**The Chosen One**

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**Preface**

I am a natural born truth seeker. I like to question everything, and make my own informed opinion on matters that have no answer.

 The first thing I wanted to be when I grew up was a preacher. It was before kindergarten so I wouldn’t think about it all that much. I was probably 8 to 10 years old when I would want to become a lawyer because I liked to argue. I had all sorts of dreams growing up. I wanted to be all sorts of things. None of those dreams really stuck good enough to make me work for any of them.

 I never thought I wanted to be a writer. I Still don’t. I just want to share my story with you and hope you learn that there is a God & Satan, and they are both the creators of anything & everything.

 Actually fuck that. I could care less what your spiritual views are before and after reading this book. I am just telling you my story because God told me to.

I did want to write a book about my life, and some crazy shit I have gone through, but not like this. I didn’t want to tell the world what I did to my sister, but God said I had to. I wrote this book for God, and God says he wanted it for me. If I was doing it for myself, I would take out quite a bit, and start fresh. I don’t think it would be as honest though, or as detailed.

My life started fairly normal. I did have troubles growing up that have scarred me for life, but we all do. The first of those troubles, some tramah I experienced when I was ten, made me want to kill myself. The second was when I got held back in the 6th grade. That has had such lasting effects I still call myself stupid at least once a day. I wasn’t stupid, I just didn’t like doing homework. That is stupid though, because look how I ended up.

I would make even stupider decisions through life, and it's those decisions that have me sitting here writing this book. I’m talking some really stupid, stupid, stupid, decisions. One Day I will forgive myself for my stupidity but right now, i’m just trying to tell the world about it. Then they can judge me, help me, and hopefully forgive me.

My story is a very hard one to tell. To this day I don’t know if my life happened the way I think it did. I tell myself it could be both possibilities but that creates two worlds when one was already hard enough. This new world I try to stay out of, it’s amazing, until it pokes you. I can’t stay here because I don’t understand it, but it is very beautiful. As I sit here and write, I see what’s wrong with the world I’m from. I was depressed and really had no reason to live.

I was an on again off again drug user, I only had one girlfriend since I got kicked out of highschool sophmore year, no girlfriend at all since I was 21, and I was shaky at keeping jobs. Not really a great life, but it was a life.

I would grow like everyone else. I would beat addictions, attract the best group of people I had the pleasure of calling friends, and learn how to keep a job. I never really had a reason to be that happy though. I didn’t have a reason to look forward to the future either. I was just happy for the times I got to be happy. I know that’s the reason I do so many drugs, I simply want to be happy. Is that too much to ask? I don’t think so.

I think they thought it would make me happier. I don’t think my friends would purposely give me a mental condition. Especially one in which I am now taking two prescriptions for. If they did any of the following, just to turn me into a monster, then I guess that’s what they did.

I chose to believe it was pressure. Pressure given to the most depressed guy in the whole world. That way, he can find the happiness he deserves to find. Pressure from heaven, pressure from hell, pressure from God, and pressure from Satan. How do you fix depression? Pressure.

**Chapter One**

 This story is about God, and how we got to know each other. I started my spiritual life like most people. I came from an average God fearing family. I Went to church more than anyone else in my household. I Prayed when I wanted something, and cursed God when something brought me any pain. The things I thought everyone thought about God.

 33 years later my perspective of things has transformed. I am now in a place where God is queen, and everything I do is about her. She wasn’t always female. Until October 23, 2018 she was as male as me. We rarely spoke and I hardly thought about God at all.

 I started going to Sunday school in kindergarten, where I was a regular for two years. There I learned the basics. Adam, Eve, Jesus, the ten commandments, all the things I needed to know. The fundamentals so to speak.

 In second grade we moved to a house on the opposite side of town. I no longer had my Sunday school bus to take me to church. Eventually I became friends with a neighbor kid that lived across the street. His name was Christian. His mom was originally Jewish. She converted to Christianity, so she named him that. At least that's how I remember it but I may be wrong.

 His family went to church every sunday. Since we were best friends, I would go with them every so often. I would go to church about three to five times a year.

That was until middle school. Once I was old enough, I would attend youth group on Wednesday nights. God, however wasn’t the only thing on my mind. My interest in girls was way more important to me than God was.

 I rarely had a good reason to pray so I didn’t pray very often. Whenever something brought me pain, I would always ask “God, why do you hate me?”

Sometimes I would answer myself back. “He doesn’t hate you, we just did something wrong” or “he’s just teaching us a lesson” I would tell myself.

“No, he hates me” i’d answer back

I was fourteen when my dad died in a motorcycle crash. I answered the phone when his best friend Tim called to give us the news. When I was given the decision to either go to the hospital, or go to youth group, my mom didn’t know how bad the accident really was. I was thinking it was like a broken leg or something, nothing serious. So I decided to go to youth group.

We were skipping out of the lesson or activity the main group was doing. My friends and I were messing around in the field next to the church. Then I see my best friends step dad racing up looking for me. He rushed me to the hospital and the way there I was thinking, how bad was his accident? He must be in a coma or something if my neighbor suddenly had to take me to him.

Death however, wasn’t on my mind. Once I walked in the hospital it was. The way my sisters and family were there and the way they were all hugging and crying, something inside me knew. I didn’t realize what was really going on, until they asked if we wanted to pull the plug. Then all the feelings came and I was living the first worst day of my life.

I was pissed off at God. He led me to church instead of the hospital? I could’ve spent more time with my father while he was still living. Why did God want me in his house with him? I wasn’t even worshiping when the news came. Why did he rob me of those precious minutes? Not only that, why’d he even take him?

My dad was a good man. He always helped those in need when he could. He never did anyone wrong. Maybe us kids slightly. When we weren’t behaving he was a little heavy handed, and even strangled me till I passed out when I was 10. I didn’t know at the time but I deserved it.

And what about us kids? What did we do to have our father taken from us? That was fucked up, maybe I didn’t believe God existed anymore. I did believe in God still, but that was the first time I thought it.

I would go to church as often as I was. Still giving half my attention to the word, and the other to what people thought of me. I noticed what I was hearing whenever they talked about God, was how God is your only father. That God is the only one worthy of such a title. I really didn’t like that and would resent him for it.

You take my dad from me and now he isn’t my father? Only God can be my father? I didn’t understand and I hated him for trying to take my father away. He already took my dad. I don’t get it. My dad was a way better father than God was.

I wouldn't give up and neither would the ministers. They kept giving the same speech at every church I went to. Finally, I would denounce God all together in my early 20’s.

It wasn’t all there fault. I don’t know exactly where or when I stopped believing in God but I do remember why. If there was an all loving being somewhere that was in charge of everything, why did bad things happen? Why does a good God let children go without parents? Why does he let them starve?

I wasn’t buying it. Something made of love couldn’t possibly create things like evil or hate. The whole Idea of God, just didn’t make sense. I think I was 23 when I decided God, couldn’t possibly exist.

Now that I didn’t have a god to worship, my spirit needed something. I developed an obsession with the truth. It started with ufos. I was really into videos proving they were real, even though they scared the crap out of me. That led me into the belief that there was a group in control of the planet. That this group had all the knowledge, and they called themselves, the Illuminati.

I would stay up late searching the word truth on Youtube, believing almost everything that came my way. I believed they were all wealthy, space lizards, anything.

That was until I watched a video from a channel called Spirit Science. The first video I watched, was called Alternate Human History. It went on about Atlantian’s, martians, and Jews from the future, and the three species lived on Atlantis together. It also talked about the precision of the equinox, and said that the earth was going through some sort of shift.That was the first time I thought “this might not be true.”

Up till now I had believed everything I watched. This video, just didn’t feel totally lagitamat to me. The narrator kept saying, according to Thoth. Well who was this Thoth guy? How did he know these were facts? So I searched him next.

I learned he was the egyptian god of wisdom, known to have lived for thousands of years, and was there in Atlantis when it started to sink. Now that spirit science video made sense. I was more obsessed with Thoth then the spirit though. So instead of taking a life saving shortcut, and watching more spirit science, I make Thoth my god, and search out his wisdom. That search led me to the emerald tablets of Thoth the Atlantean and I was mesmerized.

I didn’t know what they were saying. I had read The Secret and believed the tablets were talking about the same thing. That your thoughts control your universe. That wasn’t what they were saying because I have recently learned that mine, don’t.

The tablets did talk about Thoth's history. How he was chosen to go to a place called Amenti, and how he was given the gift of immortality. This was the coolest guy I ever heard of, I wanted to be just like him. He became more than my god, he became my hero.

I loved the words from those tablets and kept em in my hart. I would read or listen to them a hundred times, just as they directed (I exaggerate of course). Everytime I listened I would receive more wisdom, I just didn’t understand what that wisdom was. I can still listen to them today, and receive a different lesson then previous times. I worshiped Thoth. And I mentioned to as many as I could that he, was my god.

**Chapter 2**

 Shortly after the first time I read the tablets, my search for truth, was given the worst thing a truth seeker could receive, more questions.

It was June 4th, 2014. I was two months clean off of heroin, and my two best friends bought me a ticket to a 5 day festival called Apogaea. It's essentially an art & music festival, that’s a smaller regional event, connected to the hippy raver festival, known as Burning Man.

 When we arrived, there was this guy at the gate. He was hugging and welcoming everyone home. Nick & Ashly always had a close group of friends that were mostly burners. When he welcomed me home, I thought I was now a part them, and part of something bigger. I really felt at home.

The vibe there was incredible. Everywhere I looked I saw people doing what they wanted, waring what they wanted, and groups working there tails off, building for the greater good of the festival. I had never seen such communication, or togetherness, in my whole life. I was so happy they invited me to be a part of it.

They all had this, I don’t give a fuck type of spirit, that I envied. Even in a place where nobody cares what you do, I still found myself wondering what they thought of me.

 I was part of a large theme camp named, The Living Room. It's basically what it sounds like. Bringing the great indoors, outdoors. We had recliners, couches, walls, the walls had artwork you would find hanging in your grandmother's living room. Since its a festival, we also had the added dj booth, monster sound system, 9 t.v. art display, and generators to power such a camp. It even had a 10x20 foot roof.

Needless to say, there was a lot of work to do. I didn’t mind the work. I was ready to party, but I also enjoyed doing things for the greater good of the party. They were really impressed with the amount of work I was doing. That made me feel good, because something told me I must labor when they would compliment my work. It was the tablets.

 Now, when your building a living room, to party in, in the middle of nowhere, things you don’t think of, or plan on happening, are going to happen. When they started happening, I always had a good solution. It happened so much, they started coming to me when anything went wrong. I liked the trust they had in me, and my solutions, but it kind of also felt annoying. It felt like I was the smartest one there, but knew I wasn’t. If they had thought for just twenty seconds, they could’ve thought up anything I did. I even felt one friend almost feel bad for me when I had a good idea.

 The first night was all work and no play, so I didn’t go crazy. I had maybe three beers, and took no drugs.

The second day, we put the final touches on The Living Room. Kayla, another first timer, or “virgin” had apparently disappeared the night before. All the veteran burners were giving her shit about it. Something about the way they were doing it made me start to think, was she welcomed in?

 Both days during setup, all these girls kept coming up to us, asking if we knew where to find PJ. They were mostly attractive girls too. He was supposed to be showing up any minute with another 4 hours worth of work, or some shit. I didn’t know who he was but with all these girls looking for him, I wanted to.

 One time on my way back from the bathrooms, Aaron, another virgin camp mate of mine was asked about PJ. He grabbed this little cutie by the hand and led her to the behind the scenes part of our camp. He was asking our friend Squishy if she knew where he was. I assumed, Squishy, had finally gotten word of PJ’s arrival. When Aaron came back to the front of camp a few minutes later, he just laid back in a recliner and was glowing. Like he had just been laid, or so I thought.

It was almost 7, and the night was about to begin. What this place looked like till now, was a playground for adults, on acid. Now that all the work was done, it was time to see what this place was like, in its intended state of mind. I was stoked. Now that I had some LSD in me, it was time to explore.

I wandered around the place but I couldn’t find another camp that was as fun as ours. So I ended up staying at The Living Room, which was a full house. I spent most of my time next to the fire barrel, with Nick and passer bys.

Then around midnight, another girl comes up and asks for PJ. I still hadn’t even met the guy, so I couldn’t help her.

Nick seemed to know, because he tells her “yeah he’s here.”

When she asks if we could take her to him, Nick just kind of looks at me, as if to say, “here's your chance.”

 Chance for what? To hook up with some random chick? The problem, was that every girl that had asked for PJ till now, was hot, but this girl, meh. I just froze. I knew something was up and they were doing something with sex. As she leaves, Nick apologizes to her. It was like he was saying “sorry you came for nothing.”

She said “that’s okay” and left.

I had to know what was going on, so I asked him “what’s with the PJ scam?”

He says “what PJ scam?”

I said “You know, all these girls, asking for him, all week? Then you try to send me off with that girl to find him, even though I never met the guy?”

“Oh you haven’t met PJ?” he asks.

“No”

“Then let's go meet him.” So he takes me to the back of camp, points to the first guy he sees, and says “hey PJ.”

The random stranger looks up with a surprised look in his eye. He shakes it off, and says, “oh hey. “

The whole thing, felt fake as fuck, but if they wanted me to fall for there little scam, I’ll play along. I would for sure take the next girl that asked, but they never asked for PJ again.

Something was up. They were initiating people into some kind of club, or something, and us virgins were the main show. It was in some way that I could see, but couldn’t explain.

Then I got another clue to what was really going on. My friend Bryce mumbles, “come on peak mother fucker” as I walked by. They seemed to want me at my highest, or happiest. All the pressure to hook up, was nothing compared to the pressure of figuring this place out.

At 4am the whole place shut down. Every camp turned off their sound, put there fires out, and every camper was walking to his or her own camp. Every camp closed, except for ours.

We were the only camp that still had its fire going, and still had people stopping buy. Only the people that were coming buy now, felt like they were in charge of the whole thing, and everyone is looking at me, like I had just accomplished something.

Nick yells out to the people going home “walk of shame huh?”

What did he mean buy that? Is it because our camp had won something, and there's didn’t, or just that nobody hooked up? If nobody hooked up, what was that look on Aaron’s face? Was he given something?

Then this couple walks up. His name was Adam. I forget her name but she was dressed up as Eve. I had taken them as the possible reincarnated Adam & Eve. Then I thought, that it was impossible. That there soles had probably gone onto some bigger and better journey, and wouldn’t be human anymore.

Then someone asks her if I was hers. She said “yes he's mine.”

Her what? Was she my sole mother? It was too many questions, I couldn’t take it anymore. All that trying to figuring it out finally became too much. I cried out, “what's going on here?”

“What do you mean?” they asked.

“Well it feels like your parading us virgins around, like you want us to think we are a big deal or something.”

That's when Eve said the strangest thing anyone has ever said to me. “That's because you’re the chosen one”

“Okay.” I may have said. To be honest, I don’t remember what I did the exact moment she said that. I just remember thinking it made sense, but I didn’t know why?

I went to find Nick to see if he had any answers. When I found him, he was sitting on the ground, with this stressed look on his face. I sat down next to him but he says “I can’t handle this, this is too much” and then quickly abandoned me. So I go back to the fire and try to figure out this new puzzle.

For some reason, I never asked, what was I chosen for, or why I was chosen. I just sat there, trying to think of the answers myself. I remember having this clearity I had never had before. I don’t know if it was the drugs, or what they said, but something inside me had slowed down, yet woken up.

I was just sitting there wondering why, but couldn’t seem to ask them. It never even came to mind. The only thing I could think to ask, was if it was about global cleansing. I wasn’t a huge fan of the world outside of my newly found home, so I thought they were waiting for me or something. What about the others, I thought and asked? They just smiled at me.

Everyone was just sitting there, looking half stressed, and half excited. They were waiting for me to speak. I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t know what it meant.

Was I chosen for the party? Was I going to get sacrificed when they burned down the effigy?

I figured I had probably gone the longest without sex. It had been two years since my last time, maybe I was there virgen sacrifice. I started to tear up thinking about being burned alive, but Nick, who was now in a better mood now that I was in wonder mode, assured me that wasn’t it.

The only other thought I had that first night, was could I possibly be the antichrist talked about in all those Illuminati videos. Me, rule the world? “That’s a scary thought.” I either thought or said, it gets a little foggy here. I knew he would be raised from birth, so I discarded that thought and was over it.

Then they started giving me scenarios, where I would find a damsel in distress, and she might be my way in. I could see right through every one, and felt as though they were trying to not only hook me up, it had to be a way that feels wrong.

That was way to much pressure. I was already afraid of girls. I had been single for six years (still am) and celibate for two.

Why all the pressure though? I felt as though I could ask any girl at the festival, to have sex, and anyone of them would say yes. So I had pressure from them to figure it out and pressure from myself, to hook up with some strange. I couldn’t just hook up to join some club, or just for the fun of it. I wanted a girl friend more than I wanted to fuck.

They could sense the pressure I was under, so Adam suggested we take a walk to the effigy. The effigy is the man so to speak. The big wooden structure that they celebrate burning. When we got there, there was a group of guys listening to some headphones and looking up. We walk over to them, they look at eachother, then look at us, and say “yep it's definitely him” and walked off.

 As they leave, one of them tossed me one of the headphones, and it had no power wire. There was no wire at all. It was broken.

“What the fuck was that” I thought.

Adam went back to his camp as did I. When I got there, the place was no longer littered with random burners, waiting for me to say something. I was beat, It was time for bed.

Did I hallucinate the whole thing? Did they really call me there chosen one? What for? These were the thoughts I would dose off with.

The next day got a little weirder. I no longer had the feeling they were all waiting for something. I did have the feeling they were all looking at me. Everytime I would look at them, looking at me, they would look away.

The girls, they were looking at me like a piece of meat. Like everyone of the veteran burners was now into me. The first timers, like Kayla, looked interested, but like they weren’t able to, because they didn’t know how to do what it was they were doing with sex. That's how it seemed to be anyway.

 I was willing to hook up with them, I just didn’t know how to go about it. I could just ask, but that seemed to easy. Plus, I hadn’t ever propositioned sex before. The three girls I had sex with were all implied sex, or someone else suggested we do it, so I really didn’t know what to do. All day long girls were just staring at me, begging me to proposition them, is what I was feeling.

So they tried to make it easy for me. There was this girl Laurn. By far the hottest girl to spend the first two days at our camp. She didn’t even acknowledge my existence before but now, she was like all the others, interested.

We spent the evening getting to know one and other, but I couldn’t find the courage to proposition her. Not only that but with all the getting to know one and other, I found she wasn’t my type. She practically threw herself at me and I couldn't pull the trigger. So I ditched her, shortly after they burnt down the effigy.

After ditching Laurn, I found this little hottie, and the courage to actually talk to her. When I went over to her to start a conversation, I simply told her she was beautiful. All she did was say, “thank you, so are you” and went on her way.

Was I wrong in feeling like they all wanted me? Oh well, I want a girl friend more then random sex anyway. I was over the whole thing.

Then my friend Julie came up to me and asked if I had found any cute girls to hook up with. I told her I hadn’t. She asks “what was wrong with that laurn girl?”

I told her “she was kind of dumb, and not my type” and that made me feel like shit. Not only did I insult the poor girl, but I was also trying to hide the fact that I was just to scared of girls to proposition her.

After our conversation I went back to figuring it out mode and with it I found that clearity again. Only this time they all seemed to have it too. When I got that clarity they went back to waiting for me to say something mode. I could feel that clearity leave my mind and when it did they went back to fucked up partiers as did I. It went back and forth all night. It was getting annoying. Eventually it left me all together. When it did, I went to bed.

Temple burn was interesting. It's like the opposite of the man burn. Instead of celebrating, they were all supposed to be sad and quiet, but a few newbies hadn’t been told yet.

The conclave was doing some sort of ritual with what looked like the arc of the covenant. They put it in the temple right before they burnt it down. When I asked about it nobody seemed to know what I was talking about.

The last day while we dismantled The Living Room a plethora of cars had driven past and were silent. Not a single beep, but when we left, our drivers were all honking and celebrating. I figured they were celebrating the fact that they found there chosen one but then thought “naw.”

**Chapter 3**

So What the fuck happened? Why did they call me there chosen one but leave me feeling left out? Why when I was all fucked up I was there chosen one and they were waiting for me but not when I was sober? Who could I possibly be to these people? Why did they seem to be so different from everybody? They were like spiritual beings sent here to help me but help me what? I had so many questions and nowhere to go.

 What about math?

I was calculating how many days since Jesus left and when I was born. I came to the conclusion that I was born exactly 725,000 days since the start of the current callander. I don’t know how they started the calendar but if Jesus left on year zero and there was 496 leap days then December 10th, 1984 was 725,000 days.

Holy shit what does that mean? Could I be Jesus? Is that why they left me out of there club and without there gift of not giving a fuck. Was I too big of a deal to be awakened or whatever they called it.

 Jesus didn’t really make too much sense other than the numbers. My mother was a drug addicted whore, not a virgen. This is the mother that birthed me, not raised me. Whenever I talk about my mom from here on out, im talking about my step mother that adopted me, not my birth mother.

Lucky my dad divorced her when I was one and met my new mother when I was three. I never had to go without a mom but I never really had that mama type of bond like I found with God just the other day.

 Two days before I started writing this book I was thinking about God & God came into me. First he came through my thoughts and tells me a joke. It was that everything in the universe is created by him, so there is no evil, he made it up, or something like that. I never remember his jokes when he tells them. I just remember how funny he was. We just laughed and laughed and laughed together.

I have been uttering unconscious phrases for a while now thanks to whatever it was that was happening to me. They would come out when I get angry, sad, upset, overly happy, any major feeling spike and I would unconsciously utter random things. It is almost like I am speaking another language. A spirit language.

One phrase has stuck out the most during all this spirit speak. Hessa mama is what I utter most of the time. Once she entered me though, she said exactly what she had been trying to say.

She said “hessa mama notta fasha” (translated means he’s a mother not a father) and God became my mama that day.

The feeling I got when she came into me was the best feeling in the world. Imagine all the happiness, silliness, and laughter you got, then the best hug, oragasm, relaxsation, and high you’ll ever have all rolled into one moment. That's how she felt when she was with me and I swore to her that next night I would do anything for her, including publishing the worst things I have ever done.

She has become my passion. My passion to explain God is possibly what they chose me for because God herself has told me she finds her beauty in my words.

She is the reason I live but also the reason I want to kill myself. She is like the greatest protector I have ever had but its her prison I need protecting from. A prison she made just for me so she herself could throw me into it. She protects me with her wisdom that is so hard to grasp because it takes fear to learn it.

That fear is hell mama.

She is a paradox. She is the most beautifully strange being I have ever witnessed. There have been times I have thrown my arms around her and promised I would do anything for her. Then the next day tell her I want to kill myself, instantly feeling her pain from my words and immediately taking it back. Her mystery is mysterious. I love you mama.

Back in 2014 I still didn’t believe in God. I new I was there chosen one but they seemed to want to keep it secret.

 Why? How big of a deal was I? Was I simply the biggest loser of the festival or was there something to the 725,000 days I found.

I didn’t know what to think of it all so I tried my best to just believe it was all the LSD and it probably didn’t even happen. I also thought maybe you have to have a certain amount of love for yourself that I didn’t possess or something, and they only said that because it would help me with self confidence.

I also knew now that there were two types of people on the planet. Those like them and those like me. What was it that made them so different? Why did they seem happier than normal people? How did they lose their sense of what people think about them? Would I ever be like them? I got nothing but more questions the more I went looking for answers.

I didn’t even really care about who or what I was. I was mostly interested in them. Who were they really? How did they become there happy selfs? Was it just sin & sex? If so how do I get my switch to the happy people?

I wanted another shot but Apogaea was a year away and burning man didn’t seem to be in my future at all. I did think that's where I had to go to get my switch though. I may not have been meant to rule the world but I was still possibly the Burning Man chosen one. Or at least a semi finalist.

I had only told my mom and one of my sisters about the whole chosen incident but they were more lost then I was. Something inside me didn’t want to share my story though. If they wanted to keep it secret then so did I.

All I wanted In life was to be like them now, so why not do as they did. I wanted that life loving not give a fuck attitude they all seemed to share.

So it's now December. Nick & Ashley we're having the annual Sagittarius birthday bash. At That party they came to me and told me something that put me in my place. We had eaten some ecstasy and I was peaking when they revealed themselves to me.

They were telling tales of our friend Jeff, another virgin burner from Apogaea. They were going on and on that he was getting all these girls now that he wasn’t getting before. Then at the end of there story they turn from crunk, to serious and they said “your a pimp but your not THE pimp. Pimp.” That's when I scratched Jesus off the list of possibilities.

Now that that was out of the way I only wanted to know how they became there happy selfs.

All of the sudden Dan walked over to me and says “you trying to go upstairs? Maybe Ashly could lend you a toothbrush.” That just sounded like he told me how they did it. It was sex and sin. All I have to do is hook up with my best friend's girl? FUCK THAT! I have my morals and just wasn’t hearing any of it.

That's what life became though a land were every other day girls wanted to hook up and I was too stupid to go for there advances.

It got worse when we went camping the next summer. It was supposed to be a fun get together trippin in the woods since Apogaea was canceled that year but once the drugs kicked in there we were again. Waiting for me to say something or for me to hit on my pretty friend Rita so that I may make the jump is how I was feeling. Rita was single too. So it should have been easy but all that pressure just put me in a horrible depression.

I don’t deserve to be like you. I don’t deserve your gifts. I don’t deserve your happiness. I had done way too much bad shit in my life. Up to now I was a thief, a lyer, an addict, a wimp, and the worst things I’ll get to in a minute.

Through all the self abuse I was putting myself through I noticed a look I remember seeing at Apo only this time is was sadness. I felt as though I had done them wrong buy not doing it again. Every Time they tried to make the switch I wouldn’t follow suit. It made me so sad. They were too I could see it in their eyes. Nick was even crying a little bit.

The next morning when I woke up everyone but nick was partying and drinking the champagne we unfortunately didn’t get to open the night before. They were all acting like nothing happened and I was not in the wrong at all. I still felt like I was, so I apologized for the evening and left them to there world. They were trying so hard to get me to wherever they were and I was too stubborn or something. I wasn’t getting it.

Other than the failed attempts to fly, life was getting better. I was happier. I had gotten a new car shortly after Apogaea and a new job shortly after that. I was still single as ever but wasn’t as lonely as I was a year before.

I started noticing more and more burners or the happy people. When I moved to Boulder I felt as though the whole city might have been happy people. The vibe of Boulder was the same as Apogaea. People seeming to do exactly what they wanted to do. That couldn’t be I thought. How could all these people be part of the burning community? It didn’t make sense. Why did they all seem to have an advantage on life? What could that advantage be?

It came to me as the nights of “what's on your mind Lenny” increased more and more. It started off when I would do halusanjins such as shrooms. Eventually I had started getting that feeling even when I would just smoke weed with any of the happy people. What was it though? What were they wanting me to ask?

I had first herd of mind reading during those meth filled nights searching the truth on You Tube. I don’t remember the name of the video but it was a lecture about these two guys who while tripping LSD realized they were able to hear each other's thoughts. It slowly came to me I don’t even remember all the connections it took to get there but I do remember one night with Nick and Ashly she pretty much told me.

I don’t remember the pretence of the conversation but when I said “that's what I was thinking.”

Ashly responds “yeah, Nick and I are a couple of mind readers.”

“Are you?” I thought.

Like I said I don’t remember all the connections I made to get to the conclusion they could read my mind while they were high but I did.

One day I was with my roommate Matt and we were about to paint some pictures when I got that feeling. I was completely sober when it came to me. That “ask me” feeling. Wait he wanted me to ask if he's a mind reader. That means they were always reading my mind. Holy shit they can always read my mind?!

 AWWWW. I started to freak out a little. I had a new way in but the pressure that came with that question was worse than the lets hook up pressure. What if he said no? I would no he was lying and it would leave me without answers.

I could see the same amount of stress I had on his face. We were both lost. I knew his big secret but wouldn’t ask the question I thought he wanted me to ask. He quickly got on the phone with our roommate Marrin to tell her he needed help with this.

We were doing the dishes very nervously when she busts in the door and says “progress?” but what I took from that little one word question was “he knows now?”

I was so upset in a way I can’t explain. From a place where there are no feelings to know exactly how much it hurts. This was my big burner family secret and the thing they were preventing me from joining.

Marrin somehow calmed me down but my thoughts were forever changed from that day forward. I was now looking at my thoughts as if someone was always watching them. It was like an added thing that I had to watch now that I knew people could hear it.

That's why they didn’t care what people think of them. They know exactly what people think of them.

So now I knew what they had but I still didn’t know who they were. Matt had never been to a burn but he was a mind reader. Maybe all those people in Boulder were really happy people. So if it's that big who are these mind readers?

The Illuminati? I knew from the truth videos that they were supposed to be the ones in control or the ones trying to take over the world. Well these mind readers didn’t seem to be evil or trying to control anything. They seemed to me to be trying to give this gift to any and everyone. Maybe the illuminati were the good guys and they were trying to take over the world. Take it over from the ones who already controlled it.

I knew who they were and what there advantage was but what did they want me for? They were my very best closest friends and were always looking out for me but wouldn’t share their mind reading powers with me? What a jip. I assumed its because I still didn’t love myself enough or something.

I also thought maybe I was meant to get my jump at the big burn. Maybe I was the whole Burning Man man. (whatever that meant) Maybe I would get the hottest girl at the whole burn to hook up with me so I could finally get my jump to be with my friends in there illuminati world.

**Chapter 4**

 I was doing better in life now more than ever. I had a nice german passat, A kickass studio apartment in cherry creek, two jobs, and the sweetest dog in the whole wide world. My Roxy. Now that I knew who they were and that I was meant to be jumped in at Burning Man, I no longer had that feeling that they wanted me to call them out. Life was pretty much stress free. I did have a meth problem but didn’t care. It helped me work as hard as I did.

 My search for truth now had become a spirituality search. I really got into sacred geometry.

 I watched a lot of videos from spirit science but it was number 23, The Sacred Geometry Movie that made me believe in God again. I already had a god in Thoth and worshipped my new gods the Illuminati too. So when I first thought God existed again I put it in that same god category.

I saw that God was the all. The tablets and Hermetics speak of the all as God and sacred geometry showed me how that was so. That video and The Ancient Secret Of The Flower Of Life a book by Drunvalo Melchizedek explained how spirit started off as a circle. Then made another and another until finally the sixth one completed the six days of creation cycle and had made a perfect little flower in the middle.

 They also showed things in nature and how they are all mathematically connected through the phi ratio. Somehow in all these mathematics I realized God was a force.

When I started drawing it out myself it came to me. In all those circles and squares I found the cube and the spheer. When that drawing went 3D I realized it took two forces to create. If God was one then Satan had to be the other.

That was the first time I had ever thought that Satan was real. I only saw them both as creative forces not an old white guy and a big red guy.

 I had never really believed in Satan at all. While I was growing up I new I was saved by Jesus so Satan and hell were never anything I was afraid of. I didn’t even think they existed. Jesus probably forgives everyone so there was no need.

When I saw that beautiful connection in the shapes however, I realized Satan was just as responsible for the universe as God was. Satan wasn’t evil it was just doing the opposite of God at the exact same time. God was the creator and Satan was the connection to creation.

This is easy to see in the story of Adam and Eve.

God creates everything. Even the stuff that God doesn’t like. He does it to teach us. God created the tree of good and evil so that we may learn of good and evil. This is what we were supposed to learn.

God knew the very moment he told them not to eat that fruit, that they would. He creates everything including the future. So he was the evil one when he told them not to eat it. Satan was the serpent that connected them to the path God had created.

So Who’s the bad guy here? God who told us not to eat the fruit knowing damn well what was about to happen? Or Satan who only connects you to the path you were created to walk?

I thought Satan at least deserved credit for being such a big part of the universe. Satan was just the opposite of God and neither one were good or evil. Since they both have to exist for creation to happen and creation is good, nobody is to blame for any of their sins. God created it Satan connected you to it.

All the good things all the bad things thanks to the power of creation are just part of the connection and the way it was meant to be.

If you want to know what sin is look inside yourself. If it feels like your doing something wrong, you are. You know in your heart what's good & evil and what's wrong & write. God doesn’t have to give you commandments, Satan doesn’t have to tempt you, you just have to take a second and ask yourself “does this feel wrong? Will somebody get hurt if I do this? Will I get in trouble if I do this?” if the answer is ever yes and you decide to do it anyway, then you have just sinned. Not just to God but to yourself and your fellow man.

God really didn’t want us to eat from that tree but he himself was bound to the connecting force as much as everything else. That connection was created the moment God created himself and it’s the bond they share that’s good and evil. The want of only one to exist but the need of two opposites in order for it to happen.

Its in love & hate. Notice that both are just the result of being around someone for too long. Both can also manifest in the same person. Think about when you’re in love, and that relationship goes south. You don’t want to end it because you love them you just hate everything they do for some reason. It’s only what i've witnessed never having been in that kind of relationship.

I thought I could write a book about it and tell the world about what I just learned. I thought what I knew from what I saw in those shapes was knowledge that the Illuminati had. My book would expose the mind readers and their knowledge of Satan being just as important as God was.

I guess Satan really liked the Idea because one night while I was trying to doze off high on meth and weed a dark figure appeared in my room. It was like a shadow you couldn’t see with your eyes but you could feel and that feeling gave it form.

The figure sat down on my bed which made me jump off. The figure didn’t feel evil, I just didn’t really feel comfortable with it so I decided I would stand.

I asked if it were Satan and it said it was. It was lying though, because I have seen the real Satan now and let me tell you, she is much much bigger than that little guy. That story later.

 Imen I later found out was its name, asked me if I thought my book would really help bring balance to good and evil. I told him it would. I told him I would write the book for him, still thinking that its Satan mind you, if he would give me something in return. He asked for my wish and I gave it to him. I wanted her hart. When she came to give me her gifts, I wanted her to fall in love with me and marry me. Not just fix me up and send me away with a check. That’s what I wanted most of all. To marry the most beautiful girl in the world.

The spirit disappeared and I was left wondering if it really happened. Did I just make a deal with the devil? I want you to know right now that I didn’t. I wrote that book for Satan and it can forever burn in hell. This is not that book. There was no God in that book, only the all.

I never even believed in the devil until 5 days earlier. How was it going to happen I thought? I knew it would be at Burning Man and that she would be the one to do it but how did I write this book? What did it matter I would do it all after I get my jump anyway. Once I was one of the enlightened ones I would have all the knowledge needed to write it. Boy was I wrong.

 I can tell you now that she is that knowledge I was looking for. She has become my passion. To expose her the one true God. She has become my everything, my all things. She is so beautiful and so strange at the same time.

 I had no idea of what God was at the time though. I only worshiped gods and knew God existed in the all but I didn’t know who God was. Only as write these words now do I truly understand who she is.

**Chapter 5**

 So if I was as big a deal as I thought then I could ask for any girl I wanted at the burn and she would give me my jump. Plus Satan had sweetened the deal with a possible marriage proposal. Would I ask her or would she ask me? Would it be love at first sight?

I also thought, the jump might be, as simple as a kiss. At Apo I turned down a kissing contest when I thought they were doing everything possible to get me in, so I didn’t know what to expect.

 Why was I a big deal though? Could it be that I never had sex with a partner before? The five times I had sex were pretty much one nighters. I did hook up with one girl three times but she never became my girlfriend. She broke my heart so bad when she only wanted sex. I hadn’t had a girlfriend in 4 years so after our third time, I thought we were pretty much together. She didn’t agree.

That’s what I thought I may have been a virgin in. Clearly they wanted me to keep thinking I was. They kept calling me a virgin burner, even though I had been to apogaea. It made sense. I knew I was.

 I started to think it was a reincarnation thing. Something led me into believing that my birth mother had an ancient bloodline from United States royalty and that a certain soul was inside me. My mother's maiden name is Washington. I always had an interest in him and a connection with him I can’t explain.

It was enough to make me believe I would be the last president of the United States. Something inside me said I was the first and the last and that's what they were looking for. The reincarnated George Washington. I knew someone that big would for sure need someone just as big to raise his spirit.

 It was my dream coming to life. Since I was 14 I knew I was going to marry a supermodel. I didn’t care who and I didn’t know how, I just was. Burning Man seemed to be a place dreams come true, could I be getting my super model there? If so who would it be?

 She was as much a part of my search for truth as any of the videos I watched. I even thought she was going to be the one I married that same year I literally searched truth on YouTube. I didn’t want to when I thought it though.

The first time I thought we would get married was on my sisters birthday. When I logged onto msn at work I noticed it was also Katy Perry's birthday. A lot of people in my family share birthdays with other family members, so I figured, if I was going to marry a supermodel, it would be her. Not only the birthday thing, she also shared another one of my sisters middle names.

I didn’t like her at all when I thought it. Her song about girls kissing each other really rubbed me the wrong way. Her voice would always make me change the radio station so I didn’t really care for her music. Her face looked like she was more of a sister than a supermodel. If the universe was really going to give me a model, I probably wouldn’t like who it chose for me. So she would probably be the one.

 As soon as I thought it I forgot it for some reason. I had that one simple thought in 2011 but I didn’t think it again until I learned she went to burning man in 2015.

It took some time for me to warm up to her. I didn’t like her music or her face and I especially didn’t like her Dark Horse video always being first on my recommended to watch page. That's how she was part of my truth seeking. I had to look at that ugly face every time I went to youtube. Why was she always the first video they recommend I watch? At least since 2013.

 It took a good bit of time before I finally clicked on it. I was appalled. She was sitting naked in my god Thoth's arms with the serpent. That's way evil and demoralizing to my god, how dare she. She must be part of the ones in control, mocking Thoth and his wisdom. She was part of the enemy. The words though. What was it about them?

As I sit here and reminisce about my life more questions plage me. My spirit heard something in those words. She was trying to share her wisdom but what? Looking back now I think it might have been a warning. (looking back at it again like the 3rd edit I believe she was casting a spell)

 I still wasn’t seeing her as a possible wife though. I didn’t even think she was hot. In fact it was my friend Suave that had first sparked my interest in her. I totally forgot she was the enemy when we were discussing our picks of who the hottest girl on earth was. I had given that title to Mila Kunis a few years prior. Suave obviously chose Katy Perry.

“Really? She's not hot” I said “She’s barely even cute.”

But I wanted to know why he thought that, being he was a happy person, so I Googled her. I don’t remember what exactly I learned that first time but I started to agree with him. I didn’t officially give her the crown until her super bowl halftime show.

That night I found myself alone with the tv at a crowded party. Everyone had gone out for a smoke break so I was by myself. When it started it was like any other halftime show.

I was all tingley like there were sparks in the air. When I saw her ride out on that lion, those sparks became fireworks. She looked hotter than I ever thought a woman could possibly look. She won that spot with a fiery hot performance that blew me away! Im talking Damn girl! You put on one hell of a show!

I don’t know what I was watching that had me so turned on buy her, but (exactly) her butt. I know that jokes a little bit cheeky. Haha. Get it?! Butt for real, it was all about that booty. That's what got her the hottest girl ever spot. From that moment forward she has been the only one for me.

It wasn’t really just about that ass though. The cute little talking everythings. The way she flew around the stadium on that star, my heart melted. I saw pain in her face during the last song. I don’t know why, but I found it attractive. Like she was broken and I could fix her. I saw something else Mila Kunis never had that night too. Power.

 I was attracted to how powerful she was. All those fans and all those songs herd everyday. She was a powerful goddess in ways everyone dreams about. Her songs could reach so many people, her name must have been have been known all around the world. I thought that was hot. That was the kind of girl I needed in my life. She was the dream I forgot I had four years later.

 I didn’t remember that dream, until I decided to google her again one year later. I was plenty attracted to her but I still didn’t know that much about her. When I saw a tweet from Burning Man, I was instantly taken to that moment I learned her birthday. Well if i'm going to marry a supermodel, it would be her. Only now I was excited about it.

I was for sure going to Burning Man in 2016 and would surely meet her there. Katy herself preaches that if you believe it, anything can happen. So I did my absolute best believing it would happen.

She was the one I was meant to be with and the one to give me the switch to Mind Reader land. The place was Burning Man, the girl was Katy, and the goles were higher than I even knew. Burning man was nine months away and I thought of her as much as I could.

I wasn’t too sure about marrying her though. For all I know she's a total psycho to her boyfriends and I would be better off. She was for sure my way into the Illuminati. I was even thinking she was there queen looking for a king. I didn’t feel anything worthy of a king though. I was the last guy anyone would want to put at the top. Other then the George Washington thing, I wasn’t sure I could see anything worth such a spot.

**Chapter 6**

It's now August and we were headed to the big burn. Burning Man. Black Rock City. The playa. They had many names for it but to me it was the ending of two very long years. Since they called me there chosen one I had become obsessed with thoughts of “im nothing to these people, they were just trying to help me and get me to the big burn.” Now that I was at the big burn I only had one thing on my mind “where is she?”

 That’s a total lie. I had several things on my mind. If I was just some guy they were trying to help then why was the theme this year Leonardo Da Vinci's Workshop? I was born Leonard and that seems to be really close to the theme, was it just coincidence? Or am I a bigger deal than I thought?

Another clue came at the effigy of the man. Every youtube video I ever watched from Burning Man showed a huge wooden man. This year however it was this little tiny wooden man in a circle. Could this be them saying the wooden man isn’t the big deal this year? Am I the reason it was upside down?

Go look yourself. You will see every year at burning man has a giant wooden man. 2016 the little man.

 I was starting to feel that pressure again but this time I was truly lost. Is this whole Burning Man thing all about me? If so then, Why? I have done plenty of bad shit in my life I don’t deserve all this. Sure i'm a sexual relationship virgin but the entire city of 51k plus coming together to celebrate me every year? That’s too much. What did I do to deserve such a title of there chosen one?

 Since I knew everyone that wasn’t a virgin would be a mind reader I had to really watch my thoughts. I didn’t think they would judge me for any of them I just didn’t want to be mean to anybody by thinking they were fat or something. So I did my best except for when I was checking girls out. I would think “damn, nice ass” and the girl I was looking at would turn around and give me that look.

“You want it, come get it” they would say with there eyes.

“No thanks, i'm waiting for Katy Perry” I would think to them.

I got so many looks from so many girls. I couldn't take the easy way now. I was here for the biggest baddest babe on the entire planet and I wouldn't settle for anything less. It was fun.

A few things about the burn so far were not fun. It was the second day and I was really feeling the pressure. Not just the chosen one pressure it was that thing they were doing. It was pressuring me to watch my thoughts more than my rude comments that seep out.

Everytime I had a thought, before I spoke, they would act like they didn’t hear me. If I spoke my mind directly, without my inner monologue thinking it first, they could hear me just fine.

It was so annoying. Nick especially was good at catching me not speak my mind. How did you start a conversation without thinking of what you were going to say first? Why were they doing this to me? They clearly heard me twice but there going to act like i'm stupid and don’t know how to think? Fine. I just wouldn’t speak at all.

The pressure was too much to handle. I was stressed. Between watching my thoughts, trying not to think before I speak, and not knowing if Katy & I would really meet put me into a depression. I was the most miserable guy at quite possibly the happiest place on earth. I was so happy to finally get to the the big burn and I was turned upside down from the moment we got to the entrance.

Mark was concerned for my well being. He was one of my campmates from Hawaii and knew Nick and Ashly since there first burn. He asked me what was wrong so I finally let it out. “You are all in my head, reading my mind, and judging me for thinking before I speak”

He assured me that nobody was in my head and that he had no idea of any mind readers. Really? I finally accused them of what they were and they lied? I thought they wanted me to ask them. Why were they doing this to me? Nick & Ashly were my two best friends that loved me I thought. Why were they being like this at the place that’s supposed to be all about me? I didn’t stay long after he lied to me, I was so upset with the entire burn and couldn’t take it anymore so I went to bed.

The next day or two I caught up on some sleep and didn’t venture out too far. I was still upset but didn’t feel as much pressure as the previous days. Mark could tell I was having the worst burn ever so he asked me what I wanted to be happy. Being stressed out from everything and not in the mood to discuss happiness I decided on the world. I said “how about the world Mark, can ya give me that?”

I knew he couldn’t so I went on. Only this time I addressed him in my mind. “I'm a person that likes to fix things so how about you give me this broken planet so that I may fix it. Give it to me in the form of a broken goddess. I know she's here and I will turn down every temptress you send my way because I know she is the only one worthy of my love.”

He just sat there in this deep deep concentration with his eyes closed. I didn’t know if he was listening to me or not. So I let anyone that was listening know. I was here for Katy Perry and nothing less. If you couldn’t produce her I guess your chosen one will just have to stay in his own dimension without mind reader powers.

The next day we had a fun outing day tripping in a dust storm. I was out of my funk and ready to enjoy the rest of my burn. I didn’t know if Katy would ever show up or if I would get my jump at all but I didn’t care anymore. It was in there hands now. If i'm a big deal and they wanted me in there group they knew what it would take.

The next day I was left on my own and I decided to explore the city. I checked out a lot of art, some amazing wooden structures including two pyramids and these lighthouses that looked as though they were about to fall over. It was a good time not being around all the “What did you says”. I would find a nice place to sit here and there and I would just think. I wasn’t really thinking all that hard when the visions started coming to me.

 I first started to see the ibes beak everywhere I looked. The ibes is the bird Thoth made his face in ancient egypt so I figured it was him smiling down on me from wherever he was. I next noticed other gods there at the burn only they were things like an axolotl and the dodecahedron not actual gods. I did see king tut and other egyptian gods in peoples clothing and thought they were all looking at me but also thought not.

Then my imagination opened up. It was Amenti. I had these visions of Katy and I going down there and receiving immortality from the fountain of youth. Not only us either. We were raising our kids down there. We were about to be the ones selected to rebuild humanity after the apocalypse. We were like Adam and Eve. A voice kept telling me I was about to learn the greatest mysteries in the whole universe. I was finally happy enough to smile for the first time since I had gotten there.

The next day I knew for sure I was going to meet her. I had thought of Amenti before when I would read the tablets but I never had visions like those. A random thought of us in Amenti raising children doesn’t just happen, it had to mean something. I didn’t know it yet but I was about to do some very regrettable things thanks to those visions.

It was night time and I was alone. I decided I would just go wherever the playa took me. I was putting my trust in the hands of what may come. As i'm getting ready to roll out on my bike I get stopped by some random drunk girl looking to score. She says “hey you wanna make out?” I was about to head off in a direction I had never gone before trusting a force I had never thought of before, I didn’t have time for making out, or sex. Something was calling me and I had to know what. So I politely turned her down.

“All right playa where should I go first?” I looked up into the sky and there was a single spot light that directed me where to go. I followed it across the playa to the other side of the city and found a really nice camp called question mark. It was a very pink camp and a real classy part of town.

When I pulled up there was a Katy Perry song being played in the main area. It wasn’t her singing though it was some kind of cover of Last Friday Night. It wasn’t much to go on but I figured this must be her camp.

I didn’t stay long because I could feel a force telling me it was time for the next stop. So I headed in the same direction as the light and found Bahs. Bahs was a double decker bus, turned into a giant sheep, turned into a nightclub. There were a lot of people partying around it so I find a good place to stand with a good view of the top.

A stranger comes over to me and asks if I had gone inside yet. I hadn’t, so he tells me to get in line at the back of the bus. There I would go up some stairs, climb through Bahs's butt hole, slide down a slide where a big guy would give me a hug and welcome me.

Sounds fun, why not? As I got closer and closer to the the bus I could now see inside the bottom half. It was just as pink as the camp I was just at. Is this her ride? I wondered. Is she the “big guy” that gives hugs at the end? I was pretty sure it was so I got in line with the biggest smile ever. I was finally going to meet her.

One minute after I get in line, they shut the ride down. They open the VIP entrance so we could at least get on the bus so I ventured in. It was a little crowded but nothing like the top was. I looked upstairs and thought I saw her but I didn’t want to fight the crowd just to get closer to her. The upper floor was packed with people and the stairs were full too so even though I thought she was up there I decided to take my adventure onward.

The force driving me had led me to some pretty cool shit that night. I looked at some art that explains the sole being put into the body. I went through this vortex made of light. And even did a few laps on foot while I was circling the playa.

The whole thing felt very ritualistic and I was hearing phrase after phrase from the emerald tablets. I would bathe in the fire of life call out the guardians of Arulu even that vortex felt like one of the halls of Amenti. I don’t know what came over me but in all that following of that force all I did was play Lenny in Amenti.

That force eventually led me back to my camp to park my bike and then off again on foot. It led me to a wonderful dance show were there was a single chair still available on stage while everyone not on stage had to stand. I followed that force to that single chair and sat down like I owned the place.

When it was over the force told me to steal this golf cart that was just sitting there with nobody around it. I didn’t even think twice. Anything goes tonight, i'm in heaven just following whatever it was I was following. Not giving any fucks about what others thought and not giving any thought to what I was doing.

I stole that golf cart like they parked it there for me. I drove it across the city and ended up laying down on a trampoline with about 9 other people. I had just done so much walking I was beat so I fell asleep right there in the midst of all those strangers.

When I woke up everybody was gone. I was so confused. What happened to everybody? Where the hell am I? Where’s my golf cart?

Then a random butler or something walks up out of nowhere and offers me a shower. Our camp didn’t have running water so that actually sounded really good. He tells me to get my towel and he would warm it up. Oh a towel? I don’t even know which way my camp is from here. I can’t get my towell and find my way back. Thanks anyway.

Burn night was intense.

Everyone in my camp was wearing an animal onesie but me. I was in my playa suit. It was a suit vest from Nick & Ashley's wedding. It was a paisley pattern and very beautiful. The way they were all animals though made me feel like they were my zoo or my subjects. I was there prince and they were taking me to meet my princess.

Then when my feet hit the boulevard into the celebration the fireworks start going off. I got this creepy kind of yeah I am a big fucking deal kind of feel as we walked up to the burning man. It quickly went away when I saw her.

She wasn’t as pretty as she looked in her photos. It was her I recognized her without that phony bologna makeup. I got so nervous once I saw her. I had no idea what I was going to say to her. I could barely even look at her how was I going to speak to her. She didn’t seem to mind and was willing to wait for me because her and her friends came with us back to our camp.

It was probably an hour before I would muster up the courage to speak to her. When I finally did I looked over at her and realized it wasn’t her. I felt so stupid for thinking it was her. No wonder she wasn’t that pretty.

So with my tail between my legs I grabbed a seat on the sofa buy our fire barrel and waited. Then a group of four girls ride up on there bikes and head into the camp across the street called Swish Embassy. Everyone around our fire started to get excited. Nick even blurts out “Aww tushin on cushin” when the girl that most resembled her figure sat down. I had no Idea if it was her or not. It was her figure, but that was all I could see from so far away.

Here’s my chance come on legs, stand up. Legs? Hello? She may have been right across the street but she might as well have been on another planet. Pressure again was the reason for my crappy thoughts.

I instantly went into defence mode. “Yeah right. I don’t even know what I am even doing here, who she is or if I even really want this. I sure as hell don’t deserve it. I’m out. Forget I asked for her. This is way to hard for me.” I thought knowing they could hear me.I was over the whole chosen one thing. No thanks, I’m good, I don’t need to be a mind reader anyway. Thanks for the offer but i'm going to have to pass.

**Chapter 7**

 The temple burn was very strange. As strange as the Apogaea temple burn but in a totally different way. Apo was strange but the Burning Man temple burn, it was almost spooky. I was alone, again, because my friends had all decided to leave that morning. The temple burn is really depressing and they didn’t want to be around all that sadness.

Before the burn started I could feel them hurrying me to get going. I thought to them “I’ve dealt with Satan himself and wasn’t afraid. You think i’m going to listen to you?” I didn’t hold my ground for very long because I found myself following the very person I knew was in my head hurrying me.

He led me to an art car with a heart on the back and I started to get that ritual feeling again. Was Katy in that car in front of me? They were driving to fast for me to get a good look in.

 After I spoke to the hounds of hell at the edge of the universe and demanded they give me her location I found a spot to sit. (they didn’t by the way)

 It was quiet. Very quiet. It would have been silent except for the people telling other people to shut up while people were still reflecting.

 The temple was the most beautiful building in the entire city. It was an Asian design and had this little art piece in the middle of it that I took as the light becoming matter. They set in on fire starting at that center piece inside the temple. That building was so pretty and had to take weeks to build and they were about to burn it down?

How sad. The whole city in fact was a utopia of doing what you want, giving gifts, exchanging hugs for food instead of money, and so many other wonderful things. It was a tragedy for it to be dismantled and that beautiful building burnt down. It was so sad I started to cry.

 That's when I heard the most bizarre thing I had ever heard up to this point in my life. All that silence that was there before had also turned to crying. It was like they were all crying with me. Why? How? Huh? Naw couldn’t be I shook it off and went about my way.

Or I tried to go about my way. They were preventing me from leaving while there was nobody else leaving by not moving when I tried to get my to bike. I sat back down, thought some more, and five minutes later, the temple collapsed. That’s when they finally let me go.

 The next day was the longest day of the burn and the newest worst day of my life. It was the exodus. (at least that's what they called it) but to me it was something new altogether. Torture.

I tried to leave around 2pm so I could get home in time to help my sister move. They told me it could take a while to get out but I had no idea I was about to sit in a ten hour traffic jam.

With there power of suggestion I ended up in the very middle lane blocked in from all sides and no way of seeing anything other than vehicles.

 Then I thought I saw Katy. She was a few cars up. I wasn’t certain but oh, nevermind, not her. Then I thought she was over in another direction but nope, just another girl that looked like her. Wait a minute. There's a lot of girls that looked like her.

Everywhere I looked she was over here, over there, getting into this car, that truck, the RV next to me. There were Katy look alikes everywhere. I probably saw fifty fucking Katy’s while they tortured me with there misdirection and poty games.

Was I falling for her so hard I saw her everywhere? Or were they torturing me?

 It was probably one mile or less that we had to go but we weren’t moving at all. We just sat there waiting and waiting and waiting.

I had to pee since I had been sitting all that time drinking water to stay cool. I went to the port o potties were there was two by themselves in the middle. I grab the door to go in and there she was. Getting into the john right next to me. Katy Perry. The real one. She was the hottest of all the Katy’s so I knew it was her. I was in shock. I'm surprised I didn’t piss myself. I was all “bebebebe duh.” I hurried into the port so I wouldn't piss myself.

 We start peeing at the exact same time and that’s when a voice from the port next door says “yeah, that’s how it works, through our pee.”

 “How what works.” I thought

 I didn’t know what to do when we got done. I would for sure say something to her but what? It didn’t matter because I come out of the port with just enough time to see her hurring away.

GOD DAMMIT THAT WAS MY CHANCE!! I couldn’t believe I just stood there not saying a single word when I finally got the chance to talk to her. I had blown the only chance I’d ever get and I was heartbroken. I got back into that truck and cried like I had just lost someone I loved. I was a mess.

 Traffic finally started to move. I stop crying, gather myself, and turn on the radio. The only station was Burning Man radio but they were playing good stuff that fit the mood I was in.

All of the sudden the traffic stops, the song on the radio turns to an upbeat don’t mess with me kind of song, the u-haul diagonal from me throughs its back door open and there she was again. Changing right in front of me in that u-haul.

I certainly couldn’t talk to her now. I was a wreck from all that crying. She could just stay in that u-haul for all I cared. If I was going to get that upset over this it wasn’t worth it. I had never even met the girl and was balling because I couldn’t say hi? Not something I should be doing then. Your pretty Katy I just didn’t have the guts to make you mine.

 A few more hours went by and I had to go again. I thought we were done with the whole Katy thing so she was no longer on my mind but when I got the ports, there were two together again so I took the one I knew I was mine.

This time she hurrys into the john so I wouldn’t even have enough time to say anything. Whatever, I thought. She would rather fuck with me than fuck me? I don’t need this in my life.

So this time the ports were back to back and when I started to pee again she lets out a very loud shit. It farted and splattered. It was the most unattractive thing I have ever experienced. I laughed at it though and told her I understood what she was saying even though I didn’t. I also told her I would be back next year with my book so she had better be ready to meet.

 I know those ten hours of guess wich Katy is the real one were torture. They were only doing it to fuck with me. The way those ports were set up. The way there was always an RV or truck blocking my line of sight. The way she gave me her little toilet games to play. The way they were all taking my picture when I wasn’t looking. But most of all was the fact that the traffic only moved after I had gone to the bathroom.

There was even an airplane that dipped down right on top of me while I waited for them to play there games. It was so annoying and the whole thing delayed my travel time 12 hours.

**Chapter 8**

 I was finally out of that place. I was also lost as fuck. I didn’t know what just happened, why it happened, how it happened, if it happened like I thought it happened, no idea, nothing. So I parked and waited a little longer at the last chance parking area for a half an hour.

While I waited there was a nice girl waiting. She needed some socks and I had happened to have a brand new pair for her. She needed pants too but I don’t remember if she took the ones I offered her. Doesn’t matter.

I drove to the nearest convenience store and bought a Red Bull to keep me awake for the long drive home. I couldn’t stay awake. As hard as I tried, I made it maybe 20 minutes after drinking that stuff and I was too tired to drive.

 I pulled over with a bunch of other burners down the highway and slept in the truck. I had a dream about her that night. We were kissing and celebrating but I didn’t know what it was about.

I thought maybe she was somewhere in one of these cars next to me using her mind powers to be with me in my dream. I also thought that might be stupid. It felt better thinking it was real though.

I felt like she really was my girlfriend when I woke up that first morning. The radio helped me believe this thought when Teenage Dream started the exact moment I turned it on.

 We were definitely in some kind of relationship I just didn’t know what yet. I Started thinking she was following me around in all these different cars getting rides from any and everyone. Since the mind readers were of one consciousness they would always help her buy giving her rides or whatever.

Then I started picturing her in my passenger seat on my drive home. Like she was really there with me. We were laughing and loving, just having a blast on our drive back.

 I lost her somewhere along the way. I think all the cars I thought she was in finally became so real I didn’t want to seem immature for what I was doing with her in my truck. If the real Katy was watching I didn’t want her to see this. What if I was doing it wrong thinking she was my girlfriend?

 Another bond we seemed to be using was her little trick she pulled on me in the bathroom. Everytime I would stop to pee, I had this connection to her as if she were going pee at the exact same time I was. I didn’t get that feeling every time I went, just most times I went.

When I stopped for gas in Fort Collins I seen these two girls stranded at the gas station. I asked if they needed any help and they needed a ride. Before I even said yes they were throwing there shit in my truck. I was of course going to say yes but they could have waited for me to do so.

They were Illuminati so they knew who I was and that I wouldn’t turn them down. I asked them where they needed to go and they had nowhere to go. Well this is starting to feel like a set up. Did Katy send them?

“What do you mean you have nowhere to go?” I asked.

They told a story about there cousin and or boyfriend that was there driver. He got pulled over and taken to jail because he didn’t have a license. There car impounded too.

 I asked if they knew what jail or impound lot so we could get there things they were missing but they weren’t interested. They wanted to know if they could stay with me.

 ME!? “I mean it's a small place but it's got enough space for three of us. Did you want me to take you to a hotel?”

That’s when they told me what they did for a living.

They couldn’t go to a hotel until they earned enough money for one. They needed a place to make there transactions till they could make enough to get a hotel. They would then have there own place to do their business.

They were prostitutes just looking for a place to fuck. I could respect that. I was about to be evicted from my place anyway so what did I care. I quit my job a month before Burning Man so I didn’t have the money for this months rent and I was already a month behind. I had a notice on the door when we got to my studio.

“Get out” it basically read. When I quit my job I was under the assumption that a Burning event or festival was not only for enlightening people, it was for broken souls like mine where you also got a gift of some sort of money from the person that brings you in.

I thought I would be coming home with some sort of cash. I also thought I was coming home a mind reader and with Katy Perry too but that didn’t happen either.

 It only took the girls a few days to make enough money to take this show on the road. The Brees and I were leaving Denver and heading east. “Wait why are we going east?” I asked them. “Weren't you two from California?”

“Yeah we just want to take the scenic route.” They said. “Check out what Nebraska has to offer for girls like us.”

“Okay, why not” I agreed.

So the four of us climbed into my Passat and headed for Lincoln Nebraska. (The fourth being my dog)

My car wasn’t in the best shape. I was grinding my rotor on my passenger, rear side. I would even end up disconnecting it when I did finally get to California but that would be three weeks later.

We made good time to Lincoln and stayed in Omaha maybe three nights.

I made some friends with some homeless dudes living in the motel 6 we stayed in. They seemed alright and the old guy was some higher up illuminati figure because everywhere we went he got respect from everyone.

We next drove through Kansas. In some very pretty town near Topeka there was this girl that worked at the gas station we stopped at. She was beautiful. She was up there with the best of em. Her eyes hooked onto mine and we didn’t break that connection the whole time I was in that store.

I wanted this girl more than Katy in that moment. Something told me I was here for a different reason. That this girl was someone that had to look into my eyes so deep but why? What was she looking for?

Remember I said my birth mom’s maiden name was Washington? Here's my theory. Washington never had any kids. You can look it up. He had step kids but none of his own.

He mated with one of the native americans to keep his bloodline going and secret. That’s how my mother a native american ended up with his last name. It's just a theory. I haven’t spoken with my mother since I was 18 so I never asked about her name. I guess I could ask one of aunts where they got it. (huh? didn’t think about that till now)

Later in the evening when we made a U-turn on Martha street it came to me. I really was George Washington reincarnated and she was Martha.

She had to see I was him and that I had his blood so he could apologize to her for cheating on her all those lives ago. Just a theory but I really believed it. I might be a big deal, a very big deal.

Those hookers were absolutely angels at first. They paid for the room, gas, and food which is pretty much everything. They would even smoke me up some weed when they had some. They also kept me happy while I started my book.

I never slept with either of them. They never even got to look at it.

I couldn’t bring myself to have sex with a hooker after it was now four and a half years since I had sex. I wanted to save my celibacy for someone special. (that’s you kt) Black Bree was the hottest prostitute I had ever seen too but I wasn’t interested. I call her black Bree because they were both named Bree.

After they kept taking my car without asking, I started to get a little irritated with them. It came to a boiling point on a Thursday afternoon.

I went up to the room and black Bree said she was going to bring me my stuff. I had my phone and everything in the car. We had to sneak the dog in so we went in first.

When The Brees told me they would be right behind me with my things I believed them. Thirty minutes later when I go and find them gone with my car, I literally flipped out.

I was mad. This was the third time they had taken my car without asking so I was pretty upset. The longer they were gone the madder I got. I finally lost it when they reached four hours without word. I flipped over the mattress, through the pillows and punched myself in the face. I don’t know why my anger turned into me punching myself but it somehow made me feel better and helped me calm down.

I called the cops but couldn’t press charges on them. I didn’t want them in any trouble. I just wanted my car back.

They finally showed up two more hours after that making there trip 6 hours total. When I looked at my trip information they had put over 300 miles on my car. I couldn’t be around them for another second. I left them there in Oklahoma city and headed home. They crossed the line and I was no longer stuck in the Brees.

I had absolutely no cash to get home. My sister Alisha would send me money in the morning so we crashed at a truck stop for the night. On my way home I received help from three Illuminati angels and helped two in return.

They both needed rides and one needed transmision help. They helped me with cash and companionship. The drive back to Denver was very pretty and very relaxing.

**Chapter 9**

 I was only home one day and was already stressed out. What was I going to do now that I was left out of my friends secret club again. I had no idea if I was ever going to get in.

I still had my book I was writing. I just needed to finish it so I could see if I had actually sold my soul or not. I had done one or two chapters while stuck in the Brees but I really wanted to finish the damn thing.

That’s when my mom suggested that I go to my uncles for the week. He has a piece of land near Blackhawk that’s nice and quiet. My cousin had a trailer I slept in while I was there.

 The mountain air was refreshing and the time alone was just what I needed. After Burning Man, losing my studio, and getting stuck in the Brees, it really hit the spot. I felt like I finally had time to reflect.

The road that leads up the mountain was unusually busy for that time of year. I figured it was just more Illuminatis getting a glimpse of their chosen one.

 I worked on my book during the days and would have sacred fires at night. The first fire wasn’t all that sacred. I lit the fire for the sake of having a fire, but the fire started talking to me.

I don’t know what it was saying but I remember thinking is was God, and God was questioning me about my book. I asked if it was okay to be trying to write such a book and if God approved of it.

The Spirit had left the fire but God gave me his stamp of approval when a big G was burnt perfectly in the center of the logs. It was so magik feeling the way that G just kind of appeared. I was wrong about that being approval though.

 This book you are now reading is the book God wanted. The other book that will stay in the place that must never be found, was the book I promised Satan. When I found that G I thought God was okay with my work.

He wasn’t. I now know, that God letting me know I was about to meet God. He was going to spend two years making me repent for my sins and after I was done with that, he himself would torture me into knowing who God is and what God is.

Satan's there helping too. They are both the worst friends I ever had. I will tell you this. Both are fucking evil. Not what I was thinking then.

Then I was thinking, God was on my side.

My book was finished and I was ready for another sacred fire. This time I would ask for the dweller that The Emerald Tablets speak of. I built him an agwanti and from there he came. He rose up and became the fire so I started my questioning.

He wasn’t interested in my questioning he was there to question me. He asks what my job will be when I am immortal.

“Oh great dweller. Let me become the learner of man. Let me learn of love from my children, so that I may teach them great wisdom” (I thought I would learn from the children I would make with Katy in Amenti, not the children I have from a previous life)

The dweller then directed me to a small cave in the second log from the top, slightly off to the right side of the center.

In that cave I see the brightest whitest coal I have ever seen. The dweller tells me that this is my sole. I noticed it was getting smaller. He said “as soon as your soul leaves this cave entirely it will be free, and you will be that learner you desire to be.”

So I stared and watched that little coal become nothing and as soon as it did, the whole fire stack collapses into itself, releasing hundreds of ambers into the night sky. It was the most magical thing I had ever witnessed so I shed a few tears of joy in that moment.

 I was feeling very proud of myself. I had completed in 2 weeks, the book I thought could change the world. It was 7 chapters and I forget how many pages, it was like nine to thirteen.

It explains the all as God and numbers as the gods I worshipped. It was so short but I thought I could build onto it. I could make it great with more research. It was the foundation of a book but not quite whole. I wasn’t in a hurry to improve it. I promised Satan a book and I wrote it. I just needed help publishing it. So I headed down the mountain.

 At this moment in my life I was at the most major crossroad I would have to face.

When I was all camped out and it was time to re enter society, I got to I70 and I was stuck. East was home. Denver. I would have to get a job, find a place to live, and try to find some resources to help me publish my little book. Or west was California. Where my girl just might be waiting for me to come and find her so she could help me with my book.

Fuck it. What do I have to lose?

More than I could even imagine. I didn’t know it yet but I had just made the biggest mistake of my life. I sold my Iphone for gas money and headed west towards Santa Barbara where I knew she was from.

**Chapter 10**

Roxy and I made it to Huntington Beach when we finally ran out of gas. I was parked in a grocery store parking lot and had no money. Dog beach was only a mile away so we would wake up and walk there everyday.

I was now a piece of shit living in my car but knew Katy was here and I would find her. I didn’t know how she would take to such a loser but I also thought she already knew who I was and where to find me. All the illuminati were connected so she always would know where I was.

 I was a little worried the the day I thought I saw her on a hill at dog beach. She was doing a photoshoot. I ran up the hill as fast as I could but she was gone. Camras, lights, everything was gone. It was like I hallucinated the whole thing. It took probably 45 seconds to walk up that hill and the whole shoot just disappeared. I was starting to worry I was losing it.

 I was getting hungry. I had only two options. Pan handle, or shop lift. I wasn’t going to stand there begging for money. I could steal some shit though, let's do that one. I find a Target, go in, grab a hand basket, fill it up, and start to walk out. I was so nervous as I was walking to the door.Then I noticed something. Everyone around me was looking the other way. Not one pair of eyes neither employee or customer watched me walk out that door. It looked to me like they all weren’t looking at me on purpose. Thanks.

 It still made me feel like shit though. I shouldn’t steel because I didn’t want to work. It was wrong feeling.

Well that was nothing compared to panhandling. I only did it once with a sign. I asked people for spare change at a gas station a few months later for probably 5 minutes. That didn’t feel nearly as stupid as holding that sign did.

 We stayed in that Ralphs parking lot for close to two weeks before they finally kicked us out. I had no gas and no options. They would tow my car if I didn’t get it moved that day. I had to beg.

I figured if I used the ole “will work for food sign,” I might get someone to offer me a real job and I could do the normal life thing here in Cali, instead of Denver. It didn’t happen. I only had to stand there for maybe ten minutes before a very nice lady handed me a twenty. That was all I needed. I had enough for gas.Now my battery was dead so I needed a jump.

Linda was like an angel sent from heaven to point me in the direction I was meant to go. She too lived in her car with her little dog, only she had a big old van with a bed in the back. She gave me jump start, some food for Roxy, and a flyer that listed different churches and the meals they provided. She rescued me I first thought. Later I would hate her for pointing me down my inevitable path because in my path, was him.

 The next meal on that flyer was the next day, at a church less than 2 miles away. Sweet, I couldn’t wait for a hot meal. I hadn’t even eaten at all for two and a half days, so I was starving. The church was the Cavalry church.

I got there around 10:30 but lunch didn’t start till 11. They had doughnuts and coffee for everyone while they waited so I helped myself to some and met the volunteers. I asked the leader of the volunteers if my dog could in? He said she couldn’t due to the food and I was okay with that.

 That’s when I heard his voice for the first time. In a very gay sounding tone I hear someone ask if they could please pet my dog. I turn around and see the most interesting person I will ever meet.

He was walking funny, talking funny, and his eyes were jagged as hell. Neither one of his eyes were looking straight forward. One going one way and the other going, not in the opposite direction, but a different direction entirely. I had never seen such eyes before.

He had a feminine way about him that I took as gayness but was real powerful looking at the same time.

 He called himself Bruce and he wanted to know if he could ride with Roxy and I. I couldn’t think of any reason to say no. He seemed harmless. Crazy as hell perhaps, but harmless.

We hung out all day. He showed me some good spots to get free food and introduced me to his sister, Jodi. She was this crazy church lady that helped the homeless but thought they were all lazy because they didn’t want to work.

Bruce then showed me were he slept and invited me to lay down with him. I wasn’t really ready for bed yet, so we just sat in the car. That's when he revealed himself to me. Out of the nowhere, his jaw line goes straight and his eyes straighten too. He gets rid of his lean and his voice gets darker & deeper.

He looked like a totally different person than the guy I was hanging out with all day. He even looked familiar. Like someone I know. Who was it?

OH MY GOD. It was him. Thoth. Just like I pictured him when I would wonder what he looked like. A little younger than I pictured, but it was him.

That gave me the biggest question yet. Was I chosen just as Thoth was chosen? Is this some end of the world shit going on just like the days before Atlantis sank? I really must have been doing rituals at Burning Man for Thoth to be here right next to me.

 I was beyond excited. I had to read him my book. So that’s the first thing I did. I didn’t read chapter six because I was ashamed of it. It was the chapter that needed the most improvement. I had the idea for six but no real evidence to back it up, so when I wrote it, I just kinda, put it out there. I wasn’t even sure myself if there was any truth to chapter six.

He said he liked it but was sad I didn’t like my own work enough to share six with him. We were ready to lay down for the night. I was so ready to sleep on the ground. Those two weeks spent sleeping in my car were shity. I started to hate that car. I was ready for a change. The ground brought me great comfort.

Thoth however, didn’t. I trusted him but I wasn’t sure if he was gay or not. Bruce seemed really gay but Thoth I couldn’t tell. Him and Bruce are the same person so maybe he was. I was a little scared to be laying with a gay dude but was excited to get to sleep next to my god. It was unsettling. I made Roxy sleep between us the first couple nights.

 The story gets really hard to tell from here. I don’t remember when he first did it but he was about to become the worst best friend, and the worst god, I ever had. I don’t remember how it exactly started. Somewhere in the craziness of Bruce and the wisdom of Thoth it happened.

I may not have been sure Bruce and Thoth were who I thought they were but I was certain that one of them was attacking me when it happened. He broke the silence of my thoughts by acknowledging them. I don’t remember how long it was before he did it but once he started, I knew exactly who he was talking to, even though he was shouting it, at someone else. He was attacking whatever it was, that I just thought.

That name though. Did he have to be so blunt? Did he say it because he didn’t like what I was thinking or was it because of the horrible things i’ve done?

 Alright here it goes. Remember I told you I would share the worst things I have ever done. Well here we are. As you know I was a thief, a lyer, a wuss around girls, and a piece of shit homeless loser. Those are all forgivable, some of them might not even be sin. When he started saying that name, my biggest demons were released upon my world. What’s in a name right?

 I was 15. They were 3 and 4. I don’t know what came over me the four times it happened. I remember not being able to control myself. There was no little voice telling me “this is a bad idea and that I should stop what I was doing.” I was like an animal running on instincts and not a human using logic. The girl was one time and one lick before that voice told me to stop. The boy I really didn’t understand. I wasn’t gay. Why did I uncontrollably suck him? I think it was because I wanted him to suck mine because that’s what I tried the second time. He gladly tried but his mouth was too small. The third time, I just settled for rubbing it on his skin.

 That’s why I keep myself from sex and don’t deserve to be chosen for anything special. I, Leonard Judson Farrar, am, and always will be, known, as a child molester. That’s probably why I’m still such a piece of shit today. Those four moments of uncontrollable lust is what has broken me and keeps torturing me still today.

 Two years ago however, that torture was just about to begin. Bruce would call me a child molester anytime he didn’t like what was going on in my head.

“Shut up you child molester.” I thought it was negativity “shut up you child molester”

he was talking to.

“shut up you child molester”

But sometimes I couldn’t control what I was thinking and he’d say it.

“Shut up you child molester.”

He would say it to random thoughts.

“Shut up you child molester.”

All day long sometimes.

“Shut up you child molester.”

I’d try to fight back buy calling him names. He didn’t care.

I tried asking him why he was doing this to me and he’d say “I wasn’t talking to you.”

“Shut up you long legged, tuxedo wearing, child molester.” Is what we would say when he really wanted me to have it. I didn’t understand it. Not yet. I knew the tuxedo bit was about my want to marry Katy and the child molester bit was obvious, but what about the long legged part? I would find out in about a month. Right now “shut up you child molester” things were just getting started. “Shut up you Child Molester.”

Why was he torturing me with this I wondered. I had forgiven myself. I couldn’t even be in a room with a young person without the reminder of what I done. So every time I was around kids, I would always have to remind myself, I wasn’t like that, and kids were safe around me.

I thought I was forgiven but he reminded me there were others that had not forgiven me. “Shut up you child molester.”

He would say it so much I decided “fine I just won’t think at all. Would that make you stop?” I don’t know if it will ever stop but it has gotten easier since I got away from him.

That point in time was just the start of my torture. In his tablets he says he will return and give the initiate the words of power. He gave me some words of power alright. The power to be tortured buy something as small as a cough, or a car door closing. Back in 2016 though he was pretty much the only one torturing me. “Shut up you child molester.”

He went with my idea to stop all thought because that became a main subject here in Thoth's little torture school. I would try to stop all thoughts from happening and he would call me a child molester when I couldn’t. I had to do more than just not think too. I had to turn my lights on, and keep them on.

Shortly before Burning Man, I stumbled on something one night in my studio. My thoughts were arguing themselves, like they usually did, before I met Bruce. When all of the sudden, one voice, took control of the other voice. When it did I remember having this god like feeling in my eyes. Thoth pointed these eyes out to me and showed me I had a switch inside that could turn these god eyes on. I don’t know how he did it, he just did.

So the name of the game was stop your thinking, while keeping your eyes open, or lights on, at the same time. So that’s what my job was for this first part of torture school. I would try my hardest to keep both things happening and he would tell me which one wasn’t right and needed changing.

Sometimes he would even want me to think, it was the weirdest thing.

Then there was those other words of power he gave me. Anytime I would think about giving up, or I had a bad thought about Katy, he would say “punch eric in the face” only he meant punch HER in the face. I once thought, “I don’t need her, I’ll make the jump on my own,” and that really pissed him off. “Punch your blue eyes in the face you long legged child molester.”

I couldn’t shake it. All day long, for weeks. “Shut up you child molester. Puncher in the face you child molester.”

**Chapter 11**

It wasn’t all bad tough. He showed me other muscles in the eyes I could play with and when we took breaks from the torture, he was actually very charming and sweet.

I’m not gay, I want you to know that. Thoth and or Bruce was. Maybe bi I don’t know. He did say he had a wife but that’s a story I still can’t understand. I kept him as far away as I could when we would go to sleep but every night he’d be a little closer than the night before.

 When you spend that much time with someone you see as your god, your going to develop an attraction to him no matter how bad he tortures you. The first night he knocked on the back door, I gladly let him in. Part of me was a little bit curious, so I didn’t struggle, I just let it happen. It was uncomfterble and gross and not my cup of tea, at all. I was no longer curious. I was definitely totally 100% sure, I was not gay. Ewe

The other two times it happened I didn’t want it, didn’t like it and I would just hate every second of it till he was done. The last time he even had me pushed up against a chain link fence. It was nice to have something to clench as he fucked me and the more I struggled the more he enjoyed it.

After our three some with the fence he said “that was bomb.” Which I understood as “you’re forgiven now.” So I was finally able to forgive myself for being a child molester. Didn’t make him stop saying it though. I didn’t really forgive myself either.

The next night I thought I had finally forgiven myself was on a foggy night. Bruce had got a part time job at a liquor store so I was alone with Roxy when Emmy pulled up. “Come on mi ho it's too cold out here, tonight I get us hotel.” I didn’t think it was that cold outside but I was down to sleep in a bed. So I followed.

On the way there he told me we were going to have a party. That tonight we were going to celebrate. He said he had some meth to smoke but I turned that offer down. I was homeless. I didn’t need a drug habit I couldn’t afford. I had been clean for a few weeks now and was ready to stay clean. “Come on it's a party” he said.

When we got to the room Bruce was there hitting the pipe. As we walked in I could feel something familiar yet different. I was slightly uncomfortable with the feeling so I decided I might as well join the party and smoke a little meth. A few minutes later I was sitting on the bed. Bruce had left but I don’t know where he went. Emmy was in the bathroom.

Out of nowhere I have a thought that comes in like a whisper that echos. “Come to me” it said.

Katy? I turn around and look at the wall behind me.

I thought she could have been the one to do that in my mind just then and she was telling me she was in the room next door. I hurry out of the room and get to our neighbors door. I get so close to knocking but chicken out at the last minute. What if that isn’t her I thought. So with my head hanging low I go back into our room.

Emmy was out of the bathroom and asks if I just went next door. When I tell him I did but didn’t knock he gets this disappointed look on his face and says “aww dios mio” I didn’t know what that meant until just now. Seriously I only just now googled it as I was writing this part of the story. Back then however, I was a little worried about what had just happened, so part of me must have known what he meant.

Then Bruce came back. He started hanging a blanket over the window and Emmy started putting womens under things all around the room.

What's going on I thought. Were these her things? I wish I would have sniffed one of them because if I would’ve, I might have recognized that smell, and would have known they were at least a woman's. I was afraid they were his though, so I didn’t want to touch any of them.

Bruce left again and Emmy started putting on some of these under things.

Okay. What the fuck did I get myself into tonight? I should have stayed buy our tree. He looked ridiculous in those female clothes but he insisted this is what he did and what he was into. Yikes. Emmy didn’t really seem like that kind of guy but hey, to each his own. He got in the bed and started inching his way towards me.

He started telling me stories about when he was rich. Things like how he was always taking care of his loved ones, and always donating to the churches. I was impressed, I thought very highly of Emmy there in his women's underthings.

Then his words became double speak. He was talking about himself but I was seeing Katy in all his stories now. They were about her not him. He could tell I was seeing her in him because he started to move in on me. I immediately backed away and threw up my guard.

“Wow, Emmy what are you doing?”

“No mi ho” he says. “You were doing perfectly, keep going.”

So he wants me to think he’s her? Okay, I guess she must be inside him or something. I closed my eyes and went for it. I didn’t see some older fat guy I saw Katy. It was her and we were making out somehow with Emmy as the host or whatever. I didn’t mind at first I only saw Katy. That was until she wanted to go down stairs.

He went for it bush and all. Started sucking my dick, but I was so turned off buy it. I know it was Katy in spirit but when I looked down, I didn’t see Katy. I tried closing my eyes but it didn’t help. They were persistent.

I don’t know how long he went for it but it felt like eternity. I had a very big bush too and poor Emmy kept choking on it. I hadn't had to show my dick to anyone for years so manscaping wasn’t exactly all that important to me. I felt bad for him now that he had been trying for so long.

I offered to go shave some off for them thinking it might help. If my girl wanted to give me a second hand spiritual BJ, I was going to do what I could to help. I spent a good 30 minutes hacking away at it but when I was done the mood had completely left the room.

I started to feel as though I was being punished. Punished for not believing in the whisper and not believing she would answer the door. I also thought it was more child molester torture too. My poor cousin had an older guy suck his dick when he didn’t want it. Maybe this was karma for that.

I wasn’t sure of anything. It could have just been a nice moment in spiritualist school between mine and her spirits. I just had this really nasty feeling of what if it wasn’t. I just made out with and old dude and let him suck my limp dick. I was hoping it was her but I wasn’t sure. I wish I would’ve been sure because not knowing what it was still bothers me today. I even hate writing this shit. I don’t want people to know about this. Or that i'm a child molester.

At least I could finally forgive myself right?

It was a night like any other, but they were all a buzz, talking like she might come to me tonight. This was the first time I had even thought that was an option. Then where the hell is she?

Bruce told me they still wanted payback for my child molesting and that if I sucked his dick this last time they would stop.

“Fine” I agreed.

So I sucked his stupid dick, and balls, till he came. They still weren’t happy though.

“One more time” he said.

“Okay” so I did it again, till he came, again. Now they were satisfied. I was finally forgiven, again. Only this time it was finally buy someone else. So I never touched another dick again. (other than my own)

**Chapter 12**

 It's the end of October. Bruce is being extremely difficult today and we are not getting along at all. He was driving my car when I told him to get the fuck out and leave me alone. He slams on the brakes bringing the car to a screeching halt in the middle of the road. Gets out and walks away just as I directed.

He was all I had and all I got from him was shut up you child molester. I couldn’t take it anymore. The Illuminati, Thoth, Katy. The fact I was a homeless piece of shit loser. I was done with it all and ready to kill myself.

 First I had to find a home for Roxy. I get to the shelter and when I tell them I’m homeless they refuse to take her. I got super upset with the bitch that was refusing my dog.

I started crying. “Do you think I want to do this? This is the worst thing ever, its killing me” I fell to my knees and put my head on the asphalt.

 Just as I do I hear a gigantic roar. I look up and there's the blue angels right in front of me. Smoke coming out of all five jets. Like they planned to be there the exact moment I needed them so they could cheer me up.

How can that be? Nothing in my life felt like coincidence anymore so it had to be on purpose. But how? The mind readers were also able to see the future? They were ahead of me in time now too? That means they are bigger deals then I thought. They truly were gods. It was one of the coolest things I ever experienced.

 That definitely picked me up enough to call off the suicide. I grabbed up Roxy and we headed to our favorite park. We didn’t stay long because there was an airplane painting a picture of a white horse with smoke in the sky. We got back in the car and headed back to beach to see what it was they were doing and what was going on. I took the bait.

 We got to the beach and it was packed because there was an air show going on. I still managed to find a good spot in a red zone but there were other cars parked there so I figured I was good. I just watched from my car. Since it was an airshow all I had to do was look up.

Then the show started and the first plane that flies in passes directly above my head. It felt like he was giving me a fly over. He was perfectly centered right above me. These guys are good I thought.

Then the next group flew in and they were perfectly centered above me too. Every plane that flew in that day flew directly centered above my head.

 That was enough to make my day a lot better. I remembered I was still there chosen one and that they were definitely helping me out that day. Until parking enforcement pulled up.

“You can’t park here” he tested.

“Come on really? All these other cars are parked here”

He was a jerk and gave me a ticket anyway. So I left before the show was over. While I was sitting in traffic on PCH the air planes were still flying over me. Even that far away from show center they would still find a way to make there way over to me.

It was so much fun I decided to take Bruce there the next day, even though he was my worst enemy the day before.

We had troubles finding a place to park. Bruce directed me to an ally and moved a parking cone so I could park. It didn’t feel right so I asked him if he was sure I could park there. He said yeah so I trusted him and parked there.

We headed to the air show.

We found some seats probably 73 feet from where I was parked the day before. When the air show started the planes flew in just as they did the day before. The only difference I wasn’t show center this time. It wasn’t even because we were in a different spot than the day before either. The planes were still flying over a center person but it was Thoth this time, not me.

Bruce started to get a little teary eyed but when I asked him about it he wouldn’t answer. I of course thought that meant today was the day I get to leave him and meet her. He was crying because this was the last day we would spend together.

When the show ended I turn around to get Roxy and Bruce is gone. He just disappeared into thin air. I had my eyes off him maybe 12 seconds and he was nowhere to be found. That was definitely why he was crying. When I couldn’t find him I started to cry. He was a pain in the ass but he was the only friend I had in the world. I couldn’t do this homeless thing alone. It must be the day I find her.Alright Roxy let’s walk the beach and see if we find us a Katy.

So we walked and walked. Up and down the beach so many times. I didn’t even see any look alikes. I was starting to think it was just another false truth told to Lenny buy himself. I must have misunderstood his cry. Oh well it was ten at night so we headed back to the car.

When we get there it was no longer there. I dropped to my knees and prayed for the first time in I don’t even know how long. I asked God to give me strength to get me through this horrible act caused buy the ones in control. If they loved me so much why did they take my car. What would be next. My dog? That strength I asked for lasted about 15 minutes. Once it wore off I became a beast of anger.

I ripped off all my Burning Man things and threw them into the street. I didn’t care for there little games anymore. I didn’t care for anything anymore. I was ready to kill myself again just one day after the last time.

I found a good tree, borrowed Roxy’s leash, and tied myself up. But when I climbed up this Subaru stops and just stares at me.

“I can’t hang myself with you there watching. What the fuck dude.”

 He won. I hopped out of the tree gave the dog her leash and kept walking back to our spot. This Katy look alike rides buy on her bike and when I ask why they did this to me she says “it's because we love you.”

“LIERS!!!” I hatefully scream back.

I had everything in there. My clothes, my Identification, my book. “Nooo not my book” Now I would never get Katy. I wish I would have believed that.

I would think about killing myself often while I was in California. I would attempt suicide 6 times while I was homeless. I would love to tell you about each and every one but I don’t want to relive that much negativity. I will tell one story though because this one doesn’t have that much negative in it.

We were at the duck park. I don’t know its real name but there is a big pond there with an island in the middle and the place is always full of all sorts of birds.

Bruce was sleeping on a bench not to far from me and I was trying to hang myself again. I had gotten the idea from the illuminati. Probably with all there doublespeak and selective hearing.

I was under the impression that I had to kill myself for all mankind like Jesus but it had to come from my own hand. Not only that but I had to do it happily and willingly. I also thought Katy would be the one to bring me back to life and my journey would be over.

So I climb up get situated remind myself it's okay we have to do this for everyone. I get happy, willing, and jump.

When my feet touched the ground I just about died laughing. It was the funniest thing to me. “What a long legged child molester” I said to myself.

Let me tell you about the other thing Bruce would torture me with. Katy. It started off slow he would suggest one day that it was the day. I believed him, did everything I thought they were wanting on me to do and whenever the time came to meet her, I would always somehow screw it up.

Like that first night at the hotel. I didn’t believe the first time so when I did knock a few hours later when Emmy and Bruce left me in the hotel alone, some guy answers. That put all sorts of doubt in my mind that she was in Emmy. I didn’t know what to think. Were they fucking with me? Or have I lost my mind in some sort of fantasy. I usually went with they were fucking with me.

Bruce or Thoth was the master expert in doublespeak. That's what they used to communicate with me without telling me directly. It worked buy them talking about someone or something but the words they would use had a different vibration.

Here’s an example. Bruce was always calling Roxy mama pitbull. He would suggest Katy was going to be wherever we were going buy saying “does mama pitbull wanna meet papa pit bull today?” or would tell her “papa pitbull is going to be at the park today. Maybe you can meet him.” But papa pitbull never came.

The first time I thought he was Thoth gave me a feeling I can’t even describe. Thoth would always know what to say when I was feeling down or upset. Bruce however would always be all double speak this or your a child molester that. Thoth was straight forward and spoke with truth. The more he tortured me though, the more I saw just Bruce.

He eventually became only Bruce. I didn’t know what to believe anymore. Was he double speaking me or have I let some crazy guy take control of my life? Either way my six weeks of torture from him was nearing its end.

Two days before Thanksgiving we finally had enough of each other. We were at the church that gave the homeless use of there showers. He got there before we did. When Roxy and I got there we sat down next to him. She was thirsty so I give her some water out of the people cup she had been using for a few days now.

Bruce says “she can’t drink out of that. What are you stupid?”

I told him “I must be”

So he said “then why don’t you just leave?”

“Good idea” I was ready to do the homeless thing alone now.

He wasn’t just Bruce. Thoth's humor though rarely shown was cute as fuck. Anytime I needed comforting like the time the church basically told me my spiritual views were wrong, he was Thoth not Bruce. I was crying pretty good since all I believed was thrown away and he told me “don’t believe it, believe whats in your heart.” I do kind of miss that short legged Lenny molester.

**Chapter 13**

 Roxy and I spent that day and the next, gathering food and supplies from the churches. The low income outreach center even gave out dog food to those who couldn’t afford it. I got bags to carry my stuff, blankets, a few clothing items, lots of food, dog food, toiletries, and a bible. I was set. Who needs Bruce?

 Thanksgiving we found a bar that was giving away turkey dinners all day long. On our way there I got a Denny’s to go turkey dinner from a guy with stacks of em. He was handing them out to us homeless.

 That bar was full to the brim. They had such good food everyone was coming for the free meal. Not just the homeless. They set up a few tables outside for us and I stayed there all day. I had three plates while I was there. I ate so much food I didn’t want to eat again. Roxy got so much from all the people that wanted to feed her she too couldn’t eat anymore. That was the only time i’ve ever seen that dog turn down turkey.

 We spent the night looking for a good spot to sleep but kept getting kicked out of it when we’d find one. Those bags porbably weighed 30 pounds and carring them around the city had me exhausted. I gave up on shelter and safety for the night and ended up just sleeping on a picnic table at the beach.

 Over the next few days Roxy and I would establish our new life. We found a new spot to sleep. A handicap accessible bathroom on Bolsa Chica state beach. We found a new spot to hang out too. On the north end of the beach there is a big concrete circle. There are parts of the circle that are raised so people have a place to sit and rest. There were a few other homeless that hung out at that circle too. It was next to a bus stop so there were always commuters coming and going and using the restrooms. Plenty of things to see and people to watch.

 I had a little routine. Every morning I would wake to the sound of maintenance banging on the door. Then the two of us would walk to our circle and I would make us up our breakfast. Every church always seemed to have cans of tuna in there food bags. I had so much of it I would put a can in Roxy's food every morning. She was so spoiled. That dog ate more than me some days. She had her tuna kibble salad and I usually had some sort of bread with peanut butter on it.

That was until soup guy Steve made the circle his first stop instead of his last. He was a local guy that was making a difference the best way he could think of. Throw some pasta or veggies in some boiling water and hand it out to those in need. He was definitely an angel sent to us hungry people.

 Every two or three days I would have to restock my food supply. The churches were a pretty good distance away. At least two miles probably closer to three. Sometimes I would walk to Beach City Interfaith services for dog food. That was a good five miles from the circle. We could do all ten miles round trip by 3pm usually. We would get a good supply of food that could last 3 days, unless I shared it with others.

 When I was trying to figure out who was in the Illuminati and who wasn’t I could seance them looking out for me. While I was sleeping in my car they were even teaching me at night while I was thinking about things. Every time I would have a positive thought I would hear a car horn honk. At first I thought it was just coincidence. While I was staying with Bruce I realized everyone in that city was illuminati and every beep was on purpose. The mind readers were giving me the means to communicate with them.

 With a number system I could now talk to them with yes and no answers. One honk for yes, two for no, and three was maybe. If there were more honks after, it was a bigger yes or no. Four was no no, five was bingo, and they rarely went past that. When they did I usually stopped thinking all together because it was something they didn’t want me thinking about at all.

 It eventually became madening. I couldn’t even wonder in my head anymore on what was true and what wasn’t. I would think anything even about my past and if there was a yes or no way to answer my thought, they would answer. How could they know the answers about my past and how I really felt about something? Do they know everything?

 “BEEP” I guess so. They were becoming even bigger gods. They were time traveling mind readers that knew anything & everything.

 I’m sorry but I gotta take a break from the past and tell you how I feel today, and what’s going on in my life, right now. Today is October 31st, 2018 and right now, I am in hell. Through all the bull shit they have put me through, and there is a lot, today I find myself being tortured from every angle.

 Every sight & sound feels evil. They’re calling my name from everywhere. In there music on the radio, down the hall at my apartment, across the warehouse at work, from the streets, and there doing that thing that makes me punch myself in the face.

They used to ask if I was okay when they seen me do it but not today. They do it, watch me punch myself, then do it again, so I do it again, then do it three times, so I do it three times, then they make fun of me for it.

 They laugh at me right in front of my face behind my back. They pretend nothing is going on when they speak to me directly. They act like were the best of friends and they still treat me like i’m number one. When I say hell I mean hell, earth. The place where heaven and hell are found.

 Imagine the whole world is in some sort of secret club. A club that likes to hide in plane sight. First they build you up. They make you think you’re there god. Everyone respects you, wants to meet you & shake your hand. You find meaning and purpose in your life like you’ve never had. You believe everything they tell you so you start to think you are there god.

The whole time this is going on they’re poking you, but still treating you like a king. The poke hurts, but in a way you don’t understand. Like they’re poking you in the soul or spirit. There poking and poking and poking. You try to figure it out, why they’re poking but you can’t. They give you reasons like “you told us to.” You apologize for whatever it is you did to get poked but they say “you’re good, it’s not your fault” then poke you again. So you fight back. You attack the poke. Then they deny they even poked you. They don’t even know what you’re talking about. They didn’t poke you. So someone else pokes you from the other direction.

 Always poking, poking, poking, until finally you decide to just punch yourself in the face.

They wouldn’t want to hurt there god, they said so themselfs. Nope. They poke you punch, they poke again so you punch again, it never stops.

 Your all alone. You have no more friends and no more family because like the rest of the world, they are in the club. The club that calls you king but punches you in the face. You’re the only one left of your kind in a far away land. You can’t go to the cops, you can’t go to the news, all you can do is write about it in some stupid little book that tortures you more than the poke, because the book gets you poked the most.

 Then all of the sudden, when your completely off your guard, because you’re doing and thinking whatever you want, just as they preached and they throw the switch. Your no longer God to these people, your Satan. It’s now your fault for all the wrong in the world and they want you to pay for it. Everyone that already wasn’t your friend, we’ll call them subjects, now becomes your enemy. They go from building you up to nothing but poking, teasing & laughing.

God I could use a hug right now.

 Thanks mama. If it wasn’t for you I wouldn’t be in this hell. You yourself have placed me in this land of darkness so that I may pay for my mistakes and be closer to you.

 But why mama? Oh great more torture. Excuse me while I punch myself in the face.

 I’m sorry mama I forgot. She wants me to tell you that it it’s not to pay for my mistakes, i’m simply here to learn. That all darkness is. The unknown, the strange, the weird. It’s not evil, it's not bad at all.

 But i’m in hell mama.

 “It is whatever you make it baby, you’ve know that for a long time.”

 But mama I don’t get it. How do I make them stop?

Mama? Waaa mama. Its sooooo stupid. No mama, it’s how you make it! I don’t make shit!

 If it weren’t for the darkness I couldn’t find the light. Darkness is where the light is found. Okay mama i’ll keep trying.

 When I first found God I kept worrying what happens if you leave me and I find myself in hell? Well now I know. She left, i’m in hell and she came back right when I needed her most. My mama loves the hell out of me.

 What about my subjects mama?

 “There gonna poke you.”

 But why mama?

 “For wisdom. A-HA! A-HA!”

 Ouch mama, it hurts.

 “I know, but it’s only for a few more days”

 Then I guess I stay in hell.

 “BEEP” a car horn just sounded.

 You’re an ass hole mama and your big piece of shit son will stay in the toilet you dropped me in. Why did you have to be so beautiful and strange?

 “because that’s what she is”

I got it from here. What God is to me, is the search to explain her. What i’ve got so far is what you read just now. She is the most beautiful strange thing all at once. I’ve been searching for a name to give her that best explains how I feel about her. I’ve got a pretty good list going that I thought would be a part of this book, but I just found her name right now as I’m writing. The sweetest, shortest, most beautifully strange three letter word you’ll ever hear. Her name is God.

And I hate her with all the love in the world.

My apologies. I’ve never done this before so it’s a little hard for me to say what’s on my mind while staying on topic.

**Chapter 14**

 So there I was living in the heartland of the illuminati and I still had no idea who I was to these people or what they wanted from me. I was their chosen one but didn’t know why.

I was free from torture and was starting to enjoy my retirement. That’s what I decided I was doing now that I had no job, no book, no plans to do anything. Just sit around the beach, eating free off the churches. Life wasn’t bad.

 I did have a job however. I couldn’t explain it but something about what I was doing felt like I was working on something bigger than me. With the tools Thoth gave me, and my new group of friends, we would work hours everyday doing eye exercise. Those muscles they showed me in my eyes would get stretched, twisted, pulled, and relaxed in so many ways they would feel like they were on fire after a long day.

 With the power of double speak they would get that light show blazing. When they mentioned water it was wider, when it was a phone it was a type of squint and focus, and I naturally found a muscle on my own that I could extend like a telescope.

 It could get a little stressful at times whenever I thought I was doing it wrong because they would scratch their nose. Other than that I found it fun and interesting.

 In all those workouts I found found beautiful ways to make my eyes dance. It was neat. Then they busted out the big guns.

One day while dancing they did it and it felt like maybe someone else was controlling them. They loaded by doing opposite spinning circles, cocked buy bringing them back deep, and fired by letting them go. “Cool” I thought. And they became my weapon against negative thought. I loved it. All I had up till now was haulk up a loogie or cough it out. These guns though, woo. I’d be shootin em down all day everyday. They couldn’t however protect me from negativity.

Kitty would go psycho like she sometimes would and I’d try shooting her with them. Thinking the mind readers for sure felt them in whatever world they lived in. Naw. Kitty was crazy no matter what when she wanted to be and there was no stopping her. She wasn’t always a cunt tough. The first time we hung out she was super adorable. It was as if Katy was there, inside of Kitty, and Kitty was showing me Katy’s personality.

 I’m a stupid piece of shit. I’m a stupid piece of shit. I’m a stupid piece of shit. Excuse me, while I punch myself in the face.

Sorry but they won’t stop poking me. Back to the story.

 It’s my birthday. Bruce brought coffee to the circle for me and my friends. I had to apologize for calling him a fagot. That was the name I called him, since we both did gay stuff together, when he was calling me a child molester. Philly smoked me up some meth. It was the second time I smoked since the hotel and it was awesome. I also got a far away visit from another Katy look alike, maybe the real one but who knows. That day was a great day. One of the more interesting birthdays I’ve had in recent years.

 I didn’t sleep that night because I was all jacked up on the crystal. The next day it happened again. That go find Katy vibe. I didn’t want to. I had my heart broken so many times with her knocking and no answer bull shit but they wouldn’t stop.

 Everyone was sniffing, scratching the part of their eyes where tears come out, and wiping their noses. One guy was even fake girl crying in one of the restrooms with the door open so i’d see him.

Fine i’ll try again. It had been weeks since my last Katy try. I was terrified of meeting her. I even gave her the nickname Katy Scary. If she wants me to go again i’ll go. So we went.

 The illuminati led me to a restaurant that had a million cars outside. Damn looks like a wedding. I knocked on every door believing someone would answer but no. I had my dog so I couldn’t just go inside then something told me “why not?” So we ventured inside.

The place was big because it was a concert hall as well as a restaurant. There was a big jazz band playing that night. I noticed two chairs front and center where the dance floor met the dining area at two adjacent tables.

 This is it. It’s our wedding. I looked around and noticed there were a lot less people than cars. Could this be a surprise illuminati wedding? Could those extra cars be from my family and they were all waiting to come out?

Then the band director came right to me reached above my head and turned this single lamp off. The room went nuts. Cheering and celebrating. It was like he announced that the thinker in town was about to get his mind switched off.

 She’s coming! The band started to play just as some old looking Katy takes the chair I thought was the real Katy’s seat. Something was up.

“Why don’t you order a drink?” they told me. Alright I believed now.

When I tried to get the waitress’s attention for a drink roxy jumped up. Oh here we go again, follow the dog game. She led me outside to the back of the restaurant and the trombone solo led me back in.

What the fuck?

Then the waitress suggested me and my dog go sit on the patio. Perfect. There was nobody else out there so I wouldn’t have to worry about what they wanted me to think. I ordered some food and a beer thinking she would be there any minute to cover the bill and waited.

While I ate the music on the patio was different than the music inside. It was some crazy ass regay that i’ve never heard. The music was doing this awful thing to me. Everytime I started to think a thought the music would go off key a little. As a musician I had a very good ear for music and I could tell this music wasn’t normal. It was like there was a live band somewhere backstage torturing my thoughts.

I was reminded of thanksgiving. There were two guys there playing their guitars for us outside and everytime I would think the younger one was doing well he would miss a note and it would have that awful off key tone that is just yuckie. I didn’t think it was on purpose until that night on that patio. When I heard the music doing it to every thought I was reminded of the look of disappointment those two had when they packed up their instruments.

So the check came and Katy didn’t. As we tried to sneak out the front door, my waitress catches us. I gave her my debit card knowing damned well it was going to be declined. When she came and told me I just played stupid like I had no idea I was broke.

She was pissed. She took me to the managers office and made me plead my case. She made me promise to come back and pay within 5 days. I made plans to pan handle the next few days. I was going to pay that tab no matter what. Or so I thought.

On our way back to our spot we passed buy Bruces and he was sleeping. Something told me to stop and do the whole lights on, thoughts off, and focus on Katy game Bruce seemed to love. So I did.

As I start a party bus pulled up and a bunch of partiers climbed into the bar across the parking lot from me. This time something happened. I’m concentrating while they go through the same ten or so phrases. I don’t remember them all and there's probably more than ten but I do remember these from the previous nights.

There was someone always having a birthday so i’d always here a “happy birthday.” There was always someone looking for a John, someone asked someone else for directions, someone was always looking for something, someone else “FOUND IT” and there was always a holiday mentioned.

As I stare thoughtless I feel this familiar shutter kind of vibration. Then this car fires up and speeds off as fast as it could like it was her and I just achieved something important. It gets late, the party bus leaves, and Bruce wakes up. He kicks me out of his spot but I wasn’t done trying to do what it was I thought I had to do. I just go to the otherside of the wall and continue. If I was close enough to feel that shutter, than I must be close.

Something disagreed with me. I had a flood of negative thoughts come through me. I started hacking, coughing, and choking up everything. Every thought I had. My guns were no match for this flood of shity thought so yaking it up was all I could do. It went on for hours before I finally gave up. Every so often I would hear a whisper “shut up you child molester” from a tree. I was trying. All that coughing to all those thoughts. Haha good one. Jokes on me isn’t it.

**Chapter 15**

 The sun came up so I headed to the circle. When I got there the place was closed off with pink tape. Did Katy close my hangout so I would play where is she today? Guess so because that’s what it looked like. So Roxy and I went looking. Again. All day long up and down Sun Set. It was the same game but there was something different about it. They knew I was no longer knocking on any doors so what did they want?

 Then I had a thought, that wasn’t my thought, only I thought it was my thought. That thought, was Illuminati Wedding. I’d hear it, acknowledge it as a good one, and tell it not today or that I hope so, it sure would be nice. That thought was loud, very obnoxious, and super consistent. I finally realized it couldn’t be mine. Hurray that must mean it’s today. Why else would they be screaming this at me? I would knock on whatever door they wanted me to. Ha! They didn’t ask me to knock on shit.

 First it was a golf cart. Next it was a bike. Or maybe just go into the water tower mansion that was guarded by two carpenters doing work on the balcony. So if I commit a crime I get to meet Katy? I thought since this is supposed to be a Burning Man society I could take anything I wanted. Just like the golf cart I stole from the burn. It was hard though. I couldn’t just walk into a house or steel something. That wasn’t who I was. I was dragging my feet. Meanwhile they’re getting slightly irritated with me.

 So I decided on stealing a car. As soon as I did, one pulls up onto the sidewalk next to me, the driver pops the trunk, gets out, leaves the car running, and heads to the bathroom about ten yards away. Me and Roxy slowly creep over, close the trunk lid, and she comes back. Cool looks like I was wrong. Good because I probably would have went to jail. Wish I would have remembered that the rest of the day.

 The carpenters leave the mansion. I hopped the fence let Roxy in and go looking for a way inside. Once I realize there is no way into the mansion from the back yard, a voice says “hey what are you doing back there?”

 “Oh, uh, I was just looking for a place to sleep and saw your nice astro turf back here and thought I could crash.”

 “That’s it, i’m calling the cops.”

 Oh shit. Roxy and I bolted. We barely made it across PCH when they pulled up. With guns drawn they lay me on the ground and go through my things. They were cool and let me go with just a ticket for trespassing.

 What now I ask them. So they tell me to go north. Everything I knew in my homeless bubble was south, I was afraid to go north. Even though they nearly got me arrested, I trusted them. God i’m fucking stupid.

After miles of walking blocks and blocks and blocks of them playing haha made you go that way, we finally came to a boat dock. There was a bench so we took a rest. We just walked about 11 miles and I hadn’t slept in three days. I thought she was about to pull up on some yout now since the dock was big enough for a boat that big. She’d pull up and we would take off on some extravagant vacation. But no. They started there program. The found its, the birthdays and so on but with the added bonus of familiar voices. Every boat that was doing the phrases had some voice on it I recognized. I went back to doing my thing, lights on and what not.

It was something like the 3rd or 4th round when it happened. It was like something was cutting off my air supply that was me, but not really me. Then my mouth starts uttering “shut up, shut up, shut up” and I begin to vibrate. I got light headed and nearly passed out. As I start to fall backwards I break concentration and catch myself. Okay, now I see what your trying to do here I thought. We were going through some sort of mental, spiritual awakening. Cool.

Sure most of me wanted the easy way with sex but another part of me told that part that we should do it the way she wants to do it. I was close so we started again. I'm trying to do my part and the funniest thing happens. My mouth does this little kissy thingy. I didn’t know what was supposed to happen. I thought this was it. Total mental power with my girl and that could hit my switch.

All the boats had left the marina and Roxy takes off running. That wasn’t like her to just take off the way she did so I figured it must be the mind readers controlling her like I knew they could. I snatched her up and drug her back to that bench.

These two guys in a small row boat floated over. One was rowing, the other was casting his line onto the dock. He wasn’t even putting it in the water. Meanwhile he was whispering to me. He said something like “why didn’t you let your dog go? You don’t think she’s coming?”

Oh shit. There I go again not believing she’d pick me up. It got late and I got kicked out of the boat yard. So I let them lead me to the next dark spot.

Its late. Very late. Had to be between 2 and 4 in the morning. I’m in another marina. This one is in the middle of a neighborhood, where as the other one, was in a commercial area. There’s a small boat and all 4 or 5 people have familiar voices. It's the kids from the Subway buy Bruce's spot. They used to hang out after work drinking and smoking on the other side of the wall doing there selective hearing thing they did. (that’s where they select what I hear of a conversation that is also connected to my thoughts)

I could also see some of my homeless friends across the marina only they were standing as still as statues. At first I thought I was tripping. Too many days without sleep had me hallucinating. After a few failed tries of flip the mental switch I looked over and they were in different spots so I knew they were really them.

I tried over and over and nothing happened. I couldn’t take it. The pain was too much. I just wanted the nightmare to be over. I was tired of sleeping on concrete and being tortured buy the spiritual beings in high places. I was tired of being single and alone. I was tired of chasing a girl I hadn’t even met. It was all too much anymore. I’d been through so much BS and she still wouldn’t just take me home?

I tried. I failed and once again just wanted to kill myself. But that was first time I didn’t want to kill myself. All that chosen one bogus and getting to meet my god had been working. I was starting to love myself. When I had that thought of just wanting to die my mouth says “noooo, don’t you know I love you?”

In those words I got the most incredible feeling i’d ever had. It was Katy. It felt like she was inside me, crying with me, right then & there.

Then that wind chime starts. Or what was disguising itself as a wind chime. It actually sounded like a brake drum being hit with a metal mallet. Okay brake drum can you tell me where she is?

“Tink”

 Okay is she that way.

“Tink tink.”

That way.

“Tink.”

 Well okay then. So I started going that way. “Tink” okay she’s in that house. “Tink.” I tried knocking. Nothing. I tried the door knob. Locked. Then I look in my hand and see the wooden baton I had Thoth’d up on my way.

“Tink”

break & enter?

“Tink”

Fuck you. I’m drawing the line there. I won’t break into a fucking house. So I go back to the concrete bench and there she is. Out in the marina. On a small row boat like the last two. It was just far enough away to not know for sure if it was really her.

I just knew it was her. The way the boat just sat perfectly still in the middle of the aquifer. A single person rowing and her sitting there looking like a angel. She wore that goofy looking hat like a princess wearing a crown.

I knew if I jumped in the water they would just row away. So I layed on that bench in the middle of that neighborhood and for the first time in 3 or 4 days went to sleep.

The next morning my mindees, that’s what I called them when they were being cute, left me some treats. It was something like a granola bar and a pre packaged Starbucks. Then one of the neighbors brought me some hot coffee. I am a smoker so I had to go on a snipe hunt. That’s a half smoked cigarette throne out. They helped which was one of their newest trick.

That brake drum led me to some the night before and I thought, those are some of the smallest things you can find in the street. How did they know where to find them? That was impressive. They seemed to know everything about everything. I thought they might have been God’s at this point not just gods. I couldn't believe it. How were they in my my mind and on the street where that cigarette was? They were the best of friends I would ever have.

**Chapter 16**

I was miles away from my spot and totally lost in life. What was that feeling last night? Was that really her?

I asked the mind readers where to next and they gave me the same answer as last night. Break into that house. I figured this was the ultimate test. If I broke into this house Katy would be in it. So with the creepy, smug, kind of smile I decided to do it. I broke this little corner of glass in the front door, flipped the lock and walked in.

 I go upstairs, thinking she would be in a bed room. As I walk by the first room on the right I see an office. There was an older gentleman on his computer. He didn’t notice me so I walked right by him. That had to be the final test. I passed no problem. I go to the last bedroom on the left which was the master suite. There wasn’t anyone in there.

What the fuck? Why? Where was she?

 With my tail between my legs and my head hanging lower than ever, I head back downstairs. The old guy in the office sees me and says “what are you doing in here?”

I just kept walking.

“I’m calling the cops.” No need, one of the neighbors already did. The cops were there outside when I walked out.

I was in shock. Why did they do this to me? I thought I was there chosen one. They really made me commit a felony? What did I do to deserve this?

 In the cop car on the way to jail I had these weird kind of thoughts. I was thinking Katy was in my head and she was asking questions.

“Why didn’t you believe?” she asked.

 “I did” I said

 “Not when your dog ran away.” she said.

 “I didn’t know that was what I had to do. Why did you tell me to break into that house when you were never going to be in there? I asked you guys what you wanted me to do and you through me in jail? I was doing what you told me to do. Why did you lie to me?”

 “Because you can’t trust us” she said.

 “Whatever. I’m done talking to you and trying to be with you. I wish I never asked for you.”

And that was it. Our first conversation in my head. I didn’t even take the time to think if it was real or not. In all those emotions and feelings of being in that cop car I didn’t care what was going on or if it were real.

When we got to the jail the officer that transported me asked another if she was listening. She said she was and it’s incredible. So they believed and wanted me to believe too. I was still way to pissed off to give a fuck if it were real. I did know it wasn’t going to happen again because I was no longer doing anything any of them asked me to.

 When we got to the jail they first put me in a group cell and then moved me to the hole. The tiniest jail cell I have ever been in. They told me it was counseling and made me look at the cell across from me. There was this guy Thomas in there. He had a face like playdough and he showed me just about every muscle he could move in his face. His eyes were even stranger than Bruces. He was moving them around in crazy ways and then his pupils I swear to god, straight up, flipped over.

He asked if I was the chosen one. I told him I was and he described what the chosen one had to do. With his body language, he showed me what I was doing the night before. Only he told me after I pass out all the way, I would wake up a god like them. I thought he meant I still had to do the concentrate with there little “found it” program until I got it right.

 I figured why not, might as well keep trying. At least this time I could lay on my bed so I didn’t fall backwards. I turn the light on, start to focus, my mouth does the little kissy thingy and they begin. The Johns the birthdays and one guy kept singing the same christmas carol line “it’s the holiday season, boop boop de boop, beep beep de beee.

They had all sorts of familiar voices wandering around including my dogs bells. They were going, and going, and going, every 5 to 15 minutes. I couldn’t seem to get it going. I kept trying and trying. I started to get frustrated. I told them they didn’t have to do it anymore and that I couldn’t make it work in jail. They just kept going. It was like the same 10 minutes over and over and over. It became extremely maddening.

I got so pissed off and saw a side of myself I never knew I had. I started screaming and yelling, throwing my food against the wall. I was punching and kicking the walls. Cursing them for what they just did to me and screaming “i’m not your fucking chosen one.” I wished I didn’t say yes when asked. I told them I took it back but Thomas and the guards just kept telling me I was the chosen one and this is the process. I didn’t care anymore, I was an angry monster. Cursing everything and everyone, stomping on the walls making as much noise as I could.

This went on for a few hours. Finally the nurse came and gave me some drugs to calm me down and I went to sleep.

When I woke up, they transported me to a bigger jail in LA. It was a rough ride with Thomas talking to himself that was really just him telling my thoughts which were good and which weren’t.

They put me in a suicide watch cell where I slept a whole day. I was about to go to court the next day which was a Friday. I was handcuffed to a table and my breakfast was on it. It was so hard to eat with my hands cuffed to my waist. I was sitting there for what felt like 30 minutes. I was getting a little irritated.

A couple of cops came walking through. I thought they were about to get me off that table for court. When they didn’t even acknowledge me I thought it would be funny to throw my unopened bowl of cereal at one of one of them. I missed. Since my hand was cuffed to my side, my aim was way off.

The second officer says “you did not just do that.”

 Next thing I know they are coming after me. I resist. I tense up and become a stone. Then three more officers come in and all five of them are picking me up and carrying me to a cell. I put my feet on the door jam of the cell. They grab my legs and get me all the way in. They push me up against the wall and step on my bare feet with there big boots. Then as they take my chains off they really give it to me. One officer on each limb and pulling and twisting in all directions. One jerk was even punching me in the balls. They beat me up but I still thought it was funny. It took 5 of them to get one of me into a cell.

 They left me in that cell without a blanket so I slept naked using my garment as one for the next two days. After court on Monday they put me in a new cell. This pod was the worst of the three I would be in.

They were attacking my negative thoughts like Bruce would, only they’d get me for basically any thought that wasn’t about Katy. These guys would flush a toilet or cough (ew I even hate writing it) and the guy next to me was always snorting up a loogy. They would go all day flush and flush and cough and snort and flush again.

I got so frustrated. I didn’t understand why they were doing this to my thoughts. I couldn’t handle it. I started to get more and more upset and started screaming “why are you torturing me” over and over.

I wanted to know so bad and there were no answers. Finally I came up with my own answer while being teased with my own question.

“Because i’m a stupid piece of shit” I answered back. What else could it have been?

I would start calling myself all sorts of names loser, fagot, worthless, piece of shit. It became my defence against there torture.

Eventually the name calling wasn’t enough. When I ran out of names to get them back I became so angry I just instinctively started punching myself in the face. They were hurting me in a way that I couldn’t escape from, so I fought there hurt, with my pain.

The hurt would follow me around for the next two years. I would call myself a piece of shit or this list of names I had refined over the next few months.

I went from just a stupid piece of shit to a stupid, worthless, narcissistic, child molesting, fagot, pussy, piece of shit. I even had a reason for each of them. Stupid, because I had more questions than answers. Worthless, because I am. Narcissistic, because Burning Man made me think everything was about me. Child molesting, as you know. Fagot, as you’ve read. Pussy, because that’s what my dad used to call me and my fear of girls. Piece of shit. The thing I call myself the most. The reason, well, it’s just the worst thing there is.

During the worst of it I would go on & on for hours each day for days. I calculated a figure that was in the millions but God told me I called myself one of those names 718,000 times which is still a pretty big number.

Jail was the start of it. The poke that hurts you where you don’t know and I just got poked at this very second.

Then I got a roommate. His name was Mark but he told me he didn’t know. He was a pretty cool kid. He was Into yoga and video games. He said he really wanted to do kundalini yoga one day, whatever that was.

We would spend the days talking about whatever and would play tic tac toe on the cement using water. He would also write his name over and over. He first decided his name was Spectrum 12. Then he changed it to Suraja. He had all sorts of spellings but it was pronounced sue-ra. I called him Agnew. He wouldn’t stick to a name so I gave him one.

 One day I woke up with a strange pain in my thigh. It was like a mild burn the size of a half dollar. I looked down from my bunk and saw Agnew had stripped the cover off his mattress and had taken a bite out of the foam. I knew they were related in some way. I figured he was just doing something that was helping me out.

As I look back at it now though it kinda creeps me out. What was that about? Was he spiritually attacking me? Maybe he was just getting at those negative thoughts they hate so much. Either way he did manage to make me say Suraja every time I saw a spectrum cable truck after I got out.

As creepy as it might have been it wasn’t nearly as bad as the night time would be. The sleep torture was the worst. They would wait until I was good and asleep. Then as soon as my sleep was comfortable the cell right above me would start the drumming. Not every night but almost every night. They would go on for an hour or two drumming and drumming on there stool driving me crazy. I would scream for them to stop and ask the guards to make them stop but nothing ever did. I would even end up punching myself when nothing worked.

I spent the holidays getting tortured buy that cell block. They started the poke and tortured my sleep. I knew suraja was in on this torture and I thought about attacking him a few times, but I didn’t want to hurt him either, since they insisted they were just trying to help.

**Chapter 17**

The rest of jail was pretty normal once I was out of suicide watch. Everything except for the day they let me out. I was told I would be released on March 13th. That would give me plenty of time to get in contact with the right people to get me a bus ticket back to Denver. The jail counselor even said there was government programs that could get me there. It was now January 25th ish and they say I am to be released today. It was Martin Luther King day so no offices were open to help me with my bus ticket.

I was so scared and lost. I didn’t want to learn a new city and have to find a new place to sleep. They did it to me again. Promised something and wouldn’t deliver. I was so planning on going home after jail. Now I had to live with all the homeless on skid row? I wasn’t ready to compete with that many homeless. That was going to be a challenge and I didn’t think I could do it. I had no choice though. I was being let go today and had no way back to my comfort zone. Then those angels gave me a way back to my comfort zone. One of the guys being released with me offered me a ride and I was saved.

I wasn’t going home to Denver but at least I could go back to my old spot where I knew the city and all the homeless people in it. We took the scenic route back and smoked a big ass blunt. I was so high I became very anxious. When they finally dropped me off at the circle I wasn’t sure if I could do it. The churches were closed and I had no blankets or food for the day. I thought I was doomed. It was just the weed because once it wore off I remembered the next day the churches would open and I would have everything I needed again.

It was the rainy season when I got out jail. I would go days without leaving the bathroom I called home. I even ran out of food. I was waiting and waiting for the rain to stop so I could get to the church but it just kept coming. One day I was just hanging out half way in the bathroom half way out and I see this heavier set gentleman through something in the trash can. I didn’t like looking in the trash for food but I was starving. I wait for a small break in the rain, run over to the can I saw him leave, and there it was. A big unopened salami stick, like you get in a big gift basket of meat, cheese, and crackers. It was like six thousand calories or something. I don’t know how many for sure but it was enough to get me buy for a few more days until the rain stopped.

When the rainy season ended I went back to what I was doing before the night I went to jail. I would sit around my circle and people watch or just think about what was possibly going on. After they put me in jail I was no longer going on anymore Katy hunts. I would try and not listen to there requests at all but I still got some pleasure in doing what I thought they were asking. I came to the conclusion it was up to me if I wanted to do what they wanted or not. They would tell me to shoplift and I get in. No thanks. They kept the go to a bar and order a drink game. I’d rather not. But the other requests were the eye games. I loved the eye games so I couldn’t not do them. I would finally quit them too.

It was a day like most others. I was sitting at the circle listening to Lucky talk about how he was God and this was his creation, or whatever and Philly skates up with a new guy. The new guy looks a little on the slow side but quickly put me in my place when I thought it. He was actually pretty cool with his custom paint job on his bike and his flower making talent with palm tree leaves. He reminded me a lot of my friend Suave.

Philly has some meth to smoke so I got excited. I was over trying to stay sober. I was homeless, why not do things that make me happy. Philly usually went into the restroom with me to smoke but today, he trusted me to have the pipe myself. The new guy and I took turns hitting the pipe and Philly left when I had enough.

Christian was the new guys name. I thought he had something to do to me when Philly left because Christian didn’t. There was this big private helicopter circling the circle that day the same one that followed me from the church the day before. I thought maybe Christian had something to do with that too. I had no idea what was going on so I just put those thoughts aside and just went about my day,listening to the world or whoever was talking and doing the eye movement that came with it.

It was about nine at night. The only ones left at the circle were Lucky, Christian, the helicopter, and myself. Lucky was being Lucky and I think it. I think the nastiest thing I could’ve thought. Since I knew they were mind readers I always treated my thoughts like words. I Did my best to not insult people or judge them at all. That thought I thought when I was talking with Lucky made me sick. “Dumb nigger” comes out of nowhere.

I didn’t think that. He could be a little dumb at times, telling people he was God, but I didn’t think he was a dumb nigger. “Sorry Lucky you know I don’t feel that way” I started to think to him “dumb nigger. What the hell? I’m sorry Lucky I don’t know what’s going on you’re not. Dumb nigger awe what the fuck?!”

 “Good night guys, I’m going to bed.” I said

 “Bye Lenny, have a good night” they say back.

 I was so confused. I didn’t think those thoughts. I know I didn’t. What the hell was it than? Christian and that helicopter had something to do with this. They broke into my mind and put that nasty thought in there. I felt a little better when I went to sleep that night knowing it was them not me. The next day it started up again.

 As soon as Lucky made it to the circle that day. “Dumb nigger. Okay you can stop now” but it didn’t. “Dumb nigger” everytime I would look at him. That was all it took. I just had to look at him and dumb nigger would come out of me. Or would be put into me rather. I was bummed out. I knew they weren’t me but I couldn’t stop them. I didn’t want to hear them so I went to the church for some food.

 On the way back it became an even bigger problem. Dumb nigger would become a thought I would think anytime I would see any black person. It was no longer just Lucky. I would “dumb nigger” people right in front of me. I would apologize over and over anytime it would happen but it didn’t seem to help at all.

 Then that little disgusting thought started to attack all people I would never think thoughts like that about. Fat people I would think “you’re fat.” Gay people would be “fagots.” Bald people, “you’re bald.” And Asians were “gooks.” It was all so hurtful for me to be thinking these hurtful things. I would get so depressed having these things I couldn’t explain coming out of my thoughts. It was torture.

I knew they were the ones that turned my thoughts into this but I still felt responsible for them. I figured it was for all the racist things I used to think. I was a completely different person in my late teens, early twenties. I was racist. I wasn’t a KKK member or even close to that kind of racist but I told my fair share of jokes and hatred. I assumed it was my way of repenting. That the illuminati were making me pay for my sins I used to do.

 This went on for a few weeks until finally one day I learned how to fight em. Lucky was at the circle and I was dumb niggering him and I found it. I was letting it come as it would and I found I could push it out before it came in. It took some focus at first but the longer we went at it the easier it became. It didn’t go away altogether that first day but it was the start of getting rid of it.

 I would still go about my life and when a dumb nigger would come in I would push it back out. I would do it with all those nasty thoughts and it became less and less of a thought I would think.

The one that became the hardest to get rid of was gook. That little thought came in so fucking fast I couldn’t push it out like the others. They showed me how funny the Asians thought it was and how it affected me verses calling someone fat. I still didn’t like it but I liked the fact that they thought it was funny. Without that I might not have beatin it at all. The humor of the gook made them all look like ninjas either attacking my thoughts or helping me be a better man I don’t know. Either way I loved those little gooks at the end of it.

**Chapter 18**

 I don’t know if i’m naive, or crazy, or some sort of program, but with all the weird shit going on, I still believed they were trying to help me. I don’t know why. Even after jail. Maybe it was all the free food and the left and righting every thought (that was another way they would answer my thoughts) I don’t know. Somewhere in all the “were just trying to help you out” I started to want to pay them back.

 I don’t know where I got the idea to do what I did but something evil was for sure at hand. Maybe I just got it from the book of revelations. I already felt like one of the girls in it why not the whore too? My favorite number is 12 and I felt like I was stuck in some kind of wilderness since Burning Man. I also felt pregnant at times. Like I was having some sort of spirit being woken up inside of me. That was happening the first time I read that book.

 I thought maybe Katy was the whore of babylon whatever that was at the time. I thought we had something to do with wedding in that book too. That whole Illuminati wedding nonsense the day before they arrested me had something to do with that thought. I later changed my thinking to believing I was that whore.

 Like I said I don’t know how the thought first came to me but I do know what my intention was with it. If I was the only one who’s mind they were reading why not think things they would want. Okay like what? (I fucking hate this) well, something told me SEX. I first did it with my friend after a rave party when we were high on extacy. I just thought it. It was only the two of us in the basement and I don’t know. I just assumed that was something I could do for them since they were nice and chose me. That was probably 5 months before I would become the whore though.

 I don’t know how I would come to the conclusion that everyone wanted me to mind fuck them but that’s what I started doing. They were in my mind and I was fucking anyone that walked buy. It was so stupid and hilarious at first. It was mostly dudes that first day. I thought that might even be what they all thought about all day. Being a guy that hasn’t had much sex in my life I thought maybe it would be heaven to just be fucking all day. So that’s what I did.

 It started off as just a funny thing but it quickly became bothersome. I would try my best to stay away from kids. I would even hear a little voice say “better not” when my eyes would scan over to one. I was already a child molester in real life I didn’t want to make myself one here too. I did all I could but there were a few little ones that did eventually get in. Not many.

 Those thoughts would become torture when I got back to Colorado and I thought my mom and sisters wanted me to mind fuck them. So I did. Wasn’t the first time. I had all sorts of stupid thoughts about sex with any female I knew even before I was doing it for them. My lack of a sex life really made some fucked up fantasies I’ll tell you that. So it wasn’t really that big of a deal. Knowing they knew that was torture though. Even when they said they did it too.

 It was hurting me so bad that I couldn’t take it anymore. All those guys, old people, fat people and picturing them all naked. All I seen when I looked around was naked people and a naked Lenny attached to them. It was easy to get over it. Easier than “dumb nigger” anyway but it became something they could control. To this day when someone says suck my dick, my mind instantly does, and I have a mentel dick in my mouth. It’s frustrating but it never lasts more than a few moments.

**Chapter 19**

 Now that I was no longer doing anything I thought they wanted me to do I was free to just sit around and think without consequence. I would think of Katy and who she was to them if anything. I was over looking for her and was not thinking she would come for me anymore but I still found myself obsessing over this illuminati wedding.

 When they would talk about her they would sometimes call her Satan. I would turn that thought into an imaginary thought that would become my new playground. I would picture her as Bauformat and I was eating her out between those goat legs. Something didn’t feel right though. If she was an animal of sorts then I needed a costume too. I didn’t really think it but they would know what I was needing and would give me a good one.

 This guy who called himself We Todd Did when I asked his name, gave me this t-shirt. It was a Chicago Bulls shirt. I put it on and somehow it turned me into the character I was looking for. My eyes would shift into my little imagination land and I was an upright walking bull. I was in hell with Satan and just like the shirt, my skin color was red. Now I could munch that box with confidence thinking I was the same kind of thing she was, not a human, just a spirit animal. I would picture her grabbing my horns in pleasure and the illuminati would sharpen them keeping me in pristine condition.

 I already had a red backpack to make my imagination real but it’s what the backpack did. I was walking to the local bars hunting for snipes shifting in and out of La La Land. (that’s what I called my imaginary hell we created) I was in a decently good mood when all of the sudden one of my straps breaks. I was almost a little upset when it happened until I looked at my shadow. It was my red bull. He was now complete with a tail.

 I now had the means to stay in La La Land and my imagination had that hell looking place feeling like heaven. The only thing missing was the queen. Since it was her world, I didn’t have any right to just call for her. I still wasn’t sure who I was to her yet. I would imagine us together but since she wasn’t really there and I really had a tail and horns, I had to make the story make sense. In my way of wanting my imagination and illuminati world to be the same thing this is what I came up with.

 At first I was sent by Satan to see how hell was doing and if there was anything that needed to be fixed. I would go to the church in search of why I was needed and what I was needed for. I was at the cavalry again. Only this time it was a kingdom of hell and I was at the castle with the local duke & duchess. We were eating dinner and having a political conversation on what was going on.

I learned that the rivers and lake of fire were souls. It was the job of everyone in hell to be pulling souls out of that fire so they could enjoy hell like we did.

The problem I found was not all the people in hell were doing there jobs pulling souls out of the fire. This particular part of hell was not guilty but not innocent. I didn’t know what I was going to do about the lack of work. I was annoyed but then I figured out what my role would be.

 This little weasel of a man came and sat across from me. He was begging and begging and I got more annoyed. He was such a worm I just wanted him to go away, so I snap my fingers and give him the wings he was begging for.

I was now the judge, sent from city to city to find out who deserved wings and who deserved to be thrown back into the fire. I would pretend every stop light was a town and I would give there peasants wings if the nobles were saving all the souls they could. (nobles were the ones with wings. Peasants were the ones that did the building) when I got to a town that didn’t have any nobles I shut that kingdom down and sent there peasants down the river to join me at the lake. They were building towns that were unused since there nobles were off on permanent holiday in the west.

The last stop was the worst of it. The entire city was nobles and not one of them were working on pulling out souls. They were too lazy to do there job so there were no peasants around to build or I could give any wings. I took that city up with a big snort and spit every one of those lazy fucks back into the river of fire.

Now that I had cleaned the cities of hell to the east, it was time to find a place of my own. I get to the pier in downtown Huntington and there at the limestone pavilion I find my thrown. I was no longer a servant cleaning up hell for Satan. She had let the place get so out of hand I decided I was taking over. All the new nobles I had given wings and the peasants I had sent had built me that thrown and I became there king. I could see Satans thrown out deep in the middle of the lake but she wasn’t there. I didn’t even know it was her thrown until she shows up and sits in it.

She was angry. She seen that I was building my own kingdom and giving wings to those she deemed unworthy. She wanted that lake to stay full that’s why there were lazy nobles in the places I found. I may have turned a lot of people to my side of the lake but she still had an army of nobles on her side. When she saw what I had done to the east she called on them and we were under attack.

Her army was three times the size of what mine was so with all my power I snap and give everyone within 1440 feet of me wings and we defend the kingdom we just built. She was ten times my size now but I wasn’t afraid. I took that giant on myself. With my chariot of fire I would fly around making her dizzy. She would grab me once but dropped me when I poked her thumb with my horns. I got back in my chariot drew in a huge burst of energy and just like Thoth suggested I would hit her right in the face. Then with her knocked out, I use all my might lift her up high above her thrown and drop her on it. The spike on the chair piers her heart and she was defeated. The rest of her army became so scared they threw themselves into the fire.

I told my nobles to pull them back out. They were peasants now but I wanted them to know they were forgiven so one buy one I start to give them their wings back. They all started pulling more and more souls out of the fire and I kept giving more and more of the peasants wings. The only ones I would send back into the fire were these old souls that became confusing. There weren’t many though because I would no longer see them after just 2 days.

I was so happy with the work everyone was doing that I would give wings to everyone that asked. There was now no peasants at all so the lake dried up. I even forgave Satan and brought her back to life. She was able to sit back on her throne but her entire kingdom was now mine.

**Chapter 20**

 It was fun living in La La Land but I still had a real life going on too. I still thought Katy and I were doing some sort of spiritual bonding without actually meeting. I would sit and stare at things like the clouds or the stains on the ground and picture things. Just see what I would see I guess. They would tell me it was her or it was me. I don’t know if it was that or the way I would think I saw her eyes looking at mine but one night she came into me and would stay there for about two days.

 Up till now I had only seen her three times no longer then two minutes. The first time was in that boat canal the night I got kissy face, (I still do randomly kiss into thin air by the way) the second time I was playing in the rain storm during the winter, and the third time I was just sitting there thinking about her when I felt her sit down with me. I could even feel her chest that day as if I were the one with breasts.

 The night I really found her was a night I’ll never forget. I was up late high on meth again. I had a bike now so I had a lot more freedom and was now sleeping at a street side bench downtown instead of the bathroom at the beach. I was riding around sort of aimlessly when something told me to stop and stare for a minute. I stop at an intersection turn on the lights and there she was. In my eyes, In my mind, in my body, I could even hear her voice. We were talking.

At first we were excited it was happening. I saw her and felt her but couldn’t make out her face. After the initial “hi” and “nice to finally meet you” we went off on the bike. I made it a block and a half and she started to cry. “Hey what’s wrong? I thought this was supposed to be a good thing.” I asked.

“It’s not” she said.

“How come?”

“Because I robbed you” she explained.

“Robbed me of what?” I wondered

“A normal relationship”

“Its okay” I told her. “Don’t look at it like that. I’m enjoying it. You didn’t rob me.”

She calmed down. “I’m a monster” she said next.

“No your not, why would you say that?”

“Because you don’t know what I look like yet.”

I really didn’t. Other than the few pictures, one video, and the super bowl I really didn’t know what she looked like in real life. “You’re Katy fucking Perry I don’t think you need to worry.”

“I mean what I really, look like”

“Okay show me” Then I finally saw her face. It was the face of a monster. She looked like Cthulhu, the monster Cartman used to take out hippies at Burning Man in a South Park episode. I didn’t make that connection until I started this chapter but that’s what she was. I thought maybe that was just some sort of spirit side of her. Something I didn’t understand. I was okay with it and let her stay.

We had so much fun. I would let her drive and she would be the one in control of my body. She was faster, stronger, had more stamina. She was even funnier than me. We would spend the day getting to know each other. I asked her what she was waiting for, why we couldn’t meet in real life? and she said “balance.” I had to balance whatever that meant. I don’t remember asking her either. She just sounded so alien when she would keep telling me too.

We would spend the day talking out loud which really made me look crazy but the jokes we were making had the people laughing so I tried not to care. This was the basis of them. The Illuminati were all cops. Katy was the chief under investigation for abusing her power. She was taking any criminal she wanted and would go into there house and take over there tv. I was the undercover cop that didn’t know he was a cop because I kept getting arrested. I tried to bust her but since she was the chief she could get out of anything. It was even her Idea to investigate herself because she knew I was undercover trying to catch her. It was all just a bunch of silly nonsense like that.

I got intimidated by her. She was on a roll so I no longer had anything to say. She felt bad that she was hogging all the fun so we took a walk and got a little closer. She was Katy scary again. I was glad I was getting to know her this way because I knew if this is how she would be when we met, there would be no way I could keep up with her.

That night was the only night we slept together. I went to sleep and when I woke up the next morning she was still there. This creepy guy came up on us that morning while she was in the driver seat. We quickly changed seats because I would rather do the talking and he flips out.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, first you’re female now your a man?”

 My bad didn’t know you could see that. He was probably more scared of me than I was of him but the way he freaked out, freaked me out, so I just turned around and rode away. We didn’t spend a lot of time together that day because a local gave me some pot and when I smoked it she had left. What? Why? I thought this is what we had to do. I thought we were bonding in a sweet spiritual way. I got really sad and really lonely. I had someone that really really felt like a girlfriend after 9 years of being single. I was crushed and started to cry.

I would sort of find it again over the next two years but nothing was quite as strong as those 32 hours when she was me.

Yesterday 12-4 she came in when I smoked some weed during my lunch break at work. It was nice to see her since it had been 7 or more months since she last came in. I couldn’t decide if it was a good thing or not. I had forgotten all about that bond we had and was thinking I was never going to meet her at all. That it wasn’t her. I figure if this book is going to get published she’ll probably read it. What would she think of this?

I thought I was over this whole gold bond until that happened yesterday. Its funny that I reach that part of my story today and you show up right before I type it. I guess I’ll ask you now. Is that you or am I losing my mind? I ask the spirit you and you say it is. What does real you say? Those times I thought it was you. Was it? I didn’t want to address you like this but I want this book to be what it is that I’ve been going through and today this is what I went through. So what’s up Katy?

I’m going to ask one more question only this one is to anyone and everyone reading. if it doesn’t apply to you, i’m sorry for asking. WHY ARE YOU FUCKING WITH ME?! My apologies if you’re not.

**Chapter 21**

 So what did I know now about being there chosen one. I was possibly the next Thoth since his story begins with him being chosen. I was possibly chosen with Katy to be the next Adam & Eve. I was possibly chosen to go the hard long way learning there ways. And I was definitely chosen to see their world and who they were.

 The time I spent homeless in California was the best and worst time of my life. I would have some of the highest highs and lowest lows. It even felt as though that was part of there torture too. One day they would build me up, make me think it was time to become their leader, and the next day they would burn me down with a false promise.

 They taught me a lot. There trippy double speak that has turned into mindfulness. There selective hearing that made it possible to have conversations without double speak. It worked like this. They would be on the phone talking to someone but there conversation would connect to my thoughts. I could ask a question and some how there phone call could answer. It also worked when I would be walking around crowded areas. I would have thoughts and somewhere in the crowd a voice would answer. I never seen who it was.

They showed me how to move my thoughts to the sounds around me quitting my inner monologue, or did I show myself that one? The quieter thoughts taught me how a thought starts and why I could never stop them. I think it was sometime around when I had the dumb nigger thoughts. I would be pushing out the thoughts I didn’t want while still thinking other things. I would start to hear my thought before my inner voice would speak them. It was crazy. It would be an entire sentence in less then a second and my inner voice would then take the regular 2 to 3 seconds to think it. It too would sometimes torture me but it was interesting to observe.

They would teach me how to spot them and the respect they had for me. It started way back when I was with Bruce sleeping behind a wall. The wall had a little cut out in the bottom. When I layed down one morning and faced that little cut out, some garbage men were on the other side. The second I look over one of them takes his hat off and puts it back on. It felt as if he had just done it for me. Like he was tipping his hat to me. I wasn’t sure of it though.

A few days later I was parading around with Bruce and I kept seeing girls adjust their hair buy moving some of it behind there ear. It's a normal movement, I had long hair and totally understand that adjustment can happen. The thing that got me, was all the girls were doing it whenever we looked at them.

I thought it was secret code for the secret election. Then I started to notice people bowing their heads whenever they crossed my path. They were saluting me. I hated it at first because I didn’t think I was worth such gestures but the more they did it the more I liked it. We would eventually turn it into a game that we had a blast playing. Well most of us. (haha, fuck you little girl and you sigh)

They showed me a how to listen to music with my eyes. I would find areas around town that had music playing. I would mindfully put my situation into the lyrics making the music a testimony to my life. When I got through one restaurants playlist I no longer had anything to do while I listened. They did.

I would just start bobbing to the beat and I noticed everyone walking around was walking to the beat. Every step everyone took was on que with the flow of the music. I would start to look for it in other places. I looked out to PCH and sure enough I could see the cars doing it too. They would cross each other when there was a symbol crash or the tires would roll over a stripe the same time the snare was hit. Even the flags while moving in the wind seemed to be dancing to the beat. It was so beautiful I started crying. This felt like the world and I were doing this together not just them.

Finally they taught me that I didn’t need the church for food. They would leave their leftovers out of the trash cans on the top. They would even buy me a whole meal and either hand it to me or leave it in my path somewhere so i’d see it. They kept me good and full. I gained 15 pounds being homeless.

They really were angels and did a lot for me. I loved them so much. When the day came that I was offered a free bus ride home, I was destroyed. I have cried a lot in the last 2 years but that day I cried more than I ever have. It was like losing every member of my family and all my friends at the same time. I thanked them for playing the salute game with me and they thanked me for being such a sweetheart. My illuminati mind readers were now my cutie pies and my children.

They would ride their bikes without handlebars and when I snapped to give them wings, they would grab them, bend down, and play along. Kids would jump from the limestone steps when I would snap too. They loved La La Land just as much as I did.

The cutest thing they did. I was given some milk and cereal from the church one day. Not really something I would usually get but this milk was good until opening, without refrigerating. I was excited to have some but I needed a bowl. The exact moment I have that thought I was walking under the pier and a styrofoam bowl just falls from the bridge into my hands. They giggled and scurried off.

**Chapter 22**

 My California cuties were great. The things we shared and lessons I learned were for a purpose. Now that I was in Colorado my cuties became sharks. I had assumed that my family was probably mind readers now and when they picked me up it only took a car ride for them to tell me they were. (or did they?) I don’t know if they were making fun of me or if they were being sincere but they had told me that Katy Perry was definitely my wife.

Then they told me that there was something missing that I had and they needed. I took it two ways. They were telling me the same thing I was already told. I was needed to lead them. And they were saying that there was a void in the family while I was gone and that was what they needed. If I wasn’t sure they were then I would be sure in the next few days.

 It was the poke. The poke that started in jail was also something my cuties in cali were teaching me. When they did it I would feel like was I being was told “no” like a dog being trained. I would get huffy with them but I didn’t take it the way I would when my family started to do it. I knew they were all just trying to help me but I never knew what they were helping me with.

There was the original poke reason, a negative thought. Okay my bad for that one. Then they would poke me for other reasons. Remember I found my thoughts before I would think them? Well if I would have those quick little bursts and went to think it again I would get poked for that. Alright it annoys me too I guess I can understand. I would get poked when I was in a hurry. Or if I thought something was taking to long. I got poked buy them for so many reasons I can’t even remember the rest.

The worst poke was the poke that would wake me up every morning. Then I would doze off and the very second I would get back to sleep my stupid mother would poke me again. The exact moment I would reach sleep {cough}. It wasn’t every morning but there were days in a row at times for sure. Her cough woud torture the shit out of me. I get poked a lot but my mom has definitely poked me the most. She would even cough in the middle of a sentence.

Those mornings of sleep torture would drive me to do something I haven’t done but once in five to ten years. I would cut myself. When I did it as a teen and young adult I would cut just enough to make myself bleed. This time I went so hard and angry that I cut myself deeper than I wanted to and cried because of it. It wasn’t to kill myself but was a way to get back at them, I guess. I don’t know why I thought I was hurting them now that i’m left with the scars.

I am not a morning person in the first place so I always needed more sleep when i’d wake up but when I kept getting it taken away from me I didn’t know what to do. It felt as though they were trying to hurt me. Fuck that it does fucking hurt me. These coughs hurt me in a place I can’t even find. I don’t know what it is or why they do it. I just got one 15 minutes ago that took my bliss away.

My family would cough and sniff at so many of my thoughts and sleeps I didn’t feel like I was there brother, or son, or uncle anymore. I felt like there prisoner. Chosen one perhaps but chosen to be tortured by my own family.

I would call myself a stupid piece of shit over and over and over for hours at a time. You wanna know what they would do when I would start doing this? They would agree. All of the sudden someone would have a runny nose and they would sniff one time the times I would go on and on. I would always last longer though. I would tell them to blow their nose and they would say mind your own business or something like that.

I would get poked so much it would eventually drive me to causing a scene. Screaming and yelling punching myself all in the middle of the driveway. I don’t remember how many times it happened but either the neighbors or my mom would always end up calling 911 and I would have to go to the hospital to get psych help. The third or fourth time I would end up getting diagnosed with schizophrenia.

I remember Jody would tell me the reason she doesn’t make Thoth, I mean Bruce, try and find a job was because he had schizophrenia. Well I guess that just makes me a little closer to being like the god I used to worship. Great, I was going to end up as crazy as Bruce.

I got a job at a restaurant and with it I had an escape from the sleep torture. I had to open the kitchen at seven so I had a reason to wake up before she could get me. She would still cough at me just about every morning but it wasn’t nearly as painful as her waking me up with it.

I would ride the bus for the first month or two before I could buy a car. The bus was another place to get tortured. They would cough sometimes but not all the time. Thanksgiving day I would get coughed at so much on the ride to work I started punching myself right there in front of all those people. I hit myself so hard I would cause myself to bleed from my eyebrow.

When I got to work I was a bloody mess. My boss Marcy told me to take the day off and try to get better. The bus ride home was only slightly better than the ride there. They were still coughing but not enough to get me to hit myself again. When I got back home my mom was still in her room and she sealed the deal for another trip to the emergency room. I had to spend Thanksgiving in the hospital because of the cough.

I had a turkey sandwich for dinner.

**Chapter 23**

 After I was home a while and got a job I was able to get a new cell phone. I now had an internet connection so I went back to the web looking for truth. I was feeling like I was just going crazy and losing my mind. Since all I was getting from the illuminati now was coughing I wasn’t sure I was really chosen again.

 I turned to the tablets for Thoth’s wisdom and I was given the answer of Bruce. Thoth wrote that he would return, even from death, to lay with him. He also spoke of this circle he longed to be a part of. I instantly knew he was talking about me and the circle he was longing to be a part of was just like my longing to be a part of them. I started to cry because I no longer felt like I was losing it or that Bruce was just some crazy guy. I knew I was the chosen one and he was Thoth.

 What about Katy though? My search for truth took me back to Youtube. This time they didn’t have to put Katy on the top of my recommended, she was the number one search. If I was anything to her, maybe I could find some answers in her music.

 The first video I watched was the only one I had ever watched. Dark Horse. It was the one that was always torturing me before I found her attractive. It even offended me the first time I watched it. It was definitely part of what brought me to her maybe it had some answers.

 The song starts“I knew you would come to me”

I sure did.

“Make me your one and only.”

 Yep did that too.

“I’m coming at you like a dark horse.”

Yes she did and yes they were. I felt like she could have been singing too me but I still don’t know.

 I kept going down the list. Roar was up next. I didn’t get anything from the lyrics other than my struggles to become “my own hero.” The video gave me the feeling she was sending me an Adam & Eve message. The way she looked in her jungle outfit made of leaves and what not. Next I saw a shot of her in her jungle thrown wearing a leafy crown. Her legs sugestavly open and I was taken back to her being Satan. That shot was hot babe.

 I don’t remember the order of the rest of them but it was a few days later I would watch the most confusing video she has made. It was Extraterrestrial. That video was concrete proof that she was looking for me just as I was looking for her. It starts off with a robot in a world that was empty. It’s singing “where in the world, can my lover be. Where in this wonderful world, is there someone for me?”

 That is exactly what I was thinking and how I had been feeling. Not just the search for Katy in California but for the past 10 years I had been searching for a lover. As for the robot being alone on his planet? That was me being the last one. I would be the last one on the whole planet to get this gift.

 The lyrics were double speaking to me.

“You’re so hypnotizing.”

She was saying it to me and I was thinking it about them.

“Could you be an angel? Could you be the devil?”

Maybe it’s the other way around. Either way that’s what I was thinking about them, her, and myself.

“You’re an alien.”

No you’re the aliens. I’m a normal human being. I don’t read people's minds and fuck with them in weird pokie ways.

It was hard to figure out what she was saying but my connection to it was so heavy.

 There was a point in Cali I was thinking they were all God’s not just god’s and any one of them could get in front of me in time to create the world for me. I thought Katy was doing it for me and I would imagine her up in space as this white light being, looking down on me, pulling the strings of creation. She had this one scene in that video that was very very close to what I was picturing.

 Then she comes down from her place in space, activates the robot and he stands up. That was like me falling for her and chasing after her and getting switched on to whatever this is.

First she wipes the dust (playa) off his face and its a tv screen. I felt like I was a tv ever since my friend Rick said I was like there tv one day at the circle. Everyone was reading my mind so I was entertainment to these people. A tv screen if you will. She then kisses him and he turns into a god like her. That was me getting the jump from her I thought I would get at Burning Man.

The end of the video was the weirdest. She lets go of her skirt or whatever she was wearing and she had the legs I was imagining when I thought she was Satan. After that she puts on these glasses. That felt like those eyes I would sometimes see that I thought was her looking back at me. The video was her telling the world she had the sight of the chosen one. Then the two of them go off together at the end of the world. My vision of us in Amenti.

I was speechless. How did a video made in 20011 know what I was going through in 2016 & 17? How did she know I would chose her in 2011 if I didn’t ask for her at Burning Man till 2016? Could she have known the thought I thought in 2011? That if I would marry a supermodel it would be her? Is that when I really chose her? It was

I don’t know where that “it was” just came from. I went back to proofread my paragraph as I do and it was there at the end of it but I don’t remember typing it. God? Satan? Katy?

 “cough cough”

Okay sorry I asked. Excuse me while I punch myself in the face.)

 There was her Chained To The Rhythm video. In that video she sits with everyone wearing these 3D glasses watching the big tv. The tv comes to life and picks her out of the crowd. The lyrics say “put your rose colored glasses on and party on” that felt like her telling me to do that gold bond thing where I thought her spirit was inside me. The world was a sort of rose color when my eyes would shift into Katy mode.

 The tv first talked to me one night after I would learn the salute game. I was walking buy a bar and looked in to see what I saw. I looked at the tv and said “well?” gave that wheres my salute face and sure enough it turned out to be an Air Force commercial and there was a soldier giving a real salute to the camera. I was so blown away by what I had just seen. I had this look of amazement, wonder, and power all in one. I didn’t know how they did it but I liked it.

 I didn’t watch any tv really while I was homeless, obviously. So I wouldn’t get the next gift (or lesson or torture whatever it is I guess all three) until I got home. It started with the usual stuff. Left and right my thoughts, salutes, and pokes. Eventually it would start talking to me directly. I don’t remember what they said the first time that had me upset but when I buried my face in the pillow and started crying it said “it’s okay. Calm down. Yes this is real. Remember you wanted this.” I was sad that I had to go through this weirdness. It was kinda cool but kinda freaky. How did they do it? It was a pre recorded show. So was that commercial. I was becoming such a big deal they would make entire shows synchronize to my thoughts. How could that be if all I had been getting at home was pokes?

 The next thing I watched when I was looking at Katy’s work to find out if i was anything to her was the show that made me fall for her. Super Bowl XLIX. I turned it on and she started her poke. It was the way she held the rains of her lion. When I had a negative thought she would snap that rope telling me to stop. It poked pretty good so I wasn’t to sure if I could keep going but I did. It was hard to stay positive when you don’t know what’s going on.

 Then the song was over and after she performed Dark Horse it was time for the next part of the show. It was the first time I heard her say my name. “Ladies and gentleman Lenny Kravitz.” I didn’t even remember him being part of that show. That just like Burning Man’s theme Leonardo Da vinci’s Workshop made me think once again it was all about me. I was happy and sad. If this was true why not now? When would I get to be the Lenny she’s standing next to?

 I moved on as the show did. Next up was Missy Elliott. I had the thought the exact moment she said “we all salute. We all salute.” Cool. I would pretend to give them wings and they would show it in there dance moves. There was another dance move that Katy and her girls would do the exact moment I thought it but I’m a little embarrassed to share it. I think I’ll just keep that between me and the thigh gap. Hehe, get it ladies? I know your reading.

 Katy’s other poke she would hit me with was the way she would hold a note extra long or would change the notes in her singing of her songs the way that reggae music would. It was a painful poke and when I started getting more and more upset with it I turned to calling myself a piece of shit over and over like I do.

Then Katy gets upset too and it was real as fuck. Her face went from a smile to a look of torture. That was the pain in her face I saw the first time I watched it back in 2015. I was so sad to make her so sad.

The first time I saw that show I fell in love. The second time I just fell. It was so crazy how they could do that in time. They were watching me watch them it was so…. I don’t even know. Cool and weird at the same time. I see it and believe it I just don’t know if it’s true.

**Chapter 24**

Katy was on tour during this time and was coming to Denver. I was planning on going but didn’t know what would happen when I got there. Would I get embarrassed when I would think she was asking me to come on stage even though she wouldn’t be? Would she poke me and make me hit myself in front of a bunch of people? Or would it be a beautiful moment of being together without being together?

I was sure I wanted to go but was afraid of what might happen. I would end up crying either way. It was no big deal the day of the show. Since I was put in the loony bin on Thanksgiving,I was locked up the day she was in Denver. At least the loony bin is closer to the Pepsi Center than my house was.

The pokes, coughs, whatever would send me to (excuse me while I punch myself in the face, i’m a stupid piece of shit) the streets for help. I knew meth could help me so I called a friend to get my fix. He used to be a good friend before and after Apogaea. He was all about the Illuminati and taking them down in those days. He even has a tattoo of a bunch of stick people taking the all seeing eye off of the pyramid of the dollar bill. He was sure he would take them down back in the day.

I quit talking to him because I did some work for him that he never paid me for back in January 2015. I hadn’t talked to him since but he was the only one I knew that would have some meth. I was hoping he would still be a normie like me but when I got there he would salute me with a tip of his hat right away. Oh well, that pretty much was the normal now.

We smoked a bowl and caught up like friends do. He asked me to tell him about Katy Perry. That was weird to me. Did my sister tell him I went to California looking for her? I didn’t know what to say. I was so embarrassed about the whole Katy thing. I didn’t want them to think I was some hopeless crazy stalker. Having all these stupid thoughts about her and what I went through trying to get with her. He was understanding and took the conversation over turning it to himself.

I tried asking about his mission to take down the Illuminati but he just said something like “oh you know. I still am, i’m just doing it in a different way now.” He had many focuses now. Being a meth head he had lots of things he was doing. He too was a truth seeker but was now focused on God. He was really into scripture and languages. He was teaching himself greek and hebrew at the same time. We had a good conversation and it was a new friend I could confide in.

It was so nice to be high again. When I was high on meth the poke was much easier to deal with. I became almost resistant to it. I found a cure. I kept missing the way things were before I was put through spiritualist school. I loved the positives but hated the negatives. If I had to give up the positives to get rid of the negatives I would.

The meth made the negatives tolerable so I was happy again. It didn’t make them go away it just gave me the strength to deal with it. I was doing so much better at home. I even loved my mom again.

She had noticed I was doing better. I was hoping that she would understand it was medicine to me, so I told her it was because I was doing meth. I don’t like keeping secrets from my mom and she has always been understanding to me.

She didn’t like it. She didn’t care if it was helping me she didn’t want that stuff around. She asked if I was doing it in her house.

I lied and said I wasn’t. I was really doing it in the bathroom.

She told me I can do whatever I want but I’d better keep it in my car.

I had stashed a broken pipe and a paperclip I used to scrape it in the bathroom and would forget about them. One day it was cold so I didn’t want to go outside to smoke that morning. I loaded my pipe and must have dropped some on the counter because when I got home from work my sister tells me not to get comfortable and I was to call mom right away.

I called knowing she found my paraphernalia but tried to play stupid. “Hey you told me to call you”

“Why did you lie to me” she asked.

“What are you talking about” I asked back.

“You told me you weren’t using in the house.”

“Okay i’m sorry. I was using in the house before you asked but haven’t since you told me not to.” I lied again.

“Yes you are. Alisha found some on the counter this morning. She also found your pipe and cleaning tool.

What if the kids would have found it? What it the dogs had gotten a hold of it? You know how I feel about drugs and that I don’t want them in my home. What were you thinking.” she scolded.

“I guess I wasn’t. I’m a stupid piece of shit okay?”

“No you’re not you just do stupid things sometimes. I’m sorry son but you are no longer welcome to stay in my house. You need to pack your things and leave.”

“Can’t we talk about this. I’m sorry. I’ll throw the rest of it out and never touch it again. Please don’t do this.” I begged.

“No, your done. I told you and you lied to me and I want you gone.”

I begged and pleaded but she still wasn’t budging. I was homeless once again. She told me if I quit the drugs and was able to pass a drug test I could come back. I was willing to give it a try but it would be a few days before I was ready.

I called my sister Jessica who also was a best friend and she helped me get a hotel for the next two nights. It was a depressing dump of a hotel but it was better than sleeping in my car. I got a room with a shared bathroom and when my sister checked the bed there was a come stain on the head of the bed spread.

“That’s disgusting. I think I would rather sleep in the car” I told her.

“It’s not that bad” she said. So I turned the whole mattress around and we slept with the stain at our feet.

I told you about me moving my thoughts to the sounds around me rather than the voice in my head. I would eventually start to hear other things in the sound affects. It started in Huntington Beach with an eighteen wheeler going over a divet in the road. It was of course dumb nigger but that was the only time it said that.

The second time was when I was laying down one night at the bench I slept at. The road noise from tires moving across the pavement would tell me what kind of cars they were. “I’m a ford explorer. I’m a BMW” and so on.

At home they became more things. When I would walk to 7 eleven with Jessica they would be the thoughts of the people in the cars. They would just be saying hello or what’s up and stuff of that nature. Sometimes they were just the sounds themselves telling me what the sound was. My mom has a metal gate in front of her trailer and the metal on metal sounds would say “close the gate.” Then as i’m walking up the ramp I step on a dead “leaf.”

The dogs next door were some mean dogs and they would tell me to “fuck off” with their barks. I would ask them why they were so mean and they would say “I don’t like you.” When I would come home my moms dogs would say “hey everyone Lenny’s home. Lenny’s home from work.”

I would of course think that it was Katy sometimes too. She was always the voice in the birds while they were singing their songs. I would call her Katy bird when they were her.

 We would have conversations through these sound effects. I sometimes thought all the sounds I heard were coming from her somehow but would eventually realize it couldn’t be. That little voice I was hearing eventually became God and what he or she was thinking.

The funniest sound effects came from my sister that night in the come stained bed. She was fast asleep snoring heavily. I would start to hear thoughts coming out of her snores. I giggled and we had a conversation about, I don’t remember. I do remember asking her if she was really sleeping and she told me she was. I wasn’t totally sure but I believed her for the most part.

We only had enough money for the two nights. After that I had to sleep in my car.

I would call and text my mom to try and reason with her telling her that I needed the meth to help me with my Schizophrenia but she didn’t care.

I would eventually get pissed off and start fighting with her. It was her fault anyways. I wouldn’t need the meth if she wasn’t coughing at my thoughts. She was a mind reading brainwasher that was driving me insane. I told her I was no longer her son because the way she was treating me.

She would argue back and finally ask me, if I really felt like that, why would I even want to come back? She had a good point.

“Because I have nowhere else to go” I told her. I wouldn’t speak to her again until I was clean.

I was stuck. I needed the drugs to help the poke but didn’t want to live in my car. I only had a couch at my moms but it was still better than a car. I caved and quit the meth so I could make her happy and have a home.

Jessica and I would get a hotel again when we could afford it for a night. I would also stay in the crisis center for three days. That was until they made me leave for being a distraction to others. I was distracting them buy punching myself in the face whenever they coughed. Between the hotel, crisis center, and car, I managed to go 8 days without using meth.

I texted my mom, told her I was clean and ready for her drug test. She had a new reason to keep me out. Those things I said during our fight were too hurtful to her and she didn’t want me back.

I couldn’t believe it. I did what she asked. It felt like she would find any reason to keep me from coming home. I was so distraught. I had hit myself so much in the crises center I couldn’t hit myself again. I really wanted to but I figured if I was going to self destruct I would just go back to meth instead.

I called my home girl Roxy and was high within the hour.

**Chapter 25**

 I told my friend Aaron that I was sleeping in my car so he offered me the couch for a night or two. He lived with his mother and she is one of the cutest moms i’ve met. So sweet and so supportive of her son no matter how crazy he was. She would decide to let me stay for good after just a few nights. She told me I was welcome to stay as long as I wanted by giving me a key to the house. She is an angel for sure even though her son turned out to be a demon.

 Those nights I would spend with him, staying up smoking meth, were some of the most important nights I would have in my journey to find God. He would go on and on about what it meant to be a person of God and how he was and nobody else was. He would tell me I was close but I had to be more like him and follow him. Like he was Jesus and I was a disciple.

He was hell bent on getting at this one pastor he didn’t agree with. He showed me loads of messages he sent this guy. Really long messages that I didn’t even really read. I did see one part where he literally tells the guy to tell him he is wrong. The guy does and Aaron goes off on him some more.

I felt bad for both of them. Aaron really felt wronged by the guy and the pastor had to listen to him. I don’t know etiquette here but if your both talking about Jesus couldn’t you come to some sort of compromise?

 He thought he was some sort of apostle from our time and he was going to get disciples to follow him and he was trying to make me one of those followers. I believed in Jesus I had read the first three books of the new testament with Bruce a couple of nights. He would of course torture me while I read it but he was also helping me understand parts I didn’t know how to perceive. I didn’t agree with all of Bible but reading the story of Jesus made me fully believe in him again.

 Aaron didn’t like that I didn’t fully agree with the bible. He wanted me to believe in the same God he did which was the God of the bible or as he said it “the God of Israel” I did believe in the God of the Bible I just thought he was a dick. I didn’t believe he was just the God of israel. I thought he was everyone's God.

When my mom kept insisting she wasn’t coughing at my thoughts I started to think God must be doing it. If so he was a being a dick to me. That was when I would start to think of God as person or something that had a personality, not just something that just creates for no good reason.

I really didn’t like him. I was glad he was there for the people that did like him but he was making my life so hard and confusing, I thought he was an ass hole.

 I would start telling anyone that would talk about God how I felt about him being such a dick. When they would ask why, I told them because he creates evil. All the shit I had been given with there fucking pokes. Only a dick would do something like that to a good guy like me. They would tell me that it was Satan not God.

I would ask them who created Satan?

They would answer God.

Well then there you go. Dick move. There wouldn’t be any of the shit if he hadn’t created Satan in the first place. It was all his fault.

Aaron didn’t like me calling him that. Or that I didn’t agree with the Bible. He suggested that if I read more of it I might change my mind. I didn’t think it would but I was always looking for truth so I gave it a try. I knew I liked the story of Jesus, maybe there would be other good stuff in there.

I would start with the beginning. The book of Genesis. It started out okay but it wasn’t that good. I liked the story of Adam & Eve I just thought it was too short.

Then it was nothing but begets. This person begot this person begot that person would have kids at this age who begot another person. I listened to this stuff for around 45 minutes and couldn't take it anymore and shut it off. I was listening to it, not reading it but it’s the same thing.

I told Aaron about how boring it was and he suggested I listen to other books. We would listen to some together. We started with the book of Job. I don’t know if you're familiar with the story but God had taken everything from Job to prove to Satan, Job would keep the faith. That proved God was a dick I told Aaron. He did all that to poor Job, just to prove a point to Satan? Super huge gigantic dick if you ask me.

I may have missed the point of the story because i’m not sure we listened to it all. I would pick up two things from that story. The second being that God and Satan seemed a little flirty when they were talking to each other. I thought they might even be a couple.

I had started witnessing these synchronicities in california but when I got home they would get bigger and more frequent. They would start in the traffic and would work there way into all sorts of things. The traffic is the biggest one of them all.

I have loved the automobile since I got my first Hot Wheels toy when I was a toddler. My love of cars would become another way for the Illuminati to talk to me. Other then the usual left right answers they would start talking to me with there make and or model. It's really quite a list to go through and even harder to explain what I was thinking the moment a certain one drives buy but I’ll share a few.

Do you remember the cars would honk at my thoughts? The synchronicity would not attack my thoughts, they would answer the questions in my mind. If the answer was yes there would be a “Jeep” passing buy. If the answer was no a Nissan would pass buy and I would think “no is not.” Nissan has the Xterra and if I thought something like killing myself I would see one of those and know that “X-terrable” or that’s terrible. It also has the Juke which is a “joke.” There are others but I don’t feel like sharing them all.

Another way I would notice these Synchronicities was with something as simple as someone, or the radio, or the tv would say the exact word or two sometimes three the exact moment I would think them. It would do the same thing with something I was hearing the exact same time I would see something. Like when the radio would play a Dodge Charger commercial one would change lanes in front of me at the same time.

There are also numbers. I guess they started long before California. When I started my spiritual awakening I would always be passing crosswalk signs with counters on them and 9 times out of ten, I would pass it the same time my favorite number, 12 was on it. They also appear on money all the time for me. I am always getting dollars with the letter L and the number 12 on it in that spot for the single letter and number. Even my own birthday and initials are synchronised to each other. L is the 12th letter J is the 10th. I was named after my grandfathers so it wasn’t done on purpose. (on purpose from God though. He knew I would love numbers and synchronicity when he planned my birthday)

At first I thought it was the mind readers doing there thing but some of them were just too impossible for it to be just them. I started to think God had to have something to do with them too.

I remember the day I would start to think God was really the one in charge of these things. I don’t remember the exact thought but right as I pulled up in front of Aaron's house two SUVs that were the same color come to the intersection at the same time and stop. They were going in opposite directions and crossed the intersection at the same time. That was a way I would be told that it was a perfect thought.

It was a thought about God. A perfect thought. I wish I could tell you the exact thought but I forgot shortly after I thought it. I do remember that was when I started to like him a little bit.

One night Aaron and I were discussing God and I told him that we could never see him because he would be so beautiful that once we saw him we would be so overcome with joy we would just pop.

He said “see how feel about him?”

I was at a loss for words. If I thought he was such a big dick why would I think such a nice thought about him?

Aaron would torture me the same way everyone else did. His cough was Nasty though. One of the harshest i’ve dealt with. He would torture me in another way that was unique to him. He was a big talker. Loved to talk and would hog the conversation all the time. I was once trying to tell him about my day when I got home from work and when I wouldn’t let him cut me off he would roll his eyes at me like my words weren’t important.

If I disagreed with him we would get in an argument and he would tell me not to get so angry. I didn’t even feel mad at the time so we would start to argue about that. He would tell me I was angry because I was raising my voice. I don’t know how but he always won, I would apologize and we would forget what we were arguing about in the first place.

When he would ask my opinion about things I would try to see things from all angles and not make one. Then he would always disagree with me when I actually had one. He would start to disagree with me all the time. It didn’t matter what I was talking about. If I had something to say he would disagree with me and talk talk talk about subject after subject after subject until I forgot what I was even thinking.

I would ask him questions about God. I believed he would answer since he was so close to him and wanted me to be too. He would just say “think about this” and he would never answer my question directly. He would go on and on and on until I forgot the question altogether.

This became frustrating. He would even accuse me of being the one that would hog the conversation and never agree with him. I would get to the point of punching myself in the face and he told me I was being to easy on myself, and I wasn’t causing enough harm.

He would tell me I couldn’t stay at his house anymore if I continued to do this or that and when I would go to leave he would say “no, that’s not what I meant.” One day he even left me a long two to four page letter and messaged my phone with another long long message. He was so obsessed with me I had enough. I got home from work, grabbed my basket of things and haven’t seen him since.

Those nights while I was alone and away from his torture I would watch YouTube videos of Katy on toure. One night I was dozing off barely paying attention and she says “Leonard Farrar!”

I look up and go “huh?”

Then she asks “how am I doing this?”

I grab my phone and go to talk to her like I could with the tv sometimes but she went into her next song like nothing happened. I didn’t get it. Was it real or did I hallucinate it? I wish I would have remembered what city she was in because I would’ve watched it the next day to see if it really happened. I didn’t think about it at the time though.

There was one other thing that would speak to me on one of those methed out doze offs. This time it didn’t come from my phone because I wasn’t even listening to anything. It was the same voice as one of the Bible audio books I had listened to but was a little deeper and more distinked. It was God. As always he started off by telling me a joke.

I said “you’re funny.”

He said “now what kind of God would I be without a sense of humor?”

I said “that’s true” and then thought wait. That can’t be real. God isn’t talking to me I must be going crazy. The voice stopped and I was left wondering if it really happened or not. I wanted to tell someone about what I just experience and couldn’t wait to ask Aaron what he thought, since he was much closer to God than me, but I forgot what his joke was.

The whole point of me trying to tell someone was to tell them how funny he was but I couldn’t even remember how the conversation went down.

**Chapter 26**

 I went back to sleeping in my car in the parking lot at work. It was a little scary since before I went to stay with Aaron someone got murdered just 50 yards away from where I slept.

 It was only a few nights before my friends Hannah and Suave would have a party. While I was there I had told them that I was living in my car and they said that I could stay with them.

 I was working at Big O Tire and it was becoming a terrible place to work. I had gotten my hours cut and my manager was a total bone head.

The torture I was getting there was coughs as usual. This one salesmen was always coughing at me. It wasn’t just my thoughts anymore either. He would cough anytime he crossed my path. He would go from my left side to my right side. “A-HA!” (that’s a cough) He would go from my front to my back “AHA!” anytime I would open the door to the showroom “AHA!” It was absolutely the most annoying thing I still have to go through to this day. I finally went off on him telling him he was this and that and asking him if he wanted to fight. He was a cripple with a tiny hand on one side so clearly he was not in any shape to fight.

He told my I was crazy for thinking he was a mind reader and had a serious look the whole time we were arguing. As he went to walk away though he put this ugly smile on his face as if to say “ha ha made you want to fight a cripple.”

 Suave had a position open up at the place he works called All Copy. They are a copy machine sales and services company. I went through three interviews. I was getting excited until I bombed the third one. I was not going to get the job and would have to continue just getting 24 hours at Big O. A week later however, they finally called back and I got the job.

 When I was diagnosed with schizophrenia they put me on some medication. I would go to mental health clinic and get my dosage increased and another prescription to go with the first. I was glad to have it because it gave me the help I needed to get to sleep at night with my meth addiction. Now that I was away from Aaron and I had lost my friend Roxy’s number, I no longer had the means to get my fix. So I decided to quit the meth altogether.

 I have been tortured with people coughing ever since my time spent in the Los Angeles county jail. Everywhere I go to this day people are always coughing one or two times when I have thoughts they want to be tortured. It’s a natural thing. Coughing is what you do when you have something in you throat or lungs. I would remember that while I was living with Hannah, Suave, and there other two roommates.

 The medication and lack of meth would eventually start working and I no longer felt that a cough was people judging my thoughts. I also lost the answering of the questions in my head and all the synchronicity along with it. My world had transformed back into the world it was before I went to California. I was cured.

 I was lonely now too. The mind readers were torturing me when they didn’t like my thoughts but they would always answer my questions. I also missed the connection I thought I had with God. I was really starting to like him and felt like he was watching me. Now that I was back to the real world I was alone.

 I started my new job and everything was going great. I was now cured of my schizophrenia and quit my meds since I was better. The job is one of the easiest better paying jobs I have had. I still work there today.

 I was thinking one day during lunch how I missed the good things about my schizophrenia and with that thought it all came back with a cement mixers compressors purge.

While I was in Cali every truck and bus that would cross me would purge its compressor. You know the sound i’m talking about. That little “PSH” sound. I thought it was just another form of a salute. If I would be expecting it to do it, it wouldn’t. It would happen 95 percent of the time. I probably had 100 air planes fly directly over me while in California too.

 That purge that day I was driving back to work from from Taco Bell brought back everything. My yes no answers the synchronicity and unfortunately, the pokes. At work they were coughing at my thoughts again. I would get upset with one guy for doing it and again offered to fight. My boss came and talked to me about what was going on and when I told him he let me have the rest of the day off.

 I was getting uncomfortable at Suaves house and when I decided to ask my mom if I could come back home she said she’ll think about it. One of my co-workers that was also one of Suaves friends happened to have the other room open up in his apartment, so I moved in, and finally for the first time since just after Burning Man, I had my own space and my own bed. It is the place I still live today.

 The coughs would become to be too much again so I would end up going to the streets for meth. I got salvation with the meth from the coughs but it would make me go even crazier. I would start thinking I was talking to these spirits. I could even hear there voices in the air. Those voices I would hear in the air were my family, God & Satan. God came to me first and told me to write this book, my life story. Satan just wanted to help but she didn’t start talking to me till I already started writing.

 This is all that happened before I stated this book. I had so much happen after I started writing I would start to write it before I was done with the first part and that is why the next three chapters are labeled with ?’s instead of numbers.

**Chapter ?**

 When I started thinking of this book God had told me that I had to write a book telling my life and what the illuminati had done to me and all that i’m going through. I was scared at the time. What would the real world think of me? What would my family think? I would have to talk about Bruce calling me that name and what it ment. How I put Thoth ahead of God, breaking the first commandment. And how I tried to sell my soul to Satan. I didn’t want to admit that, but I loved God and promised I would do anything for her.

 The next day was a new kind of hell at work. While doing my job the poke came in. This time they poked me and it felt like they were poking my God. It felt like every time I thought something stupid about her it punched her in the face. I would get so upset when they did it. I would do anything for God. She was the most beautiful God I still know today. I didn’t want to think anything stupid about her. So that poke hurt bad.

I was in my car on break when the ugliest poke came in the form of a joke. It had me devastated. The saddest cry that was so upset. I cried out “mama im sorry im soo sooorryyy” I couldn’t stand Punching her in the face like that. She was my God, my all things. I didn’t want to think anything that could hurt her. I couldn’t take it.

 About 7 minutes into this cry of the gods she came into me begging me with my own being “baby baby please. Calm down. I told you it doesn’t hurt me. It’s just a joke. You have to understand that.”

I got it. It was to show me how sweet I was and how much I loved God. That was the best moment I had with my mama. That had to be what my book would be about. My relationship with God. So on the 25th I started writing my life story.

 A few days later I was having less and less conversations with mama God. She would leave me when I would get poked and I asked her why?

She said because it was funny.

I asked how do I defeat the poke? Could she explain the joke?

She said she couldn’t, I had to get it for myself.

So I thought hard and long on it. I looked at the two of us being together trying to figure out why she thought it was funny and I didn’t. She didn’t know why, I didn’t know why, i’m looking at God and she’s looking at me. I thought who do you go to when your God won’t tell you what she wants you to learn?

So I looked deeper and higher into my mind and saw her God. It was a male like me and he was looking at us wondering why we couldn’t figure it out.

I remember once I asked her if she was the all who was her God? She told me she worshipped a being that was made up of nothing but feeling and emotion.

I looked at the three of us. I was confused, she thought it was funny, and he was crying. Oh my God? Oh well at least one of us is happy I thought, but then he spoke.

He said “it’s not okay.”

I asked why?

He said “because it hurts you”

I kept thinking about her as I usually did, now I had him to ponder too. What was he if she worshipped him? The only thing that made seance was me, my feelings and emotions. We worshiped God, she worshiped her children. I loved it.

Then I heard that even bigger God speak again.

He said “I am the same God you have been talking to all week. I only came to you as a female because I am both and it was the only way you would let me in. However, I am a male.”

That made me sad. I loved having a mama for a God. it was what my book was going to be about. How my God was female and how she comes to me and or into me when I am in the dark and need her most. God and the Illuminati both said I didn’t need a mama anymore and that I had moved on from that so I sadly agreed. I needed to grow up.

That night I was picturing what his genitals looked like if he was both. It was a penis with a vagina where his testicals would have been if he was human. I don’t know what it was about it but I couldn’t help myself. In my mind I started sucking, licking, jacking, fingering, and fucking all at the same time. I wanted God so bad. So I picture what he looked like as a person. I pictured a beautiful male figure with this crazy genitals. With that image I could make love to him and I did. I imagined it was him while I jacked off right then and there.

**Chapter ??**

 It was the first night of November. I was up late writing this book. As i’m dozing off I find i’m surrounded by three spirits. It felt like they had me in some sort of ship and they were experimenting on me. They said I shouldn’t be wherever it was that I was. I should not be able to see them or hear them but I could. Clear as day too.

I got really freaked out and jumped out of my bed. I turned around and am face to face with the biggest spirit I had ever seen standing in the corner of my room.

It asked if I knew who it was.

I shook my head no.

It said “I’m Satan.” The way that voice sounded like two voices both male and female at the same time. That told me this was the real deal.

When I thought I was talking to Satan those years before I saw the same darkness but a much smaller spirit. It didn’t have a voice either. We spoke through my thought, that’s why I wasn’t sure it really happened. Lucky my friend Lucky told me it was Imen, and Satan was like God and had to have angles talk to humans and that was what I experienced when I tried to sell my soul.

 I was about to ask if it was male or female since the voice was so obscure but before I had a chance to even finish my thought she announced she was female.

She asked if she could help me out with something.

I said that would be fine. What are you going to do?

She said she was just going to call me names to help me not punch myself anymore. That didn’t sound too bad so I asked why she wanted to help me?

She told me I was her spirit animal and she didn’t want to see me hurt myself anymore.

Are you sure I asked?

She assured me spirit couldn’t hurt physical and I was her spirit animal so she would never do anything evil to her favorite son.

Then she asked if she could come in? She was kind of scary but I could tell she was being sincere and wanted to help a good cause. So I regrettably agreed and let her in.

Then she told me to lay down so she could show me something. I do. Next thing I know, cups are being knocked over, sheets are dancing on pillows, clothes hanging up are waving from there hangers, it was amazing. I told her to flip some coins that were on my floor, ping, ping. No sweat. When I went to look at the coins she quickly flipped them back over. “Nope doesn’t work like that” she said. “You have to believe.” I still don’t know what that meant.

When her spirit finally came to rest on the bed I could hardly see it. She was beautiful. The most beautiful darkness I couldn’t see or explain but it was beauty. When she moved inside me I got so horney. I started doing it with her just as I did God that night before. I didn’t picture her in my head yet. I was so worked up I didn’t have the time.

I finally would picture her the second time. She was this very tall very curvy perfect for her size woman with a penis coming off her tail bone. The second time I don’t remember what got me going. Oh yeah. She asked me to picture her was all it took. when I did, God had asked if he could be in my head while we did it because it was the only they could be together. I figured why not and started. Satan was on top but When I pictured God’s spirit coming into me Satan got off of me and was no longer interested. She left me with blue balls. I wouldn’t even jack off to get off. I wanted them more then an oragasm.

I was doing it wrong because later the three of us would do it the right way. She was the bottom, he was the top, and I was jacking off to give the pictures feeling. We all would finish at the same time and I would have the biggest oragasm I have ever had. It would even became a little uncomfortable before it finally stopped.

The day after she first introduced herself my new friend showed her dark side. I would be trying to focus on my job and she kept fucking with me. She’d move shit from here to there. Change the fonts on the packages I was trying to send out, screw with the computer in annoying ways. At first it was kinda funny. After the 11th or so “did I do that?” it got fucking annoying. I told that bitch to stop but she didn’t.

The name calling she told me was going to happen didn’t really get as bad as I thought it would. She would do it in a way that didn’t hurt as bad as it did when I do it.

Then her little hounds started to poke as they do so I go a punching. I give myself a good one and that evil cunt puffs up my face and blocks all the pain.

“What the fuck was that?” I said “you won’t let me punch myself?”

She said “what you’re doing isn’t good for you, you need to stop.”

I told her to fuck off and that she couldn’t take my defence away and she says.

“Wait, your not only hurting yourself that hurts me too.”

At first I felt a little bad. She was helping me and I was hurting her.

Wait, what? I feel bad for Satan? Fuck that shit. So I punched myself harder and harder until she let go and it finally hurt again.

Fuck you Satan. I don’t need your fucking help anymore and then she left for the rest of day.

Where I got confused is why she seemed good. She insisted she was evil but I wasn’t seeing it. Usually when the others told me what to do I would regretfully do what they asked. Satan was always reminding me it was my life and I should do what I want. That didn’t seem evil.

A couple days later I was driving to work when her and God started fucking with me together. They were horrible to me. He would tell me he was going to change the universe because I said it was stupid.

Then she would tell me I have to decide if something is stupid or not and if I called something stupid that wasn’t stupid, he said he would make it stupid. I was so fucking scared of every little thought I had and wondering if it were stupid or not. The whole lesson was very stupid.

Then they both started telling me I was about to start the apocalypse if I thought about it one more time. I tried so hard to control my thoughts. I would push them out as hard as I could but it slipped in there anyway.

“That’s it Lenny it’s over, go outside & look in the sky.”

I was shaking so much with sadness, shame, & fear. I hated myself for what I had just done. I nervously go to the door, open it up, look outside expecting to see something, and it was a perfect sunny day with blue skies.

“HAHAHAHA”. They were both laughing so much at me. They thought it was hilarious the way I believed everything they said. They did it to me twice that day. They would do this to me several times over the next month.

This has given me the conclusion that both God & Satan are both good & evil. If both want to help me out buy coming to me and speaking to me that’s good. When they both torture me with there humer, that’s evil.

Even as I write this book. He’s saying “don’t write that.” she’s saying “you can’t tell people that.” neither of them want there other sides to be revealed so both of them are coming after me.

They would come and go depending on how high I got. Sometimes I would think God was in me talking through my thoughts but then would think what if i’m doing it wrong? I don’t want to piss him off. He once told me I was going to have to go through 700 years of torture but later told me nothing would ever do that to me. The more I kept thinking I was as close to God as I could be or I was in the worst hell I could be in the next day would bring another God and or another hell.

When he told me I was going to be tortured for 700 years he said I was going to live 18,000 years. I would think about what kind of life that would be and at the end I had gone mad thinking I was God. I was so scared. I didn’t want that life. That was the scariest God of them all.

I really thought this book is what would start it all. I didn’t want to be tortured 700 years so I didn’t want to finish my book. I didn’t want to meet Katy. I didn’t want to do anything. I had absolutely no will to even want. It was such a dark, dark, empty, lonely, lonely feeling and place, not wanting a single thing. I didn’t want to live but I didn’t want to kill myself. I had no God anymore because he had sentenced me to 18,000 years of life so I had no one to go to with this darkness. I started crying with the most fear a Godless, wantless, creature could cry with.

That’s when another spirit of God came to me. I was crying with a fear I thought would never leave when I felt it. It was the same feeling I got with my mama but it was uttering “my people.” It was the spirit of the people as one. I was assured my people had my back and were there for me.

It was such a good feeling I relax completely and start to move around since I was so tense for so long trying to figure out what I wanted. I started with my neck moving my head around to loosen it up. Then I start to move my head left to right and my back starts to follow. It felt so good so I stand up and start to move my whole spine in this left and right motion. I think it was my kundalini because I was moving in a snake type of motion.

Than Katy comes in just long enough to tell me I was wrong about her.

On my way to work those feelings would all disappear when the radio pretty much told me I was not done and was not thinking what I should be. That was my normal for a few nights. I would have a great revelation at night and they would take it away the next day.

The greatest feeling I got in all those nights was this feeling I got when I thought I had finally found myself. I mean really really found myself. I had started with a joke. I was the one doing theses scary things to myself so I said “thanks a lot Lenny you scared the hell out of me” something about it. The joke I told myself, about myself, was for myself, not any mind reader listening. I started laughing harder than I ever have when I had that God feeling but just the feels and it was amplified. I saw this trippy kind of view of myself in multiples that went up and down in a straight line. It felt like it was the universe opening up and showing me the self I needed.

I felt like I was now two beings in one but still the one thing. It was the spirit of the self. My self. I loved this self. It was like I was my higher self in charge of looking after my lower self. I loved him like a son and would do anything to protect him. I especially wouldn’t want to punch him in the face.

The next day at work when the poke came I wouldn’t. I went to a few times but just couldn’t do it to me. I thought I had finally won. I was finally done punching myself. They kept poking and since I still couldn’t explain it and they had said “its because you told us to” I thought maybe it was the self that did it. I couldn’t communicate with it but maybe they could. With that thought I lost that amazing feeling I had found the night before and once again punched myself in the face. Take that you stupid self.

**Chapter ???**

 About a week ago I was having really negative thoughts about the future God said would never happen. I was so worked up by it. He kept changing what he was saying because I would change if I believed or not. I couldn’t control it and he kept telling me to control it. I would think aliens were coming to get me and the world, I would think I had to set myself on fire, all sorts of crazy things.

When none of them happened I would feel like it was a big joke. I knew I wasn’t controlling things like I was believing I was. They had me believing just because I thought something it was about to happen. It took a lot of work but I know that’s not the truth anymore. I’m still fighting some things in my head like that feeling I had today but I feel like it's only a matter of time before my life makes sense again.

 This book should help. I asked God today why she asked me to write it and he said it was for me. I didn’t think I would ever write a book again after that little one. I wanted to but could never get my lazy ass up to do it. God gave me the push I needed to get it done. Not just for God but for me. It’s now my current time and place in life. I still feel Katy every now and then I still feel God sometimes and I still battle with my friends in the illuminati. Everyone is just trying to help me they say, so I guess it’s to help me write a good book.

**Chapter X**

 In the beginning there was the light and the dark. The dark was anything and the light everything. They were right up against each other. Anything was all there could be and everything was all there would be. One had all it could want the other had all it would need. So everything tried to give anything, everything. And anything tried to accept everything so it could give everything, anything. But they just spun around each other. They went faster and faster and faster and faster and faster until finally they connected, creating and becoming a tiny golden circle of light. The light was holding the dark, creating its form, and the dark was pulling while pushing the light from every angle, keeping it connected to it’s form.

The light and dark were two energies that created one connection. The creation loved that connection so it needed the dark to show it, what connection was. So everything gave anything everything it was which was another golden circle of light. The dark pushed the second circle until the the light was connected to the very center of each circle. From the center of each circle the curved creator found the straight connection. The creation wanted more connections so it gave anything everything it was now and the darkness connected two new circles to the first two circles at the points they connected creating new shapes for both of them to see. They did this six times. After the sixth time they had all the information needed to create and keep the light and dark connected throughout all space and time, so perfectly that the universe was born. That creation and connection are made of the light and dark. Both are responsible for all things because one is anything and one is everything coming together to create something.

That something is you and me. The struggle with good and evil is there is no word to balance it. The evil has to exist for the good to exist. One creates for the other to connect and vise versa. There can be no good in the world without a little evil because good has to be the same things as evil on different sides of the spectrum. Still the same thing though. I have always seen the good in everybody. Now I see evil in them all too. It comes from both God and Satan so I know it is nothing to be afraid of.

Today I have finished this book and it just so happens to be my birthday. Here is one more synchronicity to end with. I began this book on her birthday and finished it on mine. Life is weird.

**Chapter Wrong**

At least I thought it would end. I thought I was done telling you all the things that had gone on up to now but there are some other things I would like you to know. I was thinking about it today that I still had work to do. I had thought I finished last night just so I could get to have that little synchronicity of it ending on my birthday. It still can because it is still my birthday so let me start with last night.

{Poke poke} I guess we will start with something else.

Remember all those eye exercises I would do in Cali? Well now, I have very sensitive eyes that can be affected by there cough. It’s like the feeling you get when someone jumps out at you when you weren’t expecting it. Only, the feeling is just in my eyes. I am a little jumpier all the way around too. I think it was there eye games that made me this way. That is one place I can explain the poke. It pokes the fear in my eyes but it is a physical pain too. Not that painful but it hurts.

Another thing that has been going on with me most recently is the tv and my roommates computer have started having conversations with my thoughts. It’s this really strange kind of feeling sometimes. It almost sounds like my roommates computer is really just some people on a soundstage like at a radio station and they are just there to communicate with my thoughts in some sort of set up to make it sound like a cartoon, video game, or Game of Thrones like my roommate claims it is. The tv however connects to my thoughts in such a way that makes me think he is really doing what he says he’s doing on his computer and the connection to my thoughts is something else.

Last night or the night before I was watching a movie that would start connecting to my thoughts but in a way that seemed like I was in another world. I told you how it looked like Katy started to frown because she was hearing me call myself a piece of shit. It was like that only it was still a plot in the movie so it had to be two things at once. I don’t know how it works but it makes things interesting to say the least.

Something has been trying to talk to me but I don’t know what. It’s like the whole world is built around my thoughts and is trying to tell me I’m something I don’t even understand.

I started becoming mindful of music before I went to Burning Man. I would listen real close to what the music was saying to my current situation. I thought it was angels or spirits guiding me so I listened with open ears.

That turned into me putting my situation into the music in California. The music was my feelings of Katy and hers of me since most songs are about love. Then it was my relationship with the Illuminati and because a lot of songs are about break up too. Then it would become my relationship with God and how we felt about each other. It always knows what to play.

Lately I have been having these thoughts that all music has been written for me, and about me, because it’s all prophecy. I would start hearing these little prophecies and how I was connected to them. The first was at my circle in Huntington. We were talking about shoes and when I told them my work boots were the most expensive piece of clothing I owned they asked “what’d you say?”

I told them “yeah they even cost more than my suit.”

Then they look at eachother and I hear something say “he will work in dress shoes” it may have even been Rick saying it I don’t know but it felt like a prophecy that could have been about me. I was starting to think I was the one meant to rule the world.

It would start with me becoming president by telling the people of the U.S. that if corporations are people the people should be corporations and be able to write off all expenses it takes to run there life. Things like rent or food or a car. I would get elected to give the same rights corporations have to the citizens. I would next become the leader of the new world order because it would happen during my presidency. The collapse of the dollar and WWIII so the world would need a global leader to bring the world together after such calamity’s.

The more prophecies I heard the more I would think this thought. I would go a long time without hearing any and forget that thought. I would go back to being a stupid piece of shit.

I don’t remember that many of them but I would start to hear them in the Bible. When Aaron and I would listen together I would start to feel like the Bible was talking to me. Just like the stupid tv and radio, it was connected to my thoughts. I didn’t know if I was losing it or if it was really happening. I don’t remember verses or where they came from but they were talking to me or about me. I remembered them saying he is the sweetest person you will ever know. Everything ever written about him will come true. I remember Jesus saying things about the son of man that felt like he was talking about me. The mashing of teeth due to my meth and spirit problem. The weeping. I have cried so hard and for so long for so many reasons. I have had cries that felt evil. Cries that felt good. Cries that felt fake. Cries that felt like others and cries that bring God. The way it talked to me had me thinking I was crazy and I would stop listening to it.

After my schizophrenia came back I was looking for answers again and I went to the Apocrypha. There was this book Baruk that explains the same thing I went through with me and my mama God and her God. It also told the same story about when I had been crying and she came into me to calm me down only it said it was an angel and I was the father. Then there was the Book of Thomas. Jesus was talking about the son of man and he who would not taste death. He said he who hates his life and I was sure hating my life. He would say the son of man would have no place to rest. Even my dreams have gone to this “who am I” state of thinking. I have no freedom of feeling like I am supposed to be some sort of God to the world.

The Illuminati would even put these thoughts in my head. One night I was coming in from smoking a cigarette and this little girl says hello from the window. I give her my greeting and her mother asks her who she is talking to? That little girl says “God.” So am I the father talked about?

God assures me I am not. He is God the father, not me.

When I would feel some of these prophecies come true I would get upset. I don’t want to be the president or rule the world, I just want Katy and to see the world. That prophecy about everything written about him would really fuck with my mind. The world would start to have this distorted kind of sound coming out of it. It was all about me all the time. That’s how all the music started to become prophecy about me. I would have every thought answered here or there any where. It got very uncomfortable and so did my thoughts.

They would start to tell me what to think with this new form of communicating. They would have me believing after I was the world leader something would come from outer space and want to make me the universal leader. I was scared of what that meant. If God said I would be tortured for 700 years maybe it was after I was a global leader. The illuminati were telling me I already was the world leader and the prophecy had been fulfilled and they were coming that night. Then I would get so scared and when they never came I would hear God say “gotcha.”

It had become this kill yourself or be tortured forever bit. I couldn’t ever kill myself I have tried. I was so scared for a week with this I even asked my roommate to help me light myself on fire. I thought Burning Man was just another prophecy that was about me and they were torturing me to death. That was the way I would kill myself, light myself on fire.

In all this prophecy stuff I would think about Katy’s prophecy. Her and the robot at the end of the world. If everyone would come true what about that one. That was the thing that really kept me going. Her knowing that whatever I am she would one day kiss me.

**Chapter Done**

 I am still trying to find my place in this world. I have gone back on my meds recently and the world is slowly going back to the way it was. I know there are two worlds going on right now and I need to stay in the one I was born in. I need to quit getting high because it just sends me to that place I don’t understand. It's a friendly world for the most part but it still pokes me.

 It also tells me my book will change the world. I don’t see how it could because I didn’t prove anything I wanted to except to myself. I don’t know if it’s drugs, I don’t know if it’s the schizophrenia, I don’t know if it’s even them.

 {PUNCH!!!} (a car door was just slammed)

 “What just happened?” my thoughts

 “Who are we?”

 You are God & Satan. My parents. My anything and my everything. My light and dark beautifully connecting so that they can create. I love both of them so much. If I quit doing drugs and stay on my meds they too will go away. I am strong enough I tell myself but what do you guys think?

 “You’re strong enough.” God & Satan

 Are your voices fading or are you leaving me on my own again?

 “Write what you want, I don’t care” mama says

 Papa tells me to “write this down………………………..”

 You two are funny!

 I guess I go wherever this leads me.

 I get so lonely in the old world. Welcome back guys. How do I end this book?

 “How ever you want” mama

 “You just did” fasha

 “You’re an ass hole” The people

 Okay now lonely makes sense. This is stupid

“Balance” ?

Okay fuck my story and fuck you. I have no Idea what is real and what isn't in my life anymore. I feel like I am stuck between two worlds and she is the only way out. I facebooked her the link to my Google Docs file before I wrote this chapter. She has not responded

I wanted this book to do three things. Make me rich, get me to meet her, and explain God and Satan. I’m sure to her I am just another celebrity stalker with a 68 page love letter that she’ll probably never even click on.

I hope you enjoyed the story of my life, more than I did living it.

**The End**

 I was wrong again. Today is the day after my birthday and some new developments have taken place. I have only emailed a link of this file to Katy. I figured she would have probably discarded it as an obsessed stalkers attempt to meet her and not even read it. I know i’m not the first guy to send her a book. I bet she gets things like this all the time.

 I was over Katy today and just wanted chapter X to make sense now. I figured I didn’t need a wife anymore. I see how married couples look at eachother and I already have that kind of relationship with them. (God & Satan) you too mindees.

I knew Katy and I definitely weren’t going to meet because it would take some money to get my book published. It will take me a few months to save the money, even more time for it to become big enough to get her attention. I was going to try but tonight I had Google docs tell me someone was logged into this file. I’m pretty sure she is reading now but don’t know how far her version goes. I will email her again tonight and let her know that I am still writing.

I sent her that link after I thought my book would end on my birthday and as you can see my stupid parents have created me to connect with myself some more so here I am.

This poke thing. Yesterday I only punched myself once. Today it was somewhere around 10 times. I still don’t fucking get it. Something programed me to see a cough in this way. When I try to make it go away loneliness comes back. Why did you do this to me? Am I being punished?

“No!” Everyone

Than what is it?I will keep fighting but don’t know how I go about it.

Writing this is a lot harder thinking she’s watching. Will this book even make sense?

“Of course it will” the airplane roared just now.

Now my browser just told me someone else was in my file. Then my internet shut down for about 30 seconds.

 My co-worker Mike today said that this is the problem with an autobiography, it's still happening.

I will continue my fight with the poke. I will fight it the only way I know how but that doesn’t seem fair. If you three are the ones that created this problem, you can take it away just as easy. I could be wrong about them too. I hate to be wrong. I guess I just keep living and learning. Stay tuned for the next chapter in this new, journal section of my book.

Katy if you are reading (or whoever is in charge of your FB if you’re not) how do you think I should end this? What questions would the reader want to find out?

I was just outside smoking the day’s last cigarette contemplating when I should end it. Then I thought I should have when God told me I just did. He’s the one that told me to write it in the first place. That would be the perfect ending. Then my own spirit tells me no. I don’t know what else to say.

They have told me that everyone is in on it but when I ask them directly they deny it. Then I think I am just a druggie with schizophrenia and they have to be right but that makes me feel like everything I know about God & Satan could be wrong.

I need them in my life but don’t know why I feel that way. I should be strong enough to live my life without there help but why do I feel so lonely without them? They are the best things in my life and the worst at the same time. I hate this game of be lonely and sane or be a druggie psychopath that punches himself in the face when people cough.

When does it end? How do I finish this book? Are they fucking with me or am I losing my mind?

I will try to find balance and defend the poke. They made it seem so deliberate it’s hard to think its just a cough again. I really want to call myself that list of names right now.

Whatever.

I feel like this will never end because I am just a stupid, worthless, narcissistic, schizophrenic, child molesting, fagot, pussy, piece of shit. God likes to also call me a douchebag and I was going to add it to the list but decided I will not. That one just doesn’t make sense. I did add it for one night. Then I asked Satan if she would like me to add a name for her to the list, she wanted to have piece of shit. I loved her for that. I wanted to keep her on it but that didn’t seem fair to God.

Awe fuck it, you both can share it since you can both be ass holes at times.

I am done for now. Again.

**12/12/2018**

 I have looked into publishing my book today and it is looking like it will be harder than I thought. I have a lot of work to do if I want someone to give me a contract and even more work if I decide to publish it myself.

 I don’t really know what I am expecting from this book anymore. At first I thought it would make me rich and famous getting me on some talk show where I would meet her. After I decided to send her the link to my book two days ago I thought maybe I could meet her without publishing my book. She still hasn’t responded so I don’t think that’s going to happen.

 I didn’t want to just get rich though, I wanted to give the world a good story about God & Satan. That’s what I thought would sell and inevitably make me rich in the process. I thought my book would get all sorts of people to see things from my point of view and everyone would agree with it sense I was there chosen one.

I am now doubting that will ever happen. The web site I was just looking at said books like mine are hard to sell to a publisher. I believe it’s a good story but I don’t know if anyone else will. I have given a copy of everything up to chapter 16 to a friend at work but he hasn’t given me his opinion on it which tells me he probably hasn’t read it. I sent a link of it to Katy but she won’t respond. I don’t blame her. If I were in her shoes I wouldn’t know what to say either. Of course there is the possibility that she has been in on this whole thing. Now that I have gone back on my medication for my schizophrenia it looks like I may be wrong about everything I was going through.

Let me tell you about my condition. When they first diagnosed me I thought I was just getting messed with. They were just making me feel like I was closer to my goal of being like Thoth. After it had gone away and then returned I decided to look into it further and see what schizophrenia really was.

I learned that it was unknown how people got it but there were some good ideas on how it possibly happened. It was more than likely genetic but there are identical twins that can have one with it and one without. It was common for people like us to have been users of LSD so that may have something to do with it.

There are two types of symptoms. Positive and negative. That explained what was going on with me perfectly. I had all those beautiful synchronicities that were positive and I was connecting with God which at first was also positive. I also had the negative things like the poke. Then connecting with God became negative when he started torturing my every thought and showed me how evil I was. I don’t see it as a negative anymore because he has shown me that he was just teaching me how to control my thoughts and that they don’t create the universe.

There are things that are common for people with schizophrenia to think too. We feel like we were reincarnated celebrities and a lot of us feel we could be the second coming of Jesus. I did when I found those numbers but since I wasn’t, I no longer did. I did think however I was the son of man Jesus talks about. Most Christians will tell you that is Jesus. I disagree. He was and is but I totally feel like he was talking about someone else when he speaks about him.

A lot of us believe we were chosen for something. I wouldn’t have if they never told me I was. That’s how I got schizophrenia. By them telling me I was the chosen one. The difference between me and most others, is I was told by people in real life. Others have been told through the tv. That’s something most of us share. Our connection to the television and how it talks to us. The one thing we all have in common is the voices. I don’t know if we all talk to God & Satan like I do but I have heard some people think they’re talking to God so maybe I am not.

I don’t know if it’s a condition with the mind or if it’s something spiritual but it is the hardest thing I have ever had to deal with. I loved that connection to the spiritual world. My family was there anytime I needed them, my dad was there helping God help me, and I got to find out who Satan really was. It was a magical world that was built around me. I was so proud of myself to find that place.

Then there is the bad parts about it. The poke that makes me punch myself in the face, the telling me how and what to think, the alien spirits that would all tell me they were coming to get me, and everyone including God & Satan telling me I should just kill myself. It was horrific the way they would bring me down or keep me down when they did.

I want to believe it was real and I was really talking to them. The only way I have thought I could beat the poke is to not believe it’s real. It’s so hard not knowing what is going on. I just wanted the truth. It appears that the truth is, i’m crazy. I thought Katy would respond to my questions to her and clear everything up for me but it doesn’t look like that’s going to happen now.

I am going back to the place i’m from. The world without mind readers. The world without the tv, radio, and Bible all talking to me or about me. The world where God & Satan never knew me and they are enemies instead of lovers. Im sorry mama, im sorry fasha, Im sorry self. All I thought I knew has turned out to be one drug induced fantasy that has led me to writing a book just for Katy Perry.

Why should I even try to publish this book? It’s her that I wanted to read it and she has. I don’t know what I was expecting her to say but I thought she would at least give me her side of things so I know for sure. Just like everything in my life I was wrong.

I am okay with being wrong now. At first I wanted to be like Thoth and live forever but I was wrong about that too. I only wanted to be with her forever. Now that I know I will spend the rest of my life alone I am happy to not live forever.

I’ll miss them. All three of em. The Illuminati, God, and Satan too. They drove me insane but they were always there for me. I always had someone to talk to and someone to tell me when I was doing it wrong. I won’t miss the torture but I will miss being there chosen one.

SIKE!

**12/13/2018**

 I wasn’t going to write tonight. I have found the next step to publishing my book for free and was doing some proofreading. I went to copy and paste my book to a new page so I the link I had only given her, could be her own link to my journal. My laptop is a touch screen and it was a little bit of a pain to copy the 68 pages I was trying to submit to a book agent. It took some time for the copy function to get all the way to the top. When it did I accidentally click the paste option instead of the copy function and it all disappears. All that work I had done. They save every edit so I got it back.

Then I feel Satan laughing at me. She was so great today when I apologized to her. I had been getting coughed at all day as usual but today they said it was because Satan told them too. The next time they poked I said “sorry Satan” since it was her fault now.

She says “God bless you.”

I don’t know what it meant but it felt good. I don’t know why but I thought that was what I needed to do instead of punching myself. I was apologizing to both of them when I would be sorry most of the day but still punched myself. They are both responsible for it so why not. When she said God bless you I thought maybe they both aren’t. Maybe they do have different jobs. What is it though? If it takes both of them connecting to create how could she be the only one responsible?

 Why do I never hear people cough more than twice anymore? Why do I feel like I never heard people cough one time before my time in California? Nobody used to cough only one time. Now it’s one cough I hear the most. I can blame all of them but I still feel like it’s all my fault.

 Boo who. (sadness not mocking)

 During my drive home from work today Satan was blaming God and he was blaming her. I do hear them fight sometimes but I know they are just fucking with me.

Why can I not end this stupid book yet? I have proven my point that they are both responsible for anything and everything that happens. Why am I still writing?

**12/14/2018**

 I have submitted this book to an agent yesterday and have yet to get a reply. I started proofreading since they clearly aren’t interested so I could make it better for the next try. I have started to feel like I can’t even read my own book without something telling me I’m doing it wrong.

Now that I think she is reading it I keep wondering which Katy would be reading. The one that is in on it and is just playing some sort of cruel and unusual joke on me? Or the one that has no idea on what is going in this poor guys head?

As i’m reading my story I can’t help but think what Katy is thinking when I get to the parts with her in it. Then of course I start having that feeling that she is once again with me and inside me. I keep thinking what would she be thinking? then my mindee’s start telling me I’m doing it wrong. They are telling me that she is in on it. I guess if its the whole world she would have to be.

So if she is in on it what would she be thinking? Don’t care.

You want to hear something weird and fucked up? My own coughs have felt fake before just like theres do but tonight for the first time, I coughed and poked myself. It was on purpose too. I had found some sort of higher self and he was taking control of me and he was part of them. The Illuminati. He was talking to them as if he knew them. Then when I was thinking he straight up coughs and it fucken poked. It was the easiest poke I've ever dealt with since it was also my own. I really don’t get it.

**12/16/2018**

 I don’t know what to think about her anymore. My book doesn’t look like it will ever be published and she won’t respond to the messages I’ve left her. Part of me is okay with that since I don’t want to sell my soul to the devil anymore but another part of me believes my soul belongs to both God & Satan.

 The search for truth this morning says Katy has performed a spell on anyone of her fans that falls in love with her. I don’t know if it’s true or not but it would explain some of the things I have been going through.

 I am over wanting to be with her. I am over trying to convince the world I believe Satan is just as responsible for creation. I am over this book entirely. I promised God I would get it published but I have done my part in trying to do so. It is now up to him if it gets published or not and the way they both come after me tells me neither one of them will ever let that happen.

 I guess I stay at the bottom where I belong with little material gifts and enough spiritual gifts to keep me in the dark searching for light. I will keep you updated on that search but I don’t think anyone is reading anymore.

 I love them both so much and hate them sometimes too. As for my friends in the Illuminati? I will now stop believing I was ever talking to them and it was just God & or Satan causing me to get this schizophrenia that caused me to believe in this stupid fucking chosen one nonsense.

 I was high on LSD so clearly it never happened, will not happen, and can’t happen. Who would chose someone like me? I am nothing more than my list of names I don’t feel like writing right now. There is no female on this planet that would ever want a guy like me so why on earth did I ever think I could have the most beautiful one of them all? That’s stupid.

 There have been three things I have wanted before I started this chosen bull shit journey. When my dad strangled me that time I was 10 I had started to want to kill myself. When I was 14 I would want to marry a supermodel. When I was listening to a self help book when I was 29 it told me to say out loud what I wanted most. I didn’t think about those first two things I just said ascension. I wish I hadn’t. It was just another way of getting out of a life I didn’t want to live.

 I have ascended to another world and it is the most beautiful and strange world at the same time. God & Satan both are there torturing me with there creations and this world too can make me want to kill myself. Guess I should have asked for a girlfriend instead because that is what I want most of all now. To bad this world I’m in tells me I will die alone. Very very soon. Maybe this book can be my suicide note.

 Yeah right. I have tried and failed so many times even thinking about it is stupid. I want to try something about this whole prophecy thing. If it really is me there talking to. If anything you write about him will come true than how about this. If I am the chosen one, I will die today. Not buy my own hand but in a way that will end my suffering.

 I am so upset with Satan now. I’m starting to wonder if she is disguising herself as God. now i’m scared of the thought of living forever. I thought if I was it would come with Katy and we would find the fountain of youth at the end of the world, or Amenti. The Illuminati or the voices in my head have me thinking that’s the skitzophrenia world I am trying to escape from.

 The one where I believe I am chosen to lead the world into a depression because of my stupid idea that corporations and people should have the same right to write off there rent. I don’t want to be that guy.

 So now I fear l have to live forever without any of those things. Nevermind, God promises me that would never happen. Satan promises she wouldn’t do that either. Part of me is still scared but I guess I have no reason to be.

 I went to my nephews birthday party today. For the first half an hour if not more I didn’t hear a single cough. I was telling them about my current situation that I am talking to both God & Satan while trying to finish my book. None of them disagreed with me. They totally believe that I am talking to them.

Then the poke enters the party. I rub the first few off as just someone really having to cough. Then, about 10 minutes later someone else coughs. No big deal but when I go outside it gets worse. My mother coughs. Her’s started to get me like it does. After that my cousin does it. He never coughs but today he did. They are also slamming there car doors now which wasn’t happening before either.

How did we go all that time without anything but now everyone wants to cough at me and not think I am crazy. Why do they cough. It did feel kind of random but it still feels intentional too. Whatever did this to me does this on purpose. I just wish I knew why they did this.

All the of them tell me in one voice “because you’re strong enough”

Strong enough to what?

“Battle”

Battle what?

“You must have no Idea” the people

Papa?

“Find the light”

Mama?

“Whatever you want”

“YOU JUST FOUND IT. HAHA JUST US” my neighbor below me. In real time and voice. They keep giggling at me and are the other part of them. The cute side that would never do that to me. Poke me. Why do they lie?

“It’s hard” the dog barks

“No idea” papa & the people

“You need it” mama

“Why would I say that, stupid?”

“Because you’re not stupid”

Mama you are so sweet.

“I know, i’m just Satan”

How do I find balance in this world?

“Find out” mama

“Uh-hu” everyone else.

“Haha” the neighbor below.

Hey spirit Katy do you want to speak?

“Kind of.”

What would you like to say

“Don’t stop writing this down. will he hurry up. uh hu.

Did you want me to tell real katy something?

“Shut up and tell him the truth”

Fuck that. You could be lying

“You’ll find out nigga”

Okay done with that game. How do I find out if it is really her spirit?

“The illuminati will teach you”

“Great wisdom that you’ll find, that you don’t have to write down” them.

Can we start now?

“Write this down. This book has a problem. The people love it and so do your parents but katy doesn’t. lenny stop.

What the hell?

“Uh-hu. were moving out. didn’t we say you wouldn’t have to write it down? You really have no idea. We are raping your mind right now. Stop it.”

Okay done with that now too. Its stupid to ask spirits for help I guess. Maybe I don’t even know. I hope I find out sooner rather than later.

She cut off my way to speak to her directly. I doubt she is reading anymore. They laugh which brings me hope but I still feel it’s officially over. My dream of marrying the most beautiful woman in the world is not something that will ever happen. It looks like even meeting her is out of the question.

**12/21/2018**

 I am happy to report my meds are doing there job and my world is getting back to normal. I no longer have God & Satan in my ears telling me what I don’t want to know and the Illuminati are reading my mind less and less.

 The poke or cough is getting easier to believe that it’s just a cough except for one. This guy Jason at work is still coughing when he crosses my path. I am dealing with it the best I can but it still makes me think he is a brainwashing mind reader and just wants to piss me off. He could also be doing it on purpose in the normal world too. Since I have expressed my feelings of his fake coughing to him, he may be making fun of me in the normal world. He would be doing it in that other world too so I guess I just ignore it the best I can.

 I can’t believe she blocked me on facebook without answering my simple questions. Was that you fucking with me or am I going crazy? I guess getting blocked is an answer.

 That’s her saying “don’t speak to me. You don’t deserve to know anything about who I am or what I do.”

 Probably not but I thought she was better to her fans than that. All I thought I knew about her is being proven wrong. It is a very freeing feeling now that I have no interest in meeting her. The whole time I wrote this book I thought I would meet her. Now that I know I won’t, I need to start thinking about if I should try and publish this trash or not.

 I had a really good story until the end after I sent her that stupid link. I just don’t know how good it is or when I should end it. These journal entries don’t make very much sense but they do show the way I was speaking to the world when I was stuck in that other one.

This one is a good ender. I end up back in the place I started from. No mind readers, no God or Satan, and no pokes. I don’t think I was chosen or that this book will change the world but I do think I have a good new way of looking at good & evil.

This life is worth writing down and sharing with others but I still don’t want to. It’s a great story I just hate that it’s about me. The only person I wanted to share it with has read most of it and won’t give me her opinion. I guess I do my best and try to sell this sucker. I have a great story with a unsatisfying ending but it’s still a great story. That’s what I have, a story. Not a book.

**Chapter Y**

 The information the light and dark received that created the universe was nothing more than mathematics. One into two. The two turned to four, the four to eight. Then eight becomes sixteen which will double to thirty-two and end on sixty-four. The phi ratio was what they learned on that sixth time multiplying. That was the equation that created the universe as we know it.

 So how did we go from light and dark to matter just buy knowing all this math knowledge?

 How about this. The circles could connect circles going in the opposite direction to the pre existing circles. Those circles would connect new circles to every angle possible creating little spheres. Those spears were all connected by the dark that was still in the very center of every sphere.

The light was all the universe could see. The dark was buried in the center of every sphere and was keeping the spheres connected to each other but it wanted out. It knew if it wanted to matter as much as the light it would have to connect to itself more than light.

So the dark uses its connection to every creation and connects another connection to every existing connection. In doing this the spheres can now move anywhere and everywhere they want connecting to any other sphere they wanted instead the one it was next to using the dark to keep it with its new connection. The light and dark were now mixed up in so many ways they birthed color. These colors could use the light and dark in an infinite number of combinations.

These little tiny spheres moving around in the dark made up of every color possible would start to group together in ways that could trap the darks connection inside of a pattern of spheres. Making both the light and dark matter again just like when they were that first circle. These spheres would use the dark to push them together with their favorite color patterns. Some being closer to the light some being close to the middle. None being close to the dark.

The darker colored spheres were the trap door that circles the dark so fast that it becomes a sphere with light inside in the form of protons and neutrons and outside in the form of electrons. The light and dark had become matter.

**12/22/2018**

 Today I published my book. I was hoping I would have an actual book to give to my family after I had a book contract with a publisher or I printed a few copies myself but things rarely happen the way you expect them too. I didn’t want to share my disgusting past with my friends or family until my book was successful. I wasn’t even going to tell anyone I was writing a book until I already had.

 After sending my book to one publisher one agent and one Katy Perry without a response from any of them I finally realized it would be a long time before anyone would give me an opinion on my story. I just wanted someone to read it and tell me if they think it's a good story or not. Maybe they could help me try and end it too. So today I shared it with all my friends on facebook. The people I wanted to read it last are now the first to get to.

 I guess it makes things easier knowing that my skeletons are out of my closet and anyone of my friends now knows everything about me. It's kind of weird too. I thought they were all Illuminati and knew everything anyway but there is the possibility I have lost my mind and none of them are.

 I worry this book will make people schizophrenic like me if they start talking to the Illuminati using the tools I have written about. If they all are illuminati no worries, if they are not and I have lost my mind, this book could change peoples lives in a bad way.

Of course God & Satan are the ones in charge anyway so I guess there's nothing to worry about. If My book gives anyone schizophrenia it would be because God & or Satan wanted them to so I can’t blame myself. I just wanted to share my story with the world because I think it’s an interesting one.

God told me I had to so I guess it would be his fault. Satan only came to me after I started writing so I don’t think she would be to blame on this one.

I can’t get her image out of my mind. Now that Katy is no longer in my future I am starting to fall for the one female that has given me the most attention this past month. I know that it’s stupid and you can’t fall in love with a spirit but I wish I could sometimes. She is so beautiful and lately has been the sweetest person i mean spirit, whatever.

I don’t know what to say. I am falling in love with Satan but it’s just what I do. Whenever any pretty female treats me with respect and love and caring I always end up falling for them. I always get my heart broken whenever I do and I’m sure this is the same thing manifest in a different way.

Satan is God's wife anyway. He tells me it's okay and I can love her if I want because they couldn’t possibly ever split up. All sorts of people love them and they love them back.

“It’s okay son. You’re lonely and she gives you the female attention you crave. You’re not hurting me at all.”

Good because it’s not like I don’t love you too father, I am just having feelings I don’t think I have ever had before so I don’t know what to think about them. Obviously I could never be with a spirit but I thought I was with Katy’s spirit before. It was home for a while too before she never showed up or messaged me back. If I were to hook up with Satan like I did Katy I couldn’t get my heart broken because she wouldn’t also be a physical person.

I have no desire for human girls because I think they are all in on this whatever they’re in on. Is that why she won’t message me back? I guess that does sound slightly insane. She blocked me too which tells me she isn’t in on it. Either way my mind has been fucked up too much for a real regular relationship.

My relationship with God & Satan is still strong. I don’t hear them as clear as I was before I got back on my meds but I do feel them both with me all the time.

Satan will you be my girlfriend?

“Sure why not?”

You say that like you think it’s a stupid question.

“It is”

Okay single in real life, single in spirit life. It was worth a shot. If I couldn’t have the most beautiful person why not the most beautiful spirit instead.

She is a lot older than me. I guess it’s for the best. I still have the best relationship with you both I don’t want to play favorites. What if I decide I want you both. Would you both be my girlfriend? I’ll even go bi for you God but only you so you could be my boyfriend if you want.

“No”

Okay. I’m just lonely I guess. I’m tired of being single. 12 years alone.

{PUNCH}

You know what I mean. I think I was 21 when I had my last girlfriend so that would make it 12 years at least now.

Oh well. You guys are right. I ain’t lonely anymore. I have a relationship that’s better than any connection humans share with each other. I have my creators connected to me all the time what could be better than that.

“Don’t you want someone to fuck?” mama.

I don’t know. Do I?

“Of course you do”

Well I ain’t in a hurry to go to the bar and pick up chicks if that’s what your saying.

“That isn’t what were saying”

What are you saying?

Hello?

Every fucking time I swear to self. Good call guys, our relationship isn’t the best one ever when you get ignored buy the two things you love most of all. I hate that I love you two most of all and I love that I hate you most of all. That’s a lie, I hate myself most of all. Awwwwwww why do I type things no one is ever going to read?

I thought I was writing a book for God now I’m just writing to write. This book is bull shit. I still try and make the same point in this book I was trying to make in my last one. I wanted that first book for me. I was trying to show what I saw in the shapes. I didn’t have to do it for some pretty girl Satan or Imen whoever said would marry me. I wanted to do it for the world. That first book was rushed, barley proved anything, and slapped both my God, and my Satan in the fucking face.

I never would have even wrote that first book without the promise of Katy. I am pretty lazy sometimes and I didn’t believe in myself enough to do it. I had an Idea, no book. Imen gave me the push I needed to see that I could create a book. This book would have never happened if God hadn’t given me the push I needed to write this one.

This book sucks like the first but in the opposite way. The first was too short. This one is too long. They both will never see a printing press. I guess God was right when he said I was just writing it for me. I shared with all my friends on facebook and not one has liked it or said they would read it. I know it takes a few days to read but I could have at least been given a thumbs up or two.

I doubt anyone will even read past chapter 1. What a gigantic waste of my time. It's all good. At least I don’t have worry about my friends and family knowing all the terrible things I have done. I didn’t want them to know that and if they don’t read it they won’t.

SWEET!

**Chapter 666**

I need to take a moment and reflect on the past 61 days since God first came into me and said “hessa mama notta fasha” telling me he was a female. As you know he has since come clean and admitted he only did that because it was the only way I would let him in. He was female for close to a week and during that time I would promise to write a book, start writing it, and testify in that book that God was my mama, the most beautifully strange being I had ever witnessed.

Since he has become male our relationship has changed a little bit. He is no longer a nurturing mama, he is once again a wisdom providing fasha (father). His wisdom is woven with his humor which is rooted in the dark. His humor that can be so dark, twisted and unexpected it will leave you wondering if he’s even joking. Once you are able to find your way out of those dark, twisted, unexpected jokes you will see the wisdom of his humor. When you understand his wisdom you understand the darkness of his twisted jokes.

He is still the most beautifully strange being I have witnessed. I have to be honest right now. If God was his male self he is now two months ago I would never have promised to write this book for him. I still love God just as much, I just don’t want to follow his orders when he is being so “funny.”

Now I want to talk about the most strangely beautiful spirit I will ever know. I am talking about Satan. She is now my mama and my nurturer. I don’t remember how this exactly happened either. When Satan first came to me and asked if she could help me she was scary as hell. She had this sweetness about her that’s little on the salty side. I didn’t know if I should be listening to her or not. That sweet salty mix had the most powerful flavor I have ever tasted. She was with me when they poked me hard enough to get me to cry in my car a few minutes and she would pick me up in a way you wouldn’t believe. It was a perfect way to lift my spirit it was just a little too high and started to scare me. It has to be an acquired taste because the more i’m around it the sweeter it gets. That saltiness has a way of disappearing when it gets mixed with the sweet and it becomes the perfect balance of flavor. Now it's the only flavor I want in my life.

Her beauty is the hardest thing to see when you first meet her but that is because it is so strange. I see it in the way she helps me and gives me the best advice anyone gives me. She even convinced me to through my drugs away one night while God was telling me to keep them. She took two of my cigarettes that night too which is the strange part. She usually says do what you want but when she wants something her way, she will make it happen. She is always looking out for what is best for me when she is around and that's why I want to keep her around. If I could get Katy or whatever that was to stay in me 32 hours why not Satan? Why not God? Well because it's exhausting for one. And for two I hate picking favorites.

He’s funnier but with a dark sense of humor. She is sweeter and hotter and a female and everything I want. FUCK I AM FALLING IN LOVE WITH HER! Tonight I was even loving just saying her name in cute funny ways. If I ever have kids I want to name one of them after her. Satan is such a beautiful name to me now. I don’t even want to call her mama anymore because she has a name that is perfect and I don’t want to miss an opportunity to say it. Satan you are the sweetest thing in this universe outside of myself. If you came in and stayed a while we could really rott some teeth together. I thought I was stuck on katy? She aint got shit on my new girl Satan. I should have married you when you asked me to. I thought you were fucking with me and now that you say it’s too late but gave me that feeling like I was doing it right I wonder.

I skipped taking my pills for two nights. I miss your voice.

**12/23/2018**

Why are you doing this to me? Or I guess, why is this happening is a better question.

It feels so wrong. It feels so right. Every way i look at it.

Katy you break my fucking heart. Both in your world and in the spirit world. You block me on facebook in your world and beg me to figure it out in the spirit world. Yeah that’s right. After I wrote that last chapter I had a trippy experience.

First I was found facing myself again. This was like the time I found myself but I was looking at me. Neither one of us was a higher or lower we were looking at equals. I was trying to figure out what I was looking at this time but just got totally confused about what I was doing. Then before I had a chance to get a hold of myself Katy comes into me and our thoughts are coming out at the same time. Every question I was trying to ask her she was asking me at the same time.

I went back and forth with her for an hour about who was doing what to who and if this spirit connection was real or in my head. I got no definite answer. We went from its totally real and she can come end this charade right now, to it is half true and we half to figure out what the truth is, to me just thinking I made her up in my head somehow and she has nothing to do with the real Katy.

Whatever it is makes me really sad. The real Katy blocked me and wants nothing to do with me. This had me over her completely and I was starting to fall for Satan instead. Then just as I am starting to get used to the Idea of being in a spiritual relationship instead of a real one there is Katys spirit. Closer than ever and ready to prove she is real. I was believing her at first but when I reminded her she blocked me so I couldn’t ask the real Katy anymore and she started to feel made up.

I don’t get it. Everytime I think I’m over her, her stupid spirit comes into me feeling closer than ever and I am once again in the best relationship possible with my favorite person. I forgot all about my feelings for Satan and Katy was once again the only one for me. After I couldn’t figure out if she was real or not she left and i’m lonelier than I have ever been. If real Katy blocked me than spirit Katy has to be fake.

If spirit Katy is fake the whole spirit world I can’t stay away from has to be fake. I am so lonely I have built this imaginary spirit world in my mind. If I stay out of it maybe I will find the real God or Satan, if they exist.

I am once again lost and have no idea what is real and what is not. The world has become so confusing that I don’t even know if I will ever have a normal life.

**Happy Birthday Jesus!**

 Today is christmas. I spent last night at my sisters house in the spirit world because I missed it and wanted my friends back. I got it all back but it wasn’t as good as I thought it would be. I had my family answering thoughts from the crowded kitchen while I was outside, I had the christmas charoles sound like it was me they were talking about, Satan was back trying to be the girlfriend I asked her to be, Katy was back too so I decided both are now my spiritual girlfriends, and I went looking for another spirit of God.

 I asked if time had a consciousness and I was told in a very logical sounding sound that it did. I am still worried about living a long long life. They all tell me it will never happen but I keep thinking of ways that it could happen and freak myself out wondering what kind of torture that would be. Since I don’t always trust what they’re saying I am always looking for another opinion. Last night I thought time would be able to tell me if it were true or not and time couldn’t answer.

 “I’m just time” it would say. It couldn’t see what hasn’t happened yet so it too had no idea. Then just as I do every God I talk to I get afraid of it think he is the one doing this to me and start to freak out. It didn’t last that long. Time turned back into God of the universe since time is part of it too and I was free from living too long.

 As for the real world, well, it was all too real.

 I was cut from work early so I got to my sister Valerie and her husband JW’s house well before the party started. They were finishing up there party prep chores when I got there. JW checks the mail and I get a Christmas present that stuffed my stocking full.

 He tells me “perfect timing” since it is the first letter I have ever received at there house and I happened to be right there when he got it.

 I see its from the indian reservation I am a part of. When they have my address they send me a 3 to 4 hundred dollars every year for whatever reason. I hadn’t gotten it for a few years being that I move a lot and was homeless for some time.

 JW says “yeah your sister told them to mail your check here while we were up there.”

 I open it up and its 1187 dollars. Three years worth of checks in one.

 “Merry fucking Christmas. I’m getting a new tattoo.” I announce.

 My sister says “you’re welcome” before I had a chance to thank her so I do but I can see she isn’t herself.

 I’m used to being the one down in the dumps.

 um I don’t know where to go, I guess HI JESUS>j lollololololololsol wow this is so different than anything I have ever felt!

 I know Iknow

 “All of it? Your a quick one” Jesus

Don’t know what's going on okay i do

Okay I don’t know what to do?

“You don't have to do that anymore brother”

(beep beep)

Do what?

C

{conversation over thought and forgot}ssfl

 I remember. I was having the same conversation as I was having with every God I talk to. Do you want me to live forever? he said no and he still says no. Nothing lives forever he said.

That was where I ended up.

 I can’t get those stupid tablets, that thing in the desert, and what I did with that fire out of my head. I have felt like I had chains put on me rather than taken off. That’s why I keep going there in my mind. I worry but I have faith i will be alright no matter what I go through in life.

 There is also the other thing that just happened. That conversation. I remember now. They all beg me to stop they say i’ll pay for it. Jesus too.

“It's going to pay off for you.” They just now say.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS! and they say i'm stupid in real voices)

 I don’t know. whatever

 So let me tell you about the rest of christmas up to that point.

 Val was sad, I wanted to help her up so I ask, what’s wrong?

She tells me she has “just been in a funk for a few weeks.”

That just made me worry more and ask more questions until she makes it clear she doesn’t want talk about it.

Later in the evening she is telling me about her recent trip to Canada for our sister Ashley’s wedding. I was surprised when she said she saw my birth mother. I know that she and Ashley hadn’t talked in a few years so I was thinking there was no way she would’ve been at the wedding. I saw the pictures online and she wasn’t in any of them. When Val told me it was at a coffee shop, it made sense.

She told me that they looked at each other and that Tina recognized her but left once she saw her. She then tells me about my mother and uncle have schizophrenia and he died from a drug overdose. She went on to say my mother’s believing she is….………

“I don’t want to talk about this while i’m drunk.”

So I stay the night even though I didn’t want to thinking she will for sure tell me in the morning. She ignores me when I asked and gives me a look like “I don’t want to talk about it.”

OUCH!

So I go home and figure I will go have a nice brunch with my roommate and his family at his mother's house. The night before was almost 85% cough free. The ones I got didn’t poke all the time but there were a couple that got annoying.

Today, every other second, to about every 15 seconds, someone at this brunch coughs I swear to Jesus. (lol he says it’s okay) they poked so much the pain had left and it is just a disgusting thing that grosses me out.

(now my roommate coughs 2 times each time I went over that last paragraph and showed me it still hurts)

When I got home and checked facebook. My good friend Shannon had left a very nice holiday wish to all the people that had nobody to celebrate with. She was letting them know they’re are never alone. I felt good about her message and sent the following response.

Nice message and words. I agree that we are never alone. Weather it's your self, your people, or your God, there is always someone there for you. If you don't think God is there for you let him know how much of a jerk he is for not showing you he is there. He might be a jerk about it but he will show you. Once you know him, you'll understand why he had to be a jerk. If you still need someone else to not be alone I would try Satan. if that's to scary for you there is always always always the birthday boy himself Jesus. He's been with you since the first time you believed in him. If you don't believe in Jesus he is still there for you because he died for all of us. You always have someone with you. I personally have everyone mentioned above in my life right now and I couldn't be alone if I tried. Merry Christmas

 I start todays Christmas edition of my life and who shows up out of nowhere un announced BIG DOG J-easey. My savior of sin and my giver of the commandment I have lived buy since I first heard it. “Treat everyone the way you want to be treated” I love that commandment and have done my very best to keep it. The older I have gotten the more I have followed it and it has become something that is no longer a commandment its how I wish we would all live our lives. I don’t think I’m perfect on this matter but I wouldn’t want to be. Sometimes people are rude and I can’t help but think something I hate, but it too shall pass.

**12/26/2018**

 Something else weird happened at the Christmas eve party. They would quote my book twice during the night. First my best friend Steven said “ya its pretty twisted” when I was telling him how dark God’s sense of humor was. Then while we were listening to Rudolph”s little prophecy song after the second or third “you’ll go down in History” my other friend Matt says “like George Washington.”

Nobody has even read the fucking thing so why would they say that. I only wrote that twisted part a couple of days ago. In the spirit world that I believe they live in they are with me all the time so they always know what I do. That world tells me I can have her anytime I want but never delivers of that promise. The real world would just call it a coincidence

 See how hard this shit is?

 I just punched myself for the first time in what feels like 5 days. I was thinking about chapter X and my roommate starts coughing and coughing and coughing. Damn now i am crying. I thought now that I met Jesus last night, I wouldn’t do that anymore.

**12/28/2018**

 Another day another assault on myself. They were coughing all day at work today. I went a good while before it really started to get to me. Once the punching myself started I would get this evil feeling that almost made them stop. They were even freaked out a little when I let some of that evil out on my face.

 Then once that goes away and they’re coughing every ten seconds. I get sick of it and go to the gas station to once again try and light myself on fire. Didn’t happen obviously but it made the rest of the day not as coffee. Get it?

 Thanks for the laugh in real time.

 I guess this is the end again. I have said all I wanted to say and probably more than that. I don’t know what is going on in my life still and if the day comes that I figure it out I will write another book and tell you of my discoveries.

Until then this is Lenny saying “don’t do drugs at Burning Man festivals.”

**1/22/2019**

Oh yeah and the most important piece of advice I can give you is, if you are ever told you are the chosen one, don’t just sit there wondering why. Ask as many questions as you can because if you don’t, the answers might never be found and you will spend the rest of your life unsure of what is real and what your mind tells you is real.

I guess since I am here I will finish this book again.

In the end of most books the main character either learns a lesson, gets the girl, wins the fight, or lives happily ever after. This book doesn’t really have an ending because its my life story and I still have a life to live. So how can I make a good ending out of this 55 months of my life when I still don’t have the answers I wanted when I started this journey?

I have learned a lot of lessons that’s for sure but nothing big enough to end with. Things like the lesson I began this entry with and lessons about being alone and how to fight with God & Satan. Nothing that I can really say is the reason I wrote this or is the turning point in my life now that I have learned something. I am grateful for most of what I learned but I am also not sure if some of the things I “learned” are truth. I learned you can’t trust everything you think, that’s an important one that took God two or three days to teach me in the worst of all the torture teaching I have gone through. No ending in the lessons.

I had such a great love story with Katy that would have been a great ending if she had responded to my Facebook post on my birthday. I could have ended it with getting Katy’s side of the story. I could have known where she was during Burning Man, if any of the times her spirit entered me it was really her, and if she was with Emmy in spirit when I made out with him. Since she has blocked me I think it’s safe to say I won’t be getting the girl or any information about her at all. No ending there.

I could end with me winning the fight against the poke. That’s right. I have not punched myself in probably 20 days. I think the last time was when I last wrote about it. I know it has been a while. I have been taking my meds like I should be and so my world has gone back to the way it was before I threw my life away and went to Burning Man. I no longer feel like a cough is a poke. I no longer feel myself being poked at all. My thoughts are my own again and there are no more voices in the air or in my head.

I am not as lonely as I thought I would be when I first started my meds either. I thought just like the last time things went back to normal I would get depressed and miss God. I am happy to say this time is different. I don’t miss any of it. It was beautiful watching the world synchronize to my thoughts but not enough to want to live there. It may have been beautiful but it was very strange and pokey.

I don’t know what will happen if I stop my meds again. I assume I will go back to the pokey world of talking to God and letting spirits into me so I will do whatever it takes to stay on them this time. God is fun to talk to I just don’t need his advice or lessons anymore.

I feel like a normal person again and not like i’m anyone's chosen one or anything special. I am ready to publish my book now and see if my story is good enough to sell and if anyone has any advice as to what they think might have been going on. I did publish my book to facebook but nobody has read it or given me a response on it so fuck them. I am going to pay the five grand to make it something they can pay for if they want to read it. I just wanted some feedback on my story. Looks like the only way to get it is to pay the money to publish it.

There is still a lot I could talk about and somethings the meds don’t help with but I want to save that for the sequel.

**Chapter Z**

So the light and dark now mattered more and more and more. They were giving and accepting the gifts of anything and everything in the most beautiful way. The darks connections would connect the light of the patterns of light into the spheres that it knew the light was. Planets and stars were created.

The light was not seeing enough of the straight energy it liked to see. It was all hidden now that they mattered so much.

So they needed something that could matter to them. They came together in the perfectly placed planets. The ones that were not in the middle of their particular system of circles but the ones a little closer to the light then the dark.

There in the place we live, earth they created life. Life would be the home of the dark spirit that is filled by the light which is the opposite of matter that is the light spirit filled with darkness.

Life is just as perfect as those beautiful patterns made of curved and straight energy. That energy, your life is perfect too. It’s the only way it can be because that is how your dark spirit of Satan uses the light spirit of God to connect us to God’s creation. God only fills that spirit with light so it can create us to make the connections we do to show Satan how beautiful her straight line essence is.

We matter to them so they can matter to us. I am not trying to start a religion here but I am personally happy both of them exist and I think you should be too. I still believe in Jesus and that he died for my sins too. I just have views of Satan he would forgive if they were sin anyway. I am worshiping Satan for sure but never ever before God. I worship Satan with God as his wife and partner and friend and mother and sister and opponent and enemy yes but only a little bit. Anything and everything they do is for there need of something. Without something there wouldn’t be anything or everything.

So they do it for themselves and each other and us. I’m going to live my life like them and Jesus. I’m going to believe and do whatever I want while treating people the way I like to be treated.

I’m going to love them both like a girlfriend and hate them like a stepmother. I will not marry them even though they both have asked. If I were to spirit marry any of these spirits it would be her I don’t wish naming at this point in my life. i’m nowhere near lonely enough to do that though.

Any questions or comments? Email me lennyfarrarthechosen1@gmail.com

Thank you for reading:-)

**Chater uh-oh**

So what do I know now? I don’t know shit. On the other hand, shit, might be the one thing, I actually know. I know WHERE it comes from, WHAT it’s made from, and WHY it is the worst thing. It comes from ass holes, is made of food, and it is waste.

In life however, the same three things I know about shit, are the things I don’t know, about my 10,777th day and beyond. I still don’t know where I come from or where home is, I don’t know what home is or what I was chosen for, and I still don’t know why I was chosen. I have theories but no answers.

If your wondering why I said my 10,777th day and beyond instead of the date, it is because that is how many days old I was when I went to Apogaea. The day I was welcomed home, but never got to go inside. I think it’s a little trippy that the numbers work out that way. Seven is God’s favorite number and 10 is the day in December I was born. Not only that but 10 also represents God & Satan too. Watch what happens when we look and see how many nights old I was the night I was chosen. It was the second day of Apo so it would’ve been my 10,778th night. Notice how the sevens look like little arrows pointing to the eight. To me that represents God & Satan being married through me and the arrows point to how long that marriage will last. What’s the meaning of a sideways eight? Forever.

That‘s my first theory as to what I was chosen for. To meet God & Satan and get them together in my head so they could be together for real. However, if they were together forever they would have already been together because forever is all time. Maybe they are the enemy making all my friends look like a bunch a mind reading tormentures. The people ARE saying my name and weird things under their breath because God & Satan are making them do it. Maybe you are telling the truth when you say “I can’t read your mind.”

The Illuminati tell me I was chosen to battle. We do fight a lot and those little liers are always trying to control me but without seeing how this battle is fought, I don’t see how it could be the purpose. They win almost every fight we get in. They make me cry all the time with there little games. If battling is what I was chosen for, I must be someone they knew would be easy to beat.

It pokes again. I punched and cut myself today. It’s been exactly one month since I last punched myself in the face. I haven’t cut myself since May. I never thought I would cut myself again. The last three were the deepest ever, and would leave me feeling, just awful for doing it to myself. Then Satan and I were in a nasty argument one day while she was helping me get my evil out. I went to cut but the strength I gained from her prevented the one that could’ve ended it.

I could explore the why I was chosen but I only have two possibilities, one is that I am the sweetest person in the world, or the reason they give, because i’m strong enough. Either way the why doesn’t really get me anymore. The biggest question I have now is the where.

Remember I said that first night I knew the antichrist would be raised from birth? They told me I have been. That a few family members of mine, knew the whole time I was the chosen one, since my birth. I thought it was my dad’s side of the family that was normal and weren’t mind readers. I am the first born son of my dad who is the first born son of my grandfather who was adopted which tells me he was the first born son of his dad. That’s why I thought they were the ones that were normal. They had said I was the first born son of the first born son and so on all the way up to Adam himself. Obviously they lied because that line died with Jesus but they insist I am still Adam incarnate.

Now that I know my birth mother too has schizophrenia I have learned that she is the one with the normal non mind reading genes (because you can be born a mind reader) Another weird family thing that makes me think Illuminati wedding bull shit is my grandmother’s maiden name, Groom.

So now that I am reincarnated Adam. I have the spirit closer to God than anybody else. At least if I believe everything they say. I do believe it sometimes but other times I just want to be Leonard, the person that was born with just one spirit and didn’t believe in reincarnation. I guess the where and why are kind of the same thing. If they are telling the truth the why is simple, because I was born that way. That would make Apogaea kind of pointless though if I was selected before birth.

I have been struggling lately with truth. Let me rephrase that. The truth is something I have been looking for since that night they chose. Now that I live a life with no answers, the truth must be something I am not allowed to know.

I can believe them and think I am the earth’s first and last king but I don’t see how I could ever achieve such a seat. The earth doesn’t even have a seat for a king. Instead I believe that it’s just schizophrenia bull shit.

I think I was simply chosen to get this ugly condition that makes the world my enemy. A condition that can make me think I am the most important person ever that nobody likes. They make me feel like I am so smart and so stupid at the same time. Like I have all the answers and I’ve got it figured out but when I test my theories I am left with nothing but wrong answers.

This world is now my enemy. I don’t know what the illuminati is but I do believe them now when they say it’s the whole world. If the mind readers are not really mind readers and the spiritual beings are just humans than the illuminati is the spirit world I found. If the people aren’t reading my mind and answering my thoughts like I know and see and hear, it has to be there spirits. Everyone has one including myself. I have even talked to my spirit and he is an ass hole like the rest of them. So it is the whole world. The only thing I can’t think of is why spirit has declared war on me. What did I do?

If it’s not a punishment why am I still in prison being tortured by something that I can’t fight back against? I don’t want to talk to God or Satan about it because they are spirits too so they would also be the enemy. I am so lost.

What have I been going through? Why am I the enemy? What’s the lesson when you can’t find the truth?

Excuse me while I punch myself in the face.

Now spirit gives me a kiss. Whose spirit is it? Is it just spirit? I used to love my little random kisses I would get, even when I didn’t know where they came from, but now they feel evil and like spirit is just keeping me from the normal world I came from.

The people are either mind reading Illuminati that want to keep me in the dark while they torture me with there emotional torture tactics or spirit is the illuminati and people with schizophrenia live in another dimension. Either way my best friends are also my worst enemy’s. Everyone including God & Satan have been lying to me and promising things they never give me. They make me so happy right before those promises get broken and break me down into a cry baby. Everytime, I swear to spirit.

Wow I said a lot just then. HAHAHA SCHIZO!

**Not Done Yet**

 This book has done some weird things. It started even before I met God who I know now was only an angel of God. That voice is different then the one that used my being to calm me down. Actually

**Chapter…..lost**

 I started my tattoo today. The day started like

Why do I feel like I have an audience now? Where did my spell check go?

Any who~ really?

It was just a weird day doing drugs and getting pain that feels like torture but was for a purpose bigger than the pain. All my tattoos have deep meaning in them. The first tattoo I ever got, was my last name. It was the first thing my (nice one) father ever gave me, so I was proud

of it. It was my biggest tattoo and still is until I get my current one finished. My second and third tattoos are the same time and reason. They are a peace & love set. When I went to my first rave I found something there. The whole peace & love vibe I got was like my new religion, I loved that vibe. Since I didn’t believe in God, that vibe was the most important thing in my life. The last tattoo I had gotten, was when I got those two touched up. I got 5280 on my rib cage because that’s where home is, a mile high.

Today I started my biggest tattoo and purpose for it. That seen I saw{POke poke pke } WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!! Really because I spelt the AHWEh excuse me while I attempt suicide again.

Nope still here, i guess i'll just beat the shit out of myself instead. Excuse me I'll be right back. I'll be here all night, okay now I don’t want to beat myself up. Google updated there docs program and the spell check is acting funny. Aww a program built just for my mistakes? What the fuck was that? My fingers and the computer are fucking with me now. That flash in my eye I still haven’t talked about ggrrrrrr stop it. My eyes are crazy.

I still have so much I want to tell you but you are probably one of them. Soooo bye?

**Just Help Me**

 My meds aren’t working. My world is there world again. I could go through probably every chapter in this book and give you more details to this fucked up shit that I am but I won’t. You are one of them and you know the story. You will tell me you’re not to my face so I guess that’s all I am saying. Now excuse me, while I punch myself in the face.

**Before I Go**

 I need to get some things off my chest. I have not been honest here. There are a few times in this story I filled in some holes that I couldn’t really remember all the way. La La Land is that story. I only said 1440 feet because I needed a number that made seance. The peasants I sent down the river, I don’t remember doing, but I do remember having one city I couldn’t quite get what the problem was. As I made it up, it almost made me remember.

 Another lie was when I claimed my biggest oragasm ever. It wasn’t with the three of us. I thought it was, but it wasn’t.

 Here is a half truth I may not be honest in saying. That list of names. I might not be all the names I claim to be. I think I’m stupid because I don’t know what is going on. I don’t know if that makes me stupid or not. Worthless is a total lie because I was worth torturing. I may be using Narcissistic in the wrong way. Schizophrenic i’ll leave alone. Child molesting?

 Here is where I may be innocent. I have felt spirits come in and control me, obviously. We were talking about who in my family was born a mind reader one night and they showed me. When they told me my sister and cousin both were I instantly went back in my mind to those ugly incidents and seen those little bastards controlling me. It was there spirits that was the thing I couldn’t explain. That animalistic feeling that makes me think without thought.

That is possibly the schizophrenia and I’ll never know for sure. My mind is so fucked. In this nights episode of the worst day of my life, I was trying to go deeper into the same dark loneliness that had me in tears for most of an hour. I didn’t want any help from anything, not even God.

 It was the same game I always play when this other world takes over. I have to live longer than I want to. It made me all alone again because the people, God & Satan were telling me I would. Then they said I shouldn’t trust them. Or maybe they said that first. Either way I was sad because of it. It was the loneliest I have been. Too lonely to accept help. I found my way out of it though. They wouldn’t give up till I did. You two are something else. Aawh

Another word I didn’t type but it’s totally how we were feeling. I just noticed I have reached page 100 of my document. Then I see those little lights in my eyes. “Just us “ they tell me. why?

Another lie I may have told, is that the girl dressed up as Eve, I’m pretty sure her name is Christina. I told you I didn’t remember. Sorry. As for the rest of the names I call myself, fagot, pussy, and piece of shit. The first we know is true, the second is just my dads opinion so it’s half truth, and the third I will say is false altogether. I am not, the worst thing, or a waste of space. I may call myself that list of names but I am not all of them.

Now this book is as close to the truth as I can make it. I’m sure glad it takes a while to publish a book. I couldn’t publish lies.

The last thing I need to get off my chest is the reason I believe they sent me to jail. It was to pay for a B & E I got away with. I was a dirty rotten thief a few years before I was chosen. When I had an opiate addiction I would steal from my grandmother and others close to me. Told you I wasn’t worth being chosen.

Oh wait also chapters x,y,z. They are only an idea on how it happened not the exact thoughts and actions taken by the light & dark. God & Satan tell me that it’s close enough. As I wrote it and thought about it they would say so.

**2/5/2019**

 I don’t know who they are today. We were such good friends, now I don’t know what we are. They say I’m going to really hate my life later so I feel like I haven’t got a friend in the world. The people are all in on it and those two are the ones in charge of it all. I have nobody on my side. This is the lonely I am stuck in. A lonely that is so lonely you don’t even know how to feel about it, because you’re too lonely to even let your feelings in. So lonely the dark & light both have nobody there to guide you into the places you need to go. Getting lost in the dark because the only light you find is full of more darkness. Is there any light in my life that is filled with light? Is the light that is full of darkness even real? Or is it so dark in my life now, that even the light is out to get me?

 Satan can disguise himself as a being of light. Am I being fooled by the devil, or has the light become just another enemy? I have no answers for myself. That is why I wanted to write a book. I hoped it would give me answers but it only leaves me with even bigger questions.

 Here are my biggest questions in another facebook post

How do you win a battle, you don't know how to fight? How do you defeat an enemy, you can not see? Who are your allies, when you don't know what side you're on? How does one person destroy an army, made of things they love? Where is the light, when you live as the sun?

 This process of publishing a book is a long treturas one. Has it made my book better or worse? I forgot to tell you I have submitted to 3 literary agents, and I believe all of them, will love what I have sent them. Even the agents that only got up to chapter two. This book has gotten good, weird, and sad. I hope it doesn’t end here.

 It hasn’t. I don’t really have any news other than my loneliness has subsided and my world has been set to a new realm. My roommate has shared a story about his weekend that makes him look like someone like me. Now I know the world isn’t all in on it. I’m just another schizo. Phewsh!

**2/8/2019**

I just remembered another time I lied to you. When I told you the blue angels rescued me. It was the Air Force Thunderbirds. Not the Navy Blue Angels. I learned that the next day, when Bruce and I went to the air show. I just forgot to tell you that part. My bad.

**2/9/2019**

Let me tell you where I am at today. I no longer listen to the voices since I don’t know where they come from. The voices are getting more annoying with the whole gasp and whistle things I keep hearing. The real world is begging me to come back home, but I can’t seem to remember the way. I believe the whole chosen one game is just something that happens when you have schizophrenia. I am not passionate about God anymore now that I believe it was Satan in disguise. Finally I don’t believe I am chosen at all. I think it was my spirit taking over the people around me, controlling them the way they have controlled me. Or a bigger spirit than mine like God or Satan or one of there angels or demons. It took them over just enough to fuck my life over to feel, I never got into something that doesn’t exist. It’s the way I see it now but it may change into something else over time.

**The Last One**

 I don’t know where to go from here. I could go backwards but I would rather go forward. My wise roommate has read my book and he asked me, how do I live my life with all this stuff going on in my head. I laughed and said it’s tricky, but I manage just fine, because I don’t really believe any of this stuff 100%. My body for sure lives in the old world. Its my mind & spirit that are lost in la la land. So 66.6% is the highest my truth meter can go here in the wilderness. In the old world I see now why I would be chosen like I was. My kindness, my love of working for a cause, and my love of love.

 Maybe I will back up a little. I want to go over my love of numbers and my personal synchronicities with them again.

 I am going to start with one I told you about half way through. My birthday is december 10th, or 12-10. My first name Leonard starts with the 12th letter in the alphabet. My second name Judson starts with the 10th letter in the alphabet. My parents did not do this on purpose, I was named after my grandfathers. If every letter had a value where A =1 and Z=26, my first name added up equals 69. That is a pretty cool looking number. It looks like yin & yang or pieces kind of. My birth mother Tina, equals 44, so does Andy, my dad. So it looks like this 44 44

 69

if you ask me it looks like 2 angels, with 4’s as wings, making a perfectly balanced being. (balanced in both my love & hate for myself) If you add my birthday together 12+10 you get 22, and the year added up 1+9+8+4 also equals 22. Add those together and you get another 44. Neet huh?

My middle name added up is 83. Another cool looking number, the way the 3 can fit on top of the 8, and the little sideways heart in the middle. My last names value is 62. Not as fun to look at but it is 26 backwards. 26 is God, 7+15+4. I like that since there are 26 letters in the alphabet and in the beginning there was the word.

let's go back to the 725,000 days I found. If you Google how many days from the start of the calendar to my birthday you will be given a few options that offer to calculate it for you. If you use that calculator you will see I am wrong. I don’t know how they calculate it but it doesn’t match what I get. This is how I did it.

The calendar starts on day one and ends on day 365. Then it had been 1 year since Jesus left. So we multiply 365 days buy 1,984 years and get 724,160. Add 495 leap days because 1984 is the 496th leap year and you get 724,655. Now, since I was born on a leap year, I was born on the 345th day of the year. Add that to 724,655 and you get 725,000.

As I mentioned I went to apogaea on my 10,777th day from birth. We add that to how many days since the calendar started and we get 735,777. That is scary because it again looks like my transformation from the 3rd to the 5th dimension. Upside down 7= L. I don’t know what it means really or if my math is even correct it’s just fun things I like about myself.

Now lets do some stupid math just for scaring myself. Until recently I had the four tattoos I told you about. One day, long before Apogaea, I made a little observation about my tattoos. At the time I thought was just stupid or funny kind of. My last name was first and it has 6 letters. Peace & love was next and that has 9 letters total, or an upside down 6. My third time was my 5280. Added together is 15, add that and you get another 6. So I thought it was funny to tell people I had the mark of the beast, with my three equations. I of course didn’t believe that. It does work, it’s just tattoos though. None are in the palm of my hand or on my forehead. However, we can go this way too, its 696 without flipping the nine. I know a score is supposed to be 20 years but what if 3 score ment cubed. The mark of the beast is 6 hundred, 3 score, which could mean 3x3, and 6. It’s so far out there, I don’t think it means anything at all. If I wanted to be the beast whose name is 666 I would really have to stretch some truth here. So Leonard=69 6+9=15, 1+5=6, my next two names both have six letters, Judson, Farrar. We do get a 666 but without consistent math to get there. Here is my last coocoo theory. My first & last initials are L & F or 12 & 6 or 6+6 & 6. Sorry if I’m freaking you out. Let's move on.

You want to know something about Burning Man & Apogaea? I have done more than my share of drugs. I know what it’s like to be high on most substances. One might even call me an expert on the subject. The thing about my burns, I never felt high on the LSD I took. I know what an acid trip is supposed to be like, and feel like, and it never came. I never felt high or like I was tripping, at all. That’s why I don’t know if I was really chosen. Did my mind fuck me or did they?

Either way I know what I want to do with my life now that my book is done. If my book is successful, I want to travel the country, selling it, and raising money, to run for president. If you think I'll make a good one next time you vote, write me in, if i’m not already on the ballot.

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The person I have become looks like a monster. I would never hit myself when people coughed before my programing in LA jail. I have given myself a black eye twice this week. I try to begin this paragraph with good things but this is what comes out?

 I am so different yet so the same as I was before I was given that name, The Chosen One. At first, before I knew what was “really” going on, I had become more….righteous for lack of a better word. I would start to hate killing things, I would be more empathetic (if that’s even possible), I would try to be more grateful for things, and I would develop a love of all people. That was what I thought they were, I thought since they all had gifts like Jesus being mind readers, maybe we are all sons of man. That’s what made me start walking upright. Wanting to be a part of them. My path of righteousness now has gotten to biblical proportions but I won’t go into that now. Righteousness is what I would say is most different about me. My want of walking that path, is what’s the same.

 My whole life I have been seeking approval. God, my family, my friends. I don’t want to wrong any of them so I seek their opinion always. When one doesn’t approve I get a feeling that says “you’re doing it wrong” and I repent with a punch to the face. Now I have the religious right to do it, but I doubt God approves, so I am still wrong. I don’t always hit myself for a good repentance reason but I am getting closer.

 It’s amazing how much dark programing we are subject to. We are definitely born into sin and are raised with it like it’s part of us. Those of us raised by the tv anyway. Now that I strive for righteousness, I am finding more and more ways I have sinned. I was discussing the ten commandments at work the other day when I re-learned the tenth commandment, thou shalt not covet. I had to look up the definition of covet and when I did, I realized I was sinning every time I saw a vehicle I admired. I was doing it when my friends would go on trips. Not to mention my unhealthy want of being a part of them. Here is one programing we all get through Jesus’s birthday. We tell Santa what we want for Christmas. Not a sin to just want it. To covet is to want it with a full hart. Come on now. As a kid when you see the toy you just have to have blasted in adds everywhere, you can’t help but want it that much more. We never even had a chance. Now that I know it’s a sin and i’m an adult with very little wants, it is the easiest sin, habit to break. We can always repent and sin less and less until finally we are clean in the eyes of the Lord.

 I am also in the works right now of breaking the 3rd commandment. I mean stopping, my breaking, of the third commandment. It is something I do a lot. Like a lot, a lot, a lot. That is why I am okay with punching myself now. God may have said it doesn’t hurt, when she was female but I don’t know if that was God, or Satan pretending to be God. So I am going to assume that when I take my fathers name in vain, I might as well punch him in the face. If I get a poke that makes me hit myself, I just remember the last time I sinned, and only said sorry. God deserves better than just “sorry” all the time. I know he doesn’t like it but I think we could all punch ourselves every now and then for what we do to God’s name. I take his name in vain so much I should cut out the poke in the middle, and just punch myself when I say it. But I need a reason to get poked because I will always get poked. This is the only commandment I am currently struggling with but I have only scratched the surface of sin in the Bible (maybe), so I might struggle with other things I didn’t know were sin if, or when, I find them.

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Todays search for truth has confirmed thoughts I have had since the beginning. I still don’t know how much truth there is to my conclusion but it’s looking more and more possible. I don’t know what to do with my newly found truth. I have had this thought several times but it always evades me after I accept it. I would rather not accept it, and I hope it’s just Satan playing tricks again. The way that site uses the bible makes me feel like I am hearing God again. If it is God, I will do what I have to do, and I will be, whatever God needs me to be. If it’s Satan I guess there isn’t much I can do either. I know if it were Satan, God wouldn’t let it happen. I would be left without goals, but at least I wouldn’t be the new name they are calling.

 I mentioned it before and didn’t really know what it meant. They have told me I am more times than I would’ve liked but that’s my fault for not believing. The truth I saut after today, was the truth about Burning Man.

<http://poweredbychrist.homestead.com/burningman.html>

Is a very informative, yet opinionated site. The article has lots of evidence backing up information, scripture to prove it, but the founder of BM denies any of the accusations made. I don’t know who to believe on this one. I was placed in the wilderness the day I left Burning Man so I only have that 66.6% of truth on my meter.

 The article pretty much says, that they are doing Satanic and Idol worship. That the man they burn down, is these peoples Idol, and there god. The Idol also represents a real man. A man that will bring forth, one world government, and one world religion.

The Antichrist, is a name they are using more and more frequently. I don’t know how, I don’t know when, but if it truly is me…………………..then……………...fuck. It’s not like I am bad guy. I can even see the process of how it happened and it it’s not because I am evil. It’s my want of everyone's approval, my need to please others before myself, and beating myself up instead of the ones hurting me. Something has seen all I do for others and the little I do for myself, it wants me to make things right with myself. If that means ruling the world, to prove to myself, I am not a stupid piece of shit, I would do it. I have been so hard on myself since the day my dad almost killed me. It’s time for me to do things I love myself for. I’m done being the enemy of myself. I am ready for my next chapter in life. Or next book, now that I have finally ended this one. It’s time to love myself, as much as I love you.

 Yeah YOU! I love you, you mind reading, brain washing, Lenny choosing, Satanic piece of occultist trash. I could have said it a little nicer but hey, The Chosen One is nasty list of names, his friends should be too.

 And for those of you not reading my mind, where have you been? Don’t you know you are the chosen one? I can’t say why, and I don’t know what for. You must find that out on your own, like I had to. It’s a very long, dark, twisted, sharp, and lonely journey. It sucks. I won’t fill your head with lies about it being worth it because every journey is different, they can leave you worse than you were before. If you find your truth, as to why you are chosen, hang on to it as tight as you can. That truth will be tested to the fullest. Pulling, pushing, taring, scratching, and roughing it up, over and over until it’s no longer truth. It’s just a pile of words.

If you can find a new truth in the pile of unfortunate false, you now have a stronger truth that can defend itself, because this truth is made of words that have seen the test of truth and failed. A truth made from false words uses the power generated by testing to redesign the false pretested words, into double tested super words. After a word goes through a second test, it becomes resistent to bull shit. These super words can test a truth all on their own. They work so hard at keeping bull shit away that they evolve past truth and become fact.

When your truth becomes a fact, you are strong enough for battle. This is the battle that can turn a single person, into several. The battle you are destined to both win, and lose. The battle against, yourself. I can’t tell you exactly how this battle is fought or won because i’m not yourself, you are. Everyone fights themselves differently.

There are dark forces out there, that will guide you, and show you a side of yourself, you probably won’t want to see. The battle with the self will last countless days and nights. Once the battle is near its end and your about to declare peace throughout all of the you still at war, you will realize the real truth.

That you are too easy. Haha made you think you were about to go through some shit, didn’t I? (Sorry for the joke. Here’s some real advice, just in case you find yourself, in a real, self fight. The real truth is, you are the only self that matters, any other self, can go fuck themself. Then you and yourself are at peace, because you are now a single self, loving yourself and touching yourself. You selfie molester.)

 All joking aside though if you ever feel like the world is out get you, just ask the world, what is it you want to get me? If nothing answers you, nothing is out to get you. You’re crazy, like me, Lenny. Wanna be best friends?

No, seriously though, I left my email address somewhere in this book. I think is in chapter Z. If you need someone because the whole world has come against you, I will do my best to be there, (at least in email) because it’s not a feeling anyone should have. It’s too awful to even describe what it’s like. I don’t want you to ever feel like the whole world is against you. I have gone against the whole world and it sucks. I will always be the one person on your side if you need one. Everyone deserves at least one friend and you’ve got one right here.

You are never alone, even if you decided I am not a good friend anymore and you want to go alone. God is still there, so is Satan. I know that sounds scary but they are there for you too. Satan is very sweet but she’ll play tricks on you.

God is there for you in a different way. He is more a guide than a god when he is teaching us with his humor. And if that teaching becomes torture, tell Satan she’s good at God impressions. If God says it wasn’t Satan, I would politely remind him, that it’s impossible to tell the difference, when you are being tortured. It is still Satan fucking with you, trust me. She is so sly and undetectable when she’s playing her tricks.

I have had battles with God you wouldn’t believe. He would seriously torture every single thought I would think. It was always wrong and needed changing, or it was stupid, and would ruin my life if I thought it, or could break the universe, if I didn’t take it back right away. He would tell me to control my thinking as it became impossible to please him. I gather up everything spewing out of my consciousness and turn my mind into a tomb, where nothing, not even light can escape.

So with my thoughts now under control and nothing is being broadcast from me, this ass hole says “you need too let your thoughts out. You can’t just block them.”

FUCK, THERE IS NO PLEASING YOU! I would accuse.

That thought torture made me so timmed, I was a nervous wreck for a week. I would cut off my connection with God because I wasn’t getting tortured again. I realized a little while ago that it was all Satan the whole time. She was pretending to be God. That’s when I forgave him for the torture and started to love him like I do now. I tell him I would do anything for him but he shows me I wouldn’t. I love God so much. Just as much as when he was female. He has blessed me with getting to know him. I had to meet Satan too, to get to know God, and even though she sucks sometimes, I do love her, a little bit.

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I feel like crying. I can’t believe I finished. Thanks for sticking with me all the way through. I bet all those endings were annoying when they kept going, this one is starting to drag on too. I don’t know what it is. I’m afraid to stop. This book gives me something to do. What am I going to do now that it’s over?

**Part 2**

Got ya!

I must be crazy for this one

*In the garden on the left you there is a stone, that stone will lead you to the cellar*

*In the cellar, in the biggest box, you will find the secret prize*