

# The Great War For Our Soul



## *Prefacus*

Well, here we go. It's Valentine's Day, February 14th, 2017. It's a good day for connecting, reconnecting, disconnecting, doing things to make people feel good, and keeping promises. I promised the universe to write this book for you all. I'm writing because I've experienced several phenomena that directly apply to and affect everyone else, and this is the best method for me to relay the information. I am going to do my best to describe everything as well as I can remember with the vocabulary and writing skills that I currently have. *The details are crucial.* I will probably repeat this several times so please bear with me, I only say it to draw focus to something important.

It is not my intention to offend anyone, but this story might offend something you believe. To that I want to say: While reading this please set aside your beliefs and I will not be offensive. We will talk more about beliefs later, but I need you already thinking about letting go of some of the things you hold deep inside. This journey is nothing short of amazing and I promise you it is the truth. This might challenge what you think you know. I do not have the time of day or the creative mind to come up with something like this. If I could, I would already be a published writer and not paying off student debt and working an 8 to 5 office job. I'm just another human being trying to figure out the big picture and I've found some unique pieces to the puzzle.

Before you make any assumptions, judgments and presumptions, or form any opinions, please just hear me out until the end. I'd love to say this briefly and give you all the information you need in just a few moments, but if I did that you wouldn't understand. I've tried to do that before and it doesn't do the truth any justice. The details are crucial, interconnected, and expansive. *The details are potential.* Some of this might seem boring, but the information is worth the time. I'm not trying to teach you anything and want that to be understood. I'm not trying to make you believe anything either. The purpose is that I think you deserve to know this impactful information while making your own decisions about the world around you.

This might be a bit different from books you would normally read. I want you to feel like you're involved in my thought process while I'm writing. Thought process is going to be a very critical element throughout this journey and after. Please do yourself a huge favor and pay special attention to how it is the key to understanding a bigger picture.

Let's begin with planting the seed.

# 1. “Let’s make it rain.” -*Little Sun*

I’m sitting in my car in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I have no place to go and have most of my belongings in the car. I was just about to turn 21. I was relatively emotional and feeling alone. I hadn’t been homeless before and didn’t agree with the reasoning behind why I was. My situation made me feel that society was completely out of touch. I know I was responsible and I also now know how society was responsible, but I didn’t know then what I know now. I remember clearly during the pinnacle of my thoughts while sitting there contemplating what was really going on, I asked out loud, “is everything I know wrong?” The thought stuck in my mind like when you reach the point of epiphany after being really sad, mad, lost and confused, when you kind of come to your senses and feel you’re ready to move on, as if you had one question for the universe at that moment...Growing tired as the sun had set, I laid the seat back and went to sleep.

~~~~~

(~.~) Now that I’m sleeping in this story it’s probably a good time to touch on “what I knew” at that point. I didn’t sleep that well or for very long, so we’ll dash through this and expand later on relevant details. I was born on October 28th, 1984 in Aberdeen, SD. My parents divorced when I was too young to remember. I lived in Brandon, SD with my mother and grandparents nearby. Around 8 years old, my mother remarried a dairy farmer and we moved just across the border in Minnesota. I attended elementary school in Beaver Creek, MN (school mascot the Patriots) before transferring to a school in Garretson, SD, the home of the Blue Dragons. I was a good student throughout school and was involved in several sports. I played the trumpet and the drums in concert and marching band. I played guitar and sang in a punk rock band and also played the drums in a Christian rock band named Spirit Song at a church in Brandon, SD. Details and synchronicities during my life have been really fun to connect. My favorite author later in life became Robert Anton Wilson, who grew up in Gerritsen Beach, New York. You will learn about more significant connections between the two of us later on when I tell you about when I first started reading his books. I was raised Christian and had an interest in music and IT (Information Technology). I don’t think there was anything that really stood out about me. I was naturally talented at most everything I did, but nothing phenomenal. Well, I have green eyes which is a statistical phenomenon as only 2% of the world’s population have them. So, technically *everything* I do is phenomenal. I was both popular and unpopular. I hadn’t researched deeply into any subject area. Keep in mind that I grew up on a dairy farm and unless you did too you have no idea how much work it is. A lot of my time was consumed by animals and crops. I never wanted to do chores. I wanted to play basketball or be doing a plethora of other activities. My mother didn’t allow me to have internet access on the computer. I had to go to college to get internet, even though I spent two years completing the Cisco Networking Academy coursework during my junior and senior years of high school. In hindsight, I think it was smart of her because I grew up finding other things to do indoors and outdoors instead of staring at a computer.

While it might sound like a relatively typical American childhood and that I'd go to school to get a degree and walk the path to economic stability, I started raising some hell when I went to college. Seems I have some rebel blood, because I definitely started breaking "the rules." I skipped most classes except for Psychology and Advanced Chemistry. I found out later I shouldn't have even been allowed in that chemistry class, as it was specifically designed for the engineering and pharmacy programs that I wasn't enrolled in. It also required prerequisite chemistry classes that I never took in high school. I thought it was pretty awesome. It was basically all about how elements and things bond and the math involved to show how the bonding happens in relation to the energies being exchanged, attracted and repelled to form stuff like existence... It's wicked cool. I was really behind in memorizing the elements and terminology, having no prior experience, but I got the gist. This was at South Dakota State University and I think the professor's name was Jay Shore. Kudos to him for teaching me a lot in a little time. I passed that class actually learning something that has stuck with me to this day. Chemistry is cool. I didn't want to go to the other general classes because they were a huge waste of money. How did we get suckered into living in a system where we have to suddenly pay to go to school to take the same classes we did in high school for another two years before getting into material that's suited to the job market skills we need? It was illegal to work until two years before high school graduation in most states. Two years as a full-time high school student while working a part-time job is not going to make enough money to pay for college. Who are they trying to fool? By *they* I mean the government, obviously. Long story short, I was bored with school, made a mistake, and landed myself in jail for 30 days. I had worked for Wal-Mart as a cashier and pulled what's known as a "Robin Hood," where I simply didn't scan an item for someone I knew. This enabled my friends to have things, like food, that we couldn't afford while going to school. The idea randomly came to me one day while I was writing song lyrics on the receipt paper, I wasn't trying to think of a way to steal. I had no idea how lucky I was at the time for getting caught. Even though it was a sealed court record, and nobody besides me and the judge was ever supposed to know about it, it would resurface and come back to save me later on in a paperwork hiccup that prevented me from actually shipping off with the Navy. This also won't be the last time I'm behind bars in this story. I decided that I was done with school and instead chose to get a job. I bring all of this up because it's important to the details of the story. I'm not a model citizen in the eyes of the law, yet I have this amazing story to tell you.

~~~~~

(a.a) As the sun rose I woke up in my car and drove to the hotel I was working at to make some calls. By nightfall, thanks to a nice guy who was willing to give me a break, I found a studio apartment. Homeless for one day, crisis averted. Wow, such a tough situation, right? Well, finish reading this and you'll see how tough of a situation we're all in. I was just getting a taste of the suffering that most experience in some way to lesser and greater degrees. I think my experience was important because it shaped my understanding of the system we live in and would later become a key element of thought process.

After becoming a "criminal" and having all my "friends" alienate me I met some lifelong friends that didn't judge me. It made me wonder why these people are the way they are. High school

and college were both riddled with cliques and social groups and here was a group of people from different walks of life all getting along. That was really cool and something I'd never experienced before. Sounds like a great group of people, right? Yes. What was the catch? Drugs. Don't even get started judging, please. From what I can see it seems that most people are doing some sort of drug whether it's prescription or not. Our reality of "drugs" has been warped by our government and corporations wishing to exploit us for their profit. As I said, I'd never really broken the rules until going to college, which means I didn't drink alcohol or smoke weed in high school. Drugs were a relatively foreign thing to me. I didn't know much about them, but I wasn't a complete idiot. What I can tell you is that DARE class in school was next to absolutely useless. They don't tell you that the same illegal drugs are in prescriptions that doctors give to children. Chances are a few of the kids in class, the teacher, or maybe even the DARE officer have a prescription for Adderall or Ritalin. Both are very similar, yet unique, to the illegal street drug known as "meth." Both will cause you to fail a drug test for meth, are used by drug addicts whenever possible, and are prescribed to children as young as three years old. The DARE officer deludes the children, which is the real crime. We could have a functioning drug addict talk to the kids about the reality of addiction vs. a DARE officer brainwashing them.

Let's remember the questions I've asked so far. "Is everything I know wrong?" and "Why are these people the way they are?" Science tells me that one way to find answers is to experiment. So, I started using drugs. I was curious. Don't judge me; again, most people take drugs daily. Manufactured sugar, anyone? Drugs didn't mess me up. They weren't healthy for me physically, but they also taught me several things and answered my question about why these new friends were the way they were. Drugs, in this case, brought everyone together. It allowed us to experience a similar state of mind all at once. With that being said, it's not my place to comment on whether drug use is good or bad. I've had good and bad experiences and by bad I mean unfavorable. That's a black and white question with a rainbow answer. Everyone is different. I also didn't use them that often, as I had a job and had to function. It wasn't a flop effort and I wasn't down and out. I was curious and having fun, making mistakes and learning from them. Given the drug use, I decided to distance myself from the girl I was seeing and told her I didn't want her around what I was doing. In hindsight, I could've married her.

One of my friends was looking for a roommate and place to live so we teamed up and found a condo. This is where things started to get really interesting. When we moved in, the landlord told us that the lady living beneath us had been there forever and would probably never leave. However, about three weeks later, there was a knock at the door and *Stile* became part of this story. He had a smile on his face and told us we had three new neighbors. As he said they had moved from Oregon, my buddy—eavesdropping on the couch—blurted out: "You smoke weed?!" Well, up in smoke we went.

One day we came across some OxyContin (our new neighbors only smoked weed). I remember puking and it not being horrible. Most of the time puking is horrible, but this was refreshing. I also remember this part very well because it has seemed to shape the last 10 years of my life. I was in the shower and was having one of those feelings like I did in the car when this story began. I was really frustrated with why the world is so backwards and corrupt. I can't describe

the feeling I had inside of me then, but as I stood there in the shower I remember clearly the pinnacle thought. I had one thing to say to the universe at that moment, and it was: "Help me, help you." I guess I felt that if per chance there was something bigger going on here I should ask for some help in being able to help; then maybe I'd get some answers. Three days later, Stile's dad—*Savvy Moose*—arrived in Sioux Falls from Oregon. It was if the antlers had heard the call.

I was outside smoking a cigarette the morning after Savvy's arrival. He had a great wizardly white and grey beard, owl eyes with the intensity and fire of a dragon, and the spirit of the sasquatch. He rolled his own cigarettes, which intrigued me because I knew smoking was bad and natural tobacco without chemicals seemed to be a healthier option. He came outside to smoke and we started talking for the first time. He asked me a few questions: "Are you religious?" and "Do you believe in aliens?" I gave my answers: "No, I was raised Christian, but it doesn't make any sense," and "Well, I don't know, but considering the circumstances I would suspect there's a higher intelligence out there." He also asked if I'd had any near-death experiences. I told him about the four-wheeler accident when I fell over the front and the wheeler fell end-over-end, causing the bar of the rear rack to smack me in the head on my ear. It happened because I lightly jumped the driveway, but had to hit the brakes to avoid driving into the bean field. I chose to save the plants. It didn't knock me out, and our neighbor, a Minnesota state trooper at the time who's earned several promotions, didn't think I had even suffered much of a concussion after doing his field tests within 20 minutes of the incident. I remember everything. My cousin Pete lifted the wheeler off of me (a young kid at the time, apparently with super strength) and I remember thinking, while pinned on the ground: "Hey bud come lift this thing off of me. I'm alright. It didn't even hurt." What I suspect is that my shoulder and ear actually dampened the fall of the wheeler before it hit me, and the ground was soft from grass and dirt. If it had fallen any harder or hadn't hit my ear, it easily could have cracked my skull. I had stitches in my ear because it had split open, but other than that I didn't suffer. If you were to put your hand up to your ear and press hard you can feel where you have the most padding on your skull. It's almost right in the middle and that's where the bar hit. The surgeon did a great job, and you can't really see it. No one has ever noticed it. So, near-death? Considering if the bar had hit me in any other spot, I think it's safe to say yes. I mention this because some people who've experienced head injuries come out of it with heightened awareness. Some ideologies as old as Egyptian times point to the pineal gland as having great importance, as being the "seat of the soul." It's theorized that some head injuries sort of activate this gland. Personally, I do recall something similar following that accident. The best I can describe it is like a bell was rang and the resonance of the ring made me more aware of myself and my thoughts. Without a word, Savvy turned and walked to his car to grab something. When he returned, he had what I would call relics. There was a bell and some other stuff that I don't remember the names of. He rang the bell three times. I listened closely to each and as the rings faded I asked him what he was doing. He replied, "Calling the deities."

Stile and I had a lot in common and got along really well. We had a similar intuition about the things we encountered; we thought the same way about most of it. He had a sort of Buddhist vibe because in his room he had a carpet to sit on and a mini closet altar/shrine with a statue of

the Buddha and some relics (it had its own style). He wasn't weird about it; most everything he talked about in regards to spirituality was down to earth. I don't think he even identified himself as Buddhist; it was just something he knew. Buddhism in its true form is philosophy, like science. It's a way of thinking about things. To say you are a Buddhist is to put yourself in a box. I wouldn't say I was a scientist even if I worked as a scientist. I would say that I am thinking scientifically about a certain thing at that moment. I am not dictated by pre-defined philosophies or ideologies. It's important to know that the roots of Buddhist philosophy are not "religious." That part intrigued me because I could see how it didn't dictate what he did or make him believe anything. It was more about always being open-minded to information, rather than attaching to a belief system. I thought this was really interesting because most people *want* to be attached to a belief system. I was skeptical and curious to know why he was the way he was.

We chased women, smoked weed, drank alcohol, watched movies, played video games, took martial arts classes, and got into many discussions about the issues in the world, just like most people do. While writing this, I'm currently challenged with figuring out how to describe the atmosphere when things started to change from just chillin' and having deep discussions to things happening that we couldn't fully explain. I think it might be best to say the curiosity for knowledge and truth, Kung Fu, Tai Chi, Tae Kwon Do, yoga, Buddhism, mysticism, and all the things I was doing in pursuit of intuition all played a role at the time. Remember again the questions I was asking: "Is everything I know wrong?" "Why are these people the way they are?" and "Help me, help you." Those questions were seeds and the stuff I was doing was metaphysically watering them.

Well, here we go everyone, let's make it rain already. There's no way to dance around the oncoming downpour. We have to break the ice of some crazy shit happening because the rest of this journey is going to be filled with it, too. I'm going to go right at it, now that you have an idea of what I'd been doing at the time. Things got what you might call weird, but what I would call interesting.

Stile and I were chillin' (sober) by the music shop one night; it wasn't late, we were just listening to music and trying to make some sense of the world. I remember the song that came on the radio was 'You Oughta Know' by *Alanis Morissette*. There was significance in this song playing at that time, considering that Alanis acted as the character *God* in the movie *Dogma* and the questions I had on the table for the universe—I've already touched on the importance of how these little synchronicities interconnect; it's a good time to start paying closer attention. I could feel something inside me when this song was playing. Stile was on the same page and asked: "Do you feel that?" I think I tried to come up with an explanation of how the music created a vibration and caused a sort of chemical reaction that created the feeling inside of us. The feeling remained after the song was over. Whatever it was, we decided to leave the music shop.

As we were driving, Stile was in the passenger seat trying to float. Apparently the feeling had made him think of doing this. He asked me to watch and see if he moved with the vibrations of the road or if he was able to stay at the same elevation during the car ride. Well, I can't say he was "floating," but it did look like he was managing to have quite a comfy ride. It was probably

just my expert driving. While I haven't seen anyone float yet, I do know that on that drive home we didn't stop a single time. *Every* traffic light was green and I didn't have to change my pace much at all; it was as if we had floated home. The first time I got high on cannabis and drove, it was in a 1987 Cadillac DeVille loaded with air-ride. I remember the exact feeling as floating. I couldn't feel any bumps. It was the smoothest sea I've ever sailed.

My apologies on this next experience, as I can't recall exactly what we were talking about when it occurred. What I do know is that it happened after the floating-home experience and that we were all sitting around chillin,' talking about something thought-provoking. There was Savvy, a couple of the guys, Stile, and myself. During the conversation, there was a moment where I remember sitting next to Stile and hearing his voice in my head say, "Hey." It sounded like his literal voice and seemed to occur just after processing my thoughts about the conversation at the time. I looked at him like, "What up dude?" The thing is, he wasn't looking at me, hadn't been looking at me, hadn't moved, and wasn't showing any signs of being aware he'd just said something to me. There were four or five people in the room and nobody else heard it. I asked him if he had just said something to me and he said he hadn't. I told him what just happened. I don't remember his exact response, but I remember him being surprised though not shocked. He was more intrigued than anything. What the fuck just happened, right?

Not long after that, we were out and about meeting up with some friends to kick it and score a bag of weed. We were all in the basement, just making small talk and catching up. So, the dude with the weed shows up and he's shirtless. He had a bunch of tattoos, including one with "THC" written in big letters across his stomach. I remember just taking in the energy for a moment because he had a sense of confidence like he just didn't give a fuck about what anyone thought of his appearance. I was just processing the environment. I looked at Stile, who was sitting to my left again, and sensed that he was arriving at the same sort of conclusions when processing the environment. I had the thought to try to *send* him the thought, "Hey." I remember distinctly after *forming* the thought that I thought about *sending* it. I was about five feet away from him. A few moments passed, then he turned his head and looked at me with the same impression that I had when I'd heard his voice. He asked, "Did you just say, 'hey'?" I smiled back and his eyes showed that he understood.

*Telepathy* is a real thing. That's how it worked for me. That's the only time I've had it happen where I could literally hear someone. It was like playing the first two hits of a ping-pong match then stopping after we knew what game we were playing. Remember me mentioning something about how thought process is a key element in this story?

After, we just kept on livin'. We told Savvy about it and he wasn't surprised. It seemed obvious to him that there were cosmic forces at work. Being spiritual, mystical, and heavily read, that's the type of guy he is. I sensed that he knew more about what was going on than what he was telling us in his feedback, so I knew there was more to learn. He always seemed to be thinking about the greater good and helping people. He always seemed to have a great depth of insight about whatever we told him. He was always encouraging and doing the groundwork for us to get involved with things like Tai Chi and the other stuff we were doing. He was helping us better



ourselves when otherwise we could have been lazy kids playing video games all day.  
Now we've broken the ice, things are heating up, and you've felt the first drop of rain.

## 2. You might need an umbrella.

It's time to start talking about the government and the corruption within it, in the core. These are deep seeds, deeper than I think most are really aware of and willing to think about. Since we're talking about seeds we're talking about roots. It's worth mentioning that one of the nearest towns to where I grew up is Pipestone, MN. Pipestone itself, a red rock, is sacred to the indigenous of this country, the Native Americans. I did not know the significance of this when I was young. Native culture has been viciously suppressed. I don't think most give credence to the reality of this country. I realized later on in life that this is indoctrinated in the education system as well as several other systemic entities. If you have any sense about how this country became what it is today then you will find an entire race almost wiped off of the planet. The Native American spirit will be prominent in this book, as it is in the universe. Don't read this and think any differently because that's the absolute truth. This society is wrong, its roots are impure, and it is the result of great evil. We have the illusion of freedom, democracy, technology, and sustainability. We are being manipulated in ways I cannot fully explain.

Am I talking some pretty big game right now? No. I know it might sound like it, but these are just some of the basics. You might not think so, and if so you are wrong. I've already talked about some things you might not believe. Since what I've told you is true, if you believe otherwise you're going to be living in delusion. I just relayed to you that telepathy is an actual thing we are capable of. You might have already thought that is true or have talked to someone who told you something similar, but did they tell you how? If so, that's really cool, far out! I suspect some on earth are quite good at it. Just remember, the details are crucial to every story. There is a lot of bullshit from bullshitters out there. Regardless of what you thought before now, you can be assured that this is the truth. Telepathy is one thing you are capable of doing in this life that you might have never known possible. I told you how I did it, how it occurred, what I thought about while it happened, and all the events leading up to it. I'm going to request, not require, that you trust me, because this roller coaster gets way more interesting than a single experience of telepathy. That experience is a key. This is the time period just after the first drop of rain and it's going to rain so much that eventually you might end up holding your breath.

Stile and I would talk a lot about the issues with the system. We thought in a similar way about things; we were able to identify the roots of the issues. This caused us to become a little on the paranoid side. I don't know if that's the right word for it because we weren't panicked, thinking someone was out to get us. There was just an uneasy, growing feeling that a bit of attention was being drawn to us. I don't have any proof that we were being watched. Each day it was becoming clearer how deep the corruption went. I was getting to a point in my thoughts where I was kind of being consumed by the idea of how big of a problem it is. I could see corruption everywhere. I wasn't freaking out, just uneasy and restless. I think this is a natural occurrence for anyone who starts realizing the truth about this system. It's designed to make you feel that way when you know the truth, a little bit like a looney-toon out of tune.

There was a time Stile and I were driving and we were talking about this fairly intensely. We

came to a stop sign near the condo where we lived. There was a white guy in a khaki trench coat and hat about to cross the street who looked to us at the time like he could be a government spy. We both instinctively eyed him, looking for signs of anything to indicate he was where he was because of us. He started crossing the street in front of us and made a movement with his right hand to his left collar. He grabbed the flap for a moment, and his mouth started forming words. Both of us exclaimed, almost laughing. He finished crossing the street and we kept driving. I don't claim to know if he was a government spy. The important part is that it increased the growing feeling in my stomach that something was indeed truly and deeply wrong with the society that is rooted in our government. It also served as a sign that what I was thinking was happening in real life, like I was onto something, something rooted in truth.

I was painted as a criminal for doing one wrong thing. The system treated me like a number, something that didn't even matter, a piece of trash, a pile of garbage. The state's attorney used rhetoric that didn't apply to me so he could pack his conviction statistics. He probably believes as he was *taught* that jail is proper punishment for someone he knows nothing about. Nobody from "The State" even talked to me, not a single word. I learned quickly and firsthand how this system actually treats its citizens. It manipulates them, uses them for profit, and also brainwashes them... this is great evil.

While these subjects are critical elements, this story is about something bigger.

### 3. After a light sprinkle a little sun adds a sparkle.

Since I'm unable to write this all at once, I thought it might be cool if I were to write it like a belated diary, since I have already lived what happens in this book. It might be interesting if I dated every day I write about the past, as it might describe my thought process more clearly and add some sense of structure and organic formation. Sounds fun at the moment.

**2/20-17**

Yesterday's Netflix recommended film for me was called *InnSaei: The Power of Intuition*. I read the description, saw the connection, and was curious. I had some time to burn, so I tuned in. What immediately stood out was the spiritual nature, based on the word *intuition* in the title. This seems to be the best word to give base to the word *spiritual*. I had been thinking recently on how to explain in writing how I was becoming more spiritually-minded in the story, using intuition in conjunction with thought process. This was going to be a bit of a challenge to entwine because I do not like the word *spirituality*. I feel it leaves too much room for people to become lost in their own translation and insert their own meaning, as most do not have the same understanding of what the term *spirituality* means or represents. So, to combat this challenge, I was going to explain how intuition is a much better word to describe the mentality and thought process I was experiencing. *Intuition* was originally a term used to define spirituality. I prefer it; it feels more mindful to me and indicative of intelligent thought process. Remember that thought process is key. I know I'm a broken record, but this documentary is ultimately about thought process. It is about how intuition is what we have lost touch with. Many people report having awakenings or rebirths and they consider them spiritual. Considering many of those people are religious, I will not be using the word *spirituality* very often, and when I do, it is meant **entirely without** religious context.

I've mentioned how Stile had a Buddhist vibe and how we were taking Tai Chi, other martial arts, and yoga. These things stimulated my intuition and it was growing. I had a thirst for truth, and I wasn't hitting any roadblocks with continuing my thought process. By this time, I was sufficiently paranoid the government was somehow aware of the fact I knew they were evil, while being fueled with intuition... Oh yeah, the floating and telepathy... Ya know, those were just, ya know, nothing major to light a fire under my ass to keep walking the path I was on. I'm sure most of you eat telepathy for breakfast just before your morning commute where you float to work and act like your thoughts about other drivers don't matter.

I was hungry to learn new things and the wind carried a scent that always seemed to lead me in the right direction. A little time passed and it had become winter. It's funny, because as I'm writing this I can't wait to get to the point where this story leaves Sioux Falls, and since it's winter in the story I was also thinking of how I couldn't wait to leave. Those winters are harsh. For example, the event that cost me the job I had at the hotel was a huge ice storm. There was at least half an inch of ice on everything. I was working overnights and I couldn't even get the key into my car door. I called in to let them know I wasn't coming and they wanted me to take a cab instead. I thought they were stupid for even asking me to travel in such conditions,

especially with someone I didn't even know. Yeah, great idea, endanger my life for a company. Not only is that endangering an employee, but also potentially endangering everyone else on the road in already extremely hazardous conditions. People work to support themselves and their families, but not to risk the chance of abandoning them due to driving conditions. That's not the type of collective social attitude and conditioning that we need to support with our time and taxes. It lacks basic compassion. It is inhumane. It is criminal. Do you understand me? Since the great state of South Dakota ensures its ties to great evil by being a "right to work" state, employers can fire you without any ethical reason. For protecting my life, I lost my job.

Oh boy, hooray system! I can't wait to find another job that will treat me like shit and pay a less-than-living-wage with no health insurance! Oh gosh golly I'm so excited for the freedom of this opportunity! Uncle Sam baby, do I get to wear a uniform while unemployed, too?! Clearly I was happy, but I also couldn't have really cared less. I knew I didn't do anything to deserve it, so I felt like I was still doing the right thing. By doing the right thing, I mean I did the first sensible thing anyone would do...I got drunk and stoned! I decided I wasn't a fan of working any more, and decided not to. How would I pay my bills? I didn't care enough to even attempt forming a plan for that. I just followed my intuition and my intuition said that bills are a product of a corrupt evil system. Any self-respecting person knows better than to participate in this, if possible. I went with the flow and did what I thought was best at the time. I had some cash and came across some OxyContin. I took one pill a day, smoked weed, and played Jade Empire on Xbox for about two weeks, as any other sensible person would do. I chose the name *Stillness*, and was putting harmonic combos together while saving the free world from the evils of empire. That's exactly how my intuition felt. That's exactly what this world needs.

One day we were talking with Savvy and he mentioned leaving Sioux Falls for a Buddhist monastery in the Arizona desert called *Diamond Mountain University*. Something about the idea caused my intuition to peak, and I knew I needed to go. I had the mentality of "leaving all material possessions." So that's what I did. I left most of my belongings besides clothes and some necessities. It turns out you can't actually save the world from empire by playing Xbox.

A few days before I left town, I went to see my mother, stepfather, and sister on the farm. It had been a little while since I'd seen them due to having been kicked out. When I told them what I was doing, they were a little taken back, but supportive. I can't imagine what my mother thought. Here I was just up and leaving the state to meet someone they'd never met, in a place they'd never heard of. Since we had family in Arizona, my father lived in Texas, and Diamond Mountain isn't that far away from either of them, it wasn't the craziest thing to do. I bet they thought I was a little nuts and probably still do! I gave my father a call and let him know what I was going to be doing. He thought I was nuts of course, and thought it sounded like a cult. It was right around Christmas, so it was a good time to be there. My plan was to travel down to Texas and see my father's family, bounce from there to Arizona to see my grandparents and uncle, then meet Savvy Moose at Diamond Mountain.

The last time I saw my father was not long before my Navy ship date. While visiting, the paperwork hiccup that I mentioned had saved me from actually shipping off occurred, and I

regained the option of exploring other paths before signing my life away. After I returned home, I got the job at the hotel to pass time, but by then my parents were fed up with me. I had avoided boot camp, but they gave me the real boot! That explains why I was homeless at the beginning of the story. Funny thing is that their boot ended me up in a real camp. I remember talking with my father in the car before I left Texas. He was asking what it is that I want to do in life. I couldn't think of anything else that represented the way I truly felt, and the only words I could find were, "I want to change the world."

## 4. Moonlighting.

**2/21-17**

I didn't feel like writing today, but the world is in a state right now that reminds me of how sharing this information could help to change that. So, I feel driven. Which is a good thing at this point in the story because that's what I'll be doing, driving.

I left Sioux Falls at night on December 22, 2005. The highlights of the drive were enchanting. I encountered some heavy fog for what seemed like hours. It was low fog and I could still see the moon to my upper left. I felt as if it was guiding me, illuminating everything I needed to see. I trusted my intuition and kept my pace steady. I was passing everyone as if they were moving like turtles because they couldn't see through the fog. They were all in the slow lane though, so I floated on by without any tussle. After exiting the fog, there was finally a vehicle that passed me; a red semi-truck with no trailer, going 95 mph. Perhaps it was behind schedule from the fog. I did what any sensible person would do by drafting the semi and hoping it had a radar detector. I made good time and remember getting really great gas mileage too. As it became day I was still moving at a good pace. My thoughts were tending to the cars like cattle and herding them as I've done so many times on the farm. Sounds weird, but I was mostly just wishing everyone made it to where they were going safely, getting in and out of traffic where they fit. After all, I was going to a Buddhist school and figured it'd be wise to practice the philosophy. I still hadn't read anything much about Buddhism at this point. I was going with my intuition. I thought of it at the time as sort of leaving my thoughts on the road like a trail.

I ended up driving straight through—about 18 hours give or take traffic—and arrived in Texas. Yeehaw! Howdy y'all?! I reckon this is fixin' to be a good ol' time! Actually, there isn't a whole lot to tell about this part, mostly normal family stuff. Southern hospitality and good cookin'. It was a good memory. Oh wait, there is significance there, now I remember. I saw my aunt suffering from colon cancer. I wasn't really at any point in my life to be bragging about what I was doing. I was a criminal, remember? She didn't seem to care about that, or maybe didn't know; she was just curious about why I was going to a Buddhist school. I saw genuine interest in her eyes and sensed it was because she was looking at life in a different way at the time. She was dealing with a life-threatening situation, while I was looking for the meaning of it. We spoke more with our eyes and thoughts than words could capture. This experience will have significance later on in the story.

A little later I was talking to my father about how one plus one can equal one. It's a basic unity theory that reminds me of chemistry and how things bond together to form one thing. For some reason he thought I couldn't figure out the simplest of math problems, or seemed to not have a clue what I was talking about. I wasn't the greatest at describing it back then. We'll touch on this unity theory again later. My family hooked me up with some solid Christmas gifts, like camping supplies to live in the desert. Both sides of my family made it possible for me to go on this journey.

From there, I drove to visit my family in Arizona. I have them to thank for many things, like my brain. My grandpa is a great engineer, and my great grandpa patented the tire chain. I can tell by the way he thinks and processes information when I talk to him. My grandma is everything you want from a grandma. She was very influential because I spent so much time with her when I was young. My uncle has always been very influential as well. He had an incident diving into a pool that rendered him paraplegic when he was a senior in high school. I remember learning so much about computers because he'd show me how to install and troubleshoot games. They were supportive and also a bit skeptical of where I was going. I was too, but I wasn't scared if it turned out to be a cult. The place had a good reputation and I was trusting my intuition. Plus, the Sav Master Moose was meeting me there and he's not exactly the type of dude you're going to be successful at messing with. Hey Buddhist, come at me bro, you're going to have to go through a moose first.

I said farewell to my family and made my way to Diamond Mountain. The nearest town to the school is Bowie, AZ, which isn't much of a town at all. They told us the distance factor from the monastery to any sort of functioning town with a grocery store made this place qualify as a *great monastery*. Was it a school or a monastery? They certainly taught classes there, and you could obtain a degree. I witnessed monks getting ordained, so it was a *schoolastery*...

After meeting Savvy we found a spot to build our camps as far away from everyone as possible, without being too far out, and introduced ourselves to those who were also camping there. The schoolastery was a campground, but there were also some buildings, houses, yurts, etc. I'll describe more later on, but at this point I was just taking everything in. I'd never camped in the desert before, or been to a schoolastery. Everyone was easy to get along with. Before long it was dark and we returned to our camp. I had the idea to grab my guitar, walk down the wash a ways, and play. I walked until I approached a barbed wire fence. It was a decent little clearing and there was a sweet rock to sit on, about two to three feet above the ground. I started strumming and just looking around at the landscape under the moon. The stars were so bright out there, so far away from any sort of city; it's like you've never seen the night sky before. After a little while, as I was playing, I thought I could hear something walking toward me like human footsteps. I kept playing off and on softly, trying to hear if the sound of footsteps continued, and they did. I wasn't exactly scared, but decided it was good idea to walk back to camp rather than wait for a stranger to appear in the middle of the desert. When I got back to camp, I told Savvy what happened. The first thing he said was, "It sounds like your self was coming to meet you." He said he had read a book where a guy had "met himself in the jungle." I don't recall the name of the guy or the book. I'm not sure what was making the footsteps that night. What I do know is that what Savvy said doesn't sound too far out. Quite honestly, it sounds about right. I often wonder what would have happened if I had stayed. Maybe I'm still too afraid to know that truth. This experience won't be the last time I'm afraid at the schoolastery. Hell of a first day, eh?



## 5. Infinite Bliss.

2/22-17

Today I was watching a film called *The Hurt Business* about mixed martial arts and the UFC. One of the female fighters, I didn't catch the name, commented about feeling fear before a fight. She said, "full of fear, with no doubts." I think this nails exactly what I was feeling at this point in the story.

So, let's roll up this joint Diamond Mountain University, shall we?

It was morning! I was in the desert! I could see mountains, Gandalf...wait, wrong story, back to real life... The Moose was making his rounds. He was really social, but not overly. He just went with the flow. I'd say he was mostly Daoist, and has deep knowledge of many ideologies. I was still getting to know him. He was social because he was always looking to help people. This man had a serious wealth of knowledge and ability to find himself in positions to help people. I told you a lot about him when I first described his character in a few words; those traits are deep and incredibly powerful. For example, in the first few days at the camp, there was a man who'd been ill for weeks and just couldn't seem to get on top of his health. Savvy gave him some advice along with some Airborne (a blend of vitamins, minerals, and herbs), and the guy felt better within a few days. Savvy had many stories where he'd meet a random person and they'd both have something unique the other was looking for. Cool stories, for sure.

The first day there was an opening ceremony. There were people from all around the world. Some I recall were New York, Australia, China, Africa, Russia, India, Peru, Canada, and more. There were always people visiting this place, especially on weekends. I talked to several people. Everybody was really nice and had interesting stories. They were all there for spiritual fulfillment. After the meet-and-greet, my stomach was also looking for fulfillment. I found the kitchen yurt where an Asian guy was slicing zucchini noodles for a soup he was making. I'd later find out that he had wicked yoga skills and would occasionally teach some yoga classes.

There were also attractive women! Haha, something worth mentioning, obviously. Can you guess the name of whom I already had a crush on? I gave you a clue in the chapter title. It was *Bliss*. After spending a little time together she told me one night that it felt like we could have kissed the night before. At the moment I remembered something Savvy had said during the few days prior that stuck in my mind about not looking for a physical relationship. He wasn't speaking directly in regards to me when he had said it, but I responded to Bliss by saying I wasn't looking for anything physical at the moment. What I meant was that I wasn't looking for it at that very moment because my nose was running, but she took it as meaning during my overall time there. Then she kind of disappeared by staying busy in classes I couldn't attend. In hindsight, if I'd gotten involved with her, I definitely would've missed the point of being there. What seemed like my stupidity was actually a blessing in disguise.

When the opening ceremony was about to start, we walked up the wash to the main building. As

we approached, Michael Roach, the founder of Diamond Mountain University arrived, along with his spiritual partner, Christie McNally. Everyone was watching like it was a spectacle to see. It wasn't much different than when a judge enters a courtroom or a priest enters a church mass. People gawk like they're not on the same level. Savvy, instead of gawking, walked right up to Michael and they embraced, leaned in close, put their foreheads together like Buddhists, and dug deep for a moment. It was nice to see something more than a handshake between people. Looking back at this now, there was no way Savvy was not going to test Michael for legitimacy. You might not fully understand this—I did not either.

Here's what's important to know about this occurrence: After Michael and Christie finished their entrance into the building, Savvy asked me if I saw him embrace Michael. He told me that the wind kept making the sleeve of his jacket flap, preventing skin-to-skin contact with their second hands. If you're savvy with the elements like a moose is, then you'd know that the wind preventing deeper connection pointed to something being a bit off. This is the point that needs to be made right now. I didn't know why then, but I was going to figure it out soon enough.

## 6. Globetrotting.

**2/23-17**

On the first weekend, we left Diamond Mountain for a town called Globe, AZ, where Savvy had friends. There was Duchess, Andy, and also... Well, if I told you his name I'd have to kill you, but I need to be honest, it was Elvis. I confess now; Elvis is alive in the desert. Fuck it, I'm using the name Elvis. When we got into town, we went to see Andy first. Andy was a really good friend to Savvy; you could tell they had a very deep bond. Andy was Native American and Savvy was very well-rooted in honoring their culture and learning about their wisdom of the spirit. He took it very seriously and as if it was his own heritage. Andy had just recovered from a recent surgery and was in good spirits.

Elvis reminds me of the Disney character Goofy because of his build and his always half-joking, light-hearted attitude backed by deep knowledge and high intellect. When he and Savvy talked, it was a mixture of jokes beyond my comprehension and some really interesting history. Those two can take you to the edge pretty quickly since they are each very well-read, extremely smart, and genuinely funny. I mostly listened and learned.

It was about nightfall when we went to meet Duchess. I remember Savvy and Duchess gave each other a warm hug and—unexpectedly to me—started smooching! Sav said he didn't expect it either, but just went with the flow. She has a couple kids, both grown up, and one with twins of her own. Savvy had mentioned that Duchess is psychic. I hadn't met anyone like that before and didn't know exactly what it meant. For whatever reason, I thought she could read my mind. She was too nice to be nefarious, so I had a lot of curiosity and respect. She told me a story of when she was in the forest and a deer had approached her to lick her hand. Sounds like a fairy tale of a princess, right? She seemed pure to me, like the nicest person you'll ever meet.

The town itself was there because of a nearby mine (I think it was coal). Most everyone was very poor and had many stories of friends and family with health issues from working in the mine. After meeting everyone, we left Globe. Schoolastery was about to be in session.

The next few weeks would be spent mostly attending classes and getting the flow of the community. The classes were... Well, I don't remember all the classes. Most of the ones I was interested in required prerequisites. I remember some on how to speak Tibetan and read and write Sanskrit. Oftentimes someone would be giving a lecture on a specific topic and I would stop in to listen. Savvy and I would also go hiking quite a bit. The landscape was so beautiful, so far away from any bullshit, noise, street lights...

One of my favorite things to do there was go to the debate ground. They used Tibetan style debate, which was interesting. I'd never seen something like it before. It was a method of challenging someone to prove you wrong, essentially. Michael Roach actually put it pretty well in a growling, passionate voice, "Prove me wrong!" As much as I disagree with him, he still showed me some useful tricks. It was a mental game. Theoretically, you could make up

whatever you want and if you can't be proven wrong, then what did that just teach everyone? If it was a complete or partial lie and someone believed it, then it creates opportunity to be directly misled. It can serve as a chance for us to challenge our language barriers.

The key thing I want to address at this point is proof. People can say whatever they want and if you can't really prove them wrong, then how will you ever know? How do you ever know if what you think is true really is? Ask yourself what proof you have for believing the things you do. Just because you can talk yourself or another into it at one point in time doesn't make it true.

Before it gets any hotter at the poles, let's continue on a bit with the story. Savvy was about to leave Diamond Mountain and I was going to be alone.

## 7. Bellies of beasts. Make 'em sick to sell a cure.

2/25-17

Let me describe a bit more about Savvy Moose before he goes. He was extremely well-read about subjects my intuition was curious about. We would get very deep into conversations that we would pause and pick up again the next day. Remember the questions I asked and why I was doing this whole thing anyway. I wanted answers. I wanted the big ones, the answers to life on earth. I was fascinated by this point. Look at everything I'd already experienced so far. Anyone could have done something similar, had they been in my shoes. I say this again because I want to describe my state of mind, my thought process. Interact, process. This is the key to unlocking the doors of the mind.

I couldn't stop asking questions. Savvy had a hell of a lot to say. He used to say that finding truth is like sifting through a mountain of information just for one nugget. Part of what I experienced in his presence was his fury-fueling passion. His fury was derived from the suffering of this world. He was ferociously pissed off at how manipulated people are by the systems in place that govern, like a dragon breathing fire. This includes government, past empires, their armies, and religions. These are just some of the root systems that destroy life and cause suffering. We can all clearly see this. We seem to think that we're just going to start attacking one another someday so we have to have armies. Well, that is absolutely the truth when you live in the system we do now. The state of current affairs on earth among all of humanity is war. We are all victims of a systemic war. This is what divides us. This is what we have in common. We are all connected. We are all one. We could really start treating each other like we would treat ourselves. What if we're not alone in the universe? What will we have to say? "Oh, sorry about all the nuclear activity and pollution, we're just sorting out our similarities." We are better than this.

Savvy didn't say all that—those are my thoughts while writing, as the past and present entwine. It might seem like he was intolerable, but I genuinely agreed with him. It was his way of venting. I shared many similar feelings, you see, but when he was venting, I was most always laughing. When you're right, you're right, and that's worth feeling good about in the face of evil. These sludge monkeys steal everything from the people. They take the resources of the area for the tiniest dollar amounts and sell it back to the people for a fortune. Then they somehow "own" the resource, including the area where the resource is located and they're usually even kind enough to cause irreversible environmental disasters.

You all know this and that these corporations are working inside the United States government. You all know variants of the same system are in place in other countries. I was born in America so I'm going to write this in reflection of having grown up in the belly of the beast. I'm proud to be from here. It's a beautiful country. It's covered in bloodshed. I'm not saying it's beautiful that it's covered in bloodshed, I'm saying there's more here than what you can see on the ground. Most of us can't see the ground past our smartphone these days.

At the time in this story I had only been taught what the history books in school told me. That wasn't anything except brainwash. It was effective because it was based on partial truth, but then it became distorted into something that misleads, deludes, and conditions a young mind. The books depict the US and British government as discoverers, victors, and heroes of great battles. In hindsight, I don't know how any of us didn't shed tears while reading about what our heritage has done to these people. America is the result of genocide. I suppose it's because the books and schools do a good job making it seem like that's just the way it had to be, for some grand purpose like freedom, or whatever other reasons their God gave them through the mouths of politicians and cozenous preachers. They tricked us just like many evil empires have done throughout history. When I say *they*, the major religious establishments are now included.

## 8. The line has been drawn.

I mentioned I grew up near Pipestone, MN, an area sacred to the natives. Diamond Mountain was located in the same area that a band of Chiricahua Apache led by Cochise were murdered in cold blood by American soldiers. The slaughter included women and children. I was aware of this because Savvy told me. My intuition was telling me there was much to learn here. Locals told stories of hearing the screaming of women and children being slaughtered when walking the trails of the nearby national park. I never heard screams, but I felt them. Many methods of slaughter, conquer, and indoctrinate are used by evil empires. The goal of the process is to remove any threat to the political and religious systems of an empire's war machine. A war machine works when the public places their trust in its systems.

You might get the gist of our conversations. We didn't just focus on the natives, we talked about everyone. I'm not in a position to speak for the suffering of minorities. This system is systematically prejudiced and finely tuned to create poverty and violence from direct oppression. The system then blames minorities for their oppression. The media is used to spread the narrative and brainwash across the nation. This isn't just in America, as we have military bases in over 70% of the world's countries. War machines create war, and an economy that fuels a war machine makes war extremely profitable for a small amount of people. Dick Cheney made about \$40,000,000,000 in weapons sales after the terrorist attacks on September 11th, 2001. Remember that.

Donald Trump was elected president. Some are crying about Hillary losing, yet she cheated to win the democratic primary. Cheating to win a democratic election undermines democracy itself. Americans crying that she lost shows the effectiveness of the political system's brainwash.

Truth rants were part of Savvy's fury. The man had the fire inside of him; he was moved by the spirit and his burning passion to do whatever he could to right the wrongs in this world. Remember the question I had asked in the shower. It seemed Savvy had made that same sort of bond with the earth, but had gone much further with it. He wore a ring on his wedding finger even though he was not legally married anymore. I asked him what is was for once and he said that now it represents his marriage to the earth. I think he has honored his vows to say the least. He is a very powerful human being as a result of it. I've seen him drive while sleeping. We were driving through the night to Sioux Falls from Arizona, and had just left Lincoln, NE. I looked over at him and he was legitimately sleeping! We were just cruising along, though, and he was making all the right steering wheel adjustments; it's not like I wasn't paying attention. I always tend to drive straight through whenever I travel, so I was still awake. I checked him—I swear to you—several times to see that he was indeed actually sleeping while still making conscious adjustments to the steering wheel. Somehow, he was able to put himself in that state of mind. Trippy!

I have to hand it to him, he fended off my onslaught of curiosity for a long time before telling me some of the information he had. He was about to show me the reigns of the rabbit hole. Let me

be clear—even in hindsight I know he never gave me information in a style that was leading me on to believe something. He presented the information I asked about in an open-minded way. He gave me the freedom to make up my own mind.

Savvy decided that it would be best for him to leave the schoolastery. There wasn't much there for him, and he had some more important projects that he wanted to begin working on. Duchess's property needed to be cleaned after a fire had burnt her house down.

Before he leaves we're going to go down the rabbit hole, but this time you're coming with us.



## 9. What color is your mind?

We had made a handful of trips to Globe to see Duchess and friends. One of them was for Andy. Due to health complications he had passed on to be with the spirit. We took some time to remember him and made the trip back to camp.

While on the drive back, I finally cracked Savvy for a wealth of information. I don't remember the series of questions that triggered the conversation. He paused for a moment, then asked me, "Well, how far down the rabbit hole do you want to go?" Without hesitation I said, "All the way."

We had talked about some deep stuff already, but whoa. Keep in mind that I didn't fully believe it; I was just listening and processing the information. I decided to hear him out and choose what I thought about it later. Some of the things he said I had never heard of before. One of the last things he was talking about was nuclear activity.

He told me that in the 1940s, the US government was approached by an interstellar race of higher intelligence, known as the *Greys*, that wanted to form a treaty. Another race arrived shortly after, known as the *Blues*, that warned the government to beware of the Greys because they would mislead them into destruction, and advised the government to take their own path. The Blues also offered to teach peace and harmony if men would disarm and listen.

I'm going to explain a little bit more about it before we pull the car over. The story goes on that some of the Blues stayed on earth with the Hopi Indians and formed a treaty in Arizona and Northern Mexico. Wait, Arizona and Northern Mexico? Do me a favor and look at a map to find Bowie and Globe. Just to give you a reminder of where I'm physically at in this story. Let that sink in a bit because it had quite an impact when I heard it at the time.

I know most people have heard of the word *Reptilians*. According to a Hopi Indian legend, the Greys are the *Children of the Reptile* who came from under the earth and chased away the *Children of the Feather* who came from the skies. I know we've all heard some version of a conspiracy theory relating to the Reptilians. You can find stories including lizard shape shifters, giants who genetically modified their DNA with prehistoric humans to create modern humans, very rich and politically powerful bloodlines of humans, and even models of consciousness. I see and hear the stories all the time on the internet and social media in some version or another. I don't buy into any of them, but I do enjoy the models of consciousness.

Apologies if it just got a little too real or far out for you. Hey, I didn't know what Savvy was going to say and I'm not saying what he said is true. It sounds like a proper rabbit hole to me. You might be thinking a wide scale of different things at this point. I'm not leading you to crazyland. I'm not going to lead you on and manipulate you or try to convince you of some theory I have. Let me tell you, I was having my own experience processing all of the information he had shared. After a bit of silence from me, Savvy asked if I was alright. I couldn't find my voice to respond. I wasn't in a state of shock, but I was having some trouble thinking of something to

say. Savvy pulled the car over, we had a smoke, and went for walk. I mostly just stood there a ways off the roadside looking at the stars and landscape that I could see from the moonlight. The desert is such a beautiful place. I wasn't really battling my thoughts so much as just trying to come to terms with the new questions and angles on things I was processing. I told Savvy I was ready, not shook up or feeling unbalanced, and we finished driving back to the schoolastery.

What had I gotten myself into? Oh yeah... I had asked the universe some questions.

## 10. Reality checked, but it's gonna take more than that, "universe."

One night when I was in fifth or sixth grade I was spending the night at a friend's house. There were four or five of us there, and we had an idea to pick up the telephone and dial "UFO." Right after we dialed, the lights flickered off and on and the television cut to the static screen. We hung up the phone and had a nice freakout. Maybe we should have then dialed "HELLO."

~~~~~

Back at the schoolastery, we spent the week doing the normal routine. When the week was over, we finished packing up Savvy's half of the camp and once again made the trip to Globe, but this time in separate vehicles.

I remember this part of the story like it happened just a moment ago. It was dusk and I was sitting in my car behind Duchess's apartment. I had gone out there to get something and just got stuck on a train of thought. I was drumming my fingers on the steering wheel. I spent a lot of time drumming while growing up, so I thought it sounded cool. I don't know what triggered it at the time, but I started focusing more on my thoughts and they became synced up with the finger drumming. I was drumming out my thoughts to the universe like a back and forth conversation. I was parked facing a gravel slope and my eyes were making some shapes using the rocks on the slope, like stars of constellations. I could see focus points, red dots that would highlight a new shape formation that resulted from the drumming-conversation, or *drumsation*. I started imagining I was debating ancient philosophers and gurus deemed to have been gods or spiritual masters. Each debate was like passing a test and each test was a new shape. The drumming got to be so in-tune with my thoughts that I actually have no idea how I was pulling off some of the rhythms. Everything just synced up together and my mind was doing all the driving. Suddenly, Savvy knocked on the window and let me know it was about time to say goodbye.

When we got inside, I was still in my own head after battling imaginary slope rhythm gurus, so I was relatively quiet. The atmosphere of the room was very warm and full of good energy. I listened to Duchess and Savvy talking and conversed with them a bit here and there. Remember, Savvy told me Duchess was psychic so I was always thinking that she could read my thoughts. I remember Duchess was sitting in her chair and Savvy had one of her grandchildren sitting on his lap, facing him. The baby was fascinated with his beard. I could see and sense the light in Savvy's eyes. The baby's hands responded to his gaze and facial expressions like it was trying to ask more questions, as if it was processing the thoughts and reacting to them. It seemed similar to the drumsation I had just experienced. I want to describe it like a telepathic conversation. I'd spent enough time with Savvy and he'd shared so much information that I could kind of presume his thoughts. I seemed to be able to pick up on it and feel it like the thoughts had their own energy. I was able to understand the baby's arm movements and noises. It was content, happy, intrigued, enjoying the energy—like it was having a drumsation of its own with Savvy's beard. Meanwhile, a neighborhood kid of about 13 years

old stopped by with an ice cream cone. He sat Indian-style on the floor between Duchess and me. He was talkative and just didn't stop. Everybody was content and he wasn't obnoxious. I was using one of my hands to kind of drum—or type—my thoughts on the armrest of the couch. Something occurred again like it had in the car, but here I wasn't alone. The thoughts I was thinking and drumming suddenly seemed like they were not as private as I assumed. They seemed to be influencing the environment and were interpreted and processed, then returned through people around me. How did I realize this? Well, Duchess *is* psychic. She noticed my hand typing my thoughts on the armrest of the couch before I realized it. The kid eating the ice cream cone started using keywords that were directly related to what I was thinking. Duchess understood. She would say things that would speak to the higher-self drumsation occurring when processing the small talk conversation with the neighborhood kid that also entwined with Savvy and the baby's conversation. The definitive moment startled me like Savvy had by knocking on the window. My senses consciously aligned with what was happening when Duchess said to me, but to the kid with the ice cream cone, "You'd be a good stenographer." At that point I knew I understood how it works. Environment entwines with drumsation of mind.

It was time for me to get on the road. I gave Duchess a hug and thanked her for everything. Savvy came out to check once more that I had everything I needed. He somehow knew what had happened inside and said, "She's given you a great gift." I smiled while still holding off tears, gave him a hug, and started the drive back to camp.

I didn't get far before the experience continued. All of a sudden while driving, I could hear this song so clearly in my head, like a symphony. It was as if it was literally coming from the stars to my thoughts, each of them resonating a part of the song, like the entirety of existence was vibrating with funky music.

If this floaty telepathic drumsational rabbit hole hasn't whet your curiosity, don't worry, this is just a bit of light rain.

## 11. Play that funky music.

2/26-17

At the schoolastery the next morning, I continued with classes and listening to guest speakers. Speakers would come from all over the world fairly often. The people on the campgrounds were intelligent and mindful. I got along with everyone and remember helping with digging the garden. The place seemed like it was starting to attract quite a bit of attention. I don't remember when it was founded off the top of my head, but I remember the structures in the base camp were relatively new. The story I was told from Savvy and reading online was that Michael Roach had owned or partly owned a diamond business and had made a lot of money. He attended Princeton after winning a prestigious high school award from President Nixon. Soon after, he suffered the loss of his parents and brother. He then turned to studying Tibetan Buddhism for about 20 years and became the first American to receive the *Geshe* degree from the Sera Monastery in Tibet. He wrote a book called *The Diamond Cutter* about applying Diamond Cutter Sutra to attain success through generosity. It sounded legit.

Do you remember the wind blocking Savvy's jacket from making better contact when they embraced? I also caught wind of something that didn't feel right. The more time I spent there, the more I disconnected myself. I became bored with the context. I wanted to talk about things that related to the reality we live in and not about chasing enlightenment. One of the things this place was gearing people up for was a three year silent retreat where you are supposed to be celibate and can only write to communicate. The purpose of doing this was to bring them closer to enlightenment. It sounded cool for three hours, days, or months, but I'm not going to live for three years in silence to figure out the meaning of life. Some people *work* for a living. My intuition told me to put my nose into books and attend the lectures and debates.

Savvy had left me several books. Considering I was at a schoolastery teaching Tibetan Buddhism, I figured I'd start with *The Teachings of Buddha* by Bukkyo Dendo Kyokai. This book was a great read for me. I already felt like I had a solid understanding of what Buddhism is all about without having to do any heavy reading into it. Somehow I knew it wasn't necessary. Savvy had left me a bronze statue of Buddha that had an ankh on the forehead, the water drop that symbolizes purity of mind. That's why they gave Siddhartha Gautama the nickname "Buddha," a.k.a., "the pure one." The word *Buddha* is about a state of mind, a *mentality*. It is neither a religion nor a person's name. Buddhism is the study and philosophy of the pure mind.

You might think being religious is also a state of mind, a mentality. It is called the *belief mentality*. This mentality causes the need for an adoption of a *belief system*. This is a very important element of this journey, knowing and recognizing the belief mentality. At the time my awareness of it was crucial to forming an understanding of what I thought had shaped the world into what it is today. Remember, I was at this camp to figure out what was really going on in the world and how it got this way. The thoughts I'm sharing about belief and mentality are truly critical elements of thought process.

Human beings are sensory processors, constantly interacting with and processing information. Mentality is a way of relating the thoughts in our mind with the environment, a system of processing information. A belief is a state of mind where trust is placed in some person or thing, an acceptance of truth or opinion. The key I used to understand this was to look at belief for what it truly is, an attachment of self. Self in the equation is ego. I wanted to remove my ego, and in attempt to do so I unravelled how my mentality was conditioned by my beliefs. The Buddhism I was learning identified *attachment* as the root of all suffering. This meant that having a belief could cause suffering. To be successful in removing ego and attachment I had to change the way I processed information, my mentality. I had to let go of everything I believed was true, even the desire to want something to be true, to attach. I could then identify the things in the world that are trying to condition the mentality I was removing. I started forming an idea of how things got to be the way they are based on how the many belief systems, political and religious, have conditioned the mentality of the masses over time. Forming an idea sounds contradictory to not making attachments, I understand. However, when there is lack of self and ego when processing information, information seems to fit together naturally. It is just like chemistry, information bonds together to form a cluster of information. At the time I allowed these clusters to represent ideas. An idea seems to exist in an open-minded state, ready to interact with and process new information. This was ideal because I could continue learning and maintain an unattached and open-minded mentality.

Let's have a brief look at one way the belief mentality is religiously conditioned. When you read or hear the word *God*, your brain processes the word. Since the word *God* is a metaphor for an idea, there is an obvious need for more thoughts, words, and information to describe it. What happens next depends on your beliefs and/or conditioning. What have you told yourself the word *God* really means? What have you *attached* to that represents *God*? In religious belief systems it is usually something you have been told repetitively. When you hear the word the attachments of self you've made are triggered. This conditions the existence of ego in mentality, which is why I refer to it as the *belief mentality*. Every time I hear the words *belief* and *believe* I hear ego. Ego is defensive and can be manipulated. The root of belief is ego. Let's have a bigger picture look now, and put a number on how long evil empires have been using political and religious belief systems—the number that I estimated at the time was 10,000 years.

You might be thinking that belief can be used for good. I can't argue that bad things can be used for good. However, here's a prominent example of the belief mentality causing more harm than good and showing it's egotistical nature: Two armies are going to war to uphold their beliefs. They both fight in the name of their God or savior. The effect of the words *God* and *savior* on every individual in both armies is unique yet very similar. They each have the same idea of dying to defend their beliefs (even if the belief is simply that they think their country of residence is better). Key bit you'll want to take special note of here: It's the same resulting behavior in each individual, regardless of the different beliefs. This shows us directly that the belief mentality is the root issue for causing the behavior rather than the difference of beliefs. We do not see the belief mentality conditioning the majority of people into pure minds. We see it being used to incite perpetual war and all kinds of other suffering. We see it creating perpetual separation and destruction through the illusion of union and harmony. It is known as *mass*

*hypnosis* when many people enter into the same belief system.

Conditioning mentality with words is known as *neuro-linguistic programming*. Here's an example without religion or politics: Think about the name of the iPhone. What is that telling your brain? I phone, eye phone, aye phone... Did you think about where your phone is yet? Did you look for it if you couldn't find it? Did you unlock it using your eye? Do you feel better now that you know where it is? Humans are able to be subconsciously conditioned. I grew up on a dairy farm without a smartphone until I was in my 20s, and even I feel a panic when I don't know where my phone is. When people use the phrase *wake up* they are referring to becoming more aware of the things in life that have been created to subconsciously condition us. Personally, I appreciate having the ability to communicate with people within a few seconds. We could all list a million reasons why having immediate access to this technology is a preferred way of life. It's connecting us in a way that hasn't happened in our recorded history. Now we are often forced to go far enough into nature that our phones don't get reception just to be alone.

Speaking of being alone, some nights when trying to sleep I was just defending myself from fearful imagination. I had to condition myself to defeat those thoughts so I could sleep and continue the journey rather than quitting. For example, I was reading *The Teachings of Buddha* when I came across a story about a student walking home on a path one day when all of a sudden a goblin jumped out! This story was a test of self-behavior via conditioning of the mind. Fight or flight. Would the student run away scared? Would the student attack out of fear, preemptive self-defense, or would the student simply ask the goblin to move? The story is something like that. After that, I begged the universe, "Please don't scare me. I don't need any goblins jumping out to learn." Some of the other books I read were; *Bhagavad Gita*, *Pole Shift* by John White, *Beyond Prophecies and Predictions* by Moira Timms, *The Celestine Prophecy* by James Redfield, and the *I Ching*. Each one of them added a piece of the puzzle. I'm not saying everything in them is true. *The Celestine Prophecy* is not a true story, but I do recommend reading it to get an idea of how our thoughts are exchanged as energy with the environment around us. The nine insights in the book are thought-provoking. I also had the book *The Secret Life of Plants* by Peter Thompkins and Christopher Bird.

## 12. Right Thought.

To me, right thought is best described as thinking about things without making an attachment. This is as simple as being open-minded. The act of ensuring my thoughts maintain a parallel to right thought is what I call *mindfulness*.

Right thought and mindfulness are very deep and complex subjects. I am not going to put you through all the details. Instead I am going to give you some examples. The main issue I've found is that the world has become so rooted in impurity that the act of being mindful can be a constant depressant. There is always something you can see that is wrong. This is by design of the system and it is intended. To counter the resulting depression I simply remind myself that it's not me that has caused the impurity, and being mindful is key to maintaining right thought. Here's an example: You drive to the grocery store, which pollutes and causes harm to yourself and the environment. This is wrong, but it is what the system has installed for the people to use. When you start your car, you would think about the fact that it is the result of a system installed to rape the earth of natural resources and sell them back to you as a consumer at a higher price than what it cost originally. They even go as far as tricking us into thinking it's the best path for sustainable humanity to go. They even go as far as to incite religious, political, and corporate wars to install systems of government that will extract natural resources from the land for even more profit, as we know.

You haven't even left your driveway yet and already you have to maintain the awareness that your tax dollars are paying to kill people so you can increase a corporation's oil profits for the "freedom" to pollute yourself. You even have to stop to fill your gas tank before making it to the store. You might even spill a little gas on your shoe. Now you might also be a little upset because the smell of gas makes you sick, plus the price is up 10 cents per gallon from yesterday. Now that everyone in the car is nice and high on fumes, next up is construction work! That's right, I hope you and your kids don't have to use the restroom, you're going to be waiting a while. This society builds infrastructure it constantly has to replace. They don't build things to last, and they are not being mindful about how to create a better life for everyone. Infrastructure is designed to make us dependent on it and make the most profit it can by requiring constant maintenance. Instead of having a reliable, safe way to travel, we have vehicles emitting poisonous fumes from chemicals that can blow up and kill us while driving on roads and bridges that can quickly become unsafe for travel.

You're finally through traffic and construction, kids are pissed off, burning up more gas than planned costing more time and money, and the grocery store is jam-packed with people. There are unlabeled GMOs everywhere and manufactured sugar in everything (doesn't even have a daily recommended consumption level and it's in almost everything). You have corporations trying to make money off of selling food. That means they're cutting corners and sacrificing quality for profit at every step in the process they can, while insisting you need more of their product than you really do. They rarely tell you where the ingredients they use come from. Government is making sure corporations are doing what's best for us, right? No, they're in the



pockets of the corporations and vice versa like a happy little couple. Even at the checkout counter you have to choose paper or plastic and both are harmful to the environment. What about all of the plastic and food packaging that you're going to throw away as trash?

As you can see, it's pretty damn tough to be mindful and always relate your thoughts to pure ones, to truth. This is not always the way it was and it is not the way it has to remain. I know this might seem like a pain in the ass to learn and do, like a chore, but I assure you it's worth every bit of effort. This is what I would describe as *seeing things for what they really are*, which brings Native American mysticism to mind. Everything is a symbol for something. Everything has its place and purpose in existence. Know the paper bag at the checkout line comes from the tree that we need to breathe. We don't need to manipulate nature unnecessarily. Chopping our lungs down to make grocery bags is one of the dumbest things I've ever heard of.

As backwards as that is, it's what this system does. It is a machine that does not care for us. We are conditioned to believe we have a dependence on these resources in the first place. We have alternatives that are much more sustainable and universally friendly. We had engines that drove on water, but we had an oil industry influencing government and it was most likely the government driving the idea. Global corporations allow governments to take control of an area to manipulate resources and cut them in on profits. That's one example of how it works. They use a company to do the dirty work because they're international and "not-affiliated" (wink wink) with any "governments." They made a word for their affiliations and it's *business*. They make up words for us to think this is legitimate "economic business." That's just the economy. You all worry too much. Just do your jobs, pay your taxes, and shut up about what you think until the next election cycle when the media will feed you the narrative to squabble about.

Nikola Tesla, his work was treated the same way; the technology was suppressed and manipulated into something they could control and profit from. Every time you use electricity, you're being charged for it when it should be entirely free and renewable.

You probably get the idea of what I'm talking about now when I say right thought. It's always relating things to what they really are and seeing both the good and bad, the full circle. This enables you to find the nuggets of truth when sifting through mountains of information. I'll give you one more relative example and this one's in regards to *right thought vs. belief mentality*. Geshe Roach would go to the debate ground occasionally to listen. There could be multiple debates going on at once. This particular time he listened to one I was having with several people. What I was debating about is not important, but when Geshe Roach nodded his head in agreement with my side of the debate, all of a sudden everyone was more willing to agree. Something about that didn't sit right, because he didn't explain anything. It seemed too easy for everyone to just drop their angle and be more submissive to whatever came out of my mouth. It was an interesting effect, when all he did was nod his head. Maybe he wasn't even listening and was instead daydreaming about chocolate cake. I wouldn't put it past him. So, what happened? They started to *believe* that I was right and when you observe someone who's conditioned with the belief mentality start to accept a belief, you can watch them change. It's describable as hypnotic. It's amazing to see and even more to see a lot of people do it at once. What if I would

have staged that event? I could have had an opportunity to gain their trust and tell them misleading things. Maybe I could've told them they'd find enlightenment by walking a certain path and honoring their root guru...

I took special note of this. I saw a lot of worship behavior towards Michael Roach and Christie McNally from the beginning. Everyone seemed to grovel before them. They accepted many gifts and I wondered if they ever got sick of being constantly praised. They seemed to love being adored by everyone. After all, some of the people there would dance around the conversation of the two being enlightened. Michael Roach claimed to have perceived *emptiness*. One of his followers was convinced Roach could "walk through walls." I could also sense a definite hierarchy structure of the administration that seemed to be shrouded in secrecy and exclusivity. Roach's book about using generosity for becoming successful in business and personal life was actually about using the generosity of others for personal success and labeling it as *business*. Roach, using his knowledge of Tibetan Buddhism, tricked them into thinking they would receive good karma for their generosity. The lure was that this would lead them closer to enlightenment. Part of the lure is that enlightenment is accompanied by "wealth and success."

I would still attend their lectures and go for as long as I could stomach. I remember Christie doing her gaze around the room thing and looking at everyone in a sort of trance. She seemed to be suffering from the effects of being worshipped. I could see in her eyes a hazed and hypnotized state of mind. After I met Christie's gaze, she got a perplexed look on her face. She just went back to doing her "I'm a goddess" look, gazing back and forth across the audience. Shortly after, I actually got up in the middle of the lecture and walked out. I was becoming more and more unimpressed each day. I wouldn't allow people to think that honoring and gifting me will lead them closer to enlightenment. That's leading people down the wrong path. That's like stealing, but on a whole other level. Roach might argue that people genuinely want to give him gifts because he's helped them so much in understanding something they didn't before. I'd say that Tibetan Buddhism has a lot of interesting things to sit and ponder about, but that doesn't mean you should be the receiver of idol worship for sharing information. That's what Roach did. Using other people to lift you up is evil; it is deceit. The Dalai Lama does not support him for not following the traditional monk vows. Monks are not supposed to get married. I can appreciate being a rebel to an extent, but Roach and McNally had some weird rule where she couldn't be more than 10-30 feet away from him. I'm fuzzy on that, but I felt that they were impure.

It was clear to see why Savvy had to leave. I had to figure these things out for myself.

## 13. This one time, at Buddha camp, I touched my...

I had a particularly profound experience one day while trying out some meditation. I don't have the words to describe everything that was going on, but I can share the basics. I remember being able to "walk through the walls" I was encountering that held me back from meditating. I was doing my best to clear my mind, breathe, and purify any thoughts that passed through. After doing this for a little while I eventually felt swept away from my thoughts about meditating and had transcended to a state of mind where I could see thought occurring like a faucet dripping into existence. The visual experience I was having showed how the nature of each thought affects the environment. I felt very rooted, centered, and completely in tune. I felt like I was the universe and an individual consciousness at the same time. During the experience I started understanding the bond between the universe and myself. When I reached a point of epiphany the understanding changed to a physical feeling. All of the sudden I could feel the bond internally and externally as if I was both myself and the universe. It was unlike anything I had ever felt and can only describe it as *nirvana*. As I became aware of this thought, my body started to lean forward. I felt like a passenger and when I had finished moving, I was leaning forward with my right-hand index finger touching the center of my forehead, causing me to suddenly open my eyes. When they opened they were focused directly on the ankh on the Buddha statue.

I was having some profound experiences that I didn't have explanations for. I understood what was happening, but I also couldn't have pointed you to a book or capture it in words. I knew how trying to explain metaphysical experiences could make me sound crazy. I felt alone and scared that I was going too far. I remember thinking that if I kept going, I could alienate myself even further and maybe lead myself into delusion. However, after considering this, I felt the need to go on. I can thank my family for this. If I didn't have them as backup to put me back together should I fail, I might not of had the courage to push my mental limits.

I'm going to stop writing here for now. When I come back, I'm going to start telling you about one of the most significant experiences I've ever had. I'm going to present a hypothesis to the universe and ask for a specific type of answer.

## 14. Spirit moves through all things.

2/27-17

I had made a friend at camp and it was some sort of salamander or gecko. I know it was small, but the fear factor was way less when it was around. I remember our formal meeting after having a provoking thought one night. It came running up and jumped on the side of the tent to show itself as the moonlight illuminated its outline. I had been wondering what had been making the *thwok-thwok-thwok* sound running around on the sand. When I saw it on the tent I remember thinking, "Hello." As that happened I saw a little spark of light for a moment where the center of its head was. Cool, huh? After we became friends, it would walk with me to camp when it was dark. Isn't that what friends are for? Buddies for life, I think. *Ya hear that goblin? Come at me bro and ya gonna get thwokked up!* I bet Lil' Spark doesn't play around either, being cold-blooded...

At this point, I felt I had a big enough naturally formed cluster of idea clusters to present a formal hypothesis to the universe in regards to what I thought was really going on here on earth. I've discussed some of this with you already, but let's recap:

I suspected almost all of religion to be a primary evil of this world. I could see how it manipulates entire masses of people to believe something and then that belief is also used by other entities such as government to cause war and suffering. I could see a common thread of a fundamentally philosophic nature. It seemed that all of the major religions and a bunch of others have almost identical stories. Each belief system shares an almost identical *belief structure*. I say *structure* because it's a keyword that links to understanding how a logic pattern can be used to predict and control behavior. It is very possible to accurately predict what someone might do in response to challenging a belief or simply talking about it. Remember the two armies at war because they're suffering from the belief mentality? Well, once again, they will demonstrate the same patterns of behavior. I could see this mind trick having shaped the last 10,000 years.

While that is one of the major factors, it's not that simple. Let's talk one more time about the words the belief systems use, *sun* and *son*. People worshipping the sun in the sky is the most original form of religious worship. The earliest form of pure religion is *shamanism*, which didn't worship people or gods. It honored our connection to the earth, purity, harmony, chaos, and balance with the universe. Why people worshipped the sun in the sky is understandable, as it provides the light and energy for life on earth to exist. We have very detailed astronomical observations based around the sun within the Mayan calendar. Humanity must have been paying attention for a while to have precisely recorded such a long cycle of astronomical events. I suspected that at some point there was a group of people who thought it would be advantageous to trick others into believing that the sun is a God that incarnated itself through human royal birth. They created a story. They convinced enough people to believe it was true to the point that they were willing to kill those who were a potential threat to that belief.

To roughly describe the hypothesis I presented to the universe, I came up with the longest

sentence I could fit into one breathe to attempt to encompass the complexity and depth:

*I suspected that we are victims of premeditated implementation of advanced methods of human conditioning via systems of indoctrination and propaganda accomplished primarily through the major religions, education systems, and empirical governments kept in power by way of resource manipulation to control the people and lead them into hyper-normalizing their own psychological conditioning to form a belief mentality that has incited self-participation in multiple-scale mental and physical perpetual warfare for the last 10,000 years.*

At this time, I did something very important that I want you to be aware of. I faced myself and what I'd been through so far. I knew very well that I could have been led down this path and talked myself into a bunch of ideas that just seemed to connect and make sense. I acknowledged that I could be wrong for considering changing my mentality. I knew I could have been completely deluding myself, which made me feel like I was teetering between losing my mind and being on the verge of finding truth. After all, the "conversation" with the universe I've been describing to you might sound like a delusional thing to be experiencing. Yeah well, I agree, I considered that at the time, too! I needed confirmation that I was on the right path.

I drew my line with the universe. I presented my hypothesis by saying aloud, "If all of this is true, and I am truly having a conversation directly with the universe... I need a sign. Nothing crazy, just a little blue light that would fit in the palm of my hand."

## 15. Go home Moses, you're trippin'.

2/28-17

If you tell me you believe something, I will tell you to practice un-attachment. If you tell me you have an idea, I will probably listen.

I was taking the day off from thinking, after having asked that question and enjoying the weather. It was a beautiful sunny day in the desert. I had gone for a hike mid-morning and took a nap during the hottest part of the day. After sunset, I decided to go into the nearest town for some food. I can't remember the name, but I think it started with a "W" and was about 40 minutes away.

I had been driving long enough for my thoughts to clear up and start wandering. Something about being on the road can be very effective for clearing the mind. I wasn't thinking about anything in particular when I noticed something to my left. There was this blue light on the side of one of the nearby mountains that had started small and was slowly growing. My thoughts processed what I was seeing and scrounged for anything I could think of that could be emanating a light like that. It was unlike anything I'd ever seen. It was deep and bright blue at the center, a perfect sphere with no outline, and illuminated everything around it with a soft blue hue that blanketed everything it touched. It looked like an indigo sunshine; intensely beautiful. It kept growing while I was searching for an explanation. I remember after my thoughts processed everything I could think of as an explanation, a thought popped in my head, "Oh yeah, I asked for a blue..." At that moment I remembered and connected that what I was seeing was the sign I had asked the universe for. As I realized this, it stopped growing... After a few moments it slowly started fading into its core until it disappeared.

Well everyone, it's an honor to informally introduce what I had been talking to this entire time... *Cozmo*. *Cozmo* said backwards starts with *om*, which is appropriate, as the word *om* in Sanskrit roughly translates to *the universe*.

I can't begin to tell you right now what it feels like to have experienced that, a direct face-to-face with such a thing. I can tell you now that this is not the end of this journey, not even close.

It's raining.

## 16. All the people.

3/1-17

There were a few weeks of school left. I finished out the term and made my way back to Globe. I felt like a literal mountain of radiating truth, but I was also very scared. I knew it might be hard for people to understand me. I had so much to say. I didn't know what was going happen next or what to do. I knew the world needed to change in a major way, or there would soon be massive consequences. There was a growing ball of emotion inside of me that I didn't know how to process. I needed to find the Moose.

As I drove through town, I saw Elvis' place and instinctively pulled up. I knocked on the door and he opened it. He looked at me standing there just looking at him. I was so emotional inside that I couldn't really find what to say. I felt stuck in a feeling of deep sorrow for all the people throughout history that have been used, deceived, robbed of the truth, and given fantasy to believe in. The weight of reality was still setting in after the sign from Cozmo. All I could manage to say to Elvis while choking back an avalanche of thoughts and tears was, "All the people..." Elvis responded sternly, matter-of-factly, understandingly, and immediately with almost a growl in his voice, "Rrrright!" I could hear that he understood what I meant, and I felt a little solace from the weight I was carrying. He told me that Savvy was in Sioux Falls and wouldn't return for a couple of days. We settled in and he offered me some chicken. One of the things I'd been sure to ask Cozmo was if eating animal products was natural and ethical, as some of the Buddhists at camp were vegetarians. It is entirely natural and ethical to consume animal products. Those who tell you that humans are not genetically omnivores and believe it are caught in a delusion. If you're like me and don't support factory farming, buy local and organic when possible.

Elvis and I talked for two days straight. Well, sort of. The conversation played out mostly by Elvis talking and me thinking. *This was one of the most interesting conversations I've ever had.* I didn't have to say anything; he just spoke in response to my thought process. It was just like drumsation, but was happening directly through Elvis, like a game of ping-pong. It was similar to how it was with Duchess when I first caught on, but this was much more direct and in-depth. He would even start saying "um," and "ah," forming his thoughts into words while I was processing mine and wasn't quite ready to move on with the subject verbally. Once I was ready, he would continue talking while using keywords directly related to what I had refined. It was completely in sync. *I didn't have to speak;* I could participate directly in the conversation using only thought. I hope that makes sense. During the conversation, I remember some of my thoughts being lost in wonder and awe. I kept thinking, "What is happening right now?! Who is this?! How is this happening?!!!" As he spoke, I could see symbols and patterns that periodically made shapes in his hair, like signs of truth coming to the surface. I could see them in the wrinkles on his face, the twinkle of light in his eyes, the smoke in the room, the ambience. I knew something was occurring here, some sort of harmonic convergence of mind with a cozmic power speaking directly through the resulting synergy as a third mind.

A lot of what he was saying was a history lesson. Elvis said he had been in the Navy. One very

interesting thing he said was that during the 1970s, he worked on a ship that sent off signals into space and was suddenly told to stop. He said the reason the Navy gave them is that they determined the earth is in a transparent part of space. I didn't really know what that meant and am still curious. I thought y'all might find it interesting, too.

As I grew too tired for more conversation, we called it a night. I felt better and could tell there was more to learn, but it was not going to be easy finding truth in a society designed to kill it.



## 17. Return of the Moose.

**3/2-17**

In the morning we got right back to it. I was fascinated. Time didn't matter. I was in tune with the conversation taking place in my mind and directly manifesting in the world. It felt very magical, like a direct connection to a higher power—you know it unlike anything you've known before.

As afternoon came around, Savvy Moose returned to Globe. By this time I had unwound quite a bit from having talked with Elvis so I didn't feel the need to rehash any details of my experience with meeting Cozmo. We caught up on his visit to Sioux Falls where Stile and friends were doing well. Savvy and I were going to be staying with Duchess between terms at the schoolastery, so I settled in and got some rest.

The next day we went out to Duchess's property, where she and her family had been living before an accidental fire burnt the house mostly down. Savvy had a grand vision for the place, including planting several different kinds of trees and plants, building a couple structures, and eventually using the land for sustainable living. There was junk everywhere, as the locals had turned it into a bit of a junkyard. The property hadn't been cleaned up since, so we decided to give it a shot and do the best we could. It was going to take several months to complete the job.

After we had spent the first day cleaning, I ended up having a conversation with another local. He was an interesting guy; I think he lived in a bus. He had intriguing stories. When I was talking to him, the same sort of thing happened as it had with Elvis, but not as direct. At times it felt as if he was not telling me anything about himself, but rather memories from the collective mind. It was kind of like he became a vessel to voice another story, memory, or thought. I had a bit of a revelation while talking to him. I felt like I understood something really interesting about how this direct conversation through others was working.

After the conversation, Savvy picked me up in his car. I unraveled what had just happened and exclaimed, "I'm always talking to myself!" We are all literally connected in mind. This seems to include memory, including those who've lived and passed. Savvy understood what I was talking about right away and then told me some of his experiences. He said he'd have conversations with people where they'd tell him things they'd never done and about things they didn't know. This is peculiar to me. For the longest time, I have not known what to think about what happens to that person when this takes place. It always leaves me thinking that something can sort of speak through their body. All I'm aiming for right now is to describe to you where I was at with my understanding of what was taking place at that point in time.

I will never forget what happened next.

## 18. I remember going up the hillside, but...

After the conversation about how we're always talking to ourselves, Savvy felt the need to drive up the hillside of the arroyo around the property. An *arroyo* is a steep-sided gully cut by water, however, there wasn't any water there currently. It was a beautiful, clear night sky. The moon was shining bright and the stars were blingin'. The trail took us up the hillside and I half expected the little car to lose traction, slip off the trail, and tumble us to our deaths. I remember the *REM* song, 'Answers from the Great Beyond,' started playing while we were driving up; it was on one of his CDs. The line about *pushing an elephant up the stairs* at this time reminded me of how walking the path of the Dao, living in the now, and maintaining right thought can literally feel like pushing an elephant up the stairs. It was also distracting me from the thought of tumbling to our deaths. Finally we reached the top of the hillside, parked, and got out. We took a look around to appreciate the view for a moment, then started talking. The first things we talked about were the three pillars of right thought and their opposites. Basically, essentially, it goes:

Honesty vs. Deceit  
Selflessness vs. Greed  
Compassion vs. Hatred

At the exact moment that we identified the last pillar and the deeper understanding had engaged in my mind, I was distracted by something. Above me to the left, I could see what looked like a star that was brighter than any star I've ever seen. It caught my eye like Cozmo did with the blue light. My mind raced to find an explanation for what I was seeing. When the thought occurred to me that I was not looking at a star, it amplified and got brighter. While realizing what was happening, I instinctively pointed to the light while saying, "Savvy," indicating for him to look. He was facing me when I first saw it and had to turn right 90 degrees. After he turned, a moment or two passed and then the light quickly shrunk into what looked like a red dot, as if it had just accelerated unlike anything I've ever seen. It seemed to have gone from zero to warp speed in the same amount of time that we could think it. There was no sound, flash, zig-zag, or turning. It just zoomed straight away until the red dot disappeared. Savvy turned back to me and said, "I wonder where they're going." I didn't say anything.

During the time I could see it, I didn't feel scared or much of anything besides a sense of familiarity and commonality. I considered being afraid, but I got the feeling that this was more of an informational situation. After that thought was when I chose to send my thoughts to the light. I thought of showing humbleness of being and value to the universe, that I want to learn more.

After writing the rough draft of this book, I read it out loud in the backyard. I read up to this part and stopped for the night. The next morning, this very young little bunny showed up outside my patio doors. These pictures actually describe what we saw in the sky very well, but cuter.





I remembered later in my hypothesis to Cozmo, when I asked for the sign if it was all true, I didn't directly include the existence of interstellar higher intelligences. I was mostly concerned with how the world got the way it is on earth and also that I wasn't deluding myself.

Based on this experience, we could theorize that we are not alone in the universe and there are much more advanced civilizations than us that can travel to and from earth. It seems very possible that at this current moment we might not be alone on this planet.

## 19. Universal absolute truth? Absolutely.

3/4-17

This story (while still being written) is currently at a total of 42 pages. I did not plan that knowingly or consciously. I just noticed today as I logged in to start writing and watched the page count add up (I haven't even added page numbers yet). The number *42*, for those who don't know, is commonly known as "the answer of the universe." This is a direct example of what I call *synchronicity*. It is when you do or think something *true* and the synchronicity occurs when our waking mind realizes and makes the connection. That should remind you of right thought.

Lately my thoughts have become more present-minded again of what I just told you. There are higher intelligences present in both Cozmo and... Well, I'm not sure what name to give this new character. Alright, after thinking for about 20 minutes and looking for clues for the proper name, I'm going to go with *Brighton*.

How y'all doin' with the rain? Perhaps you need an umbrella or a snorkel? Let's go clean up Duchess's property. There's a lot of work to do.

## **20. 10,000 years of dirty work.**

This was a lot of dirty work, manual labor, and conversation. As you might be able to imagine after reading this far, we were into some deep thinking and weren't exactly joking around. Everything we did was based on upholding universal morality, principle, and truth. We did our best, anyway. One thing about life is that you're allowed to make mistakes. It's normal and a chance to learn. We are taught that mistakes aren't acceptable because they cost us or our employers time and money. Throughout our education and career we're pressured to be flawless. Most of our lives are based on deadlines and alarm clocks. Most of us don't want to imagine or acknowledge a reality where our society and state of mind are the result of mass social conditioning and manipulation unlike anything we've ever been told.

We need to know and understand how our planet is being destroyed, along with our humanity. Perhaps the health of the earth affects the health of the universe. We need to be planetary- and cosmically-minded if there are higher intelligences alive and well in the universe. Maybe humans were advanced enough to have left this planet. Maybe what we saw was human.

## 21. Sacred space.

I had decided to do a three-day fast in the arroyo, where I set up a sacred space according to Lakota Sioux traditions. Savvy had done the same thing there once before and had a profound experience. He told me he used a rock as a pillow and had fallen asleep. He was woken by a noise that brought his attention to the radio tower atop the hillside near where we were standing when we saw Brighton. He said that the sasquatch, his elemental spirit guide, had been present. He didn't say he saw it, he said he just knew. After Savvy's attention went to the radio tower, the sasquatch moved very quickly through the heavily bushed arroyo to the water tower on top of a different side of the hill; then banged on it. The landscape there was not an easy path to make your way through; you'd need a machete and some patience. Whatever moved that quickly was probably not as physically bound as we are. This might sound a little far-fetched for you, which is fine, you may think it was the wind if you want. It seemed to make a lot of sense to me that such a thing as an elemental spirit guide exists. Savvy's experience, as he thought too, was an indication that our water supply is in great danger. As you might have noticed over the past 100 years, the pollution of the planet has gone from oil spills to nuclear waste spills. They've likely been dropping nuclear bombs in the ocean for a long time. These sludge monkeys either have no sense or deliberate intent to destroy life on this planet. America is currently trying to have a non-American company build an oil pipeline directly through Lakota Sioux burial grounds and the majority of the Midwest like a huge scar across the land. They're also going to build it under the Missouri River, which millions of people rely on for water. Sludge monkeys act with intent.

I began the fast and started reflecting on what's really going on in the world. Americans and others have a conditioned mentality to accept that this is the way it is. This society is the result of manufactured lies. What you think you know is an illusion. The system is built to manipulate us and for us to manipulate ourselves and others. This is the result of at least 10,000 years of systemic indoctrination of propaganda via religion, education, and government. Flash back to around 500 years ago to when the Native Americans were living with the opposite mentality. They honored the earth, universe, and all things in it. That's something our youth and elders don't have a clue how to do because from birth they are taught to support the system. That means this goes back much further than they are aware of. Youth surely know how to use a cell phone, though. Even the cell phone conditions us to be dependent on technology rather than the earth and ourselves. We barely have the ability to survive in the wild anymore. We don't even teach those skills to our kids; instead we've just boxed the wild into zoos and digital media. We've attempted to domesticate every species on the planet, while driving many into extinction. This is normal to most, since we have a history of making entire populations of people extinct to ensure the engines of mass manipulation stay on. For many years, scientists have referred to this current period in human history as *The Sixth Great Extinction*.

On the second night, I wrote my transgressions on a piece of paper under the full moon. I came to peace with my regrets and wrongdoings and burnt them in the fire. After having fallen asleep, I was woken up when I heard something coming through the brush. Savvy had gotten a phone

call from my father informing me there had been a death in my family. My aunt suffering of colon cancer had been placed in the hospital and would pass away that night. I left my space to make some calls and decided to end the fast for homemade chicken enchiladas.

The most interesting thing that happened during the fast was when staring at a tree branch, thinking about its energy and how part of its existence is a chemical process that enables life. As I began to think deeper, I knew the tree and I were not separate, but rather one living thing. I started to see little white ant-like energy things moving both on and somewhat off of the branch. They were seemingly going in and out of the branch itself. I would see them for a moment, they'd disappear, and then I would see more. It seems that the universe is alive with ants.

It's the little things in life...



## 22. Little Sun rising.

Savvy and I were talking one day, and I was just speaking my mind, venting, purifying, and making sense of the way the world is. I was talking it out with words instead of thoughts. I was always able to say exactly what was on my mind with Savvy; I didn't need to put on any sort of mask or filter. I remember pausing after talking for a bit; my thoughts were self-reflective, and I was wondering my place in it all. Who was I to think I could change the world? How was I going to tell anyone what was really going on here? How would I tell them what I'd experienced in a way they could understand? I'll never forget what he said to me while I stood there chewing on those thoughts, "You are *Little Sun*." Initially I thought he had said *son*, which didn't make sense. I asked, "What?" Before I could stop from speaking I realized that he had meant *sun*. A light bulb turned on in my head. He continued, "That's your name, that's who you are, and you've been given the torch." This name is symbolic of my *quiddity*, or essence.

With that being said, I feel the need to shine a little more light on the belief mentality. It affects how we communicate and use language. One of the main issues is how it creates an attack surface—a shoot-the-messenger opportunity—because it *attaches* the speaker to the subject. Now you're no longer just presenting information, you're saying it's worth believing in. A clever mind knows better and focuses on the information rather than the speaker. However, this is taught as speaking with power, presence, emotion, empathy, and understanding. It is also a very dangerous tool with the power to create the illusion of all of those things. It is a very significant act of thought to have a belief. Listen to people talk around you long enough and you'll feel like Jules Winnfield in the movie *Pulp Fiction*, "Go ahead, say *I believe* one more time...!" Well, now I can attack you for your belief because you attached yourself to the subject in a way that makes you have to defend and prove it. Some use the attachment to say that the belief itself shouldn't be attacked because they're attached to it, and that would be a personal attack. This is the most commonly used technique for someone to defend their ego. It allows them to play the victim. Many of them enjoy doing this and think that they are smarter than most. Ego is as ego does.

Here's a challenge, and I know from experience this can be difficult: Try removing the word *belief* from your language and thoughts. It might be more difficult than you think since we are conditioned by the mentality from many angles, starting when we're very young. Many parents try to trick their kids into believing in the Easter Bunny, Santa Claus, and even the Tooth Fairy. They lie to their kids and lie to themselves because they were taught to. This causes kids to begin accepting that the act of deluding others is normal and acceptable.

## 23. Is my grandmother a prophet?

Our time in Globe was coming to an end and we were about to go back to Diamond Mountain for the next term of the school year. Savvy had gone back to Sioux Falls to get Stile, and I was going to meet them at the camp, but something called me away. After I met them, I actually decided to take my own path and haven't been back since.

I made the drive to see my grandparents and planned to travel back to Sioux Falls. Before I left, my grandmother gave me a gift from a store she volunteered at called *The White Elephant*. It was a navy blue shirt that depicted a pencil writing in white words, "The only person who really knows what's going on." She also looked into my eyes like grandmas do before and after these experiences. She looked in them and said with a smile, "You've learned a lot haven't you?" Looking back at this after 10 years of silence about my experiences, re-assimilation into society while observing the behavior of the belief mentality, and the events leading to writing this book... It seems my grandmother is a prophet indeed. Spirit moves through all things.

So there I was, freshly back on the farm, which had never smelled better. I can't say it was easy not talking about all this stuff to my family and friends. I had to put a mask and filter on. My reputation had been tarred by the legal system so I was used to the isolation. All of the experiences I'd had so far were piled on top of that. I felt very alone in my thoughts.

I still had friends in Sioux Falls, and moved back in with my old roommate. I didn't have a job and we had a friend who worked nearby and needed my room, so I embraced homelessness. Thankfully, a friend I'd made had just left her job as a dishwasher at a mom-and-pop type of fine wine and cheese shop. She had a little sun tattooed on her leg. She told me they were looking for someone to fill the spot, so I went there and talked to the owners. They decided they liked me and that I could give it a go the next day. Getting the job enabled me to rent an apartment within a day or two.

Everyone working there was friendly and energetic. There was a Buddhist who provided a familiar sense of being at home away from home, and one went on to become a crystal healer. That was the most fun job I've had. I could make breakfast while sipping today's featured wine and have a gourmet sandwich with a 25-year-old bourbon for lunch. The owner was an herbalist prior to the restaurant. She took me under her wing and reminded me of my grandmother. I learned a lot about cheese, wine, and cooking in general. We eventually expanded the business into a new location that served hundreds of people. We'd host dinner/wine parties with multiple-course meals. We had a dishwasher machine at the new location, which freed me up to focus more on cooking. By the time I was done there, I was a dishwashing sous chef with a sweet chef coat and hat.

## **24. *Entrapment by Social Design.***

Despite doing a great job for this business, I had also made some “mistakes” in my personal life before I was hired. I had made a choice to do a little bit of cocaine one night with some friends. Super uncommon thing to do, right? I know it’s so crazy to think that someone would try a little cocaine during his or her life. I got pulled over a couple days afterwards for a brake light being out. That turned into them searching the car because my passenger had a warrant for unpaid fines. I think we also had a pipe for weed, so they forced us to donate urine. This caused them to catch the cocaine usage and charge me with a felony after pulling me over for a brake light. This is the system we live in. It takes lives and intentionally throws them into the gutter. I would end up getting sentenced to six months jail time. Never mind the fact that I was a completely functioning employed taxpayer that everybody got along with. I had broken the law and needed to have my life torn apart for having done cocaine one night! The legal system only wasted my time and your money, further proving that it is completely flawed at its core. It’s a machine that controls the minds of its followers. Most of the people in the education and judicial systems just do what they’re told and even feel good about enforcing the corruption.

In reality they are the weak-minded. They are the result of systemic conditioning. They cherish their belief mentality and loyalty to the empire. They truly believed I should learn my lesson by going to county jail along with a 10-year prison sentence over my head. Once again, nobody even bothered to talk to me and just diagnosed me as a complete fuckup with no other qualities worthy of consideration. They resembled soulless drones to me. Since this conviction came along with a two-year probation period that requires an alcohol-free lifestyle, it was impossible for me to keep my job involved with alcohol unless I wanted to go to prison. So, not only did the judicial system completely waste your money, it cost me a promising career.

I served my time in the Sioux Falls county jail, which is more of a joke than the DARE program. If you wonder why society is the way it is, try a tiny amount of cocaine and serve six months in county where you’ll be openly raped all day and every day by boredom. You’ll sit around with a bunch of people literally being forced to do nothing. If they had rehabilitation programs that actually helped people and a legal system that didn’t intentionally put them in jail for the dumbest things ever, then we wouldn’t have as much poverty. This system creates poverty, but that’s what we allow and pay taxes for. We just go along with whatever we’re told while choosing whatever religion and political party fits us best at the given time. The joke is on society and it’s only getting us all closer to destruction.

### **3/6-17**

Today I heard Pablo Escobar’s son wrote a book claiming his father worked with/for the CIA to manufacture and transport cocaine to the US. Considering what I just wrote about, this is timely! My legal situation—considering the government convicts us for having the cocaine that it intentionally had manufactured and imported—was direct entrapment by social design. I think of it as a product manufactured in the US called *Entrapment* by a company named Social Design. There is obviously some pure evil rooted firmly in our government.

Since this one time (out of the few) I did cocaine caused me so much hassle, I am going to share my experience since the law thinks that they, the public, and my employers need to know about it. After doing the cocaine, my body felt a *Whoosh!* shortly followed by an echoing sound in my head going *wha-wha-wha-wha* sort of like a lightsaber. I had a poster of Kurt Cobain simply sitting in a chair on the wall that my eyes started looking at as I regained my senses. As the *wha-whas* grew quieter, I noticed my hand had been tapping a phone book since right after the *Whoosh!* The experience lasted maybe five or ten minutes and then I was mostly bored and kind of irritated. It made me think of the connections between Kurt and myself. We were both born in a town called Aberdeen and both played guitar and sang vocals. His band was called *Nirvana*, which makes me think of my own experience of nirvana. Tapping on the phone book was symbolic of something that didn't happen until later in life.

## 25. The most alone I had ever felt.

Before the cocaine incident took place, I hung out with a friend I had known during high school. Our parents knew each other through playing volleyball and her mother was a singer in the band Spirit Song, for which I'd played drums. She invited me out with some friends of hers to a music festival; it sounded like it would help me get back in the flow of "normal" society.

I remember it was a warm, clear, starry night, and the moon was out. I don't recall anything interesting about the festival itself; it was just a typical event for that place and time. I felt mostly detached from it. I kept walking around with the group, just tagging along. I was still processing everything for what it really was and what it stood for. It made me sad that there were hundreds of plastic cups everywhere and that this land was being used as a garbage for people to get trashed on overpriced and watered down beer. It's socially normal to drink yourself stupid, but if we blaze a group joint and zen out to music, we're *criminals*. This society has normalized self-harm and illegalized natural self-help. All of that symbolism came from just the plastic cups. It was clear how all these problems self-perpetuate based on how members of society conduct themselves as a result of their beliefs and/or willingness to accept the system.

The group eventually found a spot to sit. I sat next to my friend, but away from everyone else. I can't even remember how many people were there with us, maybe between four to eight. I kept listening to music, watching all the people, and trying to be social, but I was mostly finding myself alone with my thoughts. I imagine that most have experienced similar feelings to what I'll attempt to describe here; you're with people and doing normal stuff, but you feel so alone, like nobody is really there. I'm not even an amateur poet, so I can't do much to describe that depth of loneliness. It was a loneliness of understanding, an inability for anyone to understand me on the levels of existence where I was able to be fully open about the things I had experienced up to that point in my life. I had to battle the resulting emotions that occurred, as I didn't want to start crying in front of everyone. At the height of this was the familiar moment of having one thing to say to the universe. I was about to start crying when I looked to the sky and arrived at the thought, "*I feel so alone.*" As that thought occurred, Brighton appeared like the brightest star in the night sky, just like before. As soon as I connected what it was and why it was there it zoomed straight away.

Nobody else saw it this time. Everyone else was... Well, I was telling you how alone I felt, nobody was paying any attention. They were getting drunk and talking about nothing important. This experience was loaded with information and the timing especially seemed to stand out.

I am going to bring you up to speed with some relevant things that have happened from this point in the story to present day. We'll talk about why it took this long for me to speak up, as well as some of the signs that led me to suspect that telling the public was the right thing to do.

It turned out that I wasn't alone while feeling the most alone I had ever felt.

## 26. Conspiracy Theory.

3/7-17

Today I found a YouTube video titled 'Ashton Kutcher exposes Pizzagate.' I can't remember what I was looking for, but it wasn't anything related. I thought to myself that it sounded absurd and I decided to investigate the claim. Clickbait, right? Well, yes, but hear me out because I found interesting information and connections. Ashton co-founded an organization called *Thorn*, a technology task force fighting against sexual exploitation of children. The organization received a disturbing video, and Ashton was discussing it with the US congress. I didn't hear him mention the word *pizzagate* in what I saw, but I wasn't paying close attention. The rest of the video was narrated by someone else. I kept watching it long enough to catch a familiar face. Do you remember the documentary from earlier, *InnSae: The Power of Intuition*? I recognized a lady from it named Marina Abramovic. She would sit silently in a chair while a person did the same about 10 feet away from her, in front of a live audience. They would stare at each other and the person would start having a public cry session. After crying, the person claimed to feel better... As Marina made a very stagey exit, she also knelt and bowed her head to the ground like she was the recipient of a blessed gift that gave her the ability to sit across from you and make you cry while entertaining an audience that had likely paid to be there. I related it closely to professional athletes celebrating and thanking their various saviors for blessing them with divine talent while children are starving in the same city at the same time as they celebrate their gift for an audience that paid to watch them... As I saw the gesture, the thought in my mind was pure skepticism. However, I'm skeptical when anyone claims they are in touch with a higher power and have some gift to transform people.

Marina is somehow entangled in this conspiracy theory named *Pizzagate*. This book is not about putting a *Spotlight* (watch the film *Spotlight*) on theories of organized pedophilia rings within major religious establishments and the US government. However, there is evidence that religion harbors the largest organized global pedophile ring in human history. I suppose it is relative since this book offers depth of insight on the deceptive nature of things we have been taught to trust and later learned are truly corrupted from within.

## 27. Reassimilation.

After this experience at the music festival, I kept on living life and didn't mention any of the major things that had happened. I didn't want to be the person with crazy claims that I couldn't explain. Pieces would come out here and there, but I kept it well guarded. I've never told anyone exactly what happened. I would connect with some people on a deep-ish level, but it's very difficult to explain all of this at once and I was trying to get back into society, rather than detach from it. Those who were around me the most before and after going to Arizona said that I was different, but in good way. The most common word I've heard used to describe me is *chill*. A couple of the phrases were; "the chilliest dude ever," and "very very very chill."

I kept working until I had to serve the time for the cocaine entrapment. When I got out, I moved back to the farm and got a job at a hotel. To pass the downtime, I decided to look up an online game some friends and I had found back in grade school. Our librarian decided she was against it so the school blocked the website and we never got to play. It was a text-based roleplaying game called *alienadoptionagency.com*. You'd get a little alien blob avatar you could equip with a weapon and armor to do battle with another player's alien. The game had gained popularity and a chat room had been added since grade school. I had spent very little time chatting online up to that point in life and found it somewhat interesting. When I worked overnights, I watched the chat to pass the time. After awhile I met a few lifelong friends.



I ended up getting fired from the hotel for an unknown reason. The phrase *Right to Work State* simply means that they can fire you for zero reason or documented cause. Shortly after, they hired a direct relative of the person that fired me who had just moved to town. I started working for a family friend who owned a construction business and decided to stay at the farm while I separated myself from the last of the friends that could get me involved in more legal issues. This is almost everyone when you're on probation because they will violate it for drinking alcohol. I was already going to have a tough time with the conviction on my record and didn't need any more. Just before the fall season, after feeling ready to move forward, I found a job at a hotel and an apartment in Sioux Falls.

I was sort of right back where I started in this journey, although this time I wasn't homeless. I played a lot of *Champions of Norrath* on Playstation 2 and stuck to myself. I was almost finished with probation and couldn't wait for an excuse to leave the state. While working at this hotel, I had decided to start reading again and picked up *Prometheus Rising* by Robert Anton Wilson. I appreciate his work for managing to capture a common sense, logical, and open-minded approach to what he writes about; it reminds me of Savvy Moose. My intuition had led me to purchase this particular book, which is about an eight-circuit model of consciousness. This includes what is known as the *reptilian brain*. Reading that just triggered a reaction in your brain that might have produced a thought related to a conspiracy. Understanding this makes sorting through any information you come across about such theories more relatable and down to earth. It will provide insight on how those theories can be made up or added in, stories derived

from a *mentality* rather than actual shapeshifting lizards. If we apply what we can learn from available models of consciousness to a concept such as shapeshifting lizards, we can boil it down to a simple shift in mentality to a reptilian state of mind. The *reptilian brain* is one of the lower circuits of consciousness whereas higher circuits implement more critical thinking and balanced emotional intelligence. This is where we make the decision to kill for food or other reasons whether we have an emotional attachment or not. A python does not recognize its human owner as its friend when it's going after food. The shift the shapeshifting concept could be referring to is the action of making a conscious choice to become predatory while luring prey with trust. It makes me laugh when someone claims someone else is a reptilian because we all have a brain with a reptilian circuit. That technically makes us all reptilians. Lower circuits are building blocks necessary for survival. As you might know, many people have claimed to witness *shapeshifting*. Who am I to judge?

The hotel hired a young man who had trained in Kung Fu and needed somewhere to stay for a moment before he found his own place. I let him stay with me in exchange for some knowledge and training. I had also started dating one of the girls I'd met on the online game and she was going to move from Texas to Sioux Falls. We didn't stay in Sioux Falls long before deciding to move to Texas after I finished probation. I got a job with Jimmy John's and then at a place called Sprouts Farmers' Market where I worked in the produce department. Sprouts is where I was introduced by a colleague to Alex Jones. I had already seen the movie *Waking Life* where Alex had a role that reminded me directly of traveling with Savvy. Alex goes on a truth rant in a CB radio with a loudspeaker while driving down a city street, roaring about how the good human spirit is being squelched and manipulated by the entities that have come to rule us.

This is also where I first found out about the film *Zeitgeist: The Movie*. The first 30 minutes of this film discusses how all religions are fundamentally the same, which immediately grabbed my attention because I could directly relate it to my hypothesis. It goes into explaining how the Christian Bible and others are based on allegories of astronomical observations. It even breaks down how the resurrection story is actually an annual astronomical event of the sun where it will rest for three days starting on December 22nd near the Southern Crux constellation, and on December 25th will rise one degree north. Remember reading about the word *sun*? Remember what day I left Sioux Falls on this journey? December 22nd. What names have I accrued? Given the *sun*'s annual three days of *stillness* and the fact that I had been to the desert and silent for 10 years... The film then talks about the "terrorist" attack on September 11, 2001. One of the things I made sure to include in my hypothesis to Cozmo was if 9/11 was an inside job.

After being in Texas for about a year, my relationship had grown apart and I was considering moving back to Sioux Falls to attend one of the technical colleges. I made the trip back and moved in with a friend who'd just bought a house. My plan was to get all three available IT associate's degrees over the following three years, then make my next move. As school got underway, I reconnected with one of the friends I'd made through the online game. She had broken up with her boyfriend and was having a rough time with an opiate addiction. I had known her for at least three years by then and we had a natural closeness from the beginning. I couldn't just let her be considering the state she was in. She'd seem fine for awhile, then I



wouldn't hear from her for days. I'd heard stories about horrible things that happen when drugs and addictions are involved. After hearing her struggle, I tried as best I could to reason with her to get out of Seattle. I offered a place for her to stay if she needed. It was all I could do besides go to Seattle and help her out. Remember me tapping on the phone book after doing cocaine? Kurt Cobain is native to the state of Washington. How about earlier when those crazy kids thought of dialing *UFO* on the telephone? Seattle is home to the world famous *Space Needle*, shaped like a flying-saucer style of UFO.

Not long into the school year, she gave me the news that something had gone down and that the cops gave her a sort of pardon. They specifically asked her and her mother if she had anyone out of state she could stay with for awhile to break free of the habit. After hearing the same message from me, the cops, and her mother, she chose to move. It took a few months to get things lined up and I flew out to Seattle to drive her back to Sioux Falls. She soon got a job at the same hotel I had been fired from, where I was working when we first met. My good friend had since become the manager, so we got the last laugh from me being fired. She enrolled in school and graduated with honors, and got a job in her field of study not long after. You would've never known she had a history like she does. She's smart, beautiful, compassionate, and on her feet in a position to do whatever she wants. Mission accomplished.

I decided to obtain a bachelor's degree in Cybersecurity on top of the three associate degrees. Our plan was to move to the Seattle area during the spring around the time I would graduate. We launched our plan and landed safely in the Pacific Northwest.

## 28. Skepticism leads to discovery.

3/8-17

I did more research on Marina, as felt I needed to give her a fair chance. After finding out she donated money to Hillary Clinton, I took her chance card away. There is zero intuition being used when giving money to anyone associated with a Clinton in this day and age. It looks very suspicious why she would actually choose to do such a thing. Apparently she has enough money that she can give it away to other people with too much money, or she's buying something. Marina is entangled in Pizzagate because Hillary Clinton's 2016 presidential campaign chairman John Podesta's email account was hacked. The emails contain one from Marina inviting John to a *Spirit Cooking* dinner at her place. She made some "art" called *Spirit Cooking* and you can find it on YouTube. I didn't find it artistic at all and rather found it rooted in what I could easily brand satanic ritual and pedophilia. Apparently this particular type of art is what Podesta is into. So, we see Marina donating to a campaign that cheated to usurp the democratic process of this country while creating what appears to be satanic pedophilia art for the chairman of that campaign, then inviting him over for a Spirit Cooking dinner that is said to involve raw pig's blood. Maybe it's all a joke on society. She dug herself a huge hole with all this, so I dug the hole deeper and found an interview with VICE where she answered the question: If she could bring back two people from the dead to have a conversation with, who they would be? The first person she said seemed of little importance and the second was George Gurdjieff. I researched and found some interesting connections. The book *Transhumanism: The History of a Dangerous Idea* by David Livingstone discusses how Gurdjieff was considered a "rascal guru" for his deceptive and tyrannical ways. Rom Landau, a spiritual journalist during the 1930s, described him as a charismatic hypnotist and a Russian spy. His family records show they housed Joseph Stalin, who is known for having caused the worst man-made famine in history through forced industrialization while he was dictator of the Soviet Union from 1929-1953. George met Joe while they were students at the same seminary and are said to have belonged to the same occult brotherhood. George created a system that differed from the traditional methods of monks for awakening one's consciousness that he called *The Fourth Way*.

One of the sources on Gurdjieff talked about *The Cult of Cain*. I didn't get the reference, but what made sense was the context it was used in. It was inclined towards something in the religious history line that has been a root of evil within the religious story itself. I searched the phrase and it didn't turn any exact match results except for one, a YouTube video titled *The cult of Cain!!!* Coincidentally, the introduction started something similar to how this book does with the narrator asking the viewer to please excuse their beliefs while watching. I watched and found some connections to information being used to manipulate people. It talks about how everything that we've been told is a lie and got deeper into some conspiracy narratives, but wasn't too far over the edge. Towards the end, it started talking more about mysticism throughout our known history and how many cultures had their own version of a higher power that's found in all things, and each called it something slightly different. I describe it as energy, quantum mind, and total consciousness.

The title of Marina's book is *Walking Through Walls*. I laughed out loud when I discovered that. As mentioned, one of the common things said at the schoolastery was that if you had perceived *emptiness* you would be *walking through walls*. Again, Roach had convinced some of them that he had perceived emptiness and I got the impression they thought he was a supreme being. You can see the direct connections here in the manipulation of information to create a following. We're going to find out more about why this mentality and method of using information to teach and transform people is a very dangerous scam, and Diamond Mountain University is going to be the example. Keep in mind that both marriage and claiming to have perceived emptiness are direct violations of the monk vows that Michael took to receive the Geshe title.

I would come to learn in 2012 that a devout member of the schoolastery named Ian Thorson ended up dead. My grandpa told me he had read it in the newspaper. I remember Ian from my time there. He was a nice guy and relatively young—maybe in his late 20s or early 30s. He had served as Roach and McNally's personal assistant, and I would often see him carrying bags and water for them. I looked into the news and was surprised to read that his body was found in a cave on a 7,000-foot mountainside along with Christie, who was delirious and dehydrated, but alive. I wondered how they'd gotten themselves into such a situation, since Christie was married to Roach. After doing more research, I found an article in *Rolling Stone* magazine titled *Sex and Death on the Road to Nirvana* in the July 6th, 2013 issue. Roach and McNally had agreed to interviews with the magazine after this event unfolded. Secrets from the inner circle of Diamond Mountain started to be revealed as people began asking questions. It was a secret from most at the schoolastery that Roach and McNally were married. Turns out that Roach had convinced Christie that she was the incarnate of the Buddhist deity Vajrayogini. Since this made her non-human, he could say he wouldn't be breaking his sworn monk vows if he had sex with her. Sounds like they practiced tantra. The truth about Diamond Mountain seems to be that it was a sex cult. That shines some light on why Bliss disappeared after I told her I wasn't looking for anything physical. The divorce story goes that Roach began to think about other women he thought were angels while they had this non-human tantric sex. Christie thought this was considered cheating and that if he didn't stop thinking about other women then she would start thinking about other men. She said that Roach told her he wasn't planning on stopping and she felt he was pushing her toward Ian. Roach filed for divorce from her in December of 2010, which exposed the secret of their marriage. Weeks before the divorce was finalized, Ian and Christie got married. This sparked a lot of conflict within the Diamond Mountain community. From what I read in the article, there was a lot of relationship drama including multiple reports of physical abuse. Christie herself admitted to being abused by Roach during their three-year, three-month, three-day silent retreat in the year 2000, when Diamond Mountain was founded. She said that Roach would whack her in the head when she was doing something he didn't like. After her marriage to Ian, they released a yoga book together called *Two as One*. In 2010, McNally convinced a bunch of people to partake in another three-year silent retreat along with her and Ian, a retreat that they were treating as a honeymoon. After two years of silence, McNally emerged and told a board of people about what she was learning and also described an incident where she stabbed Ian with a knife. She said it was an accident when they were playing around with a kitchen knife and that Ian thought the whole thing was funny and a divine

message. Reports from the community recall Christie developing an obsession with war and lethal combat weapons prior to the divorce. The board decided that McNally and Thorson were to be expelled from the school and required to leave the property, as they wanted to avoid any further abuse. After being kicked out, they decided to go camping for a year in a nearby cave to finish their three-year honeymoon retreat. Some in the administration had agreed to help by secretly bringing supplies. I've been hiking around that area with Savvy and it's not an easy trek to make if you're weak from dehydration and hunger. Christie had written a letter to their assistant describing Ian as having fits of physical aggression, but insisted they were finding more and more bliss each day and it was nothing to worry about. They lived in the cave for two months before a call came into the Cochise County Sheriff's Office. Christie, in a faint voice, reported that the couple was camping in the remote Apache Highlands and were in severe distress after a quarrel two days earlier had caused Ian to strike himself in the head and become unconscious. Three days after the letter, Ian was found dead.

## **29. Heartbreak.**

After we had landed in the Pacific Northwest, we found an apartment and started looking for jobs while I finished my degree. I decided to turn down an opportunity at Amazon and took a 12-month contract with a company named *IRIS Connect*. Shortly after, I decided to end my romantic relationship for personal reasons. I had accomplished what I set out to do and I was not ready for marriage and family.

## 30. Code of the ocean.

**3/9-17**

Today I discovered Russell Brand has a new podcast called *Under The Skin*. I just told you about getting a job at IRIS Connect yesterday and the show was also released yesterday. They are both based in England. You can see the obvious synchronicity. I chose to listen to the podcast because I've watched Russell become steadily more in-tune over the years, and he speaks of consciousness very well. I've seen a video stream of clips where he's in separate interviews, but you can see the common thread like it's the same conversation. I can hear clearly that he seeks the truth and has found it. The first episode is an interview with Dr. Brad Evans titled *Can We Really Stop Terror?* and I thought it was very relative to this book. Dr. Evans reminded me of a scientist in a scene of *Waking Life*. The way that he spoke was intelligent and had a similar rhythm of wisdom. They talked about the hyper-normalization of violence in society and how belief systems are conditioning perpetual suffering by manipulating fear through terror and the acceptance of suffering as "just how it is." My thanks go out to them because it organically reinforces my points with expert analysis. Collaborative perspective solves collective problems.

By the way, IRIS Connect headquarters is located in the city of Brighton.

## 31. Gonzo Sociotechnology.

3/10-17

Today I listened to Robert Anton Wilson and his wife Arlen Riley Wilson talk about Gonzo Sociology. Hunter S. Thompson and several others came up. One of things they touched on was how the drug war was entwined with the paper industry. Remember when we talked about right thought and the paper bags from the grocery store earlier? Remember the CIA intentionally importing cocaine and the entire drug war on hemp and cannabis? We can make about four times the amount of paper from hemp than we can from trees. Hemp paper lasts longer, is of higher quality, and grows faster than trees in a smaller area of land. Let's not forget how many other things can be made from hemp such as oil, fuel, food, clothing, and shelter. It's also easier to erase history with low quality books, simply because they don't last as long. They need to be reprinted, which makes corporations more money and destroys the planet.

So, let's see if I have this straight... The CIA pumps cocaine and other drugs into the U.S. and other countries while the government launches a drug war enforced by a police state, judicial system, and private prison system. They indoctrinate us with false information about cannabis being a drug similar to heroin and having zero medicinal value. Robert Anton Wilson suffered from polio. Cannabis has very well-known, proven medicinal effects for such diseases and safely curing seizures for people of all ages. Duchess suffered from seizures. Making it illegal is inhumane and a direct form of oppression. We can see a very heavy agenda that is skewed from what's really best for the people and planet. The system is an assault on humanity and nature. They have deliberately gone after the natural resources in an effort to control the population. This is clear in our history. Now they are controlling those resources to the point that we're eating unlabeled genetically modified foods patented and owned by corporations, under the guises of solving world hunger and profit. Trusting this government and its merry band of international corporate sludge monkeys has gotten us further suckered into a drain leading to our own destruction.

We're being set up to depend on the system to sustain our crucial daily functions as well. Let's discuss two things: the monetary system and technology. The monetary system we have is backed by nothing except a transparent organization, called *The Federal Reserve*, that won't tell us what's going on with our money. It used to be that we traded goods for goods, services for services, etc. We do not need a currency to tell us the value of things. We are not robots that operate in decimals and dollars. We are living beings that are intelligent enough to understand and implement a global system of fair trade and sustainability. We can understand the value of things by the value they add to existence. A monetary system is created to control the flow of the resources and place a value on them. It takes the resource out of the people's control and places it with the entity that controls the monetary system. This gives them the power to create oppression and all kinds of other social imbalances on a global scale. It creates a civilization that is dependent on the system rather than one that is universally self-sustaining.

Technology is being used in the same way. We have gone from the Stone Age to having a

smartphone in the possession of every human old enough to use one. Let me guess, you thought they were actually going to make technological advances that resulted in humans having more free time? Keep dreaming. They've drip-fed us manipulated and manipulative technology so they can maximize longevity of profits. In many ways, we actually have less free time than ever before. We still work five days or more per week, for basically nine hours of the day, plus the time it takes to get ready for work and commute there and back. We've gone from having to remember things to having the internet available to fact check at all times. We used to have to remember people's phone numbers, but now we store it as digital data and have no idea how to reach someone if our phone battery dies. How many pay phones are readily accessible in public places these days? This is changing our behavior and has quickly created dependence on drip-fed technology rather than our natural habitat. It's creating humans that prefer to exist to serve the system rather than the universe. They're leading us right into human bionics and it's a trap, even though we think we have come a long way with technology and think we're evolving... We're so far away from evolution now that it's not even comparable. We've devolved into sludge monkeys, the proud and willing whores of profit pimps. If the plug is ever pulled on this technology, or even a disruption of the internet, the entire economy could collapse. This is an unsustainable and insecure technological infrastructure without a backup plan.



## 32. My first pub hop in England.

Working for IRIS Connect was a great experience. It is an education technology company that focuses on enhancing teachers' professional development in an effort to create a more effective learning atmosphere for students. The system allows teachers to record themselves live in the classroom and then watch it later. It goes further by enabling the teachers to edit their videos, organize the clips into sections, and then share them with other teachers to collaborate. One of the coolest features is remote coaching. The teacher has an earpiece that enables them to hear anyone located anywhere with an internet connection. The remote coach is able to view the live-stream and speak to the teacher through the earpiece. The videos are called reflections. Essentially, the company's product helps with the process of self-reflection. I was one of two people initially hired for their first office in the U.S., which was located in Seattle. Our office even had a garage door, so it had the small tech startup feel to it that Seattle is well-known for.

### 3/11-17

The first time I flew to England was the first time I travelled overseas. I flew from Seattle to London then a driver took me from there to Brighton. I checked into the hotel, admired the view, and started noticing the little differences from what I'm used to as an American. I decided to venture out and see the ocean. It was a busy city with a lot of people walking around and live music on the beach, and I was mostly just getting a feel for the atmosphere. I was wrecked with fatigue from the 10-hour flight and eight-hour time difference, so I decided to walk back towards the hotel for some food and call it a day.

I got all the way back to the hotel, when a pub across from it caught my eye. I decided to go in and see if they had some food, and was able to order some "chips" and a beer. I pulled out my American ID as if they were going to card me. She looked at it kind of puzzled for a second, then laughed at me and asked if I wanted a lager or an ale. Having never been asked that question, I inquired about the difference. She told me one is warm and one is cold. Warm beer? It took a moment to get used to, but after being in England for a week, all I wanted to drink for awhile was ale.

I was sitting there minding my business when I noticed a lady looking at me. She was maybe 50 years old and vibrantly beautiful. I felt a little anxious that she was looking at me because I had developed quite a bit of shyness by this point in my life. She started talking to me and we engaged in a bit of chitchat. After hearing it was my first night in England, she insisted on taking me out for a night on the town.

We strolled down to the beach and found that live music I had passed a bit earlier, grabbed a couple of brews, and posted up at a table. The music was good and they were playing covers of songs that I knew. We chatted here and there between songs and decided to keep moving when we had finished our drinks. We ducked into a random pub and kept talking. I was trying to acclimate to the differences in how we spoke English. She told me she knew of a pub where a woman usually sings some jazzy, soulful blues, so we went there. We arrived and found out that

her last appearance ever had been the day before. Instead, they had some gents with brass horns playing some lively English-style pub music.

We weren't quite ready to call it a night, so we hopped into another pub called *The Blue Man*. Hopefully by now I don't have to point out the connection for you. This pub was awesome, so cozy and chill, and I felt right at home. There was a young dude playing the guitar and singing. He was playing all originals that he'd written and he reminded me a bit of myself at that age. He was trading off performing with an older gent who really knew how to play the guitar and had great use of harmonics. We continued talking until they were through playing, and eventually made our way down to the basement along with the others still there in the pub. In the basement there was a chilled out lounge with circular tables lit up from the inside, a sort of couch along the wall, and a stage for musicians. We were all just chattin' and having a good time and some people started jammin' on the instruments. At one point I was feeling comfortable enough with these strangers that I grabbed the djembe and started rollin' with a beat. The others joined in with it and I passed off the djembe to the woman with dreads. She kept the beat rollin' as I moved my rhythmic contribution to the lit up table that somehow had just the right kind of snare drum sound. The groove with the guitars and rhythms came to one of those peaks that leaves everybody just hanging in the air, completely into the moment, floating on sweet vibes. It was a great feeling and a truly epic first English pub hop.

### **3/13-17**

I spent the week there for company orientation, going through introductions and learning more about what I was going to be doing for them in the US. This job was a massive learning experience for me on multiple levels. I was in really good company and with brilliant minds. Just a few months later, I flew back to England for more training and the company New Year's and Christmas party. I always laugh when thinking about this party and how much fun it was. I welcomed the hangover and flew back to Seattle.

### **33. Self-reflection.**

In the spirit of IRIS Connect and self-improvement, let's reflect a bit. This was about eight years after I'd returned from the desert. At this point I felt I was successfully reassimilated into normal society again. I'd gotten the education they tell us to get, a job out of college, and had been in a serious relationship that could've ended in marriage and kids. My parents thought I was normal. My family all treated me like I was a good person. I did all of that normal shit and never told anyone much of anything that had happened. I really haven't felt that people would understand and I didn't want to put myself on the spot. I already felt alienated enough just having to suppress the truth during daily conversation. I am really tired of not being able to openly talk to people about what's going on and having to act like everything is ok.

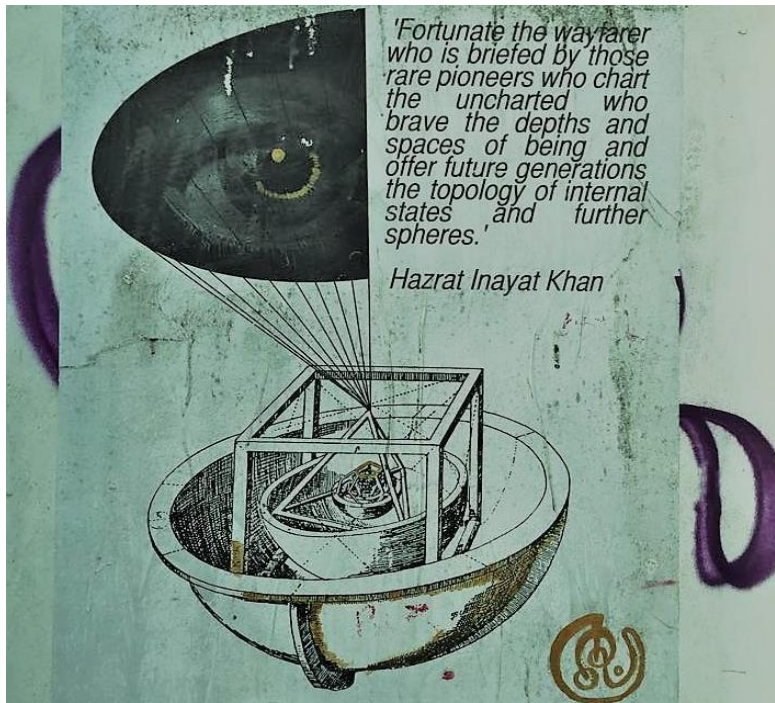
## 34. Fortunate the wayfarer.

3/14-17

Pi Day. Eat some pie. Walk in circles.

During the spring, I flew back to England for a third time for the company's annual conference. It was going to be a great opportunity to meet more people in the company from various locations around the world and learn even more. I had found an interest in education-based professional development. I can't imagine being a teacher these days. Maybe we should pay teachers similar to what we pay athletes...? Even if we could put half of the time and money spent on sports teams into schools, maybe kids would have more of a mentality to teach others than the mentality to beat others in childlike competitions. Maybe it'd be harder for teachers to get jobs because we'd have so many ridiculously good teachers that we would have to build more schools than prisons... It's just a thought, but I can bet you that level of salary would attract a lot more young minds to pursue academic interests. I'm getting a little tangential, but trying to draw attention to the mentality aspect of things literally shaping society.

On the flight over, I noticed the movie *Interstellar* was available to watch. I read the description, which sounded cool, but for some reason decided to wait and watch it on the pond hop back. We landed and our driver took us to Brighton. I settled into where I'd be staying in Kempton, grabbed some groceries just for the night, and then went out for a walk. I came across an interesting mural. Also interesting, it's Pi Day as I'm writing about this mural. Let the iris connect.



I found a pub with some live music, chilled there for a bit, went back to my accommodations, cooked a pizza I'd bought, ate it, and went to sleep. Of course we talk about pizza on Pi day. Nothin' like a couple tasty slices of synchronicity. Not long after, I woke up, felt ill, took two steps out of bed, and barfed my guts onto a white wooden floor. Beer flavored pizza sauce was splattered everywhere. I was now starving hungry, having just repainted the floor. I ate a little something, but most of what I had was snack food. I didn't have anything to deal with an upset stomach of this magnitude. I knew I'd need more food than what I had, so I made the decision to go out looking for a store. The issue was that it was around midnight or after, so there weren't any nearby places open for business. I was still dealing with nausea so I wasn't able to stay out for long unless I wanted to barf on the street. The mission to find somewhere with food was unsuccessful. I decided I'd try to stomach what I had and hope it was enough to keep the hunger off. As the morning went on, nothing got better. I realized that I had a very real issue on my hands, as the food was not helping; I started to get a little worried. I made my way back out around five or six in the morning, hoping to see the corner store open for business. I saw someone inside near the door and asked if they were open. He said not until seven. I asked him to hear my situation and see if there was anything he could do for me, toss me a banana or something. I was staying half a block away and wasn't begging for free food. He shrugged me off and didn't seem to care or know what to do. I don't know. I ended up getting some food at seven, but it didn't help because my stomach was completely in knots. I put the food in and the food came back out.

The next day I decided to go on the trip to the conference, which required a lengthy bus ride. I

figured I'd be ok once we got there and I got more food in me. I wasn't, barfed more, and missed the conference. The week was literally filled with barfing. My stomach was a wreck. I decided to go to the doctor after we got back because there's free healthcare in England. I waited for three hours in discomfort for the doctor to feel my stomach, ask me about three questions, and tell me that I'd caught an English bug. He wrote me a prescription for medication that prevents your brain from receiving the barf signals. Manufactured drugs were not something I wanted to put in my body to cure starvation. I will say that the hospital was fairly entertaining. One lady had been stabbed or cut on her face, while one couple couldn't get the handcuffs off... The morning after, I decided to go to the pharmacy and maybe pick up this prescription. They were all out, so I walked to another pharmacy that was also all out. We figured out that they had cleared their shelves of it because it had been recalled due to harmful side effects! I'd have been better off prescribed soup and water. I managed to make it to work on the last day of the trip, but was in a bit of a twilight zone.

On the flight home I nibbled on the plane food enough to keep my stomach feeling well enough to watch *Interstellar*.

### **3/16-17**

That was the only time I've watched that movie. There were a few things that I found significant and worth mentioning. Keep in mind that I was in quite a state of what most people would consider fasting. My mind was in an interesting place, as a result. Many use fasting as a way to practice deep spiritual meditation and go on vision quests, etc. There are several practices out there. Some even go camping in caves and think that enlightenment will save them from starvation... The parallels to the movie *Contact* were interesting and I've always had a respect for that movie since I was young, as it caught a particular interest in me. I had also just seen that mural and you can see the obvious connection if you've seen those movies too, so I was paying close attention. One particular thing caught my interest because of my earlier rabbit hole conversation with Savvy. He had mentioned humanity sending off explorers into space, much like in this movie. He had described it as a mission for answers from the great beyond. The idea of this intrigues me and I think it is quite possible such a thing might have occurred before. For now, I just want to point out the connection. The last thing I'll say about a week of barfing and *Interstellar* was how Murphy's Law was entwined. There were a few times during the week I thought I had my stomach feeling better, but then some unforeseen event would happen and I'd be right back where I started. After landing in Seattle, I smoked some legal weed to calm the nausea and create an appetite, ate all the food in the world, and got some sleep. Gee whiz, a little natural remedy instead of trying to override my neurological balance through manufactured pharmaceuticals with adverse side effects might have been a better idea.

After feeling better and settling in, I finished my contract with IRIS Connect. I did the job hunt, but this time wasn't having much luck finding anything I wanted to do with my career. I thought looking for work in Colorado and Minnesota sounded fun, and expanded my job search.

## 35. Hearing yourself in another.

To fill the idle time, I looked for information to feed my mind. I found the book *Cosmic Trigger Volume I: The Final Secret of the Illuminati* by Robert Anton Wilson. I loved it. It's one of the best I've read. After the foreword and preface is the Prologue: Thinking About the Unthinkable. The next page has one phrase on it, "Everything you know is wrong." - *The Fireside Theatre*. Wilson also writes in the foreword that, "Belief is the death of intelligence." My intuition sparked. I had also found a podcast called *Out There Radio*. The hosts were down to earth about the information and stuck to historical facts. They talked about the occult, conspiracies, politics, and tons of factual things that I found interesting. They even had entire episodes focusing on the life and works of Robert Anton Wilson.

You can see how these things resonated with the life experiences that I've shared with you. I describe this and similar experiences of resonance as hearing myself in another. In this occurrence the resonance came through a book, but know that there are many forms of communication through which this can occur. I think that most people can relate to this; they are thinking something and then shortly after somebody says out loud the exact same thought. I think it's because our thoughts are all connected simultaneously and that there is a conscious and collective mind that remembers everything that has ever been thought by all life on earth. I guess you could call it a natural telepathy that we all experience on different and similar levels. I think that the nature of the collective mind enables resonance to occur in many different forms and lengths of time.

## 36. Brighton was here.

3/17-17

I finished the available episodes of *Out There Radio*. I learned near the end of the show that one of the hosts, Raymond Wiley, had spent time studying overseas in Brighton, England!

Before leaving Seattle I had made friends with a woman who had a good job with one of those big Seattle-based corporations you all know. She was very interested in what I had to say about how things are connected. I shared some of my experiences and was also showing her the connections as they happened. When I open up to people it seems to create a resonance, enabling that person to see what I've told them is true. We talked about how the city Brighton connected to several things, even the clock on her wall said Brighton. I remember her taking particular note of that word. One afternoon, shortly after we talked about that, I was playing basketball at my apartment complex. It's a closed complex, meaning it's not open to the public. Someone had drawn in chalk on the basketball court "Brighton was here" with a smiley face that had circles for the eyes and a bigger circle for the mouth. I took a picture and sent it to her:





## 37. Incite insight.

It's not that easy to find work (during the holidays) in cybersecurity without some sort of prior experience or knowing someone who can get you in. I don't enjoy the corporate game and it's a challenge to go find a job only to be forced to pay for Uncle Sam's constant drone strikes that kill innocent women and children.

I found another interesting job I felt like I could invest my time in—at Incyte Diagnostics, a pathology lab. I've been working in IT there for over a year and I am still learning about what they do. There is a lot that goes into this practice. We support the pathologists and end-users involved throughout the diagnostic process. All services are dependent on IT these days. Our entire society is subject to this and it's a very dangerous thing, as we have already talked about. This adds pressure to my job when anyone calls having an IT issue. If someone can't process work, it can cause delays. Since people need to know as soon as possible if they have cancer, it creates some atmospheric pressure for everyone working there.

The name of the company, like IRIS Connect, speaks pretty loudly to me. It had gone through a few name changes not too long before I started. It used to be *Eastside Pathology* and then became *Incyte Pathology*. I don't see any sort of connection there to my *path*, do you? Nothing about a *path of insight* that rings any bells here. *Incyte*, in regards to this story, makes me think of Stile and the nine insights in *The Celestine Prophecy*. The change in name from *Pathology* to *Diagnostics* makes me think about the path I've been on, and how I'm now diagnosing it. Overall, it's for us to continue connecting synchronicity of the path.

In regards to cancer, in my opinion, it doesn't take a doctor or scientist to figure out that when you lower the nutritional value of food and continue to increase toxicity in the environment, the effects are more cancer and disease. Less nutrition + more toxicity = disease. Simple as that. Look at society; this is what's happening. Raising toxicity in everything, spraying food and nature with chemicals, adding sugar to everything, burning fossil fuels to make the air toxic, dumping oil and nuclear waste into the water supply... This society is based on pollutants and it's clear to see why many healthy people get cancer. I don't claim to know a lot, but I know that.

## 38. The story tells itself.

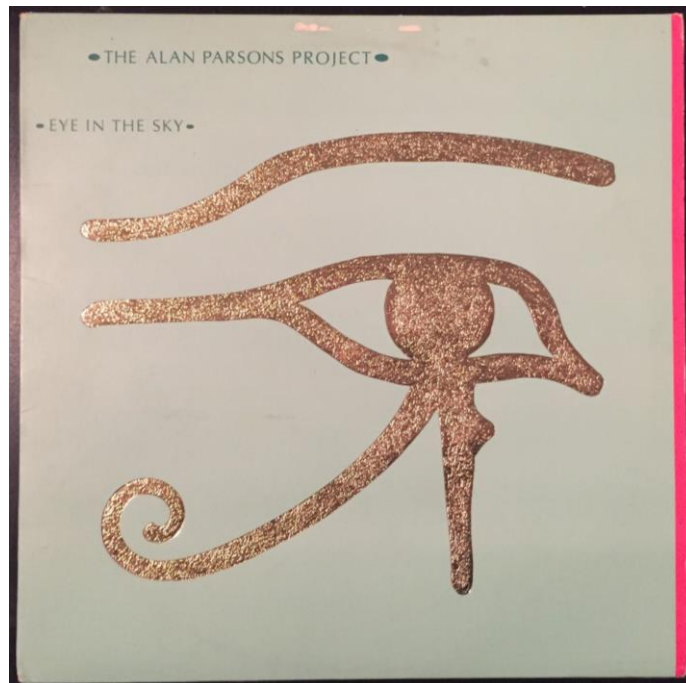
3/18-17

I want to share some details of what led me to actually write, some incyte and diagnostics. Let's flash back to when I was recently on the farm for the harvest, before I returned to Seattle. Our neighbors were in the process of shuffling things around, so their shed was full of stuff. This is the same location that I had my bell rang and my ear split open by the four-wheeler. I was told there was a skateboard around there somewhere and started looking. I ended up finding a box of old records. The first record I pulled out took me by surprise. The album cover had a light green background with a golden glittered Eye of Horus on the front called *The Eye In The Sky* by The Alan Parsons Project. I flipped it over and (hell yes, *Ten Years Gone* by Led Zeppelin just started playing on my Spotify. I love timing like this; 10 years have gone by in this story) the first song on the album was titled *Sirius: Instr.* The same Eye of Horus was on the cover of the book *Cosmic Trigger Vol I I* was reading. The book begins with Part I: The Sirius Connection. Robert Anton Wilson claimed that he once thought he was receiving telepathic communications from extraterrestrials located in the star system of Sirius. He said later that a psychic told him he was channeling an ancient Chinese philosopher rather than extraterrestrials from Sirius.

Nikola Tesla described having visions where he would gain insight into how to invent something. In his journals he writes of the visions occurring particularly after a profound *thought process* that he described as a result of *truth being revealed*. My experiences weren't visions, but they occurred in the same way. I discovered this while researching for a school project. My project was about the HAARP (High Altitude Auroral Research Program) in regards to the technical abilities of wireless energy in relation to the wireless technologies used in Wi-Fi. Nikola Tesla might have been the first to detect radio signals described as *coming from beyond Earth*.

Albert Einstein's work with Robert Oppenheimer, an American theoretical physicist, on the once top secret and now declassified document *Relationships with Inhabitants of Celestial Bodies* indicates that world governments and militaries have accepted UFOs for a long time and that disclosure would rupture the belief systems around the world. Hold the phone you don't think they could be talking about the same sort of thing I am, do you?

Six of the records would end up as decorations on my mantel. I am a bit of a minimalist and don't have decorations. I've noticed that they seem to tell a story relative to this one. I placed them in what seemed to be a logical order at the time, as I didn't know I was going to write this. I've been using a USB for data backup and a progress marker. I had the idea after the first backup to start at the Neil Diamond album with the little sun. As I've progressed with the story, the USB has landed on each album at a synchronistic time. The story tells itself.







## 39. Cozmic trigger.

I had just finished reading *Cosmic Trigger Volume II: Down to Earth* when I was recommended a book called *Lame Deer: Seeker of Visions*, by John (Fire) Lame Deer and Richard Erdoes. I couldn't put it down. There have been some moments in my life that you've read about that have been particularly hard to explain. Lame Deer wrote about an experience of being put in a hole for four days and nights without food or water. It was a spiritual trial to see if he was chosen to become a shaman, a Lakota Sioux medicine man, a *pejuta wicasa*. He described his feelings of loneliness, which closely related to how I felt at the music festival. After this feeling he had a shamanistic experience that left him with the realization that he wasn't alone, even when in the deepest of holes. His experience is very similar to what I felt at my most alone moment, before I saw Brighton for a second time. It also reminded me of the blue light, the sign from Cozmo.

This experience helped me make deeper connections about the experience at the music festival and stirred the flame. He also described the path and how the conversation with The Great Spirit occurs, the process of the exchange. His experience was drawn from being a shaman. When someone was ill, the way to heal was guided by the spirit—for example, finding a certain ingredient to cure the illness by reading the signs. From the way he described the thought process involved, I knew he was telling the truth from an intimately experienced point of view. He could heal people using nature by listening to nature. He talked about another thing that involves the unity theory: a legend about two people that loved each other so purely that their synergy still exists, entwined with this world, after death.

Let's examine the timing of Brighton at the music festival compared to Lame Deer's experience and remember how key thought process is. These things happened the way they did for specific reasons. One, to directly show us that thought itself is all connected. Two, to directly show us that the connection is faster than anything we know. Both times I saw Brighton, it was in-tune and directly connected with my thoughts. This is quantum consciousness of mind.

The last thing I'm going to tell you relates to quantum entanglement. Basically, it means that once two things connect, they are always connected regardless of the distance between them.

What does that imply about Cozmo, Brighton, and myself? The same applies to you too. Interestingly enough, the truth is that part of you was already aware of everything you've read. Since we're always connected in mind, part of you had the experiences at the same time I did. The difference is that I was fully aware while you were subconsciously aware. This shines a little light on the realization that I'm always talking to myself.

We're not going to go any deeper in this book, as some heads might be sufficiently underwater. It's rained enough for now. I might write another book that will add some depth on things we've already talked about, and some things we haven't.

One day at work, I introduced myself to a girl that worked in a building next to me. She'd been

going out for smoke breaks occasionally for several months. It took me seven months to work up the courage to go say hello. It was more than just courage that I waited for, though. I didn't want to just barge into her life because I found her attractive, so I waited until I saw a sign of chemistry, a meaningful connection. One day she was out there talking with a coworker and kind of seemed like she knew I was there. I respectfully kept watching off and on, seeing if the awareness of each other sparked an interest. You could also describe it as watching to see if the energies bonded or didn't. The sign of a connection was how the wind came up and entwined with my thought process, how her hair and body language responded and flowed with the wind. It made me think of a sunflower at the time, which made for a beautiful thought.

After I introduced myself, we exchanged phone numbers, started texting, went out for a drink soon after, and connected well. She said I was interesting to talk to and everything you've read about flashed through my mind. I laughed and smiled. We ordered another drink and decided to play darts. We played three games and oddly finished each game tied at seven... three games each is six and seven times six is 42.

One night over some rum, I ended up telling her some highlights of this journey, much more than I was initially wanting to. After, she asked me, "Why you?" I said, "I don't know." It made me think deeper about it because only I had ever asked myself that. Why me? 'Cuz I fuckin' rule! I am the reigning slope debate rhythm battle champion! I don't know why, but I am suspicious that Cozmo chose the right person for the job. She also asked me why I got the name Little Sun. I realized then that I had made a mistake and said too much. She didn't know me well enough to tell her that or most of everything else. I had gone too fast. The lights flickered when we got to a certain point in the story. Shocking. She noticed and didn't freak out. It seemed everything was ok after a little opening up... Shortly after this night, we actually disconnected for a few months. This left me uneasy because I had opened myself up to her, a bit more than I've opened up to anyone. I had told her too much and felt exposed as a result; my reaction was to put a wall up. This opened my eyes to the fact that I'll never be able to tell this story in the fashion it deserves simply by outlining some of the highlights. I realized this was something I never wanted to go through again. I thought to myself that the best way to explain the story was to write it down. During the planning stages is when I tossed around the idea of writing it as a book. Considering I don't know what to expect as a result of putting this out there, I was weighing the pros and cons of the wide scale of potential reactions. I could see several things on both sides. I decided to hold off, pay attention to the path, and look for a solid sign as to whether I should proceed with writing the book or not.

After I had fallen asleep on the night of January 23rd, I had a dream where I was approached by four male individuals. I did not recognize their faces and we did not verbally speak. We spoke in thought and feeling. I could feel the heavy influence each of them had on this planet and asked them about writing this book for the public. After getting the feeling from them to move forward, the dream ended. It was very simple and direct.

I let some time pass before deciding to reach out to her again, which brings us to the beginning of this story. On Valentine's Day I left a note and a rose on her car; I also left the mermaid

pendant she had given me, explaining that I was going to write a book about what I had told her and why I couldn't keep it. Being a minimalist, I have no place to put it other than on the mantle. I didn't want it on my mind when writing, as my thoughts needed to be clear of attachments. Later that day we reconnected.

Remember the USB marking my progress? Well, there's a rainbow at the bottom of the waterfall on the Climax Blues Band album. Yesterday was St. Patrick's Day and I just noticed that the USB is where the pot o' gold would be at the end of the rainbow. Cozmo is pretty good at proving a point, eh? Oh! Wow... It's exactly 3:42pm. These types of synchronicities tend to make me emotional because they remind me of what it's like to connect with existence on this level. It's a subtle nirvana when things in the universe align.

It's been a very emotional day of writing. The sun is shining after raining all morning. Seems it's a good time to go for a bike ride.



## 40. Always now.

3/19-17

Well, since we're nearing the end, I think it's a good time to reflect once more. Flash back to homeless me. *Was everything I knew wrong?* Well, what do you think after reading this? Do you still think we're not being lied to on massive scales? Do you still think you have a well-informed, firsthand, experienced idea of what's really going on? Is anything you know right?! Everything I knew up to where we began this story had been taught and told to me as the way things are by the system I was raised in.

Flash back to me asking for a blue light to confirm my hypothesis. I asked for a direct sign of what had truly happened in this world. I wanted whatever was leading and communicating with me on this journey to show me that it was truly there.

After 10 years of self-reflection, my answer to "Is everything I know wrong?" is... *Yeah, it was.* My mentality had been a product of the system. When I asked if everything I knew was wrong, I was actually engaging in right thought. Being right while admitting you're wrong is a state of duality that results in a karmic balancing on your state of being and mentality. Yin and yang. What's left to know, right?

Flash back to the hillside of the arroyo where Savvy and I saw Brighton in the sky at the exact moment we identified that we understood the three pillars of right thought and their opposites. Add in Cozmo having shone me the light on the mountainside. These things are direct signs that we live in a multifaceted systemic lie. We get conditioned by the systems of the empire at birth. The time when the circuits of our consciousness are most ripe for imprinting is during our youth. In my cosmic opinion, this is hyper-normalized child abuse.

I've been through the same brainwashing systems firsthand. It led to understanding **how** these systems are root causes of suffering. We have been **taught** this reality. This **is** the illusion.

## **41. War is upon us.**

The systems of the empire want us to believe that the information they withhold from us is for our own protection, and that what they tell us represents the truth. They want us to trust them. They've succeeded in conditioning this mentality, but each moment there are people waking up. People deserve to know that they are living in a lie. We are being used to further an agenda that we are not complicit in. The line was drawn and I will not be a part of it any longer without making all of this known. I go to work five days a week like most Americans. We're not built for this robotic schedule. We feed the machine. We work so hard for a future that's never coming. Life moves at the speed of our paychecks while government, corporate, and religious entities hoard our time and money. They drain our collective energy and spirit. They have deluded us into thinking we are not a singular extremely powerful organism and brainwashed us into separate belief systems.

## 42. The Now

## Post Scriptus

6/5-17

Yesterday, after a couple months of review, I felt I was 100% done with writing this book. Today, I went to play basketball at my normal spot. Written in chalk on the court was the word *RAIN*.



Now that I know you know Cozmo is there and listening, I'll leave you with your thoughts. Flashback to Chapter 42; it's for you...Go ahead and introduce yourself.