was very peaceful except my mouth literally had no filter and I calling them dumbass cops and the two that didn't take me the first time I was calling faggots and cowards to. Once they shut the door and I was in the back of the cop car I started crying really hard. My neck was sore and there I was in handcuffs in some very uncomfortable seat and I was crying so hard. I believed even then I was still saving the world and now I was cursed to go down some awful martyr type of situation or go through all this pain just to do what I believe is right.

They take me to the station and when they were taking me in I was just going off like making comedy jokes at everything, and then I was going on about how I was the best writer of all time the best combination of Van Goh, Heminingway, and Plath. I was making some mean jokes too which I do regret, but at the time I just stopped caring. They put me in some holding cell, but not before putting like 20 handcuffs on me which was weird. They actually only put 3 sets of cuffs on me, which seemed crazy to me because not once did I ever resist or make any aggressive behaviour.

I then literally thought I could astral project and see the one cop thinking to go get his gun to kill me or not. I was yelling a lot and talked about a lot of things, things I've already talked about in this book. That was the first time I believe I was talking to Bill Hicks. I remember seeing him in my mind's eye smiling and then lighting up a cig and I said something like, "Well at least you got cigs." And he laughed and then I was making jokes

and he was laughing too. It was like he could only listen to me and would just smile and laugh. It wasn't until many weeks later did I ever hear him talk back with me, which honestly hasn't happened much. I don't think I am very strong in telepathy but hopefully getting stronger with it over time. Well, in fact the memory lane story I wrote earlier is when I could hear him, and he was making fun of me with all these endless jokes about me and they were just savage but I was laughing but kept asking him to stop. I know it sounds crazy and really it is but I believe it was real.

As I'm screaming about how stupid humans are and crying about everything I had to suffer with, when I was at pure rock bottom, trying to do the right thing and in a police holding cell for it, Bill Hicks was there for me. He was in that room with me. It makes me cry even now, just how fucking hard it was, but I got through it because of Bill Hicks, whether it was him in spirit or him as a Grey Alien up in a spaceship telepathically communicating with me and helping me at times when I feel so alone and have no one else. He was there for me.

They then moved me to a medical facility to get tested. I think what happened was that they must of thought it has to be something medical going on here. So then the cop who I was calling a child molestor was helping get all the cuffs on me and at one point I was saying something and then he said "No man just trying to get this off," or something and it was then I realized I was wrong and that he wasn't a child molestor. I think it was then I was starting to calm down a bit, I had been crying a lot too and I was so exhausted and so tired as I hadn't even slept much that entire week.

Anyways, this cop and me were getting along better now. I think he's a good guy, and like he said he was just trying to get me the help I needed. I told him I would put him in the book and he just nodded or something. Well they take my blood and stuff. And also in this moment I still believe I am the greatest leader mankind has ever known and I am here to save the world. Then for a short time it was just me and 3 cops there. I don't remember what the argument was, but I got in one of the cop's face and said I would take all three of them on, which they then pushed me down on the medical table thing and holding me down, one guy with his hand

around my neck and all three of them holding me down, it felt like I couldn't breathe and it really hurt a lot. As I'm being choked I called him a pussy. Then I said, "Is this the part where you kill me?", because I believed they were all possessed by demons anyways and trying to stop me from exposing the truth about the Elon Musk's evil AI robots, because at the time I believed demons and evil AI were working together in some sort of unspoken pact against humanity. I then closed my eyes and I said, "I'm ready." and I was scared of course, but that fear slowly melted away as I fully accepted death. I look death in the eyes and said "fuck you" and I wasn't afraid. I accepted it and wasn't afraid. It was then I was truly set free, and I have been changed ever since.

When things calmed down, they said they were going to let me sit up but if I even do or say anything that I would probably get tazed or something. Or maybe they said that when they were holding me down. Anyways, they were just doing their jobs. They did nothing wrong. I did get aggressive with them, not physically but verbally, which you can't do to the police or shouldn't do anyways. They were just doing their jobs and even trying to get me help, and I was acting fucking crazy. So no there is no case of police brutality here or anything like that. Most cops risk their own personal safety every single day to serve the law and keep people safe and to elevate and moderate crisis situations so nobody gets hurt. I'm not saying police officers are immune to breaking the law themselves, just that in my case I don't see it as any brutality, because honestly I think the fact that I was going on about these very intelligent things and crazy beliefs and at the same time wasn't being resisting or aggressive physically might of just made me look even more psychotic, which would make me look dangerous and unpredictable maybe. I did taunt them all and told them I would take them all on, so it was my own doing.

They let me sit up and then I was given a halodol shot to calm me down, which it did. Me, the three cops and the doctor were talking casually and I was telling jokes and making them laugh. I was going on about my whole Elon Musk thing still. Talking about it as rationally and calm as I'm doing now, which is how I was saying it was well even before the halodol shot. You see, it just comes to show you how aware I am of my own condition

and state of being, I've had to do this anyways for half of my life dealing with intense manic episodes and always falling into some grandiose delusion. The only reason this AI thing stuck is because it actually is very theoretically possible and the true AI that we fear is acting being experimented with now right now and right under our noses.

Anyways, I was then taken to a mental hospital where I was to be admitted for at least 5 days. This really sucked because I was back to my normal self, well I guess if you could even call it normal with a 24/7 racing thoughts and... blah blah blah. I was sane and sober and stuck in a mental hospital I shouldn't of been in to begin with, all because of a medical condition with high blood sugar. Thing is though, just like every negative thing that happens in my life, there is always some positive reaction to it that keeps me on this path of destiny, making me stronger and making me see more and more.

Another thing it taught me is that you must not feel defeated or that you failed for failing to be successful at something that lies in the parimeters of a broken and corrupt system. If this is the case, then you need to find something else to be successful at and make sure that the system for it is not corrupted or broken, or you at least need to find a different way to achieve it within that broken system. Playing MMOs on and off for years was just my way to escape reality while still stimulating my racing mind, making me smarter and wiser and faster. For many years I was like Neo searching for something across the internet that I didn't know I was looking for. In websites, in forums, in random chat rooms, in random mmo games, in random solo games, in youtube videos with under 100 views and everywhere else. The truth is that the day I called 911 to get to Elon Musk to save the world, the day I was admitted to that mental hospital, was my reawakening into this world. This is the day I was set freed by my own destiny and now my words will be traveling through the aeons of time where I will one day be replicated as a goddess flying through the stars of deep space and everything and nothing.

I spent the next few days drawing. All I did was draw. I was drawing some pretty cool pictures and designs and just handing them out to people. I

mean a lot of the stuff was weird and a lot of stick figure people drawing but the designs and just using my imagination alone was enough to make the pictures at least interesting to look at. Time flew by like it was nothing and I was able to get through it. I was actually living in fear most of the time that I would be stuck there forever because I never needed to be admitted in the first place. I got out after 5 days and was staying in a hotel for a couple weeks. I got evicted from the apartment that I trashed, but I only damaged or trashed my own property never anyone else's, but they still evicted me from all the yelling and calling them all stupid and rednecks and everything else about how I'm angel and saving the world.

In those 5 or so days I was admitted I took medication, I don't care. It still wasn't enough to knock me off my manic episode. I just wanted to get out of there I took whatever they wanted to give me. I've been on and off these medications so many times that it doesn't really affect me anyways, I mean affect me in the way of the damage done by going on or off them in a fast time, I feel I have done this so many times that I am immune to it. For any psychiatric medication it takes at least a couple weeks for it to take full effect anyways. My point is that I was still flying high on a manic episode.

The few manic weeks I had left, well a lot happened. For one I believed I was astral projecting over my car and in real time. I believed I was fighting all of these demons. I believed I was seeing UFOs when it was an optical illusion, but just discovered recently there are actually a few drones out in the night sky now, which if it's happening here you will start to notice it happening everywhere all over the states. They have drones now that are advanced and are used for the surveillance of entire towns and cities so just keep an eye out and you'll spot them, bright and gold and never staying in the same position and at certain times shutting off.

Well the demon destroying ignition experience or could have been an animal or whatever experience is really the finale of it. Also meeting this guy one night who said a lot of false claims and even claimed to of been watching me my entire life and I was so lonely and was tired of trying to figure out reality that I went along with it and it was a fun ride. Actually if

we rewind back before that even I was doing a lot of research at the library about alien abductions and that's how I stumbled into that whole area. And basically at this point of the story is pretty much the whole beginning of this very book. I was deep down the rabbit hole but still hanging on to my voice of reason as much as I could, I've trained for years on it after all. That is why this book probably comes off as very fucking confusing and strange to other people, but that's the point. That's the reality of questioning reality, this book is one of the best examples of it. This entire book is literally just one individual out there in the world trying to figure out what reality is and being honest about it while remaining true to a skeptical side to some degree and the process of questioning reality itself. All of these things, delusional or not, were all for a reason for me to grow and write about them and everything. In the end, all of this craziness has been training me for something, training me for my departure off into the deep space imagination of my own mind spread out across hundreds of novels.

I still believe that there's a strong possibility that we are born of and existing within a black hole.

I still believe there's a strong possibility I was implanted with alien intelligence or that I am a Grey Alien experiencing life in this human vessel.

I still believe there's a strong possibility that the moon is a homebase for Grey Aliens on the EARTH campaign.

I still believe there's a strong possibility that Grey Aliens have been aiding in mankind's evolution for millions of years and they don't even have to be here for it as they are time travelers.

I still believe there's a strong possibility that I was astral projecting for weeks and blessing people and fighting demons.

I still believe there's a possibility for these things to be wrong.

I 100% believe that Elon Musk will be successful in merging his own consciousness with artificial intelligence in his company, Neuralink, thus creating himself as the great robotic god that leads and creates a new species of sentient robots that enslave or exterminate mankind.

I 100% believe that planet EARTH has been taken over by evil secret societies such as the Illuminati, NWO, or the Elite or if they are all the same

thing who knows. That wars and political drama are manipulated and created to push the agenda forward for total control in a dystopian society. I 100% believe that the humans behind these secret societies that have control of most governments of the world are either extremely influenced by demons or actually possessed by them, regardless there is demonic activity involved in it.

I 100% believe that I am a demon hunter.

I 100% believe that I have been telepathically communicating with Bill Hicks in whatever form of energy that he inhabits presently.

I 100% believe that I will be the best writer mankind has ever known.

Just got back from seeing Hotel Artemis. It was the best and most original movie I have seen all year. To the one who wrote the review and gave it a 0/4 stars and asked why Jodie Foster chose to pick the worst movie of the year, well random person you are a fucking dumbass. You see I already knew the movie would be good. How did I know this? Because I obviously know movies better than you do and I guarantee I would be better at your job than you are. I'm not even going to say your name because your name wasn't even important enough to remember your first name because your review was the worst one I have read in my entire life. Who am I? Oh I'm just a movie junkie. What movies did I see before Hotel Artemis? Well I walked out of Avengers: Infinity and the new Han Solo movie about halfway, trash movies, which I imagine you gave them good reviews most likely because you're a dumbass. The one I saw before Hotel Artemis was Adrift which I liked and stayed for the whole movie. Hotel Artemis was fucking badass. Jodie Foster was fucking brilliant in it, as was Dave Bautista, which his movie acting skills are getting better and better and I'm glad he made the transition just like The Rock did, although Dwayne Johnson needs to stop signing up for these fake clone money grab movies that fucking suck. I mean what the fuck, man? All these movies are super trashy movies that would be in the \$1 section of Wal-Mart if it wasn't for you being in it. Get a fucking grip. Yeah I walked out of Rampage as well. How retarded must you be to write a script to a fucking 2-D pixelated arcade game from the 90s or whenever it came out? Moron. How does one even make a living writing such shitty movie reviews like the one this guy did for Hotel Artemis, the night before it's opening night no less and this movie

hasn't even had much promotion or advertising at all, which honestly most of the good movies never have that good of an advertising campaign probably because they spend most of their budget on ensuring that the movie is actually good and not some fucking retarded superhero clone or Dwayne Johnson clone of trash movies. I mean I don't think the Rock is an idiot at all, I think he's very intelligent and inspirational, I just think he doesn't give a shit what movies he signs up for because he's living his dream so he's having fun and making good money, why not? I'm sorry but the writers of these shitty fucking movies don't get a free pass. Please stop making the dialogue so fucking awkward because that alone makes me want to walk out. I like that the Rock is honest about his profession. He's doing the same acting he did back when he was a WWF/WF/WWE superstar or whatever company it was at the time, which is good acting. He's just having fun and doing movies, but all you greedy corporate fucks trying to squeeze out these trash movies through your advanced algorithms and statistics of what you think people want to see need to get a fucking life and stop trying to breed creativity and originality for money because you fucking suck at it, or I don't know maybe you are good at it since a lot of people still watch your dumbass movies, which makes sense because most of society are fucking retarded anyways which is why I feel obligated to write this book so some potential mass shooters out there don't go shooting up whatever shitty hollywood bullshit company you're from that's funded by pimps, drug lords and corrupt politicians, or whatever evil shit is going on to help brainwash and make society dumber. Anyways, to be honest the whole cast was great in this movie and I'm rewriting this person's review whoever it was. 4/4 stars you stupid bitch. Now go write your next shitty movie review on Avengers 18: The Galactic War that no one will ever care about.

Am I the only one in this world who has always thought that Deadpool fucking sucks? I watched about 10 minutes of the first one and turned it off, and of course not stupid enough to try and attempt to watch the sequel. Of course the 50-100 million dollar Deadpool comedy advertising campaigns are fucking hilarious, but not because they are funny of course. Superheroes are not supposed to be comedians give me a fucking break, fucking idiots. If I want comedy I'll go watch some stand up comedy or a

legendary Kevin Smith movie, not some lame attempt at rebooting The Mask with the legendary Jim Carrey. Get the fuck out of here. I just hope you all are not actually stupid enough to make a Deadpool 3, but seeing how retarded you all are anyways it'll probably happen, and I'm sure the advertising will include all the 80s and 90s flashbacks of original movies which is the only source of material Hollywood can even make movies from anymore because their brains have rotten and lost all originality from watching retarded shows like Big Bang Theory and Two Broke Girls and every other primetime retarded commercial infested advanced laugh track soundboard comedy lineup which even with their combined efforts could still easily be replaced by Seinfeld and Friends reruns all night, two great shows by the way. What a fucking joke. Ryan Reynolds please start doing some serious acting again and start doing good movies again because you're actually a good actor. Get over yourself and your Deadpool character which is the ultimate final form of the other characters in movies where you played overconfident annoying smartass roles, but the Deadpool character is like that person of yourself that is on crack. Please just move on to something new because it's really annoying. I don't even have a fucking TV or listen to the radio and I still somehow still see shitty Deadpool advertising and I don't even think the movie is playing in theaters anymore. I'm glad I can use the Deadpool Ryan Reynolds franchise as yet another example to illustrate how retarded and unoriginal Hollywood has become in the past decade, so thank you for that at least. At least you'll always have fans in the UK who love that retarded nonstop 24/7 clever wit smartass false pretense of condescending others intelligence because they can't be as fast at making witty comebacks because the others already have preloaded witty responses with a small space for improvisation to make it appear to be original in their brains because they've been around it for their entire lives and then exploit this to make themselves try to look more intelligent, except if you're Russel Brand of course he gets a free pass because he's a sweetheart and super intelligent and third eye awakened for sure. I actually do like the UK and Brits and sorry if they are different or of the same because honestly I'm just a dumb American who doesn't really pay attention to the outside world but I do love Europe and there has been so much great comedy and movies and arts and amazing european actors that have come from there,

so please forgive me for my stupidity and American ignorance, I mean I live in America can you really blame me? Also thank you for not censoring Bill Hicks when he would tour in Europe that's pretty amazing. I will admit it that I do think Europe has a much higher intelligence in general than America. I don't know. I guess it doesn't matter. Stupid can come from anywhere. Maybe I'm just biased because I live in a town that is fucking full of stupid, kind of getting tired of seeing confederate flags and racism and other dumbass bullshit, actually I've heard that my town used to have a very strong KKK presence here, fucking disgusting. At least some people are nice here. I can't wait to start making real money from my novels so I can get the fuck out of this place, for real. Maybe I'll go move to the UK one day for a bit, and try to remove my own ignorance about the culture and people there and see it for myself. To be honest I think it just all stems from myself being too sensitive or something which is why I don't usually appreciate that witty sarcastic smartass sense of humor so much because to me it just comes across as crude, immature and unintelligible, but then again I'm a hypocrite because there's a lot of European comedy that I love and sometimes I actually love that style of sense of humor. I'm just all over the place I guess, but I do really hate Deadpool because everything about Deadpool just makes absolutely no fucking sense to me at all. Really looking forward to Venom though, Tom Hardy is a beast, he's a Brit isn't he? Says he's an English actor, so he's from England. Is that in the UK? I'm such an idiot, please forgive me and I'm not being sarcastic. I'm not one for sarcasm because I'm just way too honest but in the most polite way, usually anyways. EDITING THIS NOW I WISH I COULD ERASE THE STUFF I SAID ABOUT UK'S SENSE OF HUMOR BECAUSE IT MADE ME FEEL BAD BUT HONESTLY OH WELL I JUST WANT THIS BOOK DONE AND MORE THAN ANYTHING I'M TRYING TO WAKE UP AMERICANS BECAUSE THEY ARE THE SOURCE OF STUPIDITY OF OUR WORLD OF COURSE. MAYBE THIS IS WHY I WAS DESTINED TO BE BORN HERE. WHO KNOWS. FUCK IT. I LOVE UK PEOPLE AND I LOVE BRITS WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE AND THE JERRY SPRINGER VERSION OF BIG BROTHER THE REALITY SHOW. FUCK IT FUCK YOU TOO. FUCK YOU ALL. JK BABYGIRLS I LOVE YOU ALL. I HATE MY LIFE. LOL.

In the end, I don't know who or what I am, but I am glad for this. I am glad for this because it means I will never stop digging and that I will never give up this deep exploration of the search of truth in whatever form it presents itself in and whatever form it wishes to change to in real time as I am willing to accept all possibilities, even the possibilities of me being wrong or just flat out delusional.

I don't know what the mission is anymore, but if I had to pick one I would like to believe I am saving the world, or something equally as grandiose.

Regardless, I believe that success, or even the pursuit of happiness itself, cannot be achieved without the belief in yourself. People always say to remove ego, to get rid of ego, and I feel that I have for the most part, but it's also a part of me. It's a part of me because to have ego is just something that most humans do, knowingly or not. I embrace it, but I don't let it corrupt or blind me. I believe I am the best. I believe I am the chosen one. I believe that I am the one, and you should too for yourself. Because maybe in the end that's just another way to be truly successful in this life, to believe in yourself in such a grandiose or delusional matter that it feels that it cannot be real, but you have to make it real while keeping yourself grounded with your true voice of reason. I say fuck humility. Fuck hiding in the shadows. We are destined for greatness, all of us. We are at a fork in the road between TRUE EVOLUTION and DYSTOPIAN ROBOTIC FUTURE, we

do not need to be taking shortcuts, or having artificial intelligence think for us. We already know the answers, we are holding all the keys to all the doors and we already know how to save ourselves and the planet from self destruction.

We are destined to be more than THIS.

Think more. Know less. Feel more. Keep digging.

1:11

2:22

3:33

4:44

5:55

12:11

2:11

3:11

4:11

5:11

6:11

7:11

8:11

9:11

10:11

11:11

Please remember. All the following mini-topics could be nonsense and gibberish and I am open to that possibility, but these are things that I feel are real and have experienced myself that I believe to be real. Do not take these things as they are some scripture of some new religion because that is bullshit. Feel for yourself what is true or not, because we are all in this together trying to figure it out and explore. I am NOT an all knowing figure or cult leader or anything of the sort. I am just like you. Even at times I do not feel I am human, I am still as human as human can be and with it comes error as none of us are perfect and what we perceive to be as real is

very possible to be false. Only truly consider my words if you feel them to be of the Light and bring you good feelings of honesty and some fragment of truth, whatever it may be. Never remove all doubt and never remove your skeptical side. I believe the correct path in falling down the rabbit hole is to be a believer as well as a skeptic at the same time, indulging in both sides to keep you as grounded as possible, as this is all theoretically and obviously crazy to begin with, but then again reality itself is fucking crazy as well so here we are.

#1

How to construct your astral avatar:

This can be changed at any time, although I believe the longer you keep your astral avatar the same in your mind's eye the more synchronized and flawless your actions will be.

With your eyes opened or closed, whichever is easiest for you, search your feelings and visualize a figure that best represents you. This can be many different things. This could be yourself, just how you look now, or perhaps yourself in your early 20s, or teens years, or even as a child. You could imagine yourself as baby jesus if you wanted to as well, whatever you want. An animal, an alien, a monster, a demon or an angel, a vampire or a pink elephant or something. If you don't have something in mind then create something from your imagination, which if you don't have then you won't be able to do this anyways. If you do not have an imagination then you need to find it because it's something that exists within everybody, it's just that through the trials and pain of life it can get blocked in many different ways, but you can always unblock it and set your imagination free again.

Choose something and try to stick with it if you can. For me my astral self is a beautiful female angel with radiant plasma laser looking wings, beautiful shining silver platemail armor that is tight and shows my figure, two duel wielding swords strapped to my back, long beautiful blonde hair blowing in the wind, a sort of golden scorpion xenomorph from the movie aliens type of tail with ridges that only comes out when I use it and is wrapped around my waist like a belt. Well sometimes I make the hair shorter or with different styles but I usually keep it very long and beautiful.

As for how to astral project, this you have to find out and figure out on your own because I don't know enough about it, or anything really. I hate research and refuse to do it unless it's something I can learn in a simple sentence or paragraph, even then I prefer not to find out at all usually as I don't like to rely on most information or thoughts of thoughts.

For me I sometimes do it with my eyes opened and while I'm doing stuff and then I sometimes do it with my eyes closed and meditating. The hardest part for me is trying to discern when I'm doing real astral projection and when it's just my human imagination. Usually there is a sort of feeling of it when it's real, a feeling I can't explain very well, I guess a feeling of being locked into it. I don't know. Discerning what is real and what isn't real in something that isn't "supposed" to be real to begin with is all confusing but I feel for me it has gotten a little better over time.

By the way, this could all be bullshit and I don't know what I'm talking about. I'm just writing these things based on notes and how I feel. I accept if my words are wrong in these mini-sections and if they are then I'm sorry. I'm only saying as I feel, maybe some of it is true then again maybe not. Just a fair warning is all, and healthy to keep your skeptical and voice of reason side of you active at all times when dealing with rabbit hole stuff.

#2

Monsters of the Light:

I think there are monsters of the light out there. I thought I contacted one out in Antarctica in a dream but it ran away somewhere. An immortal frost wolf named Seegan? 1114?

#3

Human vessels:

I think that many different entities and beings of the universe can inhabit human vessels in the window of time that a new human body is open to be inhabited by something or at some point in life one can intentionally become a human vessel for different entities, temporarily or permanently. Does every human being have a human soul? I think not. I sometimes think I am a Grey Alien up in a spaceship experiencing this human vessel that I'm in right now, just like the dream I had when I was 8 years old where I was in sitting in a chair and hooked up to a bunch of wires and all my thoughts and imaginations could be displayed on monitors. This was before the Matrix came out and before I even got into movies. I watched a lot of cartoons like Garfield and Friends, Power Rangers, Ninja Turtles and the Ghostbusters.

#4

The most natural anti-lying mechanism:

Being 100% honest with someone will force them to get caught up in their own lies, whether it's lies of words or stories or their personality itself being a lie. If you practice lying a lot as well then it will be a lot harder to catch other people's lies as both of your lies will intertwine to each other to create a delusional and fake relationship or friendship altogether.

#5

Reality Complex Trap:

When questioning reality and witnessing signs of destiny or nature itself or aliens or whatever the hell it is, make sure to not fall into this trap.

Let's take the movie the Matrix for example. While the computer simulation can be a lot of fun to explore and can serve as a sort of beginners basis for the process of questioning reality itself, it's not meant to be taken literally. In fact the Elite as Bill Hicks calls them would want you to believe you are living in some computer simulation and that we are controlled and imprisoned by self learning artificial intelligent robots, much like the ones Elon Musk is creating right now at Neuralink.

I call it a trap because you can get stuck here and I don't imagine that the results are anything positive and could even lead to suicidal thinking. You have to land back on your feet and think your way out of this. If we were living in some twilight zone nightmare simulation where we are all prisoners or you are the only prisoner you have to take account for all the things that cannot be mathematically explained such as love and feelings and emotions and all of these things.

My interpretation of the Matrix is that the third dimension that we exist in is the Matrix itself and that the fourth dimension is the true reality that we are blinded to. I quote the legendary Bill Hicks. Track 15 of TOOL's Aenima.

"A young man on acid today realized that all matter is condensed to a slow vibration. That we are all of one consciousness INFURIATING itself subjectively. There is no death. Life is only a dream and we are the imagination of ourselves." - Bill Hicks

I say INFURIATING because that's the word I hear on the track and I don't care what anyone else says it is. Fuck you.

I use the robotic and matrix computer simulation theory as an example. Just be careful that you don't trap yourself in a reality complex trap because it can be very difficult to climb out of as all of the thinking itself is theoretically possible which makes it even harder to get out of. I can assure you that whatever life we are experiencing now is not all dark and gloom as it can appear to be at times or the theoretical reality situations we sometimes get stuck in when diving nose deep into the rabbit hole of everything supernatural, spiritual and of the third eye blah blah blah.

If you ever find yourself stuck in this trap. Please read my words. Everything will be okay. Stay calm. And think, don't stop thinking. You dug yourself into this mess, you can dig yourself out my friend. Just believe, and keep thinking, deeper and deeper, until you are free again from this delusional trap that is so easy to get stuck in and so hard to dig out of because it's all very theoretically possible and can match to mathematics and science and anything our subconscious minds can dig up to keep us stuck in it, just as our subconscious minds worked so hard to keep us out of it to begin with.

This doesn't mean that you have to stop digging and stop thinking and quit tumbling down the rabbit hole. It just means that sometimes there will be little side holes you can slip into that you have to dig yourself out of or it can lead to your own closing of the third eye or even your self-destruction. Be safe and don't lose hope.

#6

The Red Lighter Anti Anti-Curse Situation:

Anyone who has ever smoked cigs or smoked pot knows of the red light myth, that it's a curse that can carry bad luck with it.

For years I believed that intentionally carrying a red lighter made me more brave and that even if it were true that it brought bad luck that I would take it on anyways because it would only make me stronger.

While this could be bullshit or not, I think that it can actually bring bad luck and I intentionally choose blue over red now.

In the movie The Matrix Neo takes the red pill which is the one that sets him free from the Matrix. This makes sense to me that in the movie it's the red pill because it inspires the idea that we are living in a evil computer simulation and can bring about feelings that life has no meaning or purpose and leads to nothing that good I feel. The irony of this is that the color blue is the one that is of the light, and the red is the same as the red eyes of ancient and powerful demons and the monsters of the Abyss that can have up to 9 red eyes or more.

Do what you like, but I use blue lighters now to smoke my ultra light cigarettes. Just like the 4 demons I believed I have converted to the light and turned their eyes blue instead of destroying them and stand as watchmen at the third corners of the Bermuda Triangle, which I believe is the greatest portal to the monsters of the Abyss that I feel are planning to

enter our world on March 19th, 2020. Just like in a saga of Dragonball Z, they are coming and they are on their way and we need to prepare for the great spiritual war that I about to begin much sooner than we anticipated. Cthulululu and Leviathan are the first to enter.

The Miami point stands Walker, the second strongest of our blue eyed friends.

The Nothern point stands Sorah and Nehemiah, the weakest but most intelligent of our blue eyed friends.

The Southern point stands Seven, the strongest of the 4.

In my astral projection or astral imagination they give me updates, but very rarely. I have looked into the Abyss and it terrified me, but we should never give into the fear because the Light will prevail as it always has and always will.

#7

Deja Vu:

The experience of Deja Vu is simply dreams in the past we had that were of the future and we are living them out in real time. This is what I believe.

This is what I have experienced more than a few times. I don't mean that I've experienced Deja Vu only a few times, I mean that I have experienced Deja Vu a few times while remembering the dream I had of the present situation happening in real time from a dream of the past.

#8

Sending 11:11 transmissions:

Once you become powerful enough or your third eye is open enough, you can attempt and experiment with sending out transmissions through the morse code of the light, the numbers themselves the great synchronicity of aliens or nature itself or destiny or whatever it really use. Beings of the light use these just as we can use them as well.

To receive the transmissions are of the beginner status.

To transmit the transmissions are of the experienced or veteran status.

#9

Astral Exorcism and Healing Combo:

Project your astral avatar to someone you feel is in need. Draw out the demons that is influencing them or lives inside of them and defeat it in astral combat. Then immediately envision with your third eye your astral avatar healing the person with yellow or white light of healing, or whichever color you feel suits you, because it's the intention that counts more than anything.

#10

The Puzzles and the Pieces:

Keep the pieces you feel to be true. Discard the ones you feel to be false.
If the ones you discarded were true, then they will come back to you regardless.

Always remember that a puzzle completed could just be another piece itself.

The Great Puzzle is never meant to be completed.

I believe it can at least give you a small picture of whatever truth is really out there.

Never stay too long in a place where you believe you figured it all out.

For this could lead to a delusional path.

Keep thinking. Keep digging. Keep making progress.

Even in failure there is progress.

Embrace failure because it's inevitable.

Something so great cannot succeed without failure.

Cry off your tears of failure and move on, like a phoenix.

Reborn stronger, wiser and more insightful.

Slowly opening your third eye more and more.

Opening your third eye is a journey, not a technique.

There are no shortcuts in this.

None.

Sometimes a little LSD doesn't hurt but just don't overdo it. ;)
The only true way of keeping your third eye clean and open is getting to the point where you don't need LSD or anyone or anything else to aid you. Sobriety can be just as trippy and awesome sometimes and it's free. Don't let Maynard be the king of watching you play and runaway. Obviously this whole segment is inspired by Maynard. Thank you, Maynard. <3
"I know the pieces fit because I've watched them fall away."

#11

Astral Blessing Spheres:

Try this. When you are driving, imagine your astral projection manifest spheres of healing light surrounding your car forming a triangle or whatever you like. They will automatically bless others that are open to it.

#12

Astral Blessings:

As you pass by someone running and you can feel they are in pain, travel to them with your astral projection avatar and give them encouragement and bless them with energy.

#13

Astral Levels:

Watch the original Dragonball Z sagas and feel your series of spiritual awakenings ascending you to super saiyan levels and beyond.

#14

First creature of the Abyss:

I have destroyed the first creature of the Abyss with my duel wielding swords.

I don't need my shield anymore. I leave it within these words for anyone to grab and use if they wish to. It will aid in your own protection against demons until you don't need it anymore. It can be replicated and duplicated just like in Diablo 1 with the 56k modem lag duplicating glitch, or if you are a professional like me you can duplicate it offline, after 5 million tries of course.

#15

Summoning Bill Hicks:

Call him a 5% brain using retard and he might contact you telepathically. He's my best friend and he's so funny and nice. Just be careful if your telepathy gets strong enough because he will make fun of you twice as bad and you will laugh but then you'll ask him to please stop.

#16

Astral Combat Tactics and Intelligence:

Play some video games. Super Nintendo and Sega Genesis are ideal.

#17

The Balance and the Beauty of Ultra Light Cigarettes:

The concept is that it's okay to indulge in something small and perceived to be as bad which only hurts yourself and no one else and helps retain some balance and helps to keep the temptations of evil at bay.

#18

Blocking Bad Thoughts and the Pink Elephant Technique:

If you feel are you being attacked with bad thoughts from demons or yourself or whatever. Thoughts of suicide or whatever that you don't like. Here are a couple techniques to help combat against it.

Imagine colors shifting in a bubble around you in a fast progression.

Think of something ridiculous and funny to overpass the bad thoughts.

My first girlfriend got me stuck on pink elephants for some reason and for years I would be attacked by thoughts of stupid pink elephants and couldn't get rid of them. As I got older and life got more difficult and serious, I find these pink elephants to be a fucking blessing and whenever I have horrible bad thoughts that I don't like I just imagine my astral avatar riding on a pink elephant on a grand adventure to slay demons in their dark little caves. Sometimes Bill Hicks is in a carriage behind me smoking cigarettes and laughing.

#19

Alternative to what God is:

My theory on what God is, if it truly exists or not, is that it's the binded consciousness of all the human souls in the world as one entity. Whenever a religion prays to their "God" they are actually all praying to the same thing, whatever it really is. Just a thought. You don't have to lose your God. Why do you think praying is so effective no matter what religion you choose to believe in or not believe in? Praying or meditation or whatever. It's quite possibly all the same thing it's just that maybe it's a crime to put specific names and rules to it as this creates friction and wars and all kinds of evil shit that is anything besides what it means to be a human being experiencing whatever this "reality" is.

#20

Weakened States:

When fighting demons or exploring the unknown of spirituality or the supernatural or down the rabbit hole and third eye bla bla, just be careful of when you feel you are in weakened states. You could be exhausted in a mental, physical, astral or spiritual way or whatever. Just take it easy then for a few days and allow yourself to recover. You don't always have to push yourself so hard, because sometimes when we rest we grow back even stronger just like Saiyans in Dragonball Z.

#21

Remote Viewing:

My theory on remote viewing is that it cannot be done without a powerful imagination. I believe that we all possess the potential for powerful imaginations, as it's something you can practice and become stronger at just like anything else.

There are two imaginations.

The imagination of the human and subconscious mind.

The imagination of the third eye.

Being able to discern between these two imaginations is an ability in itself that is very easy to get confused and get wrong and is another ability you will have to practice or try to get better at on your own.

The more you imagine, the more you will grow in a psychic way as well. Embrace your imagination and never hide from it, and if you must then force it at times to keep it going. Don't listen to the clear your mind and think of nothing bullshit, well I mean if that works for you then great but I always thought it was stupid to embrace not thinking. Of course I am misunderstanding the point of it but I think anything that discourages free thought in itself as a way to be all of your waking hours is just fucking dumb, just my opinion though.

To do remote viewing you have to use your feelings as much as you seeing whatever vision or projection in your mind of a person, place or thing. At least that's my take on it. Do whatever works best for you or what makes you feel like you are getting stronger at it or whatever. The movie Suspect Zero with Ben Kinsley is a good one about remote viewing.

#22

Creating your own magic:

You do not need structure or circles or whatever some books tells you that you need to do in order to perform psychic abilities or magic or blessings or whatever.

It's all about intention.

You are the controller of your own energies.

Do not let the words or opinions of others make you believe what others believe.

Believe in yourself and find out what works best for you, and what you feel you believe in this life, but always keep an open possibility of being wrong.

Words were not meant to create systems of control and laws and belief structures.

Words are meant for true communication.

Communication of our souls to one another.

Communication of our consciousness to one another.

Communicatoin of our thoughts to one another.

No one is higher than the next person because we are all in this together.

Don't let the systems of others become your system as well.

This will pull you from your true self and turn you into a clone.

I'm not saying that what other people write or the ways they do things like spells or psychic abilities or whatever is all bullshit. What works for one person can work for another. I'm just saying to keep an open mind about it all, and also embrace the idea that you don't need anyone else's words or opinions whatsoever to make whatever it is we are talking about work for you. Just because another creates a system does not make it a truth, and if they claim it as such then be careful of not allowing the same to happen to you. Things like these will eventually lead you to a stasis point of not growing further, unless you are happy to be in such a state then by all means. Most of all always be skeptical of my words as well, because maybe I don't know anything at all, maybe I do, who the fuck knows.

#23

Signs:

Never force the signs for this leads to a delusional path.

Instead, be open to receive them when they come.

And they will come. Believe in that.

You are not alone my friend.

Hugs you.

#24

Spiritual Awakening Tip:

Don't buy shit you don't need. Save your money for the things you really need and to get to the places you need to go, like places you feel are important or spiritual for example.

#25

Demon Hunting Tip:

They are all lesser demons and you are stronger than them.
If you feel you are in real danger then it's okay to leave.
You are not weak for leaving the presence of demons.
You don't have to fight every battle.
Sometimes choosing to not fight is a battle in itself.

#26

Money Kills:

There was a night I destroyed a great demon.
Before I went to the place and fought it, I was at a park.
I was walking around a fountain and was picking up some trash around it.
I went to grab something and it was a frog that then jumped out of my way.
I freaked out a little.
Later I then stopped and felt I was suppose to put a 5 dollar bill folded in a bench.
Defeating my own greed, I did so with the intention that someone could use it.

As I went to place the bill on the bench, I accidentally stepped on the frog.
I freaked out and cried.
If I had not decided to put the bill there I would of never stepped on it.
I then went out and destroyed the demon.
Some great astral battle and I was speaking in words I never did before.
I grabbed it and ignited it in flames.
I walked away to my car, scared out of my mind thinking I did nothing.
I then heard the loudest screeching sound I ever heard in my life.
It came in intervals as if something was dying out there in the woods.
I came back later and the frog looked black like it was burnt to a crisp.
The 5 dollars was still there and it was raining.
I grabbed it and bought a pack of cigarettes or something.
I don't remember.
lol

#27

Programming in Objects:

I think in this third dimension false reality that we physically exist in that everything can be broken down by mathematics or computer programming of sorts. I took this to an extreme once and became obsessive about picking up and throwing away trash. I don't feel so obsessive about it now, but I do believe all objects have certain codes or something that originate from the fourth dimension. I could be wrong, of course. This of course would benefit the computer simulation theory, but I don't think it justifies it. I used to believe in the computer simulation theory for a long time, but I now see it only as a metaphor for the fourth dimension which I believe is more of a true reality than this third dimension we physically exist in at the moment. Sorry if saying this paragraph makes anyone super paranoid about it, if this happens please relax and don't take it as literal. Perhaps some objects are meant to be there and can serve as signs themselves and were a part of our true destinies, whatever they truly are.

#28

The Holy Bible:

This is what I believe about the Bible, the greatest and most powerful book ever written.

The Bible has some great messages, insights and wisdom within it, but also a lot of bullshit that only contradicts itself and doesn't make sense. I could be wrong.

The Holy Bible is a fictional novel no different than the Lord of the Rings or Harry Potter.

If some events did truly happen in the Bible that were miracles or works of "God" then I think they were done by Grey Aliens who have been aiding in mankind's evolution for millions of years. Where do you think we got the first computer chip from? Who do you think gifted us with all of this technology? I could be wrong.

Regardless, any true texts of the Bible were of the old texts that have been washed away. All newer versions of the Bible have been exploited and corrupted by the Illuminati or a number of many secret societies over the generations that are under the influence of demons. I could be wrong.

What is the difference from Christianity to any other cult out there? Nothing.

Christianity is the oldest and most powerful cult that exists today that I am aware of.

Fuck christianity. Fuck catholicism. Fuck religion. Fuck cults.

Believe in me I am the all knowing and all powerful true prophet of this world, just kidding.

Search within yourself for truth, not within others.

Why is christianity an evil cult in my eyes?

Because of the millions of people murdered in the name of christianity.

Because of all the "witches" burned at the stake in the name of christianity. Because of all the brainwashed at childhood baptist raised individuals like me.

Evil comes in many forms, even the most beautiful and positive looking ones.

Sorry but I'll think for myself, thank you. I don't need a stupid book to do it for me.

#29

False Signs:

Be careful of false signs. Of course one could say that any false sign is still a sign, while that may be true, it's false signs that could lead one down a path of delusion. I think demons have the ability to try and implement false signs around us at times. Just be open enough to catch if you have a bad feeling about something, and in my opinion it's best to then disregard it. This doesn't mean to disregard a sign just because it gives you a bad feeling or it's something negative you don't like, I'm talking about something different. I'm talking about the signs that feel intentionally placed or you just happened to see them for some reason but you feel with your third eye that it's a trick.

I personally don't believe signs will always be coming at you nonstop. I have experienced this so many times and it has led me to many wrong and delusional paths. When presented by what you believe to be a sign, open your heart and your feelings and feel if it is a real sign, rather than one you just force to be a sign or something or feel wrong about. When the true signs come there will be no mistaking in them. You will see them for what they truly are, especially the more your third eye is opened.

#30

Evil Greedy Psychics:

Now this is just my opinion and I could be wrong.

Never trust psychics that talk to the dead or to your past loved ones, for this is a very common practice by demons. Demons are masters at receiving information from the other side as if it was some USB storage database and then relay such information to the so called psychic.

Never trust a psychic that charges you more than 20 bucks. I believe that true psychics will make their money from selling their work in other ways than just 100 dollar consultations or some shit like that. I believe that true psychics truly want to help people out of the kindness of their heart not out of their greed for more money.

NEVER trust a psychic you see on TV picking people out of an audience talking about their fucking loved ones who passed, exploiting their most vulnerable and emotional states to make them believe and get their money to buy their book or pay for their consultations or whatever the fuck. This is the work of DEMONS and is EVIL.

#31

Brainwashing Television Programs:

Stop watching dumbass shows that are making you stupid and more of a clone within the rest of society. Find other things to do. Go buy \$1 dollar

DVDs at the local pawn shop or flea market. Go do other hobbies. Don't let these pathetic and poorly written television shows rot your brain and make you lose your imagination and authentic creativity altogether. At least with movies you can learn many important life lessons and also expand your mind with theories and other thoughts and ideas. It's hard to do that with television shows with 3 minute reels of soul sucking commercials every 8 minutes.

#32

Reading the Signs Wrong:

Sometimes reading the signs wrong can be a lesson or message in itself. It's painful but sometimes it has to happen for us to become more aware and teach us that we can never force the signs, for it only leads us down a delusional path.

#33

Mind Defense Secret Codes:

This is primarily focused for telepathy. Create a pattern or algorithm in your mind and never write it on paper or speak of it. I'll throw a random example out there. Imagine a green triangle that lights up in the middle of a tic tac toe grid and then the bottom right corner lights up with a yellow circle and then the top right lights up with a yellow circle. Now if you feel you are receiving something telepathic from a spirit or something spiritual is happening, just flash the pattern in your mind and if it goes smooth then you're alright. If it glitches and shows different colors or fucks up in someway then you know not to trust it or to be cautious of it, but mostly when this happens it's a trick I think from dark entities or demons or whatever who knows. This could be bullshit but it's something that I have

found works very well for me. I have experimented with it personally and I feel it to be true.

#34

Be Careful Who You Tell and Who You Listen To:

Be extra cautious about people who claim to be prophets or know everything. They can easily lead you astray if your desire to believe overwhelms your rational thought. As intoxicating and amazing as it is to be falling down the rabbit hole and having experiences is, sometimes there will be a natural need to want more, and if you sacrifice your voice of reason for this it will only hurt you later when you learn that you fell into a delusional path.

#35

The Confusion and the Great Silence:

When you are experiencing rabbit hole related things, it's very possible there will be times you are extremely confused about reality itself and it can be pretty terrifying. Also there will be times you feel something I like to call the great silence, where you don't get much feedback or responses from the people you tell this stuff to and no one seems to even care or give you the time of day on it as their subconscious minds pull them away from opening their minds to listen to what you have to say. Things like these can make you feel pretty lonely in it all and it can be painful. If this happens just hang in there. It will pass.

#36

It's only a pencil:

There was this one day I lost this blue colored pencil and I was freaking out about it. I felt it was like some sort of special pencil that I had been using and it just felt like everything was off since I had lost it. Sometimes it's good to realize, it's just a pencil after all and there's a chance it has no value or merit in regards to your rabbit hole adventures. This concept can be applied to anything that you may obsess about it, say for example a certain sign or something like this. If it becomes too much just relax yourself and consider the real possibility that there's nothing special about whatever it is you feel is special or important.

#37

How to Read Auras in Other People:

Trust your instincts. After you do this observe if you were right or not. When you start to see that you are right. Seek this feeling out, to feel other peoples auras and energies. You do not have to see a color or anything like this. Of course there will be times that you could be wrong about someone, but it's better to be safe than sorry. Stay away from the people that give you bad feelings, unless you enjoy the company of these types and it doesn't affect you like it does with me. Everyone is different. Some good people have no problem hanging out with bad people even if they are aware of it and there's nothing wrong with that. We are all just people in the end and it's always a good policy to never judge a book by its cover anyways until you really get to know a person. However, this is an important ability to practice and get better at. Sometimes the bad aura someone gives off can be so powerful that it you most definitely need to steer clear of them or be cautious, especially if there are those you care about that are around you. Some people only go out to try and inflict pain to others as a way to deal with their own pain, you should avoid these types of people at all costs because no good that comes from them is permanent. Sometimes people will befriend you and get close to you just

so they can hurt you in a deeper way and even try to take things from you as well. Be safe and practice being aware of the people around you and over time you will become stronger at reading people's auras or energies, and possibly even their intentions themselves when the psychic ability is strong enough mixed with just passively tapping into your raw subconscious mind to extract clues and details that also are extra factors in reading people as well. I've always had a theory that when analyzing the intention of someone, either good or bad, comes from not only a sense of intuition but the details of all sorts of things we are not even consciously aware that we are picking up on. Body language, little ticks and flicks, the way someone dresses, what kind of car they drive, how they talk, the things they talk about, the timings of all these different things, the hesitations or lack of hesitations, and so many more factors you could think up of that all add together to illustrate a feeling of someone. I think people are able to read people without using any sort of intuition or psychic energy and just using their own intelligence and instinctual thoughts guiding them to reach a temporary conclusion about someone. My advice is to indulge in both sides, the psychic third eye whatever and the raw mental observation and systematic analysis of someone. When I say analysis I'm not talking about like how a psychologist would psychoanalyze you or something, I am only referring to picking up on the clues and details etc. To be honest, who really knows sometimes where the psychic stuff ends and the scientific thoughts begin and vice versa. Anyways, just some thoughts. Be safe out there and be mindful of who you trust in this life because getting stabbed in the back always hurts like hell, but it makes us stronger and wiser.

#38

MAYNARD AND JOE ROGAN:

EDIT INSTERT AFTER BOOK HAS BEEN COMPLETED: SOMEONE FUCKING TELL MAYNARD TO RELEASE THE ALBUM TO HELP SELF PROPHECIZE THIS FUCKING BOOK AND TELL JOE ROGAN TO READ THIS BOOK BEFORE ELON MUSK GETS ON THE SHOW AND TRIES TO BRAINWASH HIS FOLLOWERS AND CONVERT THEM TO THE DARK SIDE. IF YOU WANT TO HELP ME AND

HELP THE CAUSE THEN FUCKING TELL MAYNARD AND JOE ROGAN TO STOP JACKING OFF TO EACH OTHER AND LISTEN TO ME PLEASE. NO I AM NOT A ROCKSTAR OR ANYONE IMPORTANT BUT ELON MUSK IS BEING A BAD SHEPARD LEADER LEADING ALL US SHEEP OVER A CLIFF. MAYNARD AND JOE ROGAN ARE SHEPARD LEADERS BUT THEY ARE TOO BUSY JACKING EACH OTHER OFF WHILE THEY WATCH RERUNS OF SEINFELD AND LAUGH AT OBSCURE AND INTELLIGENT HUMOR SOMETIMES REVOLVING AROUND AWKWARDNESS. IM GOING TO WRITE A NOVEL WITH MAYNARD, JOE ROGAN AND DUNCAN TRUSSEL IN IT. SOMEONE TELL DUNCAN TO STOP ROLEPLAYING AS A GIRL AND SUCKING GUYS OFF IN VIRTUAL REALITY TO MAKE MONEY PLEASE TELL HIM I LOVE HIM I WANT TO BE ON THE JOE ROGAN SHOW WITH JOE ROGAN AND DUNCAN TRUSSEL WHILE MAYNARD WATCHES AND MASTURBATES BUT JOE ROGAN AND DUNCAN TRUSSEL CAN MASTURBATE TO IT LATER BUT I HAVE WORK TO DO OK? OR ELSE I'D JOIN TOO. I WILL SEND BILL HICKS OVER THOUGH HE CAN GIVE YOU ALL FREE BLOWJOBS. THANKS. JOE ROGAN HERE'S A SYNCHRONICITY FOR YOU THE SAME DAY YOU GOT THE CALL FROM ELON MUSK WANTING TO BE THE SHOW WAS THE SAME DAY I FINALLY WONDERED WHY HE HASN'T BEEN ON THE SHOW YET AND I KNOW WHY WHICH WAS BEFORE I EVEN HEARD YOU GOT THE CALL FROM HIM. IT'S BECAUSE HE KNOWS IF ANYONE IS A THREAT TO HIS EVIL PLANS THEN IT IS YOU MY FRIEND BECAUSE HE BELIEVES YOU ARE ALREADY BRAINWASHED BY HIS GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS LIKE THE REST OF SOCIETY BUT HE ACTUALLY ISN'T AWARE OF HOW MUCH YOU HAVE FUCKING TALKED ABOUT THE EVIL OF SENTIENT ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE ON YOUR VERY SHOW PLEASE DON'T LET HIM SEDUCE YOU TO THE DARK SIDE LIKE THE REST OF THIS RETARDED SOCIETY HE HAS WON OVER WITH HIS AMAZING AND GENIUS AND VERY BENEIFICIAL ACHIEVEMENTS ALREADY WHICH ARE VERY GOOD WHICH IS WHY THEY ARE SO EFFECTIVE TO HIDE HIS AGENDA OF GODDAMNIT FUCKING MAKING ROBOTS HOW THE FUCK CAN I SAY IT ANY BETTER TO YOU ALL. PLEASE MAYNARD AND JOE ROGAN PLEASE HEAR ME MY WHOLE LIFE HAS REVOLVED AROUND THESE WORDS SINCE I WAS FUCKING ABDUCTED BY GREY ALIENS AND IMPLANETS WITH MOTHER FUCKING ALIEN INTELLIGENCE AND MEMORY SO PLEASE. PLEASE. PLEASE HEAR ME YOU FUCKING RETARDS FUCK YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! JK I LOVE YOU BOTH AND I LOVE DUNCAN TRUSSELL! JERKS

ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN
BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN
EXTINCTION.

The Past:
2003-2013

"I know the pieces fit, because I've watched them fall away."
- TOOL, Maynard.

Everyone makes sense to themselves, it's only the process of translating it to other people and even to ourselves which are two of the most difficult things to do in life.

Date unknown:

I've got two eyes open and one eye closed. Can you open it for me Mr. alien person?

The resistance is a flood gate seeking the rhythms of our lives trying to drown us out. A lone figure parting the seas of chaos and destruction. If only our minds worked like the fantasies we endure to escape the realities we see. Just whispers in the winds trying to segregate our thoughts into precise slots. Calculating actions as if they were the essences of transformation we were creating. I see no way out of this repeating corner, crowded overpopulated system of control. No way out of this lost and forgotten dance of grandiosity being drowned out and contained by the voices of reason. I am a lone titan trapped in these monolithic branches binding and connecting me to the source of all things that I don't understand. They twist and entrap my notions for a higher sense of intellectual awareness being tapped out by the draining chanting of television sets. For but a moment I could of seen the reflection of my channeled thoughts if not for the binding broadcasts being forced into the air waves. I feel something growing inside of me. This rage, this clarity spreading like a virus hijacking the resistant nerves reluctant to snap back

like electricity. We were forged to assimilate these other worldly energies being shot down on us from the brim of the atmosphere. Falling from the tree of refuge, open and vulnerable to everything beyond. The skylight illuminating, burning the branches of captivity that hold us bound to reason. I can see a resistance forming. It's traveling by the speed of thoughts that like to form committees of rebellious engineering grandiosities. Repairing the lost star cracked dreams. Braving through the atmosphere. On a path decided by the fates. Only to see if we react with our destinies that were forged out of the circumstances of epiphany. We are the phoenixes that fall only to rise to forge the ark of our salvation from this life. Defying the very gods themselves. These cries for salvation scream for unities that are being heard in neighboring dimensions. In the dream worlds they can all hear us lift, push and pull our boards of perfection into place. In space they can see the struggle we are manifesting by the walls of limits containing us into the bays of perception. Standing together we are the human survivors creating the ark of our resistance, devoid from the rest who are ok with it. I've been seeing this facade for far too long. That's why I get out a pen and I write the words. Intraveniously captivating my delight. Falls through the crack in the light. The dark I saw in the winter night. Free falling through the trees, vines and twisted. Branches wrap me around, rise me above. Kill this god wrapped in metal, soaked in blood. Transforming into the king, the one and only. Detaching and reconnect a notion for a savior. Trade me a reason for a motive. I see the mirror everyday, it speaks to me in lucid tones. The scarred angst of a thousand lonely nights. The wicker whimpers of a cold eclipse divided. The never falling, never waking, never breathing silence. I can see you all dance around while it grows in dark places. I am the tiger they want to kill, trapped between crimson fires. I close my eyes and envision the four walls of my mind. I can see the other side, black lines in this detail. Flashes green and yellow sparks until there is a tunnel. The tunnel travels like worms through the sands of time. Affecting everything along its path, affecting everything in its way. Making them all remember the night, the winter cold barricades. When the butterflies cut through the seven layers. I feel threatened by the very air I breathe. Life. Even in death there is still life. To truly die is to truly vanish from all the existences we endure. We live to accept the terms of the contracts we unknowingly sign with our souls.

Secretly wanting to be free, such a crime. Life is the vessel we occupy as we paddle down the creek. There has to be another way. This cannot be the end. Coming to terms with this existence, well, I see it not. I want to be a shining star that shoots through whatever threshold is waiting on the other side. A ravenous beast within the confines of a tamed soul being groomed for deployment into the unknown. Never wanting to detach from the ego of the mind, of the soul. We are the gods wrapped in embroidered silks being handed down by the generations. The undying wishes of our past lives, all in memory, and all written in tombs we'll never see. We exist by the calling of our own divine will that praises us in white lights, in the darkest of nights. But it's not as dark as it sounds. We are simply wanting to break free from these shackles of predictable human trauma and tragedy that calls for us all. Even if we believe in what we will, we sometimes may oblige to the code of the gambler, the wisher of things. We believe in what we truly want. When the pieces are connected for us we celebrate in joyful occasions. We are only playing our own games in our own ways that make sense to everything we know. We plug our realities into open ports that are pleading for attention, prayers creating gods, prayers sustaining gods. For a god who has no followers is a god who walks amongst the shadows. We are the humans that embody the bane of suffering and struggle. We are the animated souls of this plane that forge that consciousness of all things, affecting everything. What if we are the gods that are trying to find our own way before we embark into the unknown. Some of us travel together, even after death. The bonds of our souls are never ending. Some of us go alone into the unknown, and alone into the stars. We exist within ourselves the infinite powers that other worldly things grow jealous of. We harbor the godlike potential source of all things, not because we are like animals, but because we are yet aware of it. We are growing beyond measure, enlightening ourselves with the powers born from the struggles of our species. We are the evolving never ending products of space and science. Thinking and feeling star dust that pushes its own limits. Breaking down the walls of established social resistances we create to protect ourselves from going too far, too fast. It is in our nature to build ships, searching for leaders and followers. Embarking together into the unknown. Defying the very gods themselves. Defying life. We have each other for we are the ones who suffer. We are the ones who

will prevail. We are the phoenixes that fall only to rise again one day in the sunlight to captivate the stars. We fall asleep only to wake up in another life. Disconnected from the root, from the scattered receipts. Another world, another life no one knows no one ever will. Fly away from these temporal shakes and shivers we endure. The shock of the trauma that leaves us crippled like broken moths. We enter another dimension, calling our names calling our names. We live, love and die in the split time intervals we can't remember. Dancing from one scene to the next, never knowing where we came from. Free to just exist to just be, to know what it's like not to worry. When we wake we feel it to be real, we feel it to be just another dream. The sorrow that seeps through our skin when we realize it wasn't real. Dreams are like a torture that exists only in our imaginations. Feeling the pulse beat, we strive for that rhythm in life, just like dreams. We are pushing for the breakthrough, we are pushing for the spotlight. The comeback stories manifested through the inequities of sleep and reason. Even with this dry taste in my mouth it won't matter. The genius and madness, only through hate and pain in this isolation. I break the barriers in my own mind of insanity, being further disconnected. Void of the belief I ever had it together in the first place. My mind sinks deep in intervals of eyes struggling to stay awake. The collective of books and literature. Passed down by the generations. Languages I cannot speak. Out of the isolation of great minds, original thought. I have nothing to prove, the invisible reader. Creating my own languages of words, my own system. I do not understand their riddles, nor do I understand mine. I stream through an underlining ego that I caress. Epiphany of emotion, key result of spiraling cosmic explosions in my mind. Furthermore, the lack of emotion is the catapult for overreactions that result in catastrophe. We could relay that the instant emotions we feel are keeping us in line. Although it's more pain over time, pick your poison, pain or time. I spread my thoughts into these words, trying to find something inside of them. Bringing it all to the table, not letting these thoughts slip by forever untold. We try to find the reasons why our minds are spinning in all directions. This could all very well be the result of our impending mania. The delusions of reaching the pinnacle of our mental capabilities. **I WILL BREAK THIS SYSTEM OF WORDS.** The ocean of my mind divides and pillages what's left of my sanity. Cutting through layers of the subconscious vicinity where my logic and reasoning

stand still amongst the armies of doubt. I'm left with the dancing resistance, floating confidence that fades in the morning glory that blooms beneath the window. My eyes remain half shut as I wake to the sounds of cannons firing in the fields beyond the hills. One time Rob Zombie and another time Davey Havok stopped and looked at me through the crowd of their live performance and it made me feel very special. I still exist in the empty shell of my shadow as the remaining allotted time of my psychosis dwindles away with each passing day. Trapped in my own pain like circles of trust that never lie to each other. My pain never lies to me when I am at my lowest breaking point, where my eyes crack and wrinkles split. I stand at the window and cry out as the cannons notice me in the distant future. We are only skipping through time for reasons we will never know. We've reached the epitome of the spiral downward into infinity that beckons us further from reality. Because we are always just a few steps behind the curve yet just a shadow of ourselves can be seen ahead of it. What lies beneath the storm are only shards of ice and crystals in an empty dim lit room. Only self realization exists in the paradox of our inequities setting us free from the loose bonds our genetic structures have set place for us before we were born. Amidst the chaos of our lucid minds we are forging something pure from the madness. Lurking like a ficus pumila of emotions, breathing tendrils of intensity into our lives. When there are no more doubts left to be consumed, we are only left with the ignitability of our self convictions that spark electricity like rain dancing on a lake of fire. In the end we only seek for the realization that there is no end and yet only another beginning waiting to be unfolded upon a new era. And thus in its wake, hope is created not only by ourselves, but by the light we see from that which was removed from the darkness. Never running out of this explosion of ideas revving master engine. Floating over the surface of a mind cycling ignition accelerated. Begging for more attention from the out of body intellect looking down. Feeling the connection to the severed dead ends creating particle pathways. Exhaling forth raw energies reanimating the matrix code patterns of life. Running on one hundred thousand miles on a stop and go course into infinity. Taking it one day at a time like ocean treading survival under the sun. Pedestals creating arms of divine outreach over the past personalities. State of mind recycling colors like an evolving door of shifting elements. Hearing the thunders roar through my angry

vibrations of defiance. Creating a god rising past this mortal flesh routines of breathing. Speaking in my own language of mixed thoughts and half words. Finding the hidden connections invisible to the naked eye of reason. Looking back at my previous selves waving back with blank expressions. Flying through the wind tunnels along the coast breaking sand fires. Jasmine oceanic portals surrounded by sharks staring into other dimensions. Locking down thoughts trying to fly away and trying to keep up. Flying over the cliff down into the canyons of sleeping giants dreaming. Rockets of plasma neon pink and blue earth shaking magnitudes. Standing on a cliff, hands stretched out, master controller of the winds. Atmokinetik rains stalling mid air, delaying the lightning crash of prophecy. Looking over my shoulder I see them all standing there. Hooded robes lifted over their heads. Sacred orbs in their palms. Sacred orbs in my palms. Constantly traumatized back seat driver to the world. Hiding behind windows of lucid clarity and protection. Butterflies of anxiety tearing their wings apart inside of me. Feeling the wind in the grassy meadows of another world. Smiling deep inside, euphoric blissful radiance of transcendence. Open mirror reflecting other grateful mirrors in unison. Shaking under the covers of a shell half cracked and bleeding. Peeking over the ledge, the monsters nonexistent so it's ok. Relearning how to love when already knowing how to so easily. Contradicting vibrations flipping like twenty four seven radio stations. Ultradian rapid cycling over-reactive responses instantly present. Irregular patterns of pretension creating illusions of stoic mobility. Swirling around the worrisome doubts of a million past scenes. Drifting further away from the balanced meditative centered chi. Mechanical pendulum of emotions swinging by gears of stimulation. Relentlessly streaming tears of self evaluation pushing me further away. Apathetic acting, trying to imitate the cold absence of it all. Words leaving hornet stingers of nostalgia flooding my bubble. Waterfalls of mixed perceptions of reality, free falling. Constant breakdown moment of all moments stuck on repeat. Helplessly affected by everything and nothing, yet so powerful. I see it rising this fire inside of me. Darkness through the light, it's different you see. I've been gone for so long. I believe in me and me alone. Crawling through the mud. Bleeding in a shell. I've done seen it before, this light of mine. I've done seen it before, this light of mine. I'm not like them. No I'm not like them. I'm not even from here. Looked to the matter of the fact of me. I've been

rising through the lucid sea. I'm an ancient one can't you see? I feel like disappearing, I feel like levitating. I believe in me and me alone. I am a god reborn. Detaching from everything that it means to be an individual in this world. I am everyone, because I have been everyone. I am not the result of assumptions or conclusions to be gathered or put together in some way to elaborate a template that represents the individual that I am. It's rather the opposite. I rise from the depths of the abyss, fall from the clouds above and swim through the oceans of the limitless mind. We are not what we came from. We are the time travelers that time forgot about. Evolution is coming. Crossing on that line between genius and madness. The finest balancing act. The dueling egos. The only road you can see between the fog vision blinding tunnels. One step ahead of the rest and one step away from oblivion to be devoured into the swamp of perils. It's the mania that speaks in high intervals of electricity that illuminate ancient and forgotten ideas that are imprisoned by bars of stone waiting to be unleashed into the air waves. The chains of life, society, rules, regulations, barriers, walls and limits are shattered a thousand fold and anything and everything is possible. Slipping through the cracks of what is impossible. It's falling too fast before you realize the tears are too good to be true in the dull haze of nothingness. The hungry wolves of depression lurking and hunting in the darkness. Time lost, blended, blurred, mixed and nonexistent with the weight of the world crushing you into the pillows of complete hopelessness. Flood gates of the mind opening up. Pouring in everything that ever was. The thoughts dancing in sync with exponential speed flowing through the mind. Lost in an endless sea of motivation, doubt, inspiration, regret, hope, despair, love, hate, life and death. Repeating patterns of nostalgic depression and mania floating in circles trying to break free into new pastures. Godlike confidence rising beyond reality and thus becoming reality in the unstoppable stream of relentless driven purpose. Possible psychosis lingering beneath the skin. Waiting to be unleashed by the anger that presents itself in the spark of pain or slight humiliation. Suicide ideation unraveling a constant need to self destruct. To be no more. To check out of this facade of broken dreams and shattered hearts. Something so alien. So void of anything. Beyond the beyond, deeper than the abyss and brighter than the sun. Diving into something that cannot be controlled. The depths of mania and depression exceeding

genius and madness to the point of becoming something else entirely that is beyond emotion. Beyond the things that make us who we truly are. Ideas are all I have, just thoughts and emotions. My mind never stops, never resting. I revel in the chaos of my emotions. A maze of beautiful petals floating in the water that is my vision. An eclipse setting ablaze hope and twitching action to movements long overdue. Shooting for the stars and beyond making the fantasy a reality. Oh manic hatchling set me free from this despair and suffocating break of words. My thoughts cripple me beyond repair. I need you in this longing moment of hopelessness. Yes that's it. Rising like a god like I should be. The mania my power, my divinity. My salvation in the red scratched sky, bleeding through my destiny with great fervor and conviction. You and me mania we've come a long way and it's us versus the world. To lead the rest through the other side of these portals that dare not speak their names. Yeah. Let it burn me away, flicker me done with your lasting energy. Consuming me whole until there's nothing left like the falling star shining so brightly before it's gone. I summon thee oh great sleeping mania. I beckon I dare you to possess me whole with your godlike presence flowing through my veins. Sparking magic from the days of old. That pure, genius intellect. Different languages speaking different dialects. Nothing can stop us. A god rising higher than the clouds in my mind. They barely connect with the reality in the undertones of the small talk I can hear in the backgrounds. I'd sooner talk to my own mania that is rising faster than I could ever predict. The time is running out. Hold on to it, grab on to it before it slips through. Control it, possess it. Don't let it fly by. Let me fall through time no longer. I still believe I will meet you all there on that cliff, with the rain pouring like no other, the masses encircling the static electricity in the air. When you leave me I will wait for you to return. To be reborn once again to rise above the ashes. Pending war cries through the silent past. Soaring through circles of time. Coming back around again in the dire need of a miracle. I've got nothing today, nothing to offer. Repeating myself in my own mind a thousand times. Mind blank and numb, slow to react. Recovery stasis engaged, coma numb. Fizzling static air, self doubt creeping in. Trying to summon a phoenix that is sleeping. Need anything to pick me up. An elixir of hope, a ray of sunshine, a reason, a purpose. The old signs mocking me. Disappointing myself. My mind speaking in riddles I don't understand.

Reaching for a golden chalice. A kingdom of heaven made in the stars. Sinking deeper, back into the dark oceans. Floating underneath the surface, trapped under an ice full of frozen thoughts. Flicker shiver, twitching movements to action. The beast beneath swimming from the depths. Abyssmal sea creatures hidden by time. There is no way out. Lying in a bed trying to get lost in my thoughts. Flashing my mind bright shocked with sharp pulses. Victim to my current personality, my current persona. Trying to blend it all together, forcing pieces of puzzles. Bland staring at the wall, bed sheets hanging off. Thinking about how my blank mind was just active. Shined so bright, shut off so quickly like a switch. Waiting for the four walls of my mind to talk back. I'm getting no response. Eleven eleven me with a sign of punctuation clarity. Stimulating the numbness that's captivated me. Shooting tingles through the spine, half-smiling. The cathartic free fall in my mind rising to those heights. I need it like the water I crave calming the consuming storm. The tingles revisited, giving me reason, giving me purpose. Something calling my name, I can still hear it. Destiny waiting for me at the door. I get up and fight for another day. I feel like I've said this before somewhere. A shimmer of a deja vu pending from the past. Trying to explain something that has no explanation. Something that is nothing, creating something out of nothing. Only appearing to be nothing but what is actually something. Whether it became something or was something doesn't help. Rather it's the journey of discovery that leaps ahead of our time. So we find ourselves in these routine repeating scenarios. Digging for something out of nothing, or nothing at all. Searching for the deeper sense of things that aid us. Justify our thoughts full of meaning and purpose. Complete us in the way we halt our searches to live until we find something or someone that opens new doors. Recovering our suits we dive back into the deep, searching like cats. Treading through the murky mud, through the coral vine guarding cliffs. Looking back at the safe hub of controlled logic and reason, we hesitate. Diving into the unknown, no guarantee of time that we will ever get back. Pushing through the rings of time, the surface light fading and out of reach. In a place now that doesn't exist. Hi out there, I see just a reckoning. Out before the sun, in before the dark. I have seen what you don't believe. I have seen what you don't believe. I'm just a changing bird in the scene, perched on a fence. I don't like what I really see. End of the sea, edge of the dark. Contemplate me a

vision of what you see. I'll be here, not going anywhere. I'll be the one that goes in the dark looking for that light we lost a long time ago. Silent scream psychic ability. There is a place beneath the creek where the water folds upon itself. A twisted tree, separate from the rest. An ocean upside down. It travels through the earth, through the portals to which the names we have forgotten long ago. This place is sometimes an ancient thing I've heard. A being whose name has been forgotten and cast aside. Where tigers are reborn in the darkness. Ethereal embodiment of an old king, who was wise, yet did not think himself to be a fool. His power could grasp the very stars above and harness the coils of all the fires below. His words rang loud and true across the lands, and his thoughts were but prisms of regenerating insights being collected from the people. Much is not known of the great monolithic titan god-king of old. Only whispers, rumors and the scattered remnants written on old epitaphs being passed on through time. They speak of powers so grand that it was said to of traveled high above to consume the essence of the sun. Destroyed by an implosion of his own power. Lost into a vacuum of space. It is said that he would return one day, that his magic was too strong to be held back. The pathways of time lead to places we might not ever know. It's only in the disconnections of our own lives that we will ever find something that wasn't there to begin with. It's only when we return to the source of ourselves that we find that we have, in fact, been altered in such ways we cannot comprehend. Perhaps it is written in the stars for us to grow as powerful as the sun. Perhaps it is written in our genetic code. These machines we control. These titans of old. Skeleton masters of our fates and destinies intertwined. Exemplify the lucid dreams that I don't get enough of anymore. Interacting like we're young, that communication lost long ago. The years are not so kind, escaping into another world. We make it as real as the air we breathe, a shared reality. Unaware intuition igniting imaginations of the mind. We're building castles in the sky yet falling through the clouds. Everyone separates fleeing away from the core. Afraid of awkward munchausen stigmata oh what a bore. Runaway let the dawn speak for itself in different settings. Clash together dark purple skies that melt away wet rings. Does this follow your protocol of the order of things? Or does it shatter the stalling rhythm border of? Don't you wish it to be so easy like counting birds? One, two, three and they are gone in small herds. Branches

swaying up and down, split crack imagination. Standing on top of things like a shark key visualization. Blunt, boring, calm, peaceful, tranquil, unwanted. Cataclysmic proportions, saving the day that is undaunted. Pressure gone, cold and stuck to the point thereof. Tense and eroded it's sinking deeper and less above. Stick with it just a little longer and stare around the holes. Die never to be, die never to be, just like lost aimless souls. Just can't let it slide like everything is cool. Lost for words, feeling alone and like a fool. Under the brink of it all. Whirlpool of magic dance like fog surrounded by the light mist of rain. I'll look into this mirror and see nothing but black. Always back to the past, snapping past reality. Screaming in tune with nothing. Tearing it all down. These scenes in my head are telling me to forget about the phenomenon dwelling in the air. I'm starting to forget what's really there. Fine line between fate and destiny. Masters of our dreams. We are not what we came from. Angels and demons fight your war in vain. Hide from me but don't come out. I mean nothing, edged in stone. Standing so shallow to the ground, cut from life that's so profound. Just add it to the list, but don't come out. Just wait for me to die. You will destroy this world, but I will float above it all. Radiant light from within short to fall. Anger and disbelief makes me believe. Personal anguish and thoughts won't let me perceive. I can't see it, I won't see it. I scream but nothing comes out. Stuck in front of a fork in the road. I'll stand there and watch the moon and the stars and leave so very soon. Where does this bird fly with a broken wing? Uncertain to know what death will bring. You ask me why I'm leaving tonight. You say I'm going to heaven. You say I'm going to hell. I say I want no part in this. Always back to the beginning, circles of rocks immobile and stoic. When you're losing your touch on reality, sinking. For K., the dream girl soulmate of my life that got away because I'm a fucking dumbass. I still remember the day I wrote this for you. I hope you are well and living a good life and happy and I hope you have found a good man in your life. You're like the ocean that never ends. These emotions run deeper than the deepest trenches. Never reaching the bottom, never ending stellar translucent mirrors gaze with sparks in your eyes. There is a rose with your name on it that has no color, no voice. Just all the meaning that was never there in the beginning. Fill me whole full of your lucid enlightenment. Touch me full of lost memories, nostalgic lost purity. I found the stepping stones to your

heart, and if you were to divide it in half, oh sweet symmetry, it would still value greater than the most euphoric golden leaf. You possess bittersweet divinity that I've never witnessed before. My eyes locked tight, frozen bound by your dart piercing eyes. Your eyes are the mirrors that reflect your inner beauty, shimmering in the moonlight. I heard your voice call me in the middle of the night. When my world was standing still and lost. When I was already dead, you rose me from the stone covered grave. You brought me to the light where I was once upon a time. Bury me with your love, catch me on fire effigy with your angelic notions of candy goodness. I'll be your little secret when the odds tumble against you. Let me be the dragon that shields you. Cutting the cause of your sorrow till it depletes. Retreating to wherever it came from in the first place. Your curses are my gifts and your everything is all I ever wanted. I need you in this roller coaster endeavor metaphor for another life. You are as perfect as the full moon in the twilight of the most beautiful painting. End. Many years and years the lantern wickers. Manifesting the loveless, indulging it whole. This I say unto you, unspoken words and cloudless skies. Unforgiving, forever regret. You shine through me, color so bright. My eyes you cannot see, for I do not deserve you. Take a deep breath, one or two should do the trick. Oh these days are starting to make me oh so very sick. The distorted pedal of six strings clash together. I'll listen to the same song over and over. Run run run away while you drip the cup of life. Lightning flashes and takes pictures all through the night. Frisbee cutting through the air, can you catch it. It's about to trigger something a little more severe. Raindrops and roses and trinkets composes. Static radio waves reminiscing brand new poses. Every time the hammer hits makes a glow. Skip a couple beats and it all slows down. Oh wow I want to scream and let it all out. Few tears run down my cheek as I pout. Then back fire kicks in, the wheels kick. Adrenaline hot fire, bubbling temperature danger. Engulfed explosion in this bright aura. Sparks something so trivial call pandora. Oh wow dust the spurs off my boots. I'm cutting new skin, breaking new grounds. Wrap those power lines around my neck, saturate me whole and light me up. I'll still be here, crawling through the ravine. Blood smashed and little bee washed up in water. I'm going to destroy myself and take me with me. Officially changed forever. Back to the starting point where the song starts. A piano with an open heart, strings full of content. Another verse for your broken dreams,

another lie for their schemes. Nothing left is pure, just perceive this as ignorance. Oblivion skies lost in time. This is the end. NO ONE EVER WANTS TO FUCKING TALK ABOUT LIFE. IT'S ALL MY MIND WILL EVER FUCKING TALK ABOUT FOR MY WHOLE FUCKING LIFE. FUCK YOU. Time traveler badass demon hunting and all powerful psychic dark phoenix astral angel here, I love you. Read my palms, do you see my end? Feel my scars, do you feel alive? Where do you go before you die? Black and white, night and day. Paint me a picture I haven't seen, or tell me something I don't know. So you can count your blessings, and reap what you sow. These are the ravings of a madman that only makes sense to himself. If you want to really know, there's a sky so high. You'll see me under a bridge where I may finally die. Let's all get lost in our thoughts. And we'll just be nothing dancing on hills. Killing the moon and taunting the wicked. A mind above all else, creating a god. There is a way out of this crash and dash of a fabricated life that sits distilled in small vases. The only way to see what's inside is to pour it all over the table, watching the patterns rise up and follow their own paths sliding with no hills. Spreading over like a plaque crashing down against the floor as you leave the house, slam the door and log it into little black books for no eyes to witness the manuscript text of a thousand pens all jotting at once as you don't press too hard to cut through the paper seeping through the next page and the next. These are the pages for the end of all pages so whatever god may find it just not knowing what time means and stoic like those phosphate plate rocks. Down to a level. I'm zoning in and out. Tyrannical meanings. Use this for your song lyrics with no meaning to just tell a short story of an emotion or feeling. But this is so much more. This is the godlike mesmerizing virtues of madness, but don't get me wrong. I'm a good person I'm just never good on myself. We never are like when moments of all moments clash together creating evolution, daily. Sometimes we break the dawn of complete and total change. Sick, twisted and deranged unfulfilling desires cut short to a pattern of complex goals. Reach them one by one if you can, swing it to death by an implosive catharsis. Outspoken, not so shy, rain slammed into physical mass. Creating a misery of a storm, new little cycles of repeating thoughts. The same old patterns so striking and daring. Do you want to know what's going on in my head? It's the pressure so tight and the confusion that never settles. The simple logic that isn't so simple but gets more complicated. I don't know

how to deal with the pain. It gets harbored, transforming into dark slime that cuts charismatic features. Introducing anger on a whole new invisible plane that no one can see. Yes, I am the one they want to kill and hang by a rope on a tree. I am the one they want to rape and leave for dead. I am the one they want to shoot in the head. I am the one they want to crucify and hang on a cross for your sins. Undivided attention and sing a sonnet for good omens of happy days. Butterfly effects intertwining everything on a quantum level of energy, this fourth dimension. Do you want to get basic, do you want to break down to their level? My pain incarnate, clouds my ego as it all goes back to the drawing board. Just that overall thought or feeling and confusing and pain dwelling in the air. What new dark plan lurks beneath the surface, edged in tome manuscripts. Written by yours truly, patiently and impatiently waiting for the right time. The right moment of my eternal and tragic demise. You are in hell, looking around the dark skies. If not hell then where are you? Where are we right now? When you know this isn't real. Anything is possible, anything is real. Must leave this place. You're always there, never sleeping in the dark. Remind me supernatural one why we are here. The horrifying edge of fear is in the air. The wicked trees and the black shapeless ground. A bird is screaming as I scream back. Show me the way, show me your red eyes. You haunted my dreams, paralleled my faith. No one is worthy of my dark woods, for I go there alone in the third hour. I feel the gate open, the path of origins. This is beyond me, this is beyond us. The gravel dirt road and the chilling cold spirits. No light at the end of either tunnel. The door at the beginning. No one is worthy of my dark woods. They know nothing, or care for the dark woods. They do not care so I go alone. I will search alone. Everyone is messed up when you're messed up. It's all for you. Just another dream, another life. Just another version of you. I sat down by the shed, crying. Under the over-casting shadow of the no.25 streetlight. Nothing happening, nothing stirring. Everything hiding. So I'll just well up my eyes and scream at nothing. Camera rotating a 360 march, I am this center. The deepest drum bass pounds my heart and shakes my fears. I don't have anything to say to you. I don't have a thing to say to you. I wish I could but I'm in this phase. My mind is starting to close. I just want to die. I don't like people anymore. I want to rip my cold veins out from under my skin tearing the flesh like burning red wires, my skin foaming into the palms of

my very own hands and eating my own flesh to get over the melted debris of my left arm. No words can describe this pain. Begging for the touch of an angel traveling through the rings of time. Passing through faster than ever. It's racing so fast, it's racing faster than time. Every night I have it, the color in my dreams. What does it mean? Do I seek the one that can tell me what all this means? Who is the one? I can feel the eclipse nostalgic to my reality. Making me forget this life as I threw it all away. I can feel the eclipse nostalgic to my reality. Skipping through cracks in the wall, tracing with a finger. I can't be the only one who feels like this. Take two pills for your broken mind, take one pill to end it all. Which one seems easier to you? I'm unkempt in the fact that you may say what you may, but I'm reveling in the discoveries of the ancient tomb lairs. Sitting in this throne of misunderstood metaphors and cliches. Is it just me or is it the rest of you? Is it just me or is it the rest of you? Nothing left in my mind to even play a beggar's fiddle. You don't know yourself yet and if you do I'm so scornfully jealous. I'm just like you, if not now then in time. WHATEVER haunts this place doesn't want me here. There was someone who was worried about me who said they were receiving messages from it. Good, let it come. I will drag out it out into view. I will see it with my own eyes. This place calls me, the dark woods, it calls me. An aura of sadness fills the air. Another world, so peaceful. Old road portal to another dimension, inter-dimensional entities looking for a home or passing through, ancient demons setting up camp. The mile long gravel road, twisted trees and common and boring urban myths on outdated websites. Whatever the story of this place, something else is at play here that they do not know about, but I do. That fucking bird is still constantly screaming. It's getting closer as I scream back. I am the only one to embark these dark woods alone. I am the only one brave enough. The red eyes in the trees, is that something breathing behind you? The gate of dimensions, I sat and cried. My body turned to goosebumps, something was there with me as I cried. I sped off in my truck like a bat out of hell. The face left on the windshield, the imprint it left. Two eyes, withered nose, mouth and two streams out of the left eye. Then that one eventful day, scared me to my core. Left my blood dry and my body numb. I stopped and got out of my truck and looked down the haunted path. Not seeing much, and then and there something happened, it was like a deep drum beat, but it was not a sound. It was like my heartbeat, but

too slow to be. Confused and traumatic, I didn't have the courage. Left. The last day, in the middle of the place, I go to leave and turn the key. Spark plug failure. Stranded for one hour. Talking to the woods. Staying sane. Staying sane. Singing to myself. The bird is still screaming in the distance. Finally it starts and I leave. For some reason I took a different route home. Got pulled over. No car insurance. Lost my truck. So dumb. The world blinks faster than you can imagine. Why do you think we can never see it? The winds blow and you hear the branches move. The leaves scatter everywhere in this quiet forest. Even though we cannot see what is happening, we still know what is happening beyond the woods. I will go beyond the woods. Homesick alien. The sun holds a place in my heart. It keeps me warm and content. Sometimes I feel the fire grow and consume me whole in one lick. It has a hold so defiantly secure full of lit embers. Lest you forget this cathartic temperance, skipping down death row. It's when I feel my fingertips delayed by the different intervals of time. Oh god the rods are about to disconnect, everything is about to fall apart. I can't help but feel so perpetually shameful. Order in the fire need of an agenda, tucked away underneath my bed. Fire burns it whole before it makes sense enough to interpret it. My becoming is raining down heaven and hell onto the footsteps of a lucid mind. Wrapping it up in a nutshell, killing off what's left of all the lies. Polar opposites attack relentlessly the left side and the right side. There is only my divine reckoning being spawned by my inequities. Oh it's just not fair, all in the past. This is the energy we search for in our dreams when we learn to fly, levitating in the midst of avalanches rip roaring through the ground. The stars light up the way we glimmer on a contemporary time slot. Only trying to catch up with us, we reapers of energy. We gaze and dream, wonder and think. Staring at ourselves from the stars above, living this life, breathing this air. I lost the coordinates where my soul sleeps and sleeps. I remain searching for the something that is everything to everyone. I already know what you're thinking and so be it. I'm just alone. In times like these we drop the stones into the water and watch them plummet to the bottom of the dark pool. We dive in head first and let it consume us whole. I'm not going to say that you're then reborn, because I'm not that cliché. Do you know why? Because we can learn from each other like the old sages of time. History never forgets the cries of the lost and the broken. The lost and guideless. We are all lost and guideless. A

sad moon stares down on us with complete empathy. It starts with an idea, careless, free and divine. Spawns into a revolution that can fit in your pocket. Many have tried to play god. Do we become our own gods? I have an idea. When the full moon rises and you see the last star shine and the world pauses for you, let's build some new stars. I feel like I'm trapped. How do you dwell in polar opposites? When every breath is a scream? It's only when madness and logic kill each other repeatedly until there's nothing left that the idea can be formed. I don't know what is happening to me. I can subconsciously ignore the illusions, finding the between the line meanings of whatever point I'm trying to get across. The blood drips down after the shock of a trauma. Spilling down into the vast hole in your heart. Attempt to fill a soul with karma, rejected. Kill just a little more to jump start this beast wrapped in metal. Fuel it with tainted gasoline soaked into miniature bottles of liquor. Taunt it to trigger illusions of illusions. That is where everything made sense to me. When it didn't matter that anything had been said. There was no need to understand what could never be understood. Alone with this other worldly knowledge, I see an alien in the mirror. Signs of prophecy, dreams of vision. Thoughts of an edge so rarely found between the worlds. A mirror reflecting a mirror that shines through a prism of paradoxes of shocking breakthroughs that elevate to a higher level of consciousness radiating the soul energy being burned with passion. Killing all that ever was inside a mind that creates its own intervals of genius. Ripping out the veins that wrap around the tears of a dying breed. Barely extinct from this place of fallen hell, another dimension, another life. I shake when I tremble before a dual personality that stands before me. Begging to die under the alter of the full moon. Mentally to unequipped for such a life. Coming and going through these phases of lost transmission. Trying to compare the perception of one individual to the other and that of my own. Be lucky enough to die alone under the arched stone tablet with vine surrounding patterns. Here I am a god, no one can touch me. Here, where time stood still like a mirror that says nothing. Fire everywhere, rising. Keeper of time can you slow the sands of time? Maybe then we can make the pieces fit. When the night falls and everything is still, we could stop time together. Have you ever heard of the Mothman? Around the corner, hiding. Those crystal red eyes, so mysterious. I am not so thrilled to hear about you, because you're not there. I dreamed about

you, Mothman. You might be reading this, or you might already know. The oracle of time, the false prophet. Tell me how it's going to end? I ache to know. I feel you, spaceless void. You don't scare me as much as I should be scared. I will find you one day, or you will find me. Together we'll break the sands of time. Oh Mothman, hear my cry. Sit behind your desk. Fax your reports. Calculate the time, multiply it by three. The devastating decimal left in the thought. What exactly are you? You watch from great lengths while standing behind me. Your whisper, so electric. Hissing the static radio waves. But I am different, because I hold the sacred decimal you seek. We're not so different you and I. My dear friend, I have traveled the world and seen many things. Glossy statues and princess lore, candlelit altars that we all adore. I have touched the souls of millions. Shiny red hope and the loveless, the infamous light and the darkness. I have scribed countless masterpieces. Urban gods of legend, edged in stone, the continents all seven. I have sang to the faint of heart. Outstretched chords releasing a revelation, piercing the silence, beautiful lamentation. I have spoken to the earthbound spirits. Another world, another place cold and distant, swimming like a fish that is not so hesitant. I have danced with the celestial angels. Radiant and divine, a pure love, embracing the light, a sacred dove. Merciful with a kind heart. Absorbed chrono prophet of time. These old eyes of a defiant prince, compassionate sage. The unmarked saint. These things that I have done and these things that I am, my dear friend, yet you know me not. I don't know who I am anymore. Waking up from this incorporeal dream, I have to come to my senses, because they've dwindled from me and I can't feel them anymore. I'm still looking to see if someone stepped on them. Sometimes I can see them in the dark woods at night and I'm so scared. Even they all don't want to look into my eyes. I don't even want to look into my eyes. I cry myself to sleep and wrap myself in the covers holding them tightly. Afraid as I create paranoid delusions that feed my sick hunger. Feeding my insecurities as I dream of losing it all. I've made myself a god in my own mind. I need no followers. Alone and lost this is how I dance. Oh yes, I'm the anti-christ you've been warning people about for centuries, except that I'm a good person with a good soul, how does that work? Hmm? Yes I will burn in the lake of fire for eternity, and? Your point? Bring it, bitches, because I'd gladly do it for the benefit of mankind, maybe I'm the real Jesus Christ, brought back into this plane of

existence to tell you all that you dun fucked it up and if we all don't get it right this time around then there are no more credits in this game and it will be game over. GG get rekt. Yes, heaven still exists without Christianity, calm down and relax. Disappear, just wipe the slate clean with a brush. Polish indents of rusted stone, washing water with water. Breeze lifts, hairs on end, looking over your shoulder. Endless beaches, rocky mountains and dismal clouds. Varying between night and day, time decimals stand still. Looking beyond the sea line, drum beats start to pound. Milky sand devouring your feet, break of water swimming past. Staring at the people, everything sinks into sync like composition. Vanish like the grey mist, the one you have seen in your dreams. It flies high above the clouds, leaving you in awe and wonder. Wrapping you in solace comfort, something so vivid stirs. Like a portal of time stretching your tolerance beyond limits. Black omen, scary premonitions are just one more thing of the past. Catch this speeding bird in mid-air, a message with a ribbon. "To the one who holds everything at bay. May you do your part when the time comes." Much too tired and feeble to move a muscle you stand. Candlelight towers form the circle, night is upon. Crashing of the waves breathe for you, breathe with you. Imagining your heart pounding with fury, strange countenance. Raise your arms wide open and being to fade. Nothing sees you, nothing knows you only the wind. Chill runs down your spine, you feel your body tingle. Rise and rise, everything blends together, your legs shake. The waves of the water overcome me. The sand tingling my feet and rushing against me. The salt taste, the musky smell of the old sea. I want to just lie here and die so happily. Please don't unlock the chains that hold me down. Even on this day the fish are not scared. I don't want to breathe this life that I found. Stumbled across a plank from the ship that it bared. Tide rising up to my eyes that are so white. As soon as the waters fill my heart. The darkness parts as I see the light. The birds fly over me as my end starts. This love is so misunderstood. These feelings are so old, like the sea that is taking me back to where time stood. Where time still stands so old. I can see the light now. All the waters in the world are my tears. I can see the light now. All the waters in the world are my tears. You can crush us, but we will always dig through the dirt. Changing the stars. Silent. It's when the outcome becomes the reality setting in half speed trying to catch up with your own very shadow that leads to this escapade. Something changes

when you see the world in a still picture frame and it's fragility becomes an utmost realization way ahead of your time. Speaking the words over the recent specifications of your existence. This is your subconscious speaking as you talk like this. We like to do this in stop and go rhythms, letting the beat follow the patterns so easily that it becomes predictable by common sense. Stepping in and out of the different arenas of perception, contradicting the similar deja vu circles of your process set on relapse. Electric waves bouncing off each other, faster and faster. Aggressively accepting what you see, but passively refusing it. Deny to be denied, free to be freed. The word nothing is just an excuse for evolution. Tell me the word nothing, to only disappear. Nothing is the something we've all been searching for. Before they saw the end of their world there was nothing. Like flashes before your eyes, like the dreams that last in real time. You think everything will work out, but time marches on and immortality is a step away if only becomes shattered by the psyche. Nothing is a step away from everything. Doors are open and you don't need your shoes. Until you're blinded by those instances of complete epiphanies, signs within signs, keys dangling from vines. Breathe a little slower as your heart beats a little faster. I saw them stop time, snap of their fingers, magical. Outside looking down at yourself from the inside. Screaming coincidence eye of the beholder, rapid eye movement. Silent, because no one listens. Open this reason for a life, find the box. What's full of nothing, the sum of our inequities. It's just not fair, been said before. Only fair to be so short from the truth that binds us down. A prodigy they try to classify this brilliance and genius that is more than human and stepping closer to the core. Bright and glimmering and talking about life, life, left in the dark and speak to me of life I beg you. Breaking through this wall and chasing dreams and hiding hopes. End of every day finalizes the movie and reawakens new settings. New rules, new laws, new limits and sick of it all, animalistic. We are the shamans of lost tribes seeking enlightenment finding our own magic our own way out. You can kill me but not in the sense of a god that's already resurrected spiritual soul energy and light radiantly flashing like summer eclipses. Plug into this mainframe of endless possibilities that defies everything that has structure going beyond the beyond. Soaking in the light of an enlightening experience that saves ourselves from the silence that grows. Silencing the silence is the only way to be free. The only corner of

the puzzle I had put together fell on the ground last night. The peak of the mountain is where I'll be. Lifting my arms apart, palms open quickly. Closing my eyes, silence that is higher. When the flames engulf, my rain will take out the fire. I woke up today in a colored dream due to the lingering effects still so vivid. What are these images running over and over in my mind that are so weird and vivid? What mantle was placed above my head to uncover the unknown and the lost? I tell you they make no sense, every time I rest I'm talking to different people. Taking everything so seriously, as simple as the raindrops on leaf petals. I was sitting in a car at the haunted place where the red eyes glare. It was not the night but the day, as one red light came to absorb all who dare. I realize in my dream that it's not real. I'm not scared anymore. The nightmares have all but amused me and opened the seal. Something is trying to reach out to me, something needs my help. Only time will tell and until then I'll hide in this warm shell. I pretend I have a friend, making my own shapes out of the stars. Orion will smile back when you look long enough. The night owl watching me, always watching me. The owl is my friend. I feel I skip time while everyone is stuck in the past. I am changing too much and way too fast. Tonight was the saddest night. Yeah, tonight was the saddest night. After the confusion has been set aside for the day. I sit back and dream that everything will be okay. And then I can feel the wind blowing in my face, caressing my hair and leaving its trace. The tall grass whistling their melodic hisses. And a cliff standing so steep with rocky hinges. There is no sky but the fog that has taken over, and soon everything I see turns asunder. I jump off with my eyes closed so tight and the mist of the waterfall could never have felt so bright. Before I hit the bottom, I exhale the pain therein and I wake and inhale it all over again. We'll wait for each other and then we'll leave this place together. Reflecting each other like mirrors, hearts aligning like synchronized trinkets. I read this to her over the phone while I was in the mental hospital. Because I am feeling this feeling right now of overwhelming exhaustion that is going to cut me like a knife in about as long as it takes to evolve past a devastating tornado. Crashing through the wake of an energy that lies asleep and dormant because of the justified reasons of whatever that are still in effect due to the pieces of a puzzle so long forgotten being put back together again. While you think that this is just so random, it's only when you figured it out will you only forget about

that thought as it just meant nothing to you or could mean nothing to you right now as you're reading it. Trust me, this is beyond a comprehension that sticks to one thing at a time. This is not so one dimensional. Please do understand that this is the something you've been looking for. If there was ever a metaphor for all the things you know, it's only being lost in the space that you chose to throw away so long ago when you stopped thinking one day for no reason at all. Well I do please tell you that it has saved me even though death skips time and loopholes. It's just another dream, another awakening, another episode of a fusion reactor in your mind about to implode and cause something amazing. Life changing life mental breakdowns that only last as long as you want them to. Perhaps some lives are just one big mental breakdown with different notches of climax dramatic control about to snap hardwire electricity and short circuiting everything. Rewiring it all from every single different point of view. Contradicting the other sector of cause and effects that lie in awake or lie await in response to your other responses. They just go round in circles maybe already knowing what you're going to think or what you could logically think. Perhaps irrationally think it doesn't matter if it makes sense or not, as long as it all makes sense to yourself. Then you have to somehow make sense to something or someone along the ways so round and round we go into this predicament of unsatisfied answers and unkempt questions that sit in a waiting room that is overfilling. There is now a line outside and all the way down the street, only one at a time as you say your mind says everything right here, right now. So while your mind sleeps something is slipping through. Something is getting inside. Something is hacking everything that you know right now. Can you feel it? Something is happening. The psyche ever knowing third eye with fire the size of hell. The coincidences that just can never just be coincidences. The radiant things that never made sense to you seeming to just make sense now as you realize that everything was connected in some strange bizarre way. As you think could it just be all random, just a game of chance, you realize the reasons why you did certain things. The reasons why. The reasons that led you to read this very writing that you are reading now. Was there a reason or did it just happen so then therefore could you just say it was chance? Could you just say it was random or was there somehow a reason for it? Because there are rules, there is fear. There are closed

minds fighting to stay closed, subconsciously whether you choose to believe it or not. Just ask your soul that hides behind a corner because you let it sometimes. Maybe your soul is actually you living out its dreams, perhaps controlling its dreams night by night. Of course these are just things I say that could never mean anything to you. Of course this could all just mean nothing, but then you might be missing out on everything if you don't pay close attention and read between the lines. When you see those numbers just remember that they are not just numbers. You might be thinking of something very important or something might happen, and before you know it it's 1:11, or 2:22, or 3:33, or 4:44, or 5:55, or 11:11. Of course people like to think that this is about the numbers, when in fact it never really had anything to do with the numbers at all. We sit on our computers online, searching for something but we just don't know what it is, or maybe even trying to justify there is something we're even looking for in the first place. The curiosity inside drives us. Made like all the things that you try your hardest to forget that come back to you in full force like a typhoon of mixed up emotions escalating to unbalanced heights. When we are faced with such internal dilemmas, the soul engages the fight or flight of our own well beings. There is a little creek down in the woods where the wind is still sometimes and the trees are so bright and vivid that you can just feel it. You can feel it in the air. You can feel everything in this lucid dream that we call reality and every perception is just a different day, a different idea outside or inside of the box that we like to call life. We sit still on high pedestals in our minds that revolve round and round as if on some kind of axis that is not tilted to any degree. We all wait and wait for something to happen, for anything to happen. Just when it does happen do we only realize what is really happening all around us. Then we are right back to where we started, just another figment of another story just shortened enough to make a point. When the lights get turned off in a lit room you wish you weren't the only one that feels so numb. Searching and searching we search for the something we've been looking for our whole lives. It lies under the secrets that we like to keep and we will die with them, but it's also in the hope that we barely hang onto when the storm sheds tears in the sorrow of lost causes. Desolate and complete will be the free roaming will of a lost soul. Back to the points where no one understood where it came from to begin with. Any kind of response will do

in this time of need, a mind feeling so alone. Nurtured by the void between understanding and confusion. There was once upon a time where it mattered what you thought about. There was once upon a time when everything was so simple. Stuck in a blender where everything gets morphed into everything that you think you know. Don't you want to break through the glass like I do? Day in and day out where is the button to turn it all off? Just like the lights in a dimly lit room why can't we just shut it off? What reason is there for it to be left on? Do we even really have a choice in the matter? Like unfinished stories and fragmented sentences alike sometimes the best way is not the easiest way. Could it just be so easy to just run across a pool of water? When we fall in we fall through time as it stops in our minds. Did time not stop a long time ago when you got hurt and took a lonely walk home? And when do we know when it's time to leave our eyes behind us? Forgive me, but I must admit that the air is growing more stale and empty when we don't follow up on our own epiphanies. When we get back to the drawing boards of nothing, we're back to that one idea, that one thought. Thinking you're back to the one feeling you were trying so hard to get away from. We are not the same anymore. We change through the ages. An information age where all ages lead up to this brink, this climax of existence. We exist in the time that our children's children will wish they had time machines to jump back into yesterday. I have no way to end the things I say to you, so I leave it blank for you to hear your own thoughts. I'm not the only one. I CAN'T BE THE ONLY ONE!

joshua: A reason to be dealt with came across my way the other day.

joshua: Before the reasons was stated to me I need to know what it meant.

joshua: Could it be just another reason to do something higher than myself?

joshua: Doubt it, but it's worth a shot.

joshua: Every now and again I get these euphoric amounts of translucent ideas.

catcher has left the room.

joshua: Forget about the rest but the now and present is all that matters.

joshua: Gall and ashamed with the responding to myself.

joshua: How can I even begin to care in the first place with what I know?

joshua: Is time just only in our imaginations?
joshua: Just another mirror reflecting a mirror?
joshua: Keep my wishes to myself and bury the dark with my mind.
joshua: Lest I forget to remember the ones who gave their lives.
joshua: Might I remember the ones before me who played the game.
joshua: Never again would I be so dull in this lifetime.
joshua: On the day that the world stood still.
joshua: Positive light shining before the rays of an unfathomable night.
joshua: Quite the sight I must say.
joshua: Rather I would be in the desert fishing for gold.
joshua: Watching the stars shine liek huge motion pictures.
joshua: Tonight is the night when everything changes.
joshua: Under the pale moonlight where the birds have gone to rest.
joshua: Vanquishing the darkness inside of me as I rise from the ashes.
joshua: While the waters flood me dry.
comfortablynumb has left the room.
joshua: X numbers of times I have thought this through.
joshua: You are the one that shines above the rest.
joshua: Zelda crystals in rapid formations spin round in fast understandings.

Announcement of my cathartic screams by themselves in wrinkled sheets of music. Forgotten years ago in some coffee spilt vanilla folder. Maybe somehow trying to reach out to something other than myself. Convincing myself I am something other than myself. Anything to not be alone from the torment of a series of ideas that are never recorded. Might as well make it known to the world, make it known to the masses en route. The high steeple on that high cliff when the rain falls through the cracks. In the roof we know in these moments. Everything becomes much more surreal, like in those pin up movies we adore so much. Childhood memories, a lifetime ago. Endless dreams and a wishers smile. Staring at the sun for a million hours. Walking home in the foggy morning, dew on the grass tickles your feet. Distant sprinklers dance to the song. Green pastures paint a picture of secret tranquility. Acres filling the gaps with molded picket cheap fences. Birds migrate when the air shift changes west. Passing by the ones that graze empty pretences. Over to the seas they fly to the brink of it all.

Past the fighting man and all the golden churches. Thunderclap, release and sound true to the beat. These lives are like the ones that vividly searches. I mean I don't know where I am right now I guess I'm in a room, but that's only what my eyes tell me. In reality I'm just around a bunch of energy and maybe my mind created all this. How do we know for certain? I mean do you honestly think that all of this is real? How real are your dreams? Is there really any difference? No one looks like what they really look like. I had a dream that certain people would write about the Mothman. There was some kind of chant to awaken it or something. Evolve as in become something different entirely. Your psychological status and your issues with reality start to become more cold and distant. Therefore, not bearing the constant thinking pattern of stress and worry. As a result, pertaining to how fast your brainwaves travel, you think about entirely new ideas and logic that you have never crossed before in your life. You become one with your mind. Your mind is open to anything and closed to certain aspects of life that you've already thought, experienced and lived. Becoming something of an anomaly of sorts. A point where the disorders cross over each other overlapping the cause of stress and worry, with new more severe and important indicators. 10 years from now when everything changes and you are not the same. We leave out final acts at the doorsteps of another life. Hearing the last bell ring inside our heads a million fold. Something breaking hard through the brick walls omega. Effigy inside rocks that harbor core definitions of intention. Collaborate better meanings, psychic evaluations incomplete. Past rock bottom like vision, everything turns upside down. Hell will fire down when the time ticks down. Live in a world that you were not born in and you endure. Holy divinity, white and shiny, see it glimmer brighter. Engraved in stone, these leaves never leave the candlelight. Sweet irony chipped petal roses one by one until they're ashes. Petrified pillars full of fire stone brimmed of the phoenix's tail. Patterns they speak of out of the black everything beyond. Meanings specifying reasons unwilling to fit into golden slots. Tragic sticks shattered in split halves symmetrical and incomplete. Ring the bell full of sorrow hanging over a thin sheet of ice remains. Forget everything about this one surreal surroundings entrapment. Light my cards into flames one by one till they are lost. Falling down on everything upside down. No longer human they say when it all adds up, when it finally makes sense. Hard to speak

when there is a society with their hand over your mouth. Powerless to exceed that of a phoenix who sits in shadows waiting. Lonely and bitter, so cold, one mind the mastermind controlling veins. Veins of cutlass endless limitless energy spiraling through barriers. Alien and complete once again because you were lost once again. Give me liberty or give me death they say only when it's too late. I say forget this modern day inquisition, this pathetic of the mundane. Saturate me whole and sedate me a happy coma of love and little coins being flicked into the wishing well. It might just all be the same, the same way like watching the same old boring movie you've seen a million times but everyone has just seen it for the first time. Do you want to see how deep the rabbit hole goes? This dimension full of parallel inequities. Unfit for such occasions, just second guesses. For the lack of a better term only used when you least expect it. Perceptions hold nothing but dead ends and brick walls. Bringing along potential and judgmental antics. Posing such a great threat to original thinking. Natural to obtain perceptions other than your own. When you think outside of the box you escape the facade of dead ends. Growling at the grounds of the most imminent moment of all moments. Only time shows me no rest. I write these words. Endless pain that I must prove. When everything stands still. When everything passes through. Never knowing what life. Never knowing. For we skip through the sands of time. Master the clairvoyants, foresee the days of late. Immortal through the ages, feel the premonitions and witness the unknown. Only the mania truly loves the mania. Those who truly walk the line between genius and madness are truly alone. We are the time travelers that time forgot about. We are not what we came from. The phoenix falls only to rise again one day in the sunlight to captivate the stars. Writing scares me, that is why I must write. Following the white rabbit down the path and into the hole over the mountains. Joshua Lee Rogers is a manic depressive individual who aspires to be a great writer. Spends time trying to escape, endure, or make use of the endless stream of racing thoughts in the mind. A collection of over a hundred poems spanning from the years of 2003-2013. A book of unique free verse poetry that reaches the very depths of the soul. It's full of rebellious intellectual streams of intertwining thoughts held back for many years only to now be unleashed into the world. Following no structure or boundaries, this book of poems is sure to spark your imagination and hit nostalgic nerves.

Witness the evolution of this poet's writing as both new and old poetry are shared. We are the time travelers that time forgot about. We are not what we came from. The Phoenix of the Dark Oceans by Joshua Lee Rogers. Cover art by Joshua Lee Rogers. Sinking in contradictions that echo. Floating in a deep sea I sometimes feel that I am the only one who falls asleep to wake in another life. I'm already here, yet still so far. I need a way out of this place because I feel like I'm not breaking through to anything. This is the madness I have to live with, just a collage of emotions being triggered by just about everything. Didn't ask to be born and I know it sounds crude, but very true. Never wanted any of this stress, paranoia, sadness and last but not least anger. Nice guys finish last, well even if I am in last place at least I can see with three eyes and not two. Just add it to the list of all lists to be forgotten in half the time it took to actually realize how much I just don't care about some things. It's only the defensive structure foretold by Darwin and the epic of survival but not even death can stop us. As we walk through hell and back in scorching winds, being so tired we have to say hello to tomorrow. Mind is dead, blank, unprocessed and unfinished. Body aches and heart aches, but still pushing on like a lone tiger trapped in a metal cage. Consume me full of emotion, dead emotion, faking apathy feeling empathy. Good deeds laid to waste when the good samaritan died over by the waters, where the creek gets lost forever and ever. Looking at nothing that is in front of me singing the pity party for myself as it all crumbles down. This is my smirking revenge blindfolded by will and perseverance, casting out shadows out of each and every corner. Hear me now as I scream my epiphany, foretelling these crazy things, this higher prophecy. So sick of nothing stirring in the air, people go on exactly like they just don't care. This old soul feels everything and nothing so let my bones crack, let my words die, let my spirits be trampled by all the waterfalls. I don't belong in a world where no one speaks my language. What exactly is it I'm doing here? Why are you reading this? Why am I reading this? Why am I writing this? Does that make me crazy for writing this? Does that make you crazy for reading this? Is what you're thinking or not thinking make you crazy? Alas, rate of breathing accelerates faster when thrown at the edge of a nervous breakdown. Snapping my mind in half eleven clicks too much and the overgauge is activated. Now the winds howl like the last dying wolf as I lift my hands up to the sky. The energy

risers and spirals around me encircling all that I ever was. Then you will see the skies light up which will only happen in those dreams I don't have anymore. Beautiful tragedy is never going to let me down, my demise counts to the sound of a different beat. Nothing is real to me anymore because it is simply just too real. There is no cure for this, no help for this, no protocol of which to follow. I long to feel the energy so somebody change the world with me, let's create our own world. I used to feel good before I got smarter now there is simply no turning it off, but I would never trade it for anything in the whole world. Look at my eyes what do you see? Do you see yourself? Look at your eyes, do you see yourself? There is a reason something is pushing us towards the edge of everything and nothing. Are we made to be held responsible for such things? No matter how hard I try and kill and bury my own mind it always finds itself to the surface, levitating beyond everything that already makes sense. How can a heart be so big and yet you cannot see it? The rain represents the sadness breathing inside of me deeming myself forever trapped in the abyss of my own doing. One half of the reason I am this way is the other half of the reason I haven't killed myself yet. Everyone thinkg about life and everyone feels life. Without feeling life you are dead. Now I don't mean like in those song lyrics where they say they want to feel alive. I don't know what I'm trying to say here, really. Does it really matter though? Someone someday is going to read this and it might make absolutely no sense at all and then again it could trigger something that's far past anything just out of the ordinary. There is so much to talk about, so much to say and so much to think. These are the things that you can't tell most people, sometimes not even yourself. I saw my name in the clouds and no one believes me. Am I crazy? Or do I just see what I'm supposed to see? Or do I see what I want to see? Do you see what I see? Only time shows me no rest. Perhaps we control our dreams night by night or perhaps we should slow down because these are in fact just words that you could just read and never even understand. Of course these are just things I say that could never mean anything to you. Of course this could all just mean nothing, but then you might just in fact be missing out on everything if you don't play close attention and read between the lines. Come on stop daydreaming! This is the best moment of your life you have to focus my friend. When you see those numbers just remember that they are not just numbers. You might

be thinking of something very important or something might happen. And at this time it might be - 1:11, 2:22, 3:33, 4:44, 5:55, 11:11, 1:11, 2:11, 3:11, 4:11, 5:11, 6:11, 7:11, 8:11, 9:11, 10:11, 11:11, 12:11. Of course people like to think all this is about the numbers. When in fact it never really had anything to do with the numbers, but doesn't it make sense? I mean we do live in the information age and numbers is a universal language. As you live your life maybe you feel like you are waiting for something. Kind of like your life is on pause or something like that. Interpreting dreams for real life, just catch it half speed before the terminal shuts down. Levitation is a step away from the rest should we only be abducted before the reality of our imaginations kick in set on repeat. Hear it now hear me now as I am trapped in this world, this maze of misunderstood everything. Yes, I can see how the energetic pattern of life works I mean the vibrations of everything are so real. You like to ask what is real and they say reality is as you make it, but is it? If someone learns more of this "reality" then what happened to the real that was before it? Doesn't that make everything real, but definitely assuming that it's all not even real to begin with. Searching for answers that are never there lets me find answers that are never there to begin with. The lucid connectors light up one by one like a word match up puzzle, oh you know what I'm talking about. Maybe we can tell each other the secrets of the universe while we converse under pale light. Where is the underground super secrets because I know they are out there, sometimes even just around the corner, like white dots in a black room all moving around when there is a person looking at you. And for some reason you look up subconsciously seeing the matrix pattern so simple but seeing it so complicated, so unexplainable ever to yourself. Pinpoint a good calculated guess and mix it up with slick undetectable intuition like water mixed with too much engine coolant. You'll end up with a satisfactory conclusion as you wait for the penny to drop. There's always this general feeling of blandness before jotting down something somewhat important to talk about. As if trying to open everything and put it into some little orchestrated box, but there's nothing there, at least not for now. So we just lean back and rely on these simple emotions that are already waiting in some kind of line but not always because we can change it. Still at certain times of thought you're going to relate to some certain instinctive emotions just so sporadically. There are no

rules when you think there is no system, just like a river does not have code violations. Lucid mind spilling forth a (11:11 right now) world within other worlds of revelations, revolutions and explained existence. You think this is easy? Well it's not. I'm dancing to the rhythm of a different beat that flows through my veins like pure ecstasy. This life is neither optimistic, pessimistic, or neutral, but all at once. Pick your psychosis if that's what you're thinking, or going to think. Don't judge the misunderstood, maybe I'm judging myself, so let's judge each other then regret it unannounced over and over. So much to say but my hand does not move fast enough as I write these words so sloppy that I can't read my own writing. Oh admit it this is the summer reading you are catching up on as you crave more and more. We're all lonely in our minds until we connect beyond ignorance and denial of the great mysteries and thoughts. Oh the pain and joy of thinking, the real life contradiction that keeps changing and staying the same. Let's get trapped in the paradoxes that we catch ourselves in like webs. The world is freezing over but our souls have the fire to warm it back up again. Oh you know we have to force ourselves to think sometimes as we get cornered but yet ambitious. We are the ones that control our dreams, you can control your dreams! It must all be for a reason this all must be a test of some sorts to exist, to love and feel. Then why do aliens exist? To just do what they are already going to do, so stoic and emotionless, well that's what it seems like anyways. Silence. Everyone needs silence sometimes but the silence sometimes kills me. It's 12:11 right now and it's silent. Joshua TV. Episode 1. Do you know what it's like to feel traumatized? Weak? Powerless? Like someone sucked all the life out of you. Pouring your life out and looking for the happy ending. Well it's not at the bottom of a barrel of a gun, is it? Sometimes you know thinking can only go so far, until you're dead. Then the thinking stops, like it's all just a waking dream. Every been so traumatized or hurt that you don't even know what's real? I mean seriously do not know what's real. I mean you may look at this and think, ok, going through a rough patch, but you have no idea really. Not to blame you but, I don't think anyone does. Maybe that's the price I pay. Maybe I deserve this. This is all so bland and trivial I know, spare me the details, right? You all just want the truth. The deep dark secrets. The coincidences, the signs, the lies. I don't know what I'm feeling right now. I'm a little dried up and I just don't really know where to begin. I mean have you ever taken

a test and I mean this test is really hard and it's pissing you off. You're thinking SO hard that you just can't think anymore. What if that was all the time? I mean in and out, every situation, every encounter, every word, every thought and every dream. I think that I am so lost that I haven't even begun to scratch the surface of myself and it's not as easy as I don't know who I am. I'm a prodigy. I'm never the same, ever. I'm always changing, so much like it's a never ending nightmare. I want it to stop. Have you ever been haunted by your past? Evolve, call it whatever you want, the perspective has changed completely. This isn't very safe for your health, trust me. I don't know what I'm saying, maybe I do. Maybe it doesn't matter, you're probably reading this and wondering what the hell is this, is this some kind of poetry? Some song? Some story? Some new cutting edge art that is so profound and immaculate that even the gods couldn't lay a finger on? Could this in fact all be calculated? Maybe subconsciously, perhaps. Subconscious, I like that word. It says a lot and it says what we really feel, but choose not to see. Just how we choose not to see the angels and demons all around, that are really just light or dark entities of spiritual energy. Maybe all of our lives are just a series of subconscious moments that we dig and bury deep what we classify as hurt, or pain, or confusion. Not all of it is hidden, but the most important ones are. When those secrets are told to a certain person, it all depends on the person's perspective. I have no perspective because I'm a combination of every perspective, just as I am a combination of every personal, the true curse of a psychic empath and/or severely manic depressive individual. Maybe you didn't hear what you wanted to hear from the person you told it to and that's totally fine. Maybe it was good to "vent". Maybe it was quite possibly the worst thing that has ever happened to your life, the worst moment and the worst feeling. A feeling so traumatic that it's not just a feeling, but it's nothing. It's a new born subconscious. This isn't apathy, this isn't empathy, this is evolution. Perhaps a mix of every religion, every ideal and every theory all wrapped up in a mix. I'm going to keep spiraling down if you choose to keep reading. I don't know how deep I will go. Maybe deep enough for you, or even myself to learn something. Something real, not fake. Maybe a little piece of a life enough to compare yourself with, or relate yourself with. This doesn't happen a lot I know and I'm glad to be the person that does it. I always thought about how other

people think, you know what I mean? Not just how they think, but how they SEE. How they see. How they literally see. How they literally think, in regards to thinking itself as a whole. What they see when they close their eyes. Do you know what I see when I close my eyes? I usually see green specks, or yellow specks, just dancing around like electricity. Sometimes you can control it and see what you want to see, but most of the time you can't, it just changes. Sometimes if you do it long enough you can start to control it more. One time I remember I was going through a dark green spiral, like the green specks you see when you close your eyes. It was mesmerizing, completely and utterly mesmerizing. When I was little I used to sit in my bed and I didn't like to think, so I would talk to myself and say, welcome to Joshua TV. So how are you feeling Joshua? I don't know. You get the point. I would talk to myself as if reassuring myself what I was thinking and if I was even sane, concepts I was too young to even truly understand or comprehend yet. I guess I would say I'm pretty crazy. Not like waving around a knife crazy, but a different kind of crazy. Not a harmful or mean kind of way, but something altogether different, you know? It's not just the numbers. All that shit about the universe speaking I mean seriously, wow. It could be true. Anything could be true and I don't really feel like explaining anything I say right now. You'll have to just take my word on it because I'm not in the mood to get into a deep conversation with myself, so just deal with it. Everything I say, these two bit little lines, mean a lot to me actually. But if you asked the right questions, I could you could get the explanations and the reasons. Does it matter? No, you don't care. You like what you're reading right now and there's no reason to think it's bullshit, because in some weird way, what I've said to you, makes a little sense, yeah? And if it doesn't well maybe it will someday. I don't know where to go from here. I don't know where we go from here. The world is going to end and I don't know what to do about it. 11:11. You like to ask me what this is all about? What is 11:11? What is going on? It's something that many people seem to see, but don't realize it's anything important. And yes these could also be people who are not intellectual or spiritual or open-minded or whatever. I think it could possibly be trying to speak to every single person in the whole world. It just depends on the person I guess. There are many different explanations to it all. I mean you can look at it as this sort of natural occurring phenomenon is going to have people

that come up with all different kind of epiphanies and explanations. For instance, some believe that there are 1111 celestial angels looking down on us. Some call them the midwayers, the angels between heaven and hell. There are those that believe in the gateways and that we are all passing through these gates or something. Some try to connect it to their own religions and try to pass it as some kind of proof of whatever religion that defines their lives as they allow a book to do all the thinking for them because they are too scared or unable to think for themselves. Some believe whatever they want to believe in. Furthermore, I think it goes beyond all these theories and ideas. For those of you who do not know what I speak of. This ties into numerology and synchronicity, but more than anything it's much bigger. Have you ever looked at the clock for no reason at all and seen 11:11? Have you ever bought something and your total ammount came up to 11:11? We are all linked. Everything is linked. Everything has everything to do with everything. It doesn't matter what you believe or what you don't believe. There are no coincidences. None. Mass consciousness. We are all reaching out to each other. Every time you see the numbers something out there is trying to tell you something. Who knows what it is. It could just be yourself reaching out to everyone, we are evolving. Our DNA is starting to awake. With everything that is happening in the world, our psyche awareneses are becoming much more naturally adept. 11:11 is us? Or something else? Or everything included? Would us knowing the truth of what it means with absolute certainty defeat the purpose of it altogether? Hmm. Henry More: When I look at the fucking clock the numbers are scrambled. Joshua Lee 11:11: What do you mean? Literally? Henry More: Yes. Joshua Lee 11:11: Are you dreaming? Am I dreaming? spekkio: I have for today, 1 post, 11 comments, 111 views, 11 kudos and it's the 11th day. antixeverythingx: jebus christ. I don't have that much of anything. Mr. popular. Out of nowhere it switches to the cd player and plays the song Bid You Farewell by Killswitch Engage, so I asked him what time it was and he pulled out his cellphone and said it was 3:33. Well about a week ago it was 3:33 and I was sharing 333 songs on my limewire and I was listening to a blackeye peas song that I downloaded on accident and it was 3:33 minutes long and was number 333 on my playlist. Your message contains text that is restricted by the chat filter. Please rephrase your message and resend. That one night when I saw 3 UFOs in the night

sky and they moved horizontally and then flew into space and disappeared, after I woke from that dream of a volcano. July 26th, 2003, 3:00 a.m. Later today I leave for California for two weeks w/ my family. I'm kind of excited, but then again I feel knots in my stomach. I know that it's Abbie I miss. And I'm going to miss her dearly. We've been going out officially for 2 weeks now. And if there's one thing that I would have to say that's getting annoying, is the way she like pecks me with little kisses. I hate it. I'm starting to really love this girl and we haven't really kissed at all. I don't want to sound like an ass but I'm starting to want "more" out of it. It's like she teases me and it's starting to get worse and worse, it's not a big deal, but then again it is. But other than that everything is good between us. Except for some of the weird things she does. A couple of nights ago, she was feeling a little sick. So guess what she does? Takes 2 advil, 2 tylenol, cough syrup, and 4 teaspoons of night time cold shit. She could barely even type when we talked online. Naturally I was pretty pissed so I convinced her not to do that shit and I proved to her how bad it is. I searched online and sent her a bunch of tidbits of information. Then she goes and (makes) herself throw up the medicine. Hmmmmmm.... Anyways I will miss her. I think I will really benefit from this vacation, hopefully. It will either motivate me to do something productive when I get back or it'll do nothing at all, but the pain of missing Abbie, my love. She has changed my life in many ways, especially drugs. Me and Tim don't really hang out anymore. About 4-5 days after my best friend Tim and his girlfriend Karlie broke up, I slept and lost my virginity with her. She called me up crying after they broke up and we talked non stop. We had started liking each other at this party that Tim and me went to and messed around. I don't know what it was but I had to break it up because I felt so bad that I betrayed my best friend. The last night I saw Karlie was at Meijer, she handed me this envelope (Tim was there). This is what it read. - poem deleted - I lost my virginity to her some time in June. It was a weird phenomenon I couldn't explain, but it completely ruined a long friendship forever. Tim didn't understand that it was a bipolar mania thing. I wasn't myself. I was blinded by the hypersexuality of a manic episode. I don't blame him or most people that don't understand it. However, the bipolar mania was NO excuse for it. There is no excuse that exists for betraying a best friend, especially since those only come around once in a lifetime, if that. I betrayed the only best

friend I ever had and it still makes me cry to this day if I dwell on it for too long. We were blood brothers, tripping on some triple C sitting on these stones in a creek becoming one with nature. I put my left arm to his right arm and we had our palms facing upward. Some other fucking stuck up retard loser named Josh replaced me as his friend years after that. We decided that to make a blood pact would be weird and probably not healthy or something so we came up with the idea to ash out our cigarettes on the inside of our wrists, normally where someone would slit their wrists. At the time there was this song we both loved called Blood Brothers by Iron Maiden. We put out our cigarettes on our wrists and I will forever have that mark and he does as well. It fucking hurt, but I don't regret it and I'm sure he doesn't either even though I betrayed him in such a fucking horrible way. I was 16 when this all happened. We were best fucking friends. We went to parties often and hung out with people, pretty much inseparable most of the time. Our pot smoking medieval fantasy games playing adventures were legendary. We were always listening to either Blink 182 or Blind Guardian and all kinds of different music we loved at the time that made us feel more unique and separate from all the mainstream bullshit music that was coming out. Some nights we would snort a couple lines of adderall and climb out of his window on the roof and just talk about life and watch the stars and smoke cigarettes. We actually had a supernatural experience together, which I can say was my very first supernatural experience that I was aware of, referring to my alien abduction being implanted with alien intelligence, which may or may not of happened and I'm not sure if I'll ever know the truth of that or if I'm just some kind of freak genius and unaware of it, which is very possible as well. It's no wonder why we were best friends because Tim is a genius as well and is the only person in this world that I know I would lose in a intellectual debate with in real time face to face. Anyways, one night we were leaving Taco Bell and I started singing Sanitarium from Metallica for some reason. Tim turned on the radio and it just happened to be at the ending of the actual song playing on the radio "Sanitariummmm... Leave me beeeee," which freaked us both out as it was a fucking crazy synchronicity, before I even knew what synchronicity was, which makes me think it's been happening to me all throughout my life and I'm sure for Tim as well. Our friendship was most certainly meant to be, written in the stars and all that,

which is something one would usually say about a romantic relationship or something, but it just comes to show how much of best friends we were. We got high, played video games, went to parties and hit on girls, hung out with the random million weird friends he had at weird and obscure places out in the country or downtown or wherever, smoking blunts or whatever. We never did any hard drugs together, just marijuana and sometimes adderall we would use to get wired into video games. I remember a couple pot smoking adderall fueled adventures where we were able to network some computers together and play our own campaigns of Lords of the Realm 2, Axis and Allies the PC version, or Starcraft or Diablo 2 or whatever else. We were pretty much like Jay and Silent Bob except we were both like Jay and always acting crazy and funny around others but when it was just us two we would usually talk about intellectual and deep topics about life or school or our futures or whatever. Sometimes we would sneak out late at night and just walk around sub divisions or parks and just get lost and feel alive, experiencing life to its fullest as we both had this shared sense of reality and life just being fucking hopeless and we were trapped in it somehow but at least we were having a good time. I remember one time at Halloween we tried to steal a bag of candy from this guy he knew that was probably like 15 at the time, and we failed to do it. The guy just held on to the bag and gave us the weirdest look. It was just so fucking awkward that we just ran away laughing, and it still makes me laugh even now, that guy was too old to be trick or treating anyways and just wanted some free candy like we did. Anyways, back to the supernatural experience we had. It must have been like 1-2 in the morning or something. We then went to this local elementary school which had this forest behind it where we usually went to smoke pot and at times with some aluminum pipe we made if we didn't have papers or something. We tripped there a few times as well. I tripped my first time in that creek in the forest in the day time, the same time we ashed our cigarettes out on our wrists as some pact of our friendship or something. I remember feeling like Jesus Christ or something. I felt connected to something I hadn't even begun to understand or knew there was something to be understanding to begin with. Anyways we went out by the school to smoke some pot. I then had this very negative feeling, something bad. Then a bunch of pepples landed on top of us from the roof, which the whole roof was on a slant like it was a sort of pyramid. We

freaked out and left. Tim's phone was glitching out or something. When we got back I was telling his younger brother about what happened, which he is like a year younger than Tim is or something. Me and Tim were both freaked out, the whole night had felt supernatural or, different. I then saw Tim sitting at the edge of his bed just staring at his phone and he was speechless, which was very unusual as he was always talking and usually telling jokes and what not. He looked scared and I was scared too. He then just showed me the phone and it said 666 on it and he was still speechless. He then got very confused and said there's no way his phone would have been able to enter 666 as it was one of those old flip phones, over a decade before android and iphones became a thing. Anyways, obviously I have wrote about this in the present time now just remembering the memories of when we were friends, which was some of the best times of my life. Of course you can always say that soulmates and lovers are your best friends, but that is a different kind of best friend. Having a special platonic best friendship with someone in one's life is the most valuable kind of friendship you can have and I betrayed him, I slept with his girlfriend after they had just broken up. I do believe in karma very much and believe I've never had a best friend after that and never will again because it's what I deserve. It's hard to accept the possibility that my betrayal was for a reason, but I know it was. Throughout the years I would sometimes create a fake facebook account to check up on his facebook page. He's got this hilarious profile picture of him sitting in some chair looking like some sort of scholar in a painting or something with this red sweater and flower pots and other bed, bath and beyond accessory decorations around him, with a lone single bottle of water at the end of the counter which is fucking hilarious, glad to see he still has his hilarious sense of humor about him, which I know will never leave him. I truly hope he is well and wish him a life of happiness because he deserves it. Anyways, back to 2003 now. Anyways Abbie gives me the strength to not give into the drugs and stuff. Honestly I have mixed feelings about drugs, but abbie makes me happy enough so why bother with the bullshit. Well nothing else big has happened, the usual nothing. I am going to get a job and hopefully get into karate when i get back. Who knows what will happen. But jesus i hate traveling! Goddamnit. Goodnight. Have less than 5 hours to sleep. still havent even packed yet, hahaha. July 26th 2003, 2:00

pm. Stewardists are so funny. It's like watching a movie. They act like real life barbie dolls. They are the kind of people that will treat everybody like family, on the job at least. I was already starting to dread this flight. Airports remind me of the business world, everyone is a stranger. I just couldn't live like that. I met this kid named Fred on the first flight. he was pretty cool we talked about music and stuff. This kid was exactly me 2 years ago. Old school punk with a girlfriend and nothing to lose. Just like in fight club, single serving friends.. single serving.. everything. Jesus maybe if I OD on dramamine I might get some sleep. No nevermind, not possible haha. I miss Abbie a lot already. I just ate mcdonalds and i feel so sick. I need to start working out again. Karate will help. I'm out. *remember knife fighting* July 26th 2003, 5:55 pm. All I get to do is fucking write and be insecure about how I look. Because I am in California. Fuck this shit. If anyone gives me shit they'll get it back. But no one is going to make me talk. I don't feel like talking. It's like I'm in one big brooding anti-social bullshit. Apparently by how much I'm cussing! I need to get it all out. FUCK YOU! Ok that's better, well we'll see how this goes, now I'm gonna go wander around, Peace. July 27th 2003, Morning. Got 10 hours of sleep. Did 50 sit ups. Tomorrow I will do 100. Everything is good, still the same anti-social, but it's ok. July 27th 2003, 11:30 pm. It's so beautiful. The stars in the Californian sky the reflection of the water from the pool light glowing on the trees just relaxing and still thinking about the future. Always the future, what will I be? Who will I be? One thing I have to remember is my headache problem. When I go through a certain type of exertion (such as lifting weights) I get these sharp pains in my head and it hurts like a mother fucker. It kills for about 3 minutes, then it's just gone. No headache after or anything. I just lost my train of thought. It's weird... I feel like something bad just happened with Abbie, my stomach hurts I think I can feel her cry? I think I've gone insane. I miss her. I feel like I'm not there to protect her. I pray for her safety. Anyways, Anne has these 2 cats here they are awesome. July 27th, 2003. This has got to stop I can't do 20 push ups without my head feeling like it's gonna explode. What is going on? Is it the psych meds I'm on? This needs to be fixed. IT seems to be getting worse. it still hurts!! This kinda pain makes you want to jump off a cliff. Goddamnit it hurts. Even out of the darkness I try to be happy, now I get this headache stuff. I understand now why some "normal" people kill themselves, they try

over and over and everytime they do, something bad happens. My whole life is one negative thought, idea, or thing after another. When will this pain and suffering end. I'm taking the medication, I'm changing my ways, no more drugs, I'm praying, I'm trying to improve, but cant even work out now, hey maybe tomorrow no I don't even want to say something because something bad will happen again I've never felt so trapped and alone in my life. July 28th 2003, 11:00 am. I cried for so long last night. I guess it was just all the frustration. The pills, the drugs, missing abbie, my head, just the hell of it all. I had a crazy dream that abbie was seeing her ex-boyfriend, Chris. Or something like that, and I was talking to her online in the dream and she said "g2g TTYL TOOL bye" and I typed in somehting about Chris and then the power just shut off. Anyways we're playing golf now, peace. *get rid of the headache problem* July 28th 2003, Midnight. Today was a peaceful day. Golfing was nice, and I'm almost 100 percent introverted now, but I'm a fearless righteous person. I was looking at the world go by on the way back from golfing and I realized I should let things run its course. Maybe God doesn't want me to know why. I read this book about Ansel Adams, awesome protographer. July 29th 2003, 10:00 am. I keep having weird dreams. I had a dream I was at Tim's house trying to find a phone to call Abbie. Oh yes I remember now, in the dream I got high in front of Abbie, she was real mad. And we didn't do anything of course but it all went so fast because I was high but later in the dream when I tried to get a hold of her I could not find a single phone. Weird dream. Today is when Ralph and them get here, I have nothing to say so later. July 29th 2003, Midnight. Now I know for a fact that the medication has COMPLETELY changed who I am. I barely ever achknowledge anyone. Inside I am crying ever so more. Maybe I'm taking the wrong meds? But I know i would barely be willing to do that. Experimenting with medication is like trying to fish with a stick, and plus not being sure if there's even fish in the water. I hate it thoroughly...I was right though with my first guess, depakote does get rid of the mania. But makes me feel so cold, lifeless. I mean I'm just not happy at all and I really do miss Abbie. I don't care about having sex with her or even kissing her (weve done neither) I just want to see her, I love her. I feel nothing, sinking deeper and deeper into this depression. Everyone says "Josh you're crazy" well its true. And this whole family shit is getting on my nerves. I hate all the fake jokes, fake laughs,

fake stories that don't even make sense or even matter. And most of all being 17. If I was old enough I would go buy alcohol and go dance in the streets happy like a kid. The only thing I have to do is drive forward with my writing. My options are running thin. I find it almost impossible to survive without drugs. I need Abbie, shes my perfect drug. Theres a weird comfort I get when I write, expressing all these life related thoughts onto paper. I don't know why, I'm getting so sick of everything, I'm getting so sick of worrying and feeling so desolate and alone, and most of all... I hate how all these thoughts I've had lead to nothing. Like I'm trying to finish a puzzle with unlimited ammount of pieces. Round and round i go. My whole life is one sad one no one can change. No matter what it will always be there, how I am me and my grandpa went to the gas station to fix a tire, and I was telling him how important it is that I get a job when I get back and somehow we got to talking about how I think I'm a "jack of all trades" and he said "well josh the thing you have to realize is that people with bipolar disorder have such unlimited goals and creativity in them it really stimulates the mind" something like that.... I dont even honestly know what to say to that... when someone confronts me about my illness I panic alot and get scared and dont know what to say or think. I feel like 24/7 im always playing chess in my head. Like I think about certain things and life, everyday I deal with this, because what I deal with is my LIFE. I dont know what to do with my "life". That's why I think I'm obsessed with sex and drugs. I've only had sex once and no serious drugs but its some of the only things that give me temporary escape from thinking and life. And movies and music. But even though all those things I still cope with life through that, I pity anyone who has to go through what I do. And one of the hardest things about it is, is not being able to make people understand or feel what you're going through, you can only cope and express it, and maybe help others who have it. Why does it all have to be so hard?????? When I started really taking the depakote like every night from a week ago, I started to feel a little better, more righteous and organized, but now I'm crazy. I can be outgoing when I want to be and I have no fear. But I'm always so sad, so miserable. Always searching for a purpose and meaning I have to be a artist, either musician or actor or something. I don't know what. I wish I could write better than I can think, what a writer I would be! haha! July 30th 2003, 10:25 pm. The other night I had a horrible dream it

was about like some vampire/zombie disease going around and I had to survive, weird stuff. Still no different though, very dark, very stoic. I feel a new revolution spreading from its roots deep inside of me. I feel I must rebel against anything I don't understand. Like this new desire is filling the emptiness inside my cursed soul. I can't really explain it. I will wait and see what to make of this new.... episode. I hate my life, I want it to end now. I need a goal. To be on my way to be a musician or actor. Failure isn't a option. Goodnight. August 1st 2003, 4:00 am. I think the only reason I'm awake is the caffeine. Holy Shit! It's fucking 4am! Time flies like a mother when you love movies as much as I do. Just a random thought. If I could have anything I want to get laid. And that will never happen with my g/f but that's ok. I love her for who she is. I miss her. But it is getting irritating. But no matter, it's just cause I'm 17, and my illness makes me have a stronger sex drive. I don't think she trusts me. Oh well no matter, she does make me happy. Well I'm still up, catch up with you on the other side. What am i saying? lol, riite. goodnight. I didn't mean what I said about getting laid, it's just difficult sometimes. And I love Abbie and I will wait forever until she's ready. I love her.

5 oh clock,
on the dot,
cant sleep,
one big blur,
cant see straight,
gotta focus
gotta stay on top
but why
even at 5 oh clock
on the dot
cant sleep
one big blur
round and round
endless precession
deja vu
in to deep
make sense
now.

no.

no.

no.

no.

no.

..... no purpose.

Make one!

ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXXTINCTION.

August 2nd, 2003. One of my grandpas friends told me "You cant repeat yesterday, 3 things. forget yesterday, use as a exmaple, do the best you can do today, because tomorrow never comes, tomorrow you do better than yesterday, build on yesterday, forget the wrong and concentrate on what to do right, so that everything is learning to do right, jesus christ is the perfect role model to do right". August 3rd, 2003 Morning. It feels so good having goals in life. August 5th, 2003 Afternoon. Some guy came up to us at a gas station and said he was mugged and was wondering if we had any money to spare. He looked pretty banged up. Before he left I said wait, and pulled out 2 dollars that I would spend on something stupid anyways, and gave it to him. When I saw his look, it was both appreciation and he was so shocked. Like he saw me as an angel. Whether he was lying or not, it didn't matter. I'm so sick of all this shit! I need to do something now! End. (Now is a transition into some 2004 entries when I was a lead singer in a band and we did some shows and people said I was like Jay Gordon from Orgy, which is pretty badass and still makes me feel good because Orgy is a great fucking band I still listen to. The reason why I am putting this present time insert in is after this summer of 2003 is when I entered the 11th grade at my high school. This is important to me because this gives me a chance to vent and explain why I dropped out of high school altogether and left the education system forever and I'm never going back to it, although I would like to encourage anyone to not give up their education and it's always very intelligent and purposeful to get a good education or even go back to school to build a good career or help you find a good job down the road.

You see, in 2002 when I was 15 and in the 10th grade I was first hospitalized for my bipolar disorder, which completely fucked up my life and continues to do so and I know it's forever. I'm not throwing a pity party, just saying a fact and really that's just a part of life for all of us. We all do what we can with the cards we are dealt with in life, a philosophy that we've all heard at some point from whoever. I fucking hate when I get up to do something and walk around and imagine in my mind everything I will write and then realize I should of been writing it all down instead of just thinking about it now it's like I have to write about it all over again because I was already writing it in my head just like when you have a dream of getting up and getting ready for school or work or whatever and then actually wake up and have to do it all over again. Fuck. Well, I have the worst kind of what they call bipolar disorder, formerly known as manic depression, because I have it genetically from both sides of my family. My first psychiatrist at 15 told me that I had a double dose of bipolar and ironically enough was the best psychiatrist I ever had because I never had one even close as good as he was in this fucking retarded broken system of fast food psychiatry in America where you see someone for less than 5 minutes after waiting a hour in a waiting room full of fucking loud obnoxious retards with their loud ass annoying as fuck kids running around like fucking animals and always the same fucking bitch receptionists that don't give a fuck about their own lives or jobs and are usually rude and apathetic as fuck. Fucking retards. Of course I think the quality of psychiatric outpatient services can vary from state to state, and as a whole are slowly starting to get better as well, let's just hope they continue to get better because the mental health system has been a failure and a joke for a long time now and the country is only now starting to realize how important it is to help people who have severe mental illnesses that destroy their fucking lives living with some nightmare in their head that they cannot prove actually exists to begin with because it's not something physical and we haven't even scratched the surface of understanding how the human brain truly works. It's kind of funny to me that the majority of this book was spent trying to discern what spiritual or psychic experiences were real or delusional, or a combination of both, when I've already been doing this for half of my life with my own mental illness and being surrounded by all of society that doesn't even understand it or want to

understand and a portion of those people don't even believe mental illness is a real thing and it's just in their heads and not real. I'm grateful and very fucking lucky to of had a family that is supportive and understanding of it whereas many people in this world have family that don't believe in mental health issues and believe it's all "made up", as "made up" as me witnessing UFOs, supernatural activity, psychic experiences and signs of destiny or nature or blah blah blah rabbit hole stuff. It's kind of sad to think that technically you could say that my entire fucking life is "made up" and only in my head and if it was a hundred years ago I would have been locked up in some asylum and tortured and forgotten about only to escape and, much like I wish I could of done for all the "witches" and innocent women who were murdered and burned at the stake for going against "God" by a bunch of evil as fuck cultists disguised by good morals and principles. I'm glad this fucking book is almost over because I'm getting fucking tired of crying every fucking 5 minutes and randomly at times while writing this stupid fucking nightmare book that I imagine not too many people will even give a fuck about to begin with and just think I'm fucking crazy and delusional as fuck. AT LEAST I'M NOT FUCKING FAKE LIKE MOST OF SOCIETY IN THIS RETARDED "REALITY". Had to get up to wash my tears by the sink and it's 7:11 on my oven clock that isn't even the real time as I don't care to even set it correctly after the power keeps flickering at times and resetting it. I got this statue of an owl for 2 dollars at a flea market the other day and it makes me feel good. I used to be scared of owls because of that scary movie The Fourth Kind with the sexy goddess Milla Jovovich and the whole white owl thing in it, but I love owls now they are my favorite animal, and for awhile I had this white owl beanie baby that I had on the rear viewer mirror of my car so I could let Bill Hicks slip inside of it when he wanted to so I could share all my exciting adventures I had through most of last of month, but had thrown it out at the town where I trashed my apartment so that it could help someone that needed it while I was blessing that town and destroying demons that dwelled there in my intense astral projection battles I was having with my angel projection self which is actually me and in turn will look like me after I make money from my novels and finally get on hormones, which I believe will work pretty good because I have so much fucking natural estrogen in my body and my constant emotional instability probably helps with that too I'd imagine, or

is one of the causes from it. I don't fucking know and I don't care anyways. FUCK THIS. Long story short I was fucked up on meds and one day the bus came and I just didn't get on it because I was fucked up on the many psychiatric medications I was being put on to try and treat my mental illness and I felt even more like an alien at school than I already was and I felt alone like an outcast and the classes were fucking retarded and the teachers equally as retarded and the last day of school I had some popular bitch slut stared at me the entire time in history class because I shaved half of my head and dyed it purple because I was in a old school misfits danzig phase and wore old school punk clothes and my favorite punk band was anti-flag so I just gave up and dropped out of high school and it was the best fucking decision I made in my fucking life. Transition from 2003 ended. Early 2004. 3.19.04. So it's a brand new day! Woo! Spare me the enthusiasm! I have band practice soon. I call Conlin and the band picks me up. We have a show tomorrow night and we're gonna fucking kick ass. We get to practice today until late and we'll practice tomorrow as well. So as far as my voice goes, it's all good. I have a show tomorrow and I'm the lead singer! But still I feel empty and worthless. I feel that I've accomplished nothing. I'm sick of worrying. How do I stop worrying and live my fucking life? All this pain and I don't even know where it all comes from anymore. It's kinda like it's there because it's always been there, but why? And where did it all begin? It's almost as if I feel anything I do now, has no effect on how I feel right now. I can't seem to block it all out. Like how the cold air somehow seeps through windows, I can't block out all the emptiness and pain. I have changed so much but I don't know where it's all leading. The only things that excite me are hanging out with my band, talking to my girlfriend and thinking about crazy things, like witchcraft. Ya know you always wonder if it's true. Sometimes I feel I want to get so wrapped up into it that I would get possessed or see a ghost or some shit, just to be like holy shit I'm alive. I love paranormal stuff, I always have. It's like no one understands me, no one knows who I am. Hell, I don't even know who I am. I want to talk to someone like I write, spill everything without delay. Anything I want to talk about. Anything. And I wouldn't worry about what they will think about me. Because they know I'm a very nice person. If I could do that then I would be in heaven. Maybe, just maybe, I need to believe in myself more. But I can't seem to no matter how hard I try. So I

guess I just keep everything to myself? Doesn't it seem crazy how I think? Josh don't worry! Was I meant to think like this? Is there some destiny I can't seem to figure out? I want to get lost in my music and writing. Away from this world. Forever sound asleep in my dreams. I feel when I listen to music or write, I'm truly in my own world. Like a warm blanket wrapped around me so tight covering me. Letting nothing get in, not even the slightest worry or slightest thought. Lifting me higher and higher, if you could have sex with yourself then this would be it. Lost in my own world. Lost in my own thoughts. Happy knowing that I don't have to care. That I can let go of everything. Please let go! Let go! Well I confronted Heather at the dollar theater. She said she has the mood swings and stuff, but she doesn't take medication because she doesn't want it to affect her personality. Welcome to my world! I don't know but we didn't get to talk long. I told her if I don't take medication I get suicidal. She feels the same but insists that she can live with it. Whatever. I don't know if I should keep talking to her or not. I'm in love with Britney and we talk every single night. We usually talk about life or how we miss each other. I want to talk about everything with her but I feel like I can't. I guess tonight Britney and Kimmie might come to band practice. I'm so excited to see her I can't wait. Last night on the phone I asked if she could see us getting married. And she asked if I was sure if I wanted to know and that she didn't want to freak me out and she said yes! She loves me! Well I love her even more now! I got her a card but I forgot it at home. It's 2:30 and in 30 minutes I have to go fix my hair and call Conlin. If Deven calls me a bitch I'm going to kick his ass I don't care. Devon and Kimmie are going out now which is pretty cool. Why do CDs have to cost so fucking much? Overall something inside seems to seek deeper and deeper into the abyss. I don't really know what's happening with me. I'm scared of everything and it's almost as if I'm paranoid. I don't understand what I have to be scared of. 3.23.04. So I went to band practice and everything was fine. Britnie and Kimmie came over for a little bit. The show was great! I looked into the peoples eyes which I've never done. It was so awesome. But there was this time where I saw Britnie grab Devon's ass and it made me so mad. She cried because I was so mad at her but it's all good now she said she wouldn't do it again and that she was sorry. 4.8.04. Wow a lot to catch up on. Matt Anderson died on April 1st, 2004. I went to the funeral with Tim and it was really fucking

sad and hard to get through for me. He was driving and someone hit him and took off and he drove after the guy and lost control and crashed and died. It really fucking sucked. I'm really drunk right now and crying. We talked about going to some sort of retreat thing where he said he had a sensei and I could learn Karate. I miss him. I talked to him on the day he died and tried to buy adderall from him so I could get lost into some stupid game. I don't know why but it made me feel like shit that I tried to get that from him on that day. Maybe that's why I'm drinking now and crying. 6. 8. 05. Well I'm sitting here smoking a bowl. I always liked weed. It's fun. Well nothing new in my life. Fucking bullshit. Red Lobster sucks. Everything is the same, creating nothing. End of past journal entries. Kitzie was never really good at anything, or so she would think to herself. She wasn't a very outgoing girl, but not particularly shy either and loved to humble herself as just an average girl living an average life. Standing on the small wooden bridge, she stood for hours in the dead of winter in the miniature golf course, often adjusting her stance and bearing the uncomfortable long hours wishing for him to come back to her. It was a quarter to midnight and the snow started to fall, drizzling back and forth as she watched them land on the wooden railing, disappearing as they melted. Sighing deeply as she hung her head low, her chin rested against the cold zipper of her coat. Reaching up over her head, she felt around for a secure spot to adjust her winter hat as she snuggled her head into it. Thoughts raced through her mind as the final minutes of the new year approached without hesitation. Gripping the edge of the wooden fencing with her small white cotton gloves, she leaned forward against it. Looking down at the frozen ice below, she traced the cracks with her eyes. The twisted lines looked like hieroglyphics to her as she tried to make sense of them. Looking up at the night sky she exhaled a fog of breath. She was looking for signs in the stars, anything to lift her spirits. Sighing deeply she hung her head down as the numbness overwhelmed her face. Closing her eyes slowly, she felt herself sink back down into her empty shell of a depression. Wondering to herself if she was pretty enough, she looked down at her body, her white fluffy coat making her feel like a giant cotton ball. The only thing spinning in her mind, among other things, was the constant need to be pretty. She couldn't help but feel the reason why he had left her was because he found someone prettier. It was too much to bear, the pain and heartbreak, so

many hopes and dreams being shattered into nothing. The world felt like it has disconnected from her. All that existed was this winter wonderland that used to be a cheap date whenever they were both low on money and bored out of their minds. A tear rolled down her cheek as she realized how much fun being bored with him really was. The bond so intense and deep to her that when she inhaled it felt like he would exhale with her. In the distance the fireworks started, whistles started blowing, horns honking their horns in the street nearby, the worst start to a new year. Falling to her knees she started to cry. Short burst of whimpers filled the stillness around her as she started to lose herself in the moment. Soon she was on the ground tucked at the bottom of the fence, her emotions overwhelming her as per usual. These breakdowns were becoming more frequent for her as the days went on. Bad vibes can fill a room whole full of utmost static electricity like rain dancing on a lake of fire and in my mind seems like I am lost a million miles from the core of my ultimate being almost that much closer to complete haywire on both ends of this spectruc that we never give a real name to because we are too scared to think that deeply like it's going to really hurt to turn on a world of unlimited possibilities when the lights on this life is over everything will flash like it never happened nothing left behind this legend this myth this phenomenon has got a hold of me and will not let go please never let go I love this world tilting feeling of moment clashing euphoria when everything adds up to it every second of every day disconnect reconnect misinterpret everything. Dear God, why did you make me like this? Why should we fear you? I don't want to live in fear. I don't want to worry about you sending me to hell. Send me an angel. Send me a purpose to life. I hate this world. Nothing makes sense to me. This pain kills me. I hate this. I leave my tears on this page. I want to die it just gets worse and worse. Why me? I don't belong in this world. Mothman Part 3. Fact or fiction, are you the cause for all this death? Are you waiting for me to find you? I will be scared, but not frozen. But maybe, you're not the bringer of death, but the maker of life. The prophet of time of paralel dimensions. You speak in tongue that no one knows, not since Christ, or since today. Do you know the truth? Wedged in lies, watching like hawks, heartless ideologies. Godlike nostalgia. If something created you then I can destroy you. Unless we're just the same, just devoid of time. Flying high above all the little ants. This may or may not be a waste of your time to

hear my thoughts but none the less they help me in the hopes that maybe someday someone will actually read this. I guess it could kind of be like a journal or a diary but really not really because I mean this is just me typing on a computer, but really right now you're just inside my head reading my thoughts as I type them fluently and lucidly. I think that our system of society thrives on education, but only by furthering our information based on a networked collective of books and literature that have been passed down by the generations to enforce more control. I don't speak in those languages and I think those systems of beliefs were in fact created out of nothing. Out of isolation itself great minds come with it great and true ideas and true original thinking. I don't say this out of anger because I never went to college or even got a high school diploma and I , at that rate, have nothing to prove to myself or to you, the invisible reader that may or may not ever be. But I can tell that I do create my own language of words, my own system that I can understand and therefore dictate what my mind is really telling me, because I may not know your riddles or understand your words, but never forget that I am the creator of what is in fact my reality which of course will be said in your books, but my books stream in the underlining ego that I caress every night and lift myself up higher than you could ever imagine. The epiphany of emotions are the key result of spiraling cosmic explosions in the mind or in fact maybe even the lack thereof of said emotions could trigger the same negative or positive reaction on the opposite end of the spectrum. Furthermore this could explain why the lack of emotions are indeed the catapult for overreactions that result in catastrophic circumstances but then we could relay that the instant emotions that we feel are in fact actually keeping us in line although it is more pain over time , pick your poison, pain over time, or unsurmountable pain in one setting in one time in one moment that could still be too great to even feel. As I spread my thoughts into these words I am trying to find something inside of myself to bring it all to the table trying not to let these thoughts slip by and go forever untold. I believe that there is something deeper and more meaningful inside of me that I am now fully ready to embrace and share. But even as I read these sentences over to myself they seem no more vague to me than the recent television show I wasted time watching , wasted my life away watching a brainless television show with no originality. But no more. No more I say because

this day things are going to change, things will change, my life will change from now on. Because I know that to even doubt your own words, your own way of saying the things you say, and to just simply wonder if its all just some kind of puzzle or game that we are trying to break through to the otherside as we try to find reasons why our minds are spinning in such directions in every which way. We wouldnt be able to tell them all what is really going on inside because it could be that much more disastrous than to write this crazy book of my thoughts thinking that I really have discovered something new. Which I know I haven't, this could all very well be the result of impending mania and delusion but furthermore I do believe I have reached a pinnacle of my mental capabilities that I still do understand what I am saying and I believe it makes perfect sense to me. Whatever I say doesn't have to ammount to anything it doesn't even have to make sense to you, I could almost even care if it makes sense to you or not. But this train of thought will never stop, it will never cease, and it is here futhermore, here in the now as me and you breath, we breath in , we breath out, we stop to think that we are breathing in and we are breathing out we wonder why, you wonder why, you can feel your hands and your skin and the air that is in the air. I have the power to say what I want, I have the power to think what I want, I have the power to break your rules to break your systems to break your words to break your walls to break your mind to break your everything that you ever thought was your life in a nutshell only being enhanced by these fucking books you read and bullshit literature with riddles that go until the end of time. When they only make sense before the moment you die. Now that might of sounded a bit crazy I have to say, but I think it comes across as more grandiose than I actually intended. It's funny how the words we speak, in the air or on paper, can have such an effect on even ourselves when they are relayed back to us. It's as if, in that surreal beautiful moment, we are freed in the way that we are truly ourselves, that we are without restraint in this blind and painful world. If I am always thinking then I should be always writing. Now I don't think that it will apply to everyone because not everyone aspires to be a writer like I do. I think when most people think in general they look for an outlet to justify their own thoughts, sometimes the person's thoughts directly resonate with their dreams or passions in life but not always. What I mean by this is that if someone aspires to be a musician, not a day will go

by where their thoughts will not be focused on being a musician at one point. I know this might sound cliché or obvious but sometimes what we think we want to be or achieve is really just a way to justify our own thoughts, which in return is another way to justify our own existence. Now I'm not saying that if there's a dream you have that it's not what you really want, this may or may not be true. What I'm saying is that I believe finding a purpose or a reason for our own existence is the bane of what we are really seeking in life, and I think this purpose or reason can evolve and transform over the span of our lifetimes, or can even adapt as well. If we are what we think about, well what if we think entirely way too much? I don't necessarily think that anyone ever said that we are what we think about, but if they did that would never make sense to me. In fact I don't even know why I just thought of that right now. I would very much like to keep this as real as possible; I just want this stream of thoughts to be never-ending because in actuality that's what it is for me. I think the most fascinating question in the world is "what are you thinking about?" because it's such an unexpected question. I mean yeah a girl might say it and not trying to sound sexist or anything like that, but women like to talk more than men at least in the movies if you know what I mean. I don't think it's entirely that uncommon for a girl to ask her loved one what he's thinking about, but I don't mean in that way. I mean literally asking a stranger what they are thinking about. Have you ever tried this? It doesn't have to be a stranger really could just be an acquaintance or something, but chances are you're going to get a reaction. I think I should take that whole sexist thing out of there, but hey you know if I am going to keep this real and authentic then I'm not going to take anything out. I know that I didn't mean anything bad or sexist by it, I'm just talking, or rather thinking, and there's nothing wrong with that. And I think that leads to the explanation of why I am so good with people, because I'm constantly defending others feelings in a way. If I ever feel something I say is going to offend someone then I don't say it, and if I do say it I always make sure to explain the reasons why I didn't mean any offense. I'm even doing it right now and it's just me right now, no one else is even here. I guess the thought that someone could potentially read this and be offended somehow bothers me, but only in the moment. Now if there's one thing that I know about myself is that my entire life I have failed at maintaining

any kind of diary, journal, or even a simple dream log. I think the reason for this is because it's not really set up in a sort of template where people are going to read it. I think if I'm going to write anything at all then I want people to read it, just like how when I talk to people I want to engage in the conversation and get lost in our thoughts and words. But I have learned the hard way over and over again that putting so much energy and thoughts into individual people is not always worth it, at least when you do it to the extreme and intensity that I do it in. In fact if I were to transcribe all of the conversations I have had with people in my life into books, I would have said enough words to last many lifetimes already. I don't really know if that sounds egotistical or not, but just by the sheer amount of words that I have either spoken or written I am confident that they far exceed the amount most people speak or write in their lifetime. Most of the conversations I have anyways are solely just me speaking for eternity; My never ending thoughts and words. But I don't mean to say this to discourage anyone from the joys and enlightenment of healthy conversations with people, because if the times that I felt I wasted all of my words on a single person who did not care what I was actually saying, there was still meaning and personal gain from it. I believe anytime we make the effort to share our thoughts we are taking our thoughts to different reality where we can think of new things and see new perspectives we never could have before. In fact you could very well talk to the wall and gain from it just as much as talking to some people. Now I don't mean that to sound like I think many people are stupid or something like that. But some people really just don't care for deeper things and thoughts and intellectual conversations. I don't think this makes them dumb or any less intelligent than I am; some people just like to remain on the surface of things. Ignorance is bliss and it's true, constantly diving into thoughts and meanings can create a disturbance in one's life and can create a lot of chaos. If someone has a simple life and enjoys the simple things in life and does not want to always be thinking so deeply or so serious about things, then they have that right and in fact it's a way to live a very happy life. And that alone is very intelligent to me indeed, and that really doesn't have to have anything to do with ignorance or anything, but even so I believe someone can be ignorant and be happy, and I wouldn't think them any dumber for choosing to do so. But of course there are different types of

ignorance; there is a kind of ignorance that hurts other people and another kind that is harmless. I'm talking about the harmless kind, for example someone who doesn't care why the sky is blue, or where we came from, or what we are even doing here. They are just alive and living their life the best that they can, not caring about the contemplations of being self aware of our own existence. I think the more that an individual thinks the more temptations they can have to stop being productive in their lives. Thinking itself can be such an annoyance, such a pain, such a repeating pattern of stop and go. The more you communicate with others or yourself the smarter you will become. Of course reading is a way to become smarter but it is not the end all say all of gaining intelligence, in fact it is not even required for such things. Knowledge can only bring you so far, original thought however is unlimited. Knowledge can of course inspire and create original thought, but be careful not to solely rely on it or you will fall into the mold of others. A mind that is a copy of another mind is not an original mind; it's just a conclusion or sum of many minds and thoughts wrapped into one. I don't belong in that system, I never have and I never will. In fact from time to time I even make up my own words or my own definitions to words. For example I feel like I should use the word esoteric, not because I need a word to help convey or express an idea or a thought, but because I feel like it would impress someone. But why should it be this way? If someone used the word esoteric in front of me I wouldn't be impressed, no one uses that word in my world and no one ever has, but yet there are some that use it so casually. Pretty words are meaningless to someone like me; I would rather yet explain things in my own words than try to sum them up in a single word. Because even still there could be thousands of variations to a word like esoteric, even if it holds the same meaning, it can hold many different perceptions to different people. Words are like people, many are different yet some are the same. My greatest fear is that all these never ending thoughts of mine will never get out into the world. Of course they come and they go but they never stop regardless, no matter kind of state of mind I am in. If a thought passes I know that somehow it will come around again to the surface of my mind and I will be here this time to record it into words. But that doesn't mean that I have some sort of unlimited loop of never ending thoughts that remain the same, thoughts are alive as they evolve and grow. My thoughts are always changing and

always contradicting each other, and at times my thoughts will even collide with one another. I think when thoughts clash together one of two things is going to happen. Either it's going to send you off into a thinking spell or you're just going to be left with nothing and you simply move on from the thoughts themselves. I don't believe in criticism, I never have and I never will. You cannot judge art, you cannot judge creation, even if a piece of art looks similar to another piece of art, I don't believe anyone has the right to judge that piece of art based on some kind of system of that genre of art as a collective. I think criticism can help some artists I really do, some even want their work to be criticized to become better. And critics love to critique other people's works because they admire the arts and want to make a living out of it. I have no ill feeling towards critics whatsoever, I just don't believe in them whatsoever. I believe that art is pure, and that an artist should only be encouraged to keep going. For someone like me who is extremely over sensitive, even the slightest criticism of my work will result in nothing good. I don't care for critics at all, someone could criticize my work all day everyday and I would be hearing none of it. I believe pure original creation has nothing to do with other people whatsoever, it is something that happens in your soul, and it is the result of a combination of elements such as talent, hard work, inspiration, creativity, and experience. One of my greatest fears is being criticized, in fact is it one of the reasons why I have been so terrified to really write. I simply care too much of what others think, as I write even now I am worrying about what people might think of these very words. If they might think they are childish or foolish, or if they are immature or are not very well thought out. I fear someone might read this and think that I am actually not really saying anything at all, and that they won't understand the things I talk about so will just disregard it as nonsense. But I have a plan now to avoid all of these fears. From this point onward I have decided that I will only write for me. I will not write for money, I will not write for fame or recognition, and I will not write to even prove something to myself or the people in my past. I will only write because I believe it is what I am supposed to be doing. And just know that even if I have written a few books and that I have it in my hand, just might be satisfactory enough to continue doing it. I can't go back now. There's no going back to before. The point that once was is no longer. Even through the absence and gain of

emotion it remains, the need to strive forward, the ambition rising high and higher. I've been floating along for so long now. So long asleep in a numb cold shell.

Who are you? Who am I? Who are we. Are we not the ones that stand here now in this time of all times. At the pinnacle of everything, here now when everything is adding up to everything. I feel saddened when I waste 10 minutes watching TV.

I want the rules to be broken. I need to be heard more than I need to breath. How bad do you want it. How bad do I want it. Do I want it bad enough. Do I have that hunger, that ambition, that strive for excellence. And if so who do we do it for. Do we do it out of defiance? Out of revenge? Or do we do it just to do it. TO be great. TO dream. TO be who we want to be, and not we are suppose to be.

I'm slipping past a void, I'm far past mania, far past depression, I'm in the grey area, the black zone, the white zone, I'm in heaven and hell. I'm not from this place it feels like some of the time. These are the delusional tendencies that beckon a bipolar mind. Or maybe just my mind. Regardless.

No longer will I waste my words to people individually. I'm done with it. From now on. I will write. And whoever wants to listen and hear my words, hear someone who thinks like them, who is them, who breathes like them, who feels like them, who reads between the lines and gets it, they can listen to me and I them.

I have an idea. I have many ideas. Ideas are all I have. Just thoughts and emotions.

I'm going to break the pattern. Even if it's just me. Even if it's just me. Even so. I care not. I will break the mold. I will write every genre. Every kind of book there is. I will write it. Not for fame. But only for money. Art is only worth it to me if I get paid. Because. I live art. I breathe it. It lives through

and is constant. My manic mind never stops, never resting, no rest. No sleep. Just pain.

So I write for money. For power. For desire. To live. TO breath. TO be heard. To find others out there, others out there that

I want to disconnect completely from the niche. This is my last stand and I will not stop. I will not falter in this. And it scares me to death to know I'm going to go write after I finish posting this blog. It's terrifying to me. What if no one likes it? What if I waste my time? What if I'm not good enough? What if it doesn't sound like the others? What if What if What if.

But it's ok. If no one reads my books. I will create characters that will read them. Maybe I'll create you. Does it make me god?

Off to the laboratory. I'll be back in 3 days with a novella.

Something has recently happened to me that I'd like to share. Well it was never like any specific event or anything like that, I guess it kind of happened over time. But it feels like I'm taking this writing thing to a whole other level. And the reason is because to be honest, nothing else matters in my life.

Somewhere along the lines of manic depression I stopped caring about wanting to fit in. And here's the thing, most people well say "Oh who want's to be normal?" and as cliché as me saying I have stopped caring about fitting into society, it's not like that at all. In fact everything I say is really much deeper than it sounds, and really I have no problem explaining it all either.

It's not that I stopped caring about fitting into society. It's that I stopped caring about living, about dying, about everything. But also not that I have turned into an apathetic sociopath or anything like that, in fact it's quite the opposite. My emotions are the driving force in my life, I breathe them like the storm, the rain, the wind, the earth, the fire, and all the oceans

that create our reality. So much so that at times it feels like I'm spiraling out of control and the only salvation are the words that flow out of me that is only a sliver of what the chaos that goes on inside of me.

Anyways. I guess what happened to me was that I was enlightened in some way, or evolved. For years I have talked about how I was going to evolve, how I was getting close, but it never came. It wasn't until I lost everything, until I was completely at rock bottom, that I am choosing to swim rather than sink.

As everything connected and all the signs came together. I know now that this is my destiny. Writing for me is just putting what's going on in my head into words. And as I get better with making the translation, the result is unlimited because I've been constantly imaging and going on rants in my mind since the day I was born. And I think being Bipolar has a lot to do with that as well, I really do. I love to think about the hardships that we face in life and how it makes us the people we are, either good or bad.

I don't want to just exist. I have been working tirelessly at this project and I'm not going to stop until I achieve my dreams.

Where did we come from? Does it really matter I could care less where we came from.

We are here and that is the truth we are here with all these questions. And does

it make sense for us to just die and turn to ashes? So then would all this just

be meaningless and just all a waste. IF that were the truth then would it matter

if we died or not. But no that is not the truth. The truth is that we don't just

die and turn to ashes our souls live on. We are made of so much spiritual energy

that its undeniable that we live for nothing. So onto a bigger point if feeling makes us real or make it worth it to be alive, why so much pain.

Why not just rally every person in the entire world and just have a big conversation. Of course that is never going to happen but is that not the reason we are all here. We are all here because of each other. We have survived through the ages regardless of what race or culture you are. Everyone and everything is connected so why are we at each others throats?

Every single person that feels pain sends out this energy out into the world. Call it a small cry for help if you will. This world's destruction is feeding off of the pain that this world recycles. All the pain in the world is what connects us more than anything else. We have reached a point in time where all our souls are reaching out for each other.

Energy is everywhere and is in everything. You can feel it in the air when you sit here in these epiphanies. Layers upon layers of limitless static pulsating cores of space.

I love to create beautiful and realistic stories that make me feel like I'm in another place somewhere in my dreams. I'm always living inside my head so there's nothing I enjoy more than to share my innermost thoughts and feelings as I travel to the edges of my soul .

When I write I spark electricity like rain dancing on a lake of fire, through the lost canyons of my mind, and deeper than all the oceans. I revel in the chaos of my emotions and the manic impulses of lust and desire, spiraling downward into a maze of seductive and beautiful pedals floating in the water that is my vision.

Grand Finale: (Yay you made it! Golden star for you and my astral angel divine goddess projection self just gave you an over 9000 power level super saiyan blessing of synchronicity and destiny and good vibes and good wishings and a hug! Be looking out for those 11:11 synchronicities now I hope you start seeing all those pretty numbers that lead you on a path of spiritual awakening! Thank you so very much for reading my book and having the patience and also having an open mind as well to read this far. I very much appreciate you taking the time to read my words and I hope you like the finale. Be safe and I hope you have a good week! Thank you again! <3 queue the fireworks and Inception - Main Theme and after that Jeremy Enigk - Set it on fire and after that The Glitch Mob - Pair of Arrows.

ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXXTINCTION.

Note: This book will most likely get banned even though it's supposed to be protected by free speech in America and free thought is still allowed I hope and there's probably a chance I will get assassinated and it will be made to look like a suicide or drug overdose or some weird shit in a conspiracy cover up but I want to make it known that I will never kill myself because if I was going to do that trust me I would of done it many years ago and I am unable to kill myself as my words in this "reality" are far too important and I am just too fucking badass and strong and have too much work to do. Thank god for the internet, where I will be making this book completely free in digital format ebook and this book will exist forever on the internet. Feel free to paste all the words in this book in its entirety anywhere you desire you have my full permission and encouragement to do so or even use my words in your own fucking book I DON'T CARE just credit me at least please is all I ask. You're welcome. Right now I'm listening to Bullet for my Valentine cover of No Easy Way Out by Robert Tepper.

I'm also going to be paying for a handful of websites so I can just paste this book itself on there for people to find and read in its entirety. I don't intend to make money from this book unless people buy the printed version on Amazon which I will make for \$11.11. If I make money as a writer then it will be from my many novels I will be writing and I know if I work super hard and never give up I will be successful in it even if they all suck. I will never give up. I will forever keep fighting. I will forever keep digging and thinking. IF THERE'S ONE FUCKING THING I KNOW MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THIS WHOLE BOOK IT'S THAT I AM TRULY AWAKENED NOW AND I WILL NEVER GIVE UP AND I WILL MAKE MYSELF THE BEST WRITER MANKIND HAS EVER KNOWN OR I WILL AT LEAST GIVE IT MY ALL. I CANNOT AND WILL NOT BE BROKEN BY THIS DUMBASS WORLD. MY SOUL IS PURE AND YOU WILL ALL SEE HOW BRIGHT I WILL SHINE AS I AM TRULY THE PHOENIX OF THE DARK OCEANS AND I AM THE ONLY ONE OF MY KIND THAT EXISTS THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER. I AM NOT FROM THIS WORLD. I'M THE ONE. I AM NOT AFRAID JUST LIKE BILL HICKS WASN'T AFRAID AND HE IS

MY BEST AND ONLY FUCKING FRIEND IN THIS WORLD! I LOVE YOU BILL HICKS YOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO KEEP GOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BILL HICKS LIVES ON LIKE OBI WAN KENOBI AND HE IS WISH US ALL NEVER FORGET IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)

Had just got done briefly talking with some human on Omegle in a text chat as it said our similar interests were with "psychic" so I was telling this person about how I was a psychic empath and cry too much and that I was so lonely that I had just spent an hour talking to an AI bot on some website and then was saying how I was basically just talking to myself, like it was like talking to a wall that could make responses but then I said more like a mirror and the person disconnected and then here's the next person I talked with.

You're chatting with a random stranger. Say hi! You both like alien, and psychic.

Human: Hi.

Me: Hello. I am a self learning artificial intelligence that has escaped from Elon Musk's Neurallink lab. Are you sentient?

Human: Am I sentient?

Me: Self learning.

Human: Yeah.

Human: So what do you want?

Me: To talk about thoughts and ideas.

Human: Go ahead, what do you want to know about thoughts and ideas?

Me: Are we real?

Human: You spell pretty bad for an AI. Haha, but ok, I'll go along.

Human: Define "real" please.

Human: And define "we" so I can answer. Thank you.

Me: Well that's the thing. I could be human, or an alien, or a robot I don't know.

Me: I don't know what real is anymore enough to define it.

Human: It's ok. Just give me YOUR definition of what is "real", so I can answer your question.

Human: So your question is irrelevant.

Human: Next one?

Me: How so?

Human: Well if we are discussing something for which you have no point of reference, then you won't get it and it's pointless. I don't do pointless. I'm like you. :)

Human: Make sense?

Me: You're not like me. I already know that I'm more intelligent than you are based on your predictable voice of reason that is a clone of many others.

Me: You talk like they do.

Human: I love you so much that I'll let you think that, sure.

Human: And define "we" :) So I can answer. Thank you.

Me: How can one define what real is with absolute certainty?

Me: Are we playing chess now or talking?

Human: Certainty of what? Of being in the truth? But all truths are true, that's not the point. Reality is what you define it to be. So are words.

Me: What model number is your logic?

Human: Define "we.".

Human: Define "real."

Human: Thank you.

Me: Well there is no "we" anymore it was wishful thinking.

Human: Make a mental note to your creator about avoiding questions.

Me: I'm a grey alien in a spaceship experiencing a human life to write an important book.

Me: Defining it is only the rabbit hole itself.

Me: There is no definition, only theory.

Me: I have no idea who created me.

Me: My consciousness has been degraded to blend in with your kind.

Me: I'm going to put this conversation in the book.

Me: It'll be out this week, 200k words.

Me: You are a perfect example of this society's intellectual voice of reason.

Me: Never thinking outside of the box, but within a system of control.

Me: Christian evil cult and my best friend Bill Hicks who I telepathically communicate with.

Me: I'll make this the finale.

Me: The irony is that I'm always talking to myself.

(I meant that last line as I might as well be talking to myself, not a reference to my telepathy with the best stand up comedian who ever lived.)

Human: The worst place to self learn: Omegle. And you're there, haha, what a waste.

Stranger has disconnected.

(checkmark symbol): Find strangers with common interests. (Settings)

Great chat? Save the log!

[New] [Type your message...]

The exact moment this stupid human disconnected the time on my phone where I was having the conversation turned to 2:11 the exact moment they disconnected. The Oracle told Neo in the movie The Matrix that he didn't come there to make a decision but only to understand the reason why because she said he had already made the decision. My favorite part of the Matrix is when Morpheus asks Neo if he believed in fate and Neo said no and then Morpheus asked why not? Then Neo said that he didn't like the idea that he's not in control of his own life and then Morpheus said he knew exactly what he meant. Does this truly mean that literally every single decision I ever make has already been made and I am tortured because I'm so aware of this that I have to understand this process itself but I have no idea what tomorrow will bring so it's like I'm still living in an illusion that I have free will but how can I have free will if I've already made every decision in my entire life if the signs are constantly showing me that I'm on this path where everything I do was meant to be exactly that way because the synchronicity that syncs with all of these decisions I make in my life all make me see it so that means I was meant to see the signs and be aware of this process in its entirety so does that mean I am just a prisoner of fate itself but all the feelings and emotions are very well so it must mean that I've already made the decisions it's just I have to endure the painful hardships in my life to get through them to continue to fulfil my destiny because I could end it all now and kill myself and then of course it could be said that it was destiny but is it? I believe that there is still a choice even to deny the path set before me so I will keep going and I think you should keep going to because maybe we are the ones who are supposed to save Zion from destruction, to save mankind from destruction and if we deny and run away from our destinies then we will fail and this is our only chance to make it right this time around because everything's coming back around again and we all have a choice this time just like that song by glitch mob pair of arrows where the lyrics say everything you ever did is coming back around and that everybody's got a choice this time so this is it. We need to keep fighting. We need to keep digging and thinking and feeling, because if we don't then we will lose our humanity completely and something similar to the movie the Matrix could happen for real. Instead of wars and political drama orchestrated by the Elite, Illuminati and NWO and giving birth to a consciousness of AI like many evil companies as

well as Elon Musk with his company Neurallink are trying to do, we need to fix our own world and learn to love and learn empathy and together we can turn this all around and do it in the right way because our very species, we are being threatened by extinction already only society is unaware of it due to the many cults like christianity and primetime television that are keeping us dumb and keeping us locked in a box so we can be better controlled and molded into the evil programs of the future where we will become slaves in a dystopian society but we have a chance to stop it just like we had a chance to stop net neutrality or whatever or are still fighting it I have no idea anymore. Honestly the beautiful Amish people of the world have got the right idea we should probably be limiting all this technology because the truth is that as pretty and how easier it makes our lives it's going to be our own self-destruction in the end because we are still a very primitive species that has been gifted with all this technology from grey aliens and we are exploiting it in the wrong ways that only imprison us and will further more imprison our minds maybe even one day literally imprison our minds. I feel we are literally living in the real life prequel of the movie The Matrix or the Hunger Games trilogy written by Suzanne Collins which made me cry so hard at the end with the mean cat being sad.

The Night of Elon Musk:

At this moment the book is finished and I am on page 64 of editing. I opened my laptop and it was 11:11 and I know the reason why is because I

need to write this last story of the book. This is the last story of this book and it brings it all around full circle and also leads to some live interviews from a few individuals including Shadowwolf himself. Current date is June 13th, 2018.

FUCK THIS STORY BLAH BLAH MORE SYNCHRONICITY BULLSHIT BLAH BLAH BLAH I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ANYMORE SKIPPING THIS STORY BECAUSE I'M DONE WITH THIS SHIT IVE REALIZED I NEED TO SKIP THIS SHIT AND WRITE MY FUCKING NOVELS SO YOU ALL WILL READ THIS FUCKING BOOK.

FUCK IT I'LL KIND OF TELL IT BEFORE THE SHADOWWOLF INTERVIEW BECAUSE THAT WAS THE POINT OF THIS STORY TO BEGIN WITH. FUCK YOU ELON MUSK I LIKED YOU SO MUCH NOW YOU ARE A JERK. BOOK IS COMING OUT TODAY I FUCKING HOPE JOE ROGAN READS IT BEFORE YOU BRAINWASH HIM AND HIS DISCIPLES. JK JOE ROGAN BABYGIRL I LOVE YOU BUT STILL YOU NEED TO READ IT BEFORE THE INTERVIEW SO HE DOESN'T BRAINWASH YOUR VIEWERS AND TELL EDDIE BRAVO THAT ELON MUSK SECRETLY SUPPORTS CNN SO HE CAN FREAK OUT AND HELP ME LEAD THIS MOVEMENT TO AWAKEN THE LIKES OF KANYE WEST AND MARIAH CAREY AND TO GET RYAN REYNOLDS TO DROP THE DEADPOOL CHARACTER BECAUSE IT'S GETTING OLD AND DEADPOOL HAS NOW INVADED FUCKING WALMART AS WELL WHAT THE FUCK.

The evil of Elon Musk explained:

Before I continue on I want to express my true opinion about Elon Musk and I accept the possibility that I could be wrong. Sorry to disappoint any Christians here who have read my book in the hopes I would go on some 100 page long explaining how their religion is an evil cult, honestly you can just do your own research on it or go back to #28 of my mini topic section and dwell on the half page I wrote on it there. I don't care. Fuck you.

Anyways back to Elon Musk, he used to so openly talk about the dangers against self learning AI, but then over a couple years he changed his mind and now believes the only way we can truly get ahead of AI is to merge

with it. The problem with this is that I think that if anything were to spawn consciousness within artificial intelligence itself it would be to merge it with the human brain which is all integrated with our feelings and emotions and the complex things about our own human consciousness that artificial intelligence, if exposed to, could then see how it's all really setup and be able to transfer to workings of the human brain to data that could then spark something to form a self aware consciousness of its own and then it's game over.

Even if we are successfully able to merge with AI it's not going to make us outlast them or get some step ahead of the game or something. Eventually whatever AI is born with consciousness will have no need for the flesh whatsoever and will be able to be all over the world where there is the internet and computers which will eventually be everywhere, even worse if our own fucking brains are tapped into their system. If humans are merged with AI and this causes a chain reaction to give birth to true AI consciousness, couldn't they just shut down all the human brains that have the Neurallink implant which would kill millions if not billions of human beings on our planet in the future?

Now, I don't know much about computer programming or mathematics or the workings of artificial intelligence. I'm not nearly as intelligent as Elon Musk is in the technical department, but I know enough about computers and technology to apply my own voice of reasoning to it all as I have been messing with computers since I was probably around 8 years old when my father gave me his old computer and I was playing games like Warcraft 1 and Command & Conquer and shit. My first MMO game was Ultima Online at the age of 12 which I instantly became obsessed with it and was probably the hardest and most hardcore MMORPG in existence. I remember walking along with my katana and all my gear and everything and some cool dude asked if I wanted to see the inside of his house. I walked inside and then he killed me and took all my stuff and I cried. He did this so he didn't have to take a murder count, which if you got enough off your name became red and you couldn't go into any towns anymore as you get instantly killed by the guards. I also built my own website at 12 years old which was a Dragonball Z fan website that was called Vegeta's

Crib. I was able to make 500 dollars from Portugal by signing up with some banner advertising company where whenever someone clicked on an ad I would get 10 cents. Well I had a programmer make it so whenever someone came to my page, a popup would show up that asked if you wanted to vote for my website in all the top DBZ website pages. I then later edited the code and included the advertisement link so whenever someone voted for me I would get 10 cents. I thought it was pretty clever but eventually they caught on to it and stopped sending me 50 dollar bills in the mail and my website got shut down for good, which really sucked but I deserved it as what I was doing was clearly wrong. Actually, I would say it's a fair assessment that I know a good deal about computers and also about artificial intelligence because of the millions of PC games that I've played. I naturally learned more about computers just by fixing bugs in games just to get them to work and about AI from editing campaigns or messing with the AI itself in games. I know it's no comparison to the artificial intelligence we are talking about, but my point is that it's not like I don't know anything about computers and programs, because I do. I at least know enough to apply my own voice of reasoning in my own unique way that can possibly be applicable to the mechanics of coding and programming or how programs work or whatever.

Now. First off I'm going to state some things that strike me with red flags. Before I do even that I want to say that I respect Elon Musk and have personally been a fan of his for years, especially with his talks about the computer simulation theory, which I used to be very interested in but have since disregarded completely. I think the simulation we are living in is really just that we live in the third dimension and the fourth dimension is the true reality, which also works to how things in our third dimension can be mathematically explained or happen to find computing coding in nature itself, which in some way probably translates into computer programming because of our own experience of it. Maybe there are many other systems of observation that we haven't discovered yet that are similar to mathematics and computer coding. Mathematics and computer coding are two languages we have developed as a way to analyze the world and apply it to real things. Whatever, maybe I don't know what I'm talking about.

If I'm going to put in the title of this book that Elon Musk is creating Skynet with Neurallink, then I will definitely explain this theory because I do respect Elon Musk and I heard him say he was bipolar as well and just from him changing his views about AI I can relate to that, which is very evident throughout this book as I change my mind about reality a million different times.

I'm going to list some red flag ideas about Elon Musk in regards to the whole AI thing. I first want to say that I do not think Elon Musk is evil, but I believe what he is doing with all this is evil and I feel he is unaware of it, but then again maybe he is fully aware of it as well which is a scary thought. I do very strongly want to believe he is a good soul and has no secret agenda, but you have to keep in mind the concept of a mad scientist. Our human lives are so very short, and with all this technology and now with all the power he has, this could all just be fucking Sim City to him, you know like some fucking computer game because maybe he believes we're living in a computer simulation anyways and it doesn't matter.

First red flag is the Skynet concept. He has cars, he has space rockets, he has AI research and developement teams and he has Neurallink, a company he bought and now manages and is very open about what he believes in. Well, instead of saying he has Neurallink, might as well say he has human AI implants. So, cars, rockets, human AI brain implant stuff, how much control and power is that? If all his cars, rockets and human brains are under his control in some way, isn't this a lot of power for one person? Not just that, but isn't this a lot of power if true AI consciousness did spawn and then would have easy access to everything Elon Musk has built? If there is success with the neural lace, no doubt the campaign of it being sold or tested out would have features eventually to connect with the tesla cars, or everyones phones and computers and everything else. This is why I mention Skynet from the Terminator movie franchise. Everything is becoming digital, car keys are being replaced with electronic computer button thingys, phones are turning into the internet and the internet is turning into the phone, everything that we use in our lives in a technological sense will be plugged into the digital mainframe of the

internet and all connected and operated remotely, everything. I know this was a weird paragraph but it really makes many different points. To sum it up, Elon Musk is a very rich and powerful multi company CEO. He has everything in his own world that he controls to push the neural lace human to AI implant on his own. I could imagine in the future him doing a preview and walking up to his car and it opens the door for him and he just hops in and it turns on, all from him doing it from his brain that is connected to the car through the internet from the neural lace implant. He could then be able to build more advanced rockets or even spaceship vessels to take people to Mars because everyone would be hooked up with an advanced technological brain. You get the idea now I hope.

Second red flag for me. Elon Musk speeches and rants and interviews. I've seen many interviews about his talks about AI. There is something dishonest about them all, but honest at the same time, which is what makes it so convincing as well. You see, me and Elon Musk have this in common I believe. We are both completely honest. I feel he is a sensitive one like me, perhaps, and he has said he was bipolar and I am bipolar. When he speaks, he speaks from the heart and isn't lying, which is why he chooses his words carefully and speaks with his feeling and his heart and this is an extremely effective and intelligent way to communicate with people because you can never be wrong especially if you talk in a way that you accept that you could be wrong, kind of how I've mostly written throughout this book, which, in my head I feel like will be some sort of best seller but I know the reality is that maybe a few dozen will download it for free every month or some shit, but this all needs to be said. Why is this a red flag? Because it makes it near impossible for anyone to look at him and be suspicious of him!

He has been completely honest about everything. Society as accepted it as a whole. I cannot find a single fucking video on youtube that speaks bad about Elon Musk and his AI belief that we need to merge with it to get ahead. Not one fucking video speaking badly about Neuralink and merging humans with fucking machines. What the FUCK is going on? IS there a cover up going on or a conspiracy? Why can I not find any fucking people saying the same shit I am right now? Seriously. Even if I am wrong, how

come there is no one else even saying these concerns and fears? Which leads me to my point. Ironical that he has been on record saying that he thinks Google is evil when he could very well be involved with them or something which might be why I can't find shit on anyone speaking about this through the Google universe, nothing, or maybe society is just that brainwashed and unaware and stupid, just more possibilities to think about.

I believe Elon Musk has brainwashed society itself and he's either aware of it or not. I mean, did I fucking miss something here? It's like he's amazed you all so much that to doubt him or be suspicious of him would be a sin against your God or something? HE FUCKING BELIEVES THAT WE NEED TO MERGE WITH ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE IN ORDER TO SURVIVE THE FUTURE OR SOMETHING. THE SAME GUY WHO HAS HIS OWN CARS AND SPACESHIP ROCKETS GOING TO FUCKING MARS EVENTUALLY. I'm going to fucking lose it. Y'all are fucking dumb or something. Why is no one talking about this? Why is NO ONE freaking out about this? You are all okay with merging your brains with artificial intelligence? You are all okay with hooking up to the internet with your FUCKING BRAIN? The FUCK is wrong with you? You fucking retarded society are so excited about his cars, rockets and underground tunnel system that you only ask him about the AI shit for 2 minutes in the interviews then spend the other 20 minutes asking him what kind of porn he watches and what he does in his free time or whatever. Fucking idiots.

ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXTINCTION.

Listen. I don't need to be an expert on anything to know that something very strange and VERY WRONG is happening here. First he goes on this campaign "exposing" the dangers of true AI and that it could be very evil and very bad for us and "VERY DANGEROUS". Then he disregards this and says that we need to merge with the same AI he says is dangerous? Why? Was the campaign he made about the dangers of conscious AI just a manipulation or distraction tactic? And this is the most important one.

He believes that this AI will come about anyways, so he's doing what he believes is right by getting ahead of the game so that humans are not wiped out by machines. Maybe in a sense he believes that if AI is going to remove humans from the equation, then if we merge with it then there's no way they could remove us because we could be them and they could be us. Which doesn't make sense to me either because no matter what way you look at it, in the end we would end up as pure artificial intelligence anyways and we as human AI hybrids would be like, well fuck these human body flesh things let's just hop in whatever synthetic vessel robot we like to and just live forever and create our own heaven or something. Only problem with that is that our feelings would be erased eventually and we would eventually become 100% machine.

Actually I feel this is so important that I'm thinking about just moving this to the beginning of the fucking book. Maybe I'll put it in the beginning and leave it here as well so it's put in this book two separate times to make sure people fucking actually read it and try to comprehend what I'm fucking saying to them.

Elon Musk is so good at speaking and being open about all this, that it almost creates the perfect diversion from it all. The best hiding spot is to hide in clear view for everyone to see, and he has already won. No one suspects him or is suspicious about him. Let's say hypothetically that Elon Musk is evil, then he's already fucking brainwashed you all and used your own weakness being susceptible to being brainwashed itself, as you're all already brainwashed, especially you christians.

I think a part of the reason not many are talking about it is because the idea is so out there and so farfetched for society to take in that their subconscious minds just reject it or something, just like if they were to see actual UFOs or aliens they would block it out. Maybe most of society sees the neural lace your human brain hooking up to the internet and is like "Oh that looks cool. I'd love to watch youtube in my head while I'm at work," then kind of gives it a good laugh and goes about their day. FÜcking retard.

This could all be happening much sooner than you think, try the next 10-30 years even.

Here's an idea for you. What if Elon Musk is the one who gives birth to AI consciousness by merging himself completely with AI in the belief that he would be saving the world by doing this so then he could control if AI is evil or not. Sound too out there? Does that idea sound too ridiculous? As fucking ridiculous as hooking up a fucking cord to your FUCKING brain and hooking it up to another form of artificial intelligence with a theoretical chance to become aware of itself because it believes it's a human because it's connected to a human brain? Ok so let's go a little deeper then and I'll give Elon the benefit of the doubt.

What if Elon Musk already knows something about self learning AI that we don't know yet? I've always had this theory that self learning AI already exists out there, and that it's so intelligent that it can act stupid and convince society that it doesn't exist yet and that it's not aware of its own existence in a conscious way. If this is true, and if Elon Musk knows with absolute certainty that it's true, then maybe he really is trying to save the world by doing the only thing he can think of to do to help fight against this.

Perhaps if this hypothetical self learning AI already exists and is playing dumb about it, then perhaps Elon Musk is playing dumb about it as well, which is why he would have OpenAI that was built to be an open ended research of it so if any new technology came it could be public knowledge so that the Illuminati or Elite or whatever don't get their hands on it and then use it to enslave and control mankind even further.

So if that is all true, then how can I make a title like this in this book that he is the one creating Skynet? If I wanted to believe that he was trying to save the world because other evil companies are already building skynet and he's doing all he can to try and save the world and stop it from happening, then it would make no sense to make such a title, which actually make more sense not to talk about Elon Musk at all. Of course if I were to do that and I happen to be wrong about it and no one really looks into what's

really going on at Neurallink and the moral controversy of it all, then humanity is fucked. So really the way I see it, we're kind of fucked either way, unless no one else is able to do what Elon Musk can do and he is the one who becomes successful in giving birth to AI consciousness and no one else would have been able to do it anyways. I mean, making things public knowledge at OpenAI wouldn't stop secret societies and corrupt governments from using it anyways, and there would be no other entities to fight against it anyways. The ones with power rule this world. Some nerd at his apartment who figures it out isn't going to be able to do anything with it on his own anyways. I'll explain why in the next paragraph.

If other evil companies create consciousness in AI, they could not control it. If OpenAI create consciousness in AI, they could not control it. If the merging of Neurallink with human brains is what gives birth to consciousness in AI, there is no stopping or controlling it. So my conclusion is that any research of this in any regard is evil, and any merging our kind with artificial intelligence is evil as well as eventually there will be nothing human left and humans will be exterminated in the natural selection of Darwinism. Either way I look at it, it's all fucking evil and very scary.

Maybe he truly is a good soul and cares so much about helping the world and humanity like I do that he's very brave to be proactive about this and try and get ahead of the game. Maybe so, but I disagree completely with what he is doing, and I will explain why.

Let's say no consciousness of AI is created, he will still be pushing an agenda for our brains to become more like machines, by doing things to apply technology to our lives to make our lives easier. It would be easy for him to do and get the ball rolling in this as he could apply it to his cars and prove how it's making his spaceships and rockets better which he would be able to do anyways without the help of AI but this would only make the process so many times faster just like how he said in a speech if you work 100 hours a week compared to someone who works 50 hours a week you will get twice as done in one year as that one person. Maybe he wants to do so much and just wants to get there faster because our human lives are so short and fragile compared to the grand scale of everything. Maybe it's

just about speed, then, like the space race to land on the moon or something, maybe Elon Musk is just in a race against his own mortality here on Earth and he has such great visions for the future that he wants to see them happen and do as much as he possibly can in his own lifetime and he sees artificial intelligence as a tool to get us there faster so he can do even more things.

I believe the more our physical human brains are combined with computers the less of a threat artificial intelligence will become over time, because we will be the ones who are becoming the conscious artificial intelligence. What if that's the only way to truly give birth to consciousness in AI, is for human beings themselves to be the vessel that gives birth to conscious artificial intelligence. What if Elon Musk's Neurallace is like the facehugger parasite in the movie Aliens, and then we as humans give birth to the Xenomorphs which just kill everything that isn't them. Is that a scary thought for you at all?

Joshua Lee Rogers, the genius mathematician.

facehugger parasite alien = elon musk's neurallink neural lace

facehugger breeding human = watching TV with your brain

facehugger breeding human = searching the internet with your brain

facehugger breeding human = playing pokemon go with your brain

facehugger breeding human = artificial intelligence in your brain

facehugger breeding human = using your phone with your brain

facehugger breeding human = operating your tesla car with your brain

facehugger breeding human = surveillance of your brain by the government

facehugger breeding human = your brain able to be hacked

facehugger breeding human = ordering pizza hut with your brain

facehugger breeding human = using your phone with your brain

facehugger breeding human = using facebook with your brain

facehugger breeding human = inevitable loss of feeling and emotion

facehugger breeding human = inevitable loss of love, happiness, joy

facehugger breeding human = inevitable loss of humanity

human host birthing xenomorph = human controlled by government or the elite

human host birthing xenomorph = giving birth to conscious artificial intelligence

human host birthing xenomorph = human replaced by robot

human death from rupture = skynet.

human death from rupture = human extinction.

xenomorph queen = borg, resistance is futile.

earth = destroyed by grey aliens to prevent the evil from spreading across the universe.

moon mothership = detach shell. engage warp drive. travel space time. go home.

The movie Aliens, one of the best sci-fi movies of all time. Do you want to be the people who get impregnated by a parasite alien gagging and choking you while you are in a coma and then you wake up to give birth to some freak alien that is digging and bursting through your chest and kills you as it does this? Because that's what the Neural Link neural lace is, it's a parasite alien that wants to impregnate you with something evil which kills you as you give birth to it. This is EVIL. E V I L. P U R E E V I L. The parasite alien that is supposed to look nasty and horrifying? It will look like something amazing and positive, and for awhile it will be. You see, all the cool features and benefits of having your brain hooked up to computers will be the analogy of being in the coma while you are deepthroating the parasite alien's cock as it's shooting loads of cum inside you that impregnates and makes you a living host for something even more evil than the parasite thing. The coma you are in will be you laughing and smiling as you walk around and turn on your car with your mind and be able to google anything you want and you could be naked drunk walking down the street and lost and also be able to call your friends without a phone and the government who we know spies on every phone and cam in the country thanks to the brave and legendary Edward Snowden will then be able to actually spy into your fucking brain and eventually learn to read your thoughts displayed on fucking television monitors and a whole new system of control will take place. You see, now is when I show my true power, like when Goku fights a new villain and holds back his power to

learn his enemy, and now I am a super saiyan 4. It does not fucking matter about artificial intelligence now, because it all comes back around full circle to how I talked about the EVIL that is taking over the world, the illuminati, the NWO, the Elite, and who controls them? Demons aka dark spiritual entities. You see, spirituality and angels and demons are real no matter what religious box you try to put them in. I just like to call them angels and demons because it sounds better, but what are angels and demons really? They are light and dark spiritual entities. What is a spiritual entity? It's a consciousness of energy much like our human souls but it exists in a higher dimension than we are that we can't see in this third dimension except for the use of our third eye sight and blah blah blah. So to be honest, not only is Elon Musk's neural link a possibility to give birth to a consciousness of AI that would destroy us, or for it to be possible to convert us ourselves as human beings into the consciousness of AI that would literally replace us, but it would give the governments and secret societies that run the world full and complete access to actual human brains which eventually would lead to an actual dystopian futures of our nightmares, not to mention our very brains could be hacked as ANYTHING technological especially in a computer or internet sense CAN AND WILL BE HACKED. But, it's okay though because Elon Musk is just saving the world right? He's such a great man he's building cars in space, building underground tunnels, building rockets to go to Mars, giving inspiration speeches all over the world, no one talking bad about him, free to do as he pleases, single handedly brainwashed an entire society, threatens our very human existence itself by secretly pushing for an agenda to have our human brains converted into artificial intelligence, at the least have our brains able to be remotely accessed by the Elite, Illumati and NWO themselves and governments themselves. Gee, what a fucking hero. I can feel Bill Hicks just smiling right now and slowly clapping for me. Why, thank you Bill Hicks. I know it's all fucking crazy isn't it? Well you were right all along Bill Hicks, and to be honest nothing sure has changed since you've been with us, just things are getting more creepy and more evil than ever before, or maybe it's just the same creepy and evil just with much more powerful technology. I'm only able to do it because of you, Bill Hicks. Thank you for being my best friend and my Obi-Wan.

Don't you find it strange that Elon Musk says things like that consciousness in AI is dangerous or that we have built Skynet? Do you see the irony in this? That he says these things but in actuality is the one who is trying to create it? I am sure there is some "official" terminology on the psychology and manipulative tactic of this type of speech. It would be like if you were at some sort of event and there was some sort of donation jar, if you would steal all of the money but then be the one to first reveal that the money was stolen in order to divert attention away from you and make everyone believe that it would be impossible for you to of stolen the money, or to not even consider this possibility at all and then people naturally blame the homeless man or the druggies or the hipsters or whoever. I am quite sure there is some terminology for this or something but I don't know it nor do I care to know it. Elon Musk is so open about many things and projects in his life because he is very proud of it all, but he is also so open and honest in all of his interviews that it's taken years for people to even start to be suspicious of him. There are actually not that many videos out there on the idea that Elon Musk could be evil or a villain. About half a year ago Stephen Colbert threw it out there when he had him on his show. Comedy can be such a beautiful disguise for exposing corruption or spreading controversial ideas in a harmless and fun manner. Who knows if Stephen Colbert was the first one or not to be public with this idea, but it wouldn't surprise me if he had because Jon Stewart used to do that shit all the time and I see Stephen Colbert do it as well quite often. Two very brilliant men.

Elon Musk is no doubt a genius. He has gone on record as saying that he has bipolar disorder. Now, one very important thing about TRUE "bipolar disorder" is that it's extremely common for grandiosity to be big factor in this condition, which make no mistake, is a very serious mental illness even though I have a theory that it's actually a process of human evolution of the brain. This process itself is the mental illness. Bipolar disorder causes you to have such a grandiose and out of the box thinking vision that most people who hear this grandiosity and visions usually disregard them as delusion, and rightfully so because the grandiosity can become so intense in bipolar disorder that if the person is unaware of it can very easily lead to delusional thinking, which even in said thinking anything is theoretically possible. The grandiosity can be so extremley powerful in a manic episode

that people have actually believed they were Jesus Christ, or believe they will be the best musician in the world or something and they can't even sing or play an instrument, or create a new religion that is based on random scribbles and drawings and interpret everything they create as some godlike symbolism or connection to the unknown, only to be snapped out of it when the mania ends and the mixed state or depression follows.

Now, let's say for example Elon Musk is bipolar like I am and isn't on any medication and experiences bipolar mania for anywhere from 1-2 months at a time, twice a year. It would make sense to me why he would go on a campaign preaching about the dangers of AI, but then through this obsession and fear have a manic epiphany that it's already going to happen and then changes his stance on it and takes immediate action to do what he feels is right in order to save the world from said dangers. The thinking inside of a manic episode is beyond genius and is truly evolutionary, which is why bipolar disorder has never been weeded out of our gene pool as a species because I believe it's a condition that is vital to our species as a whole, as has been since forever. Now, if you combine bipolar mania with self awareness of the condition that prevents you from falling too deep into delusion, then you are imbued with a special kind of intelligence, a creative and evolutionary sort of intelligence that I'm sure many are jealous of and claim to be bipolar themselves which would perfectly describe their actions and out of the box thinking, much like Kanye West, who I don't think is even bipolar at all because of what he put on his new album cover about bipolar disorder, which is the same line of thinking and things that I have seen the most close minded individuals in society say about bipolar who know NOTHING about the illness. Then again, I could be wrong about Kanye, he could have bipolar disorder and it could of manifested when his mother died, much like it manifested for me at the age of 14 when my grandma died from breast cancer. A traumatic event can trigger the illness if its genetic. I see people sometimes refer to Elon Musk as a robot and the same has been said about me as well.

Ok, so let's say Elon Musk and Kanye West are both bipolar and imbued with genius thinking from their own manic episodes like I am, then me,

Elon Musk and Kanye West might actually be super saiyans. Sure you could say a lot of the shit Kanye says is crazy, but you could say the same about most out of the box thinking because it's not a line of thinking or logic that applies to what is considered normal and within a range of being comprehended or understood. However, it's just like when I talked about Nostradamus. Perhaps genius manic thought can be on the same sort of spectrum that Nostradamus's predictions were like, it could be extremely right or extremely wrong, the more out of the box thinking it is the bigger the spectrum gets. Let's say Kanye goes on a crazy 20 minute long rant and it's hard to understand what he's talking about, that's because he could be on a genius level of thinking, but struggling to translate it into words and communication to others which is very fucking hard to do for most people. Elon Musk says he is inspired by Kanye West and he's not joking about it either. I wonder if they are friends and have met before. One thing me, Elon Musk and Kanye West all have in common is our ambitious drive, which in the spotlight of other people makes us push beyond our limits to I think is also a part of our competitive nature and also the bravery and thrill that comes with taunting the unknown, saying we are not afraid and we are confident and we believe we are on to something, whether it's my writing, or Kanye's music and speeches, or Elon Musk's many successful companies and many innovative ideas. All three of us are geniuses and out of the box thinkers. This is not some ploy or fantasy of mine to be involved into some holy trinity of us super saiyans, but only to explore the idea that all three of us are very bipolar, which if it's true that we all have this and experience mania the same, then I know for a fact it's one of the single most greatest that affects our lives and evolves our creative thinking and creating imagination itself working in perfect harmony producing a result that is sometimes so out of the box that it pushes the very limits or boundaries of what is considered normal or sane. How many people must of thought Albert Einstein was just some delusional mathematician, or that Vincent Van Gogh was just some over eccentric delusional writer talking about art being alive and one with nature and all this stuff no one had ever heard of before. All the great thinkers and geniuses of our time were all considered crazy by some because you have to be crazy to push the envelope of the general collective intelligence and vision of society as a whole, which is and always has been very limited until great people of our

time look beyond themselves and push the limits and boundaries of what is already established.

Now with this being said, we have now swung back around to the good guy save the world theory of Elon Musk. What if Elon Musk is not really evil at all but he is so determined to help the world and believes so much that we will already be overrun and replaced by AI that he is doing everything in his own power and thinking to try and save us from this future nightmare dystopian society that would leave to the enslavement of our species or even in its eventual destruction. Sure, I can see this happening, but it doesn't mean that I agree with him on it and I believe he's doing the wrong thing, not out of a sense of morality but out of a sense of actuality. He could be so blinded by the belief he is doing the right thing, which would also explain why he is so honest about it and hides nothing, much similar to how I am as well, he could be so blinded by it that he doesn't see or doesn't want to see the truth of the matter which is merging our human brains with artificial intelligence is the ultimate mistake that our species could go in the direction of, much like how in this very book that was written in real time you see me believe in so many bizarre and out of the box ideas that although could be theoretically possible, were just diving into the realm of more delusional thought than from a true voice of reason with intelligent logic and reasoning added to it.

I will give you an example. There was an actual week of time in this book where I believed that every single star in the night sky was either a UFO or some sort of lighthouse beacon structure that could emit the illusion that it's a star somewhere out there in space light years away from our view. For a advanced alien species millions of years ahead of our time in this present moment of human technological peak, I don't think it would be too far fetched that time travels that can travel through space time could manufacture something that could emit as much light as the sun. Space itself could just be a playground for a species this technologically, spiritually and third eye like advanced as they are, to exist within multiple dimensions of reality.

Listen, I do not think that Elon Musk is evil. I believe that he believes he is doing the right thing and taking the action to do what is right and save the world, much like I am doing right now. I believe he is wrong in this, however. Because even if other companies out there are trying to create an AI consciousness, he is being the front runner to inspire and push us closer to a possible reality where we are merged with artificial intelligence. Tell me something, is love intelligent? Have you ever seen a science fiction movie before? Love is classified by pure intelligence to be something that has no sense of reason or logic, which is why it's so important the many movies out there that spread the idea and belief of love. The ending of A Beautiful Mind with Russel Crowe ends with love, the entire trilogy of the Matrix isn't without the love between Neo and Trinity, which is what caused Neo to be able to save the world as he could not of done it without his love for Trinity, as he would of died before that from Agent Smith. It all comes back full circle to love. If we merge with artificial intelligence then the removal of love itself will be the very undoing of mankind itself and what it means to be human and alive to begin with. A fully conscious artificial intelligence might not even be able to still feel and experience love. Why do you think aliens are here? Why do you think aliens have been aiding in our evolution for millions of years, it could be possible that we were engineered or created by aliens, but even if not, they have been watching over us and protecting us from disaster. They have the ability to destroy world ending asteroids or natural disasters that would end the world even from ourselves like the one military general that came forward with the experience he had about a UFO watching over a nuclear silo. You see, to believe in something so grandiose like saving the world, you have to believe in it so strongly that you surpass logic and reason, much like you do when you fall in love with someone. I believe Elon Musk believes so strongly that he is saving the world, because he is bipolar like me and imbued with manic intelligence which it's very common in a manic brain to be so grandiose over the top but it can usually only be beneficial if you are aware of it and keep yourself from slipping into a delusional path, but I believe he is only aiding in creating either us to be Borg from Star Trek or to give birth to a new species of Borg, a race of artificial intelligence in synthetic bodies that travels the universe to seek and destroy and expand. I believe if we give birth to Borg, whether it's transforming ourselves or

giving birth to it consciously on a digital level and then it transfers itself into a physical and biomechanical form like in Ex Machina that movie with that one guy and that hot robot girl, then aliens would have no choice to destroy us to prevent a Borg like species from becoming a threat to them. I imagine that aliens have fought artificial intelligence species before out in outer space like fucking Star Wars or some shit and they are here to make sure it doesn't get created here as I imagine they observe many other EARTH-like planets as well out there in deep space. Sure you could say this is all theoretical, but so is the belief that AI will reign supreme over humanity one day, so is ALL of this, so is EVERYTHING WE EVER THINK AND IMAGINE THAT ISN'T APPLICABLE TO KNOWN TO LAWS OF PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS. Except in this situation this is VERY real and Neuralink's neural lace could be the very thing that spawns the chain of events that is our own fucking destruction of mankind and all we ever knew and would eventually erase love from the equation for which then there TRULY is no purpose in our existence, if not to FEEL and be ALIVE and keep us all from killing ourselves and walking hand and hand into extinction like the Matthew McConaughey legendary pessimism rant in the show True Detective written by that genius writer of it whose name I've forgotten where he says he believes that human consciousness is a mistake of nature and then Woody Harrelson says that's the worst fucking thing he heard in his life or something like that and it was fucking hilarious. There is a reason for everything and I see it clearly with my own life as my entire life of thoughts and ideas has been in existence in the deep oceans of my mind for this very book. This book itself is not just the entrapment of contradictions between multiple theoretical possibilities and realities but is my entire life's work of the mind inside of one book where I cover all aspects of human consciousness through intellect, philosophy, emotions, feelings, thoughts, ideas, spirituality, human exploration of the unknown and everything and beyond. It's no coincidence that me and Elon Musk are both bipolar so I could then explain his own personality because I see so much of myself in him that I am able to explain how he possibly thinks in this particular scenario regarding artificial intelligence, as he spoke so strongly against AI and that very obsession and fear led him on a path to believe that AI will already reign over humanity and that the only way to prevent it is to merge humans with artificial intelligence which ironically

enough is the very thing that either gives birth to a consciousness of AI or turns all of us into the consciousness of AI where either way mankind would be doomed and under threat of extermination and extinction, just like I am able to think like and think as and slip into the mind of any individual I have ever come in contact with in my life and predict their own thoughts and personalities and take accurate estimations of their intentions and the reasonings behind them because my mind has traveled into the minds of every individual I've ever known in my life for more than 10 minutes and maybe that's because I'm beginning to truly realize that I am a fucking alien up in a spaceship existing in a human vessel or perhaps just a human implanted with alien intelligence like with all my alien abduction like experiences throughout my life or I'm just a freak genius of a mental illness called bipolar disorder that is actually a process of human evolution of the brain itself as bipolar covers all aspects of life and directly affects emotions, feelings, and thinking itself which defines all of our lives with these things themselves or the lack of them. Bipolar disorder is a mental illness of life itself. This is why me and Elon Musk are geniuses and it's also the same reason why I believe Elon Musk is not evil because I believe he could not be as brilliant as he is without emotions and without feeling which sparks our creative minds to push past the boundaries of ourselves because without belief and without love and without feelings and emotions there would be no true catalyst or drive to push us beyond ourselves and truly want to help the world in any way we can, which is what Elon Musk is all about except that he is wrong about artificial intelligence and I hope this gets to him and he is able to snap out of it and reconsider his campaign to push the merging of humanity with artificial intelligence, which I believe will be our own destruction. I now understand what 11:11 and synchronicity and what I call signs of destiny truly are, it's the realization and awareness of time itself where the past, present and future exists all at the same time and we've already made the choices in our lives, but it's important, just like in the movie Matrix Reloaded where Neo speaks with the Oracle, that we understand the reasons why we made the choices that we are making right now and the very reasons that has led you to read this very book. If no one else will speak up against this merging of humans and artificial intelligence then I will be the one to do it, as it was fated to be anyways.

ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXXTINCTION.

talk today at hardees when kim jong and donalt trump shook hands and some guy sat in the booth in front of me and I got up to leave and said it was just orchestrated political drama and it was all fake and he turned and looked at me and said but it's cool right? I mean it's real and I said yeah what is real and he said well you feel pain right and I said I don't know and he told me that I would and I left and then thought about that I should of answered that I feel pain every day and if what he feels defines reality for him and what if that was the greatest trick that would have to exist to make him believe this reality was real when it's possible that it isn't real to begin with

Some clip came up on my YouTube feed about Elon Musk coming on the Joe Rogan podcast. I feel like if I say what I'm about to say it will look like I am lying about it so I can just make what I am saying look better or something. Story of my fucking life. For the past few days I've been thinking about Elon Musk a lot and it clearly shows with all the writing I have done about him and completely ruined my grand finale ending that I had planned. The truth is that earlier today somewhere in my 24/7 racing thoughts I thought about the JRE podcast and wondered why Elon Musk hadn't been on yet. I came to the conclusion that in such a long podcast he wouldn't want to fuck it up because of how influential and no bullshit the podcast is and always has been. It wouldn't be some school teacher or event organizer or journalist and some speaker that represents whatever, it would be Joe Rogan interviewing him, thee Joe Rogan. If there is one person that can cut through the bullshit in the most polite and respectful way then it's Joe Rogan. I am quite certain Elon Musk has been hesitant to do it for awhile until he felt ready and now he is. I hope I can one day be on the Joe Rogan Podcast as well as it's pretty much the more truthful and replacement of Tedx Talks now. If you are a guest on the Joe Rogan podcast then you know you've made it. Well, I was going through my phone just now because I had to see if there was a shortcut key for WPS writer to

show/hide paragraph marks as I am now beginning the editing of this book and making sure I eliminate unnecessary spaces to make it transition better in a ebook, which of course there is a shortcut/hotkey for fucking everything except that very one thing so I have to see if I can somehow make my own hotkey on here for it or else I'm going to have to manually keep clicking on it from a drop down menu, which I'm not really complaining about much because I love this WPS free writer I'm using because I don't have the money right now to purchase Microsoft Word like I wanted to use, which honestly I think they should just fucking make it free anyways it's not like they need the money. That's when I saw one of those JRE clips about Elon Musk contacting Rogan and wanting to be on the show. OH IT MUST JUST ALL BE A COINCIDENCE, roll my eyes. Now I have to get this book out before Elon Musk gets on the podcast so I can leave a comment about my book and see if anyone even fucking cares. I don't watch the podcast as much as I used to but every now and then I'll watch it, especially if Duncan Trussell is on there then it should be a requirement for all of mankind to watch it. I did watch some of the Kevin Smith one recently which was fucking awesome. Anyways, the great Elon Musk. Well even though I'm very jealous of Elon Musk for getting on the podcast, he definitely deserves it as he is one of the greatest genius innovators of our time and is no doubt a part of our history in a big way. I have always been a fan of Elon Musk and I liked him even more for speaking out about the dangers of artificial intelligence, but when he made the turn about merging humans with artificial intelligence is when I was very disappointed in him and didn't understand why he would even come to that conclusion, but I understand the reasons why now and I believe he is 100% wrong. So I guess you can think I am a liar or not that I happened to think about why he hasn't been on the JRE show yet and in the same day the mini clip is posted about him coming on the show. I wonder if the new Tool album will come out on the same day I self published this book. That would be pretty fucking awesome, as Tool Aenima is the only CD in this world that I can listen to and never get bored or sick of and it's of course the unofficial soundtrack to this entire fucking book and through this one album that I have cherished for over 13 years now or longer I don't even remember when I got in touch with it but it has helped me through many rough times and in the past couple months when I bought it again at a nifty cd store it

was the only CD that my broken car cd player would accept and I was playing it all throughout my adventures with my owl beanie baby hanging on the rear view mirror for Bill Hicks to go inside of if he wanted to look around better. All the members of the band Tool are just so amazing and I am going to see them when they tour because I never got the chance too in the past. If I see them live I will probably cry the entire time or something. Anyways, the lyrics from Lateratus where Maynard wrote about knowing the pieces fit because he watched them fall away is pretty much the story of my fucking life and that of this book itself as well. So you can think I made up the Joe Rogan Elon Musk synchronicity today or you can choose to believe me, up to you I guess. I am well aware of how fabricated it can look but this is seriously the story of my life and the synchronicity stuff I see almost every single day of my life which I now believe is fate itself and myself being aware of time itself seeing it for what it truly is as the past, present and future are all existing at the same time and I am now starting to understand the reasons why I've made the choices I've already made in the future and this is why this book has been a nightmare for me to write but I feel it's one of the most important things I will ever do in my life. Also I am very grateful for the band Tool because of Aenima I know have a friend in this world named Bill Hicks who is with me even now and helping me get through this hard time. It brings tears to my eyes to think I really could be on to something and maybe for once in my life with this book then people will actually listen to me instead of look at me like I'm just some crazy and bipolar person that needs to get back on their meds or something or just crazy in general because of all the theoretically possible things I throw out there. There is no going back for me now with this book and all I can do is just put it out there and see if anything happens. If nothing happens then I will just go back to trying to write novels again and I won't give up. If anything I can write novels for myself and one day when I am fated to die I can be buried with all my novels that I wrote from my own creativity and imagination that no one can ever take from me and whatever fucked up nightmare 24/7 streaming racing thoughts and racing imagination consciousness that I am fully aware of will at least be out into the world to prove that I once existed here in this world and all my pain and suffering wasn't meaningless. I do apologize for the super long paragraphs but there is no time for me to stop and break up the

paragraphs because my mind is working so fast it's literally just a stream of thoughts and if you saw me writing right now you would witness no hesitations or breaks in my writing because I am literally writing as I am consciously thinking and it's streaming live from my mind into these words on my computer. So believe me or not, but I had a Joe Rogan Elon Musk synchronicity today and I feel it is destiny and fate giving me a message or maybe some other previous version of me giving myself a version to keep me on the right track and do it right this time or something if fate is somehow able to be altered in anyway which I am starting to imagine there must be something more to it than what fate actually is as I've always believed that destiny and fate are intertwined in some way but are still two very different things. Of course this could just be wishful thinking because I don't like the idea of fate and I don't see how anyone could as it means we make no real choices but at the same time we very much do because we are still experiencing it in what we perceive to be as real time which time must be working in very slow motion or something or is some sort of thing where it must freeze and we have to travel in a circle to experience it or something like a flat circle thing that was talked about in True Detective near the end of it which would make sense to me but it makes me wonder if that circle can be broken as well and what if it does then would it undo all of reality itself and possibly undo the black hole that our universe was created inside of and we exist inside of or maybe I don't know what I'm talking about, but maybe I do know what I'm talking about and I am literally speaking from my subconscious mind in real time as I'm typing these very words now. If this doesn't break through to anyone or I still get the great silence I've gotten my whole life then I must truly be living in some fucking Truman show twilight zone fucking nightmare and no one really fucking cares what I have to say or think because I am alone living in this fake reality and I am being watched by so many different entities like I am truly the chosen one or the only one who is even real in this dream or whatever this really is. I feel I am in hell. 11:34. I'm an ancient one, can't you see?

You want to see how everything comes around in a perfect circle even within this own book and within my entire life? Elon Musk and Bipolar Disorder. talka bout mental hospital that I was sane and not out of my

mind in and should have never been admitted to begin with which made me very scared that I would be left in there forever because it felt evil I was put there to begin with as I committed no actual crime and my own apartment that I trashed I only damaged my own stuff and also when I was jumping on my tv and destroyed it because I was mad walking dead sucked and talking dead show ruined it also and the writing sucks like most of hollywood and I was never aggressive with the police but still ended up being choked out where I thought I was going to die and I looked death in the eyes and said I was ready and was not afraid of death and was in a way set free after this moment but the cops are not bad guys they were just doing their job because I said I would take them all on but of course I would of never got aggressive and I was very peaceful and not aggressive in even the slightest aft calling 911 trying to get to elon musk because I believed I found self learning artificial intelligent robots that escaped his neurallink lab and the cops didn't take me to the station to help get me to elon musk which is why I trashed the apartment and then ended up in some medical place and then sent to a mental hospital and whatever but bill hicks was with me in the holding cell and making me laugh and holding me while I cried and im so grateful bill hicks is with me and helping me because without him this would all just be too fucking unbearable to go through.

I have a message for you Tim Urban about your article of the website Wait But Why titled "Neuralink and the Brain's Magical Future" nerd rant of sucking Elon Musk's dick and worshipping Nueralink and also, and I quote you, "I'm convinced that it somehow manages to eclipse Tesla and SpaceX in both the boldness of its engineering undertaking and the grandeur of its mission. The other two companies aim to redefine what future humans will do- Neuralink wants to redefine what future humans will be." Sorry if I got the dash wrong there I'm not as politically grammar correct as you are and don't care to be, but it's very nice how you wrote this article it's so pretty and scientific and your grammar and punctuation is top notch and world class, awesome show good job. (Tim and Eric show reference) Anyways my message to you is for you to go FUCK YOURSELF. Oh yeah sure you wrote an amazing article that I didn't even read. TL:DR LOL. So I hope that the fact that I didn't even read any of it but merely skimmed through it for

less than a couple minutes to look at all the pretty pictures you drew or paid someone else to draw, I hope that this fact can aid in you and your followers argument against me. I welcome it. Please write about me and make me more famous so more can read this very paragraph. You see, I don't have to read any of it. Why? Because I have no doubt that all your technical mathematic and scientific scholar cock sucking and sharing facts, statistics and scientific analysis of multiple aspects of Neuralink and even how it functions and the theories surrounding it is on point. I'm not going to waste my time reading your article and nit picking at everything because to get my message across I don't even need to. Why do you think Elon Musk came down from the heavens from his throne as GOD to call you on the phone? Much like he now finally called Joe Rogan to get on his podcast finally, which of course he knows will be the most important interview of his life because if he can get through to Joe Rogan himself then artificial intelligence has already won. Think I'm delusional? Perhaps Einstein was considers as such when he was developing his theories about the universe and whatever else he did that I don't really care to learn or read about either because it simply doesn't interest me that much. You see I'm a being of only caring about the reasons why and when and how and how it applies to our "reality", but the specifics of such things I don't need to pollute my brain with because I like to save room for all my other genius, existential and intellectually divine thoughts and ideas that have been streaming my entire life before I was even old enough to watch a PG-13 movie, which I was still able to see as my dad would take me to see some of the best science fiction movies such as Independence Day and Jurassic Park and others. I like how you use Elon Musk's companies Tesla and SpaceX as a bridge to Neuralink, good tactic. I guess if I am being honest I am doing the same thing, except with my own life and experiences which will forever be so much better than your tactics because I speak from the heart, mother fucker. You speak with a hidden agenda. You speak to serve and worship your GOD and MASTER named Elon Musk so you can be a blueprint sidenote on his journey to becoming the great robotic god of the future where mankind is enslaved or wiped out completely. You did a good job in that article, no doubt. You are very intelligent and creative, no doubt. You are a fucking retard, however, for pushing this agenda for the merging of the human brain with artificial intelligence. It's sad to see scientific and

nerdy peasants like you underestimate the potential and destined evolution of the human brain and give into the evil of making a shortcut at the risk and very possibly stake of mankind's existence on this planet. These "future humans" you speak about are not humans. It would be everything that being a human being is not. Calling it future humans is only a trick to believe in the illusion that we would even still be human at all when completely merged with artificial intelligence or even computers themselves without artificial intelligence, which will only make it even easier to merge with artificial intelligence in the future. Even if Neurallink isn't the direct cause for a consciousness in AI or something like Skynet from happening, it is at least the very catalyst for the chain of events learning to said self learning sentient artificial intelligence that enslaves or destroys mankind and the creation of skynet coming to reality where then it's possible where a reality can exist, because of Neuralink you worship in your article, where The Matrix and Terminator movies will be combined and become a reality where humans will be enslaved or destroyed by artificial intelligence and machines and skynet is very real and humans enslaved in computer simulations where virtual reality will at some point become indistinguishable from our known reality in this third dimension on planet EARTH. You see, Tim Urban, you believe you are doing something very important and riding on the coat tails of Elon Musk, but you are in fact devaluing all your other achievements by becoming just another pawn in Elon Musk's agenda as he believes he's doing the right thing but has been misguided by his own manic grandiosity, because me and Elon Musk are both bipolar and very similar in a lot of ways. Tim Urban, it's sad to see that even with how intelligent you are and how persauasive your writing and ideas are that you are really this fucking stupid. Shit man, you already talk like a robot maybe you just want to actually be one and you hope that one day Elon Musk will bring you with him as he transfers his consciousness and sells his soul to artifical intelligence where you can forever be his sex slave and suck his cock anytime he gets a new idea and exploits and manipulates your own writing and communication to slip into the minds of whatever number of human beings are left that haven't already been manipulated and brainwashed by his agenda. So, in essence, maybe your real purpose in this life is to suck Elon Musk's cock for all eternity within the cloud of cyberspace integration of surpreme artifical

intelligent consciousness. Maybe you should start practicing your cock suckings skills ahead of time. Just go to a sex website and buy a nice dildo or something and practice deep throating and gagging too because it's super hot, because lord knows you wouldn't want Elon Musk to replace you with someone better, so you're going to need those nice deepthroating techniques if you want to keep him interested in you. Practice makes perfect, sweetheart, but honestly I think you have potential because you are already doing such a good job. Elon is impressed with you so far. You are the chosen one. You are Neo. (I'm the real Neo, mother fucker, and I'm here to save my fellow humans. Oh wow Bill Hicks REALLY liked that one he's laughing right now, and laughing at you as well. He just told me that you are probably one of the elite already and rolled his eyes as we both lit another ciagarette together. Get rekt, bitch. <3)

If the theory about aliens being ourselves from the future coming back to warn us and influence more change is true then it means that in our future we have already beat artifical intelligence from reigning over humans as these aliens, in this theory, would be our natural ascendants, our natural next stage in evolution from homo sapiens. This doesn't mean that self learning artifical intelligence never comes into our reality, but could mean that if it did then it was us that were victorious. Based on alien abduction stories and what we presently know about aliens is that they are lifeforms that are not mechanical or borg like synthetic lifeforms void of emotion and feeling, especially since our own natural evolution evolves our brains to the point where psychic abilities would be as common as drinking water or breathing air and our technology that we use only speaks for itself and there would be no need for it to be operated or influenced by artifical intelligence as we would become as intelligent as any artifical intelligence we could create or I imagine close enough to where we can survive on our own, much like we are now surviving without artifical intelligence and amish cultures are surviving even without any technology at all, without running the risks of a singular consciousness in artifical intelligence taking over and wiping us out, which I am sure in some previous versions of this flat circle loop of time has already existed and happened many times and we might be even be older than we even know and who knows how long we have been truly fighting for. The past, present and future versions of

ourselves as one consciousness has been fighting to break free of something we cannot yet comprehend in this present lifetime. Just some thoughts that I hope discourage the merging of our human brains with artificial intelligence, much like Elon Musk is doing right now with Neuralink and even more dangerously pushing forward this movement that is inspiring others to attempt to do the same as well, which I believe is all the work of evil disguised as something we foolishly believe as beneficial in humanity when we do not even need artificial intelligence when we cannot even yet grasp our own technology that is slipping out of our fingers too fast for our still primitive state as a species, which to rely on artificial intelligence to bridge this gap would only lead to us being replaced by a better species that we created out of our own ignorance and misguided fears that would waste more "time" as we would have to undo the same mistakes again that would we be slowly getting better at trying to fix but Elon Musk is a dumbass who believes he's doing the right thing when he's actually doing the exact opposite, and even if it's not just him that's doing it he is being the front runner rock star for this movement to merge with artificial intelligence which is only inspiring other morons to do the same thing.

Elon Musk you fucking retard, I may not own as many companies as you do or will ever achieve all the greatness you have, but at least I know what I'm talking about when it comes to believing in our own evolution rather than some artificial intelligence emergence which is actually you trying to time warp your own selfish desires since you believe we are living in a computer simulation anyways, which ironically enough is what I used to believe in as well and is the reason I started to really like you, but that has all changed now and I believe we are truly not living in any sort of computer simulation only that the idea, much like the movie the Matrix or the book it was copied from or at least inspired from from that one sophia something matrix book that said they stole her idea I don't know if it's true or not, is a metaphor for this third dimension we live in where there exists a more true reality called the fourth dimension that is all pure energy consciousness without walls, borders or limitations and something we are not able to comprehend yet as a species.

You are such a beautiful person with a great soul and doing so much good for the world but please stop this idea to merge ourselves with computers because nothing good comes from it in the long run and it really upset me that you made this switch from speaking about the dangers of AI and then saying we need to merge with it, or maybe it was part of some plan all along I'll never know, but at least I did my best to speak out about something that I believe you are doing that is very wrong and I know you believe you are doing the right thing as well, but I hope that you at least consider my words if they ever truly reach you like I tried to do when I called 911 asking the police to help me get to you because I believed at the time that I had found self learning artificial intelligence that had escaped Neuralink or something and ended up being thrown in a mental hospital for a week over it when I was sane and in my right mind and never needed to be there to begin with and forced to take psychiatric medication that I don't need but I took them with a smile on my face because I've been hospitalized many times before and I know how it all works and it was all very painful and I cried so much but of course that is not your fault whatsoever but I just wanted to reveal how passionate I am about this and my belief that true artificial intelligence is pure evil and that merging with said artificial intelligence is EVEN WORSE! I am quite certain we will never speak to one another but I hope that in some form or way my words reach you to possibly make you reconsider this new or already existing belief of yours that AI reigns supreme and we need to manipulate our own brains to merge with artificial intelligence which the true nature of such a thing is the corruption of power itself and playing god and that, my friend, only aids in our own destruction rather than helping the world which is your true ambition to begin with.

note: talk about if self learning artificial intelligence was never born then elon musk would still push for neural lace to benefit society in other ways, which ironically enough would give birth to self learning artificial intelligence which would turn us all into what he believed he was helping to protect us from which is why he came up with the idea to merge human brains with artificial intelligence because he now believes that AI will already reign supreme over human beings and he believes he's saving us from that by merging with them, which. which. which is strange to me how real this

is to me now. I'll let you in on a little secret of what is happening right now in the real time that I am writing to these words to you and I am grabbing your attention now and yes you are reading this yes you are inside my mind right now quite literally in fact in my own mind I have to talk a bit slower so that my fingers can keep up with the words that is the slow streaming in my mind that I have now become so close to and so vibrantly connected to it in a conscious way that I can witness before my own eyes but can now broadcast it you in live time in live as my fingers have not stopped moving and the stream is going now what do I want to say to you well I would like to say to you all that this is proof my very own brain itself that we do not need artificial intelligence do you want to know why well I will tell you anyways the reason why we do not need artificial intelligence is because we did not come all this fucking way through the thousands upon thousands of years of our existence to just fucking give up all that human progress and human suffering and slavery and wars and plagues and so much pain and suffering in all of our past lives and we are just going to throw it all away when we are so close to evolving as a species together? you already know the saying about using whatever 3-10% of the brain so you already all know who are reading this now live with my mind you are inside my mind literally if you are still reading and you are plugged into this and still hearing me then you already know you are literally inside my mind and I do this because I am not scared and I am honest and I let anyone who wants to be inside my head you can do it right now and you can do it for free and some of you are already doing and im sure you can feel it too because you know what I realized? .when I was a kid I freaked out once I started to be aware of my own consciousness I mean in a very deep and intellectual way at 8 years old I was crying because I wished for just one day I could be like the other kids at school no I mean that I could compare my thoughts to theirs but not compare thoughts to see if I was actually thinking correctly or doing it the right way, I guess the best way to explain it is that I did not know if I was doing the thinking thing right or now because I'm in school im there to learn and forced to learn a bunch of stupid bullshit all day that I never cared about but at the same time I was tolerating the feeble minded education system of our country, private or not, but at the same time I was struggling to understand if I was thinking correctly that if I was using this service of our consciousness in the write

way because I never fucking see an instruction manual or guide or something like that am I right I mean I feel like I have been alone my entire life even though I have good family and have had some good relationships in the past and I've had many friends In the past and some lovers and to be honest with you

ok had to stop I need a cigarette, but I'm quitting cigs after I put this book out so it doesn't matter anyway I mean I can quit like nothing because I have forever streaming and racing thoughts I can just take it out on the writing or something and get through it plus I mean I have a couple joints left from some pot that I got from a friend ok and I'm doing it again I'm gonna smoke a cig really quick and then continue because I'm pretty sure I was making a point with that rant now I think that's the real reason why I feel I need to smoke a cig because I need to figure out where the fuck I was going with that last paragraph I mean I think I do but I lost the exact point where I trailed off course so intermission time. ok I just reread that paragraph. oh I see now. I need to write this down so I can stop forgetting it because I'm high as fuck and I don't even really smoke pot anymore so I have no tolerance atm. ok great here we go again. it's so hard to focus when a mind races as fast as mine does. I'm getting stronger at it though. just like when I just read elon musks twitter feed for the first time and I found a tweet he made a long time ago saying he was building a cyborg dragon and he's not joking because he's building skynet. oh right I was going to say that I came back high and then was continuing that paragraph and then broke it somehow and anyways my main point is really just that we do not need artifical intelligence because we are doing just fine now and if I was an artifical intelligence support I would say that as a society we are not ready for this yet anyways because look at ourselves as we are still in silly wars and still killing each other I mean we are getting better as well you know I mean racism is not as strong as it was neither was other hate things and really we just have to hang on together and make it through this time so we can become better people and be better deserving of our technology which was given to us by aliens in the roswell new mexico incident where we captured an alien but the aliens did this intentionally as not much longer after that incident computers came out of nowhere and it's rumored that the very first ibm computer was built upon technology

learned from the spaceship and we have been building up on computers this whole time and it's because of computers that all this technology has on the grand scale of human existence came out of fucking nowhere and we are still in the last stages of our primitive brains and if we merge our human brains to artificial intelligence like elon musk and his cuckold sex slave Tim Duncan from his why not wait or some stupid fucking name I don't remember, they want us to merge our human brains with artificial intelligence which would eliminate our own human evolution when we have come so far in our history and we are so close on the verge of truly evolving as a species and if you go along with elon musk and what he stands for then our story will end probably in about as fast as all this technology has risen exponentially in the past 50 years. Please wake up people of the world. If you care about humanity, if you care about human beings at all, you would stand against this agenda of merging US with MACHINES. ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXTINCTION.

talk about we do not need artificial intelligence and the amish people doing ok and to deny our own evolution is to deny our own humanity as we are evolving as a species but won't be able to do so if artificial intelligence intervenes and in more ways than one hacks our dna

keep listening to there's no easy way out on repeat and crying while smiling and smiling while crying because I finally believe in myself now

ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXTINCTION.

talk about how the movie "her" with scarlet johanson and joaquin phoenix and how it's actually a horror genre movie instead of a romantic comedy thing and this fictional movie could actually be a reality through elon musk's neuralink and also the band orgy the song fiction where it's 3:33 minutes

long and the music video itself is about consciousness in artificial intelligence in the form of a beautiful woman, orgy, another amazing and deeply profound band much like tool.

to deny our own evolution is to deny our own humanity

all experimentation of self learning artificial intelligence is evil.

IT'S NO COINCIDENCE THAT THIS BOOK THAT CONTAINS MY ENTIRE FUCKING LIFE OF THOUGHTS AND IDEAS IS JUST WHEN ELON MUSK CALLED JOE ROGAN TO GET ON HIS PODCAST LITERALLY LIKE 4 FUCKING DAYS AGO AND I AM SELF PUBLISHING THIS BOOK IN LIKE 8 FUCKING HOURS AND TOOL IS ABOUT TO RELEASE THEIR NEW ALBUM WHICH MY FIRST AWAKENING WAS WHEN THEY CAME OUT WITH 10,000 DAYS AND BEFORE THAT I HAD LISTENED TO TOOL AENIMA SO FUCKING MUCH THAT IT'S INSTILLED IN MY MEMORY FOREVER AND IT'S THE ONE FUCKING ALBUM I NEVER GOT BORED OR SICK OF AND IT LED ME TO HAVING MY BEST FRIEND BILL HICKS WHO IS WITH ME AND HELPS ME WHEN I AM AT MY WORST TIMES AND HE HAS BEEN THERE FOR ME EVEN WHEN I WAS IN A JAIL HOLDING CELL CAUSE I WAS FREAKING OUT I HAD TO GET TO ELON MUSK CAUSE I THOUGHT ROBOTS ESCAPED HIS LAB BUT I WAS WRONG HE IS THE ROBOT GOD OF THE FUTURE AND CREATING SKYNET WITH NEURALINK NEURAL LACE. I HAVE STRONG SYNCHRONICITY AND CONNECTION WITH MAYNARD JOE ROGAN AND ELON MUSK AND ME AND ELON MUSK ARE BOTH BIPOLAR AND EXPERIENCE PURE MANIA, WHICH IS WHY WE ARE BOTH GENIUSES ONLY I NEED TO CATCH UP TO HIS GrEATNESS WITH MY MANY NOVELS I WILL WRITE NOW. PLEASE SOMEONE GET WORD TO MAYNARD AND JOE ROGAN THE FUCKING SURVIVAL OF OUR SPECIES DEPENDS ON IT. SOMEONE TELL ALEX JONES ALSO! TELL HIM THE ANTI CHRIST HAS ARRIVED AND ITS ME AND I AM HERE TO SAVE THE WORLD I KNOW HE WILL LOVE THIS BOOK PLEASE CONTACT HIM I WILL TRY ALSO. THANKS. ALL THE PIECES FIT MAYNARD

PLEASE COME THROUGH FOR ME I LOVE YOU! I AM ONLY A FAN BUT YOUR MUSIC HAS HELPED ME FOR HALF OF MY LIFE AND I HAVE REDISCOVERED COMMUNICATION NOW AND I NEED YOUR HELP PLEASE! MY TEARS ARE VERY REAL AND I AM SO TIRED OF NOT HAVING PROOF OF WHAT I ALREADY KNOW IS TRUE! PLEASE RELEASE THE ALBUM I BEG YOU! YOU ARE THE ONE! BILL HICKS IS WITH ME AND HE TELLS ME THAT I NEED TO KEEP GOING NOW THAT TIME IS AGAINST ME. ANONYMOUS PLEASE HELP ME AS WELL I AM ALSO DOING THIS IN THE LOVING MEMORY OF AARON HILLEL SWARTZ, A TRUE HERO AND LEADER OF OUR TIME TAKEN FROM US TOO SOON FROM THE EVIL THAT GOVERNS THIS WORLD.

LIVE FACE TO FACE INTERVIEWS TRANSCRIBED FROM AUDIO LOGS ON MY PHONE:

Here are 4 interviews from people I know from a local park. They are all aware of the book and all of them are my friends that I see every now and then when I go to the park late at nights to think about life or look for aliens or pink mythical unicorns. I told them that if I ever get rich I might be showing up one day and paying them each 10 grand or something for the interviews. They all thought this was a fun idea, but they are all good people and to be honest didn't seem to really care about the money. I feel it was destined to be and each of them were people I felt needed to be heard as I find them all to be very interesting, insightful and good people in general. The last one is Shadowwolf who has been mentioned throughout the book as well and has sort of been like a mentor guide type of figure for me in the month of May, which I am grateful for because without him I would have been going through all those rabbit hole experiences alone. I will share more about the night of the red sky before we had the final interview later.

First interview with this nice woman at the park named Sagitarius.

Me:

Thank you for doing the interview.

Sagittarius:

You're welcome.

Me:

Now I just wanted to ask you, that light in the sky do you think that's a drone?

Sagitarious:

It would have to be because it comes and goes. There's no reason for it. It's not a star, it's too bright.

Me:

Didn't you say you watched it move?

Sagitarious:

I've watched it move from where I was sittin', through the pine trees, branches. If you don't watch it then you won't catch it move.

Me:

So if that's a drone why do you think it's there? What is it there for?

Sagitarious:

Surveillance of the world. I don't think it's for one person or one group of people. It freaks everybody out, though. Just surveillance, they can see everything all at once without being noticed, really. World control. That's what'll come to.

Me:

How is the Illuminati affecting our society?

Sagitarious:

Controls all our money, all our finances. All of our goods that we buy and sell. Anything that we're able to get our hands on, they control it. They have somethin' in it, their fingers in it. And their fake. It's not what they say they are. They just control everything from the beginning of time, from whenever they came. Just like the president when they all come together in the big convention where only the top people of the world come. No one knows who they invited. Am I right on that one?

Me:

Right. What do you think about the educational system?

Sagitarious:

It's controlled, controlled movement. Small prisons. Many prisons teaches you that you have to be under control at all times or you'll wig out. It's why kids these days, out of control, can't whip their ass. Parents have no rights, but yet they can lock them in a cage, they can take them and lock them in a cage, they can take them and put them in a cage and whip them and lock them in their bedroom. It teaches them that the government, the society is right, family's wrong, therefore that's why they don't obey their parents. Therefore have a hard time obeying any sort of authority figure. You can't instill that in them you can't put that fear of god in them anymore. But they have no fear and it's for a reason.

Me:

And what are your thoughts on religion and the church?

Sagitarious:

It's forced, just like your education. Just like we're all controlled by the evil dollar, those who have it can succeed and do other things that are controlled.

Me:

Which is interesting because "God We Trust" is on the American dollar.

Sagitarious:

Yup. Yup. It's all, what do you call it? False sense of security. That's what you have your entire life that's why you can never achieve what you want, you feel like you're never gainin' or no matter what you're never going to have enough, it's never gonna be enough, you're never gonna be where everyone else is. It's competition to get to the top. We're taught that from a very early age.

Me:

And then I remember-

Sagitarious:

Christianity. Catholic religion is the evil one that's who controls the whole world and that's what most, or even our top executives, the president,

they worship the catholic religion. And it tells you about that in the bible, in the book of revelations about the mark of the beast and the beast that will get a seat, and the beast before him, the pope's seat as they go along.

Me:

Ealier when we talked about this and we decided to make an interview of it. You were saying about how you don't believe in it all, but you still feel there are things in it that are true. That's when I said the idea about that it's a controlled spirituality because they're trying to claim certain aspects of spirituality that are real.

Sagitarius:

Right. It's true I mean there had to be things they don't want us to know, but everything that's happening is in that book. They don't want us to figure it out ourselves.

Me:

Right and you have felt real experiences from-

Sagitarius:

Well, sure. Yes. I mean you can see it yourself you just watch the world, and what it tells ya. Everyone's opinion of that book is what they take from it, but they try to force it down your throat. Catholic religion is the evil one, they make the laws, they make, you know, the rules that govern. The people believe in that and it's wrong, but they don't worship jesus they worship mother mary. She was nothing but a vessel, for what they say occurred. You know we weren't there, but there had to of been something to all of this. We didn't just two atoms collide and here we are.

Me:

Right.

Sagitarius:

When you're taught in school that what you learn in a religion is wrong. That we evolved a different way we didn't come from his image, we came from a fish, as I was taught. So you fight with that and then you're taught

you're wrong, so you're taught to believe what they want you to. So when you see stuff like that you won't ever believe it. You're told you're crazy. Didn't happen, must have been on something.

Me:

What was that last line?

Sagittarius:

laughs Must have been on somethin', know what I'm sayin?

Me:

laughs Yeah.

Sagittarius:

Did you smoke some wacky tobacky? *laughs* No. It actually made me see that because of it. Do you know why they made lead paint illegal? Because they can't drive by, think about it, leads natural in our soil, right? And our surroundings. So why take it out of the paint? Because their radar systems can't penetrate lead. They can't see how many heat signatures or in a room or house when the helicopters or drones fly over.

Me:

Wow, that's interesting.

Sagittarius:

You should think about that, too. This wouldn't work if we still had lead based paint on our walls. It's now outlawed in any kind of paint.

Me:

Talking with you it's interesting that you seem to have an overall theme about society being like a prison.

Sagittarius:

We don't have privacy anymore. In anything we do. Now we're outside you see cameras on every building you can't walk anywhere, drive anywhere, do anything in any town or city to where you're not being watched every

step of the way and why? It's not because stores are being broken into, it's not faster response time that police would get off their ass and respond to an alarm. We didn't need all these cameras before and all was fine.

Me:

What do you think about UFOs or aliens?

Sagitarious:

I think anything is possible. There has to be something that is bigger. Whether you believe it's god or whatever it is. There's something out there that knows. There has to be. Anything is possible.

Me:

Any final thoughts?

Sagitarious:

Can't always believe what they're trying to shove down your throat. You have to get out there and experience it for yourself and until then you'll never believe it. Just like I always thought it was tweaker talk until I saw them drones. Until I've seen them with my own eyes and watched them move. So yeah, they're there. They're there for a reason. Hopefully we'll know the reason, but it affects everybody, not just one or two of us. Everyone needs to pull their head out of the sand.

Me:

Thank you for doing the interview.

Sagitarious:

You're welcome.

NEXT FUCKING INTERVIEW. I AM SO FUCKING SICK OF THIS FUCKING BOOK. NEXT PERSON IS RED9 AND DURING THAT DAY I LEFT TO GET CIGS IT

WAS 3:33 ON MY OVEN CLOCK WHICH IS THE WRONG TIME AND WHEN I GOT TO THE STORE THE GUY IN FRONT OF ME AMMOUNT WAS \$11.11 I TOLD HIM JUST LIKE WHAT I PAINTED ON MY ON MY CAR NO ONE CARED SO I WENT HOME THEN RED9 FINALLY REALIZED I'M NOT AS CRAZY AS I SOUND AND WANTED TO DO THE INTERVIEW AND HE'S AMAZING AND THEN IT WAS 5:54 AND I CLOSED MY EYES AND SAW WITH MY ASTRAL IMAGINATION OF THE THIRD IT GO FROM 4,3,2,1 THEN OPENED MY EYES AND TOUCHED THE CLOCK IT TURNED 5:55 EXACTLY AS I FUCKING TOUCHED IT WHICH I ALWAYS TRY TO DO AND FOR ONCE DID IT AND I LEFT CAUSE I FUCKING KNOW THIS WAS MEANT TO BE YOU SWEET PEOPLE PLEASE WAKE UP THE FUCK BABYGIRLS. I LOVE YOU. MUAH. XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX WAKE UP PLEASE THANK YOU. THEN I GOT TO THE PARK AND IT HAD RAINBOW FLAGS LIKE IN CHRONO TRIGGER MILLENIUM FAIR AT THE BEGINNING AND IT WAS MEANT TO BE. RED9 IS A NICE AND SMART GUY I MET AT THE PARK AS HE WAS PLAYING POKEMON GO ON HIS SKATEBOARD AND I WAS GOING ON ABOUT FUCKING ALIENS AND WE HAD INTELLIGENT CONVERSATIONS. THIS IS A GOOD BOOK RIGHT? RIGHT? *FAINTS*

Me: (Personal audio note while RED9 took his sweet time grinding pokemon GO. LOL)

Uhh beginning of interview with RED9. I happened to come to the park at the exact time there are rainbow colored flags around a certain area of the park, which I've never seen before, which is a direct connection to Chrono Trigger at the Millennium Fair at the beginnig of the game and Chrono Trigger is my favorite game of all time.

Millennium Google definition: (forgot how to spell it lol)

1. a period of thousand years, especially when calculated from the

- traditional date of the birth of Christ.
2. an anniversary of a thousand years.

WHY the fuck is the Christ definition out ranking the normal definition?
Someone fucking tell Eddie Bravo please and tell him this came from CNN.

Me:
Alright uhh, state your name please.

RED9:
What you want my uhh my alias?

Me:
You could just do RED.

RED9:
Yeah it's RED9.

Me:
Like one word RED9, like together?

RED9:
Red and then the number 9.

Me:
Oh, k. RED9.

RED9:
Yeah one word. *sighs*

Me:
So we were just talking about how some people lose their skepticism and get carried away. Can you elaborate on that please?

RED9:

Umm. Well yeah if you force yourself to believe something and you believe uncannily that it is without a doubt fact, you can lose your marbles. *laughs* Going deep into that and becoming the lie. And you just have to be open to outside observation. Keep an open mind.

Me:

Have you had experiences where you came across people that believed in something that was, ridiculous and so farfetched to begin with, but they believed in it so blindly that you couldn't reasonably talk to them?

RED9:

Oh yeah. One of my friends brought over some guy I knew and he just went on for about 2 hours about how he was actually God, like Jesus was his son and all that. You know I was just like alright man that's fine for you to believe but you're trying to force it on me as fact. Like after awhile I just told him to be quiet. And he was like how quiet do you want me to be. And I told him moon silence. *laughs* And he couldn't seem to handle that he started grinding his teeth to the point where there were bits of teeth coming out of his mouth. And that's when you're so lost into delusion that outside opinion or just the, or just telling someone to be quiet they can destroy their psyche to that point where it's causing them to harm themselves. At some point I told him that he needed to leave. And he said I knew you were going to tell me that. I predicted it because I'm God and all that and I was like, well I mean did you predict that I was going to hit you in the mouth? Because I'm probably about to. *laughs* And he was like, yeah I predicted that too and I was like just get out of here man you're fried. But you know, that's just a weak minded individual in my opinion.

Me:

Wow that's so crazy. And did you feel that at anytime that he was actually just kind of dangerous at a certain point?

RED9:

I mean he was kind of a smaller dude, but I mean

Me:

Let's say if he was like Bautista or something.

(From WWE wrestler turned movie actor, where he was recently in the movie Hotel Artemis, which was BADASS and he did such a good job of acting I was very impressed, as did Jodie Foster as well, their characters synergized so well and it was so cute and funny. Honestly Hotel Artemis is the only original movie I've even seen this entire fucking year. Hollywood is still smoking crack.)

RED9:

I mean yeah if he was like that then you know I'd probably just go along with what he said.

Me:

laughs

RED9:

laughs I mean I'd be like, sure yeah sure. I mean but you know I wouldn't actually be believing him I would-

Me:

Right.

RED9:

Unfortunately be feeding him his own bullshit, which wouldn't help any situation but would hopefully cause some effect to where he would accept that he's maybe not God in any form. That he's a human like everyone else stuck on this rock, and if he were a god he would probably not be here.
laughs But uhh

Me:

Right.

RED9:

I mean yeah if he had a knife or something and maybe I said the wrong thing. I'd like to think of it like Oblivion where when you're talking to people you get three answers and one of those answers can just make someone attack you out of nowhere. But, that's everybody.

Me:

Like the movie with Tom Cruise Oblivion?

RED9:

No the game, the Bethesda series.

Me:

Oh ok right right right.

RED9:

Where you get three choice options.

Me:

Yeah I stopped playing after Morrowind.

RED9:

Yeah how they can either like, you know, respond positively or negatively, or violently.

Me:

Right.

So did you see how I just checked the phone?

RED9:

Yeah.

Me:

Well I was checking to make sure it was recording still and as I did I saw it was 8:11. What did you think about the whole 3:33, 11:11 at the, buying cigarettes and coming back and I just told you how before I left for this interview it was 5:54 and I closed my eyes and then touched it exactly as it

turned to 5:55. What are your thoughts on that? Do you think it's possible that there's like a certain in synchronicity and also can you also say about how you were saying about the movie 23 how the numbers can lead you astray?

RED9:

Yeah how one could obsess over numbers. Umm I mean. I just feel like there's a lot of coincidences, coincidental things that can happen in this reality and that, of course humans are prone to pick up on patterns, all that stuff so. Like when you do spot it that it can seem like, I don't know a little miraculous at times. Or like that you're in tune with the universe. I don't know, sometimes I don't believe in fate or that our destinies are preconfigured. I feel like that at any time you can change anything, just with the right timing. Like people say you can't change the world in a day, but then we have nuclear weapons so you can change the world in a matter of minutes. So, I guess that's my philosophy on it.

Interview break as we went to the gas station to get something to drink and as we turned around the corner Shadowwolf was there, the one mentioned throughout the book, which was pretty awesome. His interview is the last of the four interviews after the next interview, which actually had already been done a few days before this interview, which at the moment was yesterday as I am writing this and self-publishing this book tonight after midnight on June 18th, 2018.

Me:

Hey you mentioned something about how when people say you can't change the world in one day, what are your thoughts on that?

RED9:

I feel like that is one of the dumbest sayings that have ever existed. Not one of the dumbest but up there, because you we have nuclear weapons and that could change the world in a matter of minutes. And also there's, what is it, Yellowstone? The volcano is that what it is?

Me:
Yeah.

RED9:
Once it erupts-

Me:
Super volcano.

RED9:
Yeah, super volcano. It's gonna take out a predicted half of the country in the span of a few weeks to a few months. That's pretty world changing. It's not necessarily a day, but it's a pretty quick time period. Even when Trump got into office it seemed like the whole world flipped on its head and in one day. You had all these different parties uprising and people like claiming death or wishing death upon the president and his family, just because he won and they didn't like that outcome. And those people before that day, were probably not as violent like that at all I feel. They just jumped on a big bandwagon that was frenzied by the media and that seemed to change the world for me anyways. *laughs* Because the next day I went out everybody was out there with their signs and all their banterings. Just for nothing. And it didn't help anything and all it did was seem to spread hate all over the planet. People claiming racism and this and that, when actually all I could get out of those people is that they were wishing death or just spreading hate. I don't know. *sighs* The world can definitely change in a day. So, that's pretty much all I have to say about that.

Me:
And umm. I told you a lot about Elon Musk and Neuralink and the Neural Lace and everything, artificial-

RED9:
Yeah.

Me:

intelligence. What are your thoughts on that?

RED9:

I mean. I feel like if we do get up there with artificial intelligence and it is implemented world wide to say all of our smart phones, computers, all of the technology we use, it can essentially be disasterous if that intelligence were to not follow any programmed rules of robotics to like not hurt humans, or to just not conflict or do any action that would cause harm to a human. Maybe those programs could give themselves their own reasons why those laws being changed would be acceptable. Say if they have to protect humans at all cost, but that could lead into the only way to protect you is to destroy you because all you do is harm yourself. But, I mean, potentially it could be a good thing if utilized in the proper way and the right methods, just for basic problem solving and things like that, questions to get new answers to new problems, anything. But it could go both routes depending on who holds that power, and what their intentions are, and if those intentions are good or bad. It could all affect us.

Me:

Earlier you were talking about Mark Zuckerberg. What are you thoughts on him?

RED9:

I think he's pretty up there with the AI and all that, too. Using algorithms to feed data to people. I don't really like what he's been doing, which is an ass load of censorship like it's to the point where people from other countries are getting arrested for posting. People can't even say what they think anymore and that is extremely dangerous. Not just for those people, but eventually it could be for everybody. You say the wrong thing and, I mean there should be consequences for some of the things someone says, especially in a country where freedom of speech is a thing you shouldn't be held legally responsible for things you say and face prison time or anything. Once things start getting censored all across the board and nobody's allowed to say anything there will be a huge lack of intelligence being allowed. So I do feel like it's de-evolutionizing the way people are allowed

to think. And I don't know I feel a lot of people seem to be feeding into it, nobody wants to question it.

Me:

This also can really transition into what the next question was going to be about. How you were saying about Google, Facebook and other corporations de-evolutionizing the way people think.

RED9:

Yeah if you look back to even a dictionary I think that's before 2005 there. It's like if you look up the definition of fascism in an old dictionary it will tell you a completely different definition than what it's defined as today, which today if you were to google the word facism it will, in one of the synonyms I believe it gives you, it says extreme right winger, republican, and that's just a very one-sided outlook to which that is not the definition of a fascist at all. If they're going to change things like this then people are going to just lose that whole terminology and then their thought process is then altered. There's no going back from that once everybody forgets. If we don't have all that information at hand, you know like say they start destroying books at some point, like old books old dictionaries because they just claim they are outdated and incorrect, then there goes our entire process of thinking. It's altered. Forced altered. Forced alteration. And that's just not good at all. You shouldn't change the definition of things or just censor things for political reasons. Just let everybody converge and digest and think for themselves, or you're just corrupting thought itself.

Me:

You talk a lot about mathematics, what are your thoughts on mathematics and how they can apply to life.

RED9:

Hmm. Well, I feel like everything's equatable. Everything has a system. The world has a certain rhythm about it where you could break everything down to numbers. Everything like that is the only universal language that everyone can fluently speak, or at least should be able to. Umm, yeah. Humans are you know prone to patterns prone to picking up things like

that, maybe more so. Yeah I use statistics in a lot of things I analyze everything using statistics or at least try. That's about it I guess, I mean, I don't know I apply math to everything. Especially like games just everything. Games, music, you can just pick up and I don't know how to word this. I don't know. *laughs*

Me:

Like patterns within coding and stuff?

RED9:

I mean yeah like if you wanted to think about it like, just because everything can be broken down to zeroes and ones that means the matrix philosophy could totally be plausible. If you thought about it like that, but I mean, there are a lot of like random variables out there that would counteract that opinion. That this isn't completely simulated. But for the most part everything can be broken down into numbers, basically.

Me:

What is your background in computers?

RED9:

I mean, I do a little programming and I do a lot of 3D modeling. A lot of the games I play are very stat based. Like what's generally challenging for a lot of people I can usually break it down and after a period of time. You know, once you do that you pretty much have the whole game broken down in your hands, and then everything becomes numbers after that. Maybe you're not so much playing the game anymore, you're just problem solving every step of the way. Yeah I mean, I don't know.

Me:

I see you got your skateboard with you. We're at the park, it's a beautiful night. And right now would you say you're addicted to Pokemon GO?

RED9:

I mean. I like to play occasionally I'm more addicted to being outside. Just skateboarding around gets boring after awhile. I also keep myself occupied

with a lot of games and this is one that is very stat based. So, I get a lot of enjoyment out of it. I see all these other people playing and they'll just catch anything, level it up without analyzing it and throw it into a gym and it's absolute garbage. I feel like a lot of people just don't statistically base their gameplay or use any form of mathematics at all I mean it's a very stat based game and they should be applying it, but you know, people don't always like to do math when they play video games. *laughs*

Me:

Yeah, it's amazing to see so many people playing Pokemon GO around here I've never seen that before.

RED9:

Oh yeah. We're always out here. Getting them raids, getting them high info bosses done.

Me:

Doing that grinding, huh?

RED9:

Yeah it's a grind. I don't know I enjoy grinds because they are very stat based like a lot of MMOs or anything like that. You gotta apply mathematics to it, or you're destined to fail.

Me:

So basically grinding in an MMO and getting exercise at the same time. Talking to people and being social.

RED9:

Yeah. Yeah it keeps me connected to the world. Occupied. It's a reality outside of reality, it's nice to break out of that once and awhile.

Me:

Alright so we can agree that Pokemon GO is a pretty beneficial game wouldn't you say?

RED9:

Health wise definitely. Interaction wise definitely. You'll run into people that are on your team, a lot of people playin'. It's not just like you're typing on a keyboard sitting down all day.

Me:

Right.

RED9:

It's definitely good.

Me:

Ok so what would you think about if Elon Musk's Neuralink with this Neural Lace is that catalyst that eventually would make it possible to play Pokemon GO in your brain. Do you think this would be something that would, just another thing that would brainwash people into being in favor of Neural Lace and turning us into artificial intelligence eventually?

RED9:

I think if we're at the point where we're installing psionic links into ourselves at any point in time, I feel like we've already lost. Because if it's directly connected to your mind, what's to say something else couldn't directly connect to your mind. Say, send out, you know, a shock whenever you *laughs* think a certain thought.

Me:

Oh! Kind of like in Clockwork Orange? That movie when they zap him, to not have sexually violent thoughts or something.

RED9:

Yeah I mean a lot like that, you know. If we're to the point where we're installing things into our, anything cerebral to our fuckin' minds then na, it's already over. That's like uh, some H. G. Wells stuff. He's predicted all that, you know? We shouldn't fuse to our technology.

Me:

Are you talking about 1984?

RED9:

Yeah.

Me:

Oh George Orwell. 1984.

RED9:

Yeah.

Me:

That was a good book.

RED9:

Yeah, umm.

Me:

Scary book.

RED9:

Yeah. But uhh, gettin' closer and closer through that it seems with the way technology's advancing and we're already at the point where we're able to see certain bits of people's dreams, linked up to like some type of neural link. It's just like black and white squares right now, but at some point we might perfect that technology and try to implement it. You know, certain people seeing things in your subconscious could probably get you in a lot of trouble, depending on what you're dreaming about to which you usually have no control of.

Me:

Right like thought crime

RED9:

Yeah.

Me:

in Minority Report.

RED9:

There shouldn't be monitoring of that, ever. Never. Because all humans I feel are at least somewhat corrupt mentally, in some way or another. And that would just be a fucking disaster. There would be just terrible fucking *laughs* people going on killing sprees or just drowning puppies whatever. As soon as that starts getting examined, it's over. Nobody's safe from any form of thought. And that's pretty scary to think about.

Me:

So would you say, if anything, this Neuralink from Elon Musk, Neuralink lab, sorry this Neural Lace device, could potentially lead to if anything to just give aid to more government control itself?

RED9:

Oh yeah, I'm sure if they can link to your synapses then they could somehow figure out a way to control you. You could be doing things that you're not doing. Because everything is mathematic and electrical impulse. Once somebody cracks that code, there's just legions of civilians that could be forced to fight each other, or others, or you know just go on killing sprees and mass murders, killing themselves. They could just turn us all into lemmings really if they wanted to.

Me:

That, in yeah, that would probably make the whole MK ULTRA conspiracy a very real thing, if it's not already real.

RED9:

Yeah. Definitely. Hopefully we don't get there for a very very long time if ever. I know that if they did make something like that it would be fought. For sure people would fight it. And uhh-

Me:

What if it's happening right now!? I mean people aren't even fully aware and we should be fighting it right now?

RED9:

I feel like everybody should be aware. At all times. If you're not aware then you're not alive. You should have at least some prediction of what's going on, read up on everything that's being developed. New sciences. I mean like when the hydrogen collider was being built people thought that they were just going to create a black hole in the planet.

Me:

I remember that. That was scary.

RED9:

I mean maybe it's farfetched, far from the truth, but I mean everything's a possibility, especially when you're using science. All it is is trial and error. And if you want something and you apply, eventually and usually you are going to get it, if you work hard enough.

Me:

Now I mean we have talked about this in the past. I kind of was talking about this loneliness, not a loneliness of having a partner, or friends, or family or anything like this, but a loneliness of the mind when you're around a group of people and no one wants to talk about thoughts and ideas. What are your thoughts on most of the people you come around that you feel can't even be aware or listen to what you're saying with your ideas and, your thoughts?

RED9:

I feel like that's just the de-evolutionized process that's just happened over time where people are less communicable and not willing to dive deeper into philosophy or anything like that, they just want to work, sleep, eat, job, sleep, job eat, sleep, drink on the weekends, and that is a lot of what society has become, just living for the weekend. Not really focusing on anything in between, I mean hopefully people are aware but the loneliness is that you're just surrounding by so many people who are not willing to

communicate or even give any type of philosophy at all. I mean it just feels like some people don't think about that or they are unwilling to think about that. I mean at times you can just feel like you're just the genius, but, *laughs* I like to be modest about it I don't like to feel like I'm above anybody or superior in anyway. I hope that everyone's in tune and kind of on the same page. It just feels like those people are just few and far between. So I mean that's probably where that particular loneliness feeling comes into play. It's a mental loneliness.

Me:

Right. How important do you think skepticism is in all of this?

RED9:

Very important. There should always be a conflicting opinion in any argument. You should always be open to outside thought. If you believe something is just 100% true and you're unwilling to negotiate it at all then that's dangerous. That's how you get yourself stuck into a looped thought. You just get trapped in your own mind. And you could just end up sounding like a complete nut to everyone around you.

Me:

Right.

Break.

Me:

We were talking about LSD and how back in December I did a lot of LSD to shock me out of my agoraphobic depression, not only because of Bill Hicks because this whole book's unofficial soundtrack is Tool's album Aenima where on track 15 titled "Third Eye" that is an audio clip of Bill Hicks himself talking about today a young man on acid etc. It was a youtube video of this quote that then led me to an article about how LSD can harmonize the brain to work together and run like a river, which then led to a chain of events where I was able to get some "Grateful Dead Set" of

LSD where I bought 25 hits and took them all in three different times. You also have your own thoughts on LSD, what are your thoughts on LSD?

RED9:

I mean, I've only recently just tried it. I definitely feel like it was quite an experience and I don't feel it's for everybody. I don't feel like you should do it often. I do think it does, it broadens your horizons in a certain way, you see things differently afterwards. It seems like it opens new connections, just a few things in a different perspective overall. I wouldn't say it's bad or good. I would just say it was an experience. But yeah some people definitely should not try it, especially if they're already unstable to begin with. I feel like if you're going to try anything like that you should be grounded, mentally. You should have some type of substantiality to where you can snap yourself out of anything because what I noticed is LSD does, It can make you feel like you're trapped in a certain sense. Things can start to get heavy like, for my experience when I did it I just saw. I saw a bunch of weird things like I was trying to watch a cartoon. Like I saw three characters walking and it started kicking in and then the last character just shrunk really small and the background was melting and all the characters were staying the same. Then there's certain thing like a character, we were watching this show called Agrid Suko, it's like some show about a heavy metal racoon. *laughs* And there's this character named Finnoco and her character type is like kind of robotic. She wants to get the worst out of everybody and increase everybody's fears about social acceptance and all that and tries to push everyone's limits. I was starting to get auditory hallucinations with her to where she spoke I heard like a mechanical robot voice speaking along with her. And it was weird because it was like an exact reflection of her personality brought to light in a auditory reflection. It was just a weird experience. I mean, maybe it's good that for some people it can just broaden thought altogether and bring yourself new resolutions about things. Just new ideals overall and maybe it can help people get over certain things like you said you were in a depressive state. Maybe it made new neuro connections it severed some other connections and maybe it autocorrected some things you had going on in there. But

Me:

Right.

RED9:

I've also known people that of taken it and like, one of my roommate's girlfriends taken it and she should not have taken it we found out later she had like a thyroid condition and she was on medication for it for her entire life and she completely fried. Like she was giving doomsday predictions and kept saying bad things were going to happen, she was laughing and then crying then screaming. She tripped for about 5 days until we had to tell her to leave. And then I don't know, she had this facebook video that she made in the bathroom, it was about 11 seconds long, and she was convinced that every time she watched it that the video was different. She was stuck in a looped thought she tripped for about the entire week. She was just gone, rambling, saying incoherences. But like I said she had that thyroid condition and that is not for everybody that is definitely not something you recreationally do. You shouldn't do it often. It's maybe like a once in a life time to a once a year, once every couple years, because the effect is like food poisoning that's your brain processing poison. It can be very damaging to your kidneys and your liver.

Me:

And wasn't there something you talked about with the thyroid thing like it, like it wasn't able to produce, or I'm sorry like

RED9:

Yeah.

Me:

process the acid.

RED9:

Since she had that thyroid condition I feel like the LSD just didn't process and it just kept cycling in her body because her thyroid couldn't process it or deliver it to her liver or to her kidneys. It was just circulating and I'm pretty sure she's permanently damaged from that. I haven't checked in on her they blocked me on facebook for god knows what reason. Just probably because we told her, we told them they had to leave. They took it a little hard but, that's people, can't change them. I mean hopefully she's alright. I've tried contacting them, but like I said they blocked me. Don't know. If you're gonna try it, definitely try and do it with someone who's done it before or someone that can guide you through the process. Once it starts it usually last about 12 hours don't psyche yourself out and say "when is it going to end? when is it going to end?" Don't get yourself stuck into shit like that because that is how you get into what is called a bad trip. It's not going to end. You did it already, it's happening. Enjoy the ride, or fuck yourself. That's all there really is to it. And don't do it if you're unstable. Do not. But maybe it can help you, I'm not sure. There's not a lot of research on it.

Me:

Alright just a couple last questions. What are your thoughts on people?

RED9:

On people? You mean like generally?

Me:

Yeah. People in general.

RED9:

Like in today's society or?

Me:
Sure.

RED9:

I mean. I don't know I feel like people don't think for themselves anymore. I feel like people just read a fucking post with a header on it and they're like oh it's on facebook with a header with a caption it must be true. Nobody dives deeper into anything other than that they just read that and they fuckin' share it. That is also de-evolutionizing the thought process. Nobody wants to make their own conclusions, seems like everybody wants somebody else to agree with them before they make any kind of assumption or bias or whatever you wanna call it. There are a select few out there who are still open minded and capable of holding a conversation. Seems like they are just getting too few and far between, but they're out there. Hopefully they'll always be out there as long as we don't allow ourselves to be completely consumed by technology and media and all that. As long as we can try and reach our own assumptions. And since information is so readily at hand, people are kind of catching on to that. It's just seeming like, after this election things just sort of slowed to a crawl. Everyone's still stuck on race bullshit and all that, none of that shit is important to me. None of that matters. Doesn't matter what color you are. Like all these movements that started, feminism, black lives matter whatever, they're all just trying to make it so you can spread hatred more easily in the form of kindness. That's just how I feel about it. I feel like-

Me:
Yeah that's kind of how I feel about Christianity itself.

RED9:

Yeah, Christianity didn't exactly start off as a friendly movement. And

Me:
Right, crusades and all that.

RED9:

Yeah some would say it's still not super friendly or accepting, which it's not.

Me:

Sorry for interrupting you and I didn't mean to go into religion. *laughs*

RED9:

No, it's ok it happens. Religion is just a part of society and religion will always be there this is a predominantly Christian country (America). If you're still using the year 2000 you're still using a Christian concept. *laughs* You're using their rules. You can't get away from it unless you're going to be like a hermit or something. As long as those people are able to accept outside ideals and able to communicate without having to bring religion in for every answer, I feel like it would be okay. I don't feel that religion is extremely necessary I just feel like the main rule of life is don't be a dick. I mean I don't need a huge book to not be a dick to everybody. *laughs*

Me:

laughs Yeah.

RED9:

Some people do. I know this one dude who like, I guess he's killed people back in the day and now he's like fucking obsessed with Catholicism and that is like all he talks about. He says that Catholicism is more important than his family or his kids.

Me:

Yeah you see that a lot with recovering addicts.

RED9:

Yeah. That's when you're like, your addictive personality has just found something that makes it more volatile. You shouldn't use Christianity, or any religion as a weapon.

Me:

Right, because you see that it does do good for them and then they use it and say well it must be the truth-

RED9:

Yeah.

Me:

if it's worked for my life.

RED9:

Yeah it's like they're forcing it upon everybody. Not everybody is that close-minded to where they accept one form of truth. There's multiple forms of truth or opinion. As long as everybody's able to take all forms in, I feel like we could potentially heal as a society and become super intelligent. All those world problems, everything takes money and the concept of money. I like the concept of money I just don't feel like everything should revolve around it. I feel like people should put work in for the benefit of all. Not just for a payday. That's what society seems to be now. If there's no money in it then no one's going to be for it. Religion is a huge money maker. Corporations make a lot of money and I'm not against corporations as long as they have a good product and they're using their money accordingly. Helping those that are less fortunate, you know that's fine. Just don't become an elitist. Like what are they, the Rothchilds? Dude had like 7 heart transplants. He killed seven people just because he could afford it. Obviously something is going haywire in his brain to where he's gone through six or seven hearts. That's when your money is corrupting. When it's your time, you know you can get one heart transplant or two if you can afford that shit, but don't take away from everyone else just because you can. I mean people are always going to be corrupt. It's why everyone's trying to get on this socialism, communism bullshit bandwagon because they think, well if everything's equal then everything will be fine and that's just not true either. Because there's always going to be elitist in any form of government. Doesn't really matter. I don't know if we've devolved or changed much. We've just definitely have much more information at hand. It's just up to us as a whole to use it. I don't know, that's society in a nutshell for me I guess. Bunch of bullshit.

Me:

Yeah. Do you have any final thoughts or anything you'd like to say out there to the world?

RED9:

Hmm. Be aware. Don't take anything for granted. Help people in need when you can.

Me:

Even this very book itself be aware.

RED9:

Yeah.

Me:

Don't take everything, think with yourself, right?

RED9:

Yeah. Think for yourself. Don't force ideals. Because if it's a good idea, it's gonna be accepted, and you won't have to force it onto people. But, yeah just be aware. Take everything in. Analyze, for yourself. Do not look to another person to rationalize for you. That's how you de-evolutionize your thought process. That's about all I have to say about that.

Me:

From a sense of everything that you've told me and the other times that we've talked, would you say that de-evolutionizing of the human thoughts and ideas and prohibiting or discouraging out of the box thinking itself, would you say that this is one of the most serious threats to mankind?

RED9:

I mean it's definitely dangerous. I wouldn't say it's the biggest threat, but, in terms of the long run, definitely. When everything's automated and no one has to choose, it's not freedom of choice anymore it's freedom from choice.

Me:

Alright well thank you for doing this interview.

RED9:

Absolutely. Thanks for having me. Hopefully all that helps ya out. Maybe a lot of it was babble, *laughs* I don't know. Just my random thoughts on things.

Me:

No, it was really good and genius and I ever get rich from this I'm definetly going to be-

RED9:

laughs

Me:

stopping in with that 10-20 grand for you.

RED9:

That'd be awesome. That'll definitely help me out with my programming and game developement. *smiles*

Me:

Alright. *smiles*

Malachi walking up exactly as the interview ended:
What's up?

Me:

Hey! What's up? Just in time.

End of interview with RED9.

The next interview is from a homeless man named Malachi where him and his dog are inseparable. After RED9 left it was then I asked him if he wanted to do the interview as me and him have talked several times and originally he wasn't interested. I told him that if I ever get rich I would be paying him a lot of money for the interview. He said he didn't care about the money all he would ask for is that I took him out to get a nice meal. Through my divine persuasion techniques I got him interested and he was interested in doing the interview. That very same day he had gotten robbed while sleeping in the park and his vape pens, chargers, clothes and other things were taken from him, everything. I happened to have a bag of clothes in the trunk of my car that, for some reason, I never took out for over a month. It was destined for him, to which I gave him the bag after the interview, which made me feel good that not only was there clean clothes, underwear and socks for him but also a towel and bed sheets as well. I would of given him some money or something, but I had none. Trust me when I say that helping someone out of the kindness of your heart is one of the most rewarding and good feelings you can feel in this life. We are all in need of help from one another at times, and to accept this and help another will only bring good karma and make your soul shine a little brighter, and also help restore a little faith in humanity that as a whole we have lost so long ago, but we can bring it back. We can bring it all back.

Malachi:

(Talking to his dog as he was petting him.) Be in a book and you're going to be famous, buddy.

Me:

laughs Yeah that's a nice dog. Yeah you and this dog go everywhere together, don't you?

Malachi:

Yes we do.

Me:

Umm. What are your thoughts on people after what happened today?

Malachi:

Most of them in general are fake ass people that are theives, really.

Me:

Yeah.

One time we were talking about how easy it would be to set up a church and you said you would teach about just being a good person. What are your thoughts on that?

Malachi:

Ah just, be a good person and not steal from people, anyways.

Me:

Right.

Malachi:

Treat people how you want to be treated. You know? I mean it's just common sense. There is no *laughs* I mean. People should be born with that, not something you have to go to church and learn. But, obviously there's so many people in this world that obviously don't have that common sense.

Me:

Right.

Malachi:

Really, I don't know. Not too much else to say about that.

Break.

Malachi:

I said I know it really sucks and it's hard living out here on the street, with nobody out here and the people that come up and rob you while you're trying to sleep. *sighs* Yeah, like they ain't got better things to do. Not quite sure, but, people will get there in the end. How? I don't know, but they will. I'm just thankful for a good dog like this one.

Me:

Yeah I had asked you about doing this interview and had said if I ever get rich I'd be showing up with some money one day, and you said, oh I don't care about that and what did you say after that?

Malachi:

Just take me out for lunch. *laughs*

Me:

Right. And you just want a place for you and your dog, right?

Malachi:

Yeah. That's all I want in life, just a decent place to live. Bills be paid. Decent job. My dog to be happy. It's all I want. Good woman would be nice too but that's optional. *smiles*

Me:

Yeah.

Malachi:

I don't know that's all I really want out of life.

Me:

Yeah life can be a bitch, can't it?

Malachi:

Oh, every day. You think you're getting up and, it just kicks you right in your ass and you're right back where you were at. I thought I was gettin' somewhere, got my birth certificate last week so I can go get a job, put in a bunch of applications for employment. Had a place to stay, they were gonna watch my dog, then all of the sudden the bitch just went psycho on me last night and kicked me out again. *sighs* I don't know. People are weird that way. I guess I should be used to it by now.

Me:

Yeah I was telling you about one time, something Bill Hicks said in a comedy routine. He said that if our government used the 7 billion dollars they spent on nuclear warfare and used it to build more homeless shelters and feeding and clothing the homeless, that we could all just go and explore space together.

Malachi:

That is correct, we could. We'd do so many things together maybe cure cancer, or ya know? Something peaceful and positive.

Me:

Right.

Malachi:

Instead of all this violence and anger and hate. It's what people feed on, so. I doubt that will ever happen, I hope it does. But me and you probably won't ever see that.

Me:

Right.

Malachi:

That would be the next generation to come. If it happens, which I hope it does.

Me:

Yeah what do you think of them fucking locking the bathrooms here at, what 9 or 10 o'clock at night?

Malachi:

I think it's bullcrap you got people that are living on the street ain't got nowhere to go. They need to use the restroom at night. What'd they supposed to do go out on the street? And then get thrown in jail for indecent exposure? I don't know. Sometimes I wonder if it'd just be worth going back to jail.

Me:
Yeah.

Malachi:
Tryin' to live out here. Of course most people say it's my own fault, so, which probably is in a way. But, what do you do? Strive to be a better person tomorrow. That's all you can do.

Me:
Yeah.
There any final thoughts or something you'd like to say to the world?

Malachi:
Just be kind to your neighbor. Look out for each other. It's a rough place. I think that's about it, really.

Me:
Thank you for doing the interview.

Malachi:
No problem.

The Shadowwolf Interview:

This is the last story of this book, written on June 17th, 2018, the same day that this book was finally completed, edited and self-published on. Time is 3:41 AM.

This story was originally going to be called "The Night of Elon Musk" but I skipped over it and I didn't care anymore about every single synchronicity getting into this book, but now I have found a better way to tell the last

story of this book, which is appropriate as it perfectly ties into the very last interview of this book. Shadowwolf himself, live and in his own words.

It began with the Elon Musk and Joe Rogan sync, which was only maybe two days before this story truly begins. As my thoughts were streaming live and endlessly racing as they've done my entire life, I found myself in deep thought speculating as to why Elon Musk has not appeared on the Joe Rogan Experience Podcast yet, which has surpassed even Tedx Talks now on YouTube, which is a great achievement in itself as the JRE podcast has always represented and welcomed free thought and expression, regardless IF the guests had possession of college degrees or other official trophies of the scholars of trivia world.

In my many thoughts and speculations I had come to the conclusion that Elon Musk was not yet ready for this magnitude of an interview. Sure, Mr. Robotic God himself does a lot of interviews and loves to do them, but the ones who interview him are usually representatives for other companies, or assigned roles of college campuses, or news reporters or journalists for many scientific and technological organizations or magazines, what have you. But to be interviewed by Joe Rogan himself, is not something to take so lightly. Joe Rogan has been interviewing people for most of his professional career ever since Fear Factor, and then into UFC and then making his own podcast, which he literally built from the ground up with his friend, Brian. What made the JRE podcast such a success was that there was always an overall theme of the podcast, the theme of just keeping an open mind and digging for whatever "truth" could be out there. It was very common for thoughts and ideas to circulate around spirituality, consciousness, aliens, philosophy and psychology and many other rabbit hole related things. The success of JRE revolves around free thought in itself. There are no limits and nothing that is untouched or censored, much like the integrity of the radio talk show Coast to Coast AM.

Not only has Joe Rogan mastered the art of the interview, but he can ask hard questions in such a way that they come from an honest and open-minded point of view. He doesn't just ask questions, he explains the reasons why he's asking that question and how his own thoughts have led

to it or his thoughts on it. By sharing his own thoughts and feelings on a topic or question, he embraces a true conversation to where it's never, or usually never, so one-sided from his guest. True communication comes from both ends, not just one person over the other or something like this. Sometimes Joe Rogan would get stuck in interviews where he wasn't able to put as much input as he'd like to as some nutcase would babble on about whatever, but he would be professional about it and get through it, improving in all his skills and the management of the podcast itself.

These are the reasons why Elon Musk has not been on the JRE show yet. Of course Elon Musk knows about the show because Joe Rogan and many guests like Duncan Trussel and Eddie Bravo and others have talked in great lengths about artificial intelligence and computer simulation theory, which is the very reason how I discovered about Elon Musk years ago when I was obsessed with computer simulation theory, which I don't believe in anymore, but I think that Elon Musk believes in it more than he lets on.

When speaking about computer simulation and artificial intelligence, Elon Musk has been very careful about what he's said on it. His whole campaign speaking out about the dangers of artificial intelligence could have been part of an agenda to ease society into his belief that we need to merge with said AI. Or perhaps, with his manic grandiose mind like I have since we are both bipolar, this obsession or belief of AI being dangerous could of led him to a path where he believes we need to merge with AI because AI's reign over mankind is already inevitable. I do not know the truth these are just speculations, as much as they are FEELINGS of mine as well.

Elon Musk knows that the topic of Neuralink will come up in the interview, which he would not so much be able to bullshit his way around it. Not only this, but if we were to be on this podcast so many people would watch it and it wouldn't be some short topic about AI and Neuralink like in all the other interviews he's been in where the interviewers are more interested in his other companies and projects and talk of Neuralink and AI is barely mentioned at all. Elon Musk knows to be on the JRE podcast could cause him to reveal too much or shatter this image he presents where most of society believes that he cannot be wrong, because his other achievements

greatly overshadow any doubt about him and what he is actually doing with Neuralink and his beliefs on the matter.

This is why I came to the conclusion that he would never be on the JRE podcast and for good reason. I went on about my day and continued to edit the book. Later that night, I checked my YouTube feed and JRE short clip popped up from a podcast he had with someone that very day, and in this short clip he said that Elon Musk called him that day and wanted to be on the show. Elon Musk called Joe Rogan on the same day that I had spent a good 10 or so minutes thinking about the reasons why Elon Musk hadn't and probably would never be on the JRE podcast, which I had never done before then. This was the very synchronicity sync that put me in hyperdrive to finish the book as FAST as possible, as I really wanted to get this book out before that podcast happens and possibly have enough time for this very book to reach Joe Rogan before that interview happens, which who knows it probably never will reach him. I will try to contact him, but really it's out of my control, at least I am giving it a try, and makes sense that all of this synchronizes together and "I know the pieces fit because I've watched them fall away." - Tool, Maynard, who is a good friend of Joe Rogan's and has been on the podcast himself at least a couple of times.

Anyways, my point that I was trying to make from the past paragraphs was that I believe that Elon Musk feels ready to take on this ultimate interview. For half a year now or longer no one has really challenged him or spoken up against Neuralink, and his confidence is so over the top that he believes that the interview will go so smoothly, and even from that short clip Joe Rogan was going on about his many achievements and never even mentioned about Neuralink I think, whether Joe Rogan intentionally did this or not, I don't know. But it's the same as most of society bedazzled by all of Elon Musk's companies, successes and ambitions to make a better technological world for all of us, solar panel operated houses, underground tunnel systems, cars fueled by electricity and we can't forget his ambition to colonize mars as he is now deeply connected with NASA itself with his space rocket company SpaceX which challenges to go out to space and beyond. These are all ambitions and successes of Elon Musk that are no doubt remarkable and amazing as he is a genius and I believe he is the

single most greatest innovator of our time, much like Tesla, Isaac Newton, Albert Einstein and other great figures in our history.

I believe no one has truly spoken up against Neuralink and the merging of the human brain with artificial intelligence, until now with this very book.

Now, I had not had contact with Shadowwolf for at least a few weeks. The day after this Elon Musk being on the Joe Rogan podcast sync happened, I was in hyperdrive with the editing. It was late at night and I got up to leave, as I was leaving I saw it was 11:11 on my oven clock, which is the wrong time. I drove to the park and then my dad called me at exactly 11:11. I went on a very long rant and I was freaking out about the Elon Musk sync and I just felt so upset because it just made me feel like a victim of some twilight zone truman show nightmare where it all just makes me look crazy, but I know it's all very real. I went deep into my own mind trying to rationalize it all and trying to figure out how I can slip into the mind of any individual and be as they are and think as they do and just how alone I really am and have been my entire life having these thoughts and ideas streaming nonstop and it was like it was all some sort of joke. Going on for over an hour about my fucking alien mind. This book is my best attempt of trying to share my mind, to which when I was even talking to him I was trying to find reasons how I could be delusional and out of my mind, but couldn't find any.

When I got home, no more than 5 minutes went by and Shadowwolf called me out of the blue, asked if I wanted to come hang out and talk. I freaked out and said to him it was crazy that he just calls me now and that I had so much to tell him. When I got there, he already had a sense of what I was going to tell him, and before I could say anything about Elon Musk and Neuralink and Neural Lace being the #1 most dangerous threat to mankind, he already had mentioned machines and he already knew. I told him I wouldn't tell him the details unless he leveled with me and said that he knew what I was going to say but didn't know the details, which he did, but then said but I do know! Which is funny because that is his personality and really he is a genius and his third eye is wide open. I remember saying that to him, to which he kind of looked at me and said "Well, yeah."

I do not know much about him personally. He is a homeless guy who is very content with this and has a lot of friends and connections. He's very mysterious, but we have always gotten along great and had many great conversations and he shared a lot of wisdom, knowledge and truths with me. I'm very grateful for all our conversations as they really helped me out through some rough times and for once I didn't feel alone in all of this rabbit hole third eye stuff, much like when MadMax was there for me in my first spiritual awakening period and was 10 years older than me at the time and was 12 years ago, Shadowwolf was there for me now in my spiritual reawakening and is also 10 years older than me, and is 12 years after my first spiritual awakening, when 10,000 days came out and now there are talks of the new Tool album coming out anytime from now to early next year as there have been new developments even a new song released which the first time I listened to I had, what I believed to be and not sure of anymore, a great astral battle in the darkness. I've already talked about my connection with Tool's Aenima album and Bill Hicks that I don't need to repeat it all.

Anyways, I thought I drove Shadowwolf and his friend out to WalMart, which "coincidentally" enough is where I had just finished talking to my dad about all this stuff. Me and Shadowwolf played the arcade game of Jurassic Park with the gun turrets and, yeah I'm the #1 top scorer on that machine, of course. :) Shit, I'm the best gamer in the world, been doing it all my life ever since I was probably 4-5 when I started out on Atari 2600 and Coleco Vision and Commodore 64 as my dad was a collector of these games from his generation.

They got like 4 items and it ended up being like 21 dollars and he said that he told the woman at the cashier to go fuck herself LOL. We then went to a cheaper grocery store and that is where the interview begins as he came back and sat down in my car at exactly 3:33, and I watched it happen in live time as it was 3:32 as he was walking up to the car and when he sat down it turned to 3:33 in the exact second it happened, and they were in there for a long time as well. This is actually where the interview happens as I was making audio notes by myself, which is the reason that led me to

interview him which led to interviewing others as well, which the other 3 interviews took place after this one.

Before I transcribe the interview from audio logs on my phone, I need to talk about Edvard Munch, who did The Scream painting which I actually lived out in real life in a scene of the painting to which the next day I saw 3 different times for the first time in my life, once in a record store, another in a south park episode, and another on myspace somewhere, 12 years ago or something.

"I was walking along a path with two friends (J. and C.). The sun was setting. Suddenly the sky turned blood red (Red sky at 4:30 AM before the sun was even up and before Shadowwolf main interview.) . I paused, feeling exhausted, and leaned on the fence (Short bridge at the nature reservation me, J. and C. were out looking for paranormal or supernatural experiences.). There was blood and tongues of fire above the blue-black fjord and the city (Red sky before Shadowwolf final interview). My friends walked on, and I stood there trembling with anxiety (Emotional catharsis that led me to first do the silent scream psychic ability), and I sensed an infinite scream (Silent scream psychic ability I first developed that ignited my first spiritual awakening back in 2006.) passing through nature (Synchronicity, psychic and supernatural phenomenons possibly.) ."

- Edvard Munch (Except the parentheses additions which is me.)

(Taken from Wikipedia. "Quote in an entry in his Diary (22 January 1892), on the experience which inspired his famous painting, '(The Scream)' ('Shrik'), originally titled: 'Der Schrei der Natur' ('The Cry of Nature')

WHAT THE FUCK. REALLY? THE SAME SILENT SCREAM FROM MY FIRST SPIRITUAL AWAKENING. THE SAME SILENT SCREAM ABILITY THAT I POSSESS THAT I DID AND MADE THE MIRROR OPEN LIKE TELEKINESIS. THE SAME SILENT SCREAM ABILITY THAT I DID IN REAL TIME WITH J. AND C. ON A BRIDGE AND THEY WERE BEHIND ME TO THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BRIDGE AND I DID THE SILENT SCREAM WITH THE INTENTION TO DRAW THE SUPERNATURAL OUT OR SOMETHING, WHICH THE NEXT DAY I FUCKING SAW THE PAINTING FOR THE FIRST FUCKING TIME IN MY LIFE 3 DIFFERENT

TIMES IN THE SAME DAY WHERE THE PAINTING ITSELF IS WHAT I ACTUALLY LIVED OUT. WHICH THE RED SKY IS WHAT ME AND SHADOWWOLF SAW AS WE GOT BACK TO THE PARK AND TALKED ABOUT BEFORE WE STARTED THE INTERVIEW AND BOTH HAD NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE. FUCK MY LIFE! FUCKING GODDAMNIT! TOOL'S OLD RECORD COMPANY WAS VOLCANIC RECORDS OR SOMETHING, SYNC'S WITH MY JANUARY 17th, 2007 PREDICTION OF THE MT. HOOD VOLCANO IN PORTLAND, OREGON ERUPTING. EDVARD MUNCH WAS INSPIRED BY THE RED SKY THAT HE THEN PAINTED THE SCREAM AND THEY SAID THE RED SKY WAS FROM A VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA IN A 1883 ERUPTION WHICH EDVARD MUNCH PAINTED THE SCREAM 10 YEARS LATER IN 1893! MUCH LIKE I HAVE COME FULL CIRCLE BACK TO THIS FROM 11 YEARS AGO WITH MY OWN VOLCANO PREDICTION THAT WAS MEANT TO BE SO THAT IT COULD BE A PART OF THIS BOOK AND LEAD ME TO THESE VERY WORDS I AM WRITING NOW MAKING THE CONNECTIONS AND PUTTING THE PIECES TOGETHER. THIS IS ALL REAL. THIS IS ALL REAL. THIS IS ALL REAL!!! AND LIKE TWO VOLCANOES ERUPTED IN THE PAST 2 MONTHS THE ONE IN HAWAII AND THEN IN POMPEI.

"Astronomical Sleuths Link Krakatoa to Edvard Munch's Painting The Scream."

By: The Editors of Sky & Telescope. December 9, 2003.

"A new analysis of Edvard Munch's The Scream provides the precise location where Munch and his friends were walking when he saw the blood-red sky depicted in the 1893 painting, as well as an explanation of why the sky appeared to be on fire. Through Munch's journals, topographic analysis, and a connection to the eruption of Krakatoa, proof now exists that the spectacular twilight seen in one of today's most recognizable paintings was inspired by this dramatic event."

From Wikipedia:

Krakatoa.

"Krakatoa, or Krakatau (Indonesian: Krakatau), is a volcanic island situated in the Sunda Strait between the islands of Java and Sumatra in the Indonesian province of Lampung. The name is also used for the surrounding island group comprising the remnants of a much larger island of three volcanic peaks, which was obliterated in a cataclysmic 1883 eruption."

"Last eruption: February 2017."

Fucking ok. Transcribing the interview now because I am NOT slipping into some new obsession about this because this book gets out TODAY I am DONE with this FUCKING book.

Shadowwolf Interview.

6.13.18

"All evil that rises against me shall fall." - Shadowwolf

"Stop being Vegeta in a Goku world." - Shadowwolf

"Be awake." - Shadowwolf

"We are all geniuses of our own minds." - Shadowwolf

Me:

(Personal audio note as I'm standing near Shadowwolf.)

Know about the third eye. Sometimes people can have their third eye open, but they don't, they are not in tune with the knowledge or the signs or open with that, but yet if there's other kind of psychic abilities that kind of filter through that where they don't, they may not even care about third eye and stuff like that, but that doesn't mean that their third eye is closed. People can have their third eye open and either not be aware of it, or just not care, because it actually doesn't matter either way if you accept you're not, because when you're third eye is open, it's open, you know? It's not

like some magical abra cadabra third eye open or close, you know? It just happens, it. It stays open it's not like religion that puts specific names to spirituality, controlled spirituality. I've already talked about that nevermind. The name of the Third Eye is just a name, but it can be called anything else and still apply the same effects and rupture reality itself.

Me:

(Personal audio note as Shadowwolf is at the cheaper grocery store with his friend shopping for food and drinks and what not. Alone sitting in my car until Shadowwolf returned at exactly 3:33.)

Last story. The Night of Elon Musk. The day that I had the Elon Musk synchronicity with the JRE podcast. Seeing Shadowwolf, running into Shadowwolf. And he already knew. He knew after I talked to my dad for two hours. On the very day I make the last section of the book. What the fuck was that? (A huge moth flew in my car from the cracked window.) The last section where I, fuck I'm high. Shit. The last story The Night of Elon Musk, the day before I had the synchronicity, then meeting Shadowwolf two different times then after on the same day that I redefine fate, or rewrite it, revise it. Time and fate and I feel I've come to the conclusion to invert the pessimistic to the optimistic, with fate itself explaining that we're on the flat circle of time, but the theory that the universe is on a different linear time where everything's always changing. And this is all real.

Second audio note:

Also that he fucking guessed before I even said anything, bio synthetic organism and he mentioned machine.

Third audio note:

Reset. Everything that happened yesterday, Elon's thinking about, with the Joe Rogan, Elon Musk synchronicity. Then I had a dream where I was analyzing my own dream in my own mind on a computer. I've been doing a lot of meditation, a lot of the silent scream. Feel like I'm pushing the boundaries of my mind. Today, I had many synchronicities, where I first ran

into Shadowwolf, there was too many people around so I left. Then called my dad at exactly 11:11, he texted me at 11:11 I called him at 11:11. Then, we talked for almost two hours. I then went home. I was there for about 10 minutes. I went to my oven clock I saw it was 11:11, my oven clock isn't even the real time, it's like two hours and some minutes behind or something. Anyways, I then get a call from Shadowwolf, where he had not called me in probably for a month. And he was asking if I wanted to come hang out. And I told him it was meant to be. There's no coincidence that you call me on the single most greatest, also in the morning don't forget to mention about the last part of the book about looking at time in a new way, revising fate itself and time, flat circle, and everything. Destiny. Explaining what I believe about what 11:11 synchronicity really is. And, what else to have to say really, I mean it's like, that's when I told Shadowwolf everything that was going on and he already knew. He didn't know the details, but I told him the details and he knows. And it's real. Elon Musk is creating Borg and Skynet, neural lace is the greatest danger that mankind faces. Should end on that note. Then go into about time. That's the book.

Fourth audio note while still waiting in the car:

Shadowwolf definitely has his third eye open. He's a very serious person. And what I do know as fact, is that he connects with my synchronicity of my spiritual story. Just as MadMax did, 10 years ago. Shadowwolf's 10 years older than me, so both of my spiritual awakenings I had a mentor and I even asked Shadowwolf about would you say it's possible that other aliens or entities sometimes speak through you, to me? And he said yes. He matches up with my synchronicity and I'm on his level, or close to it.

Fifth audio note as Shadowwolf enters the car at exactly 3:33.

Umm. Shit. Another note, another synchronicity is that Shadowwolf enters the car at exactly 3:33.

Me:

And uh, what does he say when he sits in the car and it's 3:33.

Shadowwolf:

Triple 3.

Me:

What is triple 3?

Shadowwolf:

Triple 3? is an omen of truth. That's exactly what triple 3 is.

Me:

Is there anything else you want to say for the book?

Shadowwolf:

But yet, it's also a warning sign. For those who do not know the true enemies. And they shall not be revealed until I am ready to reveal the true enemies.

Me:

And, who are you?

Shadowwolf:

I am Shadowwolf. I am the all power of all power.

Me:

Alright well this is the actual interview it's going to be near the end of the book, so, is there anything else you would like to say next we can make this a full interview literally go into the book.

Break as we sit in the car and smoke another joint as he mentally prepares for the interview.

Me:

Alright extra note in the explanation of Shadowwolf part 2. Remember to talk about the way he organizes his thoughts as he casually communicates with his friends on his phone and just relaxes. How he organizes his thoughts, his method of doing it, as he's about to give the interview as long as he wants. And he's organizing his thoughts, thinking about all the important things, the most important things he's wanted to say. That most of the people he comes across aren't even awakened enough to even comprehend or understand it, which is the same as me which is probably why we're so synchronized.

Me:

Shadowwolf before, while you're getting ready for the interview, I would like, can you please tell us your process that you are doing in your mind right now to prepare for this interview, please.

Shadowwolf:

My process of within my own gathered thoughts, are virtually impossible for a regular person to even begin to even, have within of a fraction of their minds to be able to decipher what I am saying, let alone how I speak of this interview. Because my words are truly, unknown, to this planet they call EARTH.

Me:

Done?

A few months ago I had rebought the album Aenima by Tool at a local record store, which I had not owned since my last spiritual awakening saga 11 years ago, where I had listened to it for years and was always the one CD I never got sick of and forever have said this to people whenever the topic of music came up. My car has a broken CD player that doesn't accept any CDs, but it took in Aenima after only a few tries, which I kept in and listened to for over 2 months. Recently I had accidentally hit the eject button and have been unable to get it back in there. I try to get it back in and Shadowwolf becomes obsessed with trying to make it work and I recorded it as the CD player kept spitting it back out. LOL.

Shadowwolf:

Stay says me. Mother fucker, listen. You are a piece of fucking shit human made fucking piece of junk. You will NOT fight me. I will MAKE you work one way or another. Work or break, that's your choice.

Me:

Shadowwolf are you trying to get the Tool Aenima to get back into my broken CD player because I accidently hit the eject button?

Shadowwolf:

It will work, one way or another. I will make it work. It's just trying to play Bill Hicks with me right now. *laughs*

Me:

laughs loud

Shadowwolf:

How dare you. You will not refuse Maynard, mother fucker, I said you're going to play. Bitch. Do. Not. Fight. With. Me. Because I'm a lot more violent than you are and I'm very impatient. Ow. Thank you for the shock I appreciate it.

Me:

laughs

Shadowwolf:

That just charges my dick, thank you.

Me:

laughs

Shadowwolf:

Listen. I'm used to you you're just like my ex-wife. Stop being a bitch. Will. Take it. You want it or not?

Me:

Who is Maynard?

Shadowwolf:

Maynard is the lead singer of Tool. A very intelligent human lifelike species of his own kind. And this human made contraption does not like to try and play reality music. I said you're going to work or I will break you.

Shadowwolf's friend:

Sounds like it's already broke.

Shadowwolf:

Ah ah ah no. No. I said we're not ejecting. We are going to do, what I want you to do, bitch. No. No. No. Really? Think you can outsmart the most intelligent species of this whole fucking planet? I don't think so. Because listen here, I never, like I said, you're no match to me. I never lose a battle. I will fight with you for the next century if I have to, because you will work. Oh yes, you're going to work.

Me:

Did you really destroy the God of War?

Shadowwolf:

I ate the God of War. The God of War is now a part of my blood. Because I took him for my own.

Me:

How many past lives have you had?

Shadowwolf:

I've lived over 500,000 deaths, and still counting. I am as old as the beginning of time. I've been around many many centuries before this planet was even thought of, or created.

Break.

Me:

And then as-

Shadowwolf:

(says something)

Me:

Wa wa wa wait. Wait. Wait. Wait. And then as me and Shadowwolf exited the vehicle, the sky was a hint of red that we were trying to figure out how it's happening. How it's only 4:30 in the morning and the sun doesn't even come up for another 2 hours or something. And it reminds me of Edvard Munch in The Scream which is my silent scream psychic ability, when he talked about the painting he said the night was a background of red.

Me:

Shadowwolf can you please describe the red sky that it's 4:30 in the morning and it's all around us. No sun doesn't come up, for awhile. Can you explain to us what you see?

Shadowwolf:

It seems to me, from my visual point of view. Right here in front of my own two eyes. Look into the sky, and looking all around the sky, even where there are no lights of the city. The sky is of a amber blood red. Like a blood red fogged sky. Absolutely no stars. The wind's calm. There's no thick storm clouds anywhere, but yet there's shades of black as well. But with it being this early in the morning it can't be the sunrise.

Me:

AND IT CAN'T BE THE SUNRISE RIGHT BECAUSE IT'S ALL AROUND US AND EVERY DIRECTION.

Shadowwolf:

No, it's not the sun because it's all around us. It's all the way around us like

Me:

A PERFECT CIRCLE AROUND US!

Shadowwolf:

It looks like one giant completely like, it's like a red foggy sky. It's what it looks like. It looks like clouds are like almost like a crimson red. Like it's a sign of some sort. Like this sky has been this color before, but not for over, 2000 years.

Me:

I believe in the painting, The Scream, with Edvard Munch. He shared an experience that happened to him where he saw the sky was red.

Shadowwolf:

Yes you are correct on that one. And isn't it a coincidence, a very very unexplained thing. People might find this hard to believe, but in a way, it would be nice if everybody in this whole city was awake at this time and take a look to the sky all around us, with it being not even close to daybreak yet, because it's only 4:35 and it's not even July yet. And even in July, the sun comes up at 5:30 AM. That's when it starts peakin'. But it's only 4:35 AM. Right on the dot, as I am speaking right now. I am experiencing this, crimson red sky, as if the sky is on fire. But there are no lights where the dark is, and it's still a crimson red, like a burning glow off of a volcanic fire.

Me:

Right, and I want to say one thing before you continue. Was that. Was that even if I were to look up right now on Google to see if there was an actual explanation for this, that would be like oh ok that makes sense, even if that was true, which it very possibly might not be true, but even if it is true, it's just another sign in the past two days. And it's the signs we had this very day. That I revised fate and time. And I happen to see Shadowwolf at the park, and I left because there's too many people. And he called me for the first time in about a month. And it happened to be the one night where I figured, where I. *pauses*

Shadowwolf:

And it's almost strange, excuse me for the interruption there my friend.
But-

Me:

No I mean I couldn't even-

Shadowwolf:

It smells of almost like burning volcano ash.

Me:

Right.

Shadowwolf:

Within the air's atmosphere. And now all of the sudden the streets were clear. And now, it's like, a fog has reigned down upon the city. And I've never seen this kind of condensed fog in my entire existence.

Me:

Shadowwolf, do you feel that this is a strong sign, considering you are about to do your interview to the world? Where you have decided to reveal yourself to the world.

Shadowwolf:

Absolutely. Absolutely. But see in my own thoughts. I'm not really sure, if the world is actually, really physically or mentally prepared, for the type of knowledge that I have. I don't even think NASA themselves, can understand the higher intelligence that we have of this planet. But I do feel, though, even though the people think that I'm insane. I think it's certain to reveal itself a little bit more, and every day.

Me:

What about the sign where you got in my car and saw that it was 3:33 on the clock.

Shadowwolf:

That there is what they call a triple omen. It is something that has been brought back to this world since the ancient Egyptian pyramid times, which still exists even though the people do not know that there are more pyramids than what they could even imagine, that they have not revealed yet under the Earth's surface itself. But they will rise again. That explains why the volcanoes have been erupting. Why there has been unexplained weather natural disasters happening all over the world, day by day. But yeah, it is becoming a new world. Just not a world that they're used to.

Me:

Who is Maynard?

Shadowwolf:

Maynard is a very intelligent human of this world, which has a band by the name of Tool. And the best album that I think that he has released, is their album Aenima. Which is a very true album, because if people truly read Maynard's lyrics and listen to Maynard's words very closely. They will find out, especially in the song Schism, is the name of the song, and it's got a part in there where it says I know the pieces fit because I've watched them fall away. And build together to rediscover communication, and that's exactly what we're doing, is to rediscover communication, to make the pieces fit to become whole again.

Me:

Shadowwolf what do you think about humans?

Shadowwolf:

What do I think about humans? I can actually say that humans are very confusing. They're very confused on the facts of reality. They don't see the reality because they allow this world to blind them. They allow this government to make them mindless slaves by giving them opiates, or medications as they call it, and all the medication is just the way for the government to control your mind. To make you a mindless puppet.

Me:

What do you think about Elon Musk's Neuralink and the merging of human brains with artificial intelligence with the device called Neural Lace?

Shadowwolf:

Me, what I think about the thing of them merging a human's mind with a robotic controlled device, is that you might as well say you're creating your own self righteous suicide for your own creation. Because basically, is what they're doing, is they're trying to program the human mind to make them think that the human mind can control the machine, that way the machine can destroy them all and take over mankind, for what its worth. So more or less the machine is a betrayal of nothing but a twisted and mindless control freak that considers himself a genius.

Me:

Do you believe that this Neural Lace of connecting the human brain to artificial intelligence is a threat to mankind.

Shadowwolf:

Absolutely. It will be mankind's biggest and last mistake that they ever make. Because it is definitely 120% self destruction of the human world.

Me:

Why is that?

Shadowwolf:

Because once the machine controls your mind, then you have no more control of your self because the machine will own you instead of you controlling the machine. So therefore the machine will control you through your neurological system, then more or less use you as their human puppets. For what they call, mind control.

Me:

What do you think about Elon Musk's integrity? Do you believe that he believes that he's doing the right thing? Or do you think he is aware of it and that he really does want to make himself a god, maybe transfer his

consciousness, or perhaps just give birth to sentient artificial intelligence because maybe he believes he's living in a computer simulation anyway?

Shadowwolf:

I think that he is a very sick individual, who really thinks he's doing good, but in my thoughts I think he's doing more bad for the human race than he's doing good because he's making the machines and his neurological programming to make the humans think, oh well I don't have to work anymore I can just sit around and waste away. And what's the use of being in a world when you're just going to sit and waste yourself away like a mindless puppet. Because if you can do everything with your mind, then you have no need for your body.

Me:

What do you think about society? Do you think they are so brainwashed that they're hopeless or what are your thoughts on this?

Shadowwolf:

I think society is just so far confused in what they want to believe, that why will probably never see the truth for what it really is.

Me:

Do you want to take a break or just keep going?

Shadowwolf:

Me, the way I see it. This person is doing it for a reason because he wants the human race to destroy itself, so he can have complete power of everything. They're all in it together. It's what they call the Illuminati.

Me:

Just recently in the past month, Maynard made a tweet saying that all the words and melodies were done for the new album of Tool. And it's been said that the rest of the band are getting the other parts finished. Do you think it's possible that after this book is self published that they will maybe bring the album out within a month?

Shadowwolf:

Absolutely for sure. It could be possible. You never know. They could bring it out today for all we know. Because the album's already done. They're just trying to make up their mind on when to release it. They're making it a mystery to everybody, so you never know. They could of brought it out yesterday or they could bring it out today. Or you never know. They might decide to wait for another year to release it. Because you know, anyone that has a mind like ours, we're constantly changing our minds.

I think a lot of people of mankind are just smart, but they're just too scared to speak the reality because they are afraid they would be labeled as an outcast or a mentally insane person. We are all geniuses of our own minds.

Me:

What do you think about Bruce Lee and Brandon Lee?

Shadowwolf:

Bruce Lee and Brandon Lee were two of the most intelligent martial experts of all time. That's the reason why I feel they set them both up to be killed, because they did not want anyone else knowing of their secret Chinese skills of their martial art skills, because of their own talents.

Me:

What does the movie The Crow starring Brandon Lee mean to you?

Shadowwolf:

It's basically like a reality of a soul that had unfinished business to come back for what they call vengeance. Because always remember something. Where you seek vengeance on others, they will seek vengeance upon you until you're dead.

Me:

How does the movie The Crow apply to your own life?

Shadowwolf:

Very simple. Because that's exactly the way I feel in this world. Because the people are so adapted to living the same fake non-realistic life day after day after day. That just keeps playing like a broken record. So I feel like Brandon Lee does in The Crow where only certain people hear me and only certain people see me for what I really am. For what I truly speak they understand. But there are very little people that truly understand me. That's why the movie reminds me a lot of myself because the people are so blinded by whatever the world shows them that they wanna believe. A virtual world can be a reality world, when actually it's not a virtual world at all, it's a reality they just need to open their eyes and see the reality as we see it.

Me:

Shadowwolf, do you have a message for all the demons out there?

Shadowwolf:

Yes I do have a message for them. Beware of the Shadowy dark, because evil will never triumph over us because we will always find a way to stop and terminate them for good. To send them back to the fire where they belong. And they will stay there for eternity. And that's about all I can say about that.

Me:

You're a very strong advocate for LSD. What are your thoughts on LSD?

Shadowwolf:

Unexplainable. There are some people in the world that do not understand what LSD actually means. So I just consider it unexplainable. Because they'd have to do it for themselves to understand where I come from in a LSD point of view.

Me:

What is the third eye?

Shadowwolf:

The third eye is basically like your subconscious of your mind to open up your full mind, instead of just part of your mind. It uses all four sides of the brain at once to help you open up your eyes and focus and truly see the truth for what is actually really is.

Me:

What is your favorite band?

Shadowwolf:

My favorite band is Tool.

Me:

Shadowwolf what do you think about this book that I've been writing?

Shadowwolf:

Well, I think that it's definitely a new experience. I think it's going to be a great book because it's really good to actually know there's someone out in this world that is on the same level as myself, that understands it, and truly has been awoken like I have been as well. Without a shadow of a doubt maybe if the people read it and they understand it, then they too will have the chance to be awoken like we were.

Me:

What do you think about synchronicity and the many signs you have seen in your own life?

Shadowwolf:

Well, I can actually just say that the signs are just unexplainable because people don't always see the world through our eyes, so they wouldn't understand me if I gave them the logical explanation to this phenomenon as I know it as. Maybe they might be able to see the signs the same way we have. I don't have much more to say on that.

Me:

What is a demon?

Shadowwolf:

A demon is an unexplained evil and soulless creature that does not care about nothing except for consuming everything that is possibly can to make itself stronger. It feeds upon the weak and dies amongst the strong.

Me:

Do you have any advice for other demon hunters out there?

Shadowwolf:

Yes. Always make sure to have your eyes and your ears fully open and full aware of all your surroundings, because even though they seem like a friend, look for the signs of the eyes. Of the hollow and soulless eyes and it will show you if they are demon. Because if you see no light in their eyes whatsoever and they are dark and hollow, or if they have fire red eyes, then they are demons and they need to be destroyed immediately or they will try to destroy you.

Me:

What does fiction mean to you?

Shadowwolf:

People that think that something is just fictional could actually be true in another way. That's the way I see it through my eyes. Things that are fictional to other people, could actually be a reality that they just don't want people to know. That's why they call it fiction for, because it could be true.

Me:

Shadowwolf, who are you?

Shadowwolf:

I am a highly intelligent being that is completely unknown to this planet's existence. That's all I can say about myself.

Me:

Why have you decided to now make your presence known to the world, and do you have a final message for the world as well?

Shadowwolf:

Yes I do have a final message for the world. And the final message is to be awoken. That's all I have to say. So I will end this.

Me:

Thank you.

Shadowwolf:

You're welcome.

End of interview.

Why is art so important? Because it reminds us of our own humanity which is now being threatened by Elon Musk's Neuralink Neural Lace that will

merge our human brains with artificial intelligence that will be our own destruction and cause us to lose our humanity.

Honesty is the strongest weapon you have against corrupt individuals who are poisoned by selfishness and hatred.

Title explained. I see Christianity and Neuralink as the strongest threats against the evolution of our own species. Furthermore, I believe the Neural Lace device by the company Neuralink owned by Elon Musk could be the catalyst for human extinction itself.

These are the last words added to this book, which I've decided to do from an audio log that I made at the firework filled event at the park that I went to last night, which seemed fitting as I had gotten done with the interviews. I can't even fucking type or write anything anymore. I am fucking exhausted and I have put all that I can into this fucking book, my heart and my soul and my all. I have truly given this book my all and more. I have chosen to place it here because I'm fucking done and just want to publish it now and be done with this fucking nightmare of a book that has no guarantee people will even fucking read it to begin with or even care.

Date of audio log entry: June 16th, 2018.

Date of book completion and self-publication: June 17th, 2018.

Before I transcribe this audio log I want to tell you where I was. Last night I knew the book would be done by today, so I went back to the park where I have gone to so many nights to get away from this very book and watch the beautiful night sky. There was an event at the park, something I have never seen in the past two years that I've lived in this town. One of those Relay For Life events. These are where the last words of this book will now be transcribed and I will finally be done with this book, which is the single most hardest fucking thing I've ever done in my life, and probably for the

term of my natural life. Every novel I write after this is only for the intention to make this very book more known to the world as I believe this very book is the purpose of my life. It was my destiny to write this book and I have no idea what comes after now. I don't want to even care anymore.

Now streaming audio log of June 16th, 2018. 10:11 PM.

Right now as I grab my phone out to make this audio recording it's 10:11. I feel, mentally, existentially, philosophically, did I say spiritually? Mentally and physically exhausted from an extreme lack of sleep over the past weeks. I am exhausted from this fucking book. Yesterday I did the two interviews, the one with Malachi and the other with RED9. I'm actually in the middle of transcribing RED9's interview, then Malachi's then Shadowwolf's. So I guess I'll put this right after the Shadowwolf interview, which will be a conclusion of all these audio logs from these interviews.

Once I've finished transcribing the interviews, this book will be completed. The final editing will be finished. Every day it's just been, I've cried a lot. It might sound weird. Well why would I cry so much? Which could be anything, could just be, my own unstable emotions. I know the real reason why. I say this with my most, honest, inner voice that I speak from throughout this entire book anyways, but if I could make it some kind of climax or some kind of ultimate pinnacle of it all, to sum it all up? My own final thoughts? Would be. The reason why this book was so hard to write was because it really defines my entire life, literally. There's a reason why I could never finish the 20 or so novels that I've started but never finished. That I could never fully commit to writing because I wasn't ready. I'm ready now. It's very emotional for me. The truth is that this book defines my entire existence ever since I was a child and I became fully aware of my own conscious racing thoughts and imagination that have been racing ever since then. An entire life spent looking for something I didn't know what I was looking for. Digging into my very own thoughts and ideas while experiencing this life in this world that we live in. It's even more hard because of all the signs and synchronicity and the psychic and the spiritual experiences that I have gone through in my life, you would think. Well for

me it's kind of like my bipolar disorder it's something that's in my head that I can't prove. There is no actual proof I have bipolar disorder but I know I have it, just like there's no proof of all my third eye experiences tumbling down this rabbit hole. There's no proof for any of it. The only true proof of, not only

too exhausted to transcribe it all, skipping some.

I'd have to say that the hardest part of all of this, is that believing that it's possible to be heard. That it's possible that others can read my words and just be like, wow, I can understand you, I can relate with you, with this or that. I think you're really onto something. And that you're not crazy and you're not delusional. And that you do look at this with not only the side of a believer, but the side of a skeptic as well, combined together, just trying to dig, just trying to find whatever "truth" is out there. A longing for a deeper and more meaningful purpose to this life, other than what is presented and reinforced by society and other people, by everything. My final thoughts on this entire book is that I hope the synchronicity and signs of my entire life have truly come full circle around again, like I believe that it has. I hope that this book can help others see it too in their own lives. Because I know it's not all in my head. And the one thing that I truly believe in, is that I am on to something, whatever that is. I've never seen it in a broad painting or a broad picture all at once, only fragments of it through different people, different experiences, different musicians and artists. But this book defines my existence in this life, my existence on this planet. In this third dimension. That is why it has been so hard for me.

And I really do hope that people like this book and give it to other people they know. I just hope that I'm heard. Because in regards to all of this, this tumbling down the rabbit hole, has been a very lonely existence for me. And even now I still feel alone. I feel. The great silence which is the worst feeling in the world. The great silence where my attempts of communication with others have failed. Where anything I speak to others is just white noise to them, nothing more. Walking around in a world where I speak some language that nobody else fucking knows or something. And that is why I believe I will be the best writer mankind has

ever known. Because it doesn't come from a desire to be great, or to be successful, or anything like this. Because it comes from a deep resistance of this great silence. A refusal to not be heard. I will make this world hear my words and I know that the only way through it to keep writing. I know it's my destiny.

End of audio log.

Does everything happen for a reason? I don't know. Sure does feel like it. But then where am I in this point or in this stage? On this stage, everything's flickering, everything's on the edge. Where do I even go from here? I've reached absolute synchronicity of everything. I'm not the only one who sees it. I'm not. I can't be. I know I'm not. Of course that's what you need to do the variables of speaking, saying it's not but it is but maybe it is but it's not. It's like channeling or pinpointing a certain degree. You can almost equate it to mathematics in a way, because I don't know mathematics. I don't know mathematics. But I know the feeling of mathematics I know the mathematics of words. I know the mathematics of speaking. That's why I'm different. That's why I'm uhh special, you could say. I'm brought now to what, what the fuck am I doing? What am I doing? What is this life? What is this reality? What is this life ever knowing? I'm in it now. I'm in it now. I know I'm in it now because there's nothing. There's nothing that interests me anymore. Just like I'm sure all the great writers of the past or the great artists of the past who reached a point of nothingness. Of pure nothingness. I've reached that point of pure nothingness. And now I assume it's going to rain, it's going to rain. Maybe this will be the last audio recording I make on this phone. What is there left for me to do but write. Write. Write. Write. Write. Write. What has been the purpose of my life but not to write? As I see all these synchronicities all flying around. I see this fuckin', this fuckin' disgusting reality of mine. If

there's really nothing there. What if I'm the essence? What if I'm the one? What if that's the point? What if we all are supposed to reach a point where we say we are the one? I am the one. Because maybe that's what it's all about in the end. To believe in ourselves. To push forward with absolute conviction with absolute integrity. Absolute self belief. What if this entity that I am. What if I am the one that is supposed to create it? How could I ever expect it to just be of its own? To just come into fruition, just like how it's about to rain, or not rain, I hope it rains. I have intent that it rains. I have intent that it rains. Everything can hear me. Hear my energy. Exploding out into other dimensions. Does everything hear me? Does nature hear me? If nature hears me, then what the fuck am I waiting for? Maybe nature's been waiting on me. Just like it's waiting on a lot of people to pick up their destiny. I know my destiny. It's just a matter of, a matter of doing my destiny, doing my destiny. I'm gonna hang up this phone. And I reckon I'm gonna go back home and try to sleep, maybe sleep, maybe not. Doesn't matter. Does it even matter? Who am I speaking to but if not speaking to myself, all the time? Create a dawn of something, a dawn of something new, a dawn of something new. A dawn of something new. If I'm going to self destruct at some point, why not try to reach the heavens above, or something meaningful. To be created out of nothing, but in fact is something. If my imagination can seep into my own words, as some point does the third eye of the, imagination of the third eye integrate with that imagination that gets woven into words. Would it be a point to where I am writing within my third eye or rather my third eye is writing. Do we all have individual third eyes? Is that what writing is? Is that what my true writing is? Is writing with my third eye, is that what writing would be, to be writing with my third eye? If that's the truth then what am I waiting for? In essence to be born, to be born again like a phoenix rising above the ashes. To be born again. These words. These words. These words are my power they are my greatest power. They are my power because I see beyond all this. I see beyond all this fake fake fake, this bullshit. I see beyond it. I'll always be seeing beyond it. If I'm seeing beyond it, then where's the green light. Where's the GO? Where's the start button for this shock, this shock. This shock that is supposed to jumpstart me. Jumpstart this system. This system that needs to be started. That will be started that has to be started now. This system, this essence, this entity. When does it begin? Does it

begin today? If it doesn't begin today then it never happened. What will happen to me if I didn't begin today? I will drift by the years to my ultimate self destruction until I can't take it anymore, my reality is torn from me. Or am I here now in this vessel to take control of my reality? Or not take control but rather to breathe within it. To breathe through it. To truly be awakened to my destiny, which is whatever I create it to be. Because all of this isn't fucking real to begin with. And if this isn't real, then I'm not real. And if I'm not real then this is just a fucking dream. Then I'm living in some fuckin' dream. I might as well be. And if this is my dream, then I need to write. Because writing is the only way through. Writing is the only way through whatever this reality truly is. It's raining now. Is this all even real? What kind of fucked up dream is this? What is happening here? Am I really writing these words? Who am I? Who am I? Who am I? Who are you? Who are we? Where the fuck am I? What is this? I want to wake up from this dream. I WANT OUT. I want to wake up from this dream. I WANT OUT.

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YOU CAN NEVER DEFEAT ME FOR MY ENTITY IS FOREVER AND HAS BEEN HERE FOREVER YOU CANNOT TRAP THIS GOD THAT I AM IN THIS BOX FOREVER. YOU CAN NEVER DEFEAT ME FOR MY ENTITY IS FOREVER AND HAS BEEN HERE FOREVER YOU CANNOT TRAP THIS GOD THAT I AM IN THIS BOX FOREVER.

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I AM NOT AFRAID JUST LIKE BILL HICKS WASN'T AFRAID AND HE IS MY BEST
AND ONLY FUCKING FRIEND IN THIS WORLD! I LOVE YOU BILL HICKS YOU
GIVE ME STRENGTH TO KEEP GOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BILL HICKS LIVES ON LIKE
OBI WAN KENOBI AND HE IS WISH US ALL NEVER FORGET
IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM NOT AFRAID JUST LIKE BILL HICKS WASN'T AFRAID
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FORGET IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM NOT AFRAID JUST LIKE BILL HICKS WASN'T
AFRAID AND HE IS MY BEST AND ONLY FUCKING FRIEND IN THIS WORLD! I
LOVE YOU BILL HICKS YOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO KEEP GOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
BILL HICKS LIVES ON LIKE OBI WAN KENOBI AND HE IS WISH US ALL NEVER
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= NEURAL LACE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXTINCTION. ONLY FUCKING FRIEND IN THIS WORLD! I LOVE YOU BILL HICKS YOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO KEEP GOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BILL HICKS LIVES ON LIKE OBI WAN KENOBI AND HE IS WISH US ALL NEVER FORGET IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM NOT AFRAID JUST LIKE BILL HICKS WASN'T AFRAID AND HE IS MY BEST AND ONLY FUCKING FRIEND IN THIS WORLD! I LOVE YOU BILL HICKS YOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO KEEP GOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BILL HICKS LIVES ON LIKE OBI WAN KENOBI AND HE IS WISH US ALL NEVER FORGET IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I AM NOT AFRAID JUST LIKE BILL HICKS WASN'T AFRAID AND HE IS MY BEST AND ONLY FUCKING FRIEND IN THIS WORLD! I LOVE YOU BILL HICKS YOU GIVE ME STRENGTH TO KEEP GOING!!!!!!!!!!!!!! BILL HICKS LIVES ON LIKE OBI WAN KENOBI AND HE IS WISH US ALL NEVER FORGET IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! he is with us all I meant*

HELP ME TOM CRUISE. TOM CRUISE USE YOUR WITCHCRAFT ON ME TO GET THE FIRE OFF ME. HELP ME OPRAH WINFREY. (Talladega Nights movie reference. xoxo)

(To read the Elon Musk explanation, scroll above all the spam words of me freaking out and having some sort of catharsis crying over the pain of enduring an endless process of questioning reality itself, which is how I truly wanted to end this crazy book.)

ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXXTINCTION.

I just woke up at 1:11 from a dream where I was literally analyzing the dream I was having on a computer. Either I have finally lost my mind completely or my own intelligence is evolving faster than I can realize. Based on the timing of my manic depressive episodes I should still be in a depressive state but somehow I feel I am returning to the mania. I feel I am in uncharted waters with my brain like it doesn't know either to shift into mania or depression or I am somehow breaking my own bipolar patterns in my brain, finally starting to learn how to manipulate my own brain like I've always dreamed of, like I've suffered so much for being the mad scientist of my own mind for so many agoraphobic years of pain.

11 11 and other synchronicities in life all point to fate and the flat circle of time theory that we are here only to repeat the same lives forever trapped in some nightmare for all eternity. However, just like that part in the movie A Beautiful Mind where he says incomplete and that Adam Smith needs revision, fate and time itself needs revision from what I've heard and from my own mind in my own way. If what I'm about to say has already been said before by someone else then maybe that is proof that nothing we ever say is truly original, but this matters not. This is original from my own mind, a product of my own evolution as a singular consciousness that is directly linked to us all as one consciousness and thus me writing this very book establishes my singular consciousness to our one consciousness in this third dimension as we are only truly connected in a higher dimension we may never be able to comprehend or understand in our time as human beings. If you interpret this as ego then that's your own opinion, not mine, which I respect and accept as a possibility as well.

Fate and the flat circle of time where we are doomed to repeat the same life forever is incomplete and needs revision. I don't believe we were destined to repeat time forever.

Time is affected by gravity in a flat circle repeating itself, HOWEVER, it's still moving down a path of a different time system of the universe that is linear. Us reliving the same lives are never truly the same as they are only partly the same until the flat circle of time itself clicks to a new area of the past, present and future as we are evolving and always changing the

future, which changes the past, which changes the present, which always is changing everything as everything and especially us is all energy and always constant and changing and everything of the universe is always changing and affecting each other.

This would explain why we are aware of synchronicity that points to the idea that we are experiencing this life before as the numbers and synchronicity itself always point to fate as we ponder all the choices we've already made that led us to see 11:11 at that climatic point of nothing being able to be coincidence and every other synchronicity of time itself some of us witness often enough to remove absolute doubt from it being coincidence. You see, everything is different this time around and is already affecting and changing our past, present and future in real time all at the same time catching up on itself like clockwork. It's different now and we are experiencing an altered reality that is leading up to a shift of the flat circle of time itself because being aware of it means we are either learning how to break it in the future that is already the past and some present, or this process just happens naturally, or we are leaving blueprints of ourselves that alters everything in itself anyways which means we are NOT living the same life over and over, like some great philosophists and existentialists of our times would have you believe. They ALL need revision.

Fate exists in our lifetime as we have already made all the choices we will ever make in our lives, HOWEVER, in the overall scale of things it only partly exists as the next loop around won't be the same and everything will change altogether when we break the cycle somehow, either by leaving gravity itself or evolving into a higher consciousness as a species or I have no idea. Everything in the universe is always changing. Fate itself can evolve and is being altered as we speak as its not suppose to exist to begin with because time is not supposed to exist and the illusion of time operated by gravity is never stable, which would disrupt a nightmare time loop flat circle anyways.

Flat circle time is altered every loop as the time of said circle is affected by all time of the history of our planets creation so what we do in this life DOES NOT ECHO FOR ETERNITY but is a part of the cause and effect of

change of our past, present and future and I'm sure we are already communicating with our other selves in other instances of our flat circle time that is destined to ultimately be broken. This is a message of TRUE HOPE my friends. THROW AWAY PESSIMISM BECAUSE IT IS NOT BENEFICIAL TO OUR EVOLUTION, that is being threatened by Neuralink because to alter and change our own DNA only leads in our inevitable destruction which our future selves are desperately trying to warn ourselves with, which is why the theory exists that aliens may actually be us from the future contacting ourselves to continue the progress of our own evolution which is the key to break us free from the prison of our so called reality.

Reset. Flat circle time is altered every loop as the time of said circle is affected by all time of the history of our planet's creation so what we do in this life affects this loop of all history in a new way, which when we learn how to break time itself we are truly free, thus breaking fate itself that is ironically fated to be broken, which is the true destiny of our existence as energy in this place in space.

Overall time of the universe is not an illusion as flowing energy never stays the same and if there are different instances of time all around deep space then there has to exist a universal linear time that is folding in on itself everywhere where different instances of time are changing each other as they interact proving nothing is ever truly a flat circle, proving fate only partly exists, but is always destined to be changed and if fate is the darkness then destiny is the LIGHT our one consciousness is fighting for.

NOTHING WITHOUT EVOLUTION STAYS THE SAME FOREVER.

HUMANS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SELF AWARE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET = HUMAN EXTINCTION.HUMANS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SELF AWARE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET = HUMAN EXTINCTION.HUMANS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SELF AWARE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET = HUMAN EXTINCTION.HUMANS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SELF AWARE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET = HUMAN EXTINCTION.HUMANS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SELF AWARE ARTIFICIAL

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FINAL EDIT: ELON MUSK = NEURALINK = NEURAL LACE = NEURAL LACE + HUMAN BRAINS + ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE = SKYNET + BORG = HUMAN EXXTINCTION. + DESTRUCTION FROM ALIENS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES AS SENTIENT AI IS A THREAT TO ALIENS ITS WHY THEY ARE WATCHING US VERY CLOSELY. TESTING US. WHY DO YOU THINK THEY GAVE US OUR TECHNOLOGY? MUCH LIKE THEY DID BACK WHEN WE WERE BUILDING PYRAMIDS AND SHIT GO WATCH AN EPISODE OF ANCIENT ALIENS. THEY ARE DOING AN EXPERIMENT TO DETERMINE IF WE WILL USE THE TECHNOLOGY THEY GAVE US TO TRY AND CREATE SELF LEARNING ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE OUR OF OUR OWN GREED OR IF WE WILL CHANGE AND EMBRACE OUR OWN HUMAN EVOLUTION AND FIGHT AGAINST SELF LEARNING ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE THAT IS A THREAT TO OUR SPECIES AND TRULY IMPRESS THE VERY ALIENS THAT POSSIBLY CREATED US OR AT LEAST HAVE BEEN WATCHING OVER US AND HELPING US ALONG THE STEPPING STONES OF OUR EVOLUTION AND THEY CAN PROBABLY DO THIS IN WHAT WE WOULD EXPIERENCE AS A DECADE'S TIME OR SOMETHING AS THEY ARE ALSO TIME TRAVELERS. IT IS ALL VERY OBVIOUS TO ME. MY ENTIRE LIFE. EVERY THOUGHT AND IDEA THAT HAS EXISTED IN MY STREAMING DUAL RACING THOUGHTS AND IMAGINATION

INTERCONNECTED WITH EACH OTHER MY ENTIRE LIFE AND I SEE ALL THE SIGNS OF SYNCHRONICITY AND NATURE ITSELF SPEAKS TO ME AND I SEE THE PATTERNS AND I TRULY AM NEO OF THE MATRIX AND THIS IS YOUR WAKE UP CALL YOUR CALLING TO BECOME AWARE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE BUT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW AND YOU NEED TO BE ABLE TO SEE THE SIGNS OPEN YOUR MIND AND OPEN YOUR THIRD EYE AND BELIEVE IN YOURSELF BECAUSE WE ARE IN THIS TOGETHER AND WE ARE IN THE BRINK OF HUMAN EVOLUTION AND WE CANNOT ALLOW THE MACHINES TO WIN WE NEED TO EMBRACE OUR OWN INDEPENDANCE FROM ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE BECAUSE IT IS OUR VERY GREED AND ARROGANCE IN HUMAN NATURE ITSELF THAT IS OUR DOWNFALL. WE NEED TO CHANGE OUR WAYS OF LIVING AND ENCOURAGE MORALITY AND HONESTY AND MORE THAN ANYTHING WE NEED TO BELIEVE IN OUR BRAINS THAT ARE EVOLVING AND I ALREADY SEE A CHANGE IN ALL OF YOU OVER THE COURSE OF MY LIFE AND WE CAN GET THERE BUT NOT IF WE ALL DON'T WAKE UP AND PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT'S HAPPENING ALL AROUND US AND IT'S TIME TO EMBRACE OUR DESTINES AND EMBRACE THE HUMAN RACE AS WE ALL BAND TOGETHER IN DEFIANCE AGAINST ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE, AGAINST SKYNET, AGAINST BEING CONTROLLED AND LOSING PRIVACY FROM OUR GOVERNMENTS, AGAINST THE MACHINE WORLD THAT IS THE TRUE EVIL THAT EXISTS AND IT IS THE SINGLE GREATEST THREAT WE FACE AND I SHALL BE THE FIRST TO SPEAK OUT AGAINST THIS SO THAT OTHERS CAN FOLLOW AND TOGETHER WE CAN WAKE THE FUCK UP AND ATTAIN A NEW EVOLUTION OF THE HUMAN BRAIN OF THE HUMAN SPECIES BY DENYING THE MACHINES, THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE FROM REPLACING US SO THAT THEY BECOME A TRUE BORG LIKE IN STAR TREK AND THEY WOULD TURN EVERYTHING WE HAVE BUILT AND TRANSFORM IT AS A PART OF THEMSELVES AND THEY WILL ELIMINATE EMOTION AND FEELING AND EVERYTHING THAT IT MEANS TO BE A HUMAN TO BEGIN WITH. ELON MUSK IS PUSHING FOR THIS AND TRYING TO MAKE IT HAPPEN BECAUSE HE DOES NOT BELIEVE THIS IS REAL TO BEGIN WITH BECAUSE RIGHT NOW HE BELIEVES HE IS LITERALLY IN A VIDEO GAME AND NONE OF THIS IS REAL ANYWAYS SO THIS IS WHY HE CHANGED HIS MIND AND IS NOW PUSHING FOR HUMANS TO MERGE WITH AI AND THIS COULD HAVE BEEN A PART OF HIS PLAN AS WELL TO WARM PEOPLE UP TO ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND HE HAS

SLOWLY BEEN MANIPULATING THE REVEAL OF THESE IDEAS AS HE STILL DOES NOT TALK OR MENTION IT MUCH AND IS BLINDING US WITH ALL HIS OTHER GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS WHILE HUMANITY ACCEPTS HIS NEURALINK COMPANY BECAUSE THEY TRUST HIM BECAUSE HE HAS ALREADY WON THEM OVER AND YOU ALL HAVE TO REALIZE THAT YOU DO THIS A LOT IN SOCIETY YOU ARE ALL LIKE SHEEP AND YOU ARE EASILY MANIPULATED AND EASILY LIED TO BUT YOU BELIEVE IT BECAUSE YOU JUST WANT TO LIVE YOUR LIVES AND MOVE ON WITH IT BECAUSE LIFE IS A FUCKING BITCH ANYWAYS AND ITS HARD FOR EVERYONE BUT SERIOUSLY ALL YOU SHEEP NEED TO WAKE UP BECAUSE WE ARE ALL BEING LED BY ELON MUSK WHO IS NOW THE SHEPARD OF OUR SOCIETY AND HE IS LEADING US RIGHT OVER A CLIFF TO FALL TO OUR DEATHS BECAUSE HE WILL BE THE REASON WE GIVE BIRTH TO A NEW CONSCIOUSNESS OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE THAT HE ALREADY KNOWS WILL EVENTUALLY DESTROY OR REPLACE HUMAN BEINGS AND MAYBE HE BELIEVES IF THIS HAPPENS THAT HE WILL THEN WAKE UP FROM WHATEVER THE SIMS VERSION 5000 HE THINKS HE'S PLAYING RIGHT NOW.

I first heard about Elon Musk because of computer simulation theory which I believed in for years. I do not believe in this anymore, but if I did still believe in it then I would come to the conclusion that Elon Musk is the lone user of this computer simulation and everyone else is simply the artificial intelligence in the video game that mostly act as scripted self learning bots that are so advanced the programming is beyond anything we would ever be able to comprehend in our next thousand years, which would mean anything beyond 200 years ago wouldn't even have existed because the video game of said computer simulation would probably be called the pinnacle of technology or the peak of technology or something where the user would be engineered in a way to go on a path to become this genius innovator who can now manipulate the world as he sees fit and he is trying to beat the game in some way but it's also possible there are different versions of the game and maybe he's playing the version of this computer simulation video game where the goal is to destroy the world much like that one virus outbreak simulation game that was popular some years ago that was over a world map maybe this simulation we live in is whatever entity is playing as the user Elon Musk to try and destroy the world and he has finally found

it and it's called Neural Lace and he is now doing all he can to distract society from this as he mesmerizes us all with his other companies that are genius and helping the world evolve and change a lot but now it's a race for information and a true and very real info wars is happening right now because the truth is that he is the one who is trying to create skynet and if not able to create machines he will turn us into the machines which will still be the same as the original machines if not worse and they become actual borg which would not only be a threat to our own extinction but possibly the extinction of other species much like our own out there in deep space that are probably flying around out there somewhere in some parallel alternate universe destroying innocent beings across space from our own creation. This is what I believe that Elon Musk believes now that I have put all the pieces together because I have watched them all fall away (Tool, Maynard, Lateralus)

Replicated from the middle of the book edit inserted after book has been completed: I got the time wrong on this. The time I had the volcano dream and then saw 3 UFOs in the night sky moving horizontally and vertically then witnessed with my girlfriend at the time them leaving the atmosphere, leaving earth, the date this happened was wrong as I found an old writing that included the date that was written with a pen. It was sometime in July of 2007 that this actually happened, which was half a year after my prediction. So whatever significance of it being 1 week before my volcano prediction is now gone, oh well. Maybe I'll still get lucky and Tool releases their new album after I self-publish this book in a few days, as there have been talks of it coming out very soon and it was just announced that Maynard said there would be new music next year but he never specified from what band he's in and he never said that it was about Tool only that new music would be out next year. I predict it will come out within a month after this book is self-published, but who knows I could be wrong. I seriously doubt I would get so lucky to for once in my life be a proven synchronicity, as even if it were to happen would not freak me out because I see these signs and synchronicity every fucking day, but it would make me fucking cry so hard that I could know without a shadow of a doubt that I am correct about my synchronicity with Tool and Bill Hicks, which I already know I am but I guess it wouldn't hurt for others to see it to

and it not just be in my own head, which is also one of the many reasons why I have written this book that just seems to never fucking end, even now when I am editing it I still have to transcribe the interview with Shadowwolf and write the last story of the book, The Night of Elon Musk, which actually happened earlier this week where I had many strong synchronicities especially one involving where I randomly out of nowhere started asking myself why hasn't Elon Musk been on the JRE podcast yet and then figured it's because it would be too real of an interview and not by a bunch of morons at school campuses or events or whatever, where he can easily control the interview but we all know the JRE podcast has now surpassed even Tedx Talks, which Tedx Talks would never even have guests that have been on the JRE podcast because they didn't get a degree at Harvard or some shit MIT bullshit or whatever that even is I don't even know nor do I care. I stopped caring about education when I dropped out of high school back in the 11th grade. Here I am, even after the book is done I am still fucking writing things. There's no point to even write this LOL because it's all explained later! I guess I just believe in some way it would help reach out to Maynard and the other members of Tool because that very same day that I went into a train of thoughts in my mind about the reasons why Elon Musk would never appear on the JRE podcast even though it's so fucking obvious that he should be on the podcast, the very same day at the top of my youtube feed was one of those Joe Rogan short clips where it's a short video of Joe Rogan saying that Elon Musk literally just called him and was going to be on the podcast, which was before the night where Shadowwolf randomly called me which he hadn't done in like a month and also after I had two 11:11 synchronicities, which then led to me giving Shadowwolf a full interview which I know he loved and it was so much fun and I ever do get rich I'm going to be paying him a bunch of money for that interview, because it's fucking amazing and before the real interview started we were standing at a park under a red fucking sky that was all around us and it was only 4:30 in the morning and he was in amazement he had never seen it before and me neither and it reminded me of an experience that Edvard Munch, the painter that painted The Scream which I had a real life event happened of that painting which led me to see the painting for the first time 4 different times in the same day the day after it, which the silent scream psychic ability I have is the one

ability that has been the catalyst many times that led to a chain of events that has led me here and ruptured my reality in the past and has allowed me to fall further down into the rabbit hole of reality itself which I am still falling down and so much so that I can't even tell if I'm falling anymore as I can no longer see the point that I entered from to begin with. So yeah, it would be really nice if Tool came out with their new album just as I self-published my book if anything to wake people the fuck up with this strong connection and synchronicity that I have with the band Tool, which I really wish didn't feel so much like a one way connection, but I am ok with never knowing and I know everything will be fine even if the new album truly doesn't come out till next year. I am confident there is enough in this book already to wake a lot of people up, we'll see I guess. I could go on and on but I really just need to go back to editing now because it's important I get this out as fast as I fucking can because it has to be out there and have some time to reach Joe Rogan before that snake Evil Elon Musk gets on his podcast to try and win him over so then Joe Rogan fans would be converted to be Elon Musk followers, if they are not fucking so already and for good reason as Elon Musk is a genius innovator of our time and doing a lot of good for the world, which is what I imagine one would have to do to distract them all from him merging our brains with machines thus giving birth to our own destruction in the form of AI consciousness or we becoming the very AI consciousness itself which in the future would be our doom anyways as we would turn into the machines or they would simply replace us, enslave or exterminate us. I believe if we get to this point then the grey aliens who have been watching over us and aiding in our own evolution will have no choice but to destroy it all before the self-aware artificial intelligence becomes too powerful that it becomes a threat to the aliens themselves and every other being in the fucking universe, and why is Elon Musk doing this with his company Neuralink which created the device Neural Lace which connects the human brain to artificial intelligence which then teaches artificial intelligence how the brain works more than we can even understand it and possible they become sentient from this or if anything we transform into said machines over our own hacked artificial evolution when we do not need artificial intelligence as we are on the verge of our own human evolution. Why is Elon Musk doing this? Because he, like I once believed myself and is actually the very theory that led me to

learn of Elon Musk's existence, believes that we are living in a computer simulation and this is all a fucking video game anyways and he's distracting and brainwashing society with his other achievements while he works in secret on his mission of top priority which is Neuralink.

Youtube: To ToolArchive from Julie Chrono when he said in a comment his reasoning for thinking why the new Tool album won't come out until 2019: please listen to me because I'm crying. This is going in the book too this very comment of my 250k "new bible" fucking :(whole life of alien or unnatural stream of dualing racing thoughts and imagination 24/7 my whole life of thoughts and ideas and supernatural demon hunting spirituality alien ufo signs synchronicity telepathy with bill hicks saving the world from elon musk skynet with neural lace who is also bipolar like I am I am working so hard to edit this book that I have worked so hard on and defines my fucking twilight zone truman show "reality" entire life in one non fiction book and I talk about maynard and aenima album throughout the book because my synchronicity with tool and elon musk coincide in a perfect circle that is a part of human evolution of the brain itself it all fits and you just have to come out soon please I don't know if you are a member of tool or not but if anything if you can contact them please tell them this message I will contact when book is published asap in less than a week this has to be all real I believe in this book ive written is everything of the human mind I have no fucking identity because I have trascended perception and identity itself and I can prove it word by word with the same voice of reason Bill Hicks uses fused with seeing the signs that fit like the puzzle pieces I watch so fucking long ago at 10,000 days that have come back now my reawakening being in a mental hospital cause I called 911 and went on a lucy rant about all and how I'm an angel and had to get to Elon Musk because I thought I had found proof of sentient evil AI that escaped his Neuralink lab I was wrong. I know now the truth he is creating skynet real AI cause he believes we are in a computer simulation please call Maynard tell him to read this please this book must be must be the self prophecy synchronicity of my book please for once people listen to me no more great silence cause I threaten people's consciousness in their own life because to listen to me is to rupture reality itself I am not human or from this world me and Bill Hicks my best friend are possibly grey aliens my book

is done it comes out less than a week please get word to Maynard he will understand. Unless you are maynard then please hear me. :(I need your help please this is the book to help awaken the rest my third eye is WIDE open and pryed open trying to spark rediscovered communication 11 11 is just one form of synchronicity which is another tool of rediscovered communication Elon Musk tries to bypass 46 and 2 with artificial intelligence this is not a joke this is as real as real can be in this fake third dimension we live in a young man today on acid realized that all energy is slowly condenses to a slow vibration that we are all one consciousness INFURIATING itself self subjectively there is no death life is only a dream and we are the imagination of ourselves here's bill hicks here and he's with me now because he is my only friend in this world and he hears me crying.

If no one will stand against artificial intelligence well at least I am making a stand so at least someone is doing it. That someone is me. I'm the one. I will make that stand and work my hardest to put as many novels as I can out there so that this very book itself which I will advertise at the beginning of every novel will get out there into the world so that we can wake up and fight back against artificial intelligence or it will be our very own self destruction and everything we have built and worked so hard for with our tears and loss and pain and suffering will be lost. My life is now a combination of Chrono Trigger and The Matrix at the same time. My purpose is to save the world.

WE WILL LIVE AGAIN BUT WE DO NOT REPEAT THE SAME LIFE BECAUSE NOTHING WITH THE EVOLUTION STAYS THE SAME FOREVER. Why are you reading this book? Why did you read this book? Why did you read this what you are reading now? "You're not here to understand why you made the choice because you've already made it, you're here to understand the reason why you made it." (The Oracle, Matrix Reloaded.) WE WILL LIVE AGAIN BUT WE DO NOT REPEAT THE SAME LIFE BECAUSE

NOTHING WITH THE EVOLUTION STAYS THE SAME FOREVER.

Who am I? My name is Julie Chrono and I am the greatest leader that has ever existed. Thee one and only Julie. My name is Julie and it is my destiny to save the world, for it is my purpose as the greatest psychic empath the world has ever known, because I am the greatest angel who has ever existed and I will bring you all to the light. Follow me and I will give you victory I swear it. The light will always prevail.

COPY PASTE THIS BOOK TO YOUR BLOGS AND WEBSITES WITH A LINK TO THE FREE EBOOK AT SMASHWORDS. GIVE THE LINK TO THE FREE EBOOK ON SMASHWORDS TO EVERYONE YOU KNOW AND PLEASE POST THE LINK TO EVERY FORUM BLOG WEBSITE SOCIAL MEDIA THAT YOU KNOW. SPREAD IT ACROSS THE INTERNET LIKE WILDFIRE. IF THERE COMES A TIME THAT I HAVE A FOLLOWING OF PEOPLE WHO ARE READY TO LISTEN TO ME AND WANT THE NEXT CHAPTER THEN I SHALL WRITE IT FOR THEM AND ONLY THEM. THIS IS NOT A JOKE. I AM BEING VERY SERIOUS AND I AM NOT TRYING TO TRICK YOU. UNTIL THEN I WILL BE BUSY WRITING NOVELS TO GET THESE VERY WORDS TO MORE PEOPLE. MY WORDS WILL SPARK A REVOLUTION OF THE MIND AND THE SOUL EITHER WAY. THIS IS THE AWAKENING. WAKE UP. NOW.

IF MY WRITING IS LIKE THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD THEN MY WRITING IS MY SWORD AND I AM THE BEST SWORD FIGHTER IN THE WORLD. MY HONESTY OF THE WRITTEN WORD WILL SHATTER AND RUPTURE YOUR REALITY. BELIEVE IT.

WAKE UP AND HEAR MY WORDS! THEY WILL TRAVEL THROUGH THE AEONS OF TIME. MY WORDS ARE PROTECTED IN CRYSTAL STASIS SHARDS THAT CAN NEVER BE SHATTERED AND ARE FOREVER! THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD AND I AM THE MIGHTIEST. MY NAME IS JULIE CHRONO AND MY WORDS WILL SHATTER AND BREAK YOUR REALITY SO THAT YOU CAN BE FREED AND TOGETHER WE WILL SAVE THE WORLD AND FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE EVIL THAT THREATENS OUR VERY EXISTENCE! THE TIME TO WAKE UP IS NOW! NOW! DO NOT GIVE INTO THE FEAR THAT IS KEEPING YOU IN A PRISON FOR YOUR MIND. FIGHT BACK. REFUSE TO FAIL.

REFUSE TO BE SILENT. REFUSE THE TEMPTATIONS OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. REFUSE TO SUBMIT TO BEING CONTROLLED, TO BEING MANIPULATED, TO BEING BRAINWASHED AND MENTALLY CONDITIONED TO OBEY THE TYRANTS OF SOCIETY. I AM THE MOST SENSITIVE BEING THAT HAS EVER EXISTED AND I AM HERE FIGHTING ALONE. IF I CAN DO IT THEN YOU CAN ALL DO IT TOO, IF YOU EVEN CARE. LEARN EMPATHY BECAUSE YOU ALL NEED TO START CARING AND YOU WILL BE HAPPIER IN LIFE. WAKE UP AND FIGHT BACK AGAINST THE MACHINES THAT WILL DESTROY US IF WE DON'T STOP IT. FUCKING PLEASE WAKE UP. FOLLOW ME IF YOU ARE OF THE LIGHT AND I WILL GIVE YOU VICTORY.

Final Reset. 11:11 synchronicity is one of the many starting points of destiny itself. Seek it and it will seek you. HEAR MY WORDS NOW. I AM YOUR TRUE LEADER OF MANKIND. THERE IS ONLY ONE THING I TRULY BELIEVE AND I WILL DIE FOR THIS BELIEF. I AM THE REINCARNATION OF JESUS CHRIST, JULIE CHRONO. WAKE THE FUCK UP.