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November 22, 2018

Hello. My name is Braden Callypso. I belong to the notorious Callypso family which once had prominence in our world. I write this from Moturoa Island in northern New Zealand. I am at a luxurious compound. The hills around me are green. There are sheep grazing

in all directions. It is serene.

My goal is to publish a book. Specifically, I want to write an autobiography. Who am I?

If I were a famous politician or entertainer, the result of my writing might have obvious appeal. I'm sure I could wind up in Barnes & Noble without hardly trying. I mentioned my family is notorious. That does not mean we are famous. We are part of a shadow system. Let's go back a little further. Kalypso was a goddess nymph from the Island of Ogygia. She was the daughter of the titan, Atlas. She jailed Odysseus after Troy fell. After many years of bondage, Zeus made her let him go.

So, at some point, the Callypso family came to be. I can't tell you the exact date but I know we've been around for centuries. There are family legends floating around. I'm sure I'll get to them as time passes.

I want to preface my journal. I am not an English literature major. I am not here to entertain but I believe I've developed some wit. I've attended parochial schools throughout my life and was raised by nannies moreso than by my parents. I had tutors the whole time. I am an emotional wreck for stints here and there and it lasts for weeks. I will talk about this later. My father was able to pull some strings and get me into Sorbonne, a good college in Paris. I studied economics in 2001 but it wasn't quite me. I had to leave. I dropped out.

The Shadow Government runs the planet. At any given moment in life, there is a yin and a yang to balance one another. There are those prone to enforce rules and there are those in the delinquent and/ or criminal element prone to breaking rules. This is the way it is. There are those prone to being attractive. A woman has good looks. A man has money. And there are those who are repulsive. The ugly person. The one down and out on his luck.

Over the years, I've been told I remind them of this or that person. They say I look like Andy Dick, for example. I'm twenty-six years old and I admit when I wear glasses and look into the mirror, I see a

similarity. When I talk about economics, people say I remind them of Max Keiser, that goofy guy from the Russia Today show. My ideas on economics stray far from the mainstream. This is probably the reason why. I have to add something in honest candor. I love Max's girlfriend, Stacy Herbert. I've searched the world for a woman like her. She is funny. She knows her stuff. Sure, there are more beautiful women if you're tasked to find the next face for Cosmopolitan magazine, but she is of short supply. In economics, this matters. She has wit and patience. She has that special "thing" you look for in a woman. I want to pretend I can't "put my finger on it" but I can. When you get ready to sleep at night, you want to have a special somebody sharing a bed with you. You want her to be pretty, but you want her to understand you as well. Stacy would do this for me.

I'll tell you who else I've been compare to. Rain Man. When I become a nervous wreck, people say I act like the character played by Dustin Hoffman. No joke. Eighty percent of the time, I'm a normal guy. I can go into a TGIF Friday's and blend in with the crowd. Something triggers me. Something sets me off. Something hits a nerve. I go ballistic. Officially, I've been diagnosed with ADHD, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder. They tried to put me on Ritalin. Screw that bullshit! My mom was put on Prozac and it messed her up! I don't do prescription drugs! I learn to cope in other ways. Unofficially, I admit to OCD. I'll explain this later.

I've been compared to Peter Brady. I only have one sibling, Chloe. I don't hate her. We don't talk a lot. We've all heard of "sibling rivalries" and it applies here. I'm pretty sure she's the favorite and I'm the black sheep. I did good in Little League baseball and it made my dad proud. I grew up scrawny, though. Lanky. As I came into high school, I couldn't cut it. I couldn't even play for the badminton team. My dad, Jasper, was a "results oriented" guy. You had to earn his so-called love and affection. I couldn't do it. But my sister was a beauty queen and she slid by easily.

Why Peter Brady? I'm too young to understand this, but it's been explained to me. I am Peter Brady, not because of having many siblings. It's because of my behavior. Long before I was born, there was a popular TV show called the Brady Bunch. Two divorced parents got together. Each had three kids. The man had three boys, the chick had three girls. The middle son was Peter Brady. His older brother, Greg, saved his life. Peter decided he had to make up for it. He did Greg favors all the time. Eventually, he was around so much he got on Greg's nerves. You can have good intentions, but they backfire. This episode was done so well, modern psychologists dubbed this phenomenon the "Peter Brady Complex" and it has applied to me. Just to let you know, the episode wrapped up well. Peter wound up saving Greg's life and it nullified his immense guilt complex. All wound up fine and dandy in Sitcom Land.

I have been compared to Judas Iscariot. By my father.

I'll explain.

Have you ever been on a construction site? Have you ever walked through flattened dirt roads flanked by wooden skeletons of future homes composed of two-by-four frames? I have. Many times. I got to watch track homes being built. I was inside these places as a kid. My father bought for me a toy tool box with plastic hammers and screw drivers. Some of his friends were specialists at laying concrete. Others were good at putting up dry wall. I would be there in all phases. I would knock around here and there with my plastic hammer. There was no way I could do any real harm.

But I found a way.

There were five homes my dad was working on. What was his job? His contribution? His specialty? Doors. He put in all the doors. He did front doors, bedroom doors, bathroom doors, and everything else. He did sliding glass doors in the back and opening wrought iron gates in front. He did garage doors. If something led from one place to another, my dad was part of it.

On one day when I was about six, I was knocking around with my hammer. The guys were away at lunch. Years later, I learned why they didn't bring their lunch pails. There was a strip joint down the street. That's where the grown ups took off to. "Can you handle yourself, son?" my dad asked every day. Of course I could! I ate my peanut butter and jelly sandwich! I drank my Capri Sun! I was all alone! Waiting for the guys to get back, I had my hammer. There were windows resting against the walls. They were to be installed later in the day. I broke one on accident. I liked the way it sounded. So I broke another then another. I went through all five houses and broke any window I could find. I broke a few sliding glass doors. I thought my dad was going to be proud of me! Why? I couldn't tell you the reason as I'm writing this now, but I felt I did something good.

My dad didn't hit me.

He got back from lunch with his friends and there was silence. He sent them away. Silence. A whole lot of silence and contemplation. "Judas Iscariot," he finally said. It wasn't anger. As I remember it, he was close to tears. "Do you know anything about the Bible?" he asked me. He walked away.

My dad never treated me the same after that day. That's when I first learned about economics. "Do you know the cost of a window?" I learned multiplication sooner than most kids my age. My father, Jasper Callypso, cleared a way onto the dirt backyard of a house. He took stones and lined them up in patterns. There were a few going out to the right, and there were a few lined up below them. "These are man hours. There is only so many we can extend out in a day. If you're a perfect robot, we can put twenty-four of these in a row. But humans aren't robots so most the time, we can only put eight of them down. On a good day, we can put twelve."

"Dad! You need to break some windows!" I remember saying this absurd thing. "It sounds so good! And there was a stray dog watching me do it! He loved it!"

My dad ignored me. He continued with his rocks.

"So you have a row of eight here, six there, ten there." He became frustrated then rearranged them. There were eight rocks on top. There were five rows of them. "Count these!" I counted forty. It was individual. One-two-three all the way to forty. "There's an easy way to do this," he told me. "Multiplication."

So my dad taught me about money. Each of us has a value. We do so much during the course of a day. I destroyed someone else's value when I broke the windows. The windows don't come from thin air. They take time to make and I ruined someone else's time. They have to do it all over again. It took me three seconds to destroy what it took another person an hour to do. I got it. We're moving backwards instead of forward.

But why did you teach me about Jack and the Beanstalk? Dad? I had a simple idea of how money worked. Sometimes, you defy orders! You're supposed to buy your family food, but someone is selling a magical beanstalk! Trust in your gut! What happened to that advice?

I mentioned I went to parochial schools. Some of them were charter schools to give me a leg up on the competition. I went to a military camp, though. It was expensive and I was a pre-teen. I am bitter. I stared at walls wondering what the heck I was doing there. We'd have these sergeants come in. They'd fuck with us. "Why is your bed not made?" But the bed was made with the exception of a wrinkle! Nothing was ever good enough!

One of two things happens when you're sent away to a military academy: One, you straighten up and learn rules. You learn to be "one of them" and you accept being regimented. You learn to subsist on less than what you believe you deserve! You accept order and you trust hierarchy is the way to go!

Or two. You rebel. You see the world for it is! Too many people not thinking for themselves! The blind leading the blind! I saw a cartoon image of how the world really is. There was a fat bird perched alone on a beam at the top. He was clean. There were a few

birds perched below. They had some crap on their feathers, but not a lot. There were many more birds perched on the third level down. They were shit on, not just by the ones above but also by the guy at the top.

I've come to love crazy people. Ordinary people don't understand me. This thing I have with my dad? Maybe it's an Oedipus situation and it's natural. As boys, our first real conflict is with our dads. We have to assert ourselves into this world. He's already claimed his stake and doesn't want to give in. I've started a Kickstarter campaign, though. I need to stop relying on my family. It's a series of fiery hoops to jump through. There are too many strings attached. I need liberation! I need true liberation!

So the Callypso family is strong in the Alternate World. I will talk about these things. I will define them. You will understand what I'm talking about. We are notorious, but not famous. Why write an autobiography? Vanity, right? If you know nothing about my family or me, you could bet on vanity. An autobiography from an un-known has all the signs of a nobody wanting to be a somebody, but it's much more than that! My family challenged the Federal Reserve from its onset in 1913! We are the yin to their yang! We are the counterbalance and we are at a point in history where the balance can tip! We lose everything!

"Calypso" is the name of a John Denver song. "Calypso" was mentioned in "When You Dance" by the Turbans. "Calypso Breakdown" was a Latin disco instrumental featured on the Saturday Night Fever soundtrack. It is a popular font. In between A and B when Kalypso sent Odysseus to prison and now, we've changed from K to C and acquired an L in our name. We are now Callypsos with two L's. My great-grandfather, Benedict "Silver" Callypso, was an important person. He was a banker and operated a silver mine in Nevada. He was friends with Nikola Tesla and helped finance a gigantic contraption in Colorado which burnt out a town's electric grid. He married Ursala Cobb and they had five children. One of them was Thorpe, my grandfather, who had three sons: Uncles Winston and

Clark, and my father, Jasper. My father married my mom, Donna. I was born in 1993 and Chloe was born in 1996.

My family has butted heads with Rockefellers, Carnegies and DuPonts. If you need a run down of these families, there are plenty of biographies about them. I won't be talking a whole lot about "common knowledge" information. Nelson Rockefeller was vice-president under Richard Nixon, for example. He resigned in disgrace and was replaced by Gerald Ford. Then the Watergate scandal happened, Nixon resigned, and Ford became the first president who was not elected by a national voting body. Not that any of them are anyway because of the Electoral College, but you get the idea. I will be writing about things few people know about. For example, Nelson Rockefeller had a son, Michael Rockefeller. In 1961, he was lost at sea in the Pacific. There are rumors he swam to an island where cannibals cooked him and ate him. I wrote an essay about it.

I have all kinds of sources I'm drawing from for this journal. I have different motivations. I am writing to sort out my mental attic. I am writing to get things off my chest. I am writing to sort through memories. I want to have clarity when I look back at life. I am writing for the future, too. What direction shall I go? What shall become of me? I have boxes of crap around me. I have traditional filing cabinets. They are loaded with thousands of documents. Affidavits, magazine articles, photographs. The compound where I'm at belonged to Roy Thurman. He disappeared on a mega-yacht in 2004 with a few hundred upscale passengers. They were sailing off the coast of Africa north of Madagascar. Many people made it back and said they went through some weird time warp. A lot of people never came home and are still missing. It's a mystery. Roy was a stickler for keeping tabs on people. The cabinets are full of character profiles, recorded dialogues, and maps where his friends and enemies have traveled. He hired private investigators, he tapped phone lines, and he stole computers. He had many cronies doing work for him. There are crates of



laptops and external hard drives. I am here to find out what happened to him. What happened to Donovan Cobb? What happened to Donovan's wife, Thelma? They disappeared at the same time. The Callypsos and Cobbs have been tight over the years. I mentioned my great-grandmother, Ursala. Her brother was Hatcher, Donovan's grandfather. I want to solve these issues.

Roy Thurman bought the content of private storage units. He has a couple of rooms dedicated to various artifacts. They are catalogued. I will rummage through them. There are diaries. There are thesis papers. There are love letters. I want to write an autobiography, but I also want to write a manifesto. It seems Roy, before he disappeared, was on his way to writing his own. I want to know where I fit in this world of ours. There are powerful families feuding with each other. Sometimes, they make peace. Sometimes they tear each other to shreds. Alliances are formed and broken. I have reports on Donovan Cobb. Of all the profiles Roy kept, he seemed to hone in on him the most. Seems Donovan met Oliver Stone in 1984 before Stone became a household name. This was in Mexico. As I sort through these document and analyze the feuds, I'm reminded of U Turn, perhaps my favorite Oliver Stone movie. At the end, there's a sheriff (Billy Bob Thornton) and characters played by Jennifer Lopez and Sean Penn. There's a suitcase of money. There were raging emotions which tipped out of balance. In a moment of reason, Sean Penn suggested they split the money and each person go his own way. They wouldn't have it, though. There was one fight after another. One betrayal after another. Each person wound up tragically dead.

Roy Thurman has a virtual reality room here. This guy had money to blow! Full-sized wall screens. And they take him into people's homes. They also take him to distant, imaginary lands. There's a VR sphere in another room which facilitates walking. The whole thing is situated on rollers. He has different types of VR goggles. The point about "U Turn" was they could have walked away from each other. In real life, sects within TPTB were at war and it lasted decades. They

lost sight of what they were fighting for to begin with. Roy used his VR machines to invade homes. He gawked at his rivals. He logged his experiences.

This journal is not aimed to be the autobiography I plan to publish. I want to draw from it later, though. I'm not sure I'll take it to an editor and have her sort through the thing. At times, I feel I'm directing my thoughts in a "note to self" manner but other times, I know someone else is on the other end. This will wind up in a blog. I'll print it out and pass it around. So, for you "Mystery Reader", I beg for your forgiveness in advance. These are not necessarily organized thoughts. I am brainstorming. Fifty-five years ago today, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Texas. There are pages I've come across in Roy's journals where he says he knows who did it... and it wasn't Oswald. That's of little interest to me, though. I want to figure out what happened to my family and friends. Before flying to New Zealand, so many people seemed zombified. I'm a fan of the "Walking Dead" series and it hits home because I see it on a regular basis. There's always someone who seemed normal years ago but now looks like they're phoning it in. Another one bites the dust! Just going through the motions.

Half a world away in California, they're having the worst wildfires in recorded history. The Camp fires have claimed many lives. I know why it's happening, though. Revenge. Roy Thurman, before he disappeared, was the leader of the Illuminati. My family, the Callypsos, are tied into that organization but there was a power struggle. Roy's faction's favorite social tool was the Republican party but they bought influence across the board to cover all bases. A few weeks ago, there was a gubernatorial race in California. In my personal experience, the Republicans aren't a lot different than the caricaturized version from the Simpsons. You know? Headquartered at some dark mountainous hideaway? Montgomery Burns is running the joint and his yes men include Dracula, the Shooting Texan, and other weirdos? That's my family. When my dad found out I registered as an independent, he shit

bricks. But I have my reasons. Part of my upbringing included different private schools. One of these "schools" was called Epsilon University. It wasn't actually a physical school. It was a community of other kids from prominent families who would get together during the summers and we'd meet up with Michio Kaku. We'd do physics experiments. We'd go to dig sites in Mongolia and Canada and un-earth dinosaur bones. We went to Point Nemo. Do you know the significance about that place? First of all, it's the most remote location on our planet. It's the furthest place from any land. It's south of the equator in the Pacific.

But?

Yes, I have to emphasize this.

Roy Thurman disappeared in Africa in 2004. Legend goes he traveled to the mystical island of Hy' Brasil which has appeared off and on near Ireland for centuries. Hy' Brasil is a traveling island, though. It has appeared off the coast of Japan. Sumba and Membata are traveling islands.

New Zealand is a traveling island.

That's right. Roy has maps here. In 1788, Australia was divided down the middle. West of longitude "one thirty-three east" was New Holland. To the east was "New South Wales" but New Zealand, over the years has hopped around. It's never in a fixed location.

Well?

Point Nemo isn't simply an expanse of vast ocean. Hy' Brasil travels there. HP Lovecraft wrote about R' Lyeh, an island where Cthulhu lives. He provided coordinates and it's very close to Point Nemo. In Roy's circle of speculators, they believed it was real. It was Hy' Brasil. Roy's acquaintance, James Richards, studied "fictitious" islands.

- Solgell Island ("Son of Godzilla")
- Lilliput ("Gulliver's Travels")
- Living Island ("HR Pufnstuf")
- Pala (from Huxley)
- Kokovoko ("Moby Dick")
- Bali Ha'i ("South Pacific")

James tried to decipher codes. He tried to figure out if myths held any weight. He studied real places, too. Snake Island, Easter Island, Hashima Island, Tasmania, Surtsey and so forth. Like me, he studied Polynesia. I mentioned I wrote an essay about Michael Rockefeller. I did this for Epsilon University when traveling to Sumatra. Epsilon University is just different in that it has no central hub, but there really isn't an age limit. It has produced its share of young geniuses and other Doogie Howsner types. Here's my essay. I contemplated expanding it into a longer story and transitioning it into a possible novella. Never got around to it. Without further adieu...

"The Tragedy of Michael Rockefeller" by Braden Callypso

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, violence has been a part of the world. Many drives are inside of the human person. Instincts like survival, sex, and killing. Understanding. Sophistication. Kindness.

It was November of 1961, Michael Rockefeller was a twenty-three-year-old man and the son of New York governor Nelson Rockefeller. He was a Harvard graduate and studied economics and history. He had two brothers and two sisters. Mary was a twin. He traveled to the Dutch East Indies to study the Dani tribe and film an ethnography called Dead Birds. Often in life, things go horribly, horribly wrong. Michael was waddling along the sea with anthropologist, René Wassing, when their twelve-meter canoe capsized. They figured they were about five or ten miles from shore. Michael figured it would take many hours to swim, but he could make it. René advised him not to go so he stayed behind and clutched to the overturned hull. Michael took off for help.

The beach he headed to wasn't the land of the Dani. It was the land of the Asmat in a village called Otsjanep. There were cannibals and they had been attacked by the Dutch a few years

earlier. A few of them were shot to death. They were looking for revenge. Fifty tribesman took Michael Rockefeller in. They howled like wild animals then a couple of leaders spoke to each other. One of them pierced Michael through the ribs with a spear. They put him on a canoe and paddled him down the Ewta River and arrived at shore. They scalped his head then slapped his skull. They slit his throat with bamboo knives then broke his neck. When he was dead, they slit him from ass to head and went ahead to chop off his legs and arms. His guts were ripped out then they cooked him. They ate his brains and everything else. During the ritual, the tribesman had massive sex with one another and shared each other's wives. They drank each other's piss and they sucked the cock of the chief. They smeared Michael's blood all over themselves. The Asmats didn't have regular contact with the outside world. It had been tens of thousands of years. Tragic.

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So that's the essay on Michael Rockefeller. Profound. I also learned that Megellan met a horrific fate. He was given credit for being the first to sail around the world, but the Pacific islanders got him as well. Somewhere, there's a tribe out there who has never made contact with the outside, even now. I'm fascinated by this. Far to the north of this compound, Roy tried unsuccessfully to travel through a dimension door near the Loyalty Islands. There are a lot of legends. Tall tales. I intend to sort through them.

You might wonder how I wound up here on Moturoa Island. Back in California, I knew it was happening again. The government starts attacking the people. Before the recent rash of wildfires, there were blazes a couple of years ago in Santa Rosa. Unnatural stuff. High heat. Trees were burning from the inside. Looked like lava. And the bark was untouched. Google the

shit! It's freaky! There were homes which were leveled to ash and dust. The metal of car rims melted and dripped along the side of the road. Somehow, bushes and trees around them stood pristine as if it were a perfect spring afternoon.

I'm part of an online conspiracy forum known as the Maniac Nebula. My screen name is Technocrat322. I talk on a regular basis to a guy called Space Ghost. I can't stand him, usually, but he has good intel. He's really big on telling everyone that the HAARP facility in Alaska causes irregular weather changes, and it serves to beam audible mind-control thoughts into targeted people's brains. He said the Sandy Hook event was a hoax which was meant to rattle the Champion Group from re-forming after it was disbanded by the Pentagon after nine eleven. The Champion Group was led by someone I'm familiar with, Horace Streets. After months of talking to Space Ghost, I finally sent him a private message. "Who are you?" I wanted to know. He was familiar with the San Francisco Bay area. We met up. I heard the Santa Rosa fires were done by directed energy weapons. Multiple eye witnesses reported seeing blue lasers shot from flying air crafts. Talked on a trip around Alcatraz. I told him I thought DEWs started the Camp fires, too. TPTB was getting revenge on California for walloping the GOP candidate. Sixty to forty percent! Turned out Space Ghost was the son of Roy Thurman and his name was Byron.

November 23, 2018

Half a globe away, it was Thanksgiving yesterday. In America. I thought to roam about the countryside to see if I could find wild turkey and have me a traditional meal. But I didn't. I knew it just wasn't there.

I want to talk about a psychological experiment and I want to talk about a friend of the family, John Leonard. John was an actor. He loved live theatre but he also played minor roles on insignificant television programs. He liked to portray BF Skinner, Carl Jung, and Sigmund Freud. He touted himself as a psychologist even though he never received any college degrees. He was like Marshall McLuhan in that he believed he knew things (he knew how things "really worked") but he never felt the urge to prove it through case studies, dissertations, or thesis papers. He had postulates which were strong. He believed in drop outs and "minor academics". Walt Disney was a drop out. That one I remember. He had a list of them. And "minor academics"? Back in 2003, he entrusted a few middle school teachers in California to find friends he lost track of. He could have went to professionals. He could have hired people with better teaching pedigree. He chose middle school teachers because they had a zest for life and they had something to prove.

In time, I'll talk specifically about these teachers and what their tasks were. Quite interesting stuff. They were part of a cable show called Riddle Rattlers as the supporting cast. The three stars of the show were Berkeley drop outs. After the show was cancelled, John sought other Berkeley outcasts. I have to mention that John Leonard was on the same mega-yacht as Donovan Cobb and Roy Thurman which went missing in 2004. So were the middle school teachers. So were the stars of the Riddle Rattlers. John had a lot of money to spend, as did Roy and others in their group. Off campus, John set up an experiment. It was stupid. When you think about it, it was a really stupid experiment. But it had a point. He'd bring in students of all kinds. Burn outs, academic stars, lost

souls and so on. He'd let them know they were being filmed. Their reactions were key. It was in an old house, and one by one, he'd bring a student into his kitchen. "Go through that door," he'd say. He'd hold up a hundred dollar bill. "This is yours. All you have to do is make a decision within fifteen seconds and act on it. Come back here, collect." The door led to a garage. He'd finish by saying, "There are two coffee tables on opposite sides of the room. Walk to one. Come back."

To the left, there was a paper plate with fresh dog shit on it. Literal dog shit. To the right, there was a tin bucket stuffed with ice and bottled Budweiser. Here's what he found. You might think the results were obvious, but they weren't. He ran the experiment with a hundred people. Do the math. A hundred times a hundred is ten thousand. He blew ten thousand bucks to find out that straight-A students are more hesitant. He studied the film. The devil is in the details. They thought there was a trick. They looked up into the cross beams. They looked out the garage window. They contemplated for five seconds on average before heading toward the bottled beer. And? When they got there, they treated the beer as a prop. They didn't touch it. They returned to John, collected their hundred dollars, then went on their way.

The F-students had no hesitation. And they made up their own rules. They walked to the beer, cracked one open, then returned. Many of them even brought beers back for John out of courtesy or thinking they'd get a bonus. Three students out of the hundred went to the dog shit. They thought it was an obvious trick. Each of them looked under the plate for a larger sum of money. One of the students was an honor student and the other two were flunkies. John laughed at them, but he knew that was life.

One of John's favorite songs was "My Favorite Things" from The Sound of Music. "Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens, bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens, brown paper packages tied up with strings, these are a few of my favorite things." You know the song, right? This inspired the experiment.



He thought of his own personal favorite things. A functioning government. Time with his friends. Incentive to do good things in life. John Leonard was kidnapped, though, and he was taken onto the mega-yacht owned by Roy Thurman. I have to tell you that when he got back home, his stories were wild and hard to believe. Seems there's another Bermuda Triangle east of Africa. Obviously, it's not called the Bermuda Triangle, but there's an area of ocean where boats disappear and planes crash for no reason ordinary people can explain. Roy Thurman is the Devil. He's the actual Devil. John Leonard, when he came out of the Madagascar Portal, spoke into a camera and explained himself. He did the experiment in Berkely. He spliced his testimony together with video of students. He showed weird things like bi-planes crashing after World War I dog fights. It was something you'd see if a modern Clockwork Orange was made. The honor student who chose the dog shit, by the way? He did it for kicks. Of course, he believed there might be thousands of dollars under the plate, but he was rich. He didn't need the hundred dollars. The story of how he handled the situation was worth more than the money he'd receive so he intentionally waited. He counted to fifteen, then headed to the plate of gooey crap. All counter-intuitive.

So, like the song, John figures everyone has their own "favorite things" and cold beer was the closest thing he could think of for college students as far as being universal. John believed there was a "nanny state" going on. There was a Big Brother system going on. The would-be "obvious choices" were always questioned by those in authority. And? They would always counter with some figurative dog shit alternative. This was John's reason for the experiment.

John opened up a practice. What kind of practice? A psychology practice. He had an office situated like a genuine psychiatrist. You know with the stretchy leather couches you lay on while the dude is taking notes behind you? I came to find out they're called feightning couches. He practiced on actors who were in

plays with him. And they'd recommend friends and family members. They knew he wasn't accredited and, officially, it was done for entertainment reasons but John was serious enough. He believed he could fix people's minds. And instead of prescribing some fucked up drug that'll turn you into a zombie, he'd prescribe a beer or a marijuana joint. "Take two of these. You'll feel better." Or he'd tell them to take a hike in the mountains. Buy a pet. Get laid. That sort of thing.

The bottom line is this: You have to be sanctioned to do what you do nowadays. You have to be commissioned. Our world has gone fascist. The amount of American flags flying around is inversely proportional to the freedom we have. John Leonard compared them to herpes sores. You can have herpes and not show the signs for years! Then, right before a big date with the hot chick, you get anxious, and bam! Your worst nightmare! Thomas Paine wrote that government in its best form is a necessary evil. In its worst form, it's an intolerable one. When you walk down the street and every fucker is doing the same thing, only coincidence can bring this about. Or tyranny! John Leonard was put off by his experience on the mega-yacht. Roy Thurman's buddies in the CIA took him, but they didn't call it kidnapping. Extraordinary rendition. That's the term they used. But if it walks like a duck and talks like a duck... You know how the story goes.

A few years ago, John was at Cal Davis during the Occupy protests. He was there when a student got maced in the face like he was a hideous bug on a kitchen counter. John has a list of shady crap which law enforcement has been part of. I'm sure I'll include it in this journal, but if I don't, I want to mention the reason for bringing it up. Here in New Zealand, Kim Dotcom was raided. There is nowhere left to hide. Pirate Bay was raided in Europe. American law enforcement is everywhere. For a few seconds a day, I believe I could be a target just for organizing my thoughts in a journal. They had something called Carnivore, a program used by the FBI to pick out key

words from emails sent everywhere. I knew this before they admitted it because I have the right connections. I've been told nutty stuff about how they plan to keep the public in line.

I want to make something clear. I am an active member at Maniac Nebula, one of the best online forums for discussing the Shadow Government. Every now and then, a poster will write something like, "I am not suicidal. I don't plan to take any long vacations." Information gets sensitive and it's done for laughs, but there's enough of a grain of truth. It gets scary. Michael Hastings lost his life. Why? How do you simply crash a car and your drive shaft ends up sixty yards away? The government will tell you to believe a certain thing. Their cronies will enforce it. I watched a news video where guy in cuffs was filmed getting smacked by an officer and the policeman was yelling, "Stop resisting!" You know that's how it's going down in court! The guy was just standing there leaning against the cruiser and complying but the officer is going to say he was resisting arrest. I know what my eyes saw, though.

I'll tell my story. My family was coerced into falling in line. We used to be good people. We used to be fun and festive. It was fun. It was merit-based. My father, Jasper, got the nickname "Boom Boom" when he was in Iraq. They were our ally in the war against Iran before I was born. "Boom Boom" is what he heard all the time as a contractor in the land once known as Sumeria. I told you he's in the business of doors. I didn't tell you he built vault doors. When I was a kid, his friends filled in the holes and did the rest of the work. Before I was born, they dug the underground tunnels for Saddam Hussein when he was our ally. They built his bunkers.

So you have to be commissioned to do what I'm doing. Tell a story. In a land of fascism. The whole thing about succeeding as a fascist is "looking the part" which is frustrating. It's like being the secretary working for a lust-driven minister and you're the only one who knows he's not what he cracks himself up to be because after his sermons in front of packed

congregations he comes into your office and gropes you as if it's the way it's supposed to be.

I'll tell my story. I don't think it's original. But what about the thirtieth woman who told her story about Bill Cosby? There's a reason for it. Twenty-nine stories might be enough to convince the public he was into date rape. A thirtieth story might not be necessary, and why drag my family through this thing? But you have to sleep with yourself at night. You have to do the right thing and you sleep a lot better.

My mission tomorrow is to find a quail. If I have to go to a zoo to see one, I'll do it. I'm going to roam these hills. I want solace. But it's already happening. My family is cursed, or so the legend goes. There's a dark cloud following us. I remember a lot from childhood, but much of it seems weird. I remember the Millennium when it rolled around. I was in San Diego at a yacht club with dad and mom. I met Thelma Rhett there. She's the wife of Donovan Cobb, but he was rarely physically with her. When he was, it didn't seem quite right. You would guess they were brother/sister because they kept distance from each other. The year 2000 rolled around and I asked Thelma about her husband. She told me he was far away in the Pacific at the International Date Line. He was that kind of guy. He had the captain of his ship point the vessel northward and he made sure he was leaning on the railing of the starboard side. He made sure they straddled the proper longitude coordinance so he'd be the first person to enter 2000. We had weird crap going on that night in San Diego. The sky was lighting up. Dad yelled to uncle Clark, "It's happening! The Atherton Protocol is off!"

"What's happening?" I demanded. He told me missiles were launched and we were a target. All the kids had to run inside. I was six. I booked it inside and hid. Fifteen minutes later, Thelma came to get me. She said it was a false alarm. She held me. I fell in love with her. My own mother never held me like that.

Then she told a secret. "They were alien ships. They come to talk to us every now and then. We're a special group known as the Contrarians. They talk to

us every now and then. These aliens have been speaking with humanity for tens of thousands of years. The Sumarians knew them. And they talk to our rivals. We call them the Scoundrels, but it's almost a joke. You'll know them as something else as you grow older." She set me down and kissed my cheek.

For years, I believed she told me that story to calm me down. But I'm here in New Zealand. This is where the Contrarians and Scoundrels met in the first week of 2000. It had been a generation since they had an alien encounter. The rumors vary pretty widely. Some say the Moon is a hollow ball of metal and it's really a secret alien base. I believe that as much as I believe Santa Claus has a physical workshop at the North Pole. Others say the aliens are inter-dimensional travelers. I'm more prone to believing in wormholes than the Moon as a clandestine Death Star type of contraption.

I want to talk about Winston Smith. He was the protagonist for a dystopian book from George Orwell called 1984. Winston worked for the Ministry of Truth. What was the Ministry's mission? Was it to tell the truth? No! Quite the opposite! It was a propaganda machine. Winston worked in an office at a station called the Memory Hole. It was his job to find news articles which weren't suited for The Powers That Be. In the book, the world was run in three layers. You had the Inner Party, the Outer Party, and the Proletariat (aka the "Proles"). Winston would destroy news articles by putting them into the Memory Hole. It was essentially an incinerator. He would write up news which was more suited for TPTB. In my dad's world, the Scoundrels are the Inner Party. He belongs to the Outer Party. That's why he's always miffed. The Outer Party must do everything the Inner Party tells them to. The consequence is torture. It's a strange torture, though. In Winston Smith's case, they sent him to an asylum. He remained there for a long, long time. He wasn't even sure how long he was there because he wasn't allowed a calendar. They kept him there until...

I have to back up. Winston Smith got sick of his

job. The book was released in 1948. The year 1984 was in the future. It was about impending doom from the government. In Orwell's 1984, there were "wall screens" in every home and the aloof leader, Emanuel Goldstein, would come on every now and then and tell people about this or that war. Everyone was watched by cameras. Sounds like today's world, doesn't it? But Winston Smith decided to escape. Imagine this. If you're familiar with Southern California, you'd know it's quite segregated, not in terms of race anymore, but in terms of class. There are sections of Orange County around Fullerton, Laguna Hills, and Irvine where the streets have smooth pavement lined with precision-cut bushes flanking them and the sidewalks are so clean you'd feel comfortable eating dinner off of them. There are industrial parks with BMWs and Volvos transporting young urban professionals to and fro. They go to Applebees or Starbucks during lunch or after work. It's a yuppy paradise. And then there's East LA, Carson and Compton. Urban decay. Homelessness. Grafitti. Drug dealers. Prostitutes. Thugs. Cops making arrests. You know what I heard? San Francisco has gotten so bad in certain areas that there is poop along the sidewalks. Human poop!

Winston Smith got fed up with his job. I want to paint a picture in your head. Imagine Michael Scott (Steve Carell) from the Office saying, "Fuck it! I hate this shit! I'm leaving this hell hole and heading to Inglewood! I'll find me a nice Hina (Spanish for pretty girlfriend) and we'll kick it at the train tracks. We'll live off ramen and donations from fuckers near freeway offramps!" So he packs it up from his five-story Irvine office suite and meets a Jennifer Lopez kind of chick. This is what Winston Smith did! He left his day job and vanished into the proletariat Abyss.

There will be tangents in my journal. The "Abyss" has its own definition in Contrarian/ Scoundrel circles. But back to the story.

In America with perfect freedom, anyone can do this. When I was a kid, my dad would do something strange. I'd look at him. As an example, we'd be on a

road trip to Yosemite. He'd pull off to the side of the road to take a piss. "Couldn't you wait for a gas station?" my mom would ask. I'd look at him and wonder. He'd stare back at me like I should know.

"It's a free country!" My dad would say that a lot when I was younger, but he doesn't say it as often anymore. No one does.

So Winston Smith hooks up! He has a romance in the proletariat world. Then he gets busted and has to come back. He has to face the music. He gets sent away. He's tortured. Did he believe he did anything wrong? No! But the guys in charge have a weird gig going on. They're going to kill Winston. They kill everyone who deviates too far from the norm. They also reward the sheep who stand in line. The figure of speech is "throw the dog a bone" but their bone is liquor. Gin. They call it Victory Gin. When anything goes right, you get a shot of Victory Gin. But it's not enough. Not to Winston, and not to others. They torture him in an asylum and it's mental. They need him to admit he's wrong. And it can't be a fake confession. He has to genuinely believe he's wrong.

And then they kill him.

My dad is not Republican but he pretends to be. Thelma? The lady that held me in San Diego after New Years fireworks lit off? And then the sky lit up? She told me there was an Arora Borealis and it wasn't supposed to be there. Thelma is friends with a former Colorado senator, Gary Hart. Gary, in a perfect world with real democracy, was going to be a good president. He had "the will of the people" in mind. He was intelligent, patriotic, and motivated. Guess which year he ran? 1984!

Rich fuckers manipulate things everywhere. My dad is rich. But you can split hairs. Just because you're rich doesn't mean everyone has the same ideas and loyalties. Gary was too much on the side of "the people" so he was thrashed in the media and was never given a legit shot to run the country. This is the story Thelma told me. I have to talk about something candid. Her breasts were large and she had a maternal attitude toward me. She held me. I told you that.

Being an endowed woman with ample breasts, I felt something I didn't want to feel. Lust. I didn't want to feel it. She was the first lady, though, where I could feel it. In a million years, I'll never figure it out. It felt like pillows. She held me, and I could feel her breasts against my chest. I don't think she was trying to turn me on. I wasn't excited in a sexual way at the time. I was six and hadn't hit puberty yet. But when I hit puberty years later, she was my first fantasy. I wondered about conversations. What could I have said? I made up debonair situations. "I own this yacht club! Pick a boat! We'll go sailing!"

My dad isn't really Republican. The Callypsos are traditionally liberal, just like the Kennedys. The Rockefellers are traditionally conservative. Every now and then, you'll have someone who "crosses the aisle" then things become awkward. Not all Callypsos were Democrats and not all Rockefellers were Republican. One of the founding Contrarians was Teddy Roosevelt, a Republican when he was president. His cousin, FDR, is one of the faces on Mount Rushmore and he was elected FOUR TIMES for president as a Democrat. Teddy, though, became disenchanted with traditional politics and ran for president as a third-party candidate. He formed the Bull Moose Party. He founded the Heuristic Order of Lachrymose Contrarians along with Nikola Tesla and a few others.

I have scopeasthesia. It's a condition so rare you've never heard it talked about in movies or in television. It's the feeling of being watched. Thelma told me about this. She was my first real friend in life. You know how you reflect on your childhood and you think about your first best friend? It's usually someone your same age. Usually, they went to grade school with you. Thelma was my first best friend because she gave me wisdom. She gave me nurturing. "Scopeasthesia" is what my family goes through. My cousin, Eddie, had it really bad. He's the son of uncle Winston, by the way. His mom, Sabrina, is one of my favorite people. My dad hated Eddie really, really bad. They were at a Dan Lungren fund raiser in 1998



and they had the Intervention.

I will digress every now and then. In my family, when we write about things, we'll capitalize a term if it's a Thing. See what I did there? The Abyss. It's where the rich run to when they want to escape heat (not weather type of heat). The Contrarians. These guys are part of the decision-making body in the grander scheme of things but they're treated like step-children by bankers. The Agenda. This is the plan for world dominance. It's not perfect, but it's effective.

The Intervention?

Lesser people know about this. Let's suppose you're getting drunk too much in your apartment building. You might have a roommate and some neighbors tell you, "Hey! Every day you're coming home with two forties of malt liquor! You slam them then blast your stereo! We all have jobs! Some of us work graveyard and it keeps us awake! You need to lay off it!" This is an intervention, small "i" but the Intervention in Elite circles, is usually a once-in-a-lifetime deal and it's meant to tell you you've been left behind. You stepped on the wrong toes. You didn't keep up with the correct sophistication. You dated the wrong girl. You ascribed to the wrong politics. You're not smart enough. You just don't cut it.

The Intervention is never direct. You just feel it. With my cousin Eddie, he was at a Dan Lungren fund raiser in Palo Alto not far from Stanford. He started dating a vegetarian girl. She was a PeTA member. Meat is murder! Do you know the people? Eddie wasn't vegetarian. He was leaning and his behavior reflected it. No more leather belts. No more leather shoes. He gave his childhood baseball mitt to Goodwill. Why? Meat is murder and it's not just the food you eat! It's the clothes! It's everything! Your leather seat in your car! Your heavy metal leather jacket! He's trying to please this chick he fell in love with. He shows up to the Dan Lungren fund raiser in 1998 with Chuck Taylor canvass Converse All Stars.

Persona non grata. That's what they'll call you behind your back when they're in the men's room. That's part of the Intervention. If you've been

picked, here's what happens. You'll notice swarms of people talking around the pool. Asymmetrical formations of chit-chatters. You'll want to participate in the conversation. You'll step toward a group of people. You'll want to speak up and put your two cents in, but someone's reading your face. They know you want to talk so they say something loud and stupid before you. If the Intervention wasn't going on, the person would look like an idiot. But instead, it's almost as if Aristotle was speaking. Or Richard Pryor! Pick your favorite orator and insert! Laughter. A circle starts to form. A physical circle of well-dressed debutants is noticable. You're standing there in your canvass Converse sneakers and you think you're going to enlighten the crowd about carbon footprints and the diminishing of the Amazon rainforest but you're shut out. At first, you think it's just coincidence. Some ego-driven maniac had to tell everyone how the Apple monitors with multiple colors was the rage.

I'll cut to the chase. The purpose of the Intervention is humiliation. There are never direct attacks. Cousin Eddie called my dad "Uncle Boom Boom", and he arrived at the Dan Lungren fund raiser thinking he was a welcome member of the family as he had been since childhood. Eddie believed family was more important than politics. Ronald Reagan's son, Ron Junior, was an open liberal and spoke at the DNC. I've watched YouTube interviews with Ronald, the president. He was fine with dissent. He was okay with his son. My dad, though? I don't want to call him a brown-noser but it was close. There was a culture of fear after 2000 rolled around. There was a culture of fear in the Republican party. The best example I can give you was when former Secretary of the Treasury, Paul O'Neill, approached Dick Cheney in the White House. He's talking about economics and why the war in Iraq would be wrong. Dick Cheney is just standing there and nodding with a distant look as if he's not hearing him. He's nodding to go through the motions. The decision has already been made. Before nine eleven, we're going into Iraq. Paul O'Neill is dismissed because he's not a brown-nosing yes man. He writes a book. The Price

of Loyalty.

This happened over and over. My dad? Boom Boom? He was approached by Roy Thurman after Clinton won his second term against Dole. "Too many of you Contrarians are Democrats! We'll bust you up!" My dad leaned toward the political middle more than most Contrarians. He was a candidate to "look the part" of what they wanted. So? Like Joe Lieberman, he pretended to be appalled by the Monica Lewinsky scandal. He publicly changed his party affiliation. And you had to wind up "on board" which cousin Eddie Callypso was not. They made him feel like a scuz. It started to rain the night of the Dan Lungren fund raiser. They never criticized him directly but my dad talked shit about "bleeding hearts" and anything which would describe his new love interest, the vegetarian. Eddie walked out. It was pouring rain. He walked for miles hoping to find a hotel. Couldn't find one. Wound up drenched.

I brought up Winston Smith and the Memory Hole for a reason. Our history is disappearing. I've heard it said before that "history is written by the winners" and I know my testimony will be lost unless I do something about it. The Contrarians and Scoundrels are subsets of the Illuminati. You can type "Illuminati" into your search engine of choice. You will find interesting things about world domination. You won't find anything about the feud between the Contrarians and Scoundrels. They have guys. Like Winston Smith, they work the Memory Hole to the fullest. As the internet came to be, they made sure their secret ways stayed in the shadows.

Last of all, before I wrap up for the day, scopeasthesia. It's what cousin Eddie had. He walked away from the fund raiser in pouring rain. He wanted to remain with his vegetarian girlfriend but it became Twilight-Zone-Ass-Bizarre. My dad admitted he sent private investigators to follow him. They weren't there just to track his movements. They were there to screw with him. He'd go into a Ralph's grocery store. My dad learned of a program from Preston Bancroft, a Hollywood producer and one of Donovan Cobb's best friends. There would be actors around cousin Eddie.

They were meant to steer him toward certain behaviors and detour him from others. My father believed family reputaion was on the line, and he'd incur less wrath from the Illuminati's main guy, Roy Thurman. Eddie would want to buy tofu, for example. There would be investigators/ actors who would crowd him and make him feel really uncomfortable. They were good at what they did so cousin Eddie moved on. They would put an alluring sex kitten standing in the meat section. They wanted to break Eddie from his vegetarian girlfriend. This sounds stupid! I know it does! But so does the war in Vietnam! You must understand their paranoia! The Domino Effect is real to the Illuminati! They don't think in terms of "young kid falling in love" but rather "political operative deviates from prescribed norm"!

I have more I want to talk about. A lot more. I'm tired. I'll be back. I've put a cork board up on a wall to my left. I'm pinning three-by-five cards up there. Goals. Ideas. Memories. I want to go on a sailing trip to the Loyalty Islands. I pinned that up there when I woke this morning. I have a lot on my plate. I'll talk to you later, Mystery Reader. I have a message to you, Thelma. Thank you. Word is you disappeared on the boat with Donovan in 2004, but I believe you're in the Abyss somewhere. I can find you. Offically, you've been declared dead, just like the passengers of MH370. I think you're alive, though. I have a feeling I think I know where you are. Diego Garcia. I have a feeling on this. You said I'd eventually get a tinge of scopeasthesia and it's here. I don't care, though. Liberty or death. I have way too much to live for than to allow some fuck balls to tell me I better sit in a corner and shut up. I will search.

November 25, 2018

It's a Sunday. It's afternoon. I took the day off writing yesterday. I got on a ferry and headed to the mainland. Went to a casino, played a little roulette, then headed to another casino and spent the night. Ate breakfast there then headed back to this place.

I want to keep this brief. Nothing eventful happened at the casinos. No hookers, no big winnings or losings. I thought, though. I considered what I'm doing here. I contemplated. I dumped a few paragraphs of this journal to Blogger. I hope to get responses. I decided on another avenue. TinyUrl.com. Have you ever heard of it? It's basically a place where you can shorten links you're refering to. For example, you might post a video to YouTube and the link is <https://youtu.be/qsoQ8c33a7Y>. This is random, of course. But you can redirect, customize, and shorten the link. Now? It's [tinyurl.com/bcallypso0000](http://tinyurl.com/bcallypso0000). Get it? It's much easier to remember. You can tell your friends on the street, "I came across this really cool kitten meme! Check out B Callypso zero, zero, zero, one." And if your friend already knows you're using TinyUrl dot com, he will have an easy way to check it out! So I'll do that on occasion in this journal. Do you believe me that the lunatic fringe believes the Moon is hollow? Check for yourself! It's at 0002! Get it? See what I did there? Me and you are developing rapport! We're developing understanding! We are establishing a high-context relationship! I don't have to tell you I've created a shortened link at TinyUrl, and I don't have to preface "bcallypso" before "0002" because it's understood. We can be at a coffee shop. I say, "Others have said the Sun is hollow, too! Zero, zero, zero three! And others said the Earth is hollow. The middle of our world is Agartha, according to them. Zero, zero, zero, four!" It's like old fashioned citation of school term papers. But instead of vaguely saying, "Google it!" (which I've already done in this journal), I'm leading you directly to a link I've already contemplated.

Do you know who Paul Morphy is? I'm changing

subjects, if you can't tell. He's one of the greatest chess players there ever was. He lived from 1837 until 1884. He beat a grandmaster before his teenage years. He won the world championship at twenty-one. He was good. Really, really good. Once he mastered chess, there was no challenge left. Except there was! Think about a tough guy who could beat anyone up. Have you heard of Julian Jackson? He's the best boxer "you've never heard of" (0005). His record was forty-six and one, at his peak with FORTY-THREE of the wins by knock out! Fuckin' shit, right? Pound-for-pound, better than Mike Tyson. He got his ass knocked out late in his career twice by the same guy, but, the guy who knocked him out became a literal savant. While defending his title, he had a brain hemorrhage. Couldn't function as a regular person anymore. But Julian Jackson had a legacy which would rival anyone.

But he was a Contrarian.

Like Morris Taft, he's a guy the media won't talk about. Because he ran in Contrarian circles. And Marcus Dupree. Marcus played for Barry Switzer in the eighties at Oklahoma and wound up as a running back for the New Orleans Breakers of the USFL. The guy was meant to be a star, but when you buck the system and try alternate avenues, it's a gamble. With Herschel Walker, it paid off. With Marcus, it didn't.

Let's talk about Julian Jackson, though. A guy like that can "beat you with one hand tied behind his back" and people know this. Paul Morphy? The chess player? He had to find new ways to challenge himself. Grandmasters hung out at a particular coffee house in Paris back in Morphy's day. Paul Morphy would play six of them at the same time!

Wow! Right?

Let's up the stakes, because that was too easy for him.

He would do it blindfolded!

That's right!

Paul Morphy had an umpire move his pieces for him. Pawn from E2 to E4 was a typical opening move. The umpire would move it. But why bring this up? Donovan Cobb disappeared on that boat in 2004. Desmond

Severns, a physicist, disappeared with him. Desmond came back and Donovan didn't. We have Desmond's testimony of what happened. They went through a time warp. "It was like going through the Bermuda Triangle" was what he was popularly quoted as saying. He was featured in Newsweek (when it was still a print magazine) and Time. He returned to Cornell and worked on a doctorate's degree. Today, he does TED talks and he's featured on panels with Brian Greene and other cutting-edge quantum physicists. Officially, the vessel he was on was missing for two weeks. He came back and claimed he was gone for ten thousand years. That's right! Ten thousand years! The "conspiracy theory" went as such. The captain of the ship was part of a rogue operation in cahoots with the chef. On the night of the disappearance, the chef drugged the passengers with various psychedelic drugs including peyote and a few others. They kidnapped the "high profile people" for ransom and hid them somewhere. Roy Thurman, Donovan Cobb, and Thelma Rhett were part of this group. Was it the US military? Are they still in captivity at Diego Garcia? No one knows. Was it the British? The Russians? The Chinese? No one knows but rumors floated about. The survivors had "crazy talk" oozing out when they were rescued. Desmond Severns? He claimed he played chess with Paul Morphy in an alternate dimension. For thousands of years. He was better than Deep Blue and Deep Thought when he came out. But no one was startled. He was a physics teacher at a middle school. He was trained in logic. No big deal. Desmond's hair turned full white within six months of him coming off the boat and telling his story. No computer could beat him at chess, and no human could. Then he gave up chess, got his doctorate's, and toured with a panel of geniuses. He swears he was in a land called Hy' Brasil and that Donovan and Roy are still out there.

Wait.

Donovan stayed, so the story goes, but Roy came back as the boogeyman! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Right? That's how Desmond concludes his speeches. It gets great laughs! Roy came back to our world from Hy'

Brasil and lives underneath the beds of naughty children! He's doing Santa's work! He's making sure that kids stay in line, eat their spinach, and complete their homework assignments! Frickin' crazy! And funny! Roy Thurman, one of the most notorious bankers next to Jamie Dimon, ceased to live as a regular human! I love it! I appreciate how legends are formed! I don't know what think tank came up with this, but it's good! The world is a buddy system! Most of us know this! Roy was out there on some large yacht, it hit some kind of rock (like the Titanic supposedly hit an ice berg, and we can talk about this later), and Roy pushed women and children out of the way to get on a rubber life boat. But he didn't make it to shore. He drowned in disgrace. But his buddies at Rand and the Heritage Institute? They cooked up a story to save face for his family! He reached some magical land and came back as a closet monster! Funny!

I'm going to go. I think I made up my mind about how I'm going to write these journals. Yesterday felt good. Saturdays will for sure be my days off. Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays is when I'll write. I'll commit to it even if it feels mechanical and I'm going through the motions. That leaves Thursdays, Fridays and Sundays. Floater days. I might climb a rock. I might jot stuff down.

Well, it's dark now. I took a walk. There are horse trails in many directions. I stayed on foot, though. The place has a lot of livestock and it has horses in stables, but I passed on it. The closest neighbor lives a couple of miles away. He has fed the animals here for many years when Roy is away. Byron told me they had an agreement. It had to do with money and sheep. That's how the neighbor gets paid. There's a mailbox a half mile away at the main road. Roy locks it when he's gone. I guess he doesn't want it jammed with junk mail. In all honesty, I don't know if New Zealand has a problem with junk mail like America does. Either way, the neighbor sees the lock and knows to come by.

The Sun stayed out a while and I'm not used to it. The Southern Hemisphere has opposite seasons than what



I'm used to. While I was away, I had time to think. The song Hotel California ran through my mind. I lived most of my life there. I was thinking about my TinyUrl links. I added a few more and I'm up to fifteen. I've decided I'm not going to log every single one. I added a Pearl Jam song and a Nirvana one. I added a couple of cartoons. I'll probably add the one of the birds perched on beams and getting crapped on.

Let's think about Hotel California. It's such a lovely place, isn't it? It could be Heaven or Hell. You can check out anytime you'd like but you can never leave. The song is more than a hypothetical hotel, of course. It's the way people feel. Heaven or Hell? Within a few miles in LA, you have Beverly Hills and you have skid row. There are tents pitched along the sidewalks and there's a lot of misery. It's hard to leave, believe it or not. I'm talking about the state in general. People talk about it, but they never do it (even if they have the money). There's a large degree of complacency.

I want to talk about a particular section of the song:

Her mind is Tiffany twisted  
She got the Mercedes Benz  
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys  
She calls friends  
How they dance in the courtyard  
Sweet summer sweat  
Some dance to remember  
Some dance to forget

I don't want to talk about interpretations of the song but I've heard there's drug references and other neat things. "Tiffany twisted" is what I'm thinking about. "Loca" is what I heard it meant, Spanish for crazy lady. I thought about the links I've posted to [tinyurl.com/bcallypso](http://tinyurl.com/bcallypso) and they're family-friendly so far. I have "Tiffany twisted" things that go through my mind, though. I have things that you only mention when the children are away. We all do. Freud said we have the ego, superego, and id. What is the id? Instinctive drive. It's our primal motivations and it has to do with erotic and gloomy moods and emotions.

I've decided I'm going to put my PG and PG-13 links at the bcallypso TinyUrl place. I've created a new chain for the darker, controversial web pages. I've started by posting a Roxy Music album cover to [tinyurl.com/tiffanytwisted0001](http://tinyurl.com/tiffanytwisted0001). My dad had the album stored in a box in our garage. I was a kid, probably nine. There's a couple of ladies on the front wearing see-through underwear. The one on the left, you can see her nipples. The one on the right, you can make out her pubic hair. Arousing. Effective. I mean, I'm thinking of it now almost twenty years later. I added a second album cover to the tiffanytwisted chain. "Amorica" by the Black Crowes is at 0002. It features a close-up of a lady's red-white-and-blue bikini bottom. Once again, pubes are involved and they're poking out. The Black Crowes self-censored and created a version with a black background. I didn't post that, though. I don't want to get too complicated but here's the system I came up with:

- bc0010 will be [tinyurl.com/bcallypso0010](http://tinyurl.com/bcallypso0010) (Nirvana's "Milk It")

- tt0003 ... [tinyurl.com/tiffanytwisted0003](http://tinyurl.com/tiffanytwisted0003) ("Sexual Explosion")

Jim Warren's 1976 painting "Sexual Explosion" (tt0003) was banned from galleries as it was deemed obscene. Times change. So do our views. There was a time when you couldn't say "bitch" on television then it became a regular thing. If I'm on a roll with "bc" entries then I might start lining them up simply as 0011, 0012, 0013 et cetera. I want this to be intuitive.

I know why authors pick pseudonyms. There was a time long ago when they did it because it might bring the family shame. Somehow, we collectively believe we get past these issues but they never really disappear. Me? It's not about shame as much as it is about retaliation. That's what I fear. It's almost like we've come full circle. I won't say that it's paranoia because it's not. It's hyper-sensitivity. Does it mean my sister, or mom, or dad are going to come across this when I post it to Blogger? No. But I can go about my day much more relaxed than if I post

everything as bcallypso. The grapevine works in a different way than when I was a child.

I mentioned the box of albums I came across. One of them was from an oldies band, the Kinks. They have an excellent song called "Destroyer" about paranoia.

There's a red under my bed  
And there's a little yellow man in my head  
And there's a true blue inside of me  
That keeps stopping me  
Touching you, watching you, loving you

It's about a man who takes a gal named Lola home. He thinks there's hidden cameras everywhere. He goes nuts so he goes to see a doctor. This is the funny part! The doctor says:

You're not going crazy!  
You're just a bit sad!  
'Cause there's a man in you  
Gnawing you, tearing you into two!

I wish all doctors were this honest! I don't want to lose focus of what these journals are for. Are they for me? Yes! Of course! I want to sort through thoughts. I want to feel better when all is said and done. I was given the keys to this place by Byron Thurman. He wants to find out what happened to his dad. I want to sail to the Loyalty Islands next week. I think that could give me a clue. It would set things in the right direction. I want to talk about Donovan Cobb. As I was talking about Destroyer by the Kinks (in a humorous way), Donovan had a similar situation. He knew he was tailed. He had unpopular thoughts and they clashed with the Shadow Government and the rest of TPTB. Roy Thurman was his rival and eventually, Roy had his operatives catch Donovan and send him to a mental asylum. I was listening to Nirvana, like I said. In "Territorial Pissings" they sing, "Just because you're paranoid don't mean they're not after you."

Donovan, from what I've heard and read, strikes me as a well-rounded Renaissance man. I'm good at math. Hear me out. Two to the thirty-second power roughly reaches our world population of seven billion people. What does this mean? We can set up a round robin and

include every man, woman and child. You play someone in a quick, hypothetical contest. You win and move to the next round. There are now three and a half billion participants. You win that round and there's almost two billion left. Then one billion, then five hundred million. And if you win thirty-two times in a row, you're the winner of this world contest.

What's the contest about?

In my scenario, it would be something different at each level. The first round might test your logic and you'd play someone at Connect Four. The next round might test your perceptiveness and you might go on a scavenger hunt. The next round might test your endurance and you'd stand on a upright log and outlast your opponent. You could incorporate games from anywhere. The Price Is Right, Jeopardy, Survivor, Who Wants to Be a Millionaire, American Ninja. You could have contests from the Olympics. You could have chess matches. You could have Las Vegas card games.

Donovan Cobb was many things and his parameters were wide. He was gruffy yet deboniar. He was grounded yet aloof. If you looked at him from a certain angle, he seemed handsome but if you zeroed in on other traits, he looked like a work in progress. He was realistic yet he had visions of world peace.

Roy Thurman had urges to rule the world. If there was such a round robin contest and someone moved along because they had the right skills to handle a myriad of situations, it was Donovan. "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" For much of Roy's youth, the mirror would answer that it was himself. Then Donovan showed up. Jealousy was incredible.

I was born in 1993 and I'm part of a cyber world unlike Roy and Donovan. When I was in kindergarten, we had the internet in class teaching us stuff. I don't know what it's like to go camping without bringing a cell phone. The internet, as it made it's way into average American homes was like musical chairs. You know the game? The music plays at a birthday party and there are chairs set up back-to-back. There are kids walking in a circle around the chairs, but there is one

less chair than the number of kids. An adult has her back turned from the kids so she doesn't know who's standing in front of what, then she turns the music off. The kids have to scramble to sit down. The kid without a seat is kicked out of the game. One of the chairs is removed. This goes on until there is one chair and two kids. Then there's a battle for the last chair.

I was told that celebrities stop maturing when they become famous. It's a phenomenon. I have a hypothesis about life. The internet is like musical chairs. There are defining moments and people are kicked out of the game. If you were good in AOL chat rooms, your life improved and you became more social. Let's suppose, though, you were popular in high school. And after you graduated in 1997, you contracted mononucleosis. Just a freak thing, but it's enough to knock your life off the rails. Like I said, the grapevine has changed. Then MySpace and Facebook came around. This is another defining moment where you can set up a profile and shape your reputation. The better you do, the better you're treated. Here's more lyrics to chew on:

Living in the limelight  
The universal dream  
For those who wish to seem  
Those who wish to be  
Must put aside the alienation  
Get on with the fascination  
The real relation  
The underlying theme

I feel bad for Donovan Cobb for having a kick ass life. At the time, he was doing well, he had no way to know how big and how connected the World Wide Web would become. He was just going about life and trying to master different things. If he sucked more here or there, Roy Thurman would've picked someone else to scapegoat for his insecure existence. The Beatles sang "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" and Peter Murphy sang (in "Cuts You Up"), "With mistakes that you do mean." You've got to pretend to suck, in today's world, in order to get by. You've got to blend in with

the crowd. The consequence? Suffer the wrath of Roy Thurman and envious megalomaniacs like him.

The lyrics above are from "Limelight" by Rush. They contemplated fame. Here's more lyrics:

It's cold comfort  
To the ones without it  
To know how they struggled  
How they suffered about it  
If their lives were exotic and strange  
They would likely have gladly exchanged them  
For something a little more plain  
Maybe something a little more sane  
We each pay a fabulous price  
For our visions of paradise  
But a spirit with a vision  
Is a dream with a mission

This is "Mission" by Rush. Me and my sister Chloe have a rivalry. I've mentioned that. I feel for her, though. She has a few thousand Instagram followers. Dad doesn't "get it" at all. He didn't live through this. Chloe won't go out to eat with the family at certain times. She knows a few of her followers are going to be there. It creates anxiety. She feels most comfortable when we eat twenty-five miles or more away from the house. It trips her followers up. She has a psychotic persona she's developed over the years. She wears wigs, does makeup tutorials, and talks about teenage stuff. She can't be caught in public with dad. Dad wants to take us to Carl's Jr and he's going to scold us about our grades. Chloe can't have that. It would ruin everything she's been part of as an internet personality.

I'm twenty-six now. I want to believe I'm past it. I never had it as bad as my sister, but it was there. I mentioned my cousin, Eddie. He had it the worst. He believed the Truman Show was a movie about his life. We'd walk through a parking lot. "Look around. Don't be so obvious. Tell me if you think the people in front of us are behaving like movie extras." Yeah, things felt different with him. I'd almost expect a flash mob to form and spontaneous dancing to happen.

I've talked enough for now. I'll get sleep. I wanted to mention that the dust has never settled in my life. I keep thinking things will calm down. I'll hear a voice in the back of my head and it will say, "You're just a normal guy so go about life and do normal things." That voice never comes, though. I figured the dust would settle and I could make sense out of the weird moments. I could look back in hindsight and say, "Yes, that makes sense now that I look back." I figured I could plot my life better.

I have anxiety. It's not bad. It's managable. I'm going to check out New Zealand for a few weeks. I'll figure something else out later. I want to get a hold of Preston Bancroft. He was Donovan's best friend. I want to call Byron and see if he wants to head out here. I'm not sure, right now. These are ideas I'm kicking around.

One last note. I spent the past half hour looking through memes on my phone. I've decided to create a Dewey Decimal System for my TinyUrl links. I'm going to push "less pertinent" information to the five hundreds and beyond. My mind is buzzing. It won't quit. I'm looking at funny images I've seen over the month. I want to share every single thing but I don't want to waste your time... unless you have nothing else to do. I'm thinking about "The Boy Who Cried Wolf" and I don't want it to seem everything I post is a life-or-death matter. I also like the story of "Chicken Little" so I want this to be a comfortable dialogue between me and the public. I'm sure I'll receive comments at my Tumblr site and they'll effect what goes here in my journal. I'm thinking of two lyrics. From Depeche Mode, "Everything counts in large amounts." From the Beatles, "What you've got means such a lot to me." I don't want to over-do things, but I'm thinking of going even more complicated. For tiffanytwisted, I might reserve the two hundreds for conspiracy theory subjects. I might reserve the three hundreds for political satire and commentary. I might use the four hundreds for economics. These categories are for me, mostly. I don't like clutter. This goes for physical clutter, cyber clutter, or mental clutter. This place

*blunder*

where I'm at? It has the potential for clutter if I don't treat it right. It's going to take some information management. I'll probably use a physical notebook to help me out as well.



November 26, 2018

Monday morning. Usually, I like to block off a couple of hours when I write. Not now. I've just finished unpacking my clothes, believe it or not. Up until now, I've been living out of a suitcase. I'm staying in Byron's bedroom. It has wallpaper with an outer space motif. Stars in all directions.

It got me thinking of the NASA program and the Black Knight satellite. NASA released a video which depicted Mars as a lush planet a billion years ago (bc0020). There are those who speculate they were an advanced civilization and had a nuclear war. I was reading through some of my thousands of documents and Donovan Cobb believed the Asteroid Belt was created from a demolished planet. Roy Thurman got a hold of some of Donovan's comic drawings of the place. They're quite good! I said I'd look for Thelma and I found her! She's some kind of galactic queen. According to Donovan, the planet Theia sent the Black Knight satellite (bc0021) to Earth before exploding in a nuclear war. So it wasn't Mars! HMMMMMMMM. I don't have to believe any of this happened, but I know why his best friend, Preston, was a movie producer. These guys kicked around ideas and when one was good enough, they made a movie out of it.

So I'm reading this document then that one. This testimony then that one. I'm comparing notes. In 1984, Donovan was admitted into a specialized sect of the Heuristic Order of Lachrymose Contrarians called the Council of Nine. They do a lot of weird things to you. They put you on psychedelic drugs. They take you on crazy adventures. Preston slipped tranquilizers into Donovan's margarita while they sailed around South America on a small cruise liner called the Lucky Dragon 6. Donovan woke up in a Western town called Warpsnag. He thought he was living in a dream. He lived there for months and assumed the identity, Zachary Bradley. He worked for a blacksmith setting horseshoes. Then he got fed up with the place and headed west. He wound up in Willowdune. There were camera crews there. And celebrities. He realized he was on the set of a

Western movie. He maintained his identity as Zachary Bradley and let them film him. He stayed in character.

Further west was the Mexican town of Acapulco. Preston explained to Donovan it was part of the hazing process of being on the Council of Nine. Preston was the one who nominated Donovan to join. I have documents, though, that suggest something much more insane was going on. The Contrarians have land near Atherton. This is a place west of Cairns in Australia. There's a portal there. Most of the "portal talk" I've come across has to do with the Bermuda Triangle and other places out at sea. Donovan wound up in a real town called Warpsnag, but it was in a different dimension. I know it sounds weird. This is how the Elite work. There are layers. There is no way to stumble on it by accident. Preston Bancroft knew of the mystical island, Hy' Brasil, but he kept the information guarded for a long, long time. He let Donovan believe Warpsnag was a real place in Mexico. It was a secret movie lot where Westerns were filmed. Donovan believed that if he were to take a Cessna and fly east for miles from Acapulco, he would be able to look down and see the town where he worked setting shoes. Willowdune was real, though. It was an intermediary location. It existed in our dimension and the fifth one, which is where Warpsnag and Thinroost reside.

My dad installs doors for a living. I've mentioned this. I want to tell you one of the oddest stories he ever told me. He worked on a CIA facility in Richmond, Virginia. It looked like an ordinary warehouse from the outside but the inside had many secret and specialized rooms. My dad worked on a hallway which was a caricature of the hallway Maxwell Smart walked down at the beginning of the sixties show, Get Smart. There was a Star Wars type of iris hatch. There were medieval doors. There were doors of different kinds and shades. They would open as you approached.

In 2013, Donovan Cobb was long gone and presumed dead. He challenged the Establishment more than anyone else. Others challenged, but they weren't effective

like Donovan. Donovan could name names. Others were mad at the system but they really didn't know who to point fingers at. Donovan knew who to blame, and he knew how to press their buttons.

Donovan was gone in 2004. Years went by and the Establishment had their way with the masses. The 2008 financial crisis came and went. Rumor was the last thing Donovan uncovered was a plot by the Bush Administration to sell junk bond CDOs to foreign governments. Someone conveniently made up a story that he chose to live in Hy' Brasil because he liked it better there. I think we know what happened. He "knew too much" and they "disappeared" him ("disappeared" has become an accepted verb as of late). I suspect he might be held in Diego Garcia with his wife (my childhood love), Thelma. I suspect the passengers of MH370 are in Diego Garcia. It's too much of a coincidence employees from Freescale Semiconductor were the main body on the plane! They were flying to Beijing from Malaysia. Diego Garcia is just as far from Kuala Lumpur as Beijing except that it's in the Indian Ocean. Guess what Freescale Semiconductor was working on? Technology to make airplanes disappear! Guess who inherited the technology from Freescale Semiconductor once everyone on MH370 was presumed dead? The Rothschild family! Guess who Donovan Cobb was butting heads with?

Do I have to answer?

Years went by. With Donovan gone in 2004, a fear ripple petrified the populace. Activists went into hiding. It looked like the fascists would maintain permanent control of America. By 2011, the fear was so great that the only protesters would come out wearing masks. I'm referring to the Occupy protesters and the Guy Fawkes masks they wore. I'll admit, I was one of them. I didn't want my face seen by the Establishment because they were mowing us down. In 2013, a hero rose from the ashes. His name was Fletcher Browne. He was dating the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I'm holding a Polaroid picture Fletcher took of her. Her smile is radiant.

I have many, many papers I'm going through. One

of John Leonard's middle school subjects was a history teacher named Corey Smith. This guy liked Mark Twain and quoted him. "All you need in life is ignorance and confidence. Success is sure to follow." Fletcher Browne was the embodiment of this. He was a youngster set to make things right on Planet Earth. He had a beautiful girlfriend backing him the whole way. He had the confidence. He believed the wind was at his back.

He had the ignorance, too. His girlfriend was Vivian Streets, the daughter of Horace Streets. I've mentioned Horace already as the head of the Champion Group. That was just a front, though. Horace was a CIA agent and he knew the fascist Scoundrels in the Pentagon. He knew that after they knocked down the Twin Towers and installed de facto martial law, it would take time to strike back. We're talking about a decade at the very least. You don't knock down the Towers then institute the Great Lie II (the first was Hitler's, you might be aware of) without a plan for controlling your opposition! Horace knew he would have to wait until the Mayan prophesies of 2012 to make a move. He created the Champion Group as a front for his former buddies in the Heuristic Order of Lachrymose Contrarians to join under. Of course, they had become scattered. Some were dead. Some were frightened and crawled into holes. But Horace knew they were out there.

Horace failed. It's okay to fail. Of the seven billion people on Planet Earth, he had the best intentions of anyone around. The Sandy Hook incident was part of it. The FBI keeps track of homicides in every city but lists NONE for Newtown, Connecticut in 2012 (tt0009). The hidden cabal known as the Scoundrels in the Illuminati? They created a hoax to maintain power. Even with their might, their plan didn't reach fruition. They wanted Sandy Hook to be the impetus to remove guns from average Americans. While discussing these topics at the Maniac Nebula website, I have learned that crisis actors take place in these national dramas. Let's take a look at the "crying chick" from Aurora, Boston Bombing, and Sandy Hook (tt0010). This is why "WTF" was created for cell

phone conversation! They subverted Horace's Champion Group. Horace planned on "winning" when 12/21/2012 rolled around but was sent scurrying away. He wanted to tell his daughter that he was in the CIA. Instead, he let her continue to believe he was merely an art dealer for her own protection.

Vivian Streets and her boyfriend, Fletcher Browne, snooped around. They found out thermite was involved with the flattening of the Twin Towers, but I don't think they knew about the directed energy weapons used in conjunction. They stumbled across the Scoundrels but didn't recognize them with that same age-old term. She called them the Rogues.

Vivian and Fletcher were friends with my cousin, Eddie. That's why this is personal. They went to high school together in Sacramento, California. They graduated in 1997. Horace Streets meant to protect his daughter and Fletcher from any dangerous information. He sent them on wild goose chases so they could feel they were making progress, but they would never figure out the scope of how bad things became. Preston Bancroft, the movie producer, tried to help out. He gave them a movie script and flew them to Norway. This would soften their angst, so the story goes. I met Fletcher Browne in Sumatra earlier that year, but I didn't introduce myself. He was photographing an ancient couple in the act of coitus. The local volcano blew soot everywhere and they were literally petrified in the act of love-making.

In late 2013, Vivian and Fletcher stumbled across information too sensitive for TPTB. They had a CIA handler, Cornelius Stuart. He couldn't maintain them any longer and he died in a tragic hotel implosion in Elko, Nevada. After they got to Norway, they were bent on figuring out the sarin attack in Syria. They had a CIA robot with them, Finnegan.

I have to cut away because this is funny. Finnegan was an AI "Shazbot robot" developed by the head of RMI, Julian Garrett. He named the robot from a show, Mork and Mindy. Mork used to get flustered and he'd say, "Shalzbot!" In Julian's memory, it was "Shazbot" but by the time he figured it out, it was too

*blunder*

late. The AI project was already named. It was stamped too many places. I don't know, but I think it's funny.

So Vivian and Fletcher "knew too much" after they stumbled on a warehouse of sarin gas in the Middle East. It wasn't al Assad who gassed his own people. It was yet another event staged by TPTB meant to remove al Assad from power. The Saudis had the sarin. As a result of "knowing too much", Vivian and Fletcher were gassed. They died near the sarin stockpile.

December 7, 2018

It's been almost two weeks since I've written anything. It doesn't mean I haven't been busy. I've been reading and traveling. I'm starting to like Christchurch. I've been taking the ferry to the mainland every couple of days. It's late Friday evening right now and I almost decided to stay at the casino but I came back to the compound instead. Something weird happened. Something really, really weird. I listen to oldies music, you might remember, and one of the songs I like is from Phil Collins.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, Oh Lord  
And I've been waiting for this moment for all my  
life, Oh Lord  
Can you feel it coming in the air tonight? Oh  
Lord, Oh Lord

The song is "In the Air Tonight" and, to me, it's about tension so thick you can slice it with a knife. I was at a coffee house. There's a gated area on the sidewalk. It serves as a partition between patrons and pedestrians. There are five or six tables, each with a large umbrella. I bring a few documents. Drink my latte, eat my croissant. I go through stuff Roy Thurman has written or compiled. I bring a backpack and hope I look like a student studying for a college class.

Today was bad. Really bad. There was a loudmouth at the table next to me. Loud! Rude! It was like he was intentionally loud so I could over-hear his conversation. One of the baristas was outside emptying trash and cleaning up. Her hair was slicked back. I thought she looked pretty. I thought of "Lovely Rita" by the Beatles and I smiled at her. When she left, the rude guy next to me told his buddy, "Did you get a look at her forehead? Huge!" This guy had nappy dreads and his face looked like one of those plague masks. Honkin' nose, in other words. And he stank! I know you're not supposed to wash your hair to maintain dreads, but you can shower! His name was Jacob

Messier. I remember "Jacob" because the Huey Lewis song, and I remember "Messier" because of the center who played with Gretzky on the Edmonton Oilers. This Jacob guy got dumped by his girlfriend and he wanted the world to know. I tried to be at quiet peace and read Roy Thurman documents. This guy was SO FRICKIN' LOUD and deliberate.

So I got up and moved a couple of tables down.

Wouldn't you know the guy got up and paced as he talked. He wanted me to hear about his life! His friend? Brian Torino. Something along those lines. I remember "Brian" from Life of Brian (Monty Python) and I remember "Torino" from the Clint Eastwood movie. I might have it wrong, though, because I only heard it once. But Jacob Messier? He stood up and talked in third-person! "No one's going to fuck with Jacob Messier! Sally will know what's coming to her! And the immigrants! They will have what's coming to them!" He was a xenophobe in particular with Arabs! "We don't need your Seven Eleven!"

It was a joke and I had enough so I headed inside. Guess what happened?

If you thought, "Jacob calmed down and stayed outside," you'd be wrong. Somehow, he knew I didn't like him. He chased me inside, but he pretended it was about the weather. Strange, isn't it?

I will quote the opening of the Twilight Zone.

There is a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow, between science and superstition, and it lies between the pit of man's fears and the summit of his knowledge. This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area we call the Twilight Zone.

Jacob tried to be in this "in between" place. Do you remember elementary school? Have you ever given someone a Wet Willy? Have you ever played "made you flinch"? How about giving people flat tires? You walk back to class in line after recess. You step on the



back of some person's shoe in front of you. It makes their shoe come off then you pretend it was only an accident. This is hilarious! Why? Donovan Cobb was a fan of The Far Side, a comic by Gary Larson. Roy Thurman studied everything Donovan did, so he collected Far Side comics. I've gone through them. One of the funniest ones is when Lewis and Clark are heading West. I have the panel in front of me. One of them is writing:

July 2, 1805

Well, the cur did it again today. While walking behind me, he stepped on the heel of my shoe, causing my foot to come out. The frequency of this occurrence has made me begin to doubt its accidental nature...

Hilarious! So? Today is Pearl Harbor Day back in the States. Here in New Zealand? I'm not sure how much it matters. I want to talk about the documents I was reading before I was rudely interrupted at the coffee house. Roy Thurman might have been the most powerful man on planet Earth. He was a graduate of Yale back in the 1960's. He was the leader of the Shadow Government. For the majority of people, they believe the President of the United States of America is the most powerful man, but he's not. He never has been. The most powerful man is the guy behind the scenes. He's the one who finances the campaigns. He's smart enough to stay in the shadows so his family doesn't resent him when mud-slinging happens. Roy Thurman's family was involved with the Kennedy assassination. I know I said I didn't want to talk about this. Here is a basic truth of what we've come to know: The CIA and Mafia work closely together. Drugs. Hits. Prostitution. The CIA can't (most the time) be tied to the murkier happenings, so they subcontract their work to thugs. If it goes right? The relationship continues. If it goes wrong? Categorically deny involvement.

The CIA learned Mafia tricks. Before I lay it on the line, I want to quote Al Capone:

Don't mistake my kindness for weakness.

It doesn't take a genius to look back in history to know there is a correlation between unions, the Catholic Church and organized crime. At least not in certain circles. Roy Thurman? I don't think he meant to become corrupt. I've read papers he wrote while at Yale. I read his love letters. I read his emails. At some point, he conceded to Mafia strategy. What does this mean? He was friends with John Kerry and George W Bush at Yale. He was friends with Rothschild bankers. "Corruption" as a practice ceased to matter. "Power" mattered. The Mafia? They don't have the luxury of high-rise buildings. They don't have the national media tooting their horn. They wield power in a different way. When they're in prison, they take their weakest member and they let him run the operation. Why? Their attitude is this: "If you hate that little motherfucker, you'll definitely hate me." It's a "weather vane system" and attacking the metal chicken on top of your barn isn't going to change the weather. Killing the messenger doesn't kill the message.

So, of all of Roy's Skull and Bones frat mates, George W Bush was the weakest. He wasn't smart and he had half the charm of Ronald Reagan. But Roy knew who he could target when Bush Jr was attacked. You're not attacking George W Bush! You're attacking Skull and Bones! You're attacking Yale! You're attacking the Ivy League! So John Leonard, the psychologist thespian, coined the term "Bush Derangement Syndrome" because of the people who had laughable loyalties to a man who sank our country.

Just an opinion.

These guys in the California jails? The leaders of the Mexican Mafia? Roy called them "Little Vatos" and that's what the Jacob guy reminded me of. He was trying to make a difference in life but his desperation overflowed. I have shit going on! Shut up already! Stop following me around! Here's what Jacob reminded me of. Have you ever seen a streaker at sporting event? Apparently, before I was born, it was a regular

thing where someone wanted attention so he took off his clothes then ran across a ball field during a televised sporting event. Now the nation knows who you are! And the price? You might get fined for drunk in public. But the networks learned to stop televising these fruitcakes. They would pan the camera in an upward position. Jacob Messier wants to be known as someone significant. I won't post his name to my Blogger channel. I'll write about him here in my personal notes. And why? Even then? He was serious. Even though he was trying to be intentionally rude, I could tell he hated foreigners. I could tell he wanted something violent and extreme to happen. I could tell he wanted to be inside of my brain! How sick! I've seen these people before! "Don't take 'no' for an answer!" And they persist.

Me? I'm going about my life. I have plans beyond this place.

December 13, 2018

Someone told me a couple of days ago that half the world is now using the internet. Some sanctioning body declared it so. I've been using my Blogger site a lot. I grew up with internet. At the same time, being around the livestock here at this place, something wild in me is calling from the inside out. I started to grow a beard a few days ago. There are patches on my face. I can't grow a full, proper beard but that's not stopping me from trying. I connected to some guys from the Maniac Nebula website I've been part of. They live in this area and they like to backpack and camp in the wild. In spring, they're heading to Spain. There's a place out there with a huge gash in a mountainside. They are wingsuit adventurers. They've invited me to camp here in New Zealand and suggested I dig deep into my soul. Every man dies, but not every man lives. That's what one of them wrote to me. I'm here doing my Blogger articles and I feel okay, but I don't feel complete. So as the Third World is jumping on to the internet revolution, I think I'll be heading the

opposite way. I want to find a forest. I want to be nose-to-nose with a wild creature. I want to sleep outside in a sleeping bag and be woke up from the shit of an eagle flying over head. Kidding on this last one, I think.

I found out about this Jacob character. Roy Thurman had him profiled and I read his report from a file. Remember I told you a neighbor was coming over to feed the livestock at this compound when no one was around? Technically, it was Richardus Messier. Name sound familiar? He's the father of Jacob Messier, the loudmouth from the coffee shop. Jacob was locked in his basement for three weeks in the summer of 2003. Here's how it came about...

Jacob was nine years old. He had a grade school teacher who encouraged multiculturalism. She was an attractive lady. Long legs. Dark skin. Born in New Delhi. Jacob was a hard child but she made him melt. And she molded him. She told the class the key to world peace was to learn to love each other regardless of skin color, religion, or economic status. She told them, "If you're white and all you have is white friends, I challenge you to have a friend of color within a year. And if you're a dark person, show a white person your inner beauty! Join an athletic team! Go out of your way to break down barriers!" Jacob Messier had taken a liking to American basketball. He liked Kobe Bryant and the Los Angeles Lakers. He pinned a poster of Kobe slam dunking onto his bedroom wall. He had his dad bolt a basketball rim and backboard onto their barn. He spent hours outside shooting hoops and pretending to be an all star NBA player.

Then Kobe Bryant raped a white girl in Colorado.

So the story went. All the facts weren't in. It was July of 2003. Richardus stormed into Jacob's bedroom. There were nine styrofoam planets hung from the ceiling revolving around a large styrofoam Sun.

I have to leave my computer keyboard right here to laugh for a few minutes.

Wait. I'm back. It only took me two minutes to compose myself!

Pluto was still considered a planet back then! What the fuck, right? I mean, how do you go from being a planet to being something else? Come to find out, Pluto even has a MOON! Can Mercury say that? No! Can Venus? No! For moments in time, Pluto is closer to the Sun than Neptune! Their orbits are irregular, so it's a fact!

I'm out here in New Zealand so I hear a lot of stories of the aborigines in the Australian Outback. And they're human, right? I mean they walk upright, they have developed larynxes, and they have opposable thumbs! Have any of them ever won the Nobel Prize for chemistry or physics? No! But that's not the criteria for being human! In the 1776 Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson complained about savage Indians on the Frontier. So there was a presumption that civilized Westerners in the New World were better and different than the red man who was One with the wild world around him. And in 1789, the Constitution relegated black slaves of the South to be three fifths of the equality of white citizens.

Time went on and society came to accept ALL red men, and black men as equals. Am I being sexist? Perhaps I should say all red PEOPLE and all black PEOPLE are equal, but there is still sexism in the world in regards to salary.

We need not go down this rabbit hole at this moment in time.

The black man, following the Civil War, was given equal rights in regards to freedom. The red man? Truth be told, "equality" was never an issue because assimilation was never complete. Ronald Reagan traveled to Russia to scold Mikhail Gorbachev about how they discriminated against their Chechnyans. Gorbachev asked why America still had Indian reservations and it stumped Reagan. Hypocrisy. You can't tell us to stop doing something which you still embrace.

But the Indians got their revenge in America. It used to be simple bingo. Then it expanded to huge casinos which could rival Vegas.

I'm off subject. I was talking about Pluto. How can you be considered a planet one day, then be booted

out the next?

In America, at least on paper, Indians are no longer "savages" and no black person is considered three fifths of a person.

One day about fifteen years ago, the scientific community decided, "Pluto? You're not a planet! We were wrong about you!"

What if they could do that with people? What if Jacob Messier's wet dream came true? "Hey black man? I know I said you are equal to white man, but we've changed our minds!" And? "Hey red man? You guys are savages! Nothing more! Thomas Jefferson was right!"

The point is this:

Richardus Messier stormed into Jacob's room. He looked up at the solar system of suspended styrofoam planets. Then he tore down the poster of Kobe Bryant. "These fuckers are savages! Do you not know this?" He ripped the poster into smaller and smaller pieces.

Jacob was afraid and startled. He had been admiring the naked body of a slutty lady from a Penthouse magazine. He stuffed it under his bed and stared at his father in contempt. "Maybe you can knock? Is it not courteous?" His anger grew, then died down. He used logic. "Missus Khatri told us we need to embrace each other in our different races! It's the only way to avoid the nuclear war! World War III! The older generation, meaning YOU! You do not understand this, and she warned us of this! You want us to absorb your hatred of what you don't know! Kobe Bryant played in Italy! What more can you ask of a black man?" Jacob was on his bed and curled his covers to his chest. His statement was a genuine reaction of the heart, but he knew he lacked wisdom. Maybe his dad would say something which would shed light. At the age of nine, Jacob thought he might be the idealist talking to the pragmatist. Missus Khatri told her class of hippies during the sixties who would stuff flowers into the guns of national guard soldiers.

"These n..."

I will stop here. In my journal, I will stop here, but I will try to explain.

Think of a word that starts with "nitrogen" but

rhymes with "bigger" and you will know what my father said.

"These NAGGERS want to humiliate us!"

What more can I do, here? My father also complained about my mother who he said nagged a lot. What more can I say?

So I got the hint! Society wants me to integrate!

Hey, guys! I am Braden Callyspo writing this shit! I will debrief.

I got into character.

I just drank a half bottle of Gatorade. Downed it!

What am I doing in this journal?

Trying to remove myself from the person I was talking about.

Why?

I started talking in first-person in the shoes of someone I don't want to remember.

This Jacob guy was at a coffee house a few days ago. Then I discovered he fed the animals at the Thurman barn where I'm at. Then I learned he was abused and locked in his basement.

I'm fine, now. Sandy Hook happened pretty much seven years to the day. The United Way set up a donation web page before any shootings happened. Why? Because it was a drill! It was meant to LOOK real, and the drill went so well that the national government played it off as if it was real! Alex Jones (who predicted 9/11 and uncovered the Bohemian Grove) was blacklisted from YouTube for insisting Sandy Hook was a hoax! He faded into obscurity.

I have way more to live for. How hard could it be to live stream in a wingsuit between a slit a few meters wide? Montserrat Agulles la Foradada! I will do this!

December 14, 2018

I have a lot of documents. I told you I'm part of the Maniac Nebula conspiracy site. Seems the giants are getting more and more antsy about conspiracy talk. I'm talking about Facebook and YouTube. They have

sponsors, just like national TV in America. The sponsors? They are part of the conspiracies and put pressure on the hosts. ABC, NBC, CBS and so on. Now? It's Facebook and YouTube. There was a time when the Flintstones was a primetime show! And you could watch cigarette ads of Fred and Barney smoking together! Check it out on YouTube right now! Then the culture changed and it was undeniable there was a link between tobacco and lung cancer. But there was a fight for public perception and the cigarette companies did everything they could to convince the public that smoking was safe and cool.

So lies are sold, right?

I'm part of this conspiracy forum and everyone's gig is different. Some believe the Earth is flat. Some swear by Sasquatch. Others? Aliens, chemtrails, martial law or economics. Me? I want to know about the Shadow Government! I will expand. It has another name.

I L L U M I N A T I

See what I did there?

There's a lot of paranoia amongst those who wear tin foil hats when they're typing their rants late at night. Snowden let us know our speculations and fears were justified. If you type "Illuminatee" (see what I did there again?) without spacing it out, you wind up in a database, and you have MIB-type of guys following you around. They are menaces, and they make your life more difficult than it needs to be.

I'm in love with this girl called Raven. She's a model on Instagram. But she doesn't spell her name "Raven" in her posts. It's (I won't give away the actual code spelling) "Rav3n", get it? We have to do this! Because the Man out there is watching all of us and waiting for any little excuse to turn us into cowardly mice!

So I study the Shadow Government! It's safe enough to say! It's safe enough to type online at the Maniac Nebula! There was something called the Great Rift within the Illuminati sometime around World War I. There were all these kick-ass families who shaped our world. Have you ever heard of Hobart Johnstone



Whitley? In my opinion, he is the MOST IMPORTANT PERSON TO EVER LIVE WHO IS NOT A HOUSEHOLD NAME!!! He was born in Canada in 1847. He married and had a honeymoon in California in 1886. California had its gold rush in 1849 then became a state the next year. The "big city" back then was San Francisco. It had a population of roughly three quarters of a million people. Guess what? Today? It's population isn't much bigger. San Francisco County, by the way, is the only county in California that only has one city. Of course, San Francisco. But back then, Los Angeles was barren. Only five thousand people! That's right! And as I write this today, LA is the second largest city in the United States of America.

HJ Whitely was on his honeymoon vacation in 1886. He was up in the hills of Southern California overlooking the beautiful virgin valley below him. A Chinese man was going about his life with a mule and a cart. I can't remember the details. I have so many files I've gone through. But I remember this! Whitley asked the Asian, "What are you doing?"

"I holly wood!"

FUCKIN' SHIT, ASSHOLE!

So far as I know, my father is a Christian. Why do I say this? We celebrated Christmas when I was young. It's one of the few periods in my life when I got along with my sister, Chloe. Living in California, many businesses close on Christmas day. The ones that stay open? Chinese and a few others! So when we eat, we get Chinese take-out. Orange chicken is my favorite. Because they're celebrating Confucius at the appropriate time it's customary to do so! I can't pretend to be an expert on Eastern religion, but you get the point! So we're driving back from one of these Chinese restaurants on Christmas day when I'm ten or eleven. Me and my sister are singing together! "Deck the halls with bells of hahrry, fah rah rah rah rah rah, rah rah rah raaaaaahhhhhh!" We're laughing! We're loving life! We're in the back seat and I think my dad told me to shut up. I don't know why, but years later I think he was offended for us. He didn't want to teach us about cultural sensitivity at the moment, but

years later, I think it was on his mind. Hey! Listen! There's a Mexican restaurant around the corner from where we lived. "Chorizo" burritos. You ever hear of them? It's pronounced "choe deez oh" but I always said "chore eye zoe" and got a smirk from the lady taking my order. I can't roll my R's. It's just too late in life. But, somehow, Asians can't annunciate L's and R's properly, not if they've grown up speaking Chinese. So we make fun of them! But it all evens out, and that's my point! Some chica is mad at me for not saying "chorizo" the right way! I don't care! I like the burritos!

"I holly wood."

Let's get back to that!

HJ Whitley went on to found a hundred and fifty towns! They weren't just in California! They were across the United States. And he made sure to put a hotel and a bank in every one of them as its foundation! But his crown jewel? Hollywood!

He wrote it in his journal in 1886 when he was above the Topanga Canyon! Some of the details have escaped my mind but you can Google this crap! And if I'm way off? Stop reading my journal! I'm wasting your time!

This thing I'm doing? If I ever publish it, it's called an "epistolary novel" because it's done in the form of a journal/ diary.

HJ Whitley? We have his journals! He is known as the Father of Hollywood! He built the sign! Originally, it was "Hollywoodland" but they knocked off the last four letters, eventually.

I need to tell you what happened. Thomas Edison was a capitalist. He invented a lot of things and his patents are mind-boggling.

Who invented the light bulb?

I will leave that question there, nearly rhetorical.

Thomas Edison had a rival. Both of these men helped our world.

The other guy was Nikola Tesla.

Who invented the light bulb? Traditional American history books say it was Edison. But there was

something going on! World fairs were popular. Tesla was going to demonstrate his AC light bulb. Edison had a direct current version and his backer, Westinghouse, tried to shut Tesla down! And it goes further! Marconi is known in traditional American history books as the inventor of radio! But Tesla did it! Why did he not get credit? Well, let's look at another one of his works, the Wardencliff Tower! JP Morgan was financing this! It was going to give free electricity to citizens of Long Island and beyond! What? Free? No! Morgan wanted a way to meter the technology so he could make a profit! Tesla was an idealist!

The success of Hollywood is as follows: Chinese man is "hauling wood" but HJ Whitley writes in his journal that he is "holly wood" then Edison invents some kind of motion picture camera. But? Edison wants a cut from everything filmed since he owns the patent. As far as Shadow Government is concerned, Nikola Tesla is the main guy. He forms the Heuristic Order of Lachrymose Contrarians along with Teddy Roosevelt, Houdini, and a few other disenchanted power brokers after the Fed is formed. Back East, nothing can get done! They're trying to make movies in New Jersey! But ya' gotta pay homage to Edison! He wants a cut on all action for his patented film machine! So everyone moves out West! Whitley entices Broadway actors! He gives them swaths of land! It's harder to regulate the new technology and studios sprout up! The Bancrofts start making movies! Universal Studios is built! HJ Whitley becomes friends with Walt Disney and the world is never the same again!

July 1, 2021

It's been two and a half years since I've last written. I'm in Reno, Nevada right now. Nice little Motel 6. I feel discombobulated, but not so much that I can't type. I don't know what it is. Vertigo? Not the right word. Buzzed? Not at all. I just cracked my first beer. It's noon. There's a movie on in the background. I'm not paying attention to it, but it's

difficult not to register some of it. I get free HBO where I'm at. Eddie Murphy and Steve Martin. Not sure the name of it. Seemed to be a movie about guys making a movie. It caught my ear when "Secret Agent Man" started playing in the background. Not long after, the credits started to roll.

I have to have the TV on at all times, even if I'm not paying attention to it. Why? Scopaeesthesia. That, and Remote Neural Monitoring (RNM). You combine the two and you have a classic situation for paranoia. The signs are strong. The propensity is undeniable. If I'm up and about and the TV isn't on, there's a consistent pattern of neighbors congregating outside of my room. I'm not far from the laundry facility, so it's not like I can go outside and shoo them away. I think they're connected to me. They're connected to my brain.

Some of the things early on might not make sense. Not to you, at least. They make perfect sense to me. I know what I go through. I know what I experience. I have an ample amount of integrity in my body, actually. You just don't know it. Maybe a few of you do, but I'd imagine most wouldn't. Why would you?

The last time I was writing in my journal, it was December of 2018. I was making a lot of ground. I was dealing with personal issues, especially in relations to my dad. I remember starting my journal out by explaining the importance of my family, the Callypsos. We go back a couple of centuries as far as influence on important events. If I told you I was a Rockefeller, you'd say, "Of course your family has been important! Of course you have had influence." We have had a Forrest Gump kind of influence, though. If you watch the movie, you see Forrest provided Elvis inspiration for his dance steps. Forrest influenced John Lennon. He did other things, but in the movie, he was a nobody.

Another example? The Man Who Knew Too Little. Wallace Ritchie, played by Bill Murray, went to visit his brother in Britain. He was kind of aloof, but his brother was sharp, good-looking, and a socialite. His name was James Ritchie, played by Peter Gallagher. Side note: I adore Peter Gallagher's eyebrows. I

digress. So Peter Gallagher (James) is having an important dinner meeting. He doesn't want Bill Murray (Wallace) messing it up. Wallace gets sent to a reality show. It's done on the streets with hidden cameras and paid actors. There's a lot of improv involved. The themes involve espionage, spying, killing, and James-Bond-kind-of-plots. Wallace is on his way. Somehow, real-life espionage and spying is going on in the neighborhood. A real spy gets killed. Wallace winds up in a real spy world, but he thinks he's in the reality show, Theatre of Life.

The Man Who Knew Too Little (1997) was a parody of The Man Who Knew Too Much (Alfred Hitchcock, 1934). It was well done. It was a comedy. Wallace Ritchie couldn't figure out he was having a ripple effect on world powers, specifically Russia and the UK. He thought he was in an artificial environment insulated from the true movers and shakers.

And that was my family, the Callypsos. We were just going about. But we got on the Radar. We managed to anger the "real people" on the world's "real stage" without knowing it was possible.

Let's turn to the Simpsons. Do I have to apologize for using countless Simpson analogies? I hope not, because there are many. Homer Simpson is in a nuclear reactor simulator. There's some kind of surprise spot check on Mr Burns' facility. An RV is brought in by inspectors. A meltdown is imminent. There's a replica control room inside the RV. An inspector tells Homer to go inside and control the situation. "Don't worry. It's just drill. Only a simulation. Nothing can go wrong." He tells him something along those lines, so Homer goes in. Not too many people I talk to are familiar with the television show, Scorpion. It's a CBS drama of genius geeks who regularly race the clock to save the day. If its protagonist (Walter O'Brien) was in the Simpson RV, he would've solved the issue in seconds. But Homer? Really? Homer causes a meltdown! It was just a simulator! Somehow, the RV starts to glow and sinks into the pavement! The inspectors are riddled! "How can this be happening?!"

That's the story of my family. We're this entity that effects world events. How would Elvis be dancing if he never came across Forrest Gump with his gimp legs? At the end of The Man Who Knew Too Little, upper echelon spies from Russia and the UK believed Wallace Ritchie was a genius. Someone too good to be messed with. Wallace went about life and Russian and UK spies were beholden to him. Homer Simpson isn't supposed to cause a nuclear meltdown from a mere simulator, but he does. And? In a different episode, there's a labor dispute at the facility. Homer is the head of the union and he gains benefits for all the employees. But it was similar to the Man Who Knew Too Little! He never knew what he was doing! It was all accidental or coincidence! He didn't mean to do the stuff he did! He was a hero to the working people, then Mr Burns gave in. When victory was achieved, Homer was in front of Mr Burns in his office. Homer dropped down to the ground and starting spinning around in a wild circular donut. Mr Burns looks at him and tells Smithers, "I'm beginning to think that Homer Simpson was not the great tactician I thought he was."

That's the story of my family.

So in December of 2018, I was on my way. As an individual, I was truly on my way. I was in New Zealand living at Roy Thurman's compound. His son gave me the access to the place. I had my issues with my father. Byron Thurman had issues with his. I met Byron on a website called Maniac Nebula. He went as Space Ghost. There were many things we wanted to flesh out. We wanted to know who we were. I told you I wasn't athletic. That was an issue with my father. He wanted me to be Walter Payton. I didn't grow up with the build or motivation. When I was in New Zealand, I came across guys and I had my chance. They wore wingsuits. They glided through holes in rocks. They were daredevils. I had my chance. I learned to sky dive. I worked out. I bulked up a tiny bit. My father was nowhere around, but I was proving it to him. In my mind, I did it. I passed every expectation he had of me. We went to Aragon Pyrenees in Spain. Vertical rock, small opening. I got ready and we

jumped. Everyone had their GoPro helmets on. We glided. This was January of 2019. I had nothing to lose. The world was going to know who I was. I would be a splat, or I was going to land with glory. I was sick of feeling like I was a nobody.

I have to make disclaimers. I didn't know what I was doing. I went into it as a suicide mission. I got sick of living. I die now, or I die fifty years from now. I tried, and I tried, and I tried. Nothing amounted to anything. No matter how hard I tried, I never got credit for the good things I did. It was always a teacher who taught me a certain skill. Or it was a family member who pretended I was riding off the legacy of fuckers who came before me. But if I screwed up, it was on me. No way to win. So why not gamble with my life? I could live another fifty years as a pathetic under-achieving loser, or I could hit the jackpot! At least, that was the narrative. In reality, I just wanted it to end. These wingsuiters offered me a chance. It was like a lottery ticket, one I thought I couldn't win.

But I did.

Maybe you've had a teacher who said to you, "I believe in you more than you believe in yourself!" Or a coach? I was approached by this group of daredevils in New Zealand. I thought I'd die, and I was fine with it. But they knew what I was capable of. They knew I wasn't as flimsy as I thought of myself. I have skills. I knew it at times in junior high shooting baskets, but I'm nothing professional. These guys knew I wouldn't die. They coached me. They gave me repetitions. Skill H depended on Skill G which depended on Skill F which ultimately depended on Skill A. They didn't skip steps. It wasn't like, "You had your first successful sky dive, now let's jump through the rock!" No! They made sure my instincts were in tact. My stamina. My mental state. My protocols, if physical shit went wrong. I was ready!

But it was sinister, as I'll explain.

I won't explain just yet, though.

I call this a journal, yes. But I've said I want to publish my work. I thought it could come across as

a college thesis. I thought I could adapt it to fiction. I could change names, places, and dates. I told you I was in love with Raven! This was long ago, but she lives here in Reno.

I wrecked. Not into a rock. If I wrecked into a rock in Spain, there wouldn't be much left of me. Just a sack of blood and crushed bone! But I made it!!! Yes, I'm proud to say I made it! I'll never know how! When a basketball player heaves a ball from beyond half-court at the end of a quarter and swishes it? Yes, that's the feeling. Or Doug Flutie chucking the football against Miami? Yes, Hail Mary passes are caught once in a while! And I made it through that vertical slit in the narrow opening in Spain! But I wrecked! Not into the rock! There was a tree at the bottom! And I couldn't slow down! I was out of consciousness for hours! I was in a coma, technically. I woke in a hospital not knowing where I was. I wasn't sure how long I was out! The wingsuiters were gone. Strangers were around.

Rip Van Winkle.

For all practical reasons, that's who I became.

I said the wingsuiters weren't benevolent. They expected me to crash. Even with their great coaching, they thought I wouldn't make it. Did you watch the Princess Bride? Inigo Montoya is climbing up the Cliffs of Insanity? Westley could cut his rope and kill Inigo, but he doesn't. Why? Chivalry existed at a point in time. Westley allows Inigo to climb. When Inigo is up and ready, Westley defeats him in a fencing duel. Even then, Westley could've killed Inigo, but he doesn't.

Chivalry.

It used to exist.

So the wingsuiters were hired by my dad, I came to find out. They let me be strong. They let me have skill. All the while, they expected me to die. You know what my dad said to them? "I'll provide the rope. He'll hang himself." He wanted to look innocent. He wanted to look like he had nothing to do with it. He expected me to be splashed.

So, there's this thing called the Program. People



talk about it regularly on television. In old days, they called it the Agenda. It's a plan by TPTB. In our younger generations, we have been sold out. If my dad wanted to keep me alive, it's because he had a bum liver or kidney. He didn't want me alive because he loves me! No! There's no intrinsic value in my existence! Unless? I had a kidney or a liver or I was his echo chamber! Which I wasn't! My dad was healthy enough to "sacrifice" me! The wingsuiters would absolve him of complicity! Perfect murder and perfect crime! My dad would try to feed off my desire to prove I matter on this planet!

But I physically survived!

I hit a tree! I was knocked out! Didn't know where I was!

July 31, 2021

I made it to Las Vegas from Reno. Headed down the day after I last wrote. In between Las Vegas and Lake Mead, there's a stretch of highway which is mostly desert, but there's a few small casinos scattered here and there. I'm staying near one called Jokers Wild. There's a bunch of apartments you can rent by the week, and that's what I'm doing. I met up with a guy I knew through Maniac Nebula. His name is Eddie. We've been talking for three years or so. He's into the same stuff I am. I tried to meet up with Byron Thurman, but it never came to be.

When I first started this journal, it was 2018. When I stopped writing that year, I was about to go wingsuiting. I posted my journal to Blogger. I didn't mention this, but I almost wanted to fake my own death. I figured that if I stopped posting blogs, people would think I died during my adventure while in Spain. I didn't die, though. Eddie read my journal, though, and he decided to write his own. Except he didn't call it a journal. He said he was writing an all-out autobiography. I'm staying, right now, at place called the Siegel Suites on Boulder Highway. I like it here. There's a bunch of these Siegel Suites apartment

buildings along the highway. They're easy to get into. They don't require a long-term commitment. It was good for what I needed.

On Fourth of July, Eddie came to my place. We drank Corona Extra beer while we waited for dark. We wanted to watch some fireworks, but we talked conspiracy up until then. Dang, it sure was hot! He knew my full name, Braden Callypso. I only knew him as Eddie because not everyone fully discloses at the Maniac Nebula website. His screen name was Grip Tape. He held up his Corona Extra beer after putting a lime wedge into it. "You want to know my last name?" he asked. He pointed to the Corona bottle and said, "This is it!" He smiled, licked the salt off the rim, then drank.

We talked a lot that day. We talked about aliens, Sasquatch, ghosts, cryptids, the Deep State. We talked about JFK, Nine Eleven, Bitcoin, the Financial Crisis of 2008, and a load of other things. There's a guy we know online who lives in Primm named Ranker. We tried to get together with him at Luxor but we couldn't find him. And the guy hasn't posted since then so we don't know what happened. But me and Eddie decided to do a joint project together.

This is it.

I'm going to include fifty pages of my journal, then we'll do something together, then he's going to put his autobio at the end. Our joint project is supposed to be a little more objective. We've compared notes about a lot of conspiracy issues. We agree on many, many things. We disagree on a couple of things, but it's not too much. We think it's important. Here's what we talked about:

The segment sandwiched in between our personal writings will be a segue called Vegas Speculation. I've mentioned before that there's a lot of paranoia in the conspiracy community. Much of it is warranted. One of my favorite examples is Michael Hastings who died in a 2013 car wreck at the age of thirty-three. He had reported on the Iraq War. His journalism cut too close some places. Most people in my circles don't believe his crash was an accident at all.

So I have an agreement with Eddie. It's called plausible deniability. When our project is over, we go our own ways. Physically and mentally. I plan to put the Vegas Speculation at the end of my journal. It will be an epilogue for what I'm writing here. I send it to my sister, Chloe. I told you I had a bumpy relationship with her, but I think I'm ready to be a man. What do I mean? I'm twenty-eight, but adulthood isn't achieved at eighteen in all cases. I would say it's rare nowadays. I have lyrics:

Old at heart but I'm only twenty-eight  
And I'm much too young to let love break my heart  
Young at heart but it's getting much too late  
To find ourselves so far apart

Axl Rose went through this. A crossroads. We hold onto our youth as long as possible. When I went wingsuit jumping at Aragon Pyrenees, that was the last of it. The last hurrah. We talk about sowing wild oats and I sowed mine. There's a hole in a rock ten feet wide and one of the guys flew through. I thought about avoiding it. But what did I have to lose? If I got splatted, I'd avoid the next phase of life which is humdrum adulthood. I veered and went through the rock. I didn't play it safe, but still hurt myself on the landing.

The Israeli military has a code about fighting called the Hannibal Directive. Let's suppose I'm one of their secret agents and I'm sent on a mission to Iran to gain intelligence concerning their nuclear program. I get caught, and I'm detained in a Khorramabad jail. Israel might choose to strike the jail with a missile to kill me and the Iranians who took me in. Remember the movie "Saving Private Ryan" when an army unit risks their lives in hostile Germany to save the last of four surviving soldier brothers? What about "Black Hawk Down" when American rangers went to save survivors of a couple of helicopter crashes in Mogadishu? The idea of "no man left behind" is strong in these movies, but the Hannibal Director says, "If you get caught, you're on your own. Oh. We might send

a missile to where you're at so the enemy doesn't extract any of our government secrets from you."

Conspiracy Land is similar. The sentiment has died down over the years and that's the only way me and Eddie could've met up this past month. But we're not going to take chances. I plan to tell Chloe that he's a character I made up, and that I'm taking a crack at writing fiction. She doesn't need to know any different. And I think he's going to say the same about me to his friends and family. I'm going to use Vegas Speculation as my epilogue, but he's going to use it as his introduction. His autobio will be called Rod. Not sure why he chose that name. My piece of work will be called Blunder.

The owner of the Maniac Nebula conspiracy site is a guy named Demented. He's a Swedish guy going about in Stockholm. He used to talk about the Stockholm Syndrome a lot. It's when hostages sympathize for their captors. This might be a theme in the piece which is to follow. It's a wild story and it's easy to wonder how it happened. We'll explain the best we can.

August 15, 2023

It's coming near an end. For the past few months, I've been living in a quaint cabin in Saginaw, Minnesota. This project? This autobiography thing? I don't know what to say about it, but I think it's worth it. It stalled a few times, but I'm glad it's coming to an end.

Two years ago, I was in Las Vegas talking to Grip Tape from the Maniac Nebula conspiracy website. His real life name is Eddie, and I thought we were on the verge of publishing something good back then. Like I said, things stalled. I traveled the country and I wound up in Minnesota.

The Maniac Nebula website went to crap. Years ago, there was a vibrance there. Social conversation went smooth. It was easy to meet people. When you believe in conspiracies, it's easy to get triggered. There are

feuds. There are factions. On the flip end, it's easy to fall in love. That's right! When you find your intellectual soul mate or your emotional twin flame, you want to meet these people in real life!

Grip Tape met a girl named Janet and they posted a lot together on an art thread. That lasted for a few months. Janet was very liberal and lived somewhere in Indiana. She was friends with a gal who went as Detroit Rock City, aka DRC. Eventually, DRC moved to New Mexico, but she still went as Detroit Rock City. She was a single (and pretty) mother of a teenage boy, and she was conservative. She was one of the first people to jump on the Trump Train in 2015 when no one gave him a shot to win. Everyone was projecting a Hillary Clinton versus Jeb Bush election.

DRC hooked up with a guy called Duke Donut. This was in real life. This was before Grip Tape became a member of the Maniac Nebula. So Grip Tape had this flirting thing going on with Janet, but he also took a liking to a New Zealand gal named Never Bother. I tried to find her when I was staying at the Thurman compound, by the way, but I was unsuccessful... I think. There was a time in a coffee shop I thought I saw her, but I was too afraid to approach this person. She wore sunglasses inside, and a scarf over her head. It looked quite stand-offish.

At some point, Maniac Nebula got a reputation for being left of center. Time went on around 2016 and they even became known to be toxic to all right wingers. It wasn't like this in the beginning, though. There used to be good civil discourse between separate political factions. How does this happen? You need to have great moderators! They are the referees of the website.

Regardless, DRC and her friend Dark Horse started a new website called The Refugees. It was right of center. Janet started dating Duke Donut, by the way. She was not invited to join The Refugees. I'm not sure if it was her liberal tendencies or because she started dating DRC's ex, but that's the way it was. Grip Tape made it to the new site as did Never Bother and a few others. It was a massive Trump fest for a couple of years and I suspect a few of these people became the Q-

Anon core.

I have hand written notes I want to get to. I don't want to stray too far off the path. I know I was saying Maniac Nebula went to crap. Let's try to get back on track.

On a good day, I loved the Maniac Nebula site. The relationships seemed genuine. The dialogue seemed stimulating. There was humor. There were insights. It always felt like I was ahead of the curve as it pertained to public knowledge. Every few weeks, someone would get fed up that their point of view wasn't listened to, or the arguments became too tense. Prominent members would leave every month. That was okay. The overall vibe was still good.

I mentioned you need good moderators. The Refugees site was a fantastic alternative to Maniac Nebula. It was simply more fun, but it became weird. There was a great meme about Doc talking to Marty McFly in the Delorean. Doc says, "Whatever you do, don't ever set this machine to 2020." I laughed. It was the Covid year, and The Refugees had a guy who wouldn't shut up about murder hornets. He spammed threads with all this misinformation even if the thread had nothing to do with murder hornets. No one stopped him. He used to be a jolly guy. He lived in Grants Pass, Oregon and his big thing used to be that he wanted southern Oregon and the north tip of California to merge into the fifty-first state to be named Jefferson. His name was Blind Bastage and he'd let everyone know when he had a few shots of Jack Daniels lined up in front of him. He'd go from a logical person to an erratic emotional one. That was all okay. There was a popular meme thread we had going, and that's where he'd wind up. Until the murder hornets came around, then it was all a call to action. "This thing will be a thousand times worse than Covid!"

The year 2020 moved along, and it became clear Donald Trump would not win the election. He was already making excuses in advance. "If I lose, it's because it's rigged." That sort of thing. I became friends with Grip Tape around this time, if I remember right. Some of us saw Trump as a president. What does a president do? He presides. Other people saw the way he was

dictating to Mike Pence and others about how they need to behave. What do we call people who dictate?

It's a rhetorical question and I don't believe I need to answer.

Grip Tape was living in Seattle when the 2020 election took place. It got really, really weird at The Refugees, like I said. There were those who deified Trump. One person called him their Personal Jesus after the Depeche Mode song. Some people supported him as a politician, but accepted that he lost. They wanted to get him re-elected in 2024, but they didn't buy into the different radical schemes. The Supreme Court would award Trump the victory because of supposed fraud. That type of thing. I think me and Eddie saw him as a Marshall Applewhite, David Koresh, or Jim Jones type of person. We talked about these things.

It's funny how the good times roll when you're winning. It was fun from 2016 until 2020. If I have to make a statement today, it's that Donald Trump did not win the 2016 election. Hillary Clinton lost it. Jeb Bush lost it. They were Establishment players. Sure, there were Trump supporters who voted for him, but if the vitriol, angst, and mistrust wasn't there toward Hillary, it wouldn't have happened. DRC's tag line was "Hitlary For Jail, 2016" and this was a common theme at The Refugees.

Grip Tape (I'll start calling him Eddie because I got to know him in Las Vegas) told me a story right before The Refugees imploded as a website. He watched a children's show as a kid called the Electric Company. It had a similar vibe as Sesame Street. There was a skit which took place in an old Western town. There was a mean villain who ate all the town's spaghetti, leaving nothing for everyone else. He would do this on a regular basis. I'm going off a memory of Eddie's memory, so this might get diluted, but I think the heart of it is good. Well, the town folk got fed up with this villain, so they offered him a challenge. They found a guy who they believed could eat more spaghetti than the villain. They would have a contest, and the loser would have to leave town.

Sure enough, the villain lost.

This created a new problem. What to do with the new guy who could eat even more than the last? So this is the issue we have with Donald Trump. He knocked out Jeb Bush in the Republican primary before the 2016 election. Jeb was the face of the Establishment, as I have said. We had this outside "non politician" ruffling the feathers of those who lost touch or never had the touch to begin with of regular America. Then he was cheered when he beat Hillary for the same reasons.

"I'm a billionaire and I can't be bought off" was his original attitude. "I'm not a career politician, and I'm a Washington outsider! We're going to drain the Swamp!" But, for whatever reason, things didn't pan out. Trump originally campaigned that he would release the twenty-eight redacted pages of the Nine Eleven report. He had four years to do it, but he failed. As a conspiracy theorist, this is vital to me and my friends at The Refugees and Maniac Nebula. He didn't replace or repeal Obamacare even though he had a Republican congress. The Libertarian faction at The Refugees was upset that he was heavy handed with the NFL kneeling protests. I remember when two members got in to it. Sweet Liberty called Trump and his supporter, Moe Szyslak, pussies. Not long after this, Moe Szyslak left The Refugees and never came back.

The January 6th riots came and went. The Refugees came apart at the seems. Within a couple of months, the website folded. Some of us tucked our tails between our legs and headed back to Maniac Nebula. It wasn't the same, though. The moderators were different. Their attitudes were different. I got along with a gal from Tennessee named Wacky Taffy. We had common musical tastes. She liked K-Pop boy bands and I liked K-Pop girl bands. It's just one of those things. Over the course of years, I came to observe that "maniac" is real at the website. We aren't faking! If you last there long enough, you wind up having a disdain for regular people. One of the moderators, Skull Face, used to call Facebook "Face Fuck" and that's the truth. I like Facebook, but it's seen as a blue pill place. Maniac Nebula, in the good days, was red pill. Eddie had a liking for K-Pop girl bands, just like me. We



listened to our favorite songs when I saw him in Vegas. I'll play you an English verse from one of my favorite songs because it fits the theme here. The band is Twice...

"Oh I've been caught under the spot, spot, spotlight  
I wanna cave in to the dark side calling to me  
The ending's obvious, I know it's not right  
I can't stop me, can't stop me

You pull me over to the red, red, red line  
I can't escape it  
You're my weakness and you're my vice  
In the shadows, you're the only highlight  
I can't stop me, can't stop me ..."

I love this music and only another maniac would "get it" but there's too few of us. Wacky Taffy was a cool chick. I didn't leave Maniac Nebula altogether when The Refugees was created. I posted sometimes, but my head and heart weren't in it as much. Then Wacky Taffy was offered a moderator spot and she took it. She also became romantically involved with a guy named Free Spirit. It's always good to have a moderator on your side when things get dicey. I thought I could rely on WT when I came back in 2021, but it wasn't the same. Skull Face left and was replaced as a moderator by Grumpy Old Man. That guy didn't even believe in conspiracies! And there was a guy named Silver Dollar who was conversational at the beginning, but I think he resented the people who left to The Refugees then came back. He would straight out ignore us.

The worst guy was someone called Hair Pie (named after something from "Revenge of the Nerds"). He wasn't a moderator, but he wasn't quite a regular person, either. He used to make corny clay sculptures and post pictures of them to our art thread. He was from Wales and claimed he could prove he was a descendant of Jesus Christ. If you watch the Da Vinci Code, you realize there are people who believe Jesus had children with Mary Magdalene. There's a compelling argument if you analyze the Last Supper. If you fold the painting at

the right place, it looks like Jesus and Mary Magdalene are comforting their baby. According to Hair Pie, this ancestral line led to real life King Arthur, many Merovingian kings, then eventually Hair Pie. I truly don't know the guy's real name and I always thought of him as mentally imbalanced. The moderators protected him, though. He would make absurd comments, and you weren't allowed to debate him. Once The Refugees folded, he became an influential member. It wasn't fun anymore.

Some of us plodded along. I met Grip Tape (Eddie) in the summer of 2021. We decided to do this joint autobiography. In his part, he probably called me a fictional person. I get it. That was the plan. When you delve into conspiracy theory, it's hard to be straightforward about every single thing. It's just not smart. TPTB has their methods. They make life difficult if you're not in line with the Program.

I got indication from Eddie that his part is almost ready. I had to talk about Maniac Nebula for a reason, though. It's dead. Dead? Maybe "dead" isn't quite the right word. It's zombified in some form or another. I have lots of things that go through my mind and I can't remember if I already talked about the Pet Sematary analogy. This is something me and Eddie talked about in Las Vegas. There is an Indian burial ground which went bad. It used to be that the Micmac tribe would bury their great warriors there, and they would return in full glory. At some point, something went wrong. Whatever was buried would come back as a horrible fraction of its prior self.

Relationships are like this. Not just with people, but with entire websites. In Maui, tragic wildfires have thrashed the island. When I started this journal, I talked about the California Santa Rosa fires. The Shadow Government used directed energy weapons in California. Looking at the footage I've seen from Hawaii, it happened again. That was no accident! Why does this happen? I don't know.

I miss Maniac Nebula, but it has gone bad like the Micmac burial grounds. If it was thriving like it did years ago, I could go online and discuss my issues and

speculations with members. There's nothing left, though. As Maniac Nebula was going bad, there was a running joke... that you had to be good at creating and posting kitten memes if you wanted to last there. The site lost its balls. It lost its focus. It lost its mission statement.

I will sleep, now. I like Minnesota. I've been thinking of Chloe. I wish our relationship was better. I've been in contact with Eddie about this project. I've talked to him about my sister. Eddie involves himself in creative fiction. He suggested I do "fan fiction" to help deal with my crazy life. I'm lanky, but I'm not as lanky as I used to be. I bulked up a little when I started sky diving. When I was in high school, I had an indentation in the center of my chest. I could put three quarters in there. It was a trick I liked to show people. Remember when Claire puts her lipstick on by using her cleavage? Breakfast Club? That was her special talent. Putting quarters in my chest was mine! It got a lot of kicks.

Tom Sawyer was an amalgamation of a few different people Mark Twain knew. I plan to write fan fiction about Austin Powers. My bony body has brought humiliating memories! I think writing about Austin Powers can get me in contact with my emotions about my sister and my body. He had comical traits which can alleviate my mental state. I don't need this process to be traumatic. I already have an idea of how I want the story to go. I've watched many DVDs of classic sitcoms. One of my favorite is Facts of Life. In my story, Chloe will be a reverse amalgamation, similar to Tom Sawyer. Is this possible? She has different sides to her personality, so I will pretend I have four sisters instead of one. Their names will be Blair, Tootie, Jo, and Natalie. There are girls I admired in grade school. I will put their traits in as well. I am not British, but I will take a crack at their slang here and there. I hope I do well!

This very well might conclude my portion of the project we started years ago.

-- Braden Callypso

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"Doug" written by Braden Callypso  
fan fiction

Hello! My name is Douglas Hendrix. I was born in Leicester, England on November 23, 1963. Yes! One day after the American president, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, was shot to death in Dallas, Texas! I grew up on Blackbird Road not far from Abbey Park along the River Soar. My parents met seventy kilometers southwest in Warwickshire which is where I was apparently conceived, and this is where William Shakespeare was born four hundred years earlier! These few items had a profound effect on my childhood psychology. "Blackbird" by the Beatles was released one day before my fifth birthday! You see? This was the five year anniversary of the horrible JFK assassination! So I pondered him my entire life, and I have pondered William Shakespeare. I pondered the Deep State, and I pondered maniacal world entities since my youth!

My father was a military man and my family had spent time at the nearby base in Alconbury. When I was six, we transferred across the English Channel to Mönchengladbach, Germany. This was December of 1969 and I remember traveling to Munich with my mother. She took me to the clubs where the Beatles had performed in years prior. Debauchery, Indra and Kaiserkeller. She let me drink ale. There was something in the air and it was more than the marijuana smoke. In America, Woodstock was a major hit festival and I noticed

people becoming looser and more carefree. My father insisted he was on the streets of London earlier that year to witness the infamous rooftop last performance of the Beatles. He said he spoke with Billy Preston afterward.

I belong to the Hendrix family, and we are white Anglo Saxons. I have blue eyes and pasty skin. We can be traced to the Picts tribe of Scottish antiquity, and the oldest account of our written name is found in Staffordshire from 1188. In some form or another, we have gone as Hendricus Prid, Hendrick, Hendriques, or some other approximate corruption of the same surname. But? In 1969, if you approached the common person on the streets of London, New York, or San Francisco for a simple game of word association, they would say "Jimi" if you pressed them to respond to "Hendrix" as an original oral trigger. He was wildly successful at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967, and a much bigger phenom at Woodstock in New York. His rendition of the Star Spangled Banner is very much cherished all these years later.

Jimi Hendrix was a black man from Seattle, Washington. He had been a paratrooper for the 101st Airborne in the early sixties. Being that we share the same surname, I was inspired by him not only for his military service, but for his music as well. My parents bought me a blue three-quarter-size Fender Stratocaster for Christmas of 1970, a few months after Jimi died. I didn't take to it, though. Also being inspired by Billy Preston, I took a shot at rock 'n' roll keyboard the next Christmas of 1971. I was eight years old and ready for my first real band.

I didn't mention my sisters, did I? I have three older ones, and one

born two years after me. They were my band mates. My father, I eventually learned, was more than a simple military man! He was in the MI6! Yes! That is right! We are a successful spy family! For the sake of this dissertation, I will tell you from oldest to youngest my sisters names are Blair, Tootie, Jo, and Natalie. These are assumed names. As a musical group, we were inspired by Black Sabbath who was formed not far from Leicester in 1968. Me and my sisters formed a band in 1972 called the Grave Diggers! We were good for being as young as we were! We watched the Partridge Family and we aimed to be the next incarnation of the world's most adored family band! We had a hard rock version of Donnie Osmond's "Puppy Love" and we also spiced up "Never Can Say Goodbye" by the Jackson 5. We thought we were the next big thing! The British equivalent of the Ed Sullivan Show was Val Parnell's Sunday Night at the London Palladium. Me and my sisters played there in 1973. It was an original song called "Across the River" and I thought it went over well, but one thing I learned in life is you can't count your chickens before they hatch. Right when you think you have all your ducks in a row, someone or something will pull the rug out from under your feet. I was planning on success! When Sonny and Cher launched their variety show in 1976, I tried to gather my sisters for a British invasion of America! We had gone willy nilly in our lives, though. Each of us was at a different parochial school throughout Europe and the States. It was hard to get together, but I reminded them of one of our inspirations. We had watched the Brady Bunch together before our Palladium gig where Peter's voice starts to crack! We were all going through puberty in some form or another! My eldest sister, Blair, went through a liberal personality change due to her prior stance on Vietnam; Tootie was going through a heartbreaking split with her first love; Jo was on a mission to literally see the

Seven Wonders of the World; and Natalie was an up-and-coming child actress in Los Angeles, California.

So it fizzled.

But my dad was a special person. I was sent to Moscow in 1979 right before the Soviets invaded Afghanistan. They were also set to host the summer Olympics of 1980. I studied in the USSR until 1981 and then began college at Loyola College in Chennai, India. My dad was grooming me to be in MI6 I later learned. He wanted me to have a wide range of life experiences so in 1983, I was studying at NYU. As a bass player, I performed on weekends at CBGB's sharing the same stage as Johnny Thunders, the Cramps, and Ambient Radiation. My band was called Cataclysmic Ruins, and we were invited to be part of an MTV program where amateurs, locals, and undiscovered artists would compete for a record contract, and fans would vote for which one would win through a nine hundred number phone-in system. I think the eventual winner was a band called the Fridays, but it was long ago and I don't exactly remember. The point is I gained notoriety, and my band became a front for the spy activity my father led me in to. Let us talk about the spy activity. Let us begin by discussing a quote from Adolf Hitler's chief propagandist, Joseph Goebbels:

“If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it. The lie can be maintained only for such time as the State can shield the people from the political, economic and/or military consequences of the lie. It thus becomes vitally important for the State to use all of its powers to repress

dissent, for the truth is the mortal enemy of the lie, and thus by extension, the truth is the greatest enemy of the State.”

Let us move on to a simpler Goebbels quote:

“A lie told once remains a lie but a lie told a thousand times becomes the truth.”

Let us consider lyrics from my favorite 1983 song called “Lies” by the Thompson Twins:

“The bigger, the better,  
Some stolen in Japan,  
Collected from around the world,  
They’ll catch you if they can,  
Lies, lies, lies, yeah ...”

My band, Cataclysmic Ruins, had a punk rock version of this the crowds loved. I was starting off in the spy world. I was twenty years old. I found out decades mattered in my life. Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, and at this present moment, sixty looms months away. It’s impossible to be a propagandist without believing lies should exist. Truth is the best policy, but if you’re trying to save loved ones from diabolical adversaries, lies are necessary. There is a vital piece of information here.



At the age of twenty in 1983, I was in a popular New York City band. It's common knowledge drugs are prevalent in the rock scene. The smell of marijuana could not be avoided at our shows. We had a song called "Spark It" and when I started my bass line, I could see people reach into their pockets. They pulled out cigarette lighters. They'd take their marijuana joints. Then they'd raise their lighters into the air. Back then, if you heard a ballad at a concert, it was a very popular thing to do.

You must understand marijuana was not legal in the United States during the eighties. Medicinal marijuana became legal in California in 1996. Up until then, it was unregulated. Therefore, people grew their own stuff in their backyards. They flew it in from Colombia. Some people sold good, strong stuff. Others? They put oregano in a baggie and tried to make a buck from bunk shit. It was widely believed you shouldn't smoke your own dope no matter which side of the spectrum you were on. But? Especially if you were a shady dealer sending out total crap, you should not smoke oregano thinking it's going to give you a high.

The point is the same in the spy world. There are lies everywhere. You will create some of these lies yourself! You can never, ever, ever under any circumstance start believing your own lies! Before this gets too tense, let's consider more lyrics. "Secret Agent Man" from Johnny Rivers:

"There's a man who leads a life of danger,  
To everyone he meets he stays a stranger,

With every move he makes,  
Another chance he takes,  
Odds are he won't live to see tomorrow,  
Secret agent man, secret agent man ...”

Let's get back to 1983 in New York City. I lost touch with my four sisters. When I began my stint as a British special agent, I knew my sisters were beginning their own journeys elsewhere. My concentration was on wars. I focused on global hot spots. Let us consider the times leading up to 1983:

- Iran hostage situation, 1979
- John Lennon assassinated, 1980
- Prince Charles and Lady Diana married, 1981
- Falklands War, 1982
- Beirut Barracks Bombed, October 23, 1983
- Grenada Urgent Fury, October 25, 1983

My sister, Tootie, came to visit me in New York a few days before Halloween in 1983. She had been staying in Minnesota. She got involved with a Los Angeles photographer a few years before. She suspected him of being a secret agent, possibly a CIA asset, but she never confirmed it. They had a child together in 1977, but her mate disappeared. He had an assignment from Life magazine. Some third world country. He never reported back to her. When Tootie came to see me, she brought her child. We called him Bilbo because he liked the Hobbit cartoon. Also, the child was short for his age, but we discussed the issues of the day.

Years later, there would be a turn-based strategy video game called “Civilization” by Firaxis. Your goal is to conquer the world. There would be six ways to win: Space race, land domination, culture, diplomacy, military conquest, and total points after time expires. My specialty, as a spy, dealt with military ventures. Tootie? She was focused on cultural issues. If I discussed the military threat of the Soviet Union, she would talk about cultural positivity. She believed pushing a good narrative of the Royal Family was how to win the Cold War.

I got along great with Tootie. On Halloween of 1983, she sang with my band at CBGB’s. “These Boots Are Made For Walking” by Nancy Sinatra is what she sang. Naturally, we spiced it up. Let’s consider:

“Are you ready boots?  
Start walking ...”

This lyrical passage comes into play. Tootie and Bilbo stayed with me in New York until late 1984. My twentieth birthday was on November 23, 1983. We spent a splendid day at Central Park. Things started to sour. I could tell Tootie was lonely. I could tell she didn’t enjoy being a single mother. I could tell she was distressed that she was abandoned by the father of her child. As far as I was concerned, I had nothing to do with her problems. I tried to take care of her the best I could.

But I started feeling barbs.

On New Year's Eve of 1983, Van Halen released "Jump" from their new album on MTV. Like the Orwell novel, Van Halen's album was called "1984" and I bought it as soon as it was available. We discussed this. Me and Tootie had good conversations. Something weird was going on, though. I started to feel resentment.

Tootie was gaining weight. She was in her mid twenties, her biological clock was ticking, and I could feel her desperation. I want to mention her kid wasn't taking to me. For whatever reason, Bilbo resented me as well. I had a band. I left money on the table. I know it's a figure of speech, but I literally left money on the table. I would go to practice with my band, and I dropped a few twenties on the table. We weren't far from Central Park. It was early January of 1984 and I came home from practice. Bilbo asked me, "Why are your teeth yellow?" It was quite an honest question from a six-year-old kid. I thought about telling him an honest answer. My teeth grew in white as a baby. When I lost my baby teeth, the adult teeth grew in yellow. There are many explanations for this. Hypoplasia. Inherited enamel defect. Hypomineralization. Amelogenesis imperfecta. These are technical dental terms. But I'm British. I grew up with sugar in my house. Why did my sisters wind up with straight, white teeth as adults? I don't know. We all drank tea together. Tea stains teeth. We were advised it doesn't begin until old age, but people believed my teeth were stained because of tea. I don't believe it's necessarily true. I had a genetic anomaly. I didn't tell Bilbo anything. I went into the restroom and took a giant dump.

Tootie was in New York City with me. I rooted for her. I did

everything I could to pave a way where she could be happy. It was mid January in 1984 when I walked into my apartment. She was lecturing Bilbo, “You can’t eat this Nestle Crunch because your teeth will grow in rotten!” She knew I was standing there watching the lecture. I was baffled. What the hell was this?

To enter into the spy realm, you must have a certain level of education. You don’t need to display these traits all the time. We have covers. We must act in ways we aren’t regularly comfortable with. This means you must understand what a fallacy of logic is. You don’t need to avoid fallacies when you’re undercover, but you need to know they’re there. You need to understand defense mechanisms. You need to know when you’re attacking a problem straight on, and when you’re avoiding a solid problem-solving technique.

Tootie, since the birth of Bilbo in 1977, spent time with my sister Natalie in Los Angeles. She got a taste of the Hollywood culture. She learned to speak in code, not just from MI6 teachers, but from American actors as well. In the eighties, marijuana was illegal, like I’ve said. If you’re at a setting with marijuana back then, you had codes. “Bacon” was one, and “blue cheese” was another. If you detected an undercover officer was at a party, you had to mention these terms. The term “rat” was also thrown around to alert others of a perceived informant. You had to be smooth by bringing up the heavy metal band, Ratt, for example. Tootie started doing this around Bilbo when she stayed with me in 1983 and 1984. She’d cook bacon at night just to talk about the bacon in the world, meaning undercover pigs. We can go on forever, but that’s what went on.

Bilbo was six. He was still learning basic elementary concepts. Tootie bought flash cards for him. I remember the day the cards arrived. She opened them. I took a shower. When I came into the living room, she's asking Bilbo, "See the pig? You see the pig, right?" But she was gesturing to me.

I can't tell you how hurt I was. The first time always hurts the most until you've realized you've lost a person. She knew everything about British MI6 spy code language. Her skills were enhanced when she stayed with Natalie in Los Angeles. Why was she doing this? When you use code language, it's for a few reasons:

- you're genuinely trying to code messages in the company of adversaries for the sake of secrecy
- you're having fun with it, or practicing your skills
- you're trying to get on someone's nerves, maybe trying to trigger them

Here's what I learned about Great Britain, the United States of America, and most of the Western world. They're not a lot different than Nazi Germany. There is a eugenics plan. I learned through observation there's a hierarchy of traits. In no particular order, it's bad to be:

- stupid
- short

- fat
- wrong race
- ugly smile
- horrible ancestors

The list goes on, but it's like an Indian totem. One trait is worse to have than another. That's what Tootie started hitting me with. "I might be gaining weight, but your smile is hideous!" Let's consider "Working Class Hero" from John Lennon:

"There's room at the top,  
They keep telling you still,  
But first you must learn  
To smile as you kill,  
If you want to be like  
The folks on the hill"

In my opinion, in 1983 I was climbing my way to the top of the MI6 ranks. Tootie felt she was trapped. She saw no further advances. She started attacking my physical traits. My yellow smile. You must learn to smile as you kill. Her smile was decent, but she was gaining weight.

I remember watching a Howard Stern episode. He invited a KKK member, Daniel Carver, to give a ranking of who was important in life. It was like a Price Is Right skit utilizing a big board, a sexy female assistant, and a few planks with derogatory terms printed on

them. Carver was to explain the least trashy, then the helper would place the corresponding plank at the top slot. He'd continue along until the most trashy was placed at the bottom. Eskimos made the grade as least trashy, followed by Chinks, Gooks, Mexicans, then Mulattos. Next was Negroes (but Howard Stern used the actual N-Word), Gays, and finally Kikes. The interview was so honest that it was funny. That's what made Howard Stern relevant. He was Jewish, but he allowed people to speak their minds.

Tootie had an issue with my teeth. I never did anything wrong to her. In January of 1984, there was always something new. One day, she would leave a flash card for Bilbo on the ledge near the front door entrance. "Tooth brush" it was say. Next day, she would leave a spam mail ad about dental plans on the coffee table. The next day, she would leave a flash card about "tooth paste" on the floor near the front door, as if it was an accident. She would send Bilbo to brush his teeth in the middle of our living room! What the heck was that? I think she expected me to confront her. Back then, Bilbo liked to play with Lego. When I came home from band practice, there would always be a yellow Lego piece strategically placed near my bedroom door. Or it would be another yellow toy of his. Her attempted insults were really over-the-top. I figured Tootie was lonely. I had band practice, but I also was a spy. This meant I had to read intelligence reports, and I had to write them. I was in my room alone a lot. New York is a bustling city. There are people everywhere. Tootie felt like she was all alone. Let's think about "Angry Chair" by Alice In Chains:

"Loneliness is not a phase  
Field of pain is where I graze



Serenity is far away  
Saw my reflection and cried, hey  
So little hope that I died, oh  
Feed me your lies, open wide, hey  
Weight of my heart, not the size, oh”

In New York City, it is impossible to avoid people. How could you be lonely? Well, let’s consider something Robin Williams said:

“I used to think the worst thing in life was to end up all alone. It’s not. The worst thing in life is to end up with people who make you feel all alone.”

I’m a spy. I’m privy to rare and exclusive information. In August of 2014, it was reported that Robin Williams committed suicide. They said he hung himself with a belt, but he was found by police in a sitting position. A fringe group believed the Elite killed him. One of the interesting facts was there was a recent Family Guy episode where everything Peter Griffin touched turned into Robin Williams. In the episode, Peter tried to kill himself. There is a term in the spy world called “suicided” in which powerful people kill opponents then frame it as suicide. People speculated this about Chris Cornell and Chester Bennington in 2017. It is widely believed Robin Williams, Chris Cornell, and Chester Bennington were suicided. The list goes on.

Let’s get back on track to my story of my sister in 1984, though.

I loved Tootie. I didn’t know what to make of her. The innocence was gone. We used to watch cricket games together. I couldn’t

bring myself to ask her to do this any longer. At the end of the year for Christmas, she gave me a tooth brush as a gift. What was that? We went our own ways.

On my thirtieth birthday, I held out hope. We were in Minnesota. All four of my sisters were there. The slate was clean. Bad emotions died down. Somehow, life lessons weren't learned. It was a continual kick in the crotch. One day, there would be tooth brushes on the kitchen table. I get it, right? You don't like me. I thought ten years ago in 1983 you were just mad at the world. I know loneliness was a factor. You were taking it out on me. I really thought you were just mad at the world. Now? In 1993, I realize you hate me somehow. Don't know why, but you hate me.

Mike Myers wrote "Austin Powers" about a few agents he observed in movies, James Bond being one of them. People don't only draw inspiration from movies. I believe Mike Myers heard about my story from the MI6. I think Austin Powers is about me. I really do. I'm sure he mixed in other inspirations, but I think he knew about the issues I had with Tootie and the rest of my sisters. I think it's funny now, but if I had to draw it up, I wouldn't have this as my story.

I liked late night talk shows when I lived in America. I remember watching an interview with Catherine Zeta-Jones. She was asked about bipolar disorder. She admitted she was diagnosed with it, but said she didn't like to talk about it because she didn't want to be a "poster child" for the issue. I feel the same about my teeth. There is so much more about my life than this. My favorite late night show in the United States was Conan O'Brien's. In 1997, Conan asked Mike Myers about teeth and other inspirations. First

of all, I didn't realize Mike's parents came from Liverpool. They moved away in 1956, but they must have crossed paths with young John, Paul, George and Ringo many times before they became famous. Myers was born in Toronto in 1963. He told Conan the chest hair part of Austin Powers was inspired by former James Bond, Sean Connery. "He could knit his chest," Myers explained. Besides James Bond, Mike said he was inspired by Matt Helm, In Like Flint, and other sixties British spy movies. When Conan asked about the worst teeth he's ever seen, Mike answered, "In Britain in the sixties, you could be a swinger and still have really bad teeth. It didn't matter. And uh, you know? Britain won the war and lost their teeth. And uh, they view their teeth as a vestigial organ like the appendix 'cause they eat about a metric ton of sugar a day, and they fry everything. You could still see rock stars today, you know, from Britain who are bajillionaires and they've just got like, you know, stick for teeth. I just want to say, 'You've got the money! Go to the dentist!'" He goes on to talk about tap dancing lessons, and a Canadian show called the Pig and Whistle.

When I first watched Austin Powers in 1997, I didn't make the connection. I didn't even realize Dr Evil's real name was Doug. Over the years with the sequels, I connected the dots. Foxy Cleopatra was modeled after my across-the-street neighbor from Leicester, Myrtle Carlyle. She was best friends with my sister, Tootie. Her parents were devout Anglican and she sang in the church choir. Her parents were from Morocco so her skin was dark and her hair was frizzy. Quite exotic. We got along great as children, but the last time I saw her she refused to speak to me. I was visiting Leicester for nostalgic reasons in 1999. I stopped by her house and knocked. She opened the door. "Sir? What is your

issue of business? I must advise you we don't entertain solicitors at this residence! If you are trying to sell a vacuum or another product, I suggest you go elsewhere."

"Myrtle! It's me! What's gotten into you?"

She slammed the door on me.

I don't know how to explain it. Did she really not recognize me? Did she have some sort of animosity toward me? And down the street, there was a chubby kid I used to play darts with. I walked to his house. In 1999, no one lived there. The windows were boarded up. The grass looked like it hadn't been mowed in a hundred years. I believe this guy was the basis for Fat Bastard. Also, the first movie I remember watching as a four-year-old was *Smashing Time*. It dealt with adventures of a couple of young ladies in London. Mike Myers didn't mention this movie in the Conan interview, but I believe he drew from it.

Let's talk a little more about triggers. I explained that my sister, Tootie, was trying to trigger me in the eighties in New York. There was a 1959 book followed by a 1962 movie called *The Manchurian Candidate*. Triggers are my specialty. It goes way beyond blurting "yellow" for no apparent reason to upset a sibling. It goes beyond leaving tooth brushes on kitchen tables. It goes beyond other consistent inappropriate behaviors and ad hominem remarks. There's a larger picture. It's social psychology. In the technical sense, it's called psychological operations, or "psy ops" for short.

The *Manchurian Candidate* was about a brainwashed family who

would have a member become president of the United States of America. He would be controlled, though, by nefarious Communist overlords lurking in the shadows. In the spy world, trigger words and phrases are common:

- “Stopping by woods on a snowy evening.”
- “The penguins in Siberia eat tofu.”
- “Polar bears are rafting along the Nile.”

These are examples. Here’s a funny scene from Family Guy:

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Dan Aykroyd: During the Cold War, the Soviet Union brainwashed dozens of American civilians, effectively making them sleeper agents who could be activated at any time to do the work of the KGB.

Brian: Activated how?

Dan: The agents could be activated by uttering a predetermined phrase at which point they would snap into a trance and mindlessly carry out whatever orders they were given by their KGB handlers.

Brian: Well, what if they encountered somebody who said the phrase accidentally?

Dan: Not possible. The activation phrase was something that no

one would ever think to utter.

Stewie: What is it?

Dan: The phrase is, “Gosh! That Italian family at the next table sure is quiet!”

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“I am the key” is the trigger phrase in the Dean Koontz novel, *Night Chills*. So, I am well aware of trigger words and phrases before they even happen. The attacks of Nine Eleven were an inside job. Let us return to Hitler’s propagandist, Goebbels:

“If you tell a lie big enough and keep repeating it, people will eventually come to believe it.”

Here’s what’s funny. Jerry Seinfeld wrote his sitcom utilizing real-life friends. In other words, there is a real-life Cosmo Kramer somewhere walking the streets of New York. He actually goes by Kenny Kramer and is a minister for the Universal Life Church. If a thousand people read this “Doug” story, I hope at least one person believes Mike Myers thought of me as the inspiration for Austin Powers.

I want people to know I was a good spy. I’m not so sure I ranked up

there with James Bond, but I channeled intelligence to the right places. I helped the free world maintain its place.

I don't think Tootie was trying to make me into the best version of myself. I don't think it was a conscious decision. I think she was a lonely person and she was acting out. Her actions, though, whether they were inadvertant or not, they lit a fire and they kept me aware of the dim nature of human existence. I was alerted to triggers when she stayed with me. When I came home in 1984, I would look for the clues. I knew they would be there. Sometimes, it would be a yellow toy block on the living room rug. Sometimes, I would find a yellow tape measure sitting on my bed. Why was it there? I'd ask and she'd say she was measuring my windows so she could buy blinds.

The Big Lie of the twentieth century circulated in Nazi Germany. Today in America, MAGA Republicans are proud to be nationalists. They have flags hanging in front of their houses, on their cars, and any other place they can think of. I wonder how many of them know where "Nazi" comes from. It comes from Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei. In English, it translates to National Socialist German Workers' Party, but the "Nazi" part comes from their Nationalist ideals. They surrounded themselves with national swastika flags. Hitler commanded large, vibrant crowds.

Who else does this in the modern era? The national flags and the huge crowds? Let's think about "China Girl" from David Bowie:

"I stumble into town

Just like a sacred cow  
Visions of swastikas in my head  
Plans for everyone  
It's in the white of my eyes  
My little China girl  
You shouldn't mess with me  
I'll ruin everything you are  
You know, I'll give you television  
I'll give you eyes of blue  
I'll give you a man  
Who wants to rule the world"

So, I don't want to preach, but Hitler's Big Lie was gigantic. The Nazis set fire to their own parliamentary building. The Reichstag Fire of 1933 was blamed on their enemies, the Communists. Hitler's opposition was outlawed. In 1936, Germany hosted the Olympics and Adolf Hitler was named Time Magazine's Man of the Year. That's right! Google it if you don't believe me. His lies became larger and larger, though. History demonstrates it did not end well. If it's any condolence, I don't believe Hitler died of suicide. I believe he made it out of Germany with Eva Braun. They lived a fruitful life in Argentina.

In the twenty-first century, there were three major Big Lies:

- voter fraud of the 2000 election
- the Nine Eleven attacks
- "the rigged election" of 2020

Before the election of 2000, Dick Cheney's group distributed Project



For a New American Century. In essence, it claimed that if there was a new Pearl Harbor, it could unite those determined to implement a stronger security state. In 2000, mainstream media believed Gore was on his way to winning Florida. This would ensure him a presidential victory. Guess who was working at Fox News? Cousin of George W Bush! John Prescott Ellis, called Florida for Bush! This was Big Lie 1 of the 21st Century. It was premature. After all the recounts were done months later, it was discovered Gore actually beat Bush. It was too late, though. Gore had already conceded. Bush and Cheney took office, then in 2001 the new Pearl Harbor happened. Today, few people dispute that it was an inside job. There are shills out there who pretend that Osama bin Laden masterminded the whole thing, but they are the retarded minority. This was Big Lie 2 of the 21st Century.

Rudy Giuliani lost his law license in New York in June of 2021. This was less than a half year after the January 6th Riots. He explained his rigged election claims for Donald Trump were a "Big Lie". So in the twenty-first century, this became Big Lie 3. I'm a special agent for the British government. I know the facts. The 2000 election in America was rigged. So was the 2004 election. They were rigged by the Establishment on behalf of the Republican Party for Bush. They utilized a conservative Supreme Court justice, Antonin Scalia. They utilized George W Bush's cousin at Fox News to sway public perception, John Prescott Ellis. They utilized stupid voting machines which had no paper trails and could easily be hacked. They utilized George W Bush's brother, Jeb, who was governor of Florida in 2000. They utilized the CIA which George W Bush's father was formerly the director of. They utilized the Israeli Mossad. They utilized bankers. They utilized the Pentagon. For

further understanding, refer to:

- *The Best Democracy Money Can Buy*, Greg Palast
- *The Host and The Parasite: How Israel's Fifth Column Consumed America*, Greg Felton
- *9/11 Synthetic Terror: Made in USA*, Webster Tarpley
- *Inside Job: Unmasking the 9/11 Conspiracies*, Jim Marrs
- “*Hacking Democracy*”, HBO documentary

This is the downfall of Donald Trump. Before we conclude, let's think about “Fast Car” by Tracy Chapman:

“So I remember when we were driving  
Driving in your car  
Speed so fast, I felt like I was drunk  
City lights lay out before us  
And your arm felt nice  
Wrapped around my shoulder  
And I had a feeling that I belonged  
I had a feeling I could be someone  
Be someone, be someone”

As a British special agent, I'm suppose to be an expert of sorts. I've become a fan of American football. I'm happy they play every year in London at Wembley Stadium. I've caught a few games. I enjoy them.

There are thirty-two teams in the National Football League. This means there are thirty-two general managers. The rules of the league are set up for parity. Since Nine Eleven, the Patriots have

won six championships. If this was a pure random roll of the dice, this would be considered a classic statistical anomaly. I believe a national psy-op was going on, and the NFL was part of it. They needed “patriot” to be spread around the world as a positive motivational force.

In the NFL, you can be considered “great” if your team wins Super Bowls. But if you suck, you’re still in the top echelon of all football as statistics goes.

The man who awarded the presidency to George W Bush in 2000 was Supreme Court justice, Antonin Scalia. He was given power by the Illuminati. This was the beginning of an atrocious policy. Antonin Scalia “knew too much” and the Illuminati believed he would spill his guts. They had him killed in 2016. No autopsy was done. He was snuffed out by a Deep State official by suffocating him underneath a pillow.

This quote comes from Mark Twain:

“All you need in this life is ignorance and confidence, and then success is sure.”

Donald Trump challenged the government. People cheered him. He said he’d drain the swamp in 2016. He was a registered Democrat during the George W Bush years. Did people know this? When they voted for him in 2016, did they know he wasn’t a lifelong Republican? Did they believe he’d be like Ronald Reagan? Reagan was seen as a unifier and won a re-election landslide in 1984.

I believe one of two things happened:

— Trump was still a Democrat at heart when he ran for re-election in 2020, and he meant to be a Trojan horse by destroying the Republicans from within, or...

— Trump truly abandoned his Democrat Party, shifted to the far right, but he over-compensated and that's why he was destroyed by seven million votes against Joe Biden, a known perverted Communist

Either way, it's tragic. Donald Trump will serve time in jail. In the WWE, he took a bet against Vince McMahon and shaved Vince's head in the center of the ring during WrestleMania in 2007. Donald Trump thinks the whole world is a wrestling match. It can be scripted and controlled. Let's think about life "getting real" and let's think about when Bret Hart physically socked Vince McMahon in the face, giving him a black eye in 1997. This was not part of a script. Bret Hart was quoted:

"There comes a point in a man's life when his memories become greater than his dreams. I have not reached that point yet."

He had been asked why he fought to regain his championship title. He was scripted to lose, and he did not like it.

Donald Trump believes he was scripted to lose. He did not like it, just like Bret Hart. The WWE is a subset of the world at large, though. Not the other way around. Shit hits the fan. You need to

be ready for harder realities.

You guys? I thank you for being here. I told a fraction of my story. I tried to include you. Under no circumstance did I want this to end on a cheesy passage, but here it goes. This lyric is from “Be Good To Yourself” by Journey:

“Running out of self-control  
Getting close to an overload  
Up against a no win situation  
Shoulder to shoulder, push and shove  
I’m hanging up my boxing gloves  
I’m ready for a long vacation ...”