

Brendan S

An Autobiography

(First Version)

Direct Transcript.

- Chapter One -

I was going to go outside once, and was invoked a terrible fear from one of my fellow prisoners of the daycare system.

They went outside, then in, and arrived back inside, to show me behind "the curtain" of a playhouse, how weird we really are to bleed.

The strangeness of this, when I knew I wasn't impressed, for some reason had a sadomasochistic sense of sycophancy designed into its self-mutilation.

Was the mutilated child trying to impress me..?

I don't remember much from my childhood, actually.

I was pretty much plain and simple.

I didn't do much, except play nintendo, talk to my friends, refuse to play basketball, and I smoked a pack of Egyptian "Cleopatra" cigarettes by the age of 11.

I was young when I first tried valium, too, and that's when my memories really start.

For some reason, I have this weird alchemy about my blood -- I can't seem to fail.

It's like a simple drop of alcohol, a mere wiff of another's cigarette, the mere strong cup of water, and air itself on certain sunny days got me lifted.

I was never called "sensitive" -- just on the outside.

According to the work of Evelyn Underhill, writer of Practical Mysticism and also a textbook of the same subject, recorded in an enlightened state, she says to me, or claims, that "the actual need to be able to sense new experiences, and feel them as grandly as we can, or will, makes us an 'ecstatic mystic.'"

There is a certain type of "Mystic" called an "ecstatic mystic..?"

Yes

And I found this out with a pleasurable pride.

The snake and bird, what mystery, when all I dealt with was the terrible lie, we all think of as a biblical experience.

Merely to see the blood from another, and not know why, but why a "snake" at the beginning of the dawn of Eden, in Eden School, Bar Harbor, where I had to deal with this creep -- was I not permitted to be creeped out..?

I even told my mother, justified, and in perfect letter to the

line, I "want" a new approach to reality. You can't run a "daycare" forever.

So, she shut it down one day, and all of the kids were gone.

As I got older, I played with G.I. Joes a lot.

Ninja turtles toys were cool, but I think it was a desire for real action.

I was personally always a fan of military, cops, and authority types. I always rooted for the good guy in movies, no matter what the movie.

Something about how the world was, I just knew we needed more of them. I wanted to know more, and why I had a reason to even "want" rightness out of the world, only being me. Just one person wanting "good people" when I was only so old, was not mysterious to everyone. My sister Amy is kind of the same way.

"Feeling deserving of producing a change in the world seems like a vast idea, but in this virtual sensory theater, action is only a stylus from your hand." We choose what we do, so maybe I was more concerned with the 'free will' of Man.

I remember, once, when I was in math class in the third grade, I had a strange teacher who would make fun of me in front of the class.

She belittled me, and seemed to want to know "the equation" all the time.

Whatever, "The Equation" was.

She asked, and asked, talking about calculus and algebra, and trying to speed the class along, once made me cry in front of everyone.

I still, except for how I understand this now, took a while to realize what and why she needed to know from me so badly, about this "equation" she begged to know.

I want to skip ahead, because I hated being young, so I was about thirteen, and

Me and "Gabriel" (who looks like an angel), were talking.

He said, "you know, you look Egyptian."

And I smiled, wanting to have something to be like a chalice or golden cup in my hand for some reason, while boasting that I may've once been somewhere in the other realm once.

We were smoking a pair of Egyptian cigarettes, and I smoked mine slowly.

He smoked his fast.

We had vodka one day, and I didn't drink much, or enough to feel it.

When I was escalated to the level of feeling a "part of a group" . . . I didn't care.

I was weird about friends, because I got sick a lot.

I felt dehydrated constantly. and never seemed to have enough of anything.

Though, I have no idea why, I loved to eat healthy foods, and I enjoyed all vegetables, chocolate milk that was healthy, soy milk, home-made cooking, and we had a fresh garden when I was young.

I didn't want to talk about it, but I knew I was deprived of life itself.

Or, I would be more some day.

I got a little older when I put my G.I. Joes into a box, and religiously moved to cigarettes and incense directly after.

I might've even over-extended my interest in them, since I honored the little men like real people till the age of 13 anyway.

Logging in to the internet, I first tried to download band pictures.

I bought rock CD's, and walked around with a CD Walkman as soon as I could.

I'd listen to music on the bus, or thought of it as a "wasted meditation."

I didn't want to waste time with music-time, so to speak. I thought it was really important to wake up with a song each morning.

I won't name a certain one, just that they were louder songs than most young teens listen to.

And more crude.

Kindergarten, I will mention, I was "put into a fight" -- kids on the bus kept challenging my friend, and wanted me to 'defend him' so I hit a kid in the stomach at lightning-speed, and he couldn't breathe for about twenty seconds.

I wanted to shut him up.

How I got the "natural fight move" I can not say . . . me and Gabe and Kyle would hang out the most.

We were actually, later reported, to be the "cool guys" of the school.

Gabe had a sort of powerful spiritual family with Hindu things, and Buddhist pictures, and incense, and ethnic food everywhere, and made cold tea as a beverage, that they kept in a pitcher.

He introduced me to video games, of a more 3D scale. We played Twisted Metal a lot.

Once I was a teenager, I was very quiet.

I got further away from my old friends, and hung out more with the geeky group of kids at school by the eighth grade.

Gabe and Kyle still seemed to hang out, but Gabe looked more

like a loner also.

I was getting into computers, and learned HTML code pretty fast.

I didn't want to tell anyone, but I had a "plan" to become an operative, or agent some day, of some kind, after just one night of doing WHOIS I.P. look-ups on certain websites.

I found out, that

The internet is very easy to figure out in a short period of time.

From the movie, "Hackers" I already knew just to "have" an I.P. address (Phone Call with security guy scene) that the I.P. was the direct access to the website.

I started to think on URL codes, next.

My parents said I had blue eyes and never cried when I was

born.

They knew I was supposed to work a job, though, more than anything special. It seemed.

They'd work at this weird volunteer part of Bar Harbor, to "help people" and it seemed legit. At times, they'd come home with toys and even an original nintendo as things they were allowed to borrow from their job ..

Why my mom needed to work at the kindergarten, and first grade "teachers help" or "teachers aid" thing, without ever helping me much myself, at school, was beyond me.

My dad was starting a business of his own eventually, a heating and plumbing company.

I'd walk out, from my area of the house, to see my dad with his head in his hands one day, and my mom literally telling him affirming words in front of me. She said, "You will start this business. It is easy! You've done a lot of work already, and trust me, honey, it won't be that tough. You'll start it, and you'll keep it going for a long time. It will be a successful business,

because I am a powerful woman, and you are a powerful man, and at least we have each other."

I walked out of the room, and never told anyone about what I saw.

I never had many injuries when I was young .. bad luck bestowed unto me by "being at school" at all, invited rocks, and knuckle-bruising, and strange things thrown at me all the time.

I eventually had to learn how to fight, and yet I never actually got into a fight.

Myself and my father (who was also made fun of, at the end of his line of tolerance for bullies) got his purple belt, and I left with my green belt.

One day, I was sitting in class, and the sensei was making jokes.

"Why is everybody looking at me..?" I said very innocently,

When the Sensei, Tracy, said, "But there is SOMEONE here who already has a black-belt..!"

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I tried to prove I had a "belt" of any kind, yet all I really wore was a belt to hold up my pants at church, which I always seemed to need more for church clothes than anything else.

I remember getting ready for church felt like church itself.

My dad always wore a white shirt.

I know when I got older, I lost interest in my one friend ..

He was getting too into football, and football just wasn't my thing.

I liked the video game side of our relationship, and how we watched movies, but he also tended to know a lot more girls than me, who truly got on my nerves.

I wanted to be alone more, I felt.

I wrote an early lyric, one when I was thirteen, and this might've started to form my original independence.

I wrote two, and told my sisters while my parents were in the room, "I wrote a song..!"

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One girl at school looked really nice, but I never spoke to her.

I had to write a short story for English class in the eighth grade, and I wrote a story about "artificial intelligence driven airplanes."

My math class was the "organized math class" of "specific math students" (like a special math class) but I always felt like the dumb one.

Geometry vexed me, because they left out a lot of information, I felt, like how beautiful shapes can be.

I always did well in English class.

Early on, I got into computers.

I wanted to print out pictures, at first, of band members of the music I listened to.

My original interest was just information, and searching around.

When I found chatrooms, I never knew how many people I'd end up meeting.

I found I liked nature more than science, though I didn't know it.

I loved going outdoors, and spending time outside.

I liked to work on an Express site, and then run outside into my mother's garden and tell her about my website.

I walked out barefoot into the dirt of the garden one day, and the beanstalk was really high. I told her, "I made a new site that talks about my favorite bands. So people can know about the bands. And also about them."

She said that sounded cool.

Getting into programming didn't take long for me, since I wanted to learn how to make what I called "E-EX-E's." They were the totally completed program, and it excited me to think about being able to make one of my own.

I wanted to make a word processor, and other things, but when I got Visual Basic programming software, I found the word processor was a built-in app that anyone can compile. So I compiled one, and then just used notepad instead.

I never played video games for the violence, in the ones like Quake or Doom. I played for the thrill.

I got to the point of always upgrading my game system, to whatever system had the best games, until at least the age of sixteen.

In the end, all I did was play Kirby, and a few other games on my Retro Nintendo, and Hot Shots Golf and Tony Hawk Pro Skater on playstation.

I loved playing Tony Hawk while I was sleepy ..

I might've wanted to have more friends if it weren't for video games.

I can't help but admit.

I got to school one day, totally dressed in black, and had a throw-up spill on my shirt, and my teeth weren't brushed, and I was late for class. I also had my hair gel in the wrong way.

I was about sixteen, and post-high off a valium I stole off my dad's dresser.

A girl looked at me funny, and she said, "Are you alright?" and she laughed.

"Oh."

"No." I said.

And then spun out of the room, and checked myself in the bathroom.

I got probably 20 detentions for being late to school.

I was a C+ student, but I actually got a B on everything, and usually would have had a B grade on all of my work, if the school didn't deduct credits for other reasons, or hate me so much for not "paying attention."

I remember I played quake on one of the library computers, after searching Rotten.com, and looked up from the screen at the library lady right after i blew off some monster-guys head.

I think it was kind of funny how Jeffery J. could hack the entire network, and I never really asked him how he does it.

I already dealt with the Eighth grade when girls were being bullies to me and Jordan and my other friends.

We don't talk about it, but the girls at school weren't as smart as the guys at school, when it came to protecting the very words, and thoughts they thought they could use to shit-talk against us, since we had the great ability of abusing in-built features in Hotmail, and Yahoo.

I remember when I first logged in to Rotten.com, I thought I'd see a murder victim or something.

People talked about the website ..

And "Newgrounds."

Goth kids checked it out a lot.

We also played Archmage, a medieval game, about the dark ages.

I remember casting "death and disease" as a spell against an opposite group to ours, and it made my friend's character get killed when they retaliated. He hated me all day in school over it.

When I noticed the "motorcycle face" guy, I thought I knew him almost.

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Richard McGee told me (one of my teachers) that "that old report you gave on Voodoo" in the sixth grade was "really something." I was only half-paying attention.

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I got older, and started to see the world existentially.

I used the word 'God' a lot, only because I had questions.

The more I noticed adulturation in the young (kids acting like they were adults), the more I saw shallowness and immaturity in the old.

I found that people were all very selfish, and never shared their best secrets.

A lot of people in the nineties always just seemed to "have something."

That cool stereo. That cool car. That cool gaming system. That cool sweatshirt. That cool bike.

We were very materialistic in a religious way, since a lot of us only had "one" of whatever thing it was.

It was tough to be proliferous with our things in the nineties.

Still, I was one of the otherwise.

I had more toys than most kids, and only because I begged my mother for them so much.

When it came to computers, I always had what I needed for my machine to run.

I essentially was able to deal with the hardware of the machine at first, easily, taking it apart, and putting in new ram, removing dust, and fixing parts of the machine.

I got about to the point of knowing more about overclocking, speeding up internet speed, and how to "beast out your machine" when I noticed the very unhumble nature to people who acted this way, the same way some people would into their teens use cheat codes on video games.

It was all despicable, so I chose to be humble, and always used a basic computer.

The desktop machine we had was a gray Dell, and we had it for years.

Maybe ten years, and it still ran ten years later, when I got a few files off the machine in my twenties.

I know this sounds like fast-tracking, but the machine used to crash so much, and I did so many things with it, I just want to note on the tragic, yet sentimental feeling you may have for a machine that was not so well-respected.

It's a dark feeling.

Old computers can have a dark feeling, and they feel sad.

Like the computer itself was not only abused, but ignored, I was reckless as an internet user early on, so I want to fast-track in my own way to my teen years.

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I learned that dressing in black made me invisible, yet also seen, yet only seen by those to whom I wanted to see me.

I sat at the cafeteria table, with my friends, while Dustin, a two-year-older student played Marilyn Mansons's "Sweet

Dreams" at the acoustic sessions of the cafeteria, some pretty girls were listening, and that was all I cared about. That they heard it.

I sometimes was writing lyrics in the halls, sitting down on the floor, leaning against the wall with a mini-pencil, and piece of notebook paper.

No one knew why, but I didn't like carrying an entire notebook.

I kept just one piece of paper in my pocket, and folded it before school, and hoped to use it for lyrics later on each time I was mentally aware as I folded it.

This trend started as early as fifteen.

When I was trying the Tiny Wave Editor, a Yamaha wave editor, for the first time, that had limited features, I layered two guitar tracks, and my dad walked through the room and heard the song, acknowledging it and saying it was cool-sounding.

I kept at it, for a while, and eventually had a burned disc to share at school.

Jeffery, Brian, and Mario were the people I shared it with.

Mario was annoyed, I thought, while Jeff liked it, and Brian Soares seemed "honored to hear it."

So, there were mixed opinions of my first work.

I called one of the songs "Tarantulis."

I still don't know what it means.

When I was in school, I tested words a lot, and tried to make up my own. I thought of old Latin words, too, like "maligo" which meant, "to do evil" -- "deviltion" in my terms, was the personal corruption of the human soul.

I had dreams of growing up to live on the moon some day.

My aloneness was proud of itself.

At home, I scoured the internet for anything, but it is true I took powerful vitamins, ate an entire raw egg or two, while also taking Ginseng, exercising before school, and also lifted

weights while wearing my black clothes hemmed against the sides of my body, in a more self-outfitted version of my personal wear.

Over time, I began to become comfortable with myself as a person who wanted to be the way "he" or "I" wanted to be.

I found a girlfriend when I was about sixteen, and she was named M.

She didn't seem to care if I stared at her better parts of her body, while her lips moved about movies I wasn't going to watch.

I wanted her more than she knew, but I don't think she could really tell.

She seemed numb.

She seemed like she didn't even know what the point of the movies, and radio, and things she enjoyed really was. Which was love, to me.

M. dressed in leather, punk clothes, black, and she wore

lipstick sometimes to class.

She was usually, in red and black, the one who seemed to really have the best hips out of all the girls in school.

I know as I grew older, I became more muscular, and the vitamins seemed to help.

I bought them off a special site, and used my dad's work money to buy them. They were to "boost my immune system, neurotransmitters," and sexual health.

I also did eat at least two to three raw eggs a day, for a month, or two.

I bench-pressed at night to heavy metal, and waited for the twelve o'clock mark of the evening to mess with my computer, or try to record a song.

I felt like, "I only want to work on music when I have nothing around me. No one to bother me. No other sounds."

I felt this way for a while.

My CD was untitled, and only one song so far.

I made a song called, "Winternal" and had another one called, "Self-Resolutions." I liked to play the ukulele, but it had no place in my sounds back then.

The music was geared toward an electronic-industrial feel, much like the nine inch nails, and I also knew Trent from online, though he went nameless, and I couldn't always tell when it was him.

I chatted with Chino Moreno from the deftones, once, also, which I could tell by his personality in the chatroom.

The chat-days over, I started to meet girls online more.

I had this one special friend "Nikki" who I'd talk to almost every night.

She called me on the phone, once, when I was drugsick, and she decided to stay on the line for an hour and forty minutes, a "movie length" I kept telling her, after.

She was a nasally-voiced, cute, and kind of petite punk girl who liked the same music as me.

We sent music, images, and web addresses back and forth for years, and only lost touch once Facebook came around.

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Calling herself, "Holly GoTightly," she had a lot of cool things to say, and I just wanted to show off online with lame ideas, usually. She just was too mature for me, and I acted a fool a lot. Eventually, her and Daniel (her boyfriend at the time) changed accounts, and she vanished from my life, though from what I know, she didn't stay with Daniel.

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Michelle was pretty hot, the way she looked at school. She wasn't so cute when she watched TV, though. Hunkering in front of the screen with a greasy bowl of popcorn in front of her, letting her gut go, and just laughing like a deranged mental

patient at the weirdest, sickest shit on-screen.

She seemed to like to get a 'shock' out of TV.

I remember once, back when I played UniBall, a team on the server was called "nRu" (newbies r us), and they made fun of newbies, while stomping on the vets. They seemed like a far-cry from a horde of demons from hell, the way they all just "showed up to the game one day" and crashed the party.

No one liked nRu, and they had this one weird, obviously-drug-addicted player named Pengo who would always systematically boot players from chat-lobbies until it was the roster of players he wanted to play with.

How people put up with his tyranny, I still don't know.

I got a lot of good grades early on in school, and I never got into any arguments or fights with anyone.

There was the tough "redneck" crowd, that seemed to really dominate the prep-scene of the school, in spite of how low-income their lives truly were. Being in Maine, it's cool to go

fishing. Cool to do landscaping for your dad. Cool to drive a four-wheeler.

The crowd underneath this was mostly dominated by girls, a clique of pretty much debonair cute teen girls who didn't seem to care about the consequences of what they said, but definitely cared about the consequences for how they looked and appeared.

I never got too close to that crowd.

My table at school, I remember, one day, was with at least seven other goth kids like me. Over time, our table expanded.

We had a entire table full of punks, goths, and neo-redneck "outcasts" for almost enough to take up two tables, until we finally did. The "other table" was for the more quiet goth kids. Over time, the goth scene was gradually taking over MDI, and a lot more students were wearing belly-shirts, and dressing in punk styles by my Sophomore year.

I had a Dead Kennedy's (red and black) shirt I wore. A few Rage Against The Machine t-shirts, a Fear Factory t-shirt,

Videodrone, and all sorts of bands no one had ever heard of as my decor.

I liked to have "unique clothes" and still enjoy a shirt that stands out as totally different.

Fashion was an interest of mine, but I never really knew it till later on.

I woke up one morning, after watching Alien 3 at 1 A.M. I was pale, and looked sick to people at school. Jordan (my friend) said, "You looked like a zombie walking down the hall."

The night before, I took two klonopin I got from M's mom.

They made me "drowsy and awake" at the same time, and achieved hypnotic effect.

I remember scribbling a few notes on a Autolux message board, and then watching a movie for a half hour, then going to bed. Everyone was confused on the message board.

I remember I had lucid dreams since I was a child.

I used to fly, or float, or travel through different "realities."
Experience after experience, I lied on my stomach, and waited for the night each time I had another chance to travel through my own mind lucidly. I found this was easy, and I could control my dreams and experience what I wanted to, as soon as I lied down. I would turn to the side, and see the images I wanted to. I started to form the dream. Setting. props. actors, and then hit play in my head. I always woke up feeling good when I did this.

The later I moved into life, the more I realized "real life" was becoming my dream to control.

I knew I had "time" to control my reality. I always just somehow could know this.

I was every step ahead of myself, ready for whatever.

I didn't mind walking home from school, and even from high school once, when I tried to hitch-hike.

I've hitch-hiked a lot, actually, sometimes just to go to the store.

I've had this desire to "keep moving for movements sake" my entire life.

I was always very active.

I found that I knew more than most people in my computer classes, so I ended up having to help everyone from the school teacher, to most advanced students in school with (to me) basic computer problems.

I think I actually was the only one able to make "high-end" videos in my part of the video-lab, because of how well-treated my machine was compared to everyone else.

I respected every touch, nuance of effect, and relationship with the machine I was given.

I even edited a video of myself playing the video game I play, as a school project.

It was just a bunch of goals being scored by spaceships playing hockey in space.

I worked on it for probably the entire class.

I remember how I drew / sketched a very detailed picture of a dog on the edge of a cliff, in my keyboarding class, because using "manual typing" I found that my index fingers with memorized keys were easier to complete assignments, so I would just type my normal way in-between the parts of the class when the teacher wasn't looking.

I went to hair with spiky hair once, but it didn't work out.

I had to fix it in the bathroom mirror. Then someone walked in, and commented and also complimented on my pants, a goth-style from a website, the Hot Topic site.

They were baggier than snow-pants.

I think I got a ride home from Jordan that day, and we went to the store first. Then he took me home, and we watched some of the movie "Brazil" after class, together, once.

All the way to the chaotic ending, except Jordan left amid the chaos.

We used to briefly talk at school, but we were only partial friends.

I had a dark heart in high school, and I didn't really "want" to have any friends.

People could tell I wanted to be alone.

I stared at the floor a lot, even though I was doing fine with everything else.

I watched as a girl passed through the hall one day, and S. looked like she was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen.

She was the super-model who worked in Massachusetts for a while as a model when she was young, and I just got made fun of her by her, and sometimes a smile every now and then.

She seemed to enjoy being masochistic -- marks going up her arms.

She claimed she liked the broken mirror she taped / glued to her wall in fragments.

I tried to let her know how much I liked her.

I had already started going out with M.,but I liked S. a lot.

I found that she had a cool way of looking at life. Darkly, like me.

So we agreed on a lot, still, and still talked every now and then.

It felt like a friendship with Sally, I won't lie.

Michelle was a vacuum of pointlessness, and I didn't want to say anything, but they're totally two different types of people.

One just wants to stare at a TV-set, and the other one wants to escape "out of the TV-set."

(Two popular girls at school ruminating out loud in the cafeteria one day, as I overlistened to the everpresent dramas of Mount Desert Island High School).

I was listening to my mp3 CD player on the ride home.

I thought about M.

I thought about her, and how I could "best connect" with her ..

The way I walked, as I got off the bus a block from my house, was kind of certain, yet another day would pass I'd walk the same way, in a different state of mind.

I walked certainly, and knew I was going to work on my song, "Committed."

I said, to the woman on the phone (my grandmother) "sure, you can stay with us."

She was given to hospice, and was a cancer patient, of a type of cancer I won't name, that she had to stay with us, I was nice about, and welcomed her to our home.

I kept Sally on my mind that night, but I think I had more to do that night, than just work on a song. I hemmed a few shirts while burning purple incense, and read a book in the bath-tub. I also walked down the street again, for a breath of fresh air, and then arrived back home with a need for more.

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I woke up, put my pants on first, and then put my shirt on.

I looked at my alarm clock, and it was 7:48.

My mom was storming about the house, saying, "I told you to wake up three times."

I got out of my room, fixed my hair, and rushed to school.

I got a detention, and had my notebooks in my hand at the time. I just looked down at the blue one.

They asked me if I could do an hour, because of all of my lateness lately, and I fatefully agreed.

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I talked to no one in study hall or detention and just listened to my mp3 cd player.

I wrote lyrics instead of did homework, usually.

The page I left off on was always about six to ten lines.

It was all so slow at first.

I wrote very slowly, in tiny pinpoint writing.

The small text was unseeable to anyone who walked by, but I saw what I wrote.

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A "reclusive person" yet I was nice to girls in especial, I always had the ability to flirt, and I definitely favored girls dressed in black.

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I talked to a lot of girls in my photography class, and also was able to spend time alone with two of them a lot, one whose name I think was like Rebecca, and they were funny about how I printed so many spider close-up pictures, with a pleasant look on my face.

I also did other pictures, like broken-down houses, the way my basement looked, and old graveyards.

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"Brendan. We need you."

Arno laughed.

"We have a show. A punk-show we need to get to. We need more people, so our parents won't reject the idea."

"Okay, where is it..?"

"Um, it's not far."

"No. It's in Orono."

"Yeah."

We went to the show, after a long car-ride of listening to stories about "Shelley" a girl that they'd both been with, and then when we got there, amplifiers, and guitars were being set up. I stood there in a "Dead Kennedy's" shirt, and stood off to the side. Actually, I was just wearing plainclothes. I'd look bad in a DK shirt at a punk show, I could kind of already tell, so I just wore a black shirt.

A "circle pit" is when people reach the breakdown (slowed down power chords) part of a song, and "chug" more than play guitar, so everyone can move in circular patterns along the floor, and move in such a way that they run in a circle in the middle of the room.

My experience of this was not at-first so friendly, and I stood off to the side.

A lot of the bands lacked a bassist, and they only had guitars.

Some of them were just noise, and drums.

The vocalist was always unhearable.

Rarely could you make out a word.

I remember a girl there who looked like a slightly-older Molly Ringwood.

She had pins as buttons (push-pins), and a black blouse on.

She was with a friend, and her skin was perfect.

I wanted to just "kind of talk to her" but I never got a chance.

I now truly think it was her ..

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We got back really late at night, and I got dropped off, to a static look on my face.

I stared at my computer screen, and the noise didn't effect me at all.

I was around a lot of open electric circuits, though, I could feel.

Around this time, I was getting pretty serious with Michelle.

* * * * *

We talked on the phone a lot.

We kind of whispered, and mumbled into my ear in a croaking voice.

Late at night, usually.

I lifted weights on the same nights, and always was the one to end the conversation.

At school, I wore more "black and white" style clothes.

Especially the RATM shirt, "Who Laughs Last..?" with the skeleton holding the microphone, yammering his deathly words at whatever duly-lifeless crowd.

Numb to the possibility of wanting to go to college, I said "no." to all possibility of reaching for a good SAT score, or filling out any scholarship applications.

I went home, and Irene was there.

She was sitting in the chair, and seemed very quiet.

"Did you have a good day..?"

"Yes, and you did too, I bet."

She just smiled, weirdly.

I forced confidence on people when I was with Michelle.

In the back of my mind, I could feel the jealousy from my other classmates.

Being a "quiet" editor and programmer back at home, while decked out in the most goth clothing, while going out with the "cute punk girl" at the school, who was two years younger than me, and who clinged to me, I couldn't feel a degree more mature than others.

We met, in all truth, on her birthday.

I took two valium, and ate "vinegar pickled cucumbers" with her.

We watched two movies, and I went home.

I remember being really high that night.

I listened to "Committed" in its most complete form, and played the song back to back.

I lied in the complete pitch black darkness of my room, and let the second song play, hearing "Blood and Air" drone out at me.

I was seventeen around this time.

Some purple musk was burning to my side,

And I fell asleep on my back, to dreams about the future.

When I got back to school the next day, Michelle was really into me, but in a far-away way.

She seemed to have, "integrated me" as her boy-"friend."

I didn't know it, but she didn't really want to take me to seriously. She just liked being with me, because of "how I was" or "who I was" to her .. I had no idea, though.

She just thought I was cool, and it would be cool to be with me.

She argued with me a lot, sometimes, even though I rarely took note on this. Her dad also yelled a lot, and she was kind of moody at times.

She got angry about stupid things, and had a lot of insecurity, really.

Sally was quiet, and had a humility about her I felt kindred to.

She called me late, one night, while I was with Michelle.

She talked to me, out of her own urge alone.

I said, "Hello..?"

And Sally was on the phone.

"Brendan..?"

And I talked to her, learning about her, and how she was, for a half hour.

It was enough information to fall in love, and I loved her voice, but I felt a weird devotion to the manipulative power of Michelle.

I just looked at Sally the next day, and smiled.

It was far-away, in my mind.

And I really didn't know how much I cared about anything at

all, for a moment.

For a moment, one of my friends was being bullied in the hall.

And I just kept on staring.

Chapter 2

At home, I had a computer drive full of music files. Half were legit, the other half "downloaded by being a pirate" or something like that.

I wasn't proud of those songs, in a way, yet prouder on certain days to listen to them.

"We All Go Down" was always playing, by Far.

"After Everything, Now This" by The Church.

Any Pixies CD you can name.

I also wore a Pixies t-shirt of the Doolittle cover, that I also hemmed.

At school, I was so lonely.

I didn't talk to anyone, in essence.

I had "exchanges" with people, but kept to myself all day.

I went back home, and worked on the songs I was working on, and sometimes tirelessly for seven hours straight. Just editing a single guitar track, sometimes.

I would hear bands, in their well-produced nineties sounds, on all the actual CD's I also bought, and spent hundreds of dollars on each few months, and still, till my spree ended eventually, now that in 2021 there is so much free music on the internet.

I wanted music all the time, and I never stopped thinking about it.

I needed it, actually, to stay happy, while the world around me seemed numb, and I was so wide awake all the time.

I didn't want to sleep.

I hated having to give up, before making myself the world's greatest artist in a single night.

I watched so many movies, I could tell I needed four a day sometimes.

I was pretty devoted to at least one new movie each night.

I re-watched a lot, though, and seemed to enjoy re-watching the "particular scenes" of certain movies over and over again.

I kept re-living these virtual memories.

Until later on, I'd be more interested in learning about how real Hollywood really is.

* * * * *

From out of nowhere, I had seen so many recent horror films, and classic horror films, I felt inspired to make my own.

I wrote a thirty-page screenplay for a short film, and showed it to Michelle.

She thought it was cool, and I agreed I would be the primary editor and director of the movie.

We never made the movie, but after at least seven punk rock shows, I was invited to a band with someone I knew pretty well from computer class. Things escalated from here, when we decided to make a mini CD together, and I worked with him in my studio for a few days, on some actually pretty decent songs.

We left and parted from one another, and I started to work in my Dad's warehouse, where it was extremely boring, and uninteresting all the time.

I got back home, each day, kind of struggling with music more, and angry I couldn't have more free time.

The annoyance of a job I considered I only needed for simple things, when I had so much work I did for my father, was kind of a lot, since I moved heavy objects, and worked with metal a lot, and also re-organized, and re-labelled his entire warehouse for him, without any guidance whatsoever.

I did a lot of work, later, for the theater company in town, where I struggled at first, but was more kind with customers than anyone else.

I had already broken up with M. since she didn't seem to grasp how much I wanted "more" out of the relationship, she parted ways from me, and I was working at the theater when my life got interesting again.

20 months before the movie theater

I got home one day, and heard Irene wasn't doing so well.

She was coughing uncontrollably, what they called "dry gasps."

She had a problem getting anything to go down.

Overnight in the hospital, everyone told her their last wishes
for her.

All I did was walk in the room, and compliment her. I said I
thought highly of her, in my own kindest of ways, and then left
the room.

She lived another two days.

I remember, when I was going to her room, that had pink walls
they had painted just for her, I didn't want her to die.

I knew it was too much to think about.

I was already getting high by the age of seventeen.

I even got high off what she took for anxiety, and it was easy
to get.

I put my hand in her palm, and she quickly started breathing
fast.

I don't know why, but she didn't stay alive for very long after I

came in the room.

She passed slowly, though, and I cried, and walked away from the group of family members.

I told Sally about it at school the next day.

Lying on my bed, my first reaction, I stared down at the darkness in-between my bed and the wall, and stated into the abyss, that "people shouldn't die." then got back up, and stormed back out of the room, to experience the energy and feeling of everyone.

They acted like I was somehow deeply saddened, but something about her death itself just had me more aware of how fleeting human life can be.

She wasn't respected when she was in hospice care, and she was also expected to die the entire time.

When she finally died, I was the next one to start receiving attention, especially since I cried the most. It was kind of annoying, because I had tears for various other reasons also.

* * * * *

I lied in bed, took a hit off a joint, put a wad of change and cash in my pocket, and walked out of the house around 11:40 to catch the bus for work.

Getting to the movie theater was easy, but I never stopped smoking till the last minute.

It was the end of my first season there, and I just wanted to make sure I'd be able to deal with the boringness of the first hour okay, so I got as high as possible first.

The popcorn was already being made when I got there.

I was going to college at this point, and in my first semester.

I had to go to "Husson University" first, to study pretty much anything, until I had enough credits to switch over to Audio at the other school (the tech school next door).

There was a girl there I liked, so I flirted with her a lot.

* * * * *

In this story, I stand up for Rumi a lot, and I'm working on becoming a super-hero.

I remember for a while, with an over-turned torch lighter, I could generate a big flame.

I tested the pocket flamethrower in my room one night, then designed another one.

They were cheap, "hackable" lighters from Wal-Mart.

* * * * *

Rumi was in the dining hall, and I said, "Hey."

She didn't respond.

I had already seen her from a distance, and it was love at first sight.

She finally talked to me later on, when Faik, my Turkish

neighbor called her to the table. He went out with her first, but I didn't really care.

They didn't actually have sex -- but we did.

She and I eventually got an apartment together, and we lived together for at least a year in total, maybe another six months she was in another apartment, while I lived at home for financial reasons, or the reason that I was "safer" at home, since a lot of spiritual hatred existed at Nescom, on Husson avenue, and I was a very hated image by some people.

Even security made fun of me, and there was no way to get anyone to take me seriously sometimes.

Rumi and I could often be seen walking down the street in the winter-time, with slush under our feet, carrying grocery bags, or me escorting her from class. We converged a lot naturally, and I was (pretty much) always there for her.

College wasn't exciting, that I got bullied for apparently no reason by what I called "the redneck crew."

They had trucks, baseball caps, beer, and loud voices.

I appeared different, I am sure.

They stopped bothering me so much, when I started walking up and down Husson ave with Rumi, though.

I also stood up to one or two of them once. Once, at a party, and another time in the hall.

I knew Rumi was still getting unwanted attention though, and I wanted this to stop.

From men flirting with her in unabashedly negative ways, to other things I can not describe (stalkers, and exhibitionists), she was terrorized just as much as I was. In the Winter's she'd get sick, and needed a heat pack wrapped around her neck.

I sat with her and watched TV with her almost every night.

She heard me playing the ukulele a lot.

I didn't mind the drinking I did, so she didn't either. I also smoked, to the point of whatever excess I needed.

Usually, closed up in the bedroom, or out with my friends.

I didn't care about the consequences.

I kind of knew the world hated me, but I had no reason of proving or way of proving why. I just knew they hated me.

One of my old friends showed up at my door one day, after I had dropped out of Audio courses, and "left the studio" (in my mind) -- because I hated their studio, I said, "thanks" as he handed the movies I lent him. He left, with a bag of mushrooms I asked for also, a day or two later, and I never saw him again.

I don't remember him that well, either.

I forgot Husson, and NESCOM pretty fast.

Started raking leaves for Cooper Gardens, and made music at home on the weekends. Staying with Rumi during the week. I smoked a lot at home.

Still, I thought, there must be more to this.

* * * * *

The black guy who grabbed Rumi's ass at school, was early on.

Later, some "bald guy on a bicycle" started following her around.

Sometimes, my own friends would snicker when they saw her.

She was quiet, beautiful, and Japanese.

Americans are like they eat. They look like hamburgers, smell bad, and are only flavorful and fashionable to themselves.

The difference is, a lot of people in the state of Maine are racist, and have something against their own indifference.

A kid at school had a scary burn-face, but no one hated him, in spite of how scary he looks. A difference in culture, however, and superstition is arisen by the mere factuality that she might know kung-fu.

Maybe a lot of Americans are racist, more than I think, but from what I can tell the "rednecky types" and hat-wearing grizzled, painter, contractor, landscaper creeps of this part of the world never knew how terrible they were at parties.

A party with a group of rednecks in Maine ..

Your buzz is high, when someone has to get their truck out of a ditch, and everyone leaves the room for an adventure in the driveway, while you sit there with a bowl in your hand. At another time, a redneck will stare at you through a glass door, with a plastered beer-look on his face, and won't stop staring, for the life of him, so all you can do is skirt to the side of the door, and hope he didn't notice his human TV-show just went invisible.

People do pills in Maine, and trip a lot here.

As a matter of fact, more people "trip" in Maine than you might think.

Mushrooms are real popular here, and LSD isn't under-expressed. A lot of people find stuff like morning glory seeds

or DMT, or just take DXM when broke but the people here are so resourceful, it would only take about \$1,000 to become a class-A witch in about three days of tripping. It's pretty annoying, actually, how many people in Maine are bad christians.

I got older -- I got stronger.

The more experience I felt in the studio, feeling the energy and feelings of my songs, the more I was not sure if I wanted to share them with anyone.

I had a lot of songs, and I only listened to them alone.

A memory I reflect on a lot is when I once got a ride to Bar Harbor to take four valium (10mg), and walk around, only to purchase the book "The Metamorphosis" by Kafka, and bother a girl at work.

I didn't mean to do either things, I was just winging the entire day.

At the end of it all, I had a chocolate milkshake, and cried over the phone to her.

People didn't seem to understand the layer of passion I hid underneath my skin.

I hid beneath my face, and my grimace over reality.

I felt like they wanted to try, to try and know me, but no one ever tried.

I met Rumi and even she was distant.

She was "there" for me -- she thought I was special, or good-looking, but that girl never really worked as hard to prove her love to me, than I did toward her.

I worked a lot harder than most people.

* * * * *

I wrote a lyric in my notebook, sometimes around people. It didn't matter to me.

Then I'd spend eight to ten hours a day, until the A.M. working

on producing the guitar tracks and drums, for an extended period of weeks, to months, on a single track that I would never share with anyone.

I talked about my music, though. Sometimes I told my cousins or family about it, and they'd hear me play a little guitar around the corner, when I was in my room, but I didn't want to share it with anyone.

I was usually more annoyed when people commented on it, or said anything.

I truly made music more for a reason to me that was personal, as well as spiritual. There was nothing about music that I saw as corporate, or business-oriented. It was just a song, an idea I wanted to create.

I was walking down the community roads one day, of the "one college circle" (as they called it) because Husson is designed like a cul de sac, and a car drove past me. One of my friends was in the car, and I got in and smoked a blunt with him.

I got back to the apartment, and Rumi was studying.

I didn't care to talk to her.

I was already angry about our relationship.

She ignored me, over "studies" (as she called it), when I had already dropped out, and she obviously thought :I didn't matter as much: since I left school.

One night, I told Rumi I wanted to break up with her.

She listened, as I described my heartache for ten minutes.

She was somehow on top of me, flat against my body, rubbing my face, and combing my hair with her hands, as she said, "No! Brendan!" and cried a lot like a baby sounds, but she didn't stop crying.

I did this again once, later on, after an Ambien binge.

She cried like a baby, but I still broke up with her in the end, since she cheated on me with a 35-year old Methodist minister who I didn't even know, the entire time she sat in his car with him after class.

He got his d**k sucked, and I smoked weed back in the apartment.

After it happened, I moved out of the apartment, and went back home.

I started partying more, and just kind of accepted that Rumi was a "bitch" -- a girl who settles for whatever she can, and will do whatever she can to stay secure.

She was a joke to me.

I hated talking on the phone with her.

Eventually, she was riding with me and my mom in the car, and I bought a six-pack of Captain Morgan's carbonated mojito's, and drank three in the car as I sat beside her.

It was funny to go to Japan and meet her family after she cheated on me.

I didn't want to have sex the entire time, but she did.

We even tried to once. I came real fast, looked coldly into her

eyes, and then told her "I am done."

She said I was "cold" to her own mom, downstairs, the next few moments.

I pissed all over the bathroom when I got back from the beach, a day or two later. I felt anxious, but something about it was funny to me, because her mom had to clean it up.

I took a "Buffren" (a really shitty version of IBUprofen), when I was about to get on the plane again.

I remember someone was asking about me on the plane, who looked like a business executive. The male stewardess even told him my first name, right in front of me, to the seat in front of me, and then he nodded his head.

"How does he know who I am..?"

We got to detroit, because of the weather, the plane had to be stopped there, and Rumi wanted to wait it out in the airport.

I said, "No. Let's just stay in the hotel they gave us, we'll have enough time to rest."

I took about 4 valium, and woke up in a stupor, with Rumi seemingly equally droned lying beside me. We both seemed to be in a hypnotized state, hypnagogic. We talked about the future, and "what will happen" and all I could say the entire time was, "It was fun knowing you."

I didn't give a shit at all.

It was one of the weirdest valium trips of my life.

* * * * *

She got back, graduated, I snuck off and smoked weed in the woods at her graduation, and totally missed the accepting of her diploma. It was our smoking-spot. I walked back, in a white dress-shirt with sunglasses on, and said, "Thanks for waiting for me." I got as high as I could get.

* * * * *

I have sad memories of me and Rumi, but I know it's over.

She can still try to reach me, but there was no feeling like this

in the world.

I really thought she love me.

I drank a red bull vodka one night, and watched an action movie, and something about it made me feel better.

It was a revenge movie.

Probably something with The Rock, or Nick Cage in it.

I loved getting drunk while watching movies.

It was my favorite thing to do back then.

I always had weed.

To this day, I never really "don't" have "something."

I'm a different type of drug addict.

I do drugs because I choose to, but I only get high when I want to -- which is whenever the fuck I want to.

I liked valium, but I had to quit eventually when I got drunk

and O.D.'d on a few too many pills, and my dad found me on the floor in one of my apartments later on. He had to drop something off, so I'm lucky he found me.

It's true I went to the hospital shortly after I broke up with her.

I had thoughts of history, a bit of an identity crisis, and wanted to "learn constantly." They only kept me for a night.

I went to rehab two years later, in Boston, and used to get drunk at the pizza-place nearby.

I snuck a bottle of wine in once, but the feeling was terrible.

It's easy to lie, when you know you're right.

I was "too right" though .. I had no reason to be in rehab. I should have been back at home, spending time with my friends.

(She brought back things from Japan once, after I stayed at home for two weeks waiting for her. Mostly candy, and simple gifts, but I liked all the things she bought. We had a good sexual relationship, and I liked her culture. She was arrogant,

though, and never seemed to know it. I screamed at my father with her in the other room once, but it was only because he was prying on my emotions .. I should have a girlfriend to talk to about my emotions, but she wasn't as there for me as I wanted her to be.)

When my relationship with her was totally over, I became a "townie" myself, in Bar Harbor.

I spent a lot of time at the park, and went to the ocean a lot.

In 2011 and 2012 I met a lot of travelers, local cool people, and dealers, and a few gangsters of the town. I was down to smoke with anyone, and I bought weed pretty much from any place.

Eventually I started to become friends with a small group of people, that was like the "Trailer Park Boys" (excluding me). The three of them were total idiots, but I was like the leader, and I helped people get alcohol and weed a lot. I got everyone high, and I even recorded Josh -- one of my friends, in my home studio eventually.

He made good songs at first, but he seemed crossed between

being a hippie, or a songwriter.

We were good friends for a while.

He helped me get high when I got out of rehab.

My parents even kicked me out of the house once, and I was able to stay at Josh's the night this tyranny occurred, over a bag of weed they found.

Legalization laws were already starting to kick in, but the natural medicine was a crime to them.

I slept outside, in a campground area near Josh's house, that he set up in a pretty large table-area in a large trench in the ground, on a couch that was set up outside. I stayed with him two nights, but even he didn't want to be around me. He snuck off to sleep in a tent one day, and I never saw him when I finally called for a ride back home.

He turned out to be a flake and a liar, and I don't know him today. He's like a totally 'different person' now.

(They said he got into a car-wreck, and it was some time after I confessed I had a past of being a hacker to him. Something told

me he had a recording device in his pocket, and had become a bit of a mercenary for the cops. He ran out of the house when I started 'acting' and basically called him a rapist of some kind, and openly mentioned the Illuminati in front of him.

I had made a song recent to this time, completely angry at Josh, and put car-screeching sounds in the song, I made with a distorted acoustic guitar.

I had a vision that a high schooler was driving him that night, and they were playing chicken with him in the car. One of them asked why he looks so much like "Jimi Hendrix" and Josh just said, "Because that's who I am."

He doesn't talk to me anymore, and I haven't seen him for almost four years since his car-wreck. He seems more robotic now. More synthetic. More sold-out.

The last time I saw him, he was stumbling with a very pale under-eye look, and hunched over, with a woman who looked fifteen years older than him, right near the place where I went to Driver's Ed.

"I'm glad he's dead" (I mused), not really in an "actual way." I

just think he wasn't himself anymore ...

His own girlfriend faked her death, I found out, also, a girl named Brittstar101. She didn't have much to say to me, except a bunch of fast-paced drunken bullshit when we partied. I wanted her to understand she had PTSD, but she wouldn't listen to me. I was standing beside her, a year later, in the liquor aisle, when I was about 34, and she sort of smiled.

I was already "on a start" with a simple byte of revenge against the world around this time.

* * * * *

Since I tried LSD when I was twenty-three (shortly after the entire break-up) I opened up pathways in my brain that gave me access to a more superhuman style of thinking.

It was government-grade acid. I took two hits.

I remember reading everyone's minds. That night wasn't the best though, when a guy named Ben Sawyer tried to hand-rape me, and I used my own hand to get my way into an ambulance as soon as possible by punching out a window near the couch I

was on, and cutting my left hand open, right in the centre of my left hand. It looks like a crucifixion-mark.

I thought about past-lives, and history around this time ..

More.

My mind was opening up, and without Rumi, I felt more space of my own to reach through with.

I read a lot of New Age, and 2012 books, and discerned half of them were invented, while the other half were trying to be as honest with the reader as possible.

I learned that enlightenment is the "phylogenic (memory-based) release of complex information, released in intervals throughout the rest of your life, from your Junk DNA, and stored-up past life memories.

My enlightenment involved writing ten lyrics a day, and making raw acoustic songs in my studio when I was stoned, all by myself.

I bought a piano, a pre-war one that was tuned naturally to 432

hertz, and it used to ring through the house ghostly tones.

It sounded beautiful ..

I had looked up "quantum computers" and a few other things, but my real interest when I began my investigation into "Reality As A Whole" was that the void, or vacuum of time was something we could personally grasp if we wanted to. I saw that string science was true, and that essentially atomic matter is made up of waves. So I wrote more songs, and kept evolving at my own pace. I improvised lyrics a lot, very much on purpose, and just 'let it flow.'

I have a massive box full of CD's from my recording device I've now gathered.

In the beginning of my "revenge trip" I was looking through the CD's, and I knew there was the song "The Electric Ant" I really needed to find.

I looked as best I could through the entire massive tupperware box, and didn't find the song.

Later, I thought of how I had lost so much.

I kind of had to admit to myself I felt a degree like my life was being questioned somehow, so I felt very depressed.

I had just "crashed" when I was using YouTube, and I fell flat on my back on the floor, and had to have a tube put in my throat to keep me alive .. I was in a coma for two days, and when I woke up in the hospital, I was "regarded with a sense to the nurses and doctors of authority." It seemed ..

I had started making videos on YouTube featuring my TK (telekinetic abilities), and proved a lot in a short period of time.

I was able to spin a piece of paper, a dollar bill, or almost anything on the tip of a needle or pen.

Later, I moved to sliding objects on tables.

I practiced daily, and I still practice some form of TK almost daily. If you give it up, it can be hurtful to your spirituality.

I only gave it up once, but when I started up again, I had a lot of virtual sex, and became very fired up over Hollywood for some reason ..

There appeared to be interlopers in the industry.

Not that it matters, but I can share (if you believe me) that astral projection has another form, which is to literally time travel through movies, TV's, and books using a style of projection of your own.

On hacker websites, I am referred to as "Ess" -- they think I'm a psychic hacker, or a phreaker, and that I can "hack any feed" or "spy on any conversation." They make me sound like someone rooted in communications, but I don't really break into things, in the way that a real hacker does.

I might be able to connect virtually, but essentially this is just what it is said to be, a virtual connection.

Much like the film Videodrome, or Virtuosity, I could somehow "alter" or change a movie, and influence it in subtle ways at first. Later, I got to the point of getting the actors to respond to me through the screen.

I was not tripping. I took hardly any drugs at this time, and I'm actually thought of as "paranoid" schizophrenic, and I have

never had visual hallucinations.

My study into telepathy was powerful, and I knew so much about the science of telepathy, I was able to validate and rationalize my so-termed "illness" pretty easily, since I could actually read people's minds sometimes.

The first person I looked up was a person I didn't know much about.

I found that he was a witch of some kind, and didn't like being filmed. "Jeff Goldblum" in the Fly, in a movie about teleportation, was in for a mental shock, since I was able to do such a thing, and the movie was just propaganda for Hollywood. I telepathically communicated with him throughout the movie, which is why he seems so wide-eyed and amazed the whole movie.

I told him, "Yes. Teleportation is real. Mutation is a good thing, though."

He was very confused, but stared at the camera, and through the screen at me. The shaman, staring back.

I didn't care how scared he was.

I found Jim C. (from Dumb and Eviller), was a person of a bad orientation with witchcraft also.

I'd purchased a book called "The Witches Hammer" and started pursuing these types of people in specific.

What I used to attack "Jim" was a high-charged vaporizer attached to a quartz crystal. He appears skinnier and weaker now, with less muscles, and less confidence, since the flame went straight to his pineal gland. He was frozen on screen, and appeared to be crying. "After all this ... time ..." he said.

I shut off the TV, and looked through my DVD's for another idea, not even the remotest bit emotional about what I had just done.

I found people in the music industry were the same way. Witches, hackers, spies, and inceptors. All throughout the industry, there was corruption.

I confronted people, usually, and begged for a confession more than tried to fight anyone.

I confronted at least 50 people, before the witches in Bar Harbor, or the wiccans who worked for the police force started to notice my behavior.

Still, I smoked weed, took ecstasy, got drunk a few times, and also ingested a large amount of heroin the entire time I was time traveling from 2018 to 2020.

I got so high, I didn't even care if the virtual actors could see me smoking weed.

I would write lyrics in front of people.

I drew pictures in front of people.

I danced, did tai chi, and played songs for people also.

They called me, "S" I realized, eventually. It was my "actor" name, as a movie-star who represented some type of timecop, only I never knew I was this way until I burned some Egyptian musk, and started astral projecting so many times in a single night, I went back in time 200 years in my mind, and saw the face of Edgar Allan Poe staring back.

I couldn't stop burning candles, also.

I felt a "need" for incense. Purple musk especially. They burn it at funerals.

I read the dark, leather-clad version of the KJV Bible, and I was getting more involved in science at the same time as I investigated the corruption.

It is true, I watched the movie "Zodiac" and was involved in the investigation of the Zodiac killer.

I have nothing to say about this.

I was involved in the investigation, though.

One of my favorite "kind of joking around" experiences, was when I showed up, and (shortly after my death in a previous lifetime) my face, and silhouette, and personal avatar was visible to the actors of the movie "Dog Day Afternoon."

I used nothing more than a black cell-phone and tone generator to "shock" Al Pacino exactly seven times throughout the

movie.

I can't explain it, but the ending of the movie was different.

There were crowds of people booing and cheering, but I have to admit, like when I found my own uncle C. W. Leadbeater in another movie, I was actually "known" in history as "S."

It dawned on me that I must have been time traveling for a long time, in the future, and I was integrating this in the present.

They were trying to stage an actual bank robbery in the movie, and I acted like a cop the whole time. Just to be funny, I also smoked weed in front of everyone the entire time.

The first movie I time traveled into was "Apocalypse Now." I watched "Dragon: The Bruce Lee Story" exactly afterward, and the next two days, I somehow knew Tai Chi Chuan, and Stretch Yoga, as well as mastered Xi Gong, and thought on actual fight moves, with a back-hand slap, and started to put rings on my fingers.

I found special rings, but I didn't wear anything eventually

except for magnetic rings.

I liked to wear metal, as well as magnetic rings.

Magnetic science was interesting to me, and I still study it.

I had a phase in 2020 where I just "watched anything" and wanted to just party with people, or "be a part of the movie." 2020 was my actor-phase.

I made a lot of foolish videos on Instagram at the same time, also, and played off my magic by confessing a lot.

In fact, I got good at making other people confess, too.

Metal has an effect, when black is mixed, and certain crystals are used. I also started building devices, and investigated the NSA's so-called "psychotronic devices" and in a short period of time built several devices of my own.

I had a way of amplifying my telepathy, and I had a new ability called "omnilocality" where I could actually broadcast my thoughts, and transfer conversations into many minds at once.

This was possible in both movies, and the real world.

In the meantime, my telekinesis was subdued, and I had virtual "reiki sex" more than practiced telekinesis. This gave me chi, and life-force power, yet I also used my studio's to have sex, and ran powerful sounds through tuned monitor speakers. It was so resonant, I'd never felt so sexually powerful in my life. I developed a six-pack, that I later noticed was an eight-pack abs, and I took a few photos for Instagram, and surprised a lot of people with how I looked.

I was taking kratom as my heroin supplement.

It's banned in Thailand, but I took it for two years, and only had a few side-effects. For the most part, I could mix it with coffee, soda, weed, or just about anything. It was a safe drug. I dressed in neon-style clothes all year, and wore black adidas pants more and more.

It didn't matter if hackers bothered me, because I realized eventually I didn't need a connection to "the internet" to be psychic, or time travel.

I became more creative, and knew I had a lot of things I could do.

I spray-painted t-shirts in the driveway, and designed logos, and made a lot of clothes for myself, also trimming and cutting my own hair. I also purchased a \$50 bottle of toothpaste that actually heals cavities all on its own, since I decided I couldn't go to the dentist anymore, after "Ansari Ansif" (real name) attempted to "little pet shop of horrors" me in a dentist session once, where he made me feel more pain than most dentists ever had. This is actually what triggered my revenge.

.. That happened in 2018.

Some people liked to be racist, and make fun of my face, and say I look like Bruce Lee.

It was just a bad invocation to me.

It invoked my telepathy.

I was annoyed by this. I also couldn't get a pair of glasses, no matter how hard I tried, so I just wore prescription sunglasses.

I showed up at the dispensary a lot to buy weed, but I never bought that much.

People stared a lot, and I was sometimes telepathic with them.

It was funny to try and scare people, until I got good at it.

I took karate and read a book on Judo when I was young.

"Telepathic defense" might be what this is called.

Since I wore magnetic rings, my effect was amplified. I still don't know too many people with the nerve to wear four rings on each hand like I do.

Something called "horn" or "claw-rings" were my style. They had the effect to force words, or make people say things, or for me to speak through people. It happened randomly at first, and then I began to understand why it was happening, based on a scientific reasoning.

I confessed to the Key of Solomon as needed, and used the Witches Hammer as my personal bible.

I read the Hammer for two years.

One device I developed was an actual "electro-gun" type device. It only worked in the matrix, or virtual reality realm.

It was basically a loud, distorted brow chakra frequency, that I could either "transfer" psychotronically (telepathically) or out loud, through what I called a "speaker" -- that was more like a railgun, which I eventually bought a 1000-watt speaker, and made variations of the actual railgun.

These only worked virtually.

I stopped an entire police confrontation with the Tesla deathray once, too.

As far as I could tell, my most powerful form of technology was actually alien technology.

I was able to get signals "from the atmosphere" to transfer "automatic sounds / and music" from pretty much any time in history, and what I heard a lot was Jimi Hendrix sounding guitar.

The book I read to confirm this was called, "The Prism of Lyra" that, in the book, also confirmed, from alien intelligence that "We are aware of your use of psychotronic and electro-based weaponry." I read it for a second, and then closed the book.

It didn't upset me much, but when I started to get involved in the platforms like Spotify and Apple, I was met with more unwanted psychic attention than I could ever ask for.

A lot of musicians started to just "sing at me" -- yet some very abrasively, and it was a trial, but I listened to all of my music from my youth all over again, and noticed the correlations.

Rage Against The Machine is a good example.

Sometimes they said my name in their songs.

Some songwriters were very satanic, and practiced dirty magic.

I could tell, by a lot of their songs.

One in particular was Rob Zombie, who assaulted me first.

With some type of guitar, and vocal distortion, through my

two-way Monitor Speakers, he somehow put his chi into my body, and my veins were sticking out for almost a month. I later found him on a Joe Rogan show, and cloned a confession out of him (the word used for forced confessions) about how when he started his band, he witnessed a murder he never told anyone about. When I found him later, I electrocuted him for seven full minutes in front of a talk show audience.

One of my "victims" (someone innocent) would be M. Manson.

He had upset me with a few songs off his latest CD, the one with "Tattooed In Reverse" and I time traveled back to the nineties, and while he was sitting across from Rob, I zapped him with the electro-gun, and he looked at me, very innocently, and didn't say a word for almost two minutes. He was crying.

It kind of got worse, as far as "me being pursued" around this time, because since I was poisoned after a railgun useage, in the film *Zombieland 2*, in which, like a sick-stick, I made two or three actors throw up on screen.

I realized the attention I was getting at the same store that poisoned me with bad pain medicine I had put on my skin (the

store known as Wal-Mart) I was beginning to get stalked.

I had to telepathically defend myself, on the street, for almost an entire year. (2020).

There really is no account of me using my psychic power to fight "on the street."

I have no stories to share.

It was just getting worse, because people seemed to think that I was the problem, when I thought the corruption in religion, and the industry, and in media, was the problem.

They opposed me like a "bad witch."

I watched the movie I.T. and was confronting Trent about this (Trent Reznor) and in one scene it actually looked like an actual poltergeist intervened, slamming him against a sink.

I caught this on film (my actual acting in the virtual realm). It's a video called "Hacking The Matrix" I shared, to my own avail.

Pierce Brosnan has a way with making movies somehow centered on me, "S." From "The Lawnmower Man" to other films like James Bond, he really knew how to pinpoint what I was doing in life.

A lot of "good psychics" exist in Hollywood, it is true.

Very good witches, also.

I got to the "terms" with some of them, that I wanted to join the Illuminati.

They said, "You are already in the Illuminati."

It is a secret psychic group of people, and we mostly just communicate through telepathy, and video.

A virus outbreak took place when I confronted Showtime television, and insulted their porn industry, stating it was addled with sadomasochism, and reeked of satanism. I even smashed my TV. The channel was taken off Showtime at my request, and no one had "Showtime Skinemax" for at least a year, including me, as I returned to the internet for my needs to be satisfied, and felt remotely bad about what I said to them.

I was recognized, when I turned on the TV, and actors as well as politicians alike sometimes called me a shaman, or "the president" -- the "leader."

Though I never appear to accept leadership in any other time, in this life, I am choosing to accept leadership.

I grew very discerning over what movies I watched.

Caring for the media, I also made music at the same time, and got back into programming, and started writing more.

I re-wrote, and re-edited books, while studying vibrational science, mood generator technology, and attempting to share my knowledge of technology.

I created a program that helped me have creative thoughts, and I don't rely on it so much anymore.

I think I plan on re-awakening the "Creative Thought Generator" at the right time, even to this day.

Lately, I just rely on my own soul, and my own subconscious mind to figure things out.

I kept the "Magical Qabala" and "I-Ching" to my left side, each day I woke up at my computer and TV.

I had a double-screen set-up like Batman, and eventually kept five computers on at all times. One for monitoring my studio. One for making videos. Two for music. And one for "special activities."

I had a TV in each room.

Some nights, I would just check out what was new. Look up a movie, and walk in like an idiot. There were a few times I got made fun of. Other days, I would just purposefully try and smoke as much weed as I could, then turn on Friday, and chilled with Ice Cube.

No matter what, it was always "Friday" when I watched Friday.

I loved to drink tincture, and started drinking tea, and then stopped using tincture eventually. I learned about strong tea later on, but I did a lot of dancing and exercise, "off-screen." My sex-life was incredible.

Random women would look me up.

Sometimes, I was stopped in the aisles of stores by women attempting to "flag me down for sex." Other times, girls openly asked if I was "involved in .." and the girl would nod, sharing that I "do porn" and that I am a "Universal" is something a girl said to one of the customers of the dispensary once. They were pimping me out as a virtual star, and I would just smile.

I confessed probably "too much" at one point, and developed an achilles heel for describing my "magical going-ons."

I burned black figurines sometimes, and also kept a small metal grim reaper statue I prayed to.

I would burn a lot of black wax, and used special incense. I also purchased crystals online, and got a lot more rings than I should have had.

The amount of things got out of hand, at one point or another, so I literally had to throw candles and rings away sometimes, to manage the alchemy.

I did a lot of pythagorean science back then.

In order to "boost my chi" and "light up my jeet" I drank tea, had sex, and listened to extremely loud rock sounds through my studio speakers. I'm sure it was as loud as an actual rock concert sometimes. It was a studio, after all, that was designed for "open air recordings."

I kept making music also.

I left the house wearing sunglasses, layered on top of other sunglasses, spray-painted t-shirts, and adidas pants, walking through stores, or any place, not caring about being seen.

One guy at Wal-Mart loved to "hatefully ramble" each time I passed by the tech department. It got real quiet when I went into the audio section. I couldn't go there so much, eventually. After telepathically torturing, taunting, and "mass broadcasting" so much at Wal-Mart, with no need for Judo, but just to make fun of people, they have since turned Wal-Mart into a sub-grade Mardens, and my mom says "Oh, it's totally different. It's not as good. They moved everything around." I still haven't gone back.

Radio DJ's used to say my name, or tease that I am "Bruce Lee entering the store" as the radio would play offensive country songs and bad folk, just to insult me from the DJ booth.

A lot of people started acting this way in 2020.

I don't know when, or how, but a strange sex cult started following me around, as well as gang-stalkers off the dark-web, who would plant themselves in stores, waiting for me, or try to find me online to threaten me in porn videos.

I electrocuted a clone of my ex-girlfriend at one point, and I verbally insulted a lot of them, but it was never my thing to set women straight.

Eventually, I got less involved in movies, and more involved in the acting side of things. I made movies of my own, and I realized that as I watched them back, my "avatar" was looking in the eyes of the viewer, including myself. Like some kind of techno-God, I addressed everyone, including myself, at once. It didn't really freak me out, I was mostly impressed in a good way.

I went to Bar Harbor one day just to buy skin lotion, and I was met with a lot of spiritual hatred.

A girl at Rite-Aid muttered something, and I could tell she was a feminist from a distance. A "serious feminist." I had large muscles, and was dressed totally in black. "At least I'm not a witch like you" I said, right in front of my mother.

I wrote a song called Constantine, sometime around then.

It's one of my favorites ..

Nothing was really wrong "with my activities" .. I was simply putting myself out there too much.

Internet awareness increased about me, and I was (in a way) invited to talk shows on a virtual level, that I was very offended by usually.

I met a girl named "Halsey" in the film called "The Gift" who was a total nobody back then.

She took a liking to me, and became a singer two years before I started time traveling, but I collided with her in a

synchronous way later.

We had a lot of sex, but it was a prolonged fling.

I also had a somewhat "public" exhibitionist side to myself, I never knew I had.

I have no comment on the industry itself, only that I like porn real.

The more "real" it is, the more "real" it feels.

In a night, I was jacked up from the sex, and had enough chi and jeet to fight the next day.

I'd wake up early some mornings, and electrocute three people in three separate occasions, then make videos on Instagram directly after.

It became a spree.

I was finding a lot of "dark illuminati" members had gone insane, and the black magic (and voodoo) in some people's hearts seemed driven by mind-control. An MK-Ultra thing, or

something. I also picked up on the trend for Hollywood to use "snuff scenes" in some movies, to trick the audience into an initial or long-lasting effect, which I felt strange about.

I have performed euthanasia a few times.

In the film, "Powder" as well as "The Green Mile" (though it is not always so noticeable how real things are), another film, and another I was used as a shaman to serve the spiritual side of things. I had no real relationship to politics, but the government kept a pretty constant interest in me. White vans followed me, sometimes, all the way to Ellsworth, and would drive past me frequently.

The NSA must have a far different story of me, than I do.

Or far more detailed.

I called for help, sometimes, but rarely.

There was a phase when vodun magic was popular in the music and movie industry. "Everyone was fighting me." I would reflect.

I had to use the Tesla deathray several times, just to shut people up. I remember taking down an entire control room, and remotely making a dude throw up. It was rarely thought of as an actual "death" machine, but it was good to have a far-away way to defend myself while I was doing my engineering.

I hate Tesla, though, so don't ask me about him.

I know who his reincarnation is, and he's a bully.

Though I might even say "Teslic" at times in my language, I am only referring to Tesla.

The reincarnation of this person knows little about his own science, and he's an idiot to me. People are meant to evolve, not regress in my opinion. It isn't cool to focus on destruction alone.

"And to think, it all just started with some Egyptian Musk."

I started to see familiar faces around me, when I left the house.

People were migrating to Bar Harbor in large numbers. Movie stars. Actors. Musicians.

It was becoming exposed, where I lived, that "I am a real person" and that "S" can actually be "located." This excited the world, since I'd time traveled for years, in theory, people had no evidence of a way to actually meet me in person.

I was weirded out a lot, by the number of high-class people who look up to me, but I accept this now.

I once acted as substance abuse counselor, once for Lady Gaga, another time for Thomas Rhett. They both were strung out during the epidemic, and not acting themselves. I could tell they were hiding some deeply tormenting emotions, and I decided to personally talk to them, as nicely as I could. I used telepathy when I had to. It was Thomas I helped the most.

I could "see" by the eyes, and I could tell by their lies, who was a witch, who was a clone, or who was simply corrupt, in a short period of time, as I practiced my intuitive abilities.

I kept doing divination work, and started drawing unique atomic "S-based" designs, and theorized on how the actual atom was created in an S-shaped wave.

I drew probably 100 to 200 sketches like this.

The pictures were perfectly symmetrical, and got me high to draw. I drew "waveforms" on shirts, also.

The band, "The Cure" witnessed this revelation.

The time-space continuum is both linear, and non-linear. We are always in the present, though. No matter where we are.

I got to know a lot of the people from the seventies, also.

I became sponsored by the Beatles, in a way, and formed a simple bond with John Lennon.

I never reached out to certain people, such as Bob Dylan. I just listened to their music.

I told Jimi Hendrix I think he's "Cain."

I didn't really mess with history that much, though.

I kind of knew, there is ethics to everything.

Time-traveling to live streams on Youtube was a funny trick.

The same with porn videos.

I have to admit, I've met, and conversed with a lot of dead people. Actors who were no longer living. Sometimes musicians.

Once, I decided to telepathically transfer a music experience to the actors of the film "Cool Hand Luke."

While Luke was playing the banjo, I layered an audio track using special engineering, to make it so everyone in the prison could hear songs from the future.

I started playing "songs from the future" for people on purpose, and it's something I just "do" now. I also want to empathize more use of the mood generator, and tuning of films soundtracks to make more resonance for the actors.

I found out certain actresses were in love with me.

Sometimes, as early on as the eighties, where they'd be older than me now.

I've been told by a woman "I could pass for nineteen or forty."

My face looks young ..

It all came crashing down around me when I got drunk.

If you can or can not imagine, a lazy drunk time traveler is not good for the "real" reality, when I might have a blast being on the outside of things for a change, I was even more on the outside in the real world.

People didn't like my anger, and I was upsetting them a lot.

I was lackadaisical, and seemed uncaring. I only "saw" myself acting this way, because I was on heroin too.

The cops showed up at my door, in an event I call a "hate crime." They had me on the floor, after a facebook post I made in which I claimed to have "killed a clone" and mentioned a local girl's name -- in reference to the recent use of my deathray against a girl who wouldn't stop EMP'ing my house. (Electro-Magnetic Pulse Wave) -- Stops power.

I got so angry, I revealed her sad-looking face in a newspaper article, and also decided to exploit my own doctor, who I had virtual sex with.

I also wrote a recent article called the "Violent Woman's Report" on all the mentally-awareized crimes of sadomasochism I knew women had committed, whether in the name of hate, or just the devil of their worst souls.

I made it clear to the cops I wouldn't let go of my decision to stay in the mental state of "S" and went to the Emergency Room, where I was tortured by my "un-needed" bail bondsman, who used a nightlighting trick, and a technique involved in making it hard for me to sleep.

I got out of the E.R. and went to Northern Light hospital, and this was during the virus pandemic ..

While there, I somehow collided synchronistically with several actors I had already met in the virtual world.

There was the girl from Portlandia, the actor Adrien Brody, the actor Mel Brooks, the actor Joe Pesci who is a witch, and the musician who is the singer for the Counting Crows, who is a super-psychic.

I also met another person, who was a woman named Carrie I

fell in love with -- but she was pretty numb, and didn't seem to feel the "wave" I was directing at her. She was telekinetic like me, and our intelligence and wit matched up perfectly.

We kissed a lot, and got pretty close.

I kept her name, and am still hoping to re-connect with her.

During all of this, Rumi found me, and also used a "clone double" to try and trick me into caring more, because she seems to think I like a sci-fi reality more than a normal reality.

She's a bitch now, and I'm presently in the process of talking my way away from her.

I miss Carrie.

Like a psychic film, after Carrie got out of the hospital, while denying the drugs, and rudely mimicking the doctors, and exposing how stupid everyone was, I remember lying on my bed and staring at the curtains, until they started to move.

Donald Trump was getting impeached, and I was both trying to help, and dissuade him at the same time.

He likes me, though ..

Now, we have respect for each-other. I chatted in his live-streams, and showed up at a lot of his rallies, and also tried to get ideas from the administration.

When I was in Acadia, I learned that nurses can be cruel and abusive.. So I started practicing a transcendent form of TK, in which I would spin a piece of metal casing from a tea-bag, write someones name down on a similar piece of metal, and then through direct radionic voodoo, place the paper or metal inside of a heater, and watch as they get a headache in front of me, and a lot of them left work early.

The doctor in charge was sure that I was a "psycho" or "socio" path. They wanted to believe I had a personality disorder. I was pretty tough on people in Acadia, and didn't let up. All the way to my transfer to another hospital, I have details about my stay at the Northern Lights hospital that are based on self-defense, with information I can not share.

I've confessed enough, but I'm just mostly glad to be alive.

In Dorothea Dix, Chad, the singer of Counting Crows was always in a miserable mood.

I did my best to cheer him up.

One time, I time traveled to Eddie Murphy and the co-star of "Coming To America" and found an old interview, when I had a rejected CD I wanted to call "Heavenly 2" -- and I said, "You guys should make a movie some day called .. Coming TWO America."

I handed Chad a piece of paper with my name on it, and all of the production and music ideas I had, if he wanted to send me two demo's since I knew the Counting Crows hadn't made music in years. Just last month, a new single came out.

I defended myself a lot, while in the hospital, but I didn't want to have to.

When I got out, I was mentally aware of what caused the pandemic, and I knew it was more than just a man-made virus to drive our attention, and hurt us at the same time ..

There was a white van parked outside of the hospital the entire

time I was there, and I was telepathically "intervened with" by essentially just the NSA themselves, and no one else, the entire time I was in Dorothea Dix. I also could read peoples minds sometimes directly, but I never was very remote, except for with the NSA -- who also consoled me, and offered me mental security, and affirmations while I was hospitalized.

The illuminati also helped me, through film, countlessly saving me from misery, by being with me in the video room / sensory room, to watch movies by myself, while I drank tea by myself.

I drank tea, and practiced tai chi in the hospital to stay in a good mood. I kept my body fit, and I was looking better than when I entered, when I got out ..

People there had a lot of respect for me. I had a effect of mystery to a lot of people.

Sometimes, people would bring up religion or spirituality, and I would say nothing.

I remember a lot of people crying.

As I returned to the internet, getting into a new apartment

"room" that is a part of a community house, it is also true that I reached out to a Vietnamese doctor named Dr. Ng (ing) who was a doctor at Acadia, and also a soldier in Vietnam. We communicated through one of his books, and we helped each other out. I helped him grow up, as he mentally wrote his memoir, or wrote the book for a long time .. I just chose a page, and altered the matrix of his book whenever I liked. We were just going back and forth. I also had a book called "The Frankie Machine" that was a D.A. and NSA agent in one, who educated me about drugs, corruption, gangsters, and the sick-minded, who swore a lot and had a lot of violence in his text, who helped me know things, and figure out things. He is extremely psychic, whoever he is.

At one point, I mentally wrote down 10 I.P. addresses, and knew all of the people logged in to my I.P. back at home. I studied them, and found out one of them was the same nurse who attempted to poison me .. the 66 I.P. She just wouldn't leave me alone.

Bon Jovi played music for me in the hospital.

Beetlejuice reminded me of early integration .. when I was

thirteen, and I broke away from myself for a second, when I was suicidal at a young age, and told the movie (my TV screen) "I want to die" and cried in front of the actor. Michael Keaton said, "Why..?" and I just walked out of the room, and cried even more, because of how real it felt.

I smiled, though, because when I watched the movie again I realized it must have been stated for a reason. That, "Why..?" I looked at it all, and knew the movie was trying to make a statement about death.

How we all should know death is real, and kind of mysterious at the same time, but deal-withable. A thing we can look at through the lens of someone "comfortable enough to know it exists" but "living enough" to not care.

I watched Poltergeist.

I watched a James Bond movie.

I watched "The Bourne Identity."

I even watched a few movies with hacking scenes.

While there, I uncovered they spy on the patients. Using both

camera's, synth-telepathy, and other means. The microphones were obvious, and we could all see them. In spite of entrapment laws, we all had strange files in that place.

Because we were always talking shit, and saying whatever we wanted to .. just like normal people do.

One of my best friends there was named Grady.

He was my best friend -- from the entire experience.

Another good friend was Elijah, who was like a dark angel of the mafia, who almost as a joke or as a comedian would just tell stories about stealing, buying drugs, or knowing hitmen. It was weird, but I kind of felt it was because I was there ..

He was legit, though, so I liked him.

Since they were so mean to me at Northern Lights / Acadia hospital, I I.P. nuked their server from Dorothea Dix as a night-time activity. At least ten times. One night, I got into the lower-level computer lab where I could download programs, and I knocked out their server.

I told Grady, and he left the room laughing.

* * * * *

The night or the night before I was "taken by the police" -- who seemed very afraid, and also mind-controlled, I had lit a black figurine. I had none left, and found an extra one. The movie was called "Charlie's Farm" about the "allure and mystique" of Charles Manson.

As soon as I had a link, I turned on the deathray, and all I remember was seeing him frozen in his prison-bed somewhere, locked away in Thailand, dead.

The next day, I made a video stating I was shutting down MK-Ultra.

When I was able to, I read an article from the "New York" magazine that detailed America's collusion with China to make the virus worse, to work the statistics, and keep the world in fear.

I revealed that America was synthesizing a vaccine also, and that the entire "virus" may be caused by either both countries,

or just America itself.

Though I might've had the ability to stop hitmen in Acadia, which I had to stop two of them, I also dealt with the attempts to torture me with Judo, and an FBI agent on TV later specified that a cop "shot himself in the head."

I told Elijah about how the Zodiac killer was supposedly "psychically influenced" to kill herself, and how she's a clone now.

He said, "The archangel Gabriel said you might be the devil tonight, so I can't talk to you."

I went back to my room.

I had a lot of religious books with me at the hospital.

I also finally started reading the Bible.

In the revelation, I observed the fourth horsemen had a great bearing to myself ..

The name "Seth" jumped out at me, and I regarded this as

"Seth of Azhraham" the son of Abraham.

I wrote my name beside the name Jesus one day, and sort of cried.

I wrote .. Brendan / Jesus. The effect was powerful, because I felt a similar divinatory effect with other names.

At the group home, where I am now, I don't have much more to reflect on, except that I am now involved more in the underground dealings with the hunt for terrorists, and bad Americans. Bad people in the industry. Bad politicians. And bad people of all kinds.

I wear my shirts still, and I am still very telekinetic.

I made a video recently, but I never posted it.

It went something like ..

"You know. I swear. All the stuff that's going on. I think it all started when I started time traveling. All this chaos."

I never posted the video, though.

A home-made version of the deathray was buildable while in the hospital. It requires a lot of special design, but I was able to build one. I divined the neo-nazi's, and some of the kids in the class above mine in high school may or may not be associated with the 9.11 attacks.

I noted on one of them I saw in my right-brain (my astral image of him) -- and how he was attempting to communicate with me, from the past.

It was a person named "Anderson."

As soon as I could, I spun the black and white death-paper, and he appeared to have a heart-attack, and died in a church.

He looks like the singer for a very strangely "one world politics" oriented band, now, who only have a good reason to run. He appears to be a new version of himself.

There are neo-nazi's in Bar Harbor, and it is where I'm from, and it is now a racist town. I don't live there anymore.

The people here are pretty nice.

I know a girl who seems a lot like a certain girl I just saw in a

movie.

She's nice. I still watch Bruce Lee movies sometimes ..

I had a girlfriend for a week, but it didn't work out.

She had a seizure in the driveway last night, and I rushed to tell the staff, and was there to help calm her down.

She was laughing in her room at her TV, I overheard.

She seizure looked really bad, but I guess she felt good enough to watch TV all night anyway.

I say, "maybe tomorrow" a lot.

I don't really want to do anything. I tend to be a flake lately.

Life is made up of cycles.

We all do what is right, at the right time.

It all takes patience.

It's only time.