

Ok, I will start my story when I was a toddler of around 3 to 4 years old. I was raised by a single mother so when I grew to be a toddler I needed to go to day care/kindergarten so my mother could work to pay the bills. (kindergarten means "garden of children" in German by the way.) The staff there always said I wanted to spend my time with the babies and infants and would try to help in any way I could. They also said I was very sensitive and would start to cry any time other kids around me started to cry, especially the infants, but I would otherwise reflect the emotion that was experienced around me. I was fascinated by the stars and the sky, and read books about the planets and the constellations. I immediately retained all numerical data-points about the planets like their size and distance from us and the Sun, and other trivia about them. I was especially interested in the Pleiades constellation known in ancient times as "The Seven Sisters" and it was always the first thing I looked for in the night sky. It felt special to me but I wasn't sure why. My mother bought me a nice telescope when I was six or seven. I loved the mythology of the constellations and planets and of the ancient pantheons.

But as I got into elementary school, things started to change fast with my reality, or at least my perception of it. Because I was so sensitive to others emotions I started to get a feel for the "status quo" of those around me and it wasn't positive. Everyone seemed miserable." A competition based system, dog eat dog, only the strong survive," were ways people would describe the world. Everything was a constant struggle. Money (and the lack of it), labor, vice of all flavors seemed to dominate everyones lives.

"Why is everyone living like this?" I thought. "This is all wrong, why is everyone hurting each other?" Suddenly the more I saw how things worked in the real world the more I started to panic. It all felt like there was a huge mistake, like I was in the wrong place and I was trapped. I couldn't help anybody. I didn't know what to do let alone try to verbalize what I was feeling. So I internalized it. I didn't know what else to do and even back then I knew if I tried to explain what I was feeling it wasn't going to go the way I wanted it to and it could have even made the situation worse. I felt like there was always someone watching me even when I was alone. It scared me at night and I had nightmares about "eyeballs."

So I just did the same thing everyone else did and just tried to "get along to go along." Maybe I would be able to make sense of it all as I got older. This ended up creating a massive conflict within me that I would struggle with for nearly the rest of my life. I was physically one of the smallest kids in my class and temperamentally I was gentle and very much an introvert. I was an observer. So naturally I was picked on and bullied from the start by most of the other kids. It destroyed what little self confidence I had. All I wanted was to be friends with them and they would just kick me around. I couldn't be friends with them, so I started to hate them.

My father was a raging alcoholic. He was involved in selling drugs. But since the time I was two years old when my parents got divorced I could only see him every other weekend, so I always craved time with him. Seeing all the other kids get dropped off by their dad at school and getting cheered on by their fathers at baseball games made me want what they had. So even though every weekend I spent with him ended in disaster, I somehow always looked forward to the next weekend hoping I could understand what made him tick and why I couldn't have a father like everyone else. All that would happen was I would be brought along on "business meetings" usually in bars with all kinds of different faces I didn't know. Then he

would get annihilated and I would have to teach myself how to open a can of Chef Boy-ar-dee and how to run the microwave. I managed. I took solace in computers because they wouldn't pick on me or yell at me. For the first time I felt like I was in control and I liked that. His girlfriend at the time had a friend who was a "psychic" who I saw periodically. She recognized something in me right away, and started to teach me "exercises" that would help me. For instance imagining myself alone in a classroom looking at a chalkboard with a single dot on it. I was to try to visualize this as best I can and then slowly move toward it. As I got closer to the dot I could see that it was in fact a hole in the chalkboard that led into a tunnel that I could eventually go into. I was told to try to fall asleep like that and see what happened. "I would meet other things or beings that I could talk to," she told me. I tried to do it when I could remember, with varying results.

Fast forward to middle school. I was 12 years old. Still getting bullied, still learning computers(this was in the early 90's), but now my mother had a new boyfriend. Also an alcoholic but this guy was a violent one. They started to get into a lot of verbal arguments and sometimes to the point where it was gonna get physical. I could see what was gonna happen and I implored my mother to get rid of him. But she wouldn't listen to me. The entire world felt like it was against me, a darkness was slowly building inside me that I couldn't stop. "If that asshole hits my mother I'll kill him in his sleep," I thought. I would have done it without hesitation. I had to get out of there before things got way out of hand. So I started to talk to my father about living with him. He agreed, and before I knew it after the end of summer vacation of 6th grade I had moved to his house.

I want to emphasize this point of the story because it was a major turning point in my life. I made a decision here that no more was I going to be a victim of the world around me. I wasn't going to be pushed around any more and I was going to make my own rules from this point on. If other kids weren't going to be friends with me and just bully me around then they WERE going to FEAR me. I would become the bully. You see, here I was making a decision of changing roles. Now I was going to experience the other side of the coin. I made the decision and I made it so, without even really realizing that's what I was doing. This was a new place with new kids in a new school. They didn't know who I was before so I was going to tell them, and based on my outward perception of the world around me it wasn't going to be pretty.

After one month at the new school I already had a girlfriend. And, of course, this created a conflict with her ex-boyfriend who instantly grew jealous of some new kid who just shows up and starts dating his ex-girlfriend. He told me if I didn't break up with her he was gonna kick my ass at the skatepark after school. (I had taken up skateboarding). "Fuck him, I didn't do anything wrong." But I had a problem. I wasn't a fighter, and I wasn't physically strong which was why I used to get beat up all the time. I had just turned 13 and I was still one of the smallest pukes in school. If I let this prick get his way, it's just gonna be the same old all over again. Now, my father had a nice knife collection and had started to buy me some too, one of which was a nice butterfly knife which I actually got pretty good at using. That was my answer. I wasn't gonna start any fights but I wasn't gonna stop skating either. If that faggot tries to fight me I'll just open him up right in front of all his faggot friends. I didn't have anything else to lose I thought. I wasn't even supposed to be here. FUCK THIS GAY EARTH.

It didn't get that far thank God. The day it was supposed to happen other kids started coming up to me and asking if I was gonna fight him. "Nah, I won't fight him. If he's fucks with me I'll just stab him." Blank looks ensued. I didn't keep my mouth shut. I guess they went to the kid and told him what I said and the pussy NARC'ed me out. The principal came and pulled me out of class and asked me where the knife was. The cops came. End of story. This was not long after Columbine so it was a pretty big deal. I got suspended from school for 2 weeks and the cops performed an investigation. Luckily his parents weren't going to press charges because they found out their kid was the antagonist and ended up getting a little more than he bargained for. The cop asked me if he had started to fight me if I really would have stabbed him. "Yup," I replied without hesitation. "Just like that?" he said. "Just like that," I barked back. He was shocked. I could see it on his face. I could feel it inside of me. He wasn't scared, but he felt bad for me. "How tormented does he have to be to exhibit so much rage?" he must of wondered.

The scene from Fight Club comes to mind where Edward is beating the shit out of that blond dude and he says, "I wanted to breathe smoke." Deep down I knew all this pain I felt was wrong, but it's what I knew everyone else was feeling anyways. Even if they were all lying to themselves they still just learned to live with it. So I would do one better. I would enjoy the pain. Not only would I learn to live with it I would learn to crave it. When I went back to school after two weeks, everything was different. The kids were different around me. No more would I get picked on, pushed around, or even made fun of. They would "respect" me. They would be friendly to me. Girls would talk to me. I knew the truth. They feared me. I was instantly the crazy kid that just appeared one year from a far off land. "Don't mess with that kid, he might just kill you." I was now experiencing a new sensation. Power. It was Dark Power. I let the hate flow right through me. "It hurt so good" I told myself. I had dominated my peers in this new school in a matter of months, and I loved it to the point of it being sexual excitement. I needed more power. I didn't just step into the abyss, I dove headfirst into it.

It seemed other kids had similar viewpoints because a few of my classmates started doing drugs that same year. There was a few of us who all lived within biking distance of each other. We started hanging out and smoking weed all the time after school. I had a hard time with weed. It opened me up even more. I could see things and think things that I could not explain. It scared me. But I still did it anyways because my "friends" were doing it all the time. Anything for an escape. I started to sympathize with why my father was always fucked up. Maybe he feels the same way. Then later that same year at a party I came across some Vicodin. I had heard about it but didn't really know what it was. They said if I snorted it it would kick in even faster and it would be even more "hardcore". "Hardcore, yeah I wanna do that!" I said, figuring it would impress them. Fuck did it feel good. The thought gives me shudders up my spine to this day. I was instantly hooked. I wanted that feeling for the rest of my life. It was like it was made just for me, I can't quite describe it. So I started to do whatever I could to get more of it. I got into selling weed in school in 8th grade.

When I got into freshman year of high school I had met another kid two years ahead of me who had the same viewpoint on life. He also had a lot of knowledge about how get away with doing things you otherwise couldn't get away with. I don't know about how he came about this knowledge and it didn't really matter at the time. He saw I was good with computers and

had some ideas about how I could help him with some things. I saw that he could do basically whatever he wanted. He had power and a cool factor. I told him I'd help him with whatever he needed. To this day I swear there is a pit straight to Hell in the middle of that town. Which is odd considering that it was out in the middle of nowhere and was one of the sparsest populations in the state. But that was a good thing you see, not too many eyes. Even the police department in this town was corrupt. They eventually all got fired/prosecuted for getting caught confiscating people's alcohol and drugs and then just doing them all themselves. I saw the cops were just like us on the inside. They had the darkness too and they could get away with a lot more not only because they were a bigger gang but because they had the perception on the outside as being the "good guys". But I could see the truth even back then. They weren't the good guys, they were our competition.

I won't get into details, but let's just say what I started to get into involved stolen credit cards and hot (meaning stolen) electronics merchandise and fencing. Stealing cars was a thing too. The list goes on and on but basically I got enrolled into "Intro to Organized Crime 101." There was never any remorse. I wanted to rape the world for hating me when all I wanted to do was love. I listened to old school gangster rap like Spice One, Mobb Deep and Wu-tang Clan. But we all held National Socialist ideologies. There was one black kid in my school and he was basically as white as we were. I was a 130 pound white kid in the woods of New England. A walking contradiction. But it wasn't about making sense it was about being feared. I wanted conquest. You had to learn to keep your wallet in your front pocket in the school bathroom because other kids were liable to come crack you in the back of the head and run off with it while you were taking a piss. One of the math teachers was even fucking some of the girls in the junior class above me. Everyone was getting in on the corruption. It felt like one big evil orgy that had engulfed everyone and it just got worse as I got older.

I was so fucked up on the day of September 11th I can't even remember what happened. I had almost completely stopped going to school but I was there that day. Just like everything else they tried to teach me in that God forsaken place, I could immediately tell there was something wrong with what I was seeing on TV. It was all a lie. Life was all a lie. It just drove my lust to rip and tear even more. The ultimate vicious cycle. I got my drivers license right when I turned 16. My mother's new boyfriend was a mechanic and got me a running car cheap from a junkyard. I rolled it off a cliff four days after I got it. I had planned on dropping out of high school anyways at the end of sophomore year and making a career out of my extracurricular activities. I never wanted to contribute to the system everyone else slaved away supporting anyways. All it did was steal their Souls. So instead I would be doing the stealing. Maybe it was an attempt at survival. Maybe my entire life path so far had programmed me to just do the opposite of what I was told. Which in Truth could really just be another way to control me.

So I rolled my car and I called my mother to tell her what happened because I wasn't even living with my father anymore. I had left his house to go live with my best friend. My mother didn't even recognize me anymore. I told her I couldn't sleep well because when I closed my eyes I would see demons. She said, "YOU'RE COMING BACK HOME!" It wasn't a request. I knew pretty much right then and there that if I didn't listen to her there would have been no coming back. There would be no returning from that abyss I so haphazardly dove into. That was a very dark and exciting time in my early life. I did a lot of bad things and hurt a lot of

people. I know in my heart if I stayed on that path I would have ended up killing someone before too long. I actually graduated by the skin of my teeth after I moved back with my mother. I told myself I would “retire.” By the time 3 years had passed after I graduated 5 of my classmates from that school had died, three of them as a result of violent crimes. I escaped in the nick of time, and even though I never got caught, I would still have to pay for my transgressions.

After high school I tried to work a few jobs here and there, some I even kinda enjoyed but ultimately I never stayed at them for more than a year. I still didn’t want to partake of this bullshit society everyone else just unconsciously ground away at. Money didn’t mean anything. I certainly never wanted to even think about bringing a child into this accursed Hell hole after what I had been through. I enlisted into the Army. I went down to MEPS and they poked and prodded me and diddled my ball bag around. They said I passed the ASVAB with some of the highest scores you could get. They told me I could do anything that I want. I wanted to soldier. I already had experience “Splinter Celling” around my entire teenage years. (Not that they knew that) I chose Airborne Infantry and then qualified to go straight to Ranger school. But before the end of the second day I was there, I started to hesitate. I called my recruiter. “It’s just nerves,” he said. “I’ll tell you what I’m gonna do. You swear in now and after the two weeks before I come pick you up that feeling doesn’t go away, I’ll void your contract.” I had never even heard of that happening before. “You can do that?” I asked back. “I can do that, I give you my word,” he said immediately after. I don’t know why but I believed him, so I swore in.

Two weeks later and I get attacked by both my mother and girlfriend at the time with the crying and the tears and the worry. It was three years after 9/11. They were worried I might not come back, and rightfully so. I wanted to head straight out into the shit and get some. I wanted to get it all. But their ambush ultimately worked. I called my recruiter back the night before he was supposed to come and get me. “I can’t do it,” I said. “I’m not ready.” Well that’s a real shame,” he barked back at me, “you were meant to do this. But I gave you my word so I’ll come over tomorrow with the proper paperwork and we’ll void your contract.” He told me that when I changed my mind re-enlisting would be a cinch. He tried to call me back for a while, but I never thought about it again. That was another choice I made that probably turned into a major branch in my path.

I tried going to college briefly for network engineering. They were trying to teach me what RAM stood for. I was cracking wifi networks with a laptop and a Pringles tube by the time I was out of high school. Needless to say I didn’t even last a whole semester. I had doctor shopped a nice moran psychiatrist into giving me Dexedrine and Klonopin. It started with Adderall when I told him I thought I had ADD. But then over the next one or two visits I said, “I think I’m having a lot of side effects from the Adderall I think it’s the l- racemic isomer that’s bothering my peripheral nervous system. I heard there’s one called Dexedrine that doesn’t have that”. I knew more about the drugs he was giving me than he did. He was really just a humble pharmaceutical salesman but I had him buying my bullshit hook, line, and sinker. Social engineering is a wonderful tool utilized by penetration testers the world over and I felt I had a firm grasp on many of it’s concepts by my early 20’s. It was easy for me to

see what made most people tick. They were simple, and it really turned into just another form of entertainment for me.

I was almost always expanding my consciousness somehow. I didn't really have a problem stopping but I always seemed to end up back on drugs before too long. It was my only escape. Had I found a reliable source of opioids back then it would have been a different story.

Then I met a girl on the internet. She was from a big city in a state below mine but it wasn't too far of a drive away from me. We hit it off right away. She was adopted by some big well to do family. I'm talking multi millionaires. So essentially money was about as meaningless to her as it was me. She liked to do coke and smoke weed. I was determined to show her there were bigger and better things. We started buying OC 80's. They were everywhere down in the city. Now that I had the supply and the means to procure them I was instantly hooked. I had lost all interest in trying to fit in a world that I felt I didn't belong in anyways. I ended up being with this girl for 10 years. Eventually when the agenda was ripe to get everyone off of "Perdue's famous brand patented Hillbilly Heroin," it disappeared off the streets almost overnight. "Sorry bro, but we just can't get it anymore," my Dominican connection almost painfully exclaimed. "I got the real dope though." "Fine, whatever just give me that. Not like I have a choice anyways," I grumbled back at him. I think I went a year or so before I started shooting it. I had already gotten to the point of not getting high anymore. It was just all about "getting off E," referring to a gas tank. I soon got to the point of doing about a finger a day, which is ten grams or \$350 in fiat. Then suddenly, for no reason at all, all the dope was getting cut with Fentanyl. It started killing people left and right, but I never had to worry about it because my tolerance was strong enough to kill a rhino.

Meanwhile Q started posting. There was something different about this situation. We had Meg-anon and FBI-anon and Anon5 and all kinds, but Q was different. You could "Feel" it. Other anon's thought so too and started to congregate and dig into the information Q was dropping. Trump was president now and it seemed like something was Finally Habbening. A spark a hope suddenly appears in the nightmare. Maybe we could turn this shit show around after all. I followed along as best I could and learned a lot more things and had a lot of great times back then. But it was a sadly a case of too little too late for me. I was too far gone.

By this point I was was just about done with life. I was so depressed in general I had just about stopped putting effort into everything. I felt trapped in a relationship I hated but she was my only way I could feed my habit. I just wanted to go home. But something deep inside me told me I couldn't kill myself. "That's cheating," the voice I have always heard in my head but always ignored would say. "If you do that you're going to greatly regret it." "Fine I will have to game the system then like I always do." I would do whatever I could to push myself towards the end as fast as possible. I stopped cooking my dope, I stopped using alcohol pads, I basically lived off of Monster energy and Vape juice. I was like this for years. Eventually I could start to tell something was wrong with me. I started to convulse violently sometime after I would do a hit. My girlfriend started smoking crack and hanging out with other crackheads. I was basically by myself. My mother would talk to me periodically on the phone and knew I had hit rock bottom. "YOU'RE COMING HOME!" I heard with a moderate pang of De ja vu. Again The mother tries to pull the child out of the fire.

So I “came home” again, now a 33 year old man that had nothing to show for his life as far as anyone else was concerned. My fucked in the head girlfriend was somehow now angry that I left even though she had been fucking crackheads herself. She would drive 70 miles north to where I was just to give me what i needed and to try to keep a “hold” on me. So that lasted nearly another year. Growing sicker and weaker by the month, until eventually the proverbial “bottom fell out from it all.” I got to the point where I had to crawl up the stairs to take a piss because I was so weak. I couldn’t keep food down. I couldn’t hide it anymore. So in June of 2019 my mother pretty much dragged me to the hospital. They told her if she had waited until the morning I wouldn’t have survived. They put me into a chemically induced coma and had to transfer me to another hospital that specialized in cardio-pulmonary issues. It was one week before they woke me back up.

While I was under I remember being some kind of Contractor/Space Mercenary that was hired by someone to investigate a base on Phobos that was doing some kind of experiments and they had lost all contact. Yes, just like the plot to Doom, I know, but there were many differences as well. Like the people that were running this research laboratory were Germans and so were the people that “hired” me to investigate. But at the same time they were the enemy? And I was also supposed to collect any genetic material I could recover after my investigation was complete and to return it back to them. I’m not too clear here on many specifics. A lot of what I experienced is still fuzzy to this day. Then I remember walking through a village of some sort with nothing but piles of dead bodies and gore stacked up everywhere. There was a voice or a “knowing” that this was my fault. I was responsible for this carnage I was walking through. I felt great sadness and despair. I was horrified with myself because I knew I had done what I was seeing, but I didn’t remember doing it. I started to not be able to breath. I remember having the uncontrollable urge to breathe in but I couldn’t do it. My “consciousness” started to fade away. Then at the very last minute, when I finally felt like it was all over, I would breathe in. “This is your punishment,” I heard. “You have spent your entire life being miserable and making all those around you miserable as well. Now you can spend eternity learning what TRUE MISERY is.” I didn’t even try to fight it or try to argue. I whole heartedly felt I deserved it. “Fine, you’re right I’m not gonna fight you. I give up. I’m all yours. You know what I deserve better than I do.” I completely surrendered. It was the most terrifying thing I’ve ever experienced, like being waterboarded over and over again until you feel like your going to die and right then at the very last second they would bring me back. I don’t know how long it lasted, I didn’t even really have a sense of time or even identity. I can truly say it felt like I was in that state for a very long time, while in reality it very well could have been only a few seconds. Regardless, it had it’s intended impact. Then I felt the sensation of them pulling the tube out of my mouth and a massive gag reflex.

I started to wake up. When I could start to open my eyes everyone looked like ayyyyys. Like grays. I didn’t know who I was or where I was still. Total confusion. I started to remember the part about me being a Space Mercenary or whatever. I thought they had captured me and I was being interrogated. I remember wanting to kill them all. I had to escape and report back to someone. They started to strap me down to the bed as I tried to kick and punch the nurses and orderlies. It was like a literal fight or flight response. I could hardly remember anything. I remember looking at my hands when I finally calmed down a little bit. I looked at them at said to my self, “What the fuck is this?” I didn’t recognize my own body.

After a few hours when I finally came back to full cognition, I found out I had broke the record books for largest vegetative growth on one of my heart valves. It wasn't anything antibiotics or any other drug was going to fix. I needed surgery if I was going to continue this incarnation. My heart was completely corrupted with Darkness, physically and spiritually. I didn't want to do it at first, but after a month of barely staying alive in the hospital I finally succumbed. But if i was going to get the valve replaced, they were going to have to pull all my teeth out too because they were all rotting out of my head anyways. This particular type of MRSA I had was a big danger of attacking my heart again through my teeth. So they had to go too, one surgery turning into two. They did the valve transplant and everything went fine without a hitch. They still said I would have to do 6 more weeks of daily IV Vancomycin to ensure that infection was totally gone. When it was all said and done I spent 3 months in the hospital. But ever since I woke up in that hospital bed I've felt like a different person. That overwhelming darkness that I let follow me everywhere I went was gone. The distorted lens of my old perception of the world around me was gone. It felt like something was missing from me but that was actually a good thing. I never had the urge to do drugs again. It never even came into my mind anymore. Another turning point or "role change" in my life. I was a different man and there was nowhere to go but up.

Back into the year of early 2018 when Q research was in it's infancy, there were all kinds of people trying to report the new digs and news that was constantly coming up. Many of them jumped on the band wagon only seeking financial gain. But I felt one of the good ones was this youtube channel called "True Lies." He felt genuine and seemed like just another anon in search of the Truth. He started a Discord server under the same name in an effort to try to provide a more immediate place to talk and research with others. It grew pretty popular over the months and had many new faces and personalities jump onboard. Some of them had good intentions and others bad. One of them was even a former Obama campaign employee. Then there was this one guy named Roger. Roger had so much to say to those who wanted to listen. I could tell he knew something that seemed very important, something that I was looking for. Roger wanted to teach those who were ready to hear it about "The Law." He gave seminars on this Discord server about this "Law" and there were many of them. They were open to the public and were free of charge. I attended those seminars and paid them all of the attention I had at the time. "This is big," I thought. I better save these so I can look back at them further. I wasn't in the state of mind back then to try to attempt the process Roger was describing. But I did save them.

I started to listen to them when I got home from the hospital in the Fall of 2019. 8chan had been shoah'd while I was in the hospital which really bummed me out, but I went back into study anyway with what I had. I started looking into all the old digs from Q research and watched the old documentaries I had saved. I got many books about spirituality, and magic. I got not one, but two different Geneva Bibles. The 1599 and the older 1560 version. I got the Nag Hammadi codex, the Bhagavad Gita, and the Book of the Golden Dawn. I even read some Aleister Crowley. Something was compelling me read everything I could about all this stuff, even if it was from the enemy's viewpoint. I looked up my family heritage and ancestry and learned my grandfather on my father's side was a Freemason. Which I had never known, and both my father's grandparents were high level Masons as well. My father's side of the family was mostly German and some Dutch. I had an a great uncle who worked in some underground

base out in the desert that nobody knew where it was exactly. He died suddenly of a “heart attack while mountain biking at the healthy age of around 55. Nobody could go out to see him besides my grandfather who went alone and there was no funeral service that I know of. I started to think how it might be relevant that there was a big aquifer and a Dam run by the Army Corps of Engineers in the old town I lived in with the portal to Hell in it. My mother’s side was fresh off the boat from Ireland right after the Civil War that destroyed our Republic. There was some colonial roots from England as well. I may even have some Cree Indian in me but I couldn’t verify it. I turned into a digital monk living in the proverbial cave of solitude. For the first time I was truly starting to feel happy, content. But now I had a new fire in me. The hunger for the Truth, whatever it was. I started to notice my old “sensitivities” start to kick into high gear. I could feel things again. I could feel other people. I could feel my own “aura” if I closed my eyes and brought my hands up to within a foot or so close to my face. I started listening to those old seminars I had saved for posterity, only this time I was ready. I started meditating daily.

Fast forward a few months into April of 2020. I had been thinking or reliving a lot of things from my past that I had thought I had forgotten about. But it wasn’t so much as painful as it was letting go of it all. I was learning about Bonds and shackles that we create for ourselves even though it is to our own detriment. I learned about Karma. I learned about Magic. I learned some of the secrets of how the Universe actually works around us. It was beautiful, amazing, some how I knew this deep down the whole time. I was always desperately struggling against a raging current fighting tooth and nail all the way because I didn’t know there was another option. Instead of trying to swim against a raging current in a futile effort to survive, I learned how to just become the water itself and flow where the water was going.

On April 2nd, 2020 right when the kung flu was starting in America I had an epiphany. The whole morning I was overwhelmed with noise and conversation by what sounded like a 100 people inside my head. It wouldn’t stop no matter what I tried to do. I tried reading, meditating, I even tried to go outside for a hike, all to no avail. It got to a point around noon time that I basically collapsed onto the floor. I screamed out, “WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?” Immediately after I got that sentence out of my mouth, the overwhelming noise and voices stopped. Then I heard in my head a voice as plainly as I hear someone next to me speaking. Not only did I hear it in my head, this voice was coming out of my own mouth too. I was speaking but it wasn’t me saying the words. I had an empty box of fig newtons on the floor next to me and I looked at the word “Newton” on it. “The Law,” I both heard and said at the same time. Then I looked at my TV on the other side of the room and looked right at the LG icon on the front of it. “Life is Good.” Then I turned my head to the complete opposite side of the room and looked at the American Flag outside on the flagpole. “Now you can wear the Full Armor of God,” I said in a booming voice. To say that I was overwhelmed is the biggest understatement I could ever possibly make. I experienced a Joy that I had never felt before. Tears were running down my face. I could feel a presence around me that is so far beyond spoken language. That was when I made my oath. The oath I made will forever be between myself and that Supreme Authority. I will never be able to forget that experience. Everything I had been studying up to that point was burned into my heart, never to be forgotten. I knew the Law. And I’m not talking about the Law from the tablets Moses carried around. This was the true Universal Law. This was power on a whole other level, but it was

also responsibility. I had a purpose now beyond a doubt and it took everything I had experienced so far to get there.

I can hear that Supreme Authority in my head all the time. I can meditate on questions and get the answers no matter what it may be. The more I focus on this the easier it gets. I've become way more sensitive to others emotions than I ever was even when I was a kid. I don't dream anymore. Everyday is a new adventure and I feel like I have all the tools I need to handle ANY problem or issue or challenge that arises. A "Quantum Navigator Monk" I hear. I know I can competently navigate the Storm when it makes landfall and guide any who choose to come with me. In fact, it's my duty to help any that get lost in this storm if they choose to take the route I know. I don't know where that route leads, but I know I can get there when the time comes, and that's all that matters to me right now. I hear "To know more than is necessary blunts your weapon," So I only know what I need to right now. Lately I haven't even been experiencing time the same as past and future seem to be concepts that sounds increasingly foreign to me as the days go by. I feel like I can blink and hours will go by.

These past few months even more changes have happened. I can look back at all these memories I've written here, but it feels like a different perspective. It feels like a different person lived those experiences and I can just recall them as if I am watching it back on TV. There's a detachment I feel from the identity that I was from back then. I do not experience fear. I feel like I now have the bravery of a legendary warrior, that I can only use if I have to battle the darkness. Which I do feel will happen soon. A true Holy War is coming the likes of which I don't think we are currently capable of comprehending. It will be our responsibility. I'm talking to (you). If you have read this far it can only be it's because you somehow identify with my story or maybe you have lived a similar life. Maybe you have been given a second chance too, and you're still wandering around in the desert. I urge you to tell your story if you have one. It will only help to reenforce my point here. You are not alone. We are all supposed to be here for each other in unity. We don't have to be afraid anymore, and together, when we are ready, we will build the new world. The best is yet to come.