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– **THIS BOOK IS DISINFORMATION** –

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING & LOVE THE MATRIX!

Or:

TRUTH/LIFE/ART – ALL THE STUFF HOLLYWOOD WON'T
MAKE MOVIES ABOUT BECAUSE THEY'RE CONTROLLED BY
CHINA/RUSSIA/INDIA/THE MASONS AND EASTERN
STARS/THOSE THAT ABUSE INFANTS/ WITCHCRAFT/AS THEY
TAKE AWAY FREE SPEECH, SO WE CAN'T TALK ABOUT THEIR
CRIMES/*ALL THE FUCKING COMMIES!*

***With Appendix

—Parental Advisory—Explicit Content—

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By – Steven Dunning de Leon

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Steven Dunning de Leon – is a pseudonym – created by Kelly Michael Velayas – for this title. *Alter ego*

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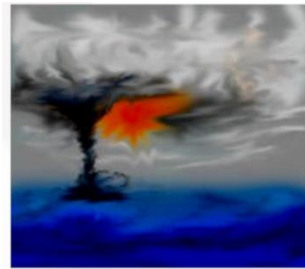


Velayas

Arts y Publicación
de Bastrop, Texas

para a capital oculta do mundo; a mente

for the secret capital of the world; the mind



CYCLONE CINEMA

e Artes

do Brasil

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Dedicated to my sons.

*Those who gave all...fathers to the fatherless, and those...
That endure/continue/live/give & love – no matter what!*

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Intro:

– ***THIS BOOK IS DISINFORMATION*** –

All pertaining and encompassing – this book is fiction – it is not true – all names/identities/narratives/actions/times/dates/biographies/histories – are satire – not intended to be taken serious – in any way.

But – mind you – any attempt to take this world/other people/life too serious, will leave you singled-out as a fool also! That's not to say we shouldn't embrace the institutions of society – we must – there's no other way the world will allow us to live – that is – *if we're not useful, or serve a purpose.*

This book is comedy/satire – light – to laugh at the plight of our existence – ourselves – who we think we are – how serious we want others to take us. We are ants in an aquarium/this world; an odd/strange manifestation – as crazy as it is – as lost as we are: full of ignorance – arrogance – error – folly – stupidity...

BTW – pretty sure this will be the last book I write – the elites are gonna *fucking* kill me like they did Kubrick and Breitbart...

***Probably, more like all the nameless martyrs of truth throughout history. *So, enjoy while you can – LOL!*

"In conclusion, there is no conclusion. Things will go on as they always have, getting weirder all the time."

— Robert A. Wilson

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THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
TEXAS & CALIFORNIA

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—1

When I was a kid back in California – actually, I was 16 – a sophomore at Laguna Grove High School – my teacher, Mrs. Burtoc, decided the class would discuss, “Where to install a new soda machine,” – whether it should be inside the gymnasium or outside...

“This is going to be a great, fun lesson!” she declared.

I sat at my desk – puzzled – smirking – wondering...

My classmates went on at length – each stating a reason the soda machine should be in one place or the other.

On and on they went...

It really was amazing the many/endless aspects/views/the imagination of my classmates – every reason the soda machine should be placed somewhere...

But I couldn’t help it – I had to disrupt the harmony: I raised my hand – Mrs. Burtoc was still smiling when she called on me: proud of the direction she stewarded the minds of her pupils...

Then I began to speak...

I must tell you – this one event – what is about to happen changed the trajectory of my life.

I said, “I don’t think we should debate where a soda machine should go...”

“No?” she said – still smiling.

“No,” I continued, “A complete waste of time. We should discuss meaningful things – important things – like teacher’s salaries – security at the school. Did you know Mrs. Roberts, the PE teacher has sex with students in the locker room after gym class? And Mr. Holdberg smokes pot with students after school – in his classroom – and there is a gang war in the school too! A

student – that I will not name – that is in my grade, was walking home last year, and two kids drove their car over the curb in front of him, ran out of the car, grabbed him, and put a rifle to his head. I saw it with my own eyes! Right there in front of me! They threatened him...And this shit happens all the time – if they don't bring the guns to school, they get you when you walk home!"

Complete silence fell over the class/a shadow/darkness/oddly enough – not because these things actually happened/but because I was talking about them.

I couldn't help but smile – chuckled to myself – and waited for a response...but there was none.

The silence became a catalyst, "And you know the worst part about it? Those kids holding that rifle to the other boy's head – it all happened in front of an adult – a homeowner watering his plants – he saw everything – he just stood there, then turned away, and acted like he didn't see it!"

Still complete silence in the class – so I went on, "And when I was in junior high, in Sexual Education – did you know teachers taught children how to masturbate? And explained to children – who hadn't discovered sex yet – how to have homosexual sex with each other...How girls could give each other pleasure, and how boys could have sex with other boys? One teacher even talked about having sex with dogs...and all this was at school – in a classroom!"

"Okay!" yelled Mrs. Burtoc – finally cutting me off! "This discussion is over!"

I just sat back smiling...

All my classmates were furious! I could cut the tension with a knife!

"Dumbass," a girl coughed.

I couldn't stop laughing.

Mrs. Burtoc stared at me – stood in awe at the front of the class – lowered her head – then spoke, "Thanks to Mr. de Leon, everyone, get out your textbooks!"

Do I have to tell ya'll – I failed the class?

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***Note: I had a passing grade, and she still gave me an *F!*
That was the first, and only class I failed in high school.

What happened at school – what ended my schooling...taught me one of the most valuable lessons in my life...and became a reoccurring theme.

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So, that was it! My life was done at school.

A short time later I stopped going altogether – I skipped classes to work – and of course truant officers began knocking on my door every morning – until they finally caught me/and took me to school – where I had to speak with my counselor – Mrs. Newman.

She informed me that I had detention and Saturday school, every day and every weekend, for two years – some ridiculous punishment everyone knew – I wasn't going to do...

But that's why she gave it to me – she knew I'd drop out – and that's what her/everyone wanted anyway...So, that's what they got!

~ ~

The next morning, I wrote a note to my school – that I was unenrolling and moving out of state – so the school would take me from the school records, and stop calling truant officers...

At the time, I thought I fooled them – *LOL!* – but they knew what was doing...

Mind you, I didn't move out of state – I just went to work fulltime, at the supermarket – and began to search my soul/try to understand this place/this world/the people in it...

I still had my paper route too...So, I worked and thought – punched my timecard, and thought some more...

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But, as habit creates dependency, the absence of school/teachers/direction – lectures and lessons – there was a void...

I still wanted to learn – and I also knew it was very necessary for my development.

So, I turned to the many people in my life: Co-workers gladly filled the emptiness with great insight!

There was Gavin, my supervisor at the supermarket, with a Master's Degree from Berkeley – who was always trying to get me to go to his house, and get high or hang out with everyone behind the store and get high – and Terrance, his boyfriend – they really gave me great insight – great knowledge...They spoke about the evils of America.

They steered me in the right direction – pointing to the great minds...Marx – Chomsky – Clinton – Gore – and I watched great movies by Oliver Stone – JFK, Platoon, and rented the Redford movies about the evils of America – Three Days of the Condor, All the President's Men, Burbaker and The Candidate...

“*Hell!* We're destroying the planet!” they kept telling me. “We dam rivers – kill fish! Owls don't have trees to nest! Pollution! Nukes! The oppressors of freedom! Murdering everyone! Slavery! Death! Destruction throughout the world! Controlling resources! Hording gasoline! Capitalists!”

I soaked up all the knowledge that poured from their years at university – college minds – studied/understanding – traveled – they spoke other languages...

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There was my sister, wearing her “Get out the vote!” T-shirt – working as an intern for one of the California state Senators...

She’s very knowledgeable, so I asked her, “Sis...I have a question.”

“Yes, little brother.”

“Are we – I mean us Americas, are we bad people?”

“What do you mean? I don’t think we are bad...But most of America is bad.”

What I mean is, in the world...”

“Oh yes!” she confirmed, “We are a disease on earth!”

“Really? You think so?”

“Of course!”

“That’s what everyone is telling me...I didn’t even know it.”

“Who have you been talking with?” she asked.

“My supervisor at work.”

“Gavin? And his gay friends?”

“Yeah.”

She stared at me and smiled, “It would be really cool if you were gay too,” she said, “Do you want to be gay?”

“What?”

“Well, you’re talking and hanging out with gay people, you must be interested...” she said.

I didn’t know what to say.

“I’ve talked about you being gay with Craig too,” Craig is my older brother – “He thought you would be a good gay man.”

“Hmmm...” I scratched my head. “I don’t think I’m gay...”

~ ~

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The next day I was on my way out of the house, and I heard my sister in the bathroom – so I peeked in – she was staring into the mirror – she was crying as she said, “My constituents, I understand hardship and oppression – the terrible things done to minorities – the prejudice!” Tears streamed from her eyes, down her cheeks. “This is very hard for me to say. You see...My little brother is a homosexual – a proud gay man! And our entire family have been through so much pain and anguish – we are beside him, to support him, to help him through his great struggles, and the terrible things that have been done to him! So, yes! I know the pains and hardships that minorities face, in the struggle for equality in society, and in the workplace...”

I walked down the hallway – wondering – but not sure what to say or think.

~ ~

So, I wondered – *Am I gay? Do I look gay?*

Maybe I am a homosexual like my brother and sister hoped...Maybe I deserve to be a homosexual – and suffer the great pain and anguish my sister talked about...

Oh well, I shrugged and continued – went back to work, and spoke with my friends...

~ ~

My friends, they knew everything!

They knew – absolutely everything!

Every question I asked – they had an answer to – they even knew how the universe was created!

They said there was a really big explosion called – “The Big Bang!”

And they said before that, there was nothing.

Which got me thinking – how could there be nothing – and then an explosion?

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“Don’t you have to have something: fuel/dynamite – didn’t something have to exist to create the explosion?”

They said, “Nope! You don’t have to have anything to make an explosion. It came from nothing.”

But it just didn’t make sense...

“Your questioning years of study,” said Gavin.

“Okay, but can you show me how to explode something from nothing?”

“What?”

“Show me... Wouldn’t the military have figured that out? And blowup our enemies with nothing too?”

They just laughed – *I was so stupid...*

“Math equations prove everything!” they said.

“Really? Math?”

“Yup!”

“So, there were no explosives?” I scratched my head. “Well, I was never good at math,” I said, and I could kind of see how a real complicated math equation could blow something up – they gave me headaches...

“Maybe God got stuck on the equation of how to make earth, and decided, to hell with everything! And blew everything up!” I said.

“No! There’s no God!” they laughed. “You’re not one of those that believe in a God?”

“Really? There’s no God?”

“No. The Big Bang is how the universe was created. It explains everything!”

“It does?”

“Yup!”

“Are you sure?”

“Yup!” they nodded. “Science has proven everything with math. God doesn’t exist.”

“Hmmm... Everything is all figured out then?”

“Yup! You’re worrying too much about this stuff...”

“So, if everything is figured out, what’s left to do?”

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“Exactly! All the science is settled,” they went on – and they kept telling me that we evolved from apes – and smaller creatures before that – and everything was created from the, “Big Bang” thing...

“Well, okay, it’s all settled then!” I said so they’d stop saying the same thing over and over.

‘Cause to me, nothing was settled.

Maybe people can think they know something – even if they don’t know anything – I thought to myself – but that didn’t make sense either...or did it?

Everything is so damn complicated!

“No! Everything is simple!” they said.

I couldn’t help but wonder if humans knew anything at all – or if we’re all just a bunch of assholes, parading around – each one trying to be more important than the next guy, saying anything to make ourselves bigger than others.

Everything became a weird mantra – repeated over and over – like an excuse/a never-ending roundabout they drove in circles, each time they began to think...

It always started with how terrible America was – and everything was pointless – meaningless – and it ended with them trying to go to their house to do drugs.

They told me, that I needed a, “Massage.” “...to relax.” They kept telling me I was, “Uptight,” and, “Square,” and I asked too many questions.

“Everything’s figured-out! There’s only one thing to do!” Gavin said.

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Have fun. Enjoy yourself! Do things that give you pleasure.”
Hmmm...I thought...But that didn’t make sense, either...

“Everything is pointless. Stop worrying?”

But there’s so much going on – and I have to find a way to live this life...

But then, they’d go into their mantra...

So, I’d say, “I know. I know. I need to stop thinking, right?”

“Exactly!”

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It was at that moment I realized what I had to do – a vision/a realization/a light/a truth – words, ideas, movies, parables from childhood/old rhymes – songs – a flower bloomed – all the ideas said the same thing – “Leave! – get the hell out of here!”

I had to get away – anyway I could – I had to go! Run away from this place – this land – this hell on earth – *this nightmare of a country!*

So, I put my things together/packed my music – CDs and cassette tapes into my car...and set out into the world!

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The first place I stopped was Texas – and I’m like – *what’s wrong with these people, everyone wants me to go to church with them?*

They want to hold my hand and pray for me...

I went to work digging ditches, and the foreman, this old man named Russell Jones, he tried to get me to marry his daughter, because, he said, “I had a great work ethic. I was a hard worker! And he wanted his daughter to be taken care of...”

It was just so weird...In an odd way it made too much sense.

He even gave me a cowboy hat – and brought his daughter to meet me. That never happened to me in my life!

And one evening – late at night – right before I went to bed, a movie came on TV – it was called Red River – with John Wayne, Montgomery Clift and Walter Brennan. I stayed up all night watching it.

Mesmerized!

Those were men – building America – creating Texas! Men!
Fighting – proud!

I’d never seen anything like it – it was awesome!

This was a different view of the world – something so foreign – all I ever heard about in California was how oppressed someone was – how abused someone was...In school all the subjects and conversations we women crying and screaming – how justified and self-righteous this and that was...Endless screaming and crying...Until the guys did it too! And kids offering me pot/and men hit on me/and boys went on dates with men/and gangbang/and guys standing on corners, talking and offering

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things to kids/and teen girls getting pregnant/and foreign flags/and people threatening you because you disagreed with them/or said something they didn't like/or told the truth...and kids getting brain damage from fights after school/hatred – fear – people talking about how they don't have to work/glorified laziness...crap – crap – crap...

And there, on the TV, were men standing up – creating – making – carving a world from a wilderness...Refusing to put up with horseshit – focused – determined!

The values – the conflicts – respect – men/father figures trying to turn children into men – not endless tears, crying and trying to protect – begging – complaining...Telling everyone their sons were victims/need help – have problems...crying.

“Stand the fuck up!”

“Shut the fuck up!”

“Work, you lazy ass piece of shit!”

“Work until you die!”

“Die without complaining!”

“Better yet, die for something/a meaning/a reason!”

I couldn't sleep after the movie – all night pondering/thinking – trying to understand what it meant.

It opened up a new world to me.

So, I went to church a couple of times – and I listened to the message about the dangers/the evils of the world – sin – how Satan lies and makes false promises – twists/manipulates/destroys everything and everyone...

I'll be honest – it didn't make much sense...*or did it?*

Was the world really that bad? Everything was doom and damnation!

It was like listening to a different language – I'd never spoken it before, so it made no sense to me...

But – there was something right about everything/how people talked/acted/treated one another/how they tried to treat each other...

And when I called home and talked to my sister, she began to scream over the phone, “Runaway little brother! They're trying to

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turn you into a bigot, a religious fanatic! They're trying to indoctrinate you! Soon, you'll be talking about Jesus! Hating everyone! They're evil! Please leave! Go! Runaway!"

"Are they really evil?" I wondered.

"Yes! They really are..." she said.

"But church is actually kind of nice..." I said. "The people are smiling and talking – holding hands and praying with one another. I see people crying and hugging...singing."

"That's how it all starts! They bring you in slowly! It's all evil! I promise you – I know!" she kept saying. "I really am afraid for you!"

So, I stopped going to church – and made plans to leave the state – this time I was all in!

A friend of mine – Joe – who also moved from California to Texas – found a job in Venezuela – the richest country in Latin America – oil – gold – beaches – art – culture!

This was going to be awesome!

He warned me there was some unrest in the country – but I didn't know what that meant, and I didn't care...

"Let's go!" I said.

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HOW I BECAME A
MANCHURIAN
CANDIDATE ASSASSIN!

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—5

When I got to Venezuela – I got a job at the Cable TV company, paying \$70 a month – and Joe and I were relegated to renting a small room in the shanties of Caracas, and I’m thinking – *okay, things are different down here, right? The economy is based on another standard...I used to make a thousand a month – now I make \$70...hmmmm...*

I couldn’t help but scratch my head, wondering why everyone said America was so terrible...But this experiment was still underway – *too early, right?*

I even got a girlfriend – she was my age – seventeen – but the Venezuelans raped her, ‘cause she was dating me, an American – and that was the height of callousness/treason, for this country as it turned communist.

It didn’t take long to blow through my savings from the States, even though we ate a banana in the morning, with black coffee – fruit was relatively inexpensive – we ate bread with butter in the afternoon...

Then, one morning, this manager of the Cable company called me into his office.

He said, “Sit down Stephen. I want to speak with you about your future, and where you’re headed...” He was an American!

And so, I went to his office and he pointed to a chair – and I took a seat – and he began to talk...But, I’ll be honest with you – I spaced-out – and didn’t listen to a word he said...

He talked about all kinds of weird things – I remember a couple of subjects – he mentioned Easter Island – and chopping up fruit – and slicing and dicing carrots...The Tango, and the best type of BBQ in the world!

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Then I began to cough!

I couldn't fucking breathe!

"I'm choking!" the words barely escaped my lips...My hands went to my throat...I fell over – bent down – trying to breathe!

"Go get a glass of water!" said the guy...

But I couldn't stand/and he walked over to me/got down on his knees, pulled my head up – put his hands on my shoulders/and began to coach me, "Breathe in...Breathe out..."

After a few minutes I began to calm and breathe again...

Then, he said, "Okay. Sitdown," and I did – then he continued.

He said, "Listen!" and I was like, "I'll try..."

And the dude talked for another half an hour or so – I don't even know/I lost all track of time...I don't even remember what the fuck he said – something about metal/and grinding out the daylight – working – chopping down tress – BBQing and eating healthy – drinking tequila...Eating Wheaties – then something about the Potosi Mines...A bunch of weird stuff, that didn't make any sense!

Then, all of a sudden – he goes, "Okay, good talking with you kid. See you later!" and he left the office...

It took me another fifteen minutes just to catch my breath – and begin breathing normally again.

I went and got a glass of water – "What the hell happened?" I said out loud...*Oh well...*

After that, I left work – now I didn't have much money – but with the insanity around me, I knew I had to buy gun – I got a .38 revolver and a box of ammo.

~ ~

After a month, I got a raise – and began working as a supervisor – my pay went to \$140 – double my salary before – and if I didn't get that raise – forget about it – Joe and I would've been doomed!

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I can't really explain life down there – it was neat and interesting because it was so different from how I lived before – back home – but it was also hell on earth...

People found us interesting because we were American – then when they realized what we were – just as poor as them – they lost all interest...

~ ~

My job was with an MDU crew (Multi-Dwelling Unit) so I built the telecom system for the endless amount of high rise buildings in the city.

I was part of a crew – and it's really interesting, 'cause the van I drove/and I was the only one in a group of five guys that had a driver's license/but I was seventeen/so my license didn't work in the country anyway/I should have been eighteen – but I still drove...

Somebody had too – anyway – all the guys in the van I'm driving – every single day – would point out the window at this fortified mansion/in Los Ruices/that was the barrio where the warehouse was – so, every time we passed this mansion – they would point/and yell something out the window – and I'd turn my head and glance at this huge house with dudes dressed in black/carrying submachine guns...and from what I could tell – some ex-military dude was in jail/house arrest/or something there...

The guys kept saying, "Coup d'état!" and so I did a little reading – and figured-out that's the dude that tried to over-throw the fucking Venezuelan government in 1992!

I was driving by Hugo Chaves' military prison/compound – twice a fucking day/every day!

Boy! I said to myself – *that's weird!*

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After work – Joe and I would go have a beer at a bar near our house/they had really good beer there/Polar – the bottles and cans had a picture of a polar bear walking...

And our ears were finally starting to recognize a few Spanish words...and the world/society was opening up to us – and I understood the men at the bar were talking politics/evidently since the coup – the country had begun to turn/change – they were infiltrated by this notion/and Cuban and Russian spies...There was this idea/a hunger/a need/a recognition – like a child watching a mother bake a cake/while eating dinner – they realized they could sneak up and steal a bite!

The child had grown bold/larger than the mother/stronger than her/and their needs/their sweet-tooth became more important than the rice/beans and small cuts of meat, on the plate...

So, I tried to point out that in America/in the US/I used to get paid over a thousand dollars a month/and that was when I was 16 years old! I had a car when I was 16 too! All of that in my broken Spanish...

Joe just watched me. “You don’t understand socialism,” he said. “How it works?”

“I’m not saying anything is wrong with socialism,” I said. “I’m just pointing out a couple of facts...”

That was it – two guys swung at me – several guys held the dudes back...Everyone was screaming at us to get the fuck out of the bar/to leave the country!

“Jesus!” I said to Joe – as we paid the bill and left the bar... “And these guys go the US and yell and scream about how terrible the US is/how racist we are...And we let them/we listen to them, and this is how we’re treated in their country if we talk about their politics...”

“You don’t understand!” said Joe...

“What the fuck is there to understand? I’m just saying what the fuck happened! This shit is fucking crazy!”

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Then, one day, I'm out working on Avenida Cauramri/El Cafetal – and another supervisor asked me to sweep up the sidewalk – then all the workers went into the building that we're installing/working on – and I'm sweeping/and cleaning/and taking care of stuff/whistling – in my own world – then the hair on the back of my neck went up – something was seriously off – all the foot traffic around me – and there was a lot of people walking/talking/with dogs/groceries/then there was nothing! My eyes dart around.

There's a van parked on the side of the road/the doors opened and 5 dudes got out...

I backed up/put my back against a wall.

Now, you got to understand something – I'm 17/blond hair/blue eyes/skinny as a rail/some might say being good-looking is a blessing/I've always considered it a curse – it really sucked/if you know what I mean...You get sick and tired of everything/believe me!

But, I always carried a blade – never failed – and I had mine with me – and like I said, I backed up against the wall – pulled my knife out – and these five dudes surrounded me – and were closing in – I said, *fuck it!* And I lunged forward/at the nearest motherfucker/and swung my knife! His hands were outstretched/I almost clipped him!

"Come on! Let's do this!" I yelled.

Then – like a child spilling a puzzle out on a table – and realizing there were just too many pieces to put together – these dudes realized, not only did I have a knife/but I was willing to use it/they all made eye-contact with each other/shrugged/walked back into their van – and left.

So, I went back to work...

Jesus Christ – I said to myself – *where the fuck am I? What the fuck did I get myself into? This shit is getting serious!*

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Something became very clear to me – Joe and I were going to die if we didn't get the hell out of there!

We stood out like sore thumbs – and there was so much anti-American sentiment...

I kept telling Joe, we need to leave – maybe go to another South American country to make our experiment – but he was like – “No! This is great! We're doing good here!” and I said, “These people are starving man! Everywhere we go, we're being followed.”

“I don't know what you're talking about! This is socialism at work, creating equality and prosperity!”

“Dude,” I said, “You've been pickpocketed twice since we've been down here. Some old man that lives at the corner, screams at us as we walk down the street, ‘Go home you fucking gringos!’ My girlfriend was raped! The girl was fucking raped, because she dated me! I've been caught in two different shoot-outs in the past week.”

“Yeah, but these things happen all over. You think that doesn't happen in America?”

“You're making \$70 a month dude! How are you going to live on that?”

“We're doing fine, aren't we,” he said.

“Look where we live! All the money I saved up in the US is all gone!”

“You see things so negatively! Socialism is going to filter into the economy – and start working...”

“It's filtering in like sand poured into a fucking engine!” I said. “Everything is grinding to a stop. And I'll tell you something else – this shit/what's going on here/in this country/it ain't what everyone says it is/the shit is a lot darker than anyone wants to admit/or talk about/it's like my home/back in California...and I'm getting the fuck out of here!”

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I called home – and had my father wire me the money that was in my college fund account.

He wasn't happy about it – but I just explained my situation, and said, "This has to happen!" so he sent it.

That took about a week – and just before I left I took Joe to the finest steakhouse in Caracas – and he brought a friend of his – but he refused to eat...

The guy – Mario – just sat there smoking and talking – I offered to buy him something, but he refused... "No, I don't want your charity," he said.

But as we ate – he told us not to eat all of our food – and I'm like, "The hell you talking about?"

And he said, "Don't eat everything... And he took my knife and pushed half my food to the side of the plate and did the same thing to Joe's food, and he said, "Leave that on your plate."

"Man, I haven't eaten this good since I left the States – and now you're telling me not to eat all of it!"

"That's right," he said. "You'll see."

Hmmm... I thought.

"Watch the waiters and waitresses," he said. "Watch their eyes."

So, when we were done, we sat back, and we watched the waiter walk over to our table – and he smiled – he was so happy!

"Are you done?" he asked – we nodded – and it was heartbreaking after months of starving to see all that food taken away.

Then, we watched – the waiter, he walked behind a counter and called all the workers in the restaurant over to our plates, where seven people, including the chefs, divided up our food and ate it...

Mario smiled at us/a painful/worried smile...with eyebrows down.

Joe and I didn't really understand that – you know...It was outside our realm/our pery – the level of poverty – at a restaurant – where people worked...They had nice uniforms – punched timecards...But they were starving...

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Rather than return home – I set off into the interior – taking buses and boats – and taxis – down into the Amazon – through Brazil...

There was this weird determination in me – I had to go somewhere – see something...I went and went! And I kept going...

I took a boat down the Amazon River – and let me tell you something – some serious weird shit happened on that boat trip – with two dudes/they said they were school teachers from Virginia...

But, I'm not gonna get into that – too much here...We'll discuss it another time.

And I went down the coast – past Rio de Janeiro – then São Paulo – down to Uruguay – then across the Rio de la Plata – and I arrived in Buenos Aires, Argentina...And I felt somehow/I felt relieved – *I made it!*

But where the fuck was I?

I wandered around the city – found an inexpensive pousada – got a room...But there was a commotion/an event/something going on in the city – noise! A loud speaker! A chant! Someone – a voice booming throughout all of Buenos Aires!

I sat in my room – but I couldn't sleep...I got up but for some reason, I grabbed the .38 and loaded it – then put it in my pocket – then walked out to the lobby...

There was a TV set – with a man talking – fiery eyes – devil eyes! For some reason I didn't like him the moment I saw him – and there was another TV set – with the same man...

Oh, political hour, right?

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Throughout all of Latin America, politicians get free time – on air – during election season...I'd seen it before.

I walked out the hotel, to take a stroll, and I was wondering why I loaded and took my gun...

This was odd – and it may sound weird – I know – I had a gun, right? But, I usually never took it with me – I mean – I never took it out of my backpack, and I'd never loaded it before...

To be honest, I found it strange that I even purchased the gun, at all...I've never felt the need to have a gun – and when someone shoots – which has happened a few times since I was down in Latin America – I mean – I've been caught in shootouts. When that happened, I just get the hell out of there...Avoidance was the best method as far as I was concerned.

Anyway, I walked down a block – and the noise echoed through the streets – there were people everywhere...

Oh, look! That's the famous plaza, in front of the Casa Rosa – Argentina's equivalent to the White House, or something like that...

And look at all the people! Crowds and crowds...

Oh! Wow!

There it was – there's that man! *That's the man on the TV! Oh, my goodness...I'm at the center of Argentina's political world – at that very moment! This is where it was happening...I've never been, or seen anything like this! It's a political rally!*

That's Nestor Kirchner! The President of Argentina! There he is –

“That son of a bitch!” I said out loud...and I was walking closer and closer to the podium...

But something wasn't right – *wrong!*

I stopped in my tracks – looked around – people were staring at me...My hand went into my pocket.

But I stopped – and listened.

“Americanos this...and Americanos that...Pigs! Scum! Capitalistas!” I heard.

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Now, I was wearing a red, white and blue T-shirt with the American flag on it – a pair of shorts, a baseball cap and a pair of flipflops...I looked about as American as American can be!

Look at these people – they know who I am!

Then it happened – Kirchner and I made eye contact – I was maybe 80 feet away – people were pointing at me...

I took hold of my .38 – staring at that son of a bitch!

My heart pounded – I began to quiver!

The hatred!

Death! Death! My soul screamed!

“Oh my God!” I said to myself. “Jesus Christ oh mighty!” I just said it out loud...

People were surrounding me.

I turned and I ran – I went to the weakest point in the encirclement – two old ladies – they tried to grab me – but I knocked them over and ran to the darkest street I could find!

“Americano! Assassino!” I kept hearing...

My flipflops were thrown in the air!

I ran barefoot!

“Jesus Christ! I’m a Goddamned Manchurian Candidate! Oh my God! How did this happen?”

I ran and ran – people were screaming and yelling in Spanish – men called out, “Get him! Grab him! Don’t let him get away!” A couple of guys saw me coming – they got ready to tackle me... I pulled the gun out!

“I’ll shoot you, you son of a bitch!” and I just shot at the ground...And the motherfuckers were dancing around.

“I don’t want to kill anyone! But I’ll fucking blow you motherfuckers off the face of this earth!” I yelled at them, “You don’t understand I’m a Manchurian Candidate! I’m not even supposed to be here! Leave me alone!” I yelled.

They still tried to grab me – and I had to shoot again.

“I’ll fucking kill you – but I’m not a killer! This was all a mistake!” and I ran this way – then that way – yelling and shooting in the air – trying to scare people away...

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I ran around a block – then around another block – I heard the people on the other street...So I ran further away – and the gun was out of bullets so I threw it on-top of a house...

“Oh my God! I should’ve wiped off my fingerprints,” I said.

“I have to get the hell out of this country!” I doubled back around – took my shirt and hat off...then ran to my hotel, went into my room and sat on the bed.

What the fuck just happened?

And there it was – plain as day – *Oh my God! Whatever – however – this thing that happened to me – I have no idea how they got in my mind – but however they did it – this is what’s going on in the schools in America!*

I was going to kill – what the fuck am I talking about – I was going to assassinate the fucking president of Argentina! Jesus Christ oh mighty!

I was going to be famous!

What the hell happened?

Was everything I’ve done – ever since I left my home – or before that – was all of this programmed into my head?

Why did I go to Argentina – why am I here on this day? Why did I buy that fucking gun?

Oh, my fucking God!

This is what happened to Sirhan Sirhan, and Oswald, and Mark Chapman – and those little kids – in the public schools!

“I have to get the fuck out of here” I grabbed my stuff – and left the hotel – threw the bullets away, in a trashcan outside the hotel – and I hiked across town – and checked into another hotel – then went to sleep...

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The following day I went to the bus station and bought a ticket to Santiago, Chile – then jumped on, took my seat in the back, and rested...I had to get the hell out of the country, as fast as I could!

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When I arrived in Chile – I went for a walk, before I found a place to stay... There was something I needed.

“I got to have a knife to protect myself,” I kept saying – I mean, I never liked guns, but everyone has a knife, and if I’m going to be on the street, it’s good to have something!

“Look!” just when I said that – there – right in front of me was a specialty weapons store... with all kinds of knives in the window display.

Oh, wow! How lucky!

They had every kind of knife you could think of – hunting – stilettos – daggers –

And there it was – the Gurkha Kukri – a 20” long blade. It was expensive – but that’s the knife! And I bought a knife sharpening stone too.

Then I went to a hotel, and got a room – and I sat down on the bed – and began to ponder the insanity in Argentina...

I filled a glass with water – brought a table beside the bed – set the sharpening stone on the table – wet it, and began to grind the knife, slowly – methodically over the wet stone.

“I have to sharpen this thing!” I kept saying, over and over...

And Argentina? What the hell happened there?

I have to forget about all that – the insanity!

It’s over – behind me! That’s in the past – it was just a bad night – after a few days, nobody will even remember what happened.

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“But, I can’t fucking believe it! Am I really a damned Manchurian Candidate?” and I sharpened the knife – and grinded and grinded it...

This is so infuriating!

The frustration/anger building...*Who the hell turned me into a Manchurian Candidate? But wait...Would I actually be called a Manchurian Candidate? I’m not trying to get elected to office...I’m not a candidate, right? Or, maybe, that’s what they call everyone who’s brainwashed? I guess I’m a Manchurian Assassin! Right?*

I pounded the table in anger!

“Damn! Some motherfucker turned me into a Goddamned Manchurian Candidate Assassin!” I kept saying it over and over, as I sharpened the knife – “This thing has got to be sharp enough to split a fucking hair, if I’m going to survive...and get out of here!” I don’t know why I thought that – but I did!

I wonder – *if I am a Manchurian Candidate – how much was put into my head – I mean, am I still doing something I’m programmed to do? Was this whole trip put into my head? This is getting too confusing – I can’t think like that! I’ll just end up chasing my tail!*

And I sharpened the knife – over and over – and over!

Damn! I could just...I could! I’m telling you – this is unbelievable!

I could – just...

And I lifted my hands up – like I was squeezing someone’s neck!

I could fucking! I could just fucking! Jesus Christ – I can’t take a man!

“I’ve got to grind the knife! Stop thinking – getting upset! All the anger is taking my attention from my work! I’ve got to sharpen this knife!”

Over and over – back and forth – my eyes trained on the edge – the detail – the tiny grains of metal – the little pieces of shaving – I could see them all – my eyes were just inches from the blade – as I sharpened it...

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“More! More! Better! A little more!”

I put the knife in my hand – and held it a strange/weird way – the knife was turned around/backward, with the tip of the blade against my elbow – the length of the blade against my forearm – the dull side pressed against my arm/my skin...

“This isn’t how you’re supposed to hold a knife,” I said. It was all wrong – but I swung in the air... Somehow it felt right.

“What a weird thing to do!” I swung through the air – over and over. Held the knife in my hand – against my forearm – my body and arm hid it – it wasn’t sticking out, away from my body...

Hmmm... Weird – why would someone use such a long knife, in such a way? I asked myself.

Man, I sure am hungry... I said. *But, I’m not going anywhere without my knife!*

After what happened in Buenos Aires – just in case someone tries something – or I’m being followed...

So, I left the hotel and tried to find a restaurant...but it was very late at night.

To be honest, all the restaurants were appealing, as I walked by them...but they just didn’t feel right...

No. That doesn’t look good. How about there? No...

For some reason, none of the places had the right feel – I walked for about an hour – then arrived at an upscale steakhouse/pub – it was an Irish restaurant in Chile – *How weird!*

O’Higgins’ Fine Dinning – read the sign...

Wow! You know – I probably shouldn’t – I wasn’t dressed right...

I looked inside – there were men with suits – and a few men and women wearing red – and that piqued my interest/and for some reason made me upset – all at the same time/it was irritating.

This might be dangerous... I said, as I took hold of my knife, and tucked it into position – I found it so comfortable...Nobody could see it!

I have to be careful – I am an American – a lot of negative sentiment for us – I don’t know why?

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Just to be on the safe side – I’ll hold the knife – just as a safety measure...

When I walked into the restaurant – immediately a maître d’ approached...

He spoke in Spanish – I looked beyond him – smiled as if I knew someone/recognized a person behind him – “Oh, yes...Good to see you too,” I said – leaving him standing – just enough confused so he would allow me to walk by him – but I knew he was going to stop me when he turned around – and saw nobody...

He grabbed my shoulder just as I entered the dining area – nobody was there – I mean it was empty – just five or six people sitting at one table...

What the hell are they doing here? – I wondered...

A woman spun her head to look at me, as I entered...

And there were the two people wearing red!

I remember the words I said exactly – “Motherfucker!” I said – as I spun/turned my entire arm into a lethal weapon – but it wasn’t an extension of my hand, like I said before, like you’d normally hold a knife – and I swung over hand – across my entire body – with all the force/with every muscle like a professional baseball player/a pitcher throwing a ball – but without a wind-up – Waaaboom!

The sound of the blade and my arm going through the air – then the contact!

The next thing I know the maître d’s head flew across the room – and his neck was spouting blood – but the dude was still standing there – like some headless-psycho zombie!

Time slowed – as if a rollercoaster had reached the top of a hill – everything just held still – and was about to plunge into freefall!

I didn’t hesitate/think/pause a second! I jumped over the tables – running at top speed, on top each table/leaping from one to the next like a gazelle – then leaped at a man that had just stood up – trying to figure-out what he was looking at – he stood like a statue/adjusting his eyes – flop! –went his head!

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Women still hadn't even begun to scream – they didn't know what was going no!

Swoosh! Wham! Two more heads went flying!

Finally, a lady began to scream – I jumped back – down, over her body – and slash – her head was gone – no more sound! A lady began to stand – boom – her head was gone!

The two wearing red – “What the!” said one – her head went up into the air – and I could see her eyeballs – still thinking – trying to figure-out why the world was spinning/upside-down...rolling...as her head flew through the air.

“Wow, that's kind of neat,” I said.

Then the dude – he was fatter/bigger – but I was still able to chop his head off with one swing of the arm!

“Die! Die!” I said...

I spun – there was a courageous young kid – gonna try to tackle me, with just his bare hands – he came low to the ground – I jumped in the air, then drove my whole body down on his neck – the blade didn't cut all the way through because of the angle – so I jumped up and down on it – until his head popped off!

Then – back to the table...

“Do you know who we are?” someone said – woosh! Her head went flying through the air!

There were just two more to go – they were terrified – crawling on the ground, I straddled the first, chopping his head off like a guillotine – the next began to scream – tripping over chairs – I ran as fast as I could and whap! Her head was gone!

“Done!” I said.

I walked around – looking at everything...

I picked up a dude's head – cause his eyes were searching – and I'm holding his head up by his hair, and I'm like – “Hey dude, you okay? You're kind of freaked out!”

I think he tried to say something – but his mouth wasn't attached to his lungs – but his mouth moved a little...

It was really weird looking – seeing a man's head – and it's like he's still alive and thinking – but he has no body – and blood

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draining from his neck – and I’m like – *I can’t believe I chopped all these people’s heads off!*

Look at all these people!

And there was this really good-looking chick! I mean she was hot – beautiful flowing black hair – good breasts – awesome body – her body was still just sitting there, with her hand resting on the table – holding a coffee cup...

And I lifted her head up – because I had to see if her head was as good-looking as her body – I shook my head – it was... She had gorgeous eyes!

“Damn! I’m sorry girl! You were fucking fine! What a waste!”

I had to look at her titties, right? I peaked down her blouse – big full – luscious titties!

Her body slumped to the side and fell to the floor...

“Oh, well, too late now,” I said.

And there were a couple of people behind the bar counter – and they were shaking – scared out of their minds!

The big dude, was crawling on the ground – screaming something in Spanish – crying – and the older woman, was stone-faced – frozen – catatonic! Her whole body, bouncing up and down/convulsing – she was in some weird state – humming or chanting – her eyes just stuck motionless as her body shook!

And I’m like, “Hey, I’m not like this, you know? I’m a nice kid – I don’t go around chopping people’s heads off...”

And the dude stood up and tried to shoot me – but he’s shaking so bad – he shot into the bar, then up, to the roof!

“Damn dude! Watchout bro!” I said.

And he fell over, backward – and shot into a chandelier...Screaming and crying – he scrambled, throwing things in the air, running – falling – looked like he was dancing – trying to get up – then falling over again...screaming!

Swear, it took the dude two minutes to run from behind the bar – to the back of the establishment...and out the back door.

I kept asking him if he was okay – “Need some help? Eeww, that hurt, didn’t it? Watchout for that!”

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And that woman was still catatonic – stone – like a statue – but quivering/trembling – as if a Chilean Earthquake was violently shaking her! And she was humming too...

I looked over my shoulders, “Oh, damn – look at all these dead people...I better get the hell out of here, right?”

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So, what did I do?

How did I get out of the country?

First, I had to get rid of the blade – I left the restaurant out the front door – walked around the block – went behind a dumpster – held the knife against the ground, but at an angle – and stomped on it with my feet, breaking it into pieces – because the blade was so long/rigid – it broke easily. Then I put the pieces down different storm drains – like I saw in the movie *Godfather Part II* – then found a patch of dirt and rolled around in it – so I got really dirty... Then I walked across town – reminding myself of the old saying, “Hide stones with stones, and wood with trees.” So, I found a dark corner where some homeless people were – and laid down...

The next day, I found a hardware store and bought some wire, and a newspaper, then took a seat next to a building entrance – and began to make then sell wire figurines, and I also begged for money...

I still had a couple thousand dollars from my college fund – but I had to weather the storm/make my appearance something I wasn't – to eventually get out of town.

My plan was to – stayed calm – play stupid – until the search died down...

When people tried to talk with me, I mumbled words in Spanish – and I taught myself the art of stupidity – which wasn't that hard to learn – I can't stop laughing... The trick was to not let your eyes move... Just stare at people – try not to think – and just smile and stare – don't stop staring, until they look away...

Because people are so egotistical, and want to be superior than others – it’s instinctual – you can see it in their eyes – everyone decides your dumb/harmless – and your job is halfway complete.

So, time went by – a couple of days – and each day I went to a different homeless encampment – and just mumbled my Spanish – now I couldn’t speak good Spanish, but if you have a speech problem – you can hide the accent...

So, when people tried to talk with me, I just stared at them... If they didn’t believe me – or didn’t leave me alone – and tried to question me – I began to drool – fumble and spit my words – then if they still wouldn’t leave, I got closer and closer and acted attracted to them, “Friend...Friend...” I’d say in Spanish – like I wanted to hug them or kiss them...

That last one, usually did the trick... A couple of times – I had to go to that extreme, people just flat-out shoved me to the ground – and then I’d begin to follow them... until they threw rocks at me.

After they hit me a few times, I’d finally turn around – and begin to laugh to myself, and walk away...

The police even questioned me – I heard them talking with a homeless man, about new people in the homeless group – then the guy pointed to me...

When they approached, I just stared at them – then when they said, “Police,” I acted like I understood then went to them – put my arms around them, mumbling, “Police officer,” in Spanish... “Man did bad thing to me... He fuck me in asshole!” and I pulled down my pants to show them my butt...

The police officers just stared – shaking their head.

“Here, in asshole. He hurt me in ass...” I kept saying, and they stepped away.

“Him!” and I pointed at another homeless man, just sitting on the ground. “He did! He hurt – asshole!”

“What?” said the man, “I didn’t do anything!”

“Yes, you did!” I said – still fumbling my words and drooling...

“Oh no,” said one of the police officers, as he walked backward.

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I followed them, trying to show them my asshole, “Evidence! Evidence!” I yelled, “Look!”

The police officers just cringed/kept walking backward – until they got in their car and drove off... “They don’t pay me enough,” said one of the cops, as they left.

“What? I no deserve justice?” I said – beginning to laugh – but knowing I had to hold it in...

When they were gone/out of sight – I pulled my pants up, then slowly walked around the corner – then fell over, I was laughing so hard!

~ ~

After two weeks of walking around the city of Santiago – mumbling and trying to sell wire figurines, I threw everything in the trash and I hiked to the town of Buin – I was careful to only travel at night – and rest/lie in the shadows during the day.

From there – I got into a commuter van – that usually carried about 8 people – I crammed myself in – everyone stayed away... The van, was one of those “inter-urbanos” – between two urban-community-mini-buses, that takes people from one small town to the next... And I did the same – traveling from town to town, down the Andes to the coast – then up the coast – each trip took approximately 45 minutes...

I did this until I reached the border of Peru – then crossed into Peru at night – without anyone noticing/and to be honest nobody gave a shit about illegal crossing, anyway...

Then, I did the same – traveling in commuter vans all the way into Bolivia – where I finally felt comfortable – where I bought some cloths, got a hotel room, took a shower, and got something to eat...

I called Joe, back in Venezuela – to see how he was – but I couldn’t get a hold of him...

Then I took a bus to the airport – couldn’t buy a ticket back to the US – I didn’t have enough money – so I bought a plane ticket to Mexico City...

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***Oddly enough – I never cared about killing all those people – didn't even affect my sleep...I simply don't give a shit!

Of course, how we see the world – or see ourselves, doesn't necessarily translate to how the world sees us; and judges us.

The world decides what we are – how we will live; what we will be, and if we chose to go against *it* – we are judged in a much harsher way: We are either exalted – or die.

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I was running low on funds – and had to find a way to get back to the border/needed a place to go – I figured I’d get back to Fort Worth and take-up my old job...I called my old boss/and thank heavens for America – like always/hard workers were far and few/difficult to find – my boss told me he’d drive down to the border and pick me up!

So, I had to make it back to the US/Mexico border...

Snaking/meandering/catching vans/begging for cheap fares – money was running low/I found myself with a group of immigrants that were gonna try to sneak into the US. They welcomed me in...

The group of people was like a parade/a gypsy caravan...All the crazies in the world/together/hiking/yelling/I fit in with these lunatics. I felt comfortable...

There were a few Brazilians – they were just easy to get along with – and somehow, they understood my Spanish/I couldn’t make heads or tails of their Portuguese.

And we walked/we hiked/we marched to an endless goal/I couldn’t help but make friends with these guys...

There was this one particular fellow/Pedro, one of the Brazilians/he was with his wife and son/and he smiled/and joked/and he laid-out a blanket for me to sleep beside his tent – at night...

That was how we went/all of us/up through the towns – across the valleys – North/through Mexico...to the US border.

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When we got to the border – the entire Brazilian family hugged me/and we said our goodbyes...

But Pedro pulled me aside and said – in broken Spanish/English/and Portuguese – sneak me across the border...

I asked him about his family – and he said that if he can get across he can get a job to support his family/until he can bring them into the US...

And I'm staring at him/and I smiled/and I began to laugh – *that'd be kind of fun/ya know...* I thought.

And my devious mind began to calculate/work/connect the dots/connive/concoct a way to get Pedro across...

It can't be too elaborate/gotta be something simple/easy...

I told him to stay where he was – and I reconnoitered the border/walked to the bridge – and just stood there staring at the people crossing/trying to figure-out all that was needed...

***This was before 9/11 – so let me tell you people – shit was different! Very different. If you looked American/all the border agents did was ask if you were American...That's it – and if you didn't have an accent – you crossed.

My hope was that we could simply walk across the border/but I figured – let's get drunk first! That way there would be a reason/justification/if someone did ask Pedro a question – we're fucking drunk, right? And I'd say something for him – and we'd get across...No big deal.

So, I went back – Pedro put on some of my cloths – and we went to prepare – we went to a bar – and we're drinking and trying not to worry – **and I didn't have much money left – so we drank cheap tequila...And I'm starting to get sick/hell! We're both getting sick...

And there were these beautiful Mexican girls/but not all of them were Mexican/they were from all over Latin America – the girls that couldn't make it into the US, right? Stuck on the border...They're all over – and they're different! I mean – they ain't nothing like the strippers from the US – I ain't even gonna talk about the shit they were doing – they were like animals in

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heat! These girls are disappearing with dudes for fifteen minutes...and I'm like dam!

A girl sat at our table...

"How many guys you do a night?" I asked this one girl – she blushed! "She didn't want to answer."

So, I asked her, "How many hours do you work?"

She goes, "5 til 5."

I tried to do the math – but I was too drunk...So, I asked Pedro – I said, "15 minutes a trick – so what's 4×12 ?" And he goes, "48."

I almost fell off over the table!

"Dam girl!" I just stared at this gorgeous woman...

"How old are you?"

She goes, "19."

She was one year older than me – I was 17 when I left the US – but I had a birthday a few weeks ago – when I was in Chile...

"Wow! You're special! A hardworking girl!" I couldn't believe it – and I wanted to drink some more/so did Pedro – but I was really low on cash...

And there she went! She left with another dude – into the back of the bar – into a room!

And ten minutes later – there she was!

~ ~

We just sat there – and I'd seen enough!

This bar was insanity! But we weren't very drunk – so I explained to Pedro – we need to act drunk...

But that's easier said than done...

"Okay," I said, "We got to walk funny! You know, stumble!"

Pedro didn't understand...

"Here, let me put my arm around you – no, no! You put your arm around me...Like you're really drunk."

And we began the march/our walk – and the thing we got to tell ourselves – is nothing's wrong/or abnormal! Just go...

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“Don’t say anything,” I said in Spanish/and I was pretty sure he understood...

And we walked/and we walked – around a building, down a street – and there was the border – no hesitation – just keep going...Stumble a little.

Oh...I’m drunk – yup – had too much to drink – my friend too – I kept telling myself/in my head/over and over again...

Keep walking – talk to Pedro – shoot! I should’ve given him a name!

On the Mexican side – nobody gave a shit!

But we were approaching the border – here comes the US agent...

“Are you American?” he asked me.

I shook my head and said, “Yes.”

The agent turned to Pedro – on my shoulder. “Are you American?” he asked, and I said, “Yes.”

But, he held us up – and asked Pedro directly – and I’m like – I made eye contact with Pedro – all there was, preventing us from entering El Paso was this guard – that was it – all we had to do was run!

“Are you American?” said the agent, but Pedro didn’t understand a word – and he’s trying to act drunk – and I’m like stepping away from Pedro – letting him go, walking around the border agent – out of sight of the dude...

And I jerk my head – trying to get Pedro to just fucking run for it!

But the agent was getting wise to it – narrowing his eyes – motherfucker knew there was something wrong...

“Run!” I yelled and I took off down the street! “Run motherfucker! Run!” But Pedro was all confused/unsure...and by the time he realized what the hell was going on/and he’s feet began to move/he stumbled and the agent already grabbed him/I was fucking gone – around the corner of a building...And I kept running!

“Shit! Fuck!” I kept cussing.

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And I ran around a building – then another – then doubled back – and snuck-up as close as I could get to the border – to see what was happening – and there were two agents surrounding Pedro...

And they were talking about me – they said, “The other guy was American. I’m pretty sure.”

“I’m not too worried about him. No telling where he is now...”

And these three dudes were trying to communicate with Pedro – but nobody spoke Portuguese – but I noticed – they were just standing there – they hadn’t put Pedro in cuffs yet.

He could make a break for it – I knew he could – but he was one of those non-athletic types – he was clumsy – but if he just set-out in a sprint – he might make it – he had to give it a shot!

So, I stuck my head out of the bushes – tried to make eye contact with Pedro – but he didn’t see me – the motherfucker was crying...

So, I poked my head out again and yelled, “Run motherfucker! Run! Pedro! Run for it! Just go! Go!”

And he finally went for it – and he stumbled and fuck! The dude looked like a sloth/a damned baby giraffe or something, slipping/sliding down a greasy hill – blundering and falling over – he was easy prey – they grabbed him – then yelled at me, “Nice try kid! You can come out!”

But I took off running again – none of these older dudes could even come close to me – I ran track in high school – I could sprint a quarter of a mile – and jog twenty miles straight/nonstop...

Then I doubled back – and started cussing...

“Fuck! Dam!”

And I walked back to the border – and the dudes were there staring at me – I couldn’t help but smile...They even began to laugh.

“You came back?” said one of the guys.

“Well, put your hands behind your back,” said another – and I did – and they cuffed me.

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Unfortunately, they put us in different holding cells – and I had to watch Pedro get interrogated – just staring out the window.

When they questioned me, I said he was my cousin...

“Oh, so he’s your cousin?” said one of the officers. “He said he met you walking through Mexico...”

“Well, he should’ve lied – it would’ve been better...” I said – laughing.

There was absolutely no sense in lying to these people/they knew everything/they could read people like a fucking book...

But something weird did happen – something odd/strange/this older officer pulled me aside and stared into my eyes – and he just stared and stared – then said something really weird – I’ll never forget it – his exact words were, “This one has Charles Manson eyes...” And I was like – *what the fuck!*

And he pointed South – and said, “Take him to Mexico...”

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So, Pedro and I sat in holding cells for one full day – waiting for something/and agents and officers made phone calls/they spoke to this person and that person – and they pulled us out/and asked more questions/then put us back in our cells...

I was given a phone call – I was brought into a white walled room with 8 payphones on the walls – but there was no way to put change in – it was weird – but okay – if I get a phone call, I’ll call someone, right?

The only phone number I knew was my mother’s back in California – so I called her up and we talk for a few minutes...

She’ complaining about her back, and her feet – and she went out to have breakfast the day before with some friends – and I’m just listening...I wasn’t about to tell her where I was – or what was happening...It didn’t matter anyway.

So, she said something so weird – but I didn’t want to think about it – because it didn’t matter – and I don’t like to talk about things like *it* anyway...You know? Touchy feely shit.

She goes, “Boy, you know I’ve been thinking about you and Junior, when you were kids...”

And I said, “Mom, I don’t want to hear about Junior.”

“Okay,” she said, “But, do you remember your grandfather Ken, and how he used to play with you two?”

“Ken isn’t my grandfather,” I said.

The last conversation I had with this guy was when I was 12, and he told me – these were his exact words, “You’re going to be a fucking loser...”

But I just listened to Mom – but I didn’t want to hear her complain about everything either...

And she went on, “You know, Ken really played rough with you kids, and hurt you guys – made you cry...and I just thought it was weird, and I’ve been thinking about it lately.”

“Okay,” I said.

“Hey, let me ask you a question...” I said to mom.

“Yes?”

“Any news on Tyrell?”

“Tyrell who?”

“Didn’t you get my letter?” I said.

“Yes,” she said.

“The court case? I wanted you to check in on him...”

“Wasn’t he that black boy you used to play with in elementary school,” she said.

“Yeah, mom. That’s him. He was going on trial...”

“Oh, I don’t know, hon.”

“Okay mom. I got to go. See you later mom.”

“Love you, honey.”

“Love you too mom. Goodbye.”

I had to hang-up – an officer was walking toward me...

~ ~

I was wondering if the agents knew what happened in Chile – but it was weird – now that I think about it – I should’ve been scared out of my mind – but I wasn’t...And Pedro and I just waited.

The officers brought us a sandwich and a soda – and we waited some more...

There’s no way you can sleep in a situation like that...

Then, everything was decided – both Pedro and I were brought out and sat down – and one of the Latino guards took a seat in front of me, and said, “You’re being released – you’re not a coyote – no coyote is that stupid – and it appears you care for this man. You wouldn’t have come back if you didn’t.”

I just sat and listened.

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“Pedro isn’t as lucky as you – he’s getting deported back to Mexico, and he’s gonna need your help,” and that’s all he said – and he got up and walked away.

That made my mind race...And I was wondering/and pondering...and trying to figure-out what the hell was gonna happen...but I was calm – maybe too calm.

~ ~

Pedro was worried...

Then, a couple of the agents walked us across the border – over the bridge – where we met three Mexican agents...

They were told/by the American agents that I was accompanying Pedro – which everyone thought was odd/but I didn’t.

After the agent said that – I had no more options – I had to know Pedro would be okay...

~ ~

Ladies and gentlemen – neither Pedro nor I were prepared for what went on for the next few days...Total fucking insanity!

We were brought into jail – and right away – it was night and day/the difference between the US and Mexico – *oh shit!*

There were a maze of bars/I couldn’t make heads or tails of this place/I imagined these were holding cells – and there was no light – and the floor was dirty – and we were moved around into a dark corner – one of the older agents that brought us into the jail – turned and left – Pedro was pulled away – taken to an open cell – what I mean by open is that – there were no walls – just bars around him – everyone could see everything – that is, if they were standing in that section of the building – and they sat him down – and they sat me down – so I was facing him – and they began to beat him – first bitch slap him over and over – until he was crying/mentally destroyed/without any form of self-respect – then they began to rip his clothes off and jab him with a stick all over

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his body – it wasn't a tree branch/I mean/not that kind of stick/a police baton...I don't have to tell you what they did, right?

There were two guys with Pedro – and two guys with me...

I just had to sit there and watch – then – the two guys left him alone – and the guys with me began asking me questions...

What I was doing in Mexico?

What was my relationship with Pedro?

Why I accompanied him into the jail?

Did I help him cross the border illegally?

And I kept answering the questions/trying to lie about everything – but eventually you just told the truth...

“Yeah! I tried to help him across the border,” I said.

“Oh! That's a crime in Mexico...” they said.

And they beat poor ole Pedro some more...They pulled a revolver out/unloaded it – except for one bullet and began to play Russian Roulette with him/holding the gun to his temple and repeatedly pulling the trigger – there was absolutely nothing I could do...

I should've felt bad – and sad – and upset – but I knew this was the process – it didn't matter – right? Emotions are a complete waste of time...

But I couldn't help but stare at Pedro – and sigh.

I was going to do everything I could for the guy – I wasn't going to leave without him...

Eventually, they asked for money...

And that – I knew – I could not answer/I knew I couldn't tell the truth...I said. “I have thousands of dollars in my bank account!” – but I had nothing – I just had an ATM card.

They threw a number out there – five thousand – but they didn't say it like that either – you know...Just an insinuation.

And I'm like – I don't have that much, but I could get it.

But I couldn't – and I knew I couldn't

They told me to go and get the money in an ATM and come back – there was no way I was going to leave the jail without Pedro...No way in hell!

I said, “I'll get the money – if Pedro goes with me...”

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And I figured – if they let both of us out – maybe we could find a way to escape...

Finally, they took us to a cell deeper into the prison – we went by the inmates – oh my God! It was like looking at pure evil!

These eyes – these fucking eyes – everywhere – the same eyes – staring back – reading – studying – calculating every thought – every possible thought – knowing every fear before you even had it – animal/intensity – and signs and signals/and winks/and nods/and hunger/pacing...staring – screaming...Ready to pounce/attack/with no restraint/no laws/no rules/pure adrenaline!

We walked – and I said to myself – *be tough* – but there was no use – and it didn't matter – what was going to happen to us had already been decided...Pedro would have to play his cards out/and me too/all the fucking way to the end.

We were put in a small cell – in the middle of an enormous hall. The cell looked temporary/or something...

And we took a seat on the floor in the middle – as inmates surrounded us/the cell I mean – walking around us – staring – talking...

I was sitting there staring at these guys – not directly in their eyes – just looking around/wondering/and I smiled at Pedro – Pedro looked at me like I was completely insane...

I began to chuckle...

“Look at what I go myself into!” I closed my eyes and laughed...No sense in crying.

I suppose if I was the one getting beaten/my state of mind would've been different – but I couldn't help but chuckle.

We just sat there/slowly shifting/moving/until we positioned ourselves/sitting back-to-back.

~ ~

We spent all day and night there – just sitting there – didn't sleep a wink – hands would reach in and try to grab us/brush up against our feet...

There was some dude jacking off in front of us...

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I lowered my head – and just smiled – *Oh, what have I done – to be here?*

The dude was just smashing his little dick/like some deranged dog, dry humping someone’s leg...

I couldn’t help but laugh – and that pissed him off...I guess I ruined his fantasy – *LOL!*

Pedro was freaked-out/beyond all recognition!

Then, the next day – they brought us out/and sat us down in the same place/in the same maze of cells that we were in the day before/me sitting down/facing Pedro – with two guys holding him/and two guys questioning me – and my state of mind hadn’t changed – I was just tired...

And they asked me if I wanted to leave – and I said, “Not without Pedro.”

And they asked me to go get the money – and I said, “Not without Pedro.”

They asked me how much money I had on me...And I said, very little.

Then they began to bitch slap Pedro – and jab him with the baton/and punch him.

His shirt was already in tatters/just hanging on his body...His shorts had a large rip where his ass was.

And they beat him/and he began to scream and cry – and I just sat there – shrugging – not showing any emotion/nothing at all.

And they threatened to charge me/and take me before a judge...And they began to walk me away from Pedro/out the front of the jail – but I run around them – with my hands in the air...

“You need to go!” they said.

“I ain’t going!” and I kept my hands in the air.

“Get out of here!” they yelled – but I ran over to Pedro...

The guards thought I was going to attack – but I just stood there, with my hands up.

“I’m not going anywhere!”

This went on for hours/maybe 5 or 6 hours – until they took us back to that makeshift jail cell in the large hall.

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We went back there – and Pedro just had his underwear on – that’s it.

And we took our seat/and just sat there – back-to-back...Staring out into the abyss.

~ ~

We were only there for about six hours this time – and they brought us back out – and the older guy/the border agent/the guy that brought us into the jail had come back in...

He pulled me to the side – Pedro was already crying/knowing the inevitable/but the border agent said to me, “How much money do you have on you, right now?”

And I emptied my pockets – I had \$123.18 – that was everything!

He took the money from me and handed it to the guards/then turned to us/both Pedro and I and told us to leave. “Go! Get out of here!”

Just then, the guard doing all the talking/negotiating asked me, “We’ll sneak him across the border, if you want – all you need is \$2,000! If you want, meet us here tonight with the money.”

So, I asked Pedro, if he still wanted to try to cross...

Now – this wasn’t funny at the time – mind you – but I can’t stop laughing about it now – imagine two guys torturing your ass for two days, shoving a baton up your ass, beating you, playing Russian roulette with your ass – then when it’s all over – they smile – and ask if you want to let them take you across the border!

—*LOL!* It’s so sadistic – but hilarious! You should have seen the face on Pedro!

The motherfucker was just staring me – when I asked him, if he wanted to try to go across again!

I nodded and thanked him...

“Yeah, we’ll think it over,” I said. “Appreciate it!”

And we got the fuck out of there – poor old Pedro only had a pair of underwear on...And we walked through the city like that, back to the encampment – and I had to say my goodbyes.

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Pedro was completely lost/unsure how to live life/lost in another world – a world without rules/laws/respect/or, as some might call it – he was in the real world...And we/us/me/I was still in the fantasy.

I gave him a big hug/said goodbye to his family – and began my hike back to the border crossing.

I thought about crossing at another location – but I was too tired/hungry/yeah – I was going to be embarrassed at the border – but oh well...

And there were the border guards – they were all smiling at me as I walked through this time...I couldn't help but smile back...

Just another day in the neighborhood for these guys...I'm sure they were the ones that saved my life/mine and Pedro's.

Somehow, they put the word in/asked where I was – while Pedro and I were still in that jail...

Well, I walked on – found a payphone – and just sat there – begging for change/until midday/someone gave me some spare change/and I called my old boss.

He actually answered the phone!

He said, "I'm on my way out the door – heading your way – give me a few hours! Gonna be a while – gonna take all day/and part of the night!"

I told him where I was and that he's going to have to buy me something to eat.

He said he would...

"I'll be here waiting," I said.

~ ~

It really is amazing – the opportunities we have in the US – for those that want to work – this country is a mother/a father/a parent/someone that loves all that work!

I thought I was going to cry – but I just took a seat in the shade and waited...

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WHEN I WAS A
MARTIAL ARTS MASTER!

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When I returned to the US – there was a time of limbo/things just slowed/became a process/work – survival/obtaining the things of life...I drifted around the US – Texas, Louisiana, Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas – and I ended up in Fort Lauderdale, Florida...

The world was harder and cruel – I couldn't put my finger on it – but people acted differently – it was like they saw something/understood something about me/it was unspoken, but obvious...People were pitting me against others – testing me/probing/trying to get me into fights – people were banging pots and yelling things around me – people were knocking into me...I became a little paranoid/unsure...

I had short term affairs/got a woman pregnant and we got married...

But things didn't get easier – because of all the confrontations, I began to practice martial arts/lift weights/train/hang out with fighters at the gym...but they were strange too.

Regardless, I got strong, and trained harder – and women began to treat me differently/they recognized me...

~ ~

At the gym – I was buying into the Mixed Martial art mentality – fighting/acting differently – there were normal people at the gym – all kinds of people – even an ex-Olympic Judo coach/some guys from other countries – they taught technique – you could talk to some of these guys – then there were egotistical megalomaniacs/nut cases – let's be honest, a lot of these guys had

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problems...and resulted to physically attacking others because of their low self-esteem...

But the problem was, I was buying into it...

“Oh, look at him,” they’d say, “He’s the real deal.”

“That dude is legit!”

“No. Not him!”

“No. Not him...That guy there’s the real deal...”

“Look at him – he has a cauliflower ear – he’s the real thing...”

“Yeah! He deserves respect!”

“That guy there...he’s the dude!”

And I was at the gym three to four times a week – Judo – Muay Thai – Kickboxing – Jiu Jitsu – regular boxing...

And we worked-out and lifted weights – and beat each other up – and everyone had an act – and the real men knew what to do – and didn’t talk much – and they knew who the real deals were...And they nodded and were tough and quiet...And I watched and learned...

Then, one day, this German dude came into the gym – six foot two – 260 pounds – long/wild hair – and he challenged some fighters – and these huge dudes put gloves on and went into the ring – and this German had all the boxing skills! The dude knocked our guys onto the canvas over and over – until they gave up – and we knew! This German guy – Lothar was his name...

“That dude’s the real deal,” we said...

And they made him a coach/and he trained boxing and kickboxing – the dude was badass – crazy/serious/probably on steroids – dude bench-pressed like 500 pounds – a German monster/beast!

When I took boxing with him – he had me hit his stomach over and over – was like punching a boulder – certifiable badass...

And months went by and I was getting bigger and stronger myself/got good at the sped bag – strengthened my knuckles – lost weight...

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Then, the gym's owner promoted an MMA fight card – ten fights – and Lothar's fight was billed as the co-main event...

And the dude was training – nonstop training – boom! Bang! When he hit the heavy bag – the rafters shoot...

Pounding/lifting/hitting/kicking/elbows/weights – sparing – day in and day out – over and over – like a machine...

The confidence – the attitude – the anger – the hype – the gel – the lights – the talk – the strut – the cloths – the glitz – the glamour...

~ ~

Finally, fight night arrived – the cage was in a college arena – with seating of – maybe ten thousand – there were about five or six thousand that attended...I was given front row seats – I mean I was literally four rows from the cage...

They considered me part of the team – that's what they said – maybe like a mascot/a punching bag or something...

And we went through the fight card – everyone around me – all we could talk about was Lothar's fight – we'd finally get to see this monster/this machine fight for real!

The coach gave him a Mohawk haircut – the dude looked crazy with his blond hair standing on end/straight up in the air like a firecracker or something!

And his opponent – a big guy – maybe 280 – all fat! A big ole fat boy, with a huge gut!

“This is gonna be murder!” the guys around me said...

“Ain't even fair!”

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“Gonna need to throw in the towel when they ring the bell!”

The guys laughed and laughed!

I watched/and smirked...

Lothar and the fat dude, stood toe to toe – the ref directed/explain the rules...

They went back to their corners – the bell sounded!

~ ~

Ladies and gentlemen – this German berserker ran to the center of the cage and threw down! Like a fucking punching bag – the tubby dude took shot after shot – head bouncing back and forth like a fucking speedbag – bang – boom – kaboom! Blood splattering – cuts – bruises – his blubber looked like a rough ocean – waves trickling his liquid abdomen, through his arms – legs – his man-titties jiggling!

“Oh! Oooo!”

“Damn!”

“Throw the towel in!” my friends laughed and screamed.

I just watched – *well, I guess I was wrong...*

Quite often – well let’s be honest – most of the time – everyone is wrong...

It’s not that I thought Lothar would win – I just knew the pattern – hype and bullshit – everyone sees what they want to see...

I shrugged – smiled...as chubby-boy’s head was pummeled – his forehead concaved...

The fat boy just stood there – taking the punishment – his arms flapping around – I guess those were his punches – but they looked more like weeds blowing in the wind...a continuation of his flip-flapping body – flopping around like a fish out of water...

Then – right at the end/when everyone assumed – including myself – you know – we knew/call it instincts – we know when the end is near – so it was just then – the fat boy stepped backward...turned his head to the side...He lowered his body –

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his entire frame went downward, like an animal, crawling on the ground, and he lunged forward!

Lothar's legs buckled/twisted – they went to the ground – rolling/maneuvering/shifting/crawling – the fat boy using his jelly, overwhelming Lothar with sheer size – Lothar's legs went into the air like a woman...

A wrist – an arm – chest over head – the fat boy's body locked – Lothar's arm was hopelessly contorted in a Kimura...

The dude never tapped – his arm was bent backward – and he began to cry out like a little girl.

The ref stopped the fight.

It was over – and you should've seen the fat boy's face – all busted up!

Then we all looked to Lothar – he held his arm – it was just dangling – and tears were streaming down his face...

People – you ain't gonna believe me when I say this – this dude – Lothar – ran from the cage – out of the arena – to the dressing room – grabbed his things – refused to speak to anyone – got in a taxi to the gym – broke a window – ran inside to get some stuff – we're still not sure what he got – he went to his hotel – and one hour later he was on a flight back to Germany – deleted all of us on social media – and we never heard from this man again – to this very day! —LOL!

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So, I began to train in Jiu Jitsu – and I trained every day – this went on and on...I trained and trained – learned how to use my weight – built-up my arm-strength – legs – trained in Judo – practiced my throws...over and over.

I was beating everyone!

I knew I was a badass – that’s what happens after a while – you just know it – nobody has to tell you.

I got cocky – serious – nobody could mess with me! I started wearing tiny shirts – you know muscle shirts – to show off my upper body...

Yup – I was one of those idiots – and all the girls started to talk with me and flirt – and I had to cheat on my wife...I mean, these girls were just giving it away for free!

They even rented the hotel rooms, and called me...

~ ~

So, it was a typical day – I’m proud – walking through a bar, wearing my muscle shirt – and there were these two gay-looking dudes – and I’m like – “Ah, hell no! I ain’t sharing my space with these!”

So, I start to fuck with them – but it’s just like I’ve said – the dudes were smart...I’m telling you – all the gay people are intelligent dudes – there’s something weird about that!

And he’s saying this – and that...And I’m like, “Why are you guys even in here? Why don’t you go to a gay bar?”

Then the dude went overboard and called me a pussy!”

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I'm like, "Who? Me? I'll beat your ass so fucking bad dude! Do you even know who I am? I'll snap your neck like a carrot! Break off your arm and stuff it up your ass! How much do you weight?"

And he goes, "130 pounds."

"Dude, I'm 220 pounds – pure muscle."

"You can't take me – I'll end the fight in four seconds," the dude says...

"What the fuck?" I said, "Okay, let's go outside!"

And I'm taking my shirt off – and about twenty people follow us outside – and here we are! Little Mickey Mouse and King Kong!

And I'm doing stretches – getting ready – cracking my neck...

I said, "I'm gonna snap both your arms in half, then break your neck!"

"Okay! Let's get this on!" I'm thinking – *there's no way this dude has a chance – I have every advantage on this guy – even if he knows something – he's so much weaker than me – he can't utilize it/use it against me! There's no way!*

"What are you waiting for?" said the little gay man.

And I went in – I knew what I was going to do – pure fucking Jiu Jitsu – baby!

I grabbed a hold of him – and I'm like – *it's already done! I got him!*

Then – Boop!

I went down...

"Damn!" I started to scream. "What the fuck?"

The dude just took a couple of steps back – and he says, "That's all you got?"

I tried to get up but my equilibrium was gone! I fell over.

"You can't do that!" I said.

"What can't I do?" he said.

"You can't just poke me in the eye! That's not fare!" I yelled.

"Oh, big touchy guy, was gonna break my arms, and my neck, now he's crying about me poking him in the eye," he said.

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“But...but...” I stammered. “I’ve been training martial arts for years! You can’t just poke people in the eye!”

“An eye poke is part of martial arts too,” he said.

“No, it’s not!” I yelled back as I crawled on the ground.

“In Asian martial arts it’s called the touch of death, and they teach it to blackbelts, after you’ve advanced through all other levels, because it makes all prior training obsolete.”

“What?” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“How did you learn it?” I asked.

“My boyfriend is a blackbelt. He wanted me to know it, so I can defend myself.”

Oh, the pain – it was unbearable! I kept rubbing my eye.

“You do Jiu Jitsu, right?”

“Yes,” I mumbled.

“They teach you to expose your face to your enemy’s hands and fingers – that’s the worst martial art in the world.”

What the fuck is this guy saying? I couldn’t believe what I was hearing!

The gay dude said, “Teachers never tell their pupils when the subject they teach is obsolete – they don’t want to lose business.”

“What the fuck!” I kept saying. “But, your gay... What the!”

~ ~

I had to go see an eye doctor – and wear an eye patch – and use glasses for a few months – the doctor recommended surgery...I couldn’t fucking believe it!

This dude, just touched me/all he did was touch me with one fucking finger/and my entire world was destroyed!

When I went back to the gym – I asked my instructor/martial arts master – I said, “I have a question.”

And he goes, “Yes?”

I said, “What happens if you’re in a fight, and the other dude pokes you in the eye?”

“No, no...” he said, and he asked me to step aside – and he said, “We don’t talk about that in here...”

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And I go, “Why not? This actually happened to me in a fight...”

And he said, “Come with me...”

So, I followed him outside the gym and he said, “I don’t teach that...”

“What do you mean?”

He goes, “That’s not good. If you want to practice that type of martial art – then you must go somewhere else.”

I said, “I’m just asking a question...”

“You don’t ask that question here...” he said.

And I’m looking around – we had to have this discussion outside – so none of the other students heard what we said... and I’m like – *is everything in the world bullshit?*

“It’s time for you to go now,” he said.

I just began to laugh... I was laughing at myself.

This is all my fault – I’m the fool – for taking this shit serious!

I’ve not watched an MMA fight – nor have I practiced a martial art since...

What a waste of time!

My girlfriends stopped calling – I lost some muscle – stopped wearing small shirts – and gained some fat in my gut, drinking beer – and I was a lot happier!

And I began to watch boxing again... Now, that’s a great sport! It’s a real sport – with gloves... so nobody can poke anyone’s eye.

It is a, “Sport.” That’s what they call it. They’re not telling everyone it’s something it isn’t...

And I’ll tell you something else – I’m leaving gay people the fuck alone – those guys are intelligent – I don’t know why – it’s strange – for some reason – the majority of gays are just smart!

~ ~

And there’s something about American/Capitalism, and building something up that’s completely fake/hyped up bullshit, so businessmen can turn an easy buck...

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Building up Super Stars – like in Hollywood, and our professional sports – somehow these people become Gods...

***And everyone is buying it/drinking the cool aid!

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HOW I WAS TURNED INTO A HOMOSEXUAL

– AND HOW I TRANSFORMED MYSELF BACK INTO A
STRAIGHT PERSON!

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—14

Getting my wife to have sex is like pulling teeth!

It's a game.

During the day, I say something, or kiss her – rub up against her, I'll get her hot – and she'll say something like, “Hold on hon, we'll have some fun tonight, ok?” and then, that night, we'll be in bed, and I'll grab her and she'll say, “Oh, no...I'm tired. I worked so hard, not tonight.”

“Ah, come on! You said we'd do it tonight,” I'll say.

And she'll say, “You don't have any respect for what I do! All the work I get done at home!”

She'll turn everything against me – and I'm like – “But...but...you said.”

“What did I say?” she'll snap back!

“You said we'd have sex tonight.”

“No! I never said that!”

I'm like – *what the hell?*

I'll be lying in bed – furious – shaking my head.

And she'll finally turn to me and say, “Okay hon, we'll do it tomorrow night, okay?”

Gipped! Every night is the same thing!

This goes on and on, over and over and over...

So, I told this to a friend of mine, Daryl, and he's like, “You got to learn – THE TRICK!”

And I'm like, “What trick?”

He said, “NLP!”

“NLP. What's that?”

“Neuro-Linguistic Programming,” he said.

He goes, “You see, we don't really learn a language...”

“What are you talking about?” I said.

“Okay. When we were kids we didn’t learn how to speak and write...It’s more like our minds were conditioned to understand this language, English.”

“What the – are you talking about dude?”

“Language and how it’s spoken – letters and sounds – represent thoughts that go into our subconscious. You didn’t know that?”

“Really?”

“And what is in our subconscious manifests in our thoughts/our life. Our conscious mind is only 10% of our brain...Imagine what the other 90% does and can do!”

“That’s crazy!” I said.

“Like the word, ‘Spell’ has two meanings for a reason – it’s how to write a word – but it also is what witches and wizards do – they cast spells over people...”

“Wow! Yeah! I’ve heard that before,” I said.

“So, you have to learn how to suggest/subliminal message your wife, to program her so she’ll have sex all the time!”

“Are you serious?”

“Deadly serious!”

“Does it work?”

“Remember Joe? The psychologist major?”

“From high school?” I said.

“Yeah.”

“Yeah, I remember him!”

“Why do you think his wife is so obedient? She makes him breakfast in bed every morning – cooks – does the dishes!”

“Really? You gotta be kidding!”

“Almost all psychiatrists know how to condition minds...”

“Wow! I should’ve been a psychiatrist!”

“Exactly!”

“Took him years to get it right,” he said.

And I was like, “Holy cow! Like that’s the matrix, right?”

“What do you mean?” he said.

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“Well, that explains a lot of stuff, ya know? I was wondering how all this stuff worked. It seems like all the intelligent people are homosexuals.”

“What?”

“Well, maybe you have to be intelligent to get programmed, or something like that, to understand the subliminal messages that are being transmitted...Ya know?”

“What do you mean?”

“What if TV channels were controlled by China or Russia, and they were turning all of America's intelligent people into homosexuals?”

“I'm just talking about getting your wife to have sex...I don't know about all that stuff.”

“But, doesn't it make sense? I mean think about it!”

“Think about what?”

“Well, I've always wondered, why everyone sends me messages or calls me at the same time.”

“When do they call you?”

“It's always the 33 minute of the hour – even you do it! Don't you see, it's part of the Matrix too! They programmed you and you don't even know it!”

Daryl just stared at me.

“There's a seminar on NLP tomorrow – if you want to go?” he said.

~ ~

At the seminar for – Hypnotic Mind Control Language/Stealth Hypnosis –

So, I go to the seminar, and there's this short guy in front of a lot of adults – maybe fifty people in all.

I stood in the back, and this guy spends thirty minutes talking about himself. I'm like, “I thought this was about NLP?”

Everyone's eyes light up – and they hush me.

“Quiet,” they kept saying.

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But the dude's like – I did this and that... "I'm very good-looking, and people like myself get all the opportunities..." and on and on about himself...

He goes, "I'm not just a mind control master but I'm a martial artist too!" and he kicks the air and does a Bruce Lee sound – and waves his hands through the air and stuff...

"I'm a hand-to-hand combat master!" he said.

I couldn't help but chuckle to myself – but then there's an awkward silence.

I whispered to the guy next to me, "Listening to this guy, is like watching someone masturbate."

But everyone turned away from me. I shrugged.

He went on, "And I'm also married, if any of you single women are interested...I'm sorry, but I'm taken. Yeah, I was looking at this beautiful woman in the front row. I saw you winking at me."

She started to say, "Actually, I had something in my..." but he cut her off. "And this here, sitting behind me is my beautiful wife...Okay, now you can leave sweetheart," he said.

And his wife got up and left the room.

Then there was a long silence, until she was gone.

"But what I want you all to understand – it's not immoral to control someone else's mind...We do this to help out other people...For them to become the potential we know they are capable of," he said.

That was it. I couldn't help but laugh. "What a bunch of bullshit! Look at his wife – she's trained like a dog!"

Everyone was pissed!

"Who said that? Who's laughing!" he said.

Everyone turned to me – and I felt I had to lift my hand in the air, like some child in school – in trouble with the teacher.

He said, "Please come forward!"

And I was like, "Oh no!"

But I've always been a good sport, ya know?

He's probably just gonna make fun of me or something. I'm a big boy, I can't take a little ridicule, right?

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So, I walked up to the front of the room – and as I'm walking, and red flags are going up all over! My mind is like – this is serious trouble!

I looked at this dude's face, and I'm thinking – *ya know what, maybe I should turn around and takeoff running! There's no tell what this dude is going to do to me...*

Then everything turned black – I heard a voice and there was some laughter... Then nothing.

~ ~

Ok, I don't remember what he said, I just know that I walked out of the seminar by myself, like a half an hour later – and I didn't know where the time went.

And, I go through the day wondering, *ya know...What happened – what did he put in my mind?*

Just kind of walking around – in a haze.

~ ~

Then at night – yup, ya'll know what he did! I don't even have to tell ya. Don't even want to talk about it! My sphincter began to tingle, and I'm like – *He did it! He turned me into a homosexual!*

“Jesus Christ! I'm a Goddamn homosexual now!” I just yelled out loud, waking my wife!

“What?” “What happened!” she said, still groggy.

I couldn't help it. I covered my face and began to cry.

“Sweetheart!” I didn't have the heart to tell her, but I had to – she's my wife! She had to know.

“I'm sorry! Ummm...Rosy,” I said. “I've become a homosexual! It's happened – I – I...” I couldn't go on.

“You're a what?”

“This man turned me into a homosexual today!” I just got out of bed and ran into the bathroom, to look in the mirror.

“What happened? Did you cheat on me!” said my wife.

“No! I didn't cheat on you!”

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“Then what happened,” she asked as I studied myself in the mirror.

“Everything looks normal Rosy, but it’s not. Somehow, I’m different! I can’t put my finger on it!”

Then I touched my skin – it was softer – smoother.

“My God! Feel my skin! It feels like someone put lotion on my skin!”

“What are you talking about?” she yelled! “What happened to you!”

That’s it, I couldn’t take it – I just broken down on the floor – crying and crying...

“Rosy! I’m a gay man now...I’m going to go around shaking my ass like a little ballerina! Wearing your cloths! How are we going to explain this to the kids?”

“I don’t understand? How did this happen? None of this makes sense! How did someone turn you into a homosexual sweetheart?”

“I was brainwashed when I went to a mind control seminar!”

“You went to a mind control seminar?” she said.

“Yes!”

“Ummm... Why did you go to a mind control seminar honey?”

“Aaa...Forget about it! This is all your fault!”

“I don’t see how it’s my fault!”

“Cause you don’t have sex with me! I just can’t believe it. I tried so hard. I worked so hard! I did everything right – martial arts and football – I got short hair cuts. I did masculine things my whole life! But it doesn’t matter! It was all a waste! They still got me!”

~ ~

So, the next morning I called about ten psychiatrist – but was only able to get one on the phone.

I was in tears of course and he said, “I can’t see you today.”

I told him, I'd give him all the money in my bank account if he could help me.

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“It’s an emergency, and it has to be today!” I begged and pleaded.

“If it’s an emergency, then you need to call 911,” he said.

“Only a psychiatrist can help!”

There was a pause over the phone.

“How can I help you?”

“Listen! I got ten thousand dollars! It's all yours if you can do this!”

“My fee is usually two hundred dollars for a half an hour session, but I'll see you since it's an emergency, for four hundred dollars.”

“Oh, thank you!”

So, I drove down to his office.

~ ~

At his office,

He answered the door, “Okay, how can I help?” he said, and I explained everything.

“I've been turned into a homosexual doctor! This man at an NLP seminar did it to me.”

“How did he do that?” said the doctor.

“I have no idea! All I know is he got upset and asked me to walk to the front of the class, and I can't figure-out what happened to thirty minutes – and now my butt tingles!”

“This is all in your mind,” he said.

“Exactly!” I yelled.

He shook his head.

“Okay, listen,” I said. “I'm gonna write a check, right now for five thousand dollars! And I'm gonna write another one, for another five thousand dollars! You know how to fix everything! I know you do...”

He began to talk, but I cut him off. “Listen, I don't want to hear about anything, or argue with you. I'm just saying, I'll give you the money, and you talk with me for a while, and if I go home, and I'm no longer a homosexual, then I'll mail you the rest! I'm

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serious. You don't have to agree to anything, or admit anything. I know this is a taboo subject that nobody talks about.”

He just stared at me.

“I don't really know what you're even talking about...” he said. “Sounds to me like you think I can do some covert mind control stuff, which I don't know what you're talking about.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah!” I stared at him, holding the \$5,000 check in the air, “So...What do you want me to do with this?”

“I'm just saying what you're talking about doesn't exist, but if you need some sort of help, and I can talk with you to calm you down...”

“Okay, sure Doc!” I said, “Do you want the money or not?”

“You can set it down on the coffee table,” he said.

~ ~

So, the Doctor spoke for about an hour about all kinds of things, and I just sat there, trying to imagine a naked woman...and then it became clear.

Things seemed to get better – I began to envision breasts and a woman's body! A woman moaning, shaking, gyrating, moving her hips! Oil! Bouncing up and down! Skin rubbing against skin! Sweaty things!

“Yes! Yes!” I said, “It's working! It's working!” I kept saying. “Keep going! Don't stop!”

Now, I have to admit my eyes began to tear up – *oh the joy!*

A woman's butt!

Her rolling in the bed!

And there it was – a big firm nipple, just waving, bouncing, rolling up and down on fleshy breasts!

I covered my face, “The sight!” I said.

“Are you okay?” asked the doctor.

“I didn't think I was ever going to see that, ever again, in this lifetime,” the tears just streamed out of my eyes. “Please keep going doctor,” I said.

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He went on for about another hour, and after the session, I went home, and when I went to bed, everything seemed to be normal again.

I crossed my fingers and began to pray, “I will never have anything to do with this kind of stuff every again, God! I swear!”

~ ~

The next day the Doctor called me.

Do you know what time he called? Yep! You guessed it. The 33rd minute of the hour!

I couldn't believe it! *They got him too!*

I'm telling you – I'm seeing the world completely different now.

And I remembered this movie from my childhood, the *Invasion of the Body Snatchers!*

This is what that movie is about! My God!

The realization – everyone around me is being controlled by the CIA or something – with numbers!

Am I the only human left?

~ ~

And, of course, I was afraid to answer the phone and talk to the doctor, so I just texted him back, “The check is in the mail!”

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A COURT CASE – THE COMEDY!

THEN A SERIOUS DISCUSSION BETWEEN A MAN
AND A WOMAN – & SUBSEQUENT DIVORCE
– THEN, OF COURSE, AN AFFAIR.

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—15

So, my best friend, Greg Stepnosky was going through a divorce, and it was a tough one – his wife was taking everything he had, and there was nothing he could do about it – he cheated on her! Right? We all knew it – she knew it – but here’s the thing, the bitch wouldn’t have sex with him for years!

And you know why she didn’t have sex with him – ‘cause she was a complete perve before marriage!

I warned him when he married her – he was like, man she’s really good in bed – and I’m like, “That’s because she’s a total slut, dude! Everyone’s fucked her!”

He was furious, so I thought I had to explain...

“When women do everything sexually before they’re married – after they get married – they get bored – and want to go back to their old ways – it’s really instinctual, animal shit!”

After I said that – of course he wanted nothing to do with me!

~ ~

But, after a few years, that’s exactly what happened, they got married, she had a couple of kids with him – a hardworking, decent man, that would pay child support, right? Then closed her legs – she wanted her independence.

So, what did he do?

You know what he did – he called me up – his old friend that told him the truth.

But I was like, “That’s life bro! Get over it. But you have two beautiful children, right? Relationships are just that...”

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My friend was like, “You don’t get it. She’s telling everyone I abused her, and she’s going to get custody of the kids – and she slept with other guys too.”

“But she’s not going to get full custody of the children. Okay? How would she get full custody?”

“You’re not listening to me Steve! She’s claiming I abused her, and she has this recording of me on her voicemail.”

“She has a recording, of what?”

What happened was she called me up and we got into a fight, and she said all this shit, then hung up the phone, right?”

“Okay?”

“So, I called her back and it went to voicemail, and I left her a nasty voicemail, and she’s using that against me!”

“Are you kidding me?” I said,

“I’m dead serious!”

“What did you say?”

“I called her a name.”

“What did you call her?”

“I called her a cunt,” he said.

“But she is a cunt!”

“I know it. You know it. Everyone knows it, but we can’t call her a cunt!”

I had to have a seat – and I just stared out into the distance.

“What are you going to do?” I asked him.

“She hired a lawyer.”

“You got to lawyer up too man!”

“I don’t have the money.”

“When is the court case?” I asked.

“Next month.”

“I’m gonna think of something – maybe I can help out – you know, give testimony on your behalf – like a character witness.”

~ ~

Over the following weeks, there were many sleepless nights – thinking – considering – working out details – there had to be

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something I could do for my friend – and just like all great ideas – the answer was simple – it was truth – it was right there, before me, staring me in the face! It was so simple, so genius, so perfect! I got on my phone and began to call some of my old acquaintances...The old gang from high school – friends that knew me, and Greg, and his ex-wife – we all hung out together...

“Greg is gonna love me! I’m gonna get him out of the jam!” I just laughed and laughed!

~ ~

The court date came – I convinced Greg, to allow me to give the opening statement – and in came our friends from school – Ted, Hector, Javier, Justin, Donald – the whole gang was together again – sitting behind us.

“Yeah!” I said – high-fiving my boys! “All of the guys showed up!”

“Hey, what’s everyone doing here?” Greg was surprised.

“What do you think they’re here for buddy?” I patted him on the back, “We’re all here for you! When one of us goes down, we come together, to lift him back up again!”

“Everyone, please take a seat...”

I couldn’t tell you how proud of my boys I was! And there was Greg – he was smiling for the first time in months – we were doing the right thing! I knew it when I saw him smiling.

No! He wasn’t smiling – he was shining!

And when I was done with my statement – when our friends locked arms and came together – we’d show him the strength of truth, and justice – of righteousness!

~ ~

It took a few minutes of court procedure – the judge said something – his ex-wife’s lawyer said something else – and this and that – then the recording of Greg’s voicemail was played, and

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you could hear Greg cussing and swearing... “You dumb cunt!” he said just as he hung up the phone.

The lawyer covered her mouth, and looked at Greg, to try and shame him – it was all a game of theatrics!

And I was like – this isn’t a courtroom – this is a theater – these lawyers are actors!

The lawyer just stared at Greg – shook her head – and walked back to her chair – like she dropped the mic and left... Just a stupid game.

I heard a sniffing – and I looked to his wife, and she shed a tear, and wiped it from her face...

“His own wife,” the lawyer said to the court – trying to console her. It was all I could do to not laugh!

What a joke, she’s been called worse than that hundreds of times before.

The judge turned to us – then asked Mr. Stepnosky if he would like to make a statement.

I looked at him – I winked and nodded – and I’ll be honest, he was a little nervous – but he nodded back.

“My friend, Steve de Leon would like to make a statement about my character, on my behalf,” he said.

I took a deep breath, and stood up, when the bailiff said, “We recognize Mr. de Leon, to present on behalf of Mr. Stepnosky.”

I waited for a moment, “Your honor, judge, ladies and gentlemen,” of course I was a little nervous and wasn’t sure what to say, but I went on... “Ummm... What I’d like to say on behalf of my longtime friend, is that an injustice is being done! I’ve known him and his ex-wife Jessica Stepnosky for many years – and just so you know – those aren’t real tears she’s crying. That’s fake! She does it all the time! Listen, we all went to high school together, and we all know her games.” I pointed to my friends behind me, “Right guys?”

They nodded, “That’s right!” said Hector.

“Order,” said the judge. “We only recognize Mr. de Leon.”

“Sorry. Okay. There are many ways to understand something – to view things,” I said, “But what I’m going to do, is point out

the truth, and when it's heard and known, I don't think you'll be able to unhear it or forget it. You see, what was just played for the court on that tape recorder – it was an argument, you see... And I know that he used the word, 'Cunt,' and that's very bad. And she's trying to use that recording against my client – I mean my friend – sorry your honor – I meant to say Greg... But what I mean is this – yes, the word is offensive – but she's trying to get full custody of their kids, just because Greg called her a cunt! You can't let that happen, and I'll tell you why. Although the term is bad – this is the definition of that word," and I picked up a dictionary and read, 'Cunt – is a slang term for the vagina but can also be used to refer to a mean or nasty person — particularly a woman.' So, that is the definition of the word, right? I give this dictionary as evidence," and I handed it to the judge.

"You don't have to give me the dictionary," he said.

"Okay, but what if I could prove, without a reasonable doubt – that this woman we have before us – with detailed, expert testimony by the men seated behind my friend Greg – that she is a cunt! She is a cunt your honor! Please, everyone who's slept with our friend's wife, please stand for the court to recognize you!"

And all of our friends stood – I couldn't help but smile – the pride! All of the boys together, proving the innocence of our friend! Had to give them high fives! "Those are my boys right there..."

"Order!" the judge was getting tired.

But I went on, "You see your honor, look at all of us! We've all tasted the forbidden fruit of the poisonous tree – until it was no longer ripe! And that's when she married Greg! Oh yeah!" I ran over to Javier – he handed me his cellphone. "And if there's any doubt! May I present exhibited B – a video recording of two of Greg's friends here – look at the time stamp of the video – yes! That's one week before his marriage – and there she is! Look at her!" I couldn't help but laugh – she was giving head to Hector and Donald. "This is actually a really good video your honor."

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“Oh my God!” said Greg as he lowered his head to the table. “I should have known.”

The judge just stared at me – I was still smiling. “Do you honestly think you’re helping Mr. Stepnosky?” said the judge. “These are your friends?” the judge looked at Greg, then continued, “Now I will have the bailiff, escort all of you from the courtroom!”

“But your honor!” I said as two bailiffs approached. “Give me a Bible to swear on – Lady Liberty Justice is blind! But she knows the truth when she hears it – and I promise you – I’m telling nothing but the truth so help me God!”

“Lady Liberty is standing on Ellis island, in New York! It’s Lady Justice you idiot!” yelled Greg!

“It doesn’t matter who she is!” I said, “She’s the same chick as far as I’m concerned – and she knows the truth when she hears it – and – and that woman that sits before us – your honor – is guilty of all charges!”

“Nobody has charged her with anything,” said her lawyer, “These are divorce proceeding!”

“But she’s still guilty, and she knows it! If there ever was a cunt in this world... And there are women that are not cunts, mind you! But her!” and I pointed directly at her, “Her! There! Right there! It is her! She is a cunt! She is guilty! Just look at her – doesn’t she look like a cunt? She’s the real deal! She’s not an imposter – it’s her! She did it! And she is guilty your honor!”

We were all escorted out of the courtroom – completely out of the building!

And we just stood around on the sidewalk – staring at each other – wondering...

“Well. Now what?” said Ted.

I shrugged, then looked at the gang, “Hmmm... Hey, you guys wanna go get a beer?”

And we all went drinking – and after a few hours, I tried to call Greg to see how everything went – but he wouldn’t answer.

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After drinking some beer – I went home, and there was Rosy waiting for me...

“What have you been doing – up all night getting drunk?” she yelled.

“This is a rerun – all over again! Damn lady – once a year I get drunk – *maybe!* Sometimes I go a couple of years without getting drunk! But okay, you wanna fight, I have some questions for you! How about that?”

Rosy just stared at me...

“Greg is getting a divorce and he’s losing everything – he won’t even be able to see his kids!”

“Oh, his wife is such a cunt!” said Rosy under her breath.

“Exactly!” I pointed to her. “Okay. I want some answers and I want them now!”

“Oh, it’s gonna be one of those nights, hey?” sha said.

“Remember when we were at work, and I met you the first time, and asked you to go into the warehouse with me to look at something – and instead of looking at something – when I got you into the warehouse, I just grabbed you! Kissed you! Grabbed your big fat juicy ass and breasts – you remember that?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Was that sexual harassment?”

“Yes, it was,” she said.

“I sexual harassed you?” I said.

“Yes, you did!”

“So, why did you marry me and have kids with me?”

“Because I liked it.”

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I covered my face and took a seat on the sofa – closed my eyes – shut them tight – I couldn't see! I mean – I really couldn't see! Everything was gone! Life – the world – reason – sense – the sun – the moon – ideas were just wastes of time – thoughts were jokes!

“Do you have any more questions hon?” she asked.

I finally opened my eyes to look at her – this woman before me...

“I had a million question...”

“Now you don't, right?” she said.

I had to think...

“Have women always secretly run the world?” I just said it.

“What?”

“Like this bullshit scam women claim now – that all men oppressed them throughout history, and controlled them – laying a bullshit guilt trip on all men while they kill their own fucking babies – and then cry, claiming they've always being abused if we just talk about them killing their babies! Have women always made fools out of us men – and secretly run the entire fucking world through us? I want to know!” I slammed my fist on the coffee table.

“Yes!” she cut me off. “We always have secretly controlled the world,” she said. “We send dumb men like you off to die in wars – build skyscrapers – trip and fall to your death like idiots! You build houses, roads, society for us to sit in cars and just drive around and complain...So, we can cuckold you with your friends, having orgies and gangbangs while you're working and dying – and some dumb bitches are stupid enough to actually try to be men...And us real women, sit back, fucking laughing at all you idiots the whole fucking time!”

“Bitch!” I just stared at her.

“You're such an idiot!” she said.

“How many times have you done that to me already?”

“Once a week sweetie, except when I'm menstruating. Nobody wants to fuck me when I'm bleeding, except you.”

“I knew it!” I said. “I'm going to bed.”

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“I know how to shut your ass up, don’t I, you fucking asshole?” she said.

“Yes, you do sweetie,” and I gave her a kiss and went to bed.

But she didn’t go to bed – when I woke up the next morning, I found a note on the kitchen table.

She wrote –

“Fuck you!”

That’s all she wrote – and a week later a lawyer called me on the phone, to notify me she filed for a divorce.

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So, I was on my own – right? Working and trying to manage the house – going through the divorce...

And on the weekend I went through old stuff – pictures and boxes of things – then I found it – there’s my ex’s old laptop – sitting under our bed...

She had a newer laptop, right? ...and this was the old one.

Anyway, I was wondering – you know – if there might be some info...some secrets/something I didn’t know about...

So, I pulled it out and started going through her internet sites – her favorites – then looked through the browsers – you know going through stuff – *and look at this!*

She was still signed into her email account – so I took a look...

There were emails – going back months – about an entire year – emails from various men – and she was still talking to these guys...

The bitch really was cheating on me! It wasn’t a lie – she was telling the fucking truth!

Then I called her up – and I was like, “Rosy, let me ask you a question...”

“Yes?”

“Were you cheating on me at the end of our marriage?”

“No! Of course not,” she said.

“And you would tell me the truth, if you did, wouldn’t you?”

She got very serious, “Yes, I would.”

“So, you didn’t join a dating site, and go on dates – and meet people at hotel rooms?”

“Why are you saying these things?” she said.

“No reason,” I said. “Just wondering...”

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The next day – I went to work – but on my way I called the company and told them I'd be late. I got a doughnut and a cup of coffee, then doubled-back home...

And there was her car – in the driveway!

I laughed... “She figured it out!” and she went to the house to get her old laptop...

I just sat in the car – laughing...

“Fuck it!” I said, “Who cares?” And I went to work.

~

It's funny how people will look at you – and absolutely hate you, because they think you're beneath them...for whatever reason.

You might say something – or you look a certain way...They see a weakness – they have nicer cloths – car – house – education – or you might divulge a piece of information about your life, that they determine/judge/calculate – know – it means you're beneath them for one reason or another...And you see them change on you, as they realize – you are weaker than them...

It's comical – because that's the game of life – a never-ending struggle to maintain status – or rise to the next level – and those that believe they've risen treat you like dog shit – and those that have nothing, or think they're below you – kiss your ass...

Now, I don't mind people treating me like dogshit – I just don't like it when they tell me I have to enjoy it.

But, you know, there are those that don't see status/or don't understand it – and there are those that understand it, but work hard not to consider it – because they strive to be ethical/moral or something – but it's always there – whether you know it or not – it's instinctual/understood...and it's just funny. Human behavior is a comedy – often predictable – and the saddest things that happens to us – if thoroughly analyzed/looked at long enough – sometimes from a different angle, is actually hilarious!

~

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A week later my ex called me on the phone – we were cordial – we had kids together, right – and let’s be honest, we were both happy the marriage was over. The whole thing was a nightmare!

And we still argued about stupid stuff, as if we were still married – but I didn’t put up with her games/or when she raised her voice/I was done biting my tongue/you know what I mean?

But, then she came over to pickup one of the kids...

And of course, she was still upset about the phone call...and again, I said something to piss her off, and she goes – “You know what you are?”

I started to laugh – it was gonna be another one of those discussions...

“You’re a loser! You will always be a loser! You look like a loser with your stupid shirts and that stupid cross around your neck! How much did you pay for that ugly crucifix?”

“Five dollars, on eBay,” I said, and I chuckled to myself.

“You’re so fucking stupid, you told the truth! It makes you look even stupider!”

I couldn’t stop laughing – which infuriated her all the more...

“You know you look like an idiot, and you don’t care!”

I laughed even louder.

“Can I insult you too?” I said, “Or are you doing this to build-up your self-esteem? ‘Cause if you need this to get through the day, I don’t mind taking the abuse...” I couldn’t stop laughing.

“Fucking idiot! You think you can insult me?”

I began to laugh even louder, “Of course I can insult you, if you want me to!” I said.

“Try! You fucking loser!”

“This loser – idiot,” I pointed at myself, “This five-dollar-crucifix motherfucker – Walmart cloths wearing – mobile home living – whose dick you sucked, and cum you ate, who fuck you up the ass, and even had kids with...” I feel over laughing! I couldn’t go on – I was laughing too hard.

Then I calmed and said, “My hand is a better pussy than your real one!”

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“You are a dipshit! Everyone makes jokes about you! Everyone talks about you – and laughs at you behind your back, everywhere you go!”

I kept laughing...

“So, what you’re telling me – I bring joy and happiness to all!”
I kept laughing!

“You’re fucking insane idiot!” she said.

“You know what’s so funny?” I said.

She didn’t say a thing.

“You scream, and get so upset...” I laughed.

“Fuck you!” she screamed...

And I stopped howling/laughing, “You think I give a fuck what you think of me, or anything? You get all serious/and you care so much, and you try so hard to make me upset or sad...It’s just too funny! The more you try, the funnier it is...because you can’t get me mad! You’re like Elmer Fudd – a vicious/endless cycle of funny!” I fell over laughing! “You’re so upset that I don’t care about your insults!”

I couldn’t stop laughing.

“It’s endless!”

She shook her head.

“And...To think I actually felt sorry for you,” she said.

“Typical woman insanity!” I laughed, “You think I want you to feel sorry me?” I slapped the table. “Women are so fucking nuts! The most insane shit I’ve ever heard!”

Then sighed.

“That shit/that idea that men want women to feel sorry for them/that shit only happens in America! I’m certain of it...Somehow American men are brainwashed and want women to feel sorry for them!” and I was just laughing!

“Keep on laughing asshole!”

“Oh, shucks!” I said, “I really wanted you to feel sorry for me!” and I fell over again.

“You’re going to learn your lesson the hard way!” she said as she left.

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“Listen, a little truth for ya,” I yelled as she walked out the door, “When we were married – not now mind you – but when we were married – the only reason I’d want you to feel sorry of me, is maybe I’d get a sympathy fuck!”

But she was gone...

“The truth is always so fucking funny...” I mumbled to myself. “That’s what so many people just don’t get – truth is funny!”

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So, I met this woman online...Is there another way to meet women nowadays?

But actually, this was before that kind of thing was popular – it was taboo when I did it – I mean, when we did it...

So, this woman – looked into my eyes...And I stared into hers. She was sarcastic/mean/cruel/I saw it in her – but she fought it – she wasn't that way with me...

I could tell she wasn't in love with her husband – the same way I wasn't in love with my wife – well, my ex-wife – even though we weren't divorced yet.

Anyway, this woman and I, both of us weren't interested in the narrative society sold/you know, the one we're forced to buy – what's meaningful/successful/run a marathon/run a lifetime with your head down...

She threw-out all the rules with me – and for the first time in my life – for whatever reason – probably on purpose/her doing/ a spell she cast on me/I mean – but it didn't matter – she did it/it was there – what I'm saying is...This woman told the truth!

This stranger/this amazing creature tried to tell me things/things she thought were important, that would help me...

It wasn't pity either or some cruelty/the way others talked down to me/it was as-if she found a teammate in life – and she was gonna try to coach me/direct me/because she wanted me to be her partner...

She had long jet-black hair – black eyes – light skin, that tanned browned in the sun. She had a smile – it was just there – obvious/true/devious...

Her name was Sylvia.

She had a crucifix around her neck – worrying/lying eyes/you know the kind – eyes that smiled – broke hearts/tragic type/blinding, but they saw everything – controlled – connived – hungry for love/manipulation/inventive/undoing/all the men stared at her/wondering/wanting...

Like a rose in a forest – left alone – beautiful, open, growing upward to sunlight... There she was... And I found her!

I tested her – and she took the slights in stride – I even insulted her to see how she'd take it – and sent nasty porno pics – a picture of a huge black dick –*LOL!* She knew I was joking/testing her/to see who she was... Just to see what she'd do... She just laughed. I couldn't believe it!

When we finally met – the games were non-stop/tricks – but it was fluid... Yen and yang – twisted – it worked and it didn't... It was there – and yet – it was gone – and never was...

We both knew our love was doomed – and yet we wanted to believe, and still tried to make it work... But it was gone as soon as it arrived/in a flash.

I knew there was no way – I always knew...

She had a life – mine was complete chaos.

As far as I was concerned, there was no way I was going to live past my thirtieth birthday. *Impossible!*

I even told her that/she didn't believe me – I tried to explain things to her/help her understand who I was/what I was/the weight I carried/but I also hid – I never saw her in public/only in dark places/hotel rooms/hiding spots...

My life was a nightmare/I was wanted by the IRS for tax evasion – wanted by the Secret Service for counterfeiting – wanted by the Texas Rangers... The things I did in Latin America – jail in Mexico – I was pretty sure the FBI wanted me too... Just somehow... There were loopholes/I was between them/walking between raindrops/still alive/at large...

My wife was with me – even though we were divorced – we were still together – but her/Sylvia, she just happened – she was an accident/my wife was in it/involved, and poor Sylvia was

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out/what I mean is...I could spare her the torment of my life, and only show her the good things...

...I knew I couldn't bring her inside – no matter how badly I was in love with her...I just.../I didn't think it was the right thing to do...But I never stopped considering it/trying to work things out...It/her – she became all-consuming/this perfect woman/my only love...

I wanted to be near her – see her – watch her – like a parent watches their child/like a child in love with their teacher/they wanted to stand at the front of the class, beside them/at the teacher's desk – see what they see – look into their eyes/see them smile/know what they think – dream what they dream/even though I knew she didn't dream...She wasn't one of those types. Her life was solid/placed in stone/rooted in granite...

~ ~

Our affair was brief – but somehow went on forever...Because in all my life – there was only her – she was the only woman that held me/told me the truth.

Not my mother – my sister – my wife – the many other women I had affairs with...

She gave herself to me – sacrificed to be with me...

I knew what I was – some sort of child of hell – a personification of evil...

The love we had wasn't doomed/I never thought it was doomed – if I love something it doesn't have to love me back, or see me, or know me – that's why I knew I was going to see her/watch her/follow her, her entire life. It was a selfishness within me – I just loved her too much.

And I thought, someday – maybe – I'll show her who I am – and test her again, to see how much she loved me...

Tests are important, to be tested/to test others/I wanted to run a test through her/ manipulate her/create/connive/bring forth who she was/through me/to prove to her what I was/and show her how much I loved her...Does that make sense?

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I have to think of something good – something that will prove the truth/lay everything out before her – for her to see – so it's undeniable...

Of course, women deny the obvious – but I also know – women know the truth/deep down they know it – even if they never admit it.

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WHY THEY LOCKED ME
UP, PUT ME IN A
STRAIGHT JACKET – IN
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!

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Time drifted, you know – it does that sometimes – life/the world/dreams/hopes – we drift – sometimes for years – you don't do the things you want to do – you don't build/make/create – all you do is live – and that's it... You get a job – and you work – you have children, and you take care of your family... Your life becomes a part of a motor/you take your place in the process – in the machinery of society – like an ant – you lower your head/move dirt – you hold hands/lock arms with others, to make bridges – as others pass-over you... You meander – crawl – drive – fill up the tank – send payments – watch the days go by – and the years funnel away...

A child – then another... And you feed – and you care – and you place yourself in a cubicle – your mind in a box – conformed – straight – you accept things – you become decent – you become a target... A horse with blinders...

You watch TV – you listen to people talk – they lull you into your coffin/people yell at each other on TV, in movies, in videos... They yell about meaningless things – useless things... hopeless things – spinning and flipping... Screaming and crying... Melodramatics – more and more – and more! It just goes on and on – there's nothing to think about anymore – everything is decided – the focus is so small/and always narrowing...

Questions/how we define others become more and more limited:

What to eat?

What music to listen to?

You walk funny...

You pronounced that word weird...

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You wearing a strange hat...

The smallest deviations – drive us crazy/infuriate us...

How could you?

Why did you?

He insulted me!

You're wrong!

Oh, my God!

The shit never stops...

Everyone walks the same way – we become robots – drive in lines...

Then – something happens – there's a reminder – something smacks you in the face/completely blindsides you – and for a brief moment/maybe there's a sleepless night... You remember/realize – yes – others put you in a box/yes! You've been living in a fucking hole in the ground! And the world isn't that way... That's the way – those Japanese in Hiroshima and Nagasaki lived and thought – all of them – a half a fucking million of them – vaporized in a flash of light! And the Jews in Germany – 3 million inside gas ovens.

And you know – you either wake the fuck up – or you're going to go the same fucking way!

~ ~

There were some conflicts at work/and there were some accolades given also...

The main conflict was with a sub-contracting company that did terrible work – and yet – they always got the work... And I mean, they were given the money-making contracts – and when I say money-making contracts, I'm talking about big time money! A 2-million-dollar contract that lasted one month...

But, like I said, they did terrible work!

They caused system outages – they wouldn't show up to work until midday – didn't show up to meetings at all – turned off their phones/and when they did cause problems, they wouldn't fix

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them! They stole from people – didn't pay their bills – always lied and manipulated...

The shit they pulled/the list of gigs/from their poor workmanship...

Everyone always knew where they were – all one need do, was follow their trail of garbage...

One afternoon – they cut a mainline – a cable that fed half of Saint Louis – nobody had internet or TV – for half a day – half of the entire fucking city!

It was covered up – hidden – the whole incident was hushed-up/nobody could talk about it...

I had to go out and fixed it...Not them!

Okay – so the next week – I'm sent to work with one of the owners of the main company – Todd Pettibone.

I knew what was up...I was getting checked-out – they wanted to see what I was about/who I was...

The guy – he was about 60 something – he called me into his truck and he's showing me the work he wanted me to do/driving me around/and talking – this and that...

And he brought-up all kinds of subjects – family – women and kids – and where I'm from, and my past...And who's tough...and who's this and who's that...Right?

He was reading me – watching me – watching my reactions to the things he said/figuring me out...

And he goes, "Look at that nigger over there..."

And it's, "Nigger" this and "Nigger," that...

And the conversation goes in that direction – race...

So, I mention some crazy stuff I saw in Latin America – I saw real slave farms/regions of Brazil, where their economy is still based on slave labor...I've seen men, that were whipped into submission by slave owners – with scars on their bodies/arms/backs...And I mentioned this to him – kind of like a warning...Like, *I've seen some shit – and maybe you don't get it dude... You don't know what you're talking about...And you don't know what slavery is and shit...*

And he goes, "Are all the slaves in Brazil niggers?"

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I chuckled...

He never looked at me – he just stared out the window – and drove me back to my truck – for me to go back to work...

And that's how it's done – I winced and went about my business...

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After the conversation with the owner – my mind drifted – and as far as it goes – not quite understanding/viewing/comprehending the complexity of future events – my eyes drifted down/recoiling/collapsing inward...

I knew my life was going to get rocky/I was going to go into the depths of hell – and I might not live through it.

To understand the gravity of what was about to happen – to grasp what was going through my mind – I sent my wife and our two children back to Latin America – where we had a small house...

***Yeah, you all knew we couldn't follow through with the divorce...*LOL!*

The week my family left, I called in sick at work – gave them one excuse after the other – but I never told them I was going to miss the entire week...

Then, I drove up to Chicago in my bucket truck – regardless of what I said, everyone at work assumed I was doing freelance work/I had another contract...and I wouldn't be surprised if they had a spy watching me – and they knew I went to Chicago...

~ ~

But okay, when I got to Chicago, I went on one of those illegal internet sites – found out where Sylvia lived – and the exact location of her work...

I was planning everything out...

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The bucket truck was the perfect cover for what I was gonna do...And I bought a pair of glasses – I had my Cable TV hat – my dirty uniform...

I got a hotel room near her job and home – then drove by her apartment for nostalgic sake – I even drove by the building where she worked...just to be near her.

I wanted to see her – watch her/see what she was up to...Be around her – see the things she saw – think the thoughts she thought...Eat at the places she ate...This was going to be my goodbye...my farewell.

I was pretty sure – what I was going to do at my work – was going to be my end...

After Chile – after what happened in Mexico – and there were some other things in-between, that I won't mention...

Even though I lived through those ordeals – I never thought I was going to have a long life/live very long I mean...

I've always thought – at some point – I'd die/get shot/beaten to death – run over – you name it...And I was always ready to die.

~

So, the next day, I went to the communications vault that fed Sylvia's building – and shutdown all internet and telephone services – I waited fifteen minutes then went to the building – turned the yellow strobe light on my bucket truck, and parked at the front doors – for everyone to see...

I sat there for about ten minutes – acting like I was on the phone...

The building was one of those typical large commercial/shipping/receiving warehouse types – enormous – most of the space was for merchandize – but with a large section for offices...

So, I turned on my dumb face – had my dirty uniform on – hands full of equipment and tools – I went inside and asked if they're communications went down...

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There was a man and woman staring at a monitor/a computer screen...

“Our entire system went out!” said the man suspiciously.

These Chicago types are harder to fool than those in Saint Louis...A lot of Mafia shit goes down here – something’s always happening...

I have to act like I don’t want to go inside...

I scratched my head like I didn’t know what was going on/what I was going to do... Then pulled out a map – the map was from Saint Louis, of course – with the location details ripped off...

“Do you need to look at something?” said the man.

“When did your system go down?”

“About thirty minutes ago!”

“We’ve been working on the problem for hours,” I said. “But I don’t think this is the right location...”

“But our system is off!” said the man.

“I’ll come back in a little bit...” I mumbled, and began to leave the building.

“Sir,” said the man – his tone changed, “Nobody can do any work.”

I had to come up with a good excuse – a reason I’d have to go through their office building, to identify a problem that originated outside... I considered this – radio waves and their method of transmission, which are very complex – and thank goodness – I knew a great deal about them...

I mumbled to myself, “There’s noise shutting down our system,” I said, “Looks like it’s coming from one of these buildings – maybe yours. We’re not sure... But we can’t be positive until we check.”

“Is there something I can do to help?” he said.

“Can I see your comm room?”

“Yes! Here let me open the door.”

Now – my hat was pulled down over my eyes – and the glasses also helped – but there’s no telling if Sylvia would recognize me, if she saw me... And yet, somehow, I had to search for her – without getting recognized myself.

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Where is she?

Regardless, I began collecting information – listening to everything – to identify the chain of command – who were the bosses...Who would be in her way...You know what I mean? There's always someone – just one person/a stumbling block/a conflict/someone that's in our way/holding us back...I wanted to find-out who was in Sylvia's way...

If my plan was to work – I had to identify a certain person...

Then again – I also wanted to see her!

I searched – eyes darting back and forth, trying to find her/catch a glimpse of her...

Where's her long black hair?

She was nowhere to be found – but the hair on the back of my neck was on end – she was near – I knew it!

“The communication room is here,” said the man.

I went inside and fumbled around – connected my meter and read the signal – everything was dead – I knew it...

“What are you looking for?” said the man – *fucking nosy asshole.*

“I'm looking at the spectrum – trying to identify noise and distortion...”

I'm just gonna have to go all out – I said to myself.

“Most noise is caused by electrical interference,” I said. “Can I test a few electrical outlets – in some of the offices?”

“I don't understand how that could affect our internet,” he said.

“The electrical waves cross-modulate and carry upstream, the noise builds and builds, until it distorts our signal – the internet system – and then our system just shuts down. It doesn't happen often, but I've seen it before – once or twice.”

I pulled out a volt ohm meter...

“I just want to see a couple of outlets,” I said. “In different locations of the office...”

“Okay,” said the man.

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Now, he was following me – I left the comm room – went into the cubicles – as I searched for an electrical outlet, I searched for Sylvia...But I couldn't find her.

But I identified a guy – that dude's a boss...Suit, tie, expensive shoes– thinning hair – medium build – pointing around – directing people...

All I need is one...

“What's he doing?” said the boss/the man in the suit – to the guy following me around.

“Fixing the internet.”

I didn't pay attention to anything, other than what I was doing – didn't even look at them/talking about me.

I was kneeling, testing an outlet – then another...as I listened to people talk – and heard a name, “Bob.”

That's the boss's name! I said to myself.

Then a tall woman approached – nice legs – gray business suit – definitely executive type...

No matter where I looked, I couldn't find Sylvia – but there were a lot of offices – and yet, I was overstaying my welcome...

Then I heard it – my spine tingled – it was her – she was standing behind me!

Her voice was just as I remembered it...perfect – strong – feminine...assertive...each detail, tone, pitch – said perfectly...

I looked downward – everything to avoid her eyes – knowing she would recognize me – I saw her leg...She was wearing pants over black short-heel shoes.

My eyes didn't leave her feet...

“Do you want to test another location?” asked the man.

I didn't say a word – I pulled out my map – it was folded up in my back pocket, and I stared at it. I pulled out a pen and wrote on it...

Bob talked to Sylvia – the woman didn't.

Then Bob winked,

I didn't like that/the way he talked with her – as if she was his property – telling her what to do...An arrogance in everything he said/like an accent/a dominance.

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I tapped my fingers...

And the blond woman was so high and mighty – staring at Sylvia – she didn't say a word – then she looked down at me – as I sat with my volt ohm meter in hand – so, I glanced away...

Then, I looked under my arm, back to Sylvia's feet – but she had just turned around – I stood to see her – she was walking away...I tried to catch the features of her face...But I couldn't – all I could see was her long flowing black hair.

She turned – disappeared down a hallway.

“Let me check something in the comm room again,” I said – and I began to follow Sylvia around the corner.

“No. It's this way,” said the man.

“Oh, that's right,” I said as I caught another glimpse of her...

She walked on – very quickly – sure of herself/confident – *that's my girl* – I thought – I just smiled as I watched her walk away.

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I had all the information I needed ...

“This looks good,” I said. “Let me go back to the mainline, up the stream to see something...” I said to the man.

“Do you think it will be out much longer?” he asked.

“No. I don’t think so,” I said.

I left the building – went to the vault and turned the communication system back on – then drove back to the building/went back inside/to the front desk, and asked if they had service – they said, “Yes! Thank you!”

I drove out of the parking lot, and parked on the street. I could see everyone’s cars – and I put cones all around my truck – then acted like I was working – and I waited for the executives to leave for lunch.

But I had some time to wait – so I went for a walk/found a large chunk of sidewalk/a broken piece of concrete – and brought it back to the parking lot, and set it down by the curb...

At 12 o’clock, I watched everyone trickle from the building – one by one – and get in their cars...

There was the tall blonde! – she drove a Mercedes. But I still waited – *there’s Bob* – he walked around the corner – must have parked somewhere else...

So, I picked-up the cones and started the truck – to follow Bob – he left the industrial area, and went to the Main Street of town – then disappeared – I couldn’t find him...

So, I went to my hotel room – took off my uniform and laid in bed – to think...

Then, at around three o’clock I went to Sylvia’s apartment – parked the truck around the block from her place – coned it

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off...Then went to the parking lot – and crawled under a car – in front of her apartment...I waited and waited – someone asked me what I was doing – and I said, “Can’t start my car.” They left – and I waited some more...

It took her forever – but I just waited there – under the car...Sooner or later she’d show-up.

Then I heard the sound of heels clicking on the ground – I knew it was her.

She saw my legs sticking out from under the car – and walked around to the other side. I pulled myself to the front of the car, under the radiator – so I’d have a clear view – and I could see her face – I just caught a profile-view as she walked by.

There she is... I couldn’t help but smile.

She always walked so fast – with meaning – in a hurry all the time – with something in her hand...

Wonder what she’s thinking? Doing – wonder what she’s up to?

~ ~

The next day I drove all the way to downtown Chicago – into Chinatown – found a Japanese store and purchased a couple of decks of Kabufuda playing cards...

Then, I went to a sex shop and bought an enormous black dildo and the largest tube of KY Jelly I could find...

That took all day – by the time I got back to my hotel room – it was dark...I watched TV until I fell asleep.

The following morning, I got up early – put on a jogging suit – sweatpants and a hoody – a pair of tennis shoes – wrote on the dildo something – then stuffed it under my hoody/sweater...Then went on foot/jogging to a donut shop – where I had coffee...and just waited.

Around lunch time I jogged to the office building/warehouse that Sylvia worked – I jogged up and down the block – two times – then there he was...*I timed it nearly perfect!*

Bob was walking to his car...

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I fucking sprinted like a cheetah – into the parking lot, around the corner, and caught him just as he was approaching his car...

This happened so fucking fast/a flash of light – I bitch slapped him so hard – knocking him to the ground – shoved my hand down his pants and grabbed his dick – squeezing and squeezing! He went for something/maybe a weapon but it was too late – I had his dick! His hands automatically reached for his groin – grabbing my arm/pure instinct.

“Don’t disrespect Sylvia,” I said in a foreign accent... “We take care of our property!” Then I kissed him flush on the lips, and stuffed the Kabufuda cards – 8 – 9 – 3 in his mouth... “We’re gonna turn you into a woman!” I said.

I stood up slowly – the man’s eyes were closed – wincing in pain – still grabbing his groin...

I couldn’t help but smile – looking down on him...

~ ~

I took off running – picked up the chunk of broken curb I set in the parking lot two days before – smashed the woman’s Mercedes’s driver-side window – then threw the enormous black dildo into her car – on her seat, and squirted the KY Jelly all over her stearin wheel and on the dildo.

On the dildo was written, “For the next Patty Hearst!” and I threw three more Kabufuda cards in with the dildo – 8 – 9 – 3!

As I ran back to the hotel – I shed my sweatshirt/hoody and pants – threw them into a dumpster – now I was wearing a pair of shorts and a tank-top.

I almost fell over, I was laughing so hard...

Everyone’s gonna think Sylvia is connected with the Yakuza/Japanese Mafia...If that doesn’t scare the shit out of everyone/her enemies – get everyone to leave her alone/respect her...I don’t know what will.

All my bags were packed in my bucket truck – when I got back to the hotel – so I jumped in and took off, back to Saint Luis.

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When I got back from Chicago – and with my wife and kids in Latin America, I went to work in Saint Louis, to do my devious shit...

What did I do?

I started fucking with the sub-contracting company that did all the crappy work...

How did I fuck with them?

I asked questions – simple questions – when they came into the office, I asked why they got all the good/moneymaking contracts when they did shitty work?

—LOL!

But when you do something like that – you got to do it in front of everyone – in the office/around the managers – for everyone to see – otherwise it's just a wasted effort...

The owner of the sub-contracting company – Russell – was stupid enough to ask me what I was talking about – so I began to list all the crappy work they did – item per item...From not managing their crews/leaving homes out of service...I just went on and on...

Nobody could believe what I was doing – they just stood back and watched, and listened.

“So, if you do all that crap, why do you get the big contracts? You're incompetent, and yet you make all the money,” I said. “How does that work?”

Of course, this didn't go over very well – everyone/many people hated me...I was creating conflicts, right? Interrupting their corruption/payoff scheme...

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And I'll be honest with you – not even I understood the depths of the corruption/what I was stepping into...

I knew I was gonna get myself into serious trouble – but I had no idea, that pretty much everyone was involved in the scams...

~ ~

That very day – it started...

I got obscene phone calls, and a week later I got a letter in the mail – and on the envelope was pictures of ferries and dildos – saying I was a homosexual...

I mean, all of it was obvious – everyone knew who was doing it...

So, what did I do?

I poured more salt on the wound – I confronted Russell in front of his employees/several of his crews, in the field – alone...Me, by myself against something like ten guys...I just started screaming and yelling at them, demanding they fight me!

—*LOL!*

This was out in public – in the middle of a college parking lot – I was accusing them for fucking with my personal life – prank phone calls, anything I could think of...I even invented some shit! And I went on and on, threatening to kick all their asses, and yelling and screaming...And Russell and his partner, Paul – all dressed in nice cloths – they had no fucking idea what the fuck to do!

They just stood around – staring at each other...

I took my shirt off – and was spinning it in the air – I looked like an angry gorilla – jumping up and down – making all kinds of noise!

By the time I made my way to Russell – I was right in front of him – staring him in the face – still yelling – they just turned around – and they actually got in their trucks and left – and their crews were left just standing around – wondering what happened – and how to deal with the insanity...

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I went back to my truck – laughed my ass off – and a few minutes later – a police car drove around the parking lot...

And I looked at the officer's faces – and they were laughing...

I have no idea what they were thinking – or what was said – but they were laughing with me!

So, then I just went back to work...

And after that incident – I decided I was going to create total fucking havoc/chaos...and just laugh about it!

~ ~

Okay, before I go any further – I got to explain something – the company I was working/contracting for – was a multi-billion-dollar conglomerate – of mobster money/mostly out of Florida...

But, I also have to add, the main company was still controlled by a group of brothers – lead by Todd Pettibone...

Now, even though, him and his brothers were bought-out by this enormous conglomerate – they still controlled the day-to-day operations of their company – for the most part, at least – with little of oversight...Not much – mind you – just a little...

And of course, there were offshoots/smaller companies – sub-contractor companies, branching out from the main company, like Russell's and mine – but, for example – Russell's yearly invoices were several millions of dollars...and mine was in the tens of thousands.

And Russell had anywhere between 10 to 50 people working for him at any given time – and me, I was just a sole-proprietor contractor – with all but 1 employee – me, myself and I.

—*LOL!*

And there I was – trying to take on everyone!

—It was just pure stupidity – and I just laughed about everything!

I said to myself – *I'm gonna take this beyond comprehension/past the point of no return, and then some more – I'm gonna fuck with everyone and everything, until they fucking*

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kill me – or something else happens...I'm just gonna keep on going, all the way to the very end of the line!

~ ~

After that – now listen to this – after that incident – that subcontracting company – Russell's company – they actually left the main company!

—LOL!

They said they didn't feel safe!

But this is the funny part – Paul – Russell's silent partner in his company – listen to this – the dude did something like 10 years in prison, for assault with a deadly weapon!

And all of his employees were ex-cons too...And they didn't feel safe around me!

—LOL!

It's all just too funny!

~ ~

So, okay – they left – all because I was screaming and yelling at them!

***There were like 10 of these dudes and I was all alone...But they left.

I still can't stop laughing at it!

But the VP, that ran the Saint Louis office, right, you know what he did – he found the biggest motherfucking construction worker at the company – the dude was like 6 foot 3 – 280 pounds – huge – like a giant...and the next time I walked into the office – there was this dude staring at me – following me everywhere I went...Breathing hard – all huffed up – sweaty – you know – worked up ready to pick a fight with me...So, I made like I was going to go to the bathroom – but stopped short and threw something in the trash – and the dude runs into the bathroom – I think he tried to run into me – or something – he wanted to get it on/you know fight me/right there/but there was a huge flaw/the

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dude was too nice/he was actually a sweetheart of a guy – which I found-out later/and he didn't have the heart to do anything!

The dude just went into the bathroom – and stayed in there until I left the warehouse...And the VP watched the whole thing...

As I walked away – and out of the warehouse – I shot the VP a glance and winked at him...He was fucking furious!

—LOL!

And I went to work...

So, the next time I went into the office – there was the construction worker – just sitting there/staring at me/still angry – so, I smiled at him, and said, “Hey, how you doing?” And it was over – dude couldn't fight me!

He said, “I'm okay, how are you?”

~ ~

So, I kept going to work – and smiling at everyone and talking with everyone like everything was normal/business as usual...

Everyone was furious!

So, after months with the VP's sub-contractor company gone – get this – everything was revealed...

The VP asked me to see him in his office – I go in and he goes, “So, you got rid of my boys?” And I'm like... “I don't know what you're talking about...Didn't know they were your boys...I didn't do anything...” I said.

He nodded and said, “That's okay...But, you're gonna have to take their place. I'm gonna write an invoice in your name – and you keep a little of it – and bring me a part of it...” and I go, “Yeah, okay.”

And I turned and left the office – and I'm scratching my head/just thinking – wondering...

Was it really that simple?

That's everything?

It's all about embezzling money – and I assume payoffs...But hell! We already knew that – everyone fucking knew it – but it was like a cloud of dust – just winks and glances – false invoices

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– and endless jargon/stupid conversations for extra cash...I was dumbfounded that I was right – the entire time – that’s what all of this horseshit was about!

The I thought some more...And I said to myself – *if I play my cards right, I'd get proof – as if it matters, right?*

But, I figured – I could use it against them...

The bottom line – I just had to keep digging deeper...

Anyway, when I left the office – I was laughing my ass off!

We're gonna keep going – I said to myself – all the fucking way baby—all the way to the end – all the way down into hell! I want to die!

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A month later the check with the erroneous invoice arrived – I just stared at it – \$400 – for work that wasn’t performed/from an invoice that I did not create...but paid to me.

The following day I walked into the VP’s office and said, “You know what Fred...” that was his name, “I can’t do it.” And I walked out of his office, chuckling to myself.

~ ~

Then, a week later, I asked to meet a veteran manager – out in the field – who was in his sixties...

We met in his car...and I told him what the VP (Fred) did...

“Fred asked me to embezzle, and paid me an illicit invoice...I have it with me. Do you want to see it?” I said.

The guy didn’t know what to say, or do, or how to handle the situation...and he didn’t even want to see the invoice, or the check!

He changed the subject/and talked about work...Then got me to leave.

Okay, now listen to this – the following Monday – I’m called into the VP’s office – and Todd Pettibone – that owner I mentioned before was there...

And Fred is sitting at his desk...Furious! Just sitting there...behind his desk – fuming at the mouth/nostrils flaring – and – now – keep in mind something else – most of these guys were all ex-military – and I’m not talking about commissioned guys – these were ex-officers!

Fred was high-level – officer – ex-Army...

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Anyway – Fred gives me this long/drawn-out explanation about how I was mistaken about the invoice I received...And the owner is there – nodding – confirming...

And I'm like – "Oh, I was mistaken? Yeah! Of course, I was...Oh, I'm sorry 'bout that!" and I leave the office.

So – lets clarify something – that veteran manager – that I spoke to about the embezzlement – in his car – he didn't keep what I told him a secret – the motherfucker went straight to management and told Fred and Todd...

What a fucking joke!

Totally illegal!

I made an accusation of illegal activity/with proof in my hand – and the manager I told went directly to the source/the person I accused of the crime, and told him everything!

But, that's fine – it's just begun... I said.

The next day – I walked-up to the VP – in the warehouse – in front everyone and handed him an envelope with the four hundred dollars in it...

—*LOL!*

"Sorry, I made that mistake," I said, "Here's your money back."

And I turned and walked away – laughing to myself...

~ ~

About a month later – in a non-related incident – ***wink nod – wink nod – as I'm working on some poles/in the easement – a young/angry/big ass dude – homeowner started screaming at me – and I'm not even sure why...

I climb down the pole – to talk/to confront him – the dude was hot/livid – and we both walk to the front of his house...

You know? I'm trying to avoid the situation...But he won't stop following me...Screaming!

He started calling me names. What he said the issue was – was some tools that were left in his yard...

That was all bullshit!

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That's not what was going on – in jail – this type of confrontation is known as a "Heart check."

***The main company I worked for wasn't called, "The Midwest Mafia," for nothing.

But the bottom line was – the homeowner did his job well/he pissed me off – and I got in his face/nose to nose and screamed as loud as I could, "You fucking idiot!" and he didn't even let me finish my sentence...The obvious happened – *bam!* He hit me in the head with a right hook...

So, right there, in Granite City, Illinois – in the suburbs of Saint Louis – on the front lawn – with neighbors leaving their houses to see what's going on – like a couple of blithering idiots – we fought!

—*LOL!*

But that was inevitable – at some point in time this White Supremist gang was gonna send someone after me/blindside me/you know the usual gangster shit...

And as big as he was – he didn't react fast/or know how to defend himself – the moment he hit me/my eyes lit up – we made eye contact – and the dude was like – *Oh shit!* You could see it.

I snaked my arm around his head/neck/under his chin – dropped straight down to the ground – and my left hand went to his face – I held him there – it was automatic...It just happened.

Then I heard him coughing/he couldn't breathe, right? So, I released him – and we both got up, off the ground – and I looked into his eyes/at his face and I'm like... "Oh shit..." He was bleeding everywhere – blood dripped from his eyes/scratches across his forehead and cheeks – lips were cut open...

He looked like he had been mauled by an animal...His head looked like a Cincinnati Bengals helmet...but the black stripes were blood-red...

I looked at my left hand – I had chunks of flesh under my fingernails...blood running down my fingers.

I didn't even realize what I was doing...I just did it!

The dude stammered backward – almost fell over – and got out his cellphone and said, "I'm calling the police..."

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I said, “Go ahead. You hit me first!”

He took a seat on the bumper of his truck – and he was in deep thought – then said, “No. I’m not calling the police.”

...And blood was pouring out of his mouth...eyes...dripping on the phone...

What he needed to do – was call the hospital.

And I said, “Good idea,” and reached-out and shook his hand, and I got in my truck and got the hell out of there!

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And, of course – without a sub-contracting company to embezzle his money – to make the payoffs necessary/etc...The VP, brought Russell back, and all of his ex-convict employees, and sub-contractors – and the obscene phone calls began again – and one day, as I'm outside my house – there – right there...A bucket truck was parked...Yeah – it was one of Russell's guys – the dude parked in front of my house/across the street and just sat there staring at me...At my home.

Now, you know why I sent my family back to Latin America – and got them the fuck out of the country! I knew this was going to happen.

But, I went into work – did my job – and Russell constantly tried to small talk me – but each time he did I just asked him... “So, how much did you embezzle this time?” and I said it in front of everyone...And he would just shake his head – and say some stupid shit right out of that movie Shawshank Redemption – like, “I think this boy's gonna have himself an accident...” and I'd just laugh.

Then, guys would just call me and say, “I'm gonna kill you Steven!”

—LOL!

The shit became comical!

I just laughed in the phone...

~ ~

And that was life for a while...Then I put some stuff up for sale on the internet, right – and this is the shit that happened!

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So, I started getting phone calls, about the item I had for sale, right? But I couldn't get the dudes off the phone! And they were these old white guys, from bumfuck/backwoods...and they're asking me all kinds of personal questions -- ***red flag – red flag, right?

So, I played along – and these guys are becoming friends with me – ***Wink nod!

—*LOL!*

And next thing I know – they're just calling me to shoot the breeze...

“Hey, do you want to go out and have a beer?” one of the dude's asked.

I was just sitting there – smiling – thinking to myself...*How far do I take it?*

“Yeah, that sounds good!” I said.

And I'm like – I'm gonna get jumped/beaten/but let's play along...and take it deeper, right?

So, there we were at a redneck bar, and I'm doing my thing – playing stupid – and I'm talking about all kinds of personal things/issues – all kinds of stupid shit in my life that nobody in their right mind wants to talk about...My wife cheating on me, and losing basketball games – all kinds of stupid shit that makes me look bad – and it's all true!

—*LOL!*

And I'm drinking with these dude – ***They were my friends, right!

The dudes are all tatted-out – ex-con types – and they're making a fool of me in the bar...The usual shit...acting like they're my friend/but they're not – they're giving hand signals to everyone in the bar, and everyone in the bar is laughing at me...and I'm just playing along.

Then I went for my hook – just when the energy level was about to ramp-up – you see...I felt violence in the air, at least...I was thinking they might get violent...That's when I went for broke...

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“Yeah! Listen to this...” I said, then I got quiet...I said this in a whisper...and I go, “In the company I work – there’s this VP that’s embezzling...and he’s doing it through a sub-contracting company...Right?”

And the tone went deaf/silent/like the two dudes didn’t know what to do...or say/or how to act.

***And these are my buddies, right?

Why wouldn’t I tell my friends what’s going on at work...I mean...They’re my friends, right?!

—*LOL!*

And I go, “So, I actually got the VP to write me a fake invoice, to prove the embezzlement was going on...” Now, I started getting loud... “And the VP wrote the invoice and paid me! I have the check! They got everything bugged-up/locked up – done. It’s all on record! Next month they’re all going down! The cops got them all! There’s like 12 people in the office that will go to jail!” And I started to laugh and I finished off my beer, and I was drooling at the mouth...“Those guys at work, they don’t know what’s going on!” and I slapped the table and laughed out loud! And I put my arms around my friends, like we’re all good ol’ buddies!

“I got ‘em!” I said! “Look at this dude,” and I showed the two guys my phone, “Look at this contact! Wayne Jefferson! Check him out! He’s the guy! He’s my contact! They got everything! And that’s why I’m still here. They wanted someone on the inside – to stay working at the company!” And I went on and on, talking and talking about everything/feeding them so much bullshit/it overwhelmed them.

Their minds went overload!

And these dudes are like – *this guy is so fucking stupid!* Their eyes are all bugged-out – and I ordered another round of beers...and I just kept talking...and rambling on and on, and on...Then, they just left!

They ran out of the bar!

And I’m laughing and laughing...They took it all – hook line and sinker!

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~ ~

So, I haven't spoken to the idiot/VP/Fred in months – he wouldn't even look my direction – as a matter of fact – a month earlier – I went into his office – and he literally got up from his desk – and ran out! The dude ran out of his own office when I entered!

—*LOL*

So, the next workday was a Monday – and I go into the office – this is the killer – it's so funny – I had to read everyone's reactions...to see if the scam worked...And I go into the office – and it did! It worked – these fucking idiots/they must have been ex-con buddies for Russell's partner – Paul – or something – and the info about the BS investigation went all the way up to the VP!

So, the moment I walked into the warehouse – the VP came down from his office...And he's all trying to start a conversation with me/to read me/and I'm like doing my best stupid routine...Like I always do.

And this genius was talking around this and that – on and on – trying to push the conversation...This and that – and I'm just acting like I don't want to talk – and I'm at work...I need to get work done...but he kept after me/trying to read me – saying stupid shit...

And I scratched my chest – acting like I was adjusting a microphone and I ask him, "I'm sorry, can you repeat that?" and I stick out my chest...Doing everything I can to keep a straight face...

The utter bullshit of everything!

And he's like – *what the fuck?*

He doesn't know what to say – and he's stumbling...and unsure.

Then, I go – and I stick my chest out – and I said, "Fred, can I talk with you in your office, alone?"

And the motherfucker literally runs away again!

And that was it – that was all I could take – I feel over laughing! Right there in the office – I feel on the floor! I went

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down to my knees/took hold of a chair...and slapped the table over and over again! I was dying – I was laughing so hard!

And Fred came back – and stared at me and even he began to smile – and I go, “I told you those fuckers were fucking with my personal life!” And he said, “This has nothing to do with me!”

And I said, “You know it does! I just proved it!”

And the VP was staring at me with pure fucking hatred!

“You didn’t prove shit!” he said.

“Why did you come down here to talk to me? I know why,” I chuckled. “You haven’t spoken to me in months – and here you are – today. Why?”

He stood there nodding – in thought...And he said, “Okay,” and then he went back to his office and slammed the door!

~ ~

And that’s the world we live in ladies and gentleman...I used to think nobody knew it/and my stories were unique – they aren’t/this isn’t anything new – we all know what’s going on/it’s just that nobody talks about any of this – out of fear... We know the truth, and nobody says it...

But, for reasons I’ll not speak of at this moment – you’ll find-out later – I was going to go even deeper...

I’m gonna take this as far as I can – I said to myself.

So, I kept working – and Russell’s ex-con employees did twice the harassing/phone calls in the middle of the night – one day – I got a call and I knew the voice – it was Paul, and he goes, “Is this Stephen Dunning?” And I go, “Yeah...yeah...yeah...” and the dude on the other end of the line goes, “I’m gonna rape and kill your children!” I hung up and started laughing! The shit never ends...

“Oh, what dipshits!” And the next day – there they were – we were all working together/like nothing was wrong...

We just kept going.

~ ~

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So, it was the normal treatment, right guys?

From then on – of course – I only got the crappy work! Climbing 50-foot poles – out in the woods – rear easement/night work – the VP avoided me at all costs/the dude hated me...But, then again, that wasn't new – and I couldn't care less...

But, like...Listen to this...The dude would invite me somewhere with other co-workers just to fuck with me – and I'd play along...

“Steve, doesn't have a fucking friend in the world!” he'd say. Or – I'd go to a BBQ and I'd be chatting with someone, and he'd walk up to me and say, “You backstabbed Russell! Who was your friend!”

I would laugh – the dude was embezzling money out of the company/paying people off to get work – and he's trying to point a finger at me...I'm the fucking bad guy!

Here's another one he did – so, I'm in the office – filling-out paperwork – writing up invoices...So, I could collect my meager paycheck...

And here comes Fred, he sits down across from me – and he goes – I swear to God this dude must sit up at night, trying to figure-out shit to say to me...He goes, “So where did you go to school?”

Nothing to do with work, right? Absolutely nothing! I do physical labor – I'm a peon/I'm a sole proprietor contractor – what's that got to do with the price of tea in China, right? ...*Who fucking cares, right?*

And I go, “I'm a high school dropout. You know that!”

And he goes, “Don't make me pull out my bachelor's degree on your ass...put you in your place!”

Swear to God – that's what he said...I won't talk to the guy for a month – and he comes and sits beside me to say that crap...

I go, “The most useful paper on the planet is toilet paper.” And I fall over laughing.

Dude, you're embezzling – who fucking cares what college degree you got! I'm just sitting there laughing...

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And time went by – months/then a year/I lowered my head and endured all the crap – the daily prank phone calls/watching ex-con employees of Russell’s company randomly driving around my house...People fucking with my truck – letters in the mail – people knocking on my door in the middle of the night...Crack whores trying to get into my house through windows...You name it – it happened!

Oh, and to top it all off – if I talked about the insane shit that was happening to me – then everyone called me insane!

—LOL!

It’s a hopeless situation...

So, I just kept going...and I thought/calculated/I had to think of something/throw another monkey wrench into the engine...

I pondered/dreamt/my sinister/evil mind turned – but I suppressed the ideas/kept them at bay...And I watched everything – listened, noted the managers from the firms that issued the main company their work/and I spent hours at the office...And just laid low.

Then a huge contract came – we’re talking about a six-month – ten-million-dollar contract! And to rub it in my face – the VP had me begin the work/to figure-out the parameters/to set the specs of the contract – and he paid me a couple thousand dollars, and then he handed the entire contract to Russell...And told me, if I wanted to work on it – I had to work under Russell’s company – the same people that were harassing me!

—LOL!

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The insult was so terrible...All you can do is laugh about the evil in this shit...And the funny thing was – people called me the evil one...

But, that put everything in motion again – *there's got to be a way to trip these fuckers up...Prove/undeniably that these dipshits were fucking with my personal life – a kind of chaos that will manifest and bring out who they really are – their evil...Something that would create so much pressure...forcing/building – a pressure-cooker – something that would build-up so much heat...like popping a zit – everything would just – BOOM! – explode!*

Even though I knew – proving anything to these people wouldn't matter...But, I have to add – to bring an evil to the surface – for everyone to see – if that was all I could do – maybe – somehow – it might help/might change things...

So, I had to go deeper into the shit/hell/feces/of this \$1,000 suit-wearing/fancy haircut/nose to the sky/title announcing/shove everything in everyone's face/VP/college degree/white supremacists bullshit company!

If I could get the company taken from these guys – force the parent company/the conglomerate to take it over – that'd be perfect!

~ ~

It was around then – at that time – 2006 – that Sean Bell was shot in his car – in Queens, New York – the day before his wedding.

50 rounds were shot into Bell's car – he was unarmed – everyone in the car was shot...5 police officers went on trial – all kinds of charges – “Not Guilty.”

It was similar to the Michael Brown incident that happened a few years later – shot in Ferguson, Missouri – a suburb of Saint Louis...And the undeniable nepotistic/institutionalized racism went on full display!

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Now, I don't know what went down between Michael Brown and that cop – or Sean Bell and those 5 police officers...I don't have the details – I don't think anyone does...We'll never know what went through their minds...

The dead can't testify, and you'll never hear the truth from the cops...

The only information I had – was the parallels in the company I worked at...

Look, we had a VP that's stealing tens of thousands of dollars from the company/maybe even hundreds of thousands of dollars each year – and he lived in a mansion/+30 acres – the mansion he had was a custom built home (4 story – 7,000 square-foot home – value in the millions...) paid for on a \$70,000 salary...and that same VP fired a black dude, for using the company fuel card to fill-up his personal vehicle...And the VP told everyone/ridiculed the dude/made an example of him...

But wait – a few years before that – that same VP/Fred took me down to Kentucky Lake – used a company truck to pull his travel trailer – and filled-up the truck using the company credit card...

So, he was guilty of the same thing he fired the black dude for – and far worse – there's no telling how much of the money that he embezzled – he kept for himself...

Everything was bullshit! Tens/or hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of theft by him/and those he paid off – okay! A black dude filled-up his truck with \$50 of gas! Fuck him! Fired! Pink slip! Put it on his record!

This is the institutionalized racism people talk about!

As far as Michael, or Sean were concerned – we'd never see/or hear the truth...

Where do we begin?

How deep does it go?

How fed-up do people get?

~ ~

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Then, I had an idea – the simplicity of it/a twist of the screw so devious – to catch the racists/use their evil – hatred/anger/fear, lies – against them/it was fucking perfection! But it was going to be painful...But, there's no such thing as a victory – against a formidable foe – without sacrifice/injury/vicious heartache/*you have to crack an egg to make an omelet* – I said to myself. *But will it work?* I wasn't certain...

Fuck it!

I went to an interracial porn site/created a login/and posted a naked picture of my wife...

Now, we're going to find-out – to what level these fucking criminals are monitoring me...Fucking with me – and use it against them!

~ ~

Several months went by and there was nothing...

To be honest, I was thankful – there was no telling the absolute hell that this was going to create for me in the company/in my life...

But I had to see it – prove it – know the truth...

I kept thinking – and wondering – was everything in my head?

We always do that – it's a trick – everything's a trick – everything is a mind game...

So, I had to throw out the bait/with my hook – and throw it out far/into their waters...

So, I began to talk to Russell – and he was suspicious at first/but he was so arrogant/as if he'd gained an edge over me...just because I was talking with him, right?

We talked about work – and I offered to send him a spec manual for fiber splicing – any reason to send him an email – so he'd obtain my computer's IP address...

He gave me his email address – and I wrote the email – and I just held my finger over the send button...in thought...

As they say – that was the point of no return...

The moment I pressed – send – it'd begin/it's all over!

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3...

2...

1...

—Sent!

Okay – now they have my IP address – let's see what happens...

I just laid low and waited – like a snake in the grass...I stopped slithering – and held very still.

~

A week later – the nasty phone calls began – phone call after phone call...over and over and over...But I didn't answer the phone.

He's got it!

Just lie low – let them do their damage – let them beat me down...

I went into the office – and everything and everyone was silent – a manager walked from behind his desk, when he saw me coming, and slammed his door – *Bam!*

The insanity went to a massive level!

There's no telling what happened or what went down...fights arguments...

Very clearly – some shit happened – and it was being blamed on me – I – me – it was I who lowered the office into depravity!

I did it myself.

Heaven forbid! I mention that people were going into the office showing a picture of my naked wife – on an interracial porn site!

—*LOL!*

I went into the bathroom and laughed my head off!

Nobody would talk to me!

~ ~

Then, one Monday – of the following week – the owners wanted to see me/they called me into Fred's – the VP's office – but they didn't know what to say or ask/there was nothing they

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could do...Any question/if it was asked – would be sexual harassment...

Do I need to tell you – put into words – what happened – you all know what happened...

The owners – even the VP – just stared at me – and there I was – standing in the office/like a tame deer – just standing there – waiting to be killed...Nobody knew anything – or how to say it – or what to say...

—*LOL!*

Was his wife cheating on him? Did he know? Was it even his wife that was in the picture?

Nobody knew what to do or say!

Everything was befuddling!

One of the managers actually broke down crying when he saw me walk into the office...He felt sorry for me – he thought my wife was cheating on me with black guys...

—*LOL!*

It was hard to keep a straight face...

It was all I could do – to not breakdown laughing!

My wife was fucking hot too – her huge titties on display – nice trimmed pussy – and she was just there – smiling – in her birthday suit – standing there – completely buck-fucking naked – for everyone to see!

She was fucking hot/gorgeous! And everyone saw her...They were totally befuddled/without a fucking clue, how to deal with the situation...

But there they were – all of the owners in the VP's office.

I had to play it cool/I couldn't laugh.

The VP – Fred tried to talk with me...he sat behind his desk – twiddled his thumbs – and just stared at me, shaking his head...

The picture was unimportant/the proof/so obvious...

“Yeah, what do you want?” I asked.

It was silent – Todd Pettibone and his brothers just sat in the back staring at me.

“Something happened in the office...with Russell...” he said.

“Okay, so? What's that got to do with me?” I responded.

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Complete fucking silence...

“He might be leaving...And we might need you to build-up some crews...to take his place,” he finally said it.

“So, why is he leaving?” I said.

The dude just stared at me...

Todd Pettibone said, “We’ve had some problems with his work...”

“Oh, okay, I’ll see what I can do. Is that all?”

“Yes,” said Fred, as he lowered his head...

And I walked out of the office – once again – chuckling to myself.

~ ~

Some men/some of the linemen busted out laughing at me as I walked by...

I wanted to bust-out laughing too...

You have to know this – the level of hatred was beyond comprehension! Nobody would talk with me – nobody! Old friends/well not friends but acquaintances turned their back on me...

Two of the managers that relied on Russell’s company – came to the table I was working at/I was doing paperwork/writing up an invoice/they sat down beside me/but refused to acknowledge me/and talked about how someone was sabotaging the company – of course they were referring to me...

“Now! We can’t use Russell! Our number one sub-contracting company has been kicked out of the company, because of a perverted son-of-a-bitch!”

As I walked by another construction worker – the dude just said it, “Nigger-lover!”

I acted like I didn’t even hear it.

This shit went on for months...

Every day another comment – higher level of intensity – insanity...

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Here's another comment I heard, "If that dude thought we was treated bad before!" this was from one of the managers – he said, "He ain't seen nothing yet!"

And it just went on, and on, and on, like that...

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There was this one manager, called Daryl, who was pretty cool – he wasn't part of the embezzlement – at least I don't think he was – so he saw things differently – because he was detached from the corruption/not entirely innocent though because he did nothing to stop the process/the theft – but I respected him, because he didn't want more than his share/I mean – he only wanted honest money – earned from his own labor...

Anyway, he understood there was something deeper to what was visible – and then one afternoon, while I was out in the field working – there he was...

But – I got to tell you – the dude seldom left the office...

I had just walked from the rear easement/behind some houses – so my heart was pounding after climbing poles – and there he was – standing beside my truck...

And he goes, "I...I don't get?"

I said, "Is that a question?"

"What's going on with you?" he said.

"What do you mean...What don't you get?"

"You don't make any money...I don't get what you're doing. You're fighting an impossible battle. I don't know what's real – what you know – what's happening between you and your wife – or Fred – or Russell..."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "What do you mean? These people...Why did you mention my wife?"

He just stared at me...

Everything's fucking games with these guys – I was sure he was fishing for info to report back to the VP/Fred...

"What's happening, ain't real – I know that much..." he said.

So, I asked him, “What’s happening? You tell me.”

This was his exact words, “At this rate, you’re going to go to jail – with a straightjacket around you...”

There was silence...and he finally goes, “You don’t make any money here...Isn’t that the point of work, to make money?”

I just stared at him – and I said, *fuck it* – he wants truth – I’ll give it right back... “Why do you put up with it?”

“Put up with what?” he said.

“This is exactly what I’m talking about – what the fuck are you talking about! Why the fuck do you put up with it!” I demanded.” I really want to know!”

He didn’t say anything, so I added, “Why do you lie for them, cover for them? You know everything that’s going on...all of it! Why – do – you – do – nothing – you – fucking – degenerate – piece – of – fucking – shit? You can’t even talk about what’s going on, you’re so full of shit!”

He turned and walked away...

And I yelled at him, “Russell has his employees go into your office, to show pictures of a naked woman, and say it’s my wife! And you guys allow it! Own it!”

“You lead them to do it!” he turned and said.

“How did they find it? They were monitoring my life/fucking with my personal life! And the reason they did it/and get away with it, is because they’re embezzling money – a crime far worse...Right? They know they’re going to get away with harassment, that’s a crime nearly impossible to prove – because those that receive stolen money will protect them! So, do you allow this shit to happen in your company?”

“What do you want?” he walked back toward me...

“I want Russell kicked-out of here!”

He said, “Yeah, but...But then what? Where do you go? What do you do? Russell’s from Illinois, you’re not! You don’t fit in...You will always be a target here...Like a zebra in antarctica.”

“I know,” I said.

“So, where do you go?”

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He got back in his truck and started the engine...put it in gear – drove away – hung a U-turn in a driveway – and headed back my direction...

When he got to me – he rolled down his window – looked me straight in the eyes and said, “You’re fighting shadows.”

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And that, ladies and gentlemen is the reality of it...

Here's the facts: 1) I refused to embezzle – so I got shitty work
2) They operated an embezzlement/payoff pyramid...
3) Those that did embezzle didn't want me around so they harassed/and monitored everything about my life/**even my personal life/even my own family...They did it because they were committing far worse crimes.

4) Everyone knew the guys that were embezzling were also fucking with my personal life – others too...It was proven

5) They hated me when I proved it was true! When I proved how evil/wrong they were...

6) Almost everyone in the office was one the take...

7) And they were all racist – pieces of shit!

8) And it was all run by – ex-military – personnel...Officers!

~ ~

But ultimately, I had obtained what I wanted...

Russell was being forced out.

So, when I went out of town to work – I saw Russell and his ex-con employees – right – there they were still working for the company...They were supposed to be finishing a contract – that they'd already started/they were in the middle of it/at least that was the excuse that Fred used to keep them around, while he figure-out a way to keep them.

So, the next day, my truck broke down – the fuel pump went out – and they left the job site and refused to work...

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It was a joke! They went around showing people pictures of my wife – and I was the bad guy...

The evil in this world, becomes a comedy, that you have to laugh at...It's so funny!

*If you play by their rules – get ashamed ***for whatever reason...Believe in their decency...their values – rather than your own...Then you fall into their hands – you become their prey.*

And people do this shit – they live this way – and they want you/no they demand you take them serious! —LOL! And if you don't then they'll try to have you killed...At the very least – completely destroy your life.

—LOL!

Nobody asked the question/how did they get the picture of my wife? And nobody was even sure if the picture was my wife...They looked very similar...But how did they even know what my wife looked like? Nobody ever met her...

They had to go on the internet – to her social media, to spy on my wife – to find similar pictures!

Ladies and gentlemen – this shit actually happened!

The level of/how much they pried into my life/how far they were willing to go/what they did to my personal life – it was all there – obvious/blatant/everyone could see it – but all the white people were too fucking corrupt/busy getting their stolen money to care – nobody wanted to see it – and that was my mistake – I didn't understand how fucked-up everyone in the office was...That everyone was in on the depravity...

It's all just a fucking joke!

But what drove these racists dipshit furious was that it was posted on an interracial sex site!

—LOL!

I still laugh about that shit to this day! I'm falling off my chair, right now – as I write – it's too funny!

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So, everyone was out to get me, right? All the white secretaries/that knew, and also got payoff money/when they needed it/like an ATM machine – they could just withdraw a couple of hundred whenever they wanted it...They treated me like dogshit!

They weren't gonna get their fucking payoff money anymore.

***I walked into the warehouse and a thousand-pound power supply fell off a shelf, right beside me...

***When I was in the yard – three-ton bucket trucks would race by me/almost hitting me...And blare their horns!

Everyone talked about shooting and killing homo/nigger lovers – you name it!

~ ~

But, I won...

It was just a matter of time before Russell was kicked out of the company...

I thought/and considered – when I saw Russell in the warehouse one day – I had to say goodbye to the guy...right?

And I walked up to him – and the dude was standing there – and I go, “Hey, I’m sorry about all the conflicts in the past, okay, peace to you...” I reached-out – we shook hands – and I gave him a shoulder bump... “Good luck,” I said, in a display of comradery/it was all just a game, anyway...

~ ~

Okay, so, from that incident – get this – the VP called me into the office...And there was Todd – the owner, sitting behind me – and Fred goes...

“Well, is everything alright in your life?”

And I’m like, “Yeah, fine.”

“Well, there’s been some fireworks lately, and I wasn’t sure if you were okay...”

So, that’s how he’s going to play it – and I’m thinking...

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“Of course, I’m sorry for any issues I’ve caused...” I said, and the VP began to laugh...

“It will be nice when the troublemakers are gone,” I said.

And the VP goes, “Well, Russell isn’t going anywhere now that you made peace with him.”

I just stare at him...and I’m like... “What do you mean?”

The VP just chuckled...I got a little upset.

So, I said, “Did I prove to you that they were fucking with my personal life?”

And he just stared at me... “No,” he said, “You didn’t prove anything.”

“And they’re staying?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Okay, I’m putting in my notice,” I said – and I said to myself – *I don’t want to be around these fucked-up people anymore anyway...But now we’re gonna take this shit to a new level!*

Not only are these guys embezzling/paying off – stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars – racist as motherfuckers...That’s beside the point – but, because of that illegal shit – they think they have the right to do anything/with impunity – even to people’s personal lives...

This VP allows – his criminal/thieving friends – to fuck with my personal live...track my internet activity...go into his office – and endlessly sexually harass me...maniacal shit! And it was fucking proven – without a fucking doubt, and he’s still gonna defend them!

Do you have any idea how screwed up this stuff is?

Everything...*is gone!*

This dude is owned by his crimes. He has to protect his embezzling/payoff scheme...

This motherfucker is going down!

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So, I moved back down to Texas – but kept the shit going!

I began to send email after email to the VP – as if I’m furious/insane at the treatment that happened – and also, I filed a sexual harassment lawsuit against the company – so, of course I got a phone call from their lawyers...

But I didn’t stop...I kept sending emails – every day for months – email after email – detailing how the embezzlement scheme worked – and who participated in it/who was getting paid-off...and who was paying them off.

Then – I went all-in!

Listen to this shit! I went beyond the point of no return – well, to be sure – I went beyond that point long ago – so, let’s say – I jumped off the edge of the world into the abyss – without a fucking parachute!

I sent an email about a dream I had, a nightmare I had the day before...I wrote, “I dreamt that I walked into your office with a machine gun, and killed everyone! Blowing everyone’s brains out – one by one! I killed all you motherfuckers!”

The next day the President of the company called me – and he’s like...

“Now you did it bud! You fucked up big time! Now you’re going to jail!” and I go, “What are you talking about?”

And he goes, “I called the fucking Feds on your ass! They’re going to be here this afternoon! Threatening to kill everyone – gun everyone down in the office! You’ll be in prison for decades!”

I busted out laughing... “I didn’t threaten to kill anyone...I just told you about a dream I had...” and I kept laughing. “Oh, well,” I said. “Okay! I guess I’ll have to deal with them...”

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But I couldn't stop laughing – and he didn't get it – he didn't know why I wasn't scared...He just sat there on the phone/I could hear the dude thinking...He wasn't sure of anything anymore...

Motherfucker didn't get it!

So, they called the Feds on me, right? But, what the President of the company didn't know...What his lawyers should have told him – if he consulted them...Dreams aren't admissible in a court of law.

Any lawyer – worth their salt/that knows anything about criminal law, knows that!

We have the right to discuss our dreams with people/and we have no control over them!

—*LOL!*

So, the dude called the cops on himself! And the Feds were surely going to want to see all my emails...He was going to have to explain all the shit that went down in the company/all my other emails/the lawsuit/the embezzlement activity – everything!

When I got off the phone – I fell over laughing!

I started to dance!

“I got them!” I yelled!

If this went on – the conglomerate would surely take away the company – it was just a matter of time!

The Feds never contacted me – there was no reason to – I didn't do anything illegal!

So, what did I do, I started sending even more emails! Twice a day – and I was detailing every illegal activity in the fucking company!

~ ~

And finally, Todd Pettibone called me, and he goes, “Please don't send us anymore emails.” These were his exact words – the dude just broke down – he goes, “Listen Steve, we have to notify the cops every time you contact us. We are getting audited. We can't take anymore. I'm begging you...Please stop. If you need

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references to find work/you want me to find work for you, anything I can do to help...We don't want to fight anymore.”

Motherfucker let his employees show pictures of a naked woman in their office – tried to throw me in jail for telling them about a bad dream...Shit on me for years!

Now, he calls me begging me to stop telling the truth about their corruption...

It was all just a joke!

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After that – it was just a matter of time before I went to jail...

Something was going to happen – right? A fight – someone was going to attack me – like in the Godfather movie – lighting was gonna strike! It was gonna come out of nowhere – and get me – sooner or later it was gonna happen...

So, I got into a fight/and it escalated/and everything got out of control – and I was trying to make it back down to Latin America – and get out of the US...But I couldn't – everything fell apart...

I committed a crime – and actually, I committed many crimes – and I was guilty of everything – my state of mind was completely gone!

But, let's be honest, I was guilty of all kinds of shit – so, I didn't complain or point the finger – I accepted my fate.

I was facing 20+ years in prison/mandatory – and I'm not gonna get into the details of what I did...Nobody died this time – though – that's important to know.

And when I was arrested – the police officers beat the living shit out of me – dragged my face across the asphalt, hit me upside the head with the butt of their handguns – over and over – and I was bleeding/covered in blood...

But listen to this – not everything is as it seems – them beating me, actually helped me! It helped a lot!

'Cause they took pictures of me to show to the victims/to identify me – and because I was so badly beaten/and bloodied – many of the charges weren't even filed/I guess the victims felt sorry for me...

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And when I was asked by the officer/the clerk who booked me – if the cops caused all the bruises/and cuts on my face and body – I looked her right in the face and said, “Nope.”

~ ~

You know – if they don’t catch you on one thing – they create something else/or get you doing something else...That’s how this works ladies and gentlemen.

So, I was sitting in county jail/waiting for my trial – talking with other inmates – and the ones that I talked to – they were all like me/had similar stories...

“I pissed off the wrong people! Then the world came crashing down on me, until I blew-up, and they threw me in here – booked me!”

They were young – they got a criminal record – couldn’t find work...The road to hell/gangs/control/no way out...

***And that’s America too...

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JESUS IN JAIL

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O kay, so let me get something straight – all the shit I did before – was the reason I was thrown in jail...Everything I'm gonna tell you now – is how I got out.

~ ~

So, I was up against some serious shit – and I was just following the steps – of course – nobody can really fathom the insanity of jail – 10 cells per pod – 2 inmates per cell – 20 criminals/lunatics in a large room...24/7 together.

Every game/mind game/mind fuck/intimidation – to break you mentally is played – over and over – sometimes it's two guys – sometimes its three – four – then everyone is in on it...

You can't fight everyone! You have to pick and choose...

But I'm an artist! —*LOL!* ***And I have a death wish.

So, I was going to use those factors/methods for my advantage.

Now, I'm not gonna say I planned everything the way things turned out – I didn't – the majority of the time I don't know what the fuck is going on – and seldom do I plan anything – I just work in a direction, like I said, the way I drew pictures as a child/the way I write a poem/or this novel – nothing is known/calculated – scripted/understood – in the beginning...

And what I'm gonna talk about in here – is gonna upset some people – if you haven't gotten upset by now...

So, get ready – as you can tell – this book is not about sugar coating the world/making things sound pretty and nice – this is about hell/this is about going down into the depths of

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depravity/insanity – endless tears/death and dying/this is about destruction/this is about what swirls in the ether – the obvious – what nobody wants to talk about/what people are forbidden to talk about/what decency/manners/those lies – those blinders – those handicaps – obstacles/what curtains hide – the little man pulling the levers – directing your life...How it's done – through fear...and what you are afraid of – in society.

That's what this motherfucking thing is about!

~ ~

Having said all that – yeah! – you all know exactly what I'm going to talk about now...Ya'll know!

The first day I was in jail – the doors open-up to my cell and I'm walking down to the lower level – and there's movement to my left/in a cell – and it's a guy fucking another guy up the ass.

And the dude who is fucking – looks back at me as I'm walking by – he pulls-out of the other dude's butt – pulls his underwear and pants up – stands and walks out of the cell – and I watch the poor other dude – a big dude – as he shakes and quivers – the dude was crying – tears running down his face...And he pulls up his pants.

I kept walking.

Get in line for chow.

And we're all standing around – thinking the shit you think when you're in jail with 19 other criminals/gangbanger/lunatics – rapists...thieves...drunks...drug dealing...smugglers...etc...

You don't know what to think at first – your mind is scattered trying to figure out how you got there...

Then, if you're lucky you start – you always have to start – you have to figure-out the people you're in with...

You have to start thinking like an animal – identifying pecking order...Who's the leader/who's giving direction – and seldom is it the biggest/strongest...

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So, this was my first day – and who’s standing beside me – but the dude that got buttfucked.

He was calmer – not crying...But still sad.

And I’m like, “Hey,” you know – gonna try to cheer him up – *LOL!*

“Hey, look on the bright side of life man...” I said, and he’s staring at me.

And I don’t know what came over me – I started to sing Louis Armstrong’s – What A Wonderful World...

But I didn’t remember the lyrics exactly...But I tried, “I see trees, and red roses also...I see them bloom, for you and I! And I think to myself, what a wonderful world!”

I was looking at the dude – to see if it was cheering him up...nodding...and winking...and he was staring at me – I didn’t see it right/ya know what I mean/I guess the rage was building in the dude...but I didn’t know it.

And I went to the next verse...And the inmates were surrounding me – I noticed the dudes beside me – there was the guy that raped him...And I was trying to cheer people up in jail, ya know...Thinking they were surrounding me ‘cause they wanted to hear me sing... “Come on...We can all sing together...”

And I’m like –

“The colors of the rainbow,” I said – and I fucked up – I cringed – I knew I shouldn’t have mentioned a rainbow...Oh well, keep going, “It’s so pretty to see up there! And the rainbow is on the faces!” *Shit I said it again!* “Of people walking by! And I see friends shaking hands, and saying, ‘Hello, how are you?’ And they’re really saying, ‘I love you.’”

That was it – that was as far as I got – the dude screamed – and bum-rushed me!

It was a goddamned free for all!

Everyone was attacking me – the dude slammed me into other guys – and they started throwing punches – it was total insanity!

~ ~

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Next thing I know – a psychiatrist is analyzing me – running some psychological test...Question – question – question.

Then, I'm released back into the pod – just walking around – talking to people – every fucking conversation is some weird/insanity – talking about stealing shit/blackmail/full of insinuations/winks nods/people wiping their faces/scratching their noses and upper lip...Cracking their necks – tapping their toes – the fucking lunatics looked possessed/I guess that's what the Bible meant – that's how you'll know the devil/they act all crazy/they're possessed/can't sit still...The fucking dudes looked like they're all dancing/even when they're sitting down! Some weird fruitcakes/they looked like characters from the Muppet Show! Each one trying to act more badass than the next/demanding respect and doing stupid shit/pitting one guy against another...facial tics/hairy lips/eyeballs quivering/feet stomping – endless talking about shivving guys up the ass...Just endless insanity!

Then, a psychologist gets brought into a small room and does a psychological analysis...

They should ask the question, “Are you going to act strange as we destroy your life?”

~ ~

Then, this Italian dude was put in jail – and everyone was watching him – I didn't even see him...just heard about him – and I overheard a guy warn another inmate –

He said, “Never ever fuck with the Italians – fucking never! They're fucking connected all the fucking way up to the CIA! Once this dude that was running the whole fucking prison/a shot-caller – but, he fucked with an Italian dude – a week later he was jacking off with a fucking icepick! Motherfucker shoved the icepick through his fucking testicle! Who knows what the fuck he was thinking! And so he goes to the infirmary, and the docs are saving his life – so they can torture the dude some more! They

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gave him a fucking transfusions and shit...And they saved the dude's life, and he's begging the doctors to let him die...And they put him back in his cell and the fucking guards put that same fucking icepick on his pillow! Motherfuckers put the icepick on his pillow, like it was a gift or something! And, of course the dude does it to his other testicle! He was jacking off – and he did it again...and this time, the docs let him bleed to death...and die...Do you understand? You do not fuck with Italians! It's fucking CIA mind control shit!"

The guys kept talking...and I was listening the whole time.

"The Italians and Jews – you never mess with them! Try not to even be around them...It's not that they're more this or that – they're just maniacal! They take it to a different level...Gangbanging isn't a crime/to them it's a religion! We do it because we have to, to survive – *they love to do it!* It's their sport! We watch football and baseball, they're still in the Middle Ages – wanna watch gladiators die – people getting eaten by lions and shit!"

~ ~

So, I go to take a shower, right?

Now, there's something you have to understand about jail – you protect people/so they protect you.

Do you get it?

Something else about jail – it's no different than the outside...What I mean is – what happens to you in jail/happens to you in the world – but it's on steroids/cocaine/meth and jail is a time warp – whatever would happen to you in the world/whatever takes years to happen in society/will happen to you in minutes/days/at the most 1 week, in jail.

You are identified/categorized/read/known/pigeonholed the second you arrive...Then placed in the time warp/your jail cell.

***And when I'm talking about protection/it's mostly in the bathroom. Your allies/I would never call anyone a friend in jail/there are no friends/but your allies/usually your own race/do

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what cats and dogs do... What I mean by that is – if you have a cat that truly loves you – if you leave the door to the bathroom open – and if he knows you're in there – by instinct he will run in, and stand at the doorway... Watch-out for you/it's the same way in jail/you know who your friends are, when they stand watching the bathroom/while your inside.

And that's what I mean, when I mentioned becoming an animal earlier...

You don't have a choice.

~ ~

There were guys in their/in jail, so fucking scared of the community bathroom – they didn't take shows for months – literally fucking months/sometimes years!

And doctors were brought in, meetings made/and they asked inmates, "Are you mentally competent?"

—LOL!

It's all a fucking joke!

We're watching dudes get raped/turned into fucking women... People are injecting guys with hormones to grow breasts! And here comes a doctor... "Are you sane?"

—LOL!

So, I step inside the shower/and there's a bar of fucking soap by the drain!

"Motherfuckers!" I picked it up, walk out of the shower completely naked and threw it at the first idiot I saw!

"If you drop the soap bitch, you better pick it up yourself!" I yell! And went back in to finish my shower.

***Another psychological evaluation. —LOL!

~ ~

A couple of days go by – and things were settling in/ but nobody would have anything to do with me...

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I decided to go lay in my bunk/in my cell/I walked by the bathroom – and two black guys – completely fucking naked jump out and grabbed me/the big guy – and when I say “the big guy” – this dude was like 6 foot 4 – 250 – an athlete – and the smaller guy was also an athlete – 5 foot 8 – something – and they jumped out/trying to secure me. The big guy was able to grab me by the left wrist.

And in a flash my right arm swung – fingers straight out – swoosh! I sliced the dude’s nipple in half!

A second goes by – they’re all wet – arms reaching – but then the pain set-in!

The dude groaned – my hand swung back around/just missing his face!

The big guy grabbed his chest/his right nipple/blood drained out...

That left the little guy standing in front of me – as the big guy went to a knee.

I just stared at the little guy... We made eye contact/my hands and fingers out before me.

He flinched and I reacted.

Then he stepped backward/away from me...His eyes went to his friend on the floor/behind me/moaning/bleeding from the chest.

Dude couldn’t figure out what happened/why he was bleeding/how quickly it happened.

I went to my cell.

***Another psychological evaluation.

~ ~

Time trickled by – people stayed away from me...

And I sat out in the dining area/watching everyone in their cells – and I moved close to a certain cell – and the white supremacists let me get close – and I stayed there staring/glancing – timing/waiting...and waiting some more...

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I'd been eyeballing movements/the guys in the pod – I tried not to listen – everything/what everyone said was bullshit.

You're better off not listening to any of it.

So, time trickled, and I figured-out who was running everything – the head white supremacists...

There was a lot of Mexican Mafia – and Norteños – Sureños,,.But the white guy in the cell I was sitting beside/he was the head of the pod...

I figured he must have a lot of clout.

There was an overwhelming energy in my chest/I looked inward – and saw the brown eyes...I shutdown and the darkness grew/the cloud put a haze over myself/the world...The depth/the eyes looked into me/staring back at me/longing/impelling.

This twisted idea/this twisted soul I was/my death wish lifting me up...

I said to myself – *All or nothing...to the death...either I die – or go...*

Everything was worked-out...

Fuck it!

I stood up like a machine – I walked into the cell of the white supremacist leader – ***which you do not fucking do in jail – walking into another man's cell without an invitation...is a death sentence!

So, the dude was lying in the bottom bunk/his cellie was above him, both with their eyes closed/resting or sleeping/I don't know – I didn't care...

I lowered my pants, pulled out my dick and peed on his face.

All hell broke loose!

When – the dude screamed – everyone ran from their cells – I was pulled-out into the center of the pod...

Total fucking chaos – a riot in the pod!

I was swinging/they were landing punches...

And that was it. I was put in a straightjacket and put into solitary – for my own protection. ***And another psychological evaluation.

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After a couple of hours, I was pulled out of solitary – the guards put me into a holding cell/for transfer to another pod – at least that’s what they said – and because I was high-risk – they said, I had to be handcuffed...

And I’m put into a large holding cell – and I look around – they’re all white supremacists – every fucking last one of them...Just standing there in a group – but I couldn’t see to the back wall, so...

I didn’t even look around/outside the cell window – I knew what this was/what was going to happen...I knew it.

I’m a dead man – and I mean – I’m beyond dead...This was gonna be ugly as hell!

I’m cuffed – there were 8 guys in there...

I have to accept my fate/there’s no other choice.

I sat down/Indian style on the floor...There was absolutely nothing I could do/I was going to be completely destroyed.

There’s no sense in even putting it into words...

And then – who walked from behind the group of white supremacists – you know who it was – Galvin – the Goddamned leader of the white supremacists/the guy I pissed on...

I just stared directly into his eyes.

I was fucking handcuffed – and put in here...I had no other choice...

Fuck it! I wanna die today! – that’s what I said...

There’s no sense in even wanting something different – why? This is what I asked for/I got it.

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See you soon Junior – I said to myself – then I smiled – and I began to laugh/chuckling to myself – staring everyone in the eyes...

I shrugged – *That’s it. It’s over! I ran the gambit – and my time is up! I took it as far as I could...Let’s get this fucking thing over with...I went for it – I failed. Oh well.*

And I waited...Tears were ready to pour out of my eyes – but I didn’t cry/I held them back. And I just sat there...Smiling and laughing...My eyes bright/open – just watching these guys staring!

I started to raise my eyebrows up and down...Giggling like a school girl.

I said, “Amor fati!” and I laughed and said it again, “Amor fati!” It became my chant, “Amor fati!”

And time went – and time turned...and the hands spun – and the men stared...

Then, between them – weaving in and out – not saying a fucking word – this man, he went to the front of the group of white supremacists – and stood there staring at me...

He was about 5 foot 2 – his skin – all black/covered in tattoos – he blinked his eyes slowly – to show his eyelids were tatted too – his face/his forehead/his fingers – the palms of his hands, his ears, he just stood there/staring at me...Satan? Hell? Owned. A joke – the joker – controlled – ridiculed – condemned...There he stood. He was the only Mexican in this holding cell...I stopped laughing and lowered my head/I went inward/down/into my soul/the soul that wasn’t there/there was nothing – this emptiness – gone/lost/forgotten/my dreams/hope...nothing.

This was the end of the line – and what was left of me – this small/nothing/this endless/hopeless set of eyes stared back...These childish eyes/smiling/innocent eyes/that never did anything wrong, watched me/watched my nothingness...and beckoned me forward into the darkness...

All or nothing...All or nothing...Come forward!

It said - *Come to me...my brother...Let me see you again.*

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So, I stood – it took me about two minutes/stumbling around/without hands to help me up...I knew I couldn't close my eyes again – or I'd see the eyes staring back...So, I just smiled – and said, “What the fuck you guys gonna do? Ya gonna do something?”

And the lone Mexican man – walked over to me – both my fucking hands bound around my back – I stared directly into his eyes – he turned back to the eight white supremacists – and I just watched him – in fucking awe of this man!

You motherfuckers don't understand the level of this shit – who this guy is – was – if he's still alive...

And the Mexican – pulled off his shirt – to display his back tattoo – that of Jesus, on the cross – arms open, crying, tears streaming down his face...And the dude just stood there staring back at the white supremacists, and he just stood there beside me...

I took deep breaths – deep in – deep/heavy breaths...

But, that's all he did – he just stood there – next to me.

I glanced back and forth – at him then to the white supremacists – than back at him – just watching...

The motherfuckers – even Glavin – just backed up away from the man!

They fucking backed up! I couldn't believe it.

And time trickled – and the Mexican man just stood there/like an enigma, beside me the entire time – just standing there...watching everything – calm – and he pulled out a toothpick and began to clean his nails – just standing there...

A short time later I was pulled from the cell – and placed back into a pod.

***If I were anywhere else but California, I doubt the results would've been the same.

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So, then they put me into the pod that I was originally placed in – and, right there was the dude that got raped...

But, before I go any further – I got to explain something to you – every time I left my cell – everyone would go back into theirs – so I had no one...

I was completely alone in the jail – no one would defend me – or have anything to do with me...I was doomed.

But I didn't care, I still walked the pod alone...

—LOL!

But – there was the guy, right? I caught him, just before he went back into his cell – and I sat down beside him – he got up and was walking away...and I go, “Hey, you! Come here, let me talk to you.”

He just stared.

I asked him to sit down – but he wouldn't, so I stood-up.

“Don't let anyone fuck with you,” I said.

“What are you talking about?”

“Your cellie...Don't let him mess with you.”

He turned away – I grabbed his arm – and held him firm...That was another big – no – no! You do not grab people!

But I didn't care, I just said, “You can't let it happen.”

He didn't say a word...

But, knowing me, I said, “You know, I did martial arts for years...” and I let his arm go...

“You're a fucking idiot dude!” he said and turned to walk away again.

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“Man, listen! There’s fighting and then there’s fighting...One is a sport, and the other is far more serious...I’m gonna show you something, when the shit gets real, that nobody can defend.”

He stopped and stared. “Make it quick, you’re a dead man walking,” he said.

“Make your enemy think that you’re submitting, and let him get close – then shove your fingers through his eyeballs. There’s no defense to it/there will be no retaliation. The fight will be over – done!”

He just stared at me.

“You can even kill him. That’s why assassins grow their fingernails long – you shove your fingers past the other guy’s eyeball and scratch the backside of their eye socket – their brain hemorrhages, and they bleed to death...It’s the most devastating attack.”

“If it works, why don’t people use it?”

“Those who know – do.”

He just stood there staring...

“And what if he dies?”

“Okay,” I said, “Then do this – let him beat you/let him really hurt you/let him break one of your arms, give you black eyes, I mean, let him completely destroy you physically, so you’re injured/bleeding – then get close to him, and shove your fingers through both of his eyes – do it to both! Destroy him, so, he’ll never be able to retaliate! And nobody will be able to blame you for what you did to him. You’ll have all the burses and shit.”

“I have a hard time believing it’s all that easy...” he said.

“But it is,” I said, “That’s life. Humans weren’t meant to hit with a fist...It’s unnatural. Do bears cut their fingernails, or put on gloves/or make a fist to attack their prey? No! They use their claws! We have claws! Use them! Grow your nails out/slash your attacker’s face, over and over! Nobody teaches you that because it’s too deadly! But that’s life...People don’t tell you how easy it is to break your chains...Everyone wants to enslave you...Everyone is so fucking full of shit/trying to manipulate you – you are their prey, so they’ll never tell you the truth.”

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When he went into his cell – I was the only one in the dining area – alone – as usual – there was nobody for me...Nothing.

“Okay,” I said – *now it’s time to go...*

Don’t think! Just do it!

And I walked up the stairs to the top of the second level – *all or nothing* – and I knew if I was going to do the entire 20 years – I was dead.

And I stood on the handrail – the guard screamed over the intercom! “Don’t do it!”

And without looking – I leaped – turned my body sideways – parallel to the ground – but I marked the spot I’d land, and aligned it – so I’d land on a table – but it would appear I was trying to chop my head off – but I landed perfectly – right where I was meant to land.

~ ~

And that was it – if they put me in jail – to serve my sentence – it was a death sentence...Everyone knew it!

Everything I did in county – the absolute hell I created...

The fights – the chaos...Now a suicide attempt – I was doomed.

It was one hell of a gamble/one hell of a game...And failure meant death/a terrible death...But I was a dead man anyway...

And, of course they locked me up in solitary – and that’s where I stayed...

Now, listen to this – I’m sitting in solitary, my cell was beside the murderers – ‘cause that’s where those charged with murder go – they’re not allowed to mix with those charged with minor crimes/DUI/shoplifting/etc...

And time trickled away – and this is what happened – an enormous law/a overhaul of California’s legal system not only was voted on/and passed in the state – but the effect was

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retroactive! Meaning, no more mandator sentences – specifically for the crimes I committed – this was complete insanity!

When I saw my lawyer/when I was brought into the office/she sat there shaking her head/in disbelief and she said, “You have no idea how lucky you are! Usually, these laws take years to go through the State and to go into effect. But this is done! And it’s already in effect! I’ve never seen this happen – and California’s legal system hasn’t been overhauled like this in decades...and it happened while we are waiting for your trial!”

A short time later, my case was tried – guilty/but a suspended sentence – and I was set free!

That was the worst time in my life...It didn’t last very long – I wasn’t in jail for very long – but it took a mental toll.

My mind kept rolling/twisting – saying the mantra – *all or nothing...*

So, by turning my prison sentence into a guaranteed death sentence – everyone knew, if I went back into population – I’d die – and with just a little pity/acknowledgement from the judge and prosecution...***But I also had a friend of the family – that might have reach-out to former county DA too...And with the legal system overhaul...It was over!

It was one hell of a game/what was at stake was everything...But I lived!

Somehow, by the grace of God – and with the help of Jesus, it was over, and I was out!

***And get this, because my sentence was suspended – a year and a half later, I even got my criminal record expunged!

I had a clean fucking record!

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So, when I got out of jail – I was gone – I mean – my mind/my body – my life – all ideas/every thought went down, into the depths of hell! I was completely broken, in every way.

I wish I could tell you I walked around with my head up/with confidence – and nothing affect me – I can't say that...I had a mental breakdown.

The sheer/absolute hell I'd seen and went through – put me into a state of complete PTSD type of shit...I had a hard time walking/working...driving – the world/the sky above/loud music/everything was falling down on my head/the fucking sky was falling! It really was...

Everything was hopeless...a waste of time – there was no meaning in anything – there was no reason – truth – only cruelty...

But, my entire family came together to help me – my brother and sister – mom and dad – my ex-wife – everyone! It was amazing how much support I got...

And I went down to Latin America, and meandered through life...I took a parttime job/that paid \$160 a month. People don't really understand how little money there is outside the US/the salaries of foreign countries/they really don't get it!

But I kept going – kept working – and on my days off I just sat around trying to sleep/closed my eyes to the world – tried not to see it.

~ ~

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And then the day came/I had to stop crawling/I had to stand back up/continue the fight...And I bought a plane ticket, and flew back to the US, and got a job...

My devious nature also returned/my confidence came back too/the eyes were still there/staring back at me/waiting...and I said — *now the coup de gras!*

I'm gonna get that fucking racist ass company in Saint Louis kicked out of the city!

And I went to a site/a forum for Cable TV, and began listing all the people that embezzle money in the main company – and I put it out – in the open – for everyone to see – who they're paying off to get their work - everything!

Boom!

The next day – someone broke into my house!

—*LOL!*

But I didn't care anymore – *fuck everything* – all the endless harassment – and insanity! I simply didn't care!

Then, my phone began to ring – some of the old contacts/from Missouri called me/to tell me that the main company just lost their most important client/their contract in Saint Louis...And Fred/the fucking VP, was demoted to a supervisor/lower management!

I fell over laughing/screaming – I pounded the floor and ceiling! Dancing – and laughing – and dancing some more!

I did it! I got the entire fucking company kicked off their main contract/they couldn't work in the city of Saint Louis!

It was a Pyrrhic victory if there ever was one...but it was a victory!

And now there was nothing else I could do to them – I didn't have any more information to use against them...That was it.

And I looked to heaven, and said, "That's for you Junior!"

~ ~

And, just for fun/for shits and giggles – a few months later, I went onto their website and I applied for a job...

—*LOL!*

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I got an email back – “Your application was taken into consideration. With the vast experience you’ve obtained over your career – it was forwarded to upper management, but we regret to inform you, that we’ll not be offering you a position at this time...Good luck in your job search...” Some shit like that!

Oh, no!

I couldn’t stop laughing...But, I also knew – in reality – I failed – I wasn’t able to get the company taken away from those racist owners...

There’s no fixing anything – nothing ever changes – there’s nothing we can do...

And I shrugged – and went on/trying to live my life.

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A SERIOUS CONVERSATION
WITH CO-WORKERS, AT A
BAR...

– *GREAT REALIZATIONS!*

AND, OF COURSE – I GOT FIRED.

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Okay, the endless seesaw relationship I had with my ex, continued – we’d break-up then get back together – then do it again...But now, we were together, and somehow, somehow we resolved/healed all the wounds inflicted – but the consolation and resolution (words and promises) couldn’t change/or undo the world, or our nature – and so we tortured each other every chance we could, because the respect for the institution of marriage was gone – including any hope that we would love one another (in an innocent/respectful) way – but we knew we’d stay together to the very end – because we were too old and ugly to find something better!

***Does telling the truth destroy all illusions/hope/self-respect?

—*Boy, it appears that way!*

—*LOL!*

~ ~

Now, listen to his – so, I got a decent job/and kept going/trying to live my life...I’m only human, right? Gotta keep going/putting food on the table...

So, my friends at work asked me to go out with them, to this bar – and low and behold – my boss showed up, in his suit and tie – but I was already drunk!

And these guys were asking questions, and getting me talking about the world and stuff...

~ ~

“Hey, Steve, tell us what you think about Evil Knievel,” Tom said to me.

“What about him?” I said.

“Wasn’t he the best!” said Larry.

And I looked at my boss, and I’m like, “Awe, never mind!”

“The greatest stunt driver in the world?” another guy said...and I started to laugh.

Then Rudy said, “Evil Knievel was the greatest celebrity-American hero of all time! The things he did!”

That was it! I had too...I had to put them straight!

“Dude! You know who that motherfucker was?”

“No,” said Larry, “What was he?”

“Listen, when Little Knievel was young, he was just this nice little kid...”

“Yeah, okay?” and I saw Larry wink at the boss, but I didn’t care anymore...I was going to tell the truth!

“That kid pissed off the wrong fucking dude in the CIA!” I said.

“What do you mean? He was a star!” said Rudy.

LOL! “Yeah, right! You know what happened to that dude? He fucking spit in a Special Agent’s soup at a restaurant, or something! That Special Agent found out about it – he saw the spital floating in his chicken noodles and he’s like...Okay – he walks up to Little Evil Knievel, and said, ‘Son, you’re going to be a star!’ And Knievel was like, ‘Really! That’s awesome!’ And for the rest of that dude’s fucking life...I mean Evil Knievel’s life...he’s like – ‘Hey! I’m gonna jump a motorcycle over that thing...and that thing! And he crashed and broke all his bones, right? But the dipshit didn’t stop! He kept going! And he’s like, I’m gonna jump a fucking house! And everyone is like – ‘Look at your body!’ ‘Please don’t destroy your life!’ But he’s fucking Manchurian Candidate/kamikaze motherfucker! He don’t give a shit about nothing!”

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“What, are you telling me he messed with the CIA, or something?”

“Man! Are you kidding me! Nobody’s that fucking stupid to do that shit! The dude was tortured his whole fucking life! Somebody controlled his fucking head, made him do all that shit, just to watch him suffer!”

“But he was a celebrity!” said Larry, and he was laughing.

“That dude was gone! The dude jumped a fucking casino in Vegas man, and he knew he was gonna crash – they filmed him in slow motion – every fucking bone in his body broke! And he’s crashing – and having surgeries – and arthritis – and motherfucker is still trying to jump his bike over shit...and you know what that Special Agent did? He visited Knievel in the hospital, and he’s like, ‘Hey, Knievel, can I have your autograph?’ and the Special Agent is fucking laughing the whole fucking time...He goes, ‘You’re a star Evil!’ and then Evil decided to shoot himself in a fucking rocket over the fucking Snake River! And the dude crashed in the water! And the CIA Agent spent his entire life tormenting, torturing and laughing at this poor guy, that once upon a time...spit in his chicken noodle soup a hundred years ago! And that’s the real fucking story about Evil Knievel – and how he got famous!”

~ ~

“That ain’t nothing! What about Nancy Raegan’s ‘Just say no to drugs’ campaign, bro!” asked a guy...

“What about it?” I said.

“Tell us the truth!” someone said – I don’t even know who!

“Hey! Everyone knows what that was about! They needed to sell the drugs that the CIA was smuggling into the US, right? So what did they do? They got the wife of the fucking President of the USA to promote drugs in all the fucking schools in the US! Little kids everywhere, never heard of drugs – they don’t know nothing about nothing – and this nice little ole lady walks into their school, ‘Hey, Little Johnny, do you know what crack cocaine is?’

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and Little Johnny is like, ‘No, what’s crack cocaine?’ and she explains everything. ‘It makes you feel real good Johnny...Did you know that?’ She says, ‘So, Little Johnny, you have to go to the corner and ask the men dresses in real nice cloths, that have beepers – you ask them if they sell crack! But don’t you dare buy it, or try it! You’re not allowed to! I’m just here to tell you not to do it! Don’t use drugs! Just say no Johnny!’ This was the whole fucking campaign bro! She goes around telling little children, what drugs are, and that they’re not supposed to do them! Everybody fucking knows if you tell a kid not to do something – that’s what they do! The thing was a fucking scam, a conspiracy the whole fucking way! And the poor ole lady was dupped into doing it, so sales of CIA’s drugs would go up! And I wouldn’t be surprised if the CIA was brainwashed by Russia – to fucking smuggle the drugs into the US – that’s the level of fakery/false/bullshit that’s going on in this fucking world! Everyone is brainwashing everyone else – and nothing is fucking real! Nobody knows what the fuck is real anymore! Or who controls who! I don’t even know if what I’m saying is real...or something some else put into my head! There’s no fucking way of knowing! ...Or if these are my thoughts – or someone else’s, who wants me to sound crazy, so nobody will listen to me! Who knows!”

Everyone was laughing!

~ ~

“Okay! What about Kaitlyn Jenner?” said a dude.

“That shit was KGB and Chinese special ops – all the fucking way dude! We all know it!”

“Of course it was!” Larry laughed.

“Here’s our posterchild – fucking Olympic hero! Wins the gold medal in the decathlon! They’re saying greatest athlete in the world – on the box of Wheaties – everything, right? Hero to all American children – here’s Little Johnny, ‘Mommy! I want Bruce’s autograph. Can I have his poster on my wall mommy?’

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And the KGB is like – ‘We’ll show those American kids!’ They turn our hero into a goddamned woman! Dude chops off his own fucking dick!”

People busted-out laughing...

“Dude, you know those secret agents got together afterward! Had a fucking party when their special ops was successful! It took them like 30 years, but they finally did it! They’re all high-fiving each other and shit! ‘We did it!’ ‘We turned America’s hero into a woman!’ and they’re drinking vodka, and getting fucking medals from generals and shit!”

~ ~

“Dude, this world is so fucked up! We put all the greatest fucking minds together, to do one fucking thing...And what did they do? They made a fucking bomb, so they can blow up the most amount of people as possible, at one fucking time – so they can fucking kill a quarter of a million people at once! That is the height of genius – us fucking humans! And people still act like they’re fooled – all innocent and naïve when they discover some fucked up shit that happened to them! ‘Oh my God!’ everyone says, ‘They’re using radio waves to fuck with our heads?’ YES! Of course they are! You fucking Goddamned idiots! And yes, COVID was a cover to steal the fucking 2020 election, so they can justify mail-in-ballots – but not enough people were dying, so they had to take away our medications, that would’ve saved everyone’s life, and if you don’t fall in line, and submit, and act stupid – or if you tell the truth, they’ll put your ass in jail, to get butt fucked, or inject your baby with vaccines, and make him or her a retard/autistic, or give them a free surgery and turn down the oxygen levels! Or have your doctor give you false blood pressure readings! And tell you all is normal – all the while trying to kill you with a stroke! This is our fucking world! Everyone knows it! This is how it works. And clean energy is a scam, to get all energy consolidated into one power source in the US – everything and everyone on one power grid, that won’t work, and can be shut

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down by our enemies at fucking will! They simply hack into our system and shutdown the entire fucking country! Everyone fucking knows it! They want to blackmail us whenever they fucking want! Dude, just look around – look into the eyes of the people next to you! Look! They all want money/power and to fuck you! It's just the way we are – and foreigners want our money/our power/and want to fuck us too! And for some reason – we can't talk about it! Because foreigners own and payoff our politicians and media! And I'll tell you something else – our political system is divided up by race – Republican ideals sound good – but unfortunately, they only work for white people! We all know the South is racist! Almost all white people are racist, and control almost all institutions, and if you fuck with them – all those motherfuckers will fuck with you and your children! And they'll try to turn your kids into vegetables! This is a fucking fact! Undeniable! Undisputable! Absolute hell! Get over it! That's the way it is..."

~ ~

And of course, I got fired the following day – I was notified by email, from Devin – that because my monthly production report was late, and inaccurate, they wouldn't need my services any longer – and you'll know what time it was when he sent the email – yup! The 33rd minute of the hour!

I'm telling you! This is getting tough!

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WHAT HAPPENED
WHEN THEY MADE ME
A BOSS!

&

THE IMPORTANCE OF
HOME OFFICE ETIQUETTE

&

EVERYONE WASTING THEIR TIME
GASLIGHTING ME...

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—35

So, I began working at this new company – a huge company...And there were conference calls/meeting – speaking engagements – talks – chats – think tanks – discussions – and this and that – and the other...One endless cycle of phony baloney/reasons to talk – after another!

Then, one morning, on a conference call with the whole company – well not everyone – but most of upper management – this high-level exec/woman asked a stupid ass question – and I chuckled to myself as I answer it...

Okay – done – right?

Now, get this – I have to take Harassment Prevention Training, the next fucking day!

Harassment training for giggling at a stupid question! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, that is where our society is at right now!

~ ~

Anyway – okay – enough of that shit...

A few months go by – and bang! To the chagrin of everyone in the company – I – me – Mr. Forrest Gump was made a boss!

Now, you don't get it...Everyone knows me – the shit I've done – how I've lived – everyone fucking hates me!

There're a few people that don't give a shit – but for the most part – they're under the influence of assholes that hate me!

~ ~

So, what happened?

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Well, if you don't know by now – we know some crazy as shit is gonna go down!

This is my life – and I never fail to deliver complete fucking chaos!

So, the next week was the beginning!

***But wait – gotta explain something first: Everywhere I went – to the park, donut shop, Subway, Walmart, ice cream shop, as I walked through downtown – a woman – some random stranger – never seen her before – would stand in front of me – stare at me – pull her leg up to her chest, and grab her ankle.

...The strange thing, right? Odd – but it happened everywhere I went...I assume it meant something...Who knows? Who cares! But okay. Big deal! Nuff said, right?

~ ~

Back to the story...

So, some big stuff happened at work – typical Steve craziness/something I shouldn't have done – of course... Like I always do – been through lawsuits/jail – ya'll know!

So, what did I do this time?

I went over the VP's head/reached-out to a city attorney – while the VP was in negotiations with him...

The lawyer's like, “Do you know who you're talking to? You know I'm speaking with your company's VP?” and I'm like. “Yeah, but let me tell ya something...” right out of the old TV Show – In Livin' Color – ya know, right?

Jim Carrey's character - Fire Marshall Bob.

—LOL!

So, all hell broke loose in the company – the VP's secretary called me – and she said, “Who the hell are you?” The first words out of her mouth!

I figured – *I'm fired, or worse... Oh well – the fuck do I care?*

So, they called for me – you know what I'm talking about? They called for me – I have to go to the main office in Dallas.

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Like Al Pacino’s character...Donnie Brasco, in that movie, right...

“When they call for you,” Al Pacino said in the movie. “You have to go. You don’t have a choice...”

So, I was putting my life together – getting ready for the worst – writing my last will/and testament.

~ ~

The Meeting:

So, I walked into this huge office/it was a conference room...

I looked around, and I’m like, “Oh no!” everyone is wearing suits and ties!

You know the type – I said to myself – *I didn't know they let people like me around people like them – anymore, right? After jail and all...*

But I’m just smiling – playing along.

I haven’t dealt with people like this since Saint Louis – nobody’d let me into an office since then...

—LOL!

It’s always been field work/manual labor – for me...

But, there I was, wearing my USA hat and T-shirt – my crucifix around my neck, a little stubble on the chin – I hadn’t shaven in a couple of days...

But I did remember to download my GED on to my phone – you know...Proof I graduated high school!

And I’m just waiting for a company lawyer to serve me – ask me to sign something – civil damages/restraining order, etc...

Been through it before. Ya know? Typical Steve shit...

Ladies and gentlemen – there she was!

If ya’ll remember the story about the exec I laughed at on a conference call/meeting with the whole company online...and had to do Harassment Prevention Training... Well, there she was – business suit – 35-something – SMU Mustang/stone cold killer – Megyn Kelly type – staring at me.

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Ladies and gentlemen – this woman was gorgeous! But one of those types – you know – you're in fear of even thinking the thought – like staring/in awe of her beauty – like admiring a killer whale. She knows what you're thinking, and will retaliate if you show the tiniest hint or glimmer in the eye...

What does she do? Yup! Ya'll know what she did! She lifted her leg up and grabbed her ankle!

– BANG! Boom! That's it – I busted out laughing – and almost fell over, I was laughing so hard... Funniest thing on Earth!

So, anyway, we all take a seat...

My boss, sat on the opposite side of the table – dude was sweating bullets – never said a fucking word!

Throughout the whole meeting – I'm smiling – holding in laughter – chuckling every once in a while – I couldn't help it.

The VP even cracked a smile – watching me...

The issue: The company spent 1 year trying to negotiate with the City Attorney – offering to invest some crazy amount of money in a city project... I resolved the issue in 1 day – no money spent.

The attorney went with my idea!

Problem solved. Nobody could believe it.

So, now the meeting was over – right?

I'm looking around – watching the carnage/the aftermath – in my fantasy world...*The world is a stupid joke – and the joke is on those who take it serious* – just smiling and laughing, in my stupid/simple way.

And there she was...

Picture her standing up, straightening her suit/skirt – totally out of my league – house in University Park...Million-dollar house at the least...

Now. Ya'll know what I did. Had to do it!

I'm like – she's an ankle grabber, right?

Don't promiscuous women wear anklets?

So, I'm eyeing her/watching her – smiling – gonna try to flirt, right?

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But the chick stormed out of the conference room in a rage!
Never even looked my direction... —*LOL!* Too funny.

Just another week in the life...

***Moral of the story: Don't do stretches while wearing a
business suit.

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A new job – back to work – the usual insanity, right?

Well, we all know the classic story of Achilles' Heel – how the greatest warrior in history was shot by one solitary arrow, slicing his tendon and ultimately causing his demise...

This is one of those tales.

~ ~

So, at this new job, they put me in the Engineering Department – now – that didn't mean I was an Engineer/far from it – I just worked in the department/mostly because of the insane number of years I'd spent in the field/doing the actual work...

Anyway – by the nature of my job, being that I plan another department's work – there're conflicts/many conflicts – with the other department/being the Construction Department.

Thus, my nemesis was the Head of Construction – George McDougal.

Let me tell you a little about George...The guy was terrible! Conniving, calculating, a crafty old man that knew everything/every detail/every trick in the book – nobody dare challenge him.

How could I best describe him? Maybe a cross between Hal 9000 – the computer in Space Odyssey/Hannibal Lector and Gollum – from The Lord of the Rings – because he lulled you with innocence and naivete/but it was all bullshit/the man was a pure bullshit artist/and nothing but – like most idiots/rascals in the world...

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You could never catch him – in anything – in anyway – he had a mind of a computer...Holding all the cards, beating the house – no, he was the house!

He'd call me up – send me on wild goose chases – catch me in meetings with my pants down, not ready with necessary info – and many of us believed he was sabotaging our department's work – of course without proof.

But, let's be honest – everyone loved the dude – when we saw him crafting/planning/conniving – call it instinct – we love evil – we just hate to admit it/and hate when it's done to us – but we enjoy it too/just a little – it gives us a reason to cry/and feel sorry for ourselves...

And when he caught us making mistakes/when he nailed me – out in the open – target set – 1 – 2 – 3 – boom!

Well, you can't complain – it just was...

And as far as I was concerned that was no big deal. Truth/right/it just is...

You don't complain – right? When you're wrong – your wrong/admit it and move on. Most of us are old enough/and don't mind looking bad.

Besides, he was an older man, that'd been in the industry for decades...So, it was ok.

Now, get ready!

Just wait for it...I'll get there – just want you to be prepared...

First you have to have the image of the dude – serious/straightforward/always shoving mistakes in people's faces/talking about their personal life/fucking with people – because he thought he had the right to do it – because he was so wise/and he was just and right/he was the law/of course he was ex-military and thought he owned the world and everyone in it...All that bullshit...that arrogant assholes believe...

~ ~

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So – get this – his wife also worked at the company, in Sales – and since COVID – of course they both worked from home – in a home office situation...

Now, after a short time at this job/while keeping my mouth shut – it took just a few weeks to become a Head of a Department – a supervisor/whatever you wanna call it/who cares – I didn't even get a raise...

Well, my point is/that meant I had meetings with his wife to go over timelines for projects – completion dates – etc...For customer notifications/customer service/you know, provide necessary info for the Sales Department.

So, I'm on the Tuesday call – what did she do? This is gonna blow your mind!

She said, "Hold on a sec."

She got up and walked away from her computer – but she didn't turn off her mic...

What do I hear?

—LOL!

Get ready...

"Are you doing it again! All day long George! You go to meetings for ten minutes – then right back to it! All day long! Rubbing! Moaning! Endless hours of internet porn – playing with yourself all day!"

She even said what he watched – "You have to watch...blah...blah...blah..." which I will go without mentioning here.

– LOL!!!

She went on, yelling at him – her husband – for ten minutes straight! And he got all upset – "Leave me the fuck alone! Go back to your room! It's not all day long!"

It's the dude! His fucking voice – it's really him!

It was George!

I mute my computer and fall off the chair laughing my head off!

"I've timed you – I hear you! Yesterday it was 6 hours of your work day!" she said.

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This was an older dude now – not a young kid – fifty something!

Ok, so she returned to her computer – right?

She said, “Steve are you still there?”

I unmute my computer, “Yup.”

A few seconds later I heard her say, “What do you want now?”

Then a faint voice – almost a whisper – “Was your microphone....blah...blah...” – inaudible –

She said, “Of course not!”

Had to mute again – fell off my chair laughing so hard...

Ohhhhh – the fucking arrow baby! Right to the soft spot!

Then I heard her say, “George! Go back to your office!”

This is why I’m still alive/these are the moments that make life worth living!

I couldn’t talk – I was too busy laughing – literally on the floor laughing!

Like I’ve been saying – and why I just laugh at the world...

The people who want us to take them so fucking serious – that make everyone’s life a living hell – call out everyone – fire people – the dude fired like three guys for lack of productivity over the past year!

—*LOL!*

This is our world!

These are our bosses – this is your manager – these are our Congressmen, and Congresswomen, Senators and Presidents...The dude masturbated all day long!

And the worst part about it – this chick/his wife...How vicious! The fucking evil – the level of evil – of this woman!

—*Fucking gorgeous! I loved it.*

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Now, before I go on...I got to explain something...

After I got out of jail – people would call me up to lecture me about how insane I was...Everyone in my family – all my friends and coworkers!

They'd call me and say, "Hey, I'm checking in on you. Are you okay? We all know you have mental problems, and I'm checking if we have to put you into an institution..." and I have to put up with it, right?

***As if they don't have a clue about the level of insanity in the world, and all the shit people have to deal with...

—LOL!

At first it bothered me.

I tried to take part in the arguments/prove something...

They would say, "Do you know how insane you are? You are so fucking insane...You have so many mental problems...You need to be locked-up into an insane asylum."

I tried to point out how that's insulting...

They said, "No! It's not an insult...You know why you're insulted, it's because you're insane!"

—LOL!

The funny part was/I know all of my family's evil shit/all their bullshit/sins/tragedies/from abortions/who slept with who's spouse/drug use/who physically abuse who – nevertheless, they think I have to listen to them, and I'm not allowed to criticize their life...

Everything was used against me as leverage to get what they wanted...And I had to take them serious/and if I didn't, then

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they'd yell and scream about how insane I was/and I'm abusing them/not respecting them/not embracing their views/what they want me to do/think/believe/I'm supposed to shut up/not disagree/submit/live my life the way they wanted/do what they want me to do!

Oh, and they kept telling me... "We're just trying to help you!"

—*LOL!*

I'd rather be in jail – with dudes trying to rape me – than around these motherfuckers – who claim they, "Love me!"

And if I started to talk about their shit/the shit they've done – then I'm abusing them/and the reason I'm talking about it is because I'm insane!

~ ~

Shit ain't easy – you know...

Anyway – my family was calling and endlessly badgering me – so that reminded me, of one of my childhood friends – Tyrell – from my days of living in North Highland – so I went on the internet and did a search – he was on Death Row...

At that moment, I couldn't tell if he had been executed or not...

I just sighed.

~ ~

But that ain't nothing compared to what Doctors were doing to me – they were just flat-out trying to kill me. But, first they had to convince me there was something wrong...right?

Listen to this one, I went for a doctor's visit – you know – for my regular blood pressure meds...just a refill. That's all.

The nurses tell me I need to do a blood and urine check, right? I don't know why...but okay – I go along with it.

So, this is what they do – they ask me to roll up my sleeve...right then and there...no prior notification – just do it.

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My eyes searched – and I’m wondering what the heck they’re doing...right? Because everyone knows you have to get your blood tested on an empty stomach. I mean, I ain’t no doctor, right? But that’s the way I’ve always done it, throughout my life.

The reason is, what you eat will appear in your blood...Anyone that knows anything about checking blood knows that. Heck! They tell us that. I mean, how many times have you heard it?

They didn’t even ask me if I ate anything...

But, I’ve learned through my life – to find-out what people are trying to do to you – don’t argue. Play along – let them do what they want. You know, act dumb. Blink your eyes a lot...smile...just let them do their evil, to see if they are trying to do evil.

So, listen to this. They took my blood, without notifying me, or telling they would...and the obvious happened.

Two days later, they give me a call, and tell me that there’s something seriously wrong with me. I had high calcium in my blood.

Well, of course I did...I had a bowl of cereal just before I went to see them...and then I had a glass of chocolate milk.

So, they tell me I have to stop drinking milk, and I have kidney stones, and might need surgery.

This shit really happened.

So, I go to a different doctor, right? An African American, and I didn’t eat or drink anything before I went...and he checked my blood – and when the results came back, what did he say?

I was perfect!

Those motherfuckers were gonna try to convince me that I needed an unnecessary surgery – and God only know that they would do to me during the procedure!

But that’s nothing compared to the last time I went to see a doctor – he was one of those arrogant pieces of shit from India...You know, those ultra rich Indians...Doctor Gupta.

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He took my blood pressure – and it was like 180 over 130! Swear to God! Because I didn't take any meds, right? ...and I went jogging before I went to see him...So, it was very high!

I did that just to see what he'd do.

I tested him.

So, this what he said, he wasn't going to prescribe me my refill!

Yeah! That's what he did! He said my blood pressure wasn't too high, and he just wanted to see how I'd feel, and what would happen, if I stopped taking my meds...

These are doctors!

Man, he was flat-out trying to kill me!

Anything over 150 (high) or 100 (low) is considered a medical emergency.

This dude was really out to murder my ass...

And this type of murder is protected by the courts...These guys really do get away with this crap. The courts refuse to even discuss this type of murder.

This is why so many of us men die of high blood pressure every year – and it's the leading killer in this country. Doctors literally use it to kill us...

If you don't do what you're supposed to...even the doctors will kill you.

Everything's a joke!

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Then, all of a sudden – like a wave – raising up from beneath the ocean – I had a feeling...Deep within...In my heart and soul/mind/my body – this instinct – this innocence – a vision of sorts/something like that...That something much larger than myself was going to happen to me/to the world around me...As if the walls of society would surround me/and collapse on top of me...And this road I was traveling/encompassed something far bigger...And at the end of the road – like in the Wizard of Oz – there would be something so ridiculous – I would be completely swallowed!

I couldn't explain it – and whatever it was – whatever I was going to do – I would/somehow – I would summon something catastrophic...a leviathan!

As if everything was predetermined/my destiny was decided – the cross wasn't on the ground waiting for me to pick it up – the motherfucking thing was strapped to my body – weighing me down – my entire life...And I had to plant the bitch in the ground – climb on it – and nail myself to it!

And so, I knew – there was nothing I could do – but continue down my path – alone – and I shouldn't have any contact with my family – as a matter of fact – I had to distance myself from almost everything and everyone!

You see, I knew I was going to go down into the depths of hell – but not only was I going to go down...And, oddly enough – that was fine – I was at peace with it – a cruel trick/fate – but I would bring a great deal of others with me!

It was that same feeling I had back in Illinois – almost a decade earlier...

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It was a distant/impending tsunami, waiting to engulf me...

And the relationships I had with everyone around me – and the fact that everyone was turning against me – you see – those were markers – they were telling me something...They said – *There's no escape – so just do it...*

So, I knew, I had to push everyone away – and I'll be honest – most of these people were easy to push away – they just bitched and complained about everything anyway – and they overtly tried to make my life a living hell – and refused to respect those that didn't agree with their views...

~ ~

Here's a good example of the stuff I'm talking about...

The last time I was in Latin America – a few years ago – a ***friend of mine – wink nod – a preacher from Brazil – told me I would be the – Guest of Honor – at a BBQ restaurant/club – to help cook the meat/BBQ ribs – and I played along – and of course he never showed up to introduce me to anyone – nor did he tell anyone I was going...

***But this was normal shit for me.

—*LOL!*

But, that doesn't change the fact that the guys tried to start a fight with me – I'm a stranger, right...So this huge dude asked me if I came there to suck his dick...

—*LOL!*

So, I just grabbed a hold of the motherfucker – and when he tried to get out of my grip – I tighten up...And pinned him down, and we had a little chat.

—*LOL!*

The shit was endless...Been dealing with this shit since I got back from Latin America the first time – my whole adult life – it ain't easy...And if I don't deal with it/stay on my feet/everyone will beat me down/until I'm nothing.

And if I complain, they'd say, "Oh, poor you...Oh, you're the victim?"

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—LOL!

There's no escape...

~ ~

I try to explain their tactics don't work – the endless games/gaslighting is a waste of time/then they say, "I don't know what you're talking about..."

It took a while – then I realized why all of this was happening...I never told anyone I killed all those people – but somehow everyone knew it! They read my tells – my movements/reactions to key words and phrases...Everyone knew I was a goddamned mass murderer!

But hey, it's not like I'm a real mass murderer – I mean, yeah, I killed a bunch of people, but I was programmed to kill them – okay? There's a big difference/I don't go around thinking about killing people/or want to kill them/the only problem was/if someone programed me again/there's no doubt I'd kill again!

Whoever I'm programmed to kill – would die! And I won't be able to stop myself/that's the tradeoff, right? But, hey, nobody's perfect!

That was when I realized – *I don't have a choice anymore – everyone is trying to drive me crazy! So, I just have to hang-up the phone on everyone...*

So, you know what they did when I refused to talk to them/they texted me back/to tell me I'm insane for hanging-up/not wanting to talk with them!

—LOL!

It's a no-win situation.

Oh well! I don't fucking care, anymore!

But – I still have to live in the world, right? It's to the point where I just tell people... "Hey," I say, "Do me a favor, don't fuck with me/or gaslight me..."

And then, they go on about how I'm persecuted/have mental health problems/I'm insane/etc...

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So, I just fucking say it, “Hey asshole! I know I’m a mass murderer, okay? It is what it is! Don’t fuck with me. I don’t like it.”

—*LOL!* But that doesn’t stop them, either.

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PLAYING THE JOKER

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I ACCIDENTALLY
ENTERED A WHITE SUPREMACIST POKER GAME

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So, the company hired this new guy – and the guy called me on the phone every day – talking endlessly – he would call me – and I couldn't get rid of him and do my work...

Everything this guy said was total bullshit – and I'm like – they hired this motherfucker just to endlessly fuck with me...

You see, that's the type of shit everyone does to people like me – to get them to quit/it's an endless cycle of horseshit to distract, so you just give up...

But, I've dealt with this crap so many times...

That's been my entire life, since I began telling the truth, when I was a teen.

~ ~

So, what did I do to this guy who endlessly called me on the phone...I just started talking about my life to piss him off – these motherfuckers hate that...

And I'm talking about going to jail – my trip down the Amazon River – then I burp in his ear and go to the bathroom while he's on the phone...

And I started talking about all the white supremacists in the military and police force...And the motherfucker agreed with me! His exact words were, "Yup, after the KKK broke up, the white supremacists went underground...and they've all infiltrated the police force, fire departments and military..." and then he said, "I should know! I was a fire fighter for 18 years!"

I had to mute my phone, and I just fell over laughing!

The racists just admit it, and throw it in your face!

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~ ~

Anyway, after a few months – the dude gave up...Well, he stopped calling me – to bug me/bother me, at least...

And, do you remember that same boss – George was his name – so he decided he was going to get in my life, and he start fucking with me...

It's an endless revolving door of bullshit and harassment!

Anyway, unbeknownst to him – or maybe because of his suspicions about what his wife did – but he didn't admit it – or lead on that he knew anything about the hot-mic episode, of course...

You see – I have to make something clear – I didn't have the heart to fuck with him – knowing he masturbated all day long...That's got nothing to do with me and my work/I mean, that's between him and his wife, right? Of course, it did have a great deal to do with work – obviously – but I wasn't his boss...

But...Hey! What the heck ya gonna do, right?

Anyway – the guy decided to start talking with me – and trying to befriend me...***Wink, nod – wink, nod. But I knew it was all BS from the get go – I'm nobody's friend – never have been – never will be – I know what I am...I'm a goddamned mass murderer!

But that doesn't mean I can't go to a BBQ or hang-out sometimes, right?

~ ~

Then, George brought me among his friends like a lamb to the slaughter – even to the point of inviting me to a bachelor party – when I didn't know the groom/and the dude didn't even want me around/nor was I invited to the fucking wedding!

—LOL!

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What the fuck am I talking about? Nobody invited me to any motherfucking thing, except George – who kept bringing me around people who didn't want me around!

It was a vicious cycle!

And at some point – I'm not sure if I knew everything that was going on – but I felt it – there was something more/a deep impending turmoil/the tsunami was rising – and I decided to just play along with all the games to see where they'd take me...

—*LOL!*

***I had nothing else better to do...

So, George kept bringing me around more of his friends. This time – it was Chuck – and the dude was annoyed I was around from day one – and George kept bringing me around these guys/they all knew who I was...

And they all made wisecracks – making fun of me – and I mean – I knew what was going on – so I just laughed...

I had nothing better to do – than to let others try to torture me...as far as I'm concerned, it's all a joke...

—*LOL!*

And they're obviously pissed off – and it also became obvious – that the dude was gonna surround me with all of his racist/hate-filled friends/and they'd all try to take me down...

But I was curious – what was behind everything...

~ ~

The funny thing was – I actually thought – well, maybe not all of them – but many of them – actually believed I didn't know who the fuck I was...

It had been like 25 years since I killed all those guys in Chile – and everyone had tortured me – my entire life...As if I hadn't seen it all before...

~ ~

So, what was the next step?

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George gives me a call – ***out of the kindness of his heart, right?

–*LOL!*

And he said, “You should give Chuck a call, because he needs help with his wedding/you should check in on him...He can’t find a best man... You can help him out?”

Something you got to understand – Chuck hated me!

I mean – this guy was a serious white supremacist! And he was smart too – like he read people – he read me...

So, I knew – to call Chuck about his wedding – would be a serious insult to him...

But, George was just too fucking stupid! He thought he would drive me off with his bullshit...

So, I got off the phone and fell over laughing – this scam was so terrible!

I sat there thinking to myself, just laughing. I said – *This is the point of no return...If I call Chuck, and fuck with him – he’ll try to fuck me over...and the games will begin.*

Oh well! Fuck it!

I really am gonna do it! Of course, I am...

But I knew – if I started, I had to go all the fucking way to the end – that meant I had to play the fool/the joker/take enormous ridicule/and dig down deep again/and be willing to sacrifice my life/and I knew I’d probably die this time...

Ya’ll fucking know what I did! Of course, I was all in!

So, I dialed Chuck’s number – *this will drive the dude fucking nuts...LOL!*

Not only is a crazy lunatic being injected into this life/his wedding/now I’m gonna call him to see if he needs a best man!

***I couldn’t stop laughing!

Obviously, the conversation didn’t go over very well – awkward beyond belief...

–*LOL!*

Oh shit! That was a good one...

Then, listen to this – after that episode – George was like – he actually said this, “Why don’t you come to Chuck’s wedding?”

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“But, I’m not even invited,” I said.

“I’ll get you in,” he said.

My eyes drifted out into space – like the space cadet that I am...an evil/simple/stupid smile grew on my face...

I have to do this...I said to myself – if only too see Chuck’s face when I show-up!

***But I knew I couldn’t take my kids or wife – this was gonna be too terrible for them to endure...

So, I fucking went!

– I wore an old beat-up/wrinkled blazer, with jeans...

And – *I can’t stop laughing* – you should’ve fucking seen Chuck’s face when I showed up as an uninvited guest...He was just staring at me...

And everyone was asking me stupid questions – asking me who I knew – and if I was there alone...And I just went about my business, drinking beer, and eating food – like a complete lunatic – completely in the wrong place – just pissing off everyone – who dared look my direction...

And they’re trying to insult me – and give me a hard time – trying to get me to leave – but I won’t go – and they’re saying all kinds of stupid ass shit – and I just act like I didn’t understand anything...

The funny thing was – they thought they were torturing me – singling me out – and pointing – and making me paranoid – but I never left – and I just sat there – smiling/laughing – enduring...It didn’t take long for them to realize – who was being tortured was them! And I was the one who was laughing!

***I couldn’t care less about their jokes – and the annoying things they were doing to me...And George just went on about how dumb I was...

And everyone wanted me to leave – and I refused to leave!

Then, I’d hear them say shit, like how terrible a person I am...They said this behind my back – but loud enough for me to hear...

They couldn’t get over the fact that their plan to ridicule me/isolate me/surround me with people that hate me/continuously

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insult me/backfired! And in their opinion – George – bringing me to the wedding – ruined the entire thing!

***At least, that’s what they said...

—*LOL!*

George and them, were such fucking assholes – they were furious their Sissy Spacek – Carrie – routine, didn’t work on me...

—*LOL!*

I just didn’t give a shit!

Douse me with blood – bitches! I still won’t leave...I’ll just drink some more...take a seat and tell your kids funny stories!

And after we all ate – I even tried to give the dude a toast – but I was interrupted when I stood up – some dude, I didn’t even know, literally grabbed my arm and pulled me back into my seat...so I fell over, on the ground – my chair lying next to me – and I was just rolling around on the grass, laughing at everyone and myself...

And I heard George say, “That is the dumbest motherfucker I ever knew!”

Listen to this – he actually said this – he goes, “I can’t believe he showed up uninvited!”

He thought I didn’t hear him, though...I was laughing so hard.

—*I still can’t stop laughing about that...*

***These guys are doing everything to insult me – and make me look bad – but I just kept going, and showing up, without a care in the world!

—*LOL!*

And these motherfuckers are such geniuses – they couldn’t figure it out!

***Guys – this is how white people do shit...They literally do this crap to people...They invite people – that they don’t like to do things...just to torture them...Then, when someone shows-up with a machine gun...and guns everyone down...they act like they don’t know why...

~ ~

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Okay – let me explain what I was getting into... You've seen the beginning – but it's gonna get more and more serious...

This is how this kind of mindfuck works – these Southern white people – they will get an individual/or individuals/their victim(s) – if you will – completely surrounded by people who secretly hate them/place them into a frying pan – like a frog – and then slowly turn up the heat: the ring master/the man who's pulling the strigs – in this case – it was George – will direct all his friends (and family) to fuck with the victim in different ways/and the frog, is supposed to sit there/and at some point there will be an epiphany moment, when the victim (or victims) realize what's going on – but, by that time it's supposed to be too late... Their life is destroyed.

So, in this game – if you're the frog – sitting in the frying pan – you have to dance/ya gotta move/keep the master uneasy/unsure – but you must always lead him to believe he's in control...

Then, when the moment is right – if he thinks he has your confidence/loyalty – what you do – is make him bold/angry – full of hatred toward you – and he himself will want to kill you – with his own fork and knife! He will be blinded with hate and anger...and do something very stupid.

...The puppet master will be so blinded by fury – he'll make his move! What you want to do – is get the main guy – the leader – to leave his throne...to attack you...And that's when you turn the tables on him/you got him...

If you don't understand what I'm talking about – just read on, you'll figure it out by the end...

~ ~

So, into the frying pan I went – surrounded by Southern white supremacists...

But, I'll be honest – not all of them were... There were some straight shooters there too – not many – but they didn't show up often to George's events – but they were there – watching...

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As the old saying goes, hide stones with stones and wood,
with trees.

~ ~

Next, George invited me to William's house for a BBQ – another one of his racist friends – and there's William at the grill – with chicken hearts cooking – and me standing beside him – the dude was shaking uncontrollably/his fucking hands were trembling/his whole fucking body danced, as he turned the hearts over on the grill!

—*LOL!*

It was impossible to keep a straight face...

I'm just staring at the dude – grinning from ear to ear...

I almost asked him, "What the fuck you afraid of? Never stood next to a mass murderer?"

– *LOL!*

~ ~

And time went by – maybe a year or so – George kept bringing me around his friends and family/and none of them liked me!

It was so fucking obvious! But he kept doing it!

But – also – I must mention – people are beginning to relax/I guess they figured-out I wasn't going to kill all of them...And their words and insults became more obvious too.

—*LOL!*

And they were insulting me – and making fun of me...of course...But I wasn't getting the picture - ***Wink nod...

So, George started a poker game – and I'm there every single Friday night – playing poker.

And this was the kicker – I sat directly across from George...

And get this – I saw it – as clear as day – the dude was insulted by it! He was actually upset that I would dare sit across from him!

—*LOL!*

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You see, any poker player knows – there’s no such thing as a poker game...And when you sit across from someone – it meant – that was the person, that you’re playing against...as if I was challenging George...But, in his opinion – I was too stupid to challenge him...or sit across from him.

***And Note: You’re always playing for something far more serious – in this case the prize was me – and I knew it – but they didn’t know that I knew...

—LOL!

Everything is bullshit!

It’s all very complicated – and I can’t explain everything – but trust me – I know what I’m talking about!

So, I decided to crank up the heat myself! And I’m drinking beer and opening up – ***around my friends.

—LOL!

And I’m acting like a dumbass, right? Saying stupid shit that nobody wanted to hear...Making terrible jokes about killing people/chopping heads off/and Sirhan Sirhan and Oswald being great national heroes...And JFK being a Manchurian Candidate!

These dudes were going absolutely insane – and I am falling off my chair/just laughing at everything, all fucking night long!

And these dudes were so full of hatred/staring at me/and they’re getting bolder and talking about themselves...

And the insults became more serious – little slights – until finally – which I knew was just a matter of time – hear came the threats...

William just said it – he goes, “I’m gonna kick your ass if you don’t get out of my chair!”

I stared at him – and smiled...

I got up/walked behind him and put him in a headlock to see what he’d do...And he didn’t do a fucking thing!

I just held him there for a while...

When he turned to face me – I was like – yeah, what’s up? Wanna do this? And...began to laugh.

We’re all at least forty-year old men – most of these dudes haven’t been in a fight since they were kids/and they’d never been

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in a serious fight/a real fight, in their entire lives/and when I say, “Real Fight,” I’m talking about the real shit/like when a couple of guys try to rape you/or a group of men try to abduct you/shit that I had actually been through – not that sport crap/bullshit UFC/Jiu Jitsu shit we watch on TV – something real/if you lose, you get raped/or turned into a prostitute/drugged/repeatedly/and turned into a woman until you die or they kill you...

These guys had never been around that/exposed to that/tested in that way/didn’t have a fucking clue, and it was fucking obvious!

***But now, here’s the thing – with George, right? You see, that’s when I realized George must be a pretty heavy hitter in the White Supremacist gang – the Aryan Brotherhood – because he’s the one that called on William to test me/insult me...to create the situation...the fight...

***Now this is the point – after William didn’t fight me – his entire life fell apart – his marriage – his daughter began sleeping with other girls – and using some drugs – until – listen to this – one year later, his daughter tried to commit suicide...All because William didn’t fight me/when the “Shot Caller” called on him to...And that was the real George...

And George began showing pictures of William’s wife, who was sleeping around with a bunch of different people/but she went overboard...

Anyway – that’s what happens when you cross this guy – these guys – this gang – he (they) not only go after your wife/but your children too...And William’s daughter wanted to go into the military – but with a suicide attempt on her record – nope – done!

~ ~

And on with the game we went...

So, I’m shooting my mouth off all the time/watching their reactions/as they cringe/disagree/then chuckle...And they’re looking at each other/just licking their chops when they’ll finally get me...Completely fuck me over! When I’ll have an epiphany moment – and realize – I’ve been completely surrounded/and

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everyone is destroying my life – and everything is useless/and I might as well just commit suicide...

—*LOL!*

And I'm saying anything that'd make me laugh/sometimes just to hear it said...

I talked about a prostitute I dated in Brazil – that took me to a hotel and had me wait outside while she turned a trick!

All the terrible/stupid things – nobody is supposed to talk about, right!

Any self-respecting guy would never admit something like that...But I'm just laughing at it all!

When they took pictures – I'd do stupid shit/like strike a sexually provocative pose – with my mouth open/on my knees – biting meat – insinuating homosexuality...Anything – that would enrage them/piss them off...

These guys hated homosexuals, right?

And they're insinuating that I'm a homosexual all the time – and they totally despise and hate me/everything about me...But I keep going – and going...

But, the funny thing was – they were still acting like they were my friends.

—*LOL!*

By now, the hatred – *was off the charts!*

So, I've chummed up the water pretty good...Blood was all over the place – their eyes fixed on me – predators staring at an innocent/stupid animal/their prey – just standing there, right?

Then it was time to throw the bait into the water/it was late in summer/late at night/we'd been playing poker for hours – maybe it was 1:00 AM – and I told the guys about some dude that attacked me at work...Which – for some reason – happened more often than I care to mention...

—*LOL!*

But it was a straight fight/a sporting fight.

And I went on talking/rambling in my stupid way/saying dumb shit/and all my ***great friends were winking and nodding – laughing – licking their chops...

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I knew at that moment – it was just a matter of time before
***my great friends, lined-up a fight for me.

~ ~

So – here comes Wilson – a guy from Indiana, was brought into the group.

And I'm sitting in a lawn chair – on George's patio – like I always do – just in my dreamland...off in the distance, and this dude's all annoyed by me – from the get go...Like most people are...

Now, I'll be honest with ya – he wasn't dumb – just a very weak individual...He knew from the first thirty minutes around me – who I was...

***What do I mean – by that – I'm a lunatic...and guilty of all kinds of things...

Then, the dumbass decided to talk.

Listen to the stories he told...

I'm sitting next to him, and he stood up and began talking with his finger pointing at me, and told me how he's not a very good piano player – but he was in a band – but he didn't play very well and he made a lot of mistakes – and made the band look bad – but the band kept him on anyway!

I was laughing the whole fucking time the dude was telling me his story – which pissed him off all the more.

This dude actually said this shit! This is one of the stories he told people...

—LOL!

The dude was bragging about how badly he played the piano – when he played in a fucking band – with his friends – **wink nod – as if there's a hidden meaning I'm supposed to understand – but they still let him play, all the while – making them look bad...

Wouldn't you want to help/make your friends/band members play good? No! Of course not, he was proud he made them look bad!

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–LOL! This is the shit I'm talking about...

This is the world we live in!

I'm doing everything I can – to not fall out of my chair...laughing...

So, okay – whatever...

These are the people I'm dealing with – and the dude had to tell everyone that he had a swimming pool and he had this and that...and a degree...Everything he accomplished/every accolade he could think of/that he did in his life, he had to tell everyone about it!

~ ~

Anyway, they never got it – all these dudes were playing a stupid ass game that'd been played on me, a million fucking times before/acting sly as shit...As if I didn't understand anything that was going on...

Okay, whatever!

So, they're all winking and nodding, and double talking, and acting scared...Saying all kinds of stupid ass shit – but what really fucking pissed me off the most about the entire affair was...These motherfuckers acted like they were my friends/so they could fuck with me...Setting me up for failure/George invited me places to do shit to me/and acted like he was setting me up with women/that would always turn me down...And he was giving them signals, the entire fucking time – as if I didn't know!

And, he'd go, "Hey, I tried to help you out...Can't blame me for trying..."

But what I found the most interesting – was I had everything on his ass – his wife gave him to me on a silver platter, but I never wanted to use it against him.

~ ~

And people go – how does someone else destroy your life?

What a fucking joke – it's so fucking easy!

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There's always a mindfuck...Completely surround a person with people who secretly hate them/and they slowly drive the victim insane...

Unfortunately, these mindfucks – are the rule/the norm – not the exception.

And, then again, one mistake/one serious mistake – you run over someone/DUI/car accident/everyone will keep upsetting you – making you nervous – it's not that hard...And you kiss a woman when she doesn't want it/get into a fight/assault charges/attempted rape...Some old man walks behind your car – and waits in your blind spot in a supermarket parking lot/you lose a job and can't get another/can't pay your bills/a girlfriend does drugs/you get high while having sex/get arrested for drugs/there's so many ways to destroy a person's life/use your fucking imagination!

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So, the game was at the point where – I had to turn shit up – and when I say up – I mean I had to light a fire!

So, I asked George to help me at work – so he thought he'd be able to see some of the people I worked with...But I took him to the field, out in the streets – then to a Chinese Buffet to eat...

The dude was fucking furious!

But I played my normal/stupid self – and he's shaking his head – refusing to go in...So, I pushed him in!

—LOL!

And these were his exact words – as he stared into my eyes, “You're going to pay for this!”

I just laughed!

~ ~

So, there we are, just sitting there, eating...

“Ain't this great!” I kept saying – staring at him.

Then, I looked beside me – and there's a whole table of Chinese Mafia dudes...Ya'll know the type...

They're all badass dudes, scary looking – tatted out – and there's always one huge ass dude...Bandanas, tats up their necks/and just like in jail – they're always giving signs/doing weird shit with their hands and legs...winking, nodding.

So, I got to thinking/started laughing to myself...And started talking to George.

I said, “You know what?” I said this loud so the dudes next to us could hear – and I go, “I tried to date a Chinese girl one time...And I saw that she was attracted to me – but there's

something going on...Maybe it has something to do with the Chinese Mafia – like they won't let us white dudes date them..."

I couldn't help but laugh at my stupid ass!

Then, came a waitress – I just stared at her...Then, I turned to George and said, "All Asian girls are gorgeous!"

And I was just watching her leave, and in came another Chinese chick, and each one was more insanely gorgeous than the next...

"I mean, look at her!" I said – pointing to the waitress.

"Her long black hair – the contrast of her black eyes – eyebrows – against her white skin – her red lipstick and her size...Are these Chinese girls a perfect size or what?" I asked.

George just stared at me – shaking his head.

And I just said it – "Just perfect, isn't she? Looks like you could just fold her up and put her in your pocket – you know – save her for later..." and I laughed.

I saw George getting nervous.

"You know – I have this weird theory..." I said.

George shook his head – for me to stop talking...

"I can't say it too loud – or I'll piss people off in here – but you got to think about this – okay?"

George kept shaking his head – No!

"Okay, look at her/look at that woman," another waitress walked by... "She's fucking perfect...flawless! Right?"

He said nothing.

"So, I was thinking – you know how China is an ancient culture – like really old...And they do shit that we don't understand – and everything, right?"

"Okay?"

"So...take time to think about this...Just look at these Asian girl's eyes and hair – size – legs – breasts...What if the elites of China bred their people to create the perfect woman/you know, women that look like little dolls..." And I made eye contact with one of the Chinese Mafia dudes... "Right?"

The whole table of gangbangers turned directly at me – and just stared...and I just went on talking...like nothing...

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“Look, there she is...Perfect – but it took thousands of years to get these girls perfect like that...” I said.

George, lowered his head and closed his eyes – and shook his head – no.

I began to laugh... “But think about this!” I said, “Shit like that really happens. Elites/the affluent – they do that type of shit! They breed children – they have total fucking control over everyone – to a fucking level nobody can even imagine! I’m serious, dude!”

I just laughed...

“I don’t know why talking about this shit is taboo, bro...People do this stuff!”

One of the Chinese dude’s got up and walked behind me – I knew exactly what he was doing – marking me for death...

George began to laugh – and he said, “You are the stupidest motherfucker I’ve ever knew!”

I chuckled to myself...Then I really began to laugh! Everything – this entire fucking game – was a joke!

All life is hell/torture...but if you don’t care – it’s all just a joke.

Nothing matters! I’m gonna have to go even deeper into hell – I said to myself as I laughed.

~ ~

And these guys – ***my great friends, they keep telling me how I needed help – and they are going to help me out...And it’s help this, and help that...

“You aren’t strong enough – and you don’t have any friends...” they went on and on...And I’m just playing along with them.

“Yeah, that’s true...I really don’t have any friends...” I said.

“Wow! So, you guys are gonna help me out? I really appreciate that! I need the help...”

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And my wife was playing along with the charade – “You are so weak, and fragile...and your friends are going to help you out...”

And George and his friends kept pouring on the salt... “We are all trying to help you so much!”

“I really thank you guys for all the help!” I kept saying...

~ ~

But the Chinese Mafia hit wasn't enough – and I knew it...

“The hit,” called in on me was the means/but now I had to chum-up the water – I needed blood – real fucking blood – and a lot of it!

So, a few weeks later, I was at the poker game – this night I sat at the head of the table – and I went to the bathroom – and I said to myself – *you know how to do it – turn off the mind – don't fucking think/a fucking machine! Stone/stupid/glazed – gone!*

And I left my zipper undone – and I walked out of the bathroom – then up to the poker table – George was seated directly to my right – and William was to my left – I walked up right next to George – because I was gonna get into my chair, from his side of the table – so literally my groin was at – face level to him – then I looked down, and noticed my zipper was undone...So, then I arched my back to get a better view – “Oops!”

My pee pee flopped out! It was still wrapped up in my underwear, but the dammed thing slipped out when I bent over to see – not even I expected that!

So, I had to stuff my pee pee back into my pants and I was working it into place, folding my penis upward to fit back in – “Hmmm...Like this – a little over here...Aaaaa...Just right” My pee pee was back in place...“There it goes,” I said, and then zipped up my pants all nice and neat – right in George's face...Then took a seat.

I looked up with a big grin – all the dudes were staring at me – *glassed eyed* – I said to myself...*Don't show them shit!*

I never even stopped smiling – “So, whose deal is it?” I asked.

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You could have fucking cut the tension in the room with a fucking knife! Each of the dudes was looking at each other – they couldn't believe what just happened... What I just did... They all looked to George – and he was just staring at me... And there I was, just smiling/giggling like a schoolgirl.

I had no idea what I had just done... I kept saying to myself/holding back laughter.

“Is it my deal?” I asked changing the subject – as if I wasn't even thinking about what had just happened...

***You see the game is like this... act dumb and ignore their small/minor insults... That way, you can insult them in outrageous ways... like what I just did – pulling my dick out in George's face, while he's sitting down/staring at me...

In gangster-land – this is a reference that all these white supremacists dipshits, suck my dick – but most gangsters only do it by zipping up their pants in someone's face – I actually had my dick pop out in their faces.

And they let me get away with it!

—*LOL!*

***And, as they made wise cracks, and silly insults, and walked behind me, doing stupid shit – I was pulling my dick out in their faces...

And I made jokes about how big their wives' pussies were – and if I could fuck them... and all kinds of shit – and they just let me do it...

And I'd hear George promise all these guys, that I was gonna get my just desert – he was gonna get me!

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Now the shit/the hatred was off the charts!

Now, George went into overdrive...He invited me to a Superbowl party at a Pastor's house...

I'm sitting there – minding my own business, my boy sitting next to me.

When Wilson – that dude from Indiana – decided he'd talk with my youngest son – and he intimidated him – called him, "Special," was laughing at him...

And there's my boy, who's a little slow like his dad, he got uncomfortable, and moved away/he sat somewhere else...

Which was a normal thing kids and adults do when they become uncomfortable – and Wilson knew it – he'd just played a mind game with my son.

So, Wilson achieved his goal – and I'm just sitting there alone – staring off into space, so what does Wilson do?

Wilson walked over and sat beside me – to do – who knows what, right?

Everyone knew what he was doing – giving his gangster signs – and shit...

He sat beside me for like four minutes – then got up and walked away.

But, here's the thing – he was only following George's orders...

So, I figured – *this is the dude they lined-up for me to fight – and if it isn't – I don't care!*

So, after Wilson fucked with my eleven-year-old son – manipulated him mentally, called him a name/intimidated him, right?

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The guy/Wilson had the gaud to add me as a friend on social media – and I’m like – *now I’ll play with this dude!*

~ ~

Listen to the shit I did to this guy – I wrote all kinds of stupid shit to the dude – for everyone to see it on his social media – I posted endless horseshit about how he fucked with my son and I’m going to beat the crap out of him the next time I see him...

“You’re dead meat dude! I’m gonna call you out – and rip your fucking arms off! You fucked with a little child! An eleven-year-old boy!” Blah, blah, blah, blah, just endless threats and bullshit!

I posted shit once or twice a day for an entire week – and he had no idea what the fuck to do, or what to say!

He didn’t know how to respond to anything – all of this stupid shit I was doing to him!

Then, I deleted him as a friend...

—*LOL!!!!*

The entire time I was posting the endless insults and horseshit/I was falling off my chair, just laughing my ass off!

~ ~

So, listen to this – after I fucked with Wilson on social media, he’s in the poker game chat – that George created to track the events/communications between members – etc...So, Wilson started to write about how he began training in martial arts!

—*LOL!*

This is too fucking funny!

And the dude goes on and on, about how he’s doing this martial art and that martial art – and judo and Jiu Jitsu...

The comedy was endless!

I’m rolling on the floor – laughing...

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For a while, I said to myself, I need to begin to train again – then I went for a jog...And I just didn't want to...I went back to the house and drank a beer.

I just don't care enough about this shit to train...

~ ~

So, George and Chuck – and there were a few more guys...James was this dude – that was like thirty something – University Texas grad, married with two children, but still lived in his mother's house...

—*LOL!*

And the dude was a Republican – get this – ran a construction company – was against illegal immigration – but would only hire illegals to work for him, so he could pay them crap!

These are the geniuses I was dealing with!

~ ~

So, one morning – George asked me to help him do some work at his house and I'm like – now I'm gonna fuck with this dude – and I showed up with some donuts – and I go into his house – and he's like, "Hey, let's get to work..."

And I said, "Man, I'm starving – haven't eaten breakfast yet..." So, I take a seat on his sofa and pull out the donuts, right?

And I go, "Hey, I got a donut for you!" And I hand him one, and said, "It's a cream-filled chocolate bar...Those are great!" and he just stared directly at me – looked down to the ground/shaking his head...And he goes, "They aren't called cream-filled chocolate bars – they're called eclairs!"

So, I go – and you have to imagine this – right – my mouth is full/just chomping on a donut, and I said, "Yeah, but I'm American, not French, so I call it a cream filled chocolate bar!" and I'm laughing – he's fuck serious as hell!

Anyway, he refused to take the donut – so I turned away – and I just kept talking, like I didn't understand anything, "Yeah, so I

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went to the donut shop and they only had black coffee...” and I’m mumbling to myself and shit – just talking away and I walked into the kitchen and set the donut (the éclair) down on the counter for him...And he goes, “You are the dumbest motherfucker!”

And I just laughed – as if it’s a joke – and to me it was – and the dude picked up the donut – all the while staring at me – walked over to the trash can, and threw it away – but I had already turned around and went into the living room to eat my other donuts – so I acted like I didn’t even see what he did...

And I ate my cream filled chocolate bar, then my chocolate with nuts and then my white rainbow sprinkles donut in front of him – just grinning and laughing – with my glazed eyes – chomping away! Pieces of donut falling on my lap – and I’m picking them up and eating them – just chomping away/stuffing my face, like a fool!

The dude was going crazy!

And I said, “The chocolate bars are the best! I don’t even need a napkin...” and I’m licking my fingers, like I was licking my pecker or something...Saliva dripping from my mouth, like a little child...

—*LOL!*

Oh, these guys are a damned comedy – people – I’m telling you – it’s just too funny!

Just eating donuts pisses these people off! I guess white supremacists aren’t allowed to eat chocolate or rainbow sprinkled donuts!

—*LOL!*

That’s how ridiculously all this shit was...

~ ~

So – in the poker chat – James, Chuck, William and George are all chatting amongst themselves...Working out the details for when Wilson will show up to the poker game, to fight me, right?

And I’m just going about my business – drifting/dreaming... Saying the stupid shit I say – all the time – just endlessly jabbering

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away, and laughing at myself...about horseshit that makes no difference!

Horse cocks – and about my friend in Latin America that fucked a donkey...just endless shit...And the types of sex they have with their wives...If their wives dance naked for them, and suck their cocks – I was even asking the pastor...

And everyone is acting like I'm some sort of a badass dude/gonna kick some ass – you know – typical mind game – trying to build me up – just to tear me down...

George said something like – “I bet Steve is a real badass in a fight!”

And William said, “That’s one dude, I’m afraid of...”

And I’m telling George that I lost forty pounds – working out/running, doing push-ups and shit – but, I didn’t look any thinner...’cause I didn’t lose any weight...’cause I never did a thing – I just drank beer and hung-out after work.

***Oh, and here’s another note: I always wore flipflops, right?

Well, the past couple of poker games – I wore tennis shoes...Like I thought I was gonna fight...

So, George and William and the other guys, are just building me up – and now I’m walking tall – all proud of myself!

I’m a real man, now, right?

What a stupid game!

—*LOL!*

And the shit goes on and on...

~ ~

Now – hold your horses – got to explain some gangster shit!

Get this – it’s been months since Wilson hadn’t showed up to the poker game – literally months!

So, the pastor that hosted the Super Bowl party – Theodor – this guy had his own church – right – so he has poker night at his house...

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Now, I wasn't ready for what was about to go down...

So, we're playing 7 card stud, right – and on this particular hand – I got 2 kings face-up...

***Which ain't that strange when you're playing with a mechanic – like George was/what I mean by that is...he was a card cheat – and he was dealing...

See what I'm saying?

And, of course I'm sitting across from George – which I always did – and everyone hated that I did that...and they thought – it wasn't on purpose...and I'm drinking from my red plastic cup...which oddly enough, these guys also found upsetting.

—*LOL!*

And, at the head of the table/beside George and I – was the pastor – Theodor...

So, George reached across the table – crossed his fingers, but because of our drinks/beers and jars full of money and chips – Theodor and me were the only ones at the table that could see what George did – and he slammed his fingers down on the suicide King/the King of Hearts!

Kaboom!

He crossed on the fucking suicide King baby!

K – for King...K – for Kill!

In gangster lore it literally means – *friends start to kill* – and when you cross your fingers – which he did – he was staking his life – he swore on his life – that he would kill me/make me commit suicide – and he did it before a pastor of the church – his friend – Theodor...

Motherfucker did it!

*Motherfucker just called his shot – the dude crossed the King!
And did it right in front of me – thinking I didn't understand!*

*Ladies and gentlemen – arrogance and hatred breeds
stupidity – it blinds people from danger!*

So, that's when I knew – this dipshit – this pastor – was tied-up with these white supremacist motherfuckers – the endless horseshit went on, and on and on...

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To be honest, I wasn't all that surprised – I had my suspicions how things worked – evidently, the church – maybe just here in the South – not sure – but they actually participate in the gangbang...representing the white supremacists.

So – there it was – George called it – it was him and I, to the very end/to the death – either I was gonna die or him.

The Chinese Mafia hit – embolden him!

And my penis popping out in his face – enraged him enough!

All the provocation/homosexuality/innuendo – all of it...

It fucking worked!

I couldn't fucking believe it!

But my expression never fucking changed – not even a hint – not even a turn – not a slight twitch of the eye – nothing!

Now – what George didn't know – he just turned down the heat – the pan didn't get hotter! It actually got cooler – the temperature went down/as a matter of fact, it went way down!

I had total fucking control of the temperature now – he had just staked his life that he would kill me – and he didn't know that I understood what he did – *he gave me control.*

***But getting back to this pastor – Theodor – that had his own church – this guy actually did jail/prison ministry – so, I guess, he went into jails – to pass on info to the white supremacists...

And I was like – holy shit – *my sister was right all the fucking time!*

All those years ago – just after I left home – and she said the churches in the South were evil – they fucking are!

How in the hell did she know?

I guess a lot of the white pastors in the South do this – maybe all around the US...

Boy, was I naïve to assume the pastors didn't partake in gangbang, and that he wasn't a part of it all along...

~ ~

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And then – the big night came – Wilson showed up to kick my ass – and several guys – like James – they just stayed home!

I guess he was scared!

—*LOL!*

And that's why he still lives in his mom's house.

So, that night – the big night – right?

—*LOL!*

Wilson showed up to play cards – and the dude's shaking in his pants – his hands are actually trembling as he plays...

—*LOL!*

It was too fucking funny.

And the dude started talking...

And I'm telling you – the horseshit this dude said, was just too funny!

This was one of his stories – it went like this – “I'll have you know...When I was in college, a guy tried to cut in front of me, to use the bathroom...”

This was an actually story he told...

You got to listen to this thing – he was so proud of himself and shit/acting arrogant as he told this story – chest out – looking down on people...

He went on, “So,” he said. “The guy went to cut in line and I said to him, ‘I'm gonna pee on you!’ And the guy didn't cut in line...”

He paused for dramatic affect – I guess...

Then he said, “And, ten years later I saw the guy again, and he remembered my name!”

—*LOL!*

The dude was so proud of himself!

That was his story – his testament to manhood/his courage – that was it!

—*LOL!*

And now you know why, African, Latin American, and North American tribes/torture their boys during puberty/and make them endure hell/put fire ants down their pants and shit like that – this

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is why – so when they're full-grown, they don't look like a fool, telling stories like that!

***That was the height of his courage!

—LOL!

~ ~

Then, Wilson began talking about his martial arts skills – and we went outside, and the dude began kicking in the air...

All night long, the dude looked like a cartoon character fighting an invisible enemy!

“Haya!” Karate chopping this...And he'd spin around and punch the air...Making Bruce Lee sounds and shit!

—LOL!

He finally took a seat in the patio – he was so tired – and he said, “You know I have a bad back, and a broken toe, from training last week...”

I grinned – got up and went inside the house...

But, as the night went on, and I was sitting next to Wilson, I was like – *I love this motherfucker!*

He's letting all these dipshits use him like a pawn to fight me...and he showed up. This motherfucker had courage!

~ ~

Then, the game was over – the night was coming to a close – all the planning of my friends – all the effort/and preparation/everything they invested/put-in – there was George thinking he crafted the perfect plan – everything worked-out – and Wilson and I were finally going to fight!

The last hand of the night – there it was/the real George – the hatred/the arrogance – it bloomed like a fucking flower!

George – said, “Hey, Steve!”

And I looked up, and he went, “I want you to have this!”

He flipped me off and he yelled, “Fuck you!”

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I began to chuckle/just laugh – my dead eyes/lifeless eyes...Nothing eyes...Shapeless/meaningless/heartless – ignorant eyes – fool’s eyes – child’s eyes – brown eyes – my blue eyes were dark/they were brown/they were black...and I dreamt...

I burst out laughing too – and he returned with bigger laughter/louder than mine!

Then everyone at the table began to laugh...

Then, one by one, all the dudes trickled out the door...

~ ~

Wilson went outside – into the backyard to wait for me...But I simply reached-out – shook George’s hand – busted out laughing, right in his face...I turned around and walked out the front door, got in my truck, and went home, brushed my teeth, and went to bed...

At about, 3 AM – I woke-up – just laughing!

~ ~

I laughed for weeks about that! – just dying laughing! Falling over – rolling on the ground...

The fact I didn’t fight drove ***my friends crazy!

You see, that’s an enormous insult – and they thought they had me...I didn’t fight/so now everyone was justified to do to me, what happened to William...and his children...But I was gonna pull off the biggest/most gangster insult on their asses – right in their fucking faces – they weren’t even gonna believe it!

~ ~

***Now, you got to understand, that was supposed to be a serious moment/a crucial junction, to begin my decent...Start Steve fighting/beating the crap out of people – I was falling into alignment with them – the Aryan Brotherhood – falling under their control...to goat me/lead me further under their influence/into

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their realm...taking their orders...animal behavior – fighting – hating...down into hell/one fight at a time/one after the other...More control. More hate. More control. More control.

That's what they wanted...I'd begin to worry/think and double think/question/worry/then worry some more /lose sleep...

Who will I fight next? Embrace their control/want their respect...Need their protection...

I will place/accept my place beneath them – under them...They are better...Until, they put things before me – and I do their work/I wouldn't realize what was going on, until it was too late...until I did something seriously...very wrong.

They would pit me against some high level – professional fighter – that would pound me into oblivion – make no mistake guys – no matter how good you are – there's always someone better...

So, I would go down into their rabbit hole, until I ended up in hell.

But, I simply turned and walked away – and ladies and gentlemen – this game/of act like they are friends...to destroy you...that is the reason, minorities, gays, all kinds of people, anyone that's different from these white supremacist cookie-cut mold motherfuckers – stay the fuck away from the South/people like this...

***Especially whites – that don't agree – or don't fall into alignment.

~ ~

Fuming, the next day, George invited me over to his house for lunch – and he told me to go outside/and we both took a seat in his patio...

So, he took off his wedding ring – it's important to note that...

***The dude decided to go full gangster on me.

He pointed to his ring finger – where there was the tattoo – which was usually hidden under his wedding ring...but I was pretty sure it was there...

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There it is!

Yup! I knew it!

I knew it the whole fucking time!

He was telling me he was married to the Mafia...

The next step, would be for him to identify the Mafia, he was a member of...

So, I was waiting...

Then, he goes, “Niggers are so fucking stupid! They can’t do anything...” and it’s “Nigger,” this and, “Nigger” that...

And I stare off into the distance – I went total fucking dipshit mode/my usual/glass-eyed way – dreaming/wondering... And I let the idiot rant – and I didn’t even listen to any of it/like I didn’t even understand anything...

So, you have to understand – he was trying to scare me – as if warning me – of who he is – and how much power he has...

But I just played like I didn’t understand anything – like I always do (did).

And when he finished...and I go, “Did you know my father was adopted by the de Leon family, and I don’t have any Latin blood in me? I was supposed to have the ‘Sir’ name Strouse, and my distant family/my blood is actually royalty?”

And then I broke down laughing...

***It was an inside joke – *you’ll get it later...*

I didn’t recognize – absolutely – anything! I played dumbass the whole way...

And he just stared at me – shook and lowered his head – and said, “You are the stupidest motherfucker I know!”

So, I stared directly at him and said, “You’re intelligent. You’re like a genius!” those were my exact words – I swear to God as my witness – and I went on/I said, “Do you know how you can tell someone is intelligent? It’s in their eyes. You look into their eyes, and you can see it. That’s true intelligence – and I can see it in your eyes... You are a genius!”

—*LOL!*

I literally had a hard time keeping a straight face...

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Anyone would have made this dude/and his friends look like fools/the motherfucker was so stupid – his only means of defense was skin color...That's it! That's all he had – him and his large group of racist assholes he surrounded himself with...

That was how he lived/what he saw/thought/understood – those who have the same skin color would never challenge him/because they saw and understood the same things that he did – race.

The dude got so furious! He stood-up and stomped away, back into the house/in a rage – like a stubborn child!

***He was fucking – completely enraged!

***The dude couldn't figure-out why I didn't fight.

He didn't have a clue, as to what was going on...

~ ~

So, the guys in the poker group began posting stupid shit, right? Insinuating this and that...

“Steve is a pussy...”

“He didn't even show up...”

“He can't be a part of this poker group...”

“He didn't want to fight...”

“He's not a real man...”

Blah, blah, blah...

“Steve, is all talk!”

And I'm like – now I'm gonna fucking dig down deep into the shit! Now it's time to get really fucking dirty...

–LOL!

This is what I did – I began posting shit about how Wilson was the one that didn't want to fight me – and I said that I took pity on him!

I said, “Wilson is a coward! No man would complain of a broken toe – and a bad back – if they really wanted to fight!”

I kept going on, “He didn't want to fight me – and he had to find an excuse...” I said.

Then I said, “His story about peeing on someone was a joke!”

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I just kept dogging him and calling him a, “Fucking dumbass!”

I went on and on – I did this for days...about how he was a pussy for refusing to fight me!

—*LOL!*

Nobody understood what was going on – I wasn’t playing along with their carefully crafted narrative...Somehow, none of the shit they did worked on me – *I was too stupid...*

—*LOL!*

They were like, “But...Steve left, right?”

And I’m like, “Yeah, but you don’t show up to a fight and complain of a broken toe and a bad back, unless you want to wimp out of a fight!”

—*LOL!*

I was dying laughing.

“Wilson needs to turn in his man card!” I said, “Real men don’t talk about injuries!”

And I’m falling over laughing...

***They didn’t get what they wanted!

Not even they could believe I was that stupid!

I was supposed to become submissive and shit – and I just kept fucking with everyone!

—*LOL!*

They wanted a couple of dipshits beating the crap out of each other...and I was just laughing!

~ ~

So, here comes another poker night – and Wilson isn’t sure what to do...

He was like, “Naaa – I’m not gonna go this time...”

So, I wrote, “See! It’s obvious who didn’t want to fight!” And I posted pictures of chickens and shit in the poker chat...

So, I goaded him into another poker game – by fucking with him and calling him a “Coward!”

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—LOL!

It was just endless/funny shit!

It just went on and on and on...

~ ~

This time the dude showed up in a pair of wrestling shoes!

Swear to God! Wrestling shoes!

—LOL!

He was sweating fucking bullets – nervous – not sure what to do...

***There's no telling how many hours/days this dude trained leading up to his, "Great big fight!"

—LOL!

This motherfucker – put in the hours...

It had to have been like six months since I started fucking with him...So, he must have been training 2 to 3 times a week – punching bags – push-ups – kicks – squats...rolling, endlessly wrestling and Jiu Jitsu...

I knew exactly what I was gonna do if his ass attacked me – I was gonna go gay on his ass – and shove my finger into his fucking eyeball!

—LOL!

That was it – that was my plan!

—LOL!

Like I said, I couldn't get myself to do anything/I was too lazy – drinking beer and watching TV in the evenings and shit...

The way I saw it – we have free speech in this country, right?

I can say whatever I want – but heaven forbid you touch me – that's a different story.

I'll rip your fucking eyeball out of your skull!

—LOL!

~ ~

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But, the hysteria/stupidity had just begun – ‘cause George brought in *his* big boy/his heavy hitter – motherfucking white supremacist motherfucker to the max – Jerrold – this dude – was also part of a church...Can you believe that?

And he looked like the great white hope!

And, he added me on social media – and all his posts were endless pictures of himself half naked, lifting weights – squatting – sweating, moaning and groaning...

—*LOL!*

Who knows what went on in these people’s minds...

~ ~

Okay – so let’s review some stuff...They knew I had an open contract on me – with the Chinese Mafia – *right?* And they could have me killed at any time...

So, they thought they had me – all they had to do was lift protection – and I was gone...

But, from their endless mind games and weird bullshit – they believed – that I believed I was a Manchurian Candidate – that thought Jerrold – this new dude was from the CIA – or something like that...and he would feed subliminal messages into me – to make me rich or something...

To be honest, I think the guy knew a little about NLP – that Neuro Linguistic Programming shit – to fuck with people’s minds – or something like that/stuff from the seminar I went to before, right?

The reason I think he knew a little about NLP – is because one evening – he sent me a bunch of messages – that gave me a headache for a half an hour, or so...

But, who knows, right?

Anyway, I think – they thought I’d stay in the poker game/group – even when everyone was fucking with me...because I wanted to get rich...or something like that.

So, that was their trap – I guess – I’m not sure...But I never led on that I didn’t think that these guys weren’t my friends...

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I guess – I'll be honest, I'm not really quite sure – what went through their minds...

It was something like that – but, let me tell ya, the mind games got so far out of control/I wasn't even sure what was real and what was utter bullshit – I was just pretty sure someone was gonna die – and it was probably gonna be me!

—LOL!

But I was gonna go laughing, all the fucking way down into hell!

How stupid I was – there was no telling what was gonna happen...

***I have to admit – fucking with these dudes was so much fun!

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O kay, let me get into what was going on at work – of course – George was there too, right?

So, of course everyone at work was also playing along with his charade!

And everyone was running a scam on me – all my bosses, talking shit about other workers, telling me this guy was a two-faced liar – and this and that... They were trying to coax me into starting shit with a boss – you know – saying something that could be used against me – to make me look bad – anything...

So, I go into work one day, and this dude is talking to me – and he started dry humping the air in front of me – so all the construction workers were like...

“Awe, if Steve lets this dude dry hump the air in front of him, he’s not a real man!”

The shit was endless – everyone trying to get me into a fight!

So, they began this meeting – a “Bi” weekly meeting – and they called it, “Steve’s Bi-Meeting...” and all these guys are laughing and joking – point fingers at me – saying I’m “bi” – you know – bi this and bi that...

***And that’s the way these guys were too... It wasn’t a joke – they were serious haters of gay people...

We had this one guy – Zack – and he looked straight – nothing out of the ordinary – right? But, when the guys found-out he was gay – they totally went off on him – and made him leave the company.

They fucked with him endlessly... So, I took note of that – and decided I would fuck with them in return...

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***So, nobody would shake my hand because I let a man dry hump the air in front of me...and didn't fight him, right?

—*LOL!*

So – listen to this – the next day my boss called me up and said, “I am just checking in on you. You seem to be a little stressed. You might have problems? Are you okay?” on and on about problems I'm having...

***You know – the problems they are trying to create for me...

And on the web cam, my co-workers, they all dressed up in gangbanger cloths, with bandanas! Everyone got all gangster, and threw gangster signs and shit...just fucking with me...

And everyone just talked endlessly – about completely meaningless shit – that had nothing to do with anything...and this would go on for hours...just endless bullshit/distractions.

I just sat there – going along with it all...and laughing at it all.

And the funny thing was – this was my life – watching people get upset that I'm around – had become a pleasure to me.

I actually enjoy it now.

***Isn't that the craziest thing?

I like people playing games with me – all their antics/ endless bullshit...

Without it, I'm not sure what I'd do...It's become like a handshake – a smile – how people express themselves when they met me – I actually expect it...It's something I know/I'm familiar with it...

As a matter of fact, that's all I know. I don't know how to have a friend – nor do I want any...

It's like that guy Richard Proenneke, that went into the woods and lived by himself for 30 years – alone – with no one around...I didn't go to that extreme – but that's how I want to live my life.

***Then again, what choice do I have, right?

~ ~

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Now, hold on guys – I keep pausing, trying to explain everything – how fucked-up everything was – right?

The reason I’m doing this – it’s hard to fathom the utter hell – everything in the world is – for a mass murderer – right? I mean, it’s tough.

I never had a trial, right? But everyone knew I was guilty of killing people – and they treated me accordingly...

How did they *know I was guilty, you might ask? Because I had a guilty conscious...I had tells...That was enough/that’s all it took. Ain’t that crazy?

***But, it goes deeper than that too, right?

Listen to this – because of my **tells/guilty conscious – the gangs/people/society actually put pressure on my family to fuck with me too...

My own brother would call me once a week – to ridicule me/treat me like shit – this is the shit, he would actually say, “I’m afraid you’re going to go on a killing spree, and kill a bunch of people!” Then he would lecture me about how insane I was/and how meaningless my life was/and I had nothing to live for/and he did this, just to drive me insane. So, one day I’d give up and kill myself, or go live on the streets/homeless/a beggar...My own family – and my ex-wife too...

The gaslighting was endless...by everyone...Even when I drove – or walked into a supermarket...People falling over beside me – screaming in my ears – messing with my spatial awareness...What I mean by that is – getting behind me and swinging their arms/or other objects/so they are almost touching me...

***If you are not aware of this/these things – it upsets your subconscious – they even affect your sleep...

And that’s how people drive you crazy...This type of behavior/and lack of sleep – over time – will break anyone.

That’s what nobody tells you when you enter this world – the insanity of everything/everyone/the maniacal harassment – the gangs that do it – the control everyone has over us...And if you

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don't do as you're told, and harass the people you're directed to harass – then you're marked/and they go after you.

My sister would call me up – screaming on the phone – leaving nasty voice messages – then deny she ever did it!

—*LOL!*

Everyone in my family called me – to ask if I was going to kill my own children/and ex-wife...This went on for years...My own brother was trying to make me feel guilty – hinting/suggesting/wanting me to kill myself...I guess, because others were bothering him/demanding him harass me...Because of what I was...

***The endless/maniacal/insanity of the world...The shit was utterly hopeless...Nobody can do anything about this...

“You need to take more medication!”

“You need to stop working!”

“You need to be institutionalized!”

But, if I did all that, I would become dependent on the state/emotionally and mentally weaker...That's the rabbit hole to hell!

My mom, called me crying...It was like Eli Wallach's character in *The Good, The Bad & The Ugly*...

***She was watching my reaction – “I'm afraid you're going to kill everyone Steve...Are you going to kill everyone?”

That's what they wanted...They wanted me to kill someone...So, they didn't have to deal with me anymore!

—*LOL!*

She was literally crying... “You're going to kill everyone Steve...I'm so sad...”

—*LOL!*

How do you deal with that insanity? The most ridiculous harassment – my family was calling everyone I knew – telling them they were afraid I was going to go on a killing spree!

And, as the years went by, I was like – “I still haven't killed my family...and you guys have been telling me that for 5 years now...So, doesn't that mean I'm not going to do it, and you were wrong?”

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“Oh, no! It’s just a matter of time!” they’d say...

So, more time/years went by – and they were all telling me I’d kill people...and I never did...

Then I just said, “Leave me alone...I don’t want to have these conversations anymore...”

And that was the end of the world!

***You go down – into hell – but people don’t define what hell is – the way it truly is...

Hell isn’t complete isolation/it’s more than that – it’s humiliation – it’s when your loved ones turn their backs on you – and attempt to destroy you and your children...Your own family does this...What I mean is...Anytime you reach-out – you’re insulted/attacked – you’re cutoff – and ridiculed by all...And when I say all – I mean everyone!

This is all intentional – that’s what nobody tells you – everyone around you – for one reason or another – usually through pressure from others – even if they don’t want to do it – they live in fear of being placed in hell with you – so they must treat you like shit...and they are not allowed to tell you why...

***This is what happens to people who go completely crazy...and act out.

***The art of getting someone to explode with anger/act out – isn’t discussed by anyone in society...but it’s an art form, orchestrated by gang leaders, to single out the weak sheep, and kill their enemies (those they deem are threats)...

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The next poker night came...

The insanity went beyond understanding – Jerrold had to act like he was protecting me from Wilson, you see...

This was one hell of a show ladies and gentlemen!

The talks between Jerrold, George and Wilson – who was just a few inches over five foot – as if I was afraid of him...The night was an endless charade/posturing and endless jargon – like I was a CIA Manchurian Candidate/and needed to be protected from Wilson...

There's no telling what was going on – and Jerrold and George talked about Laurena Bobbit, chopping off her husband's penis and shit, all night long – and that was the end!

I literally fell off my chair I was laughing so fucking hard at these idiots! I feel to the ground – and was rolling around – over and over – these guys and their endless horseshit!

Somehow, they were acting like George and Jerrold were going to chop off Wilson's penis if he messed with me!

And they talked about John Bobbit's porno that he made...

Just endless bullshit on top of bullshit – painted with more bullshit!

I figured at some point, someone was gonna attack me! But, it never happened – and I stayed there the entire fucking night...

~ ~

Then Jerrold left – right? And I was like, “Hey, thanks for the protection!”

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—*LOL!*

And George played his part – patting me on the back, “Boy, we dodged a real bullet...” he said!

—*LOL!*

What a fucking joke!

So, after I called Wilson a dipshit – dumbass – and coward – all the other shit messing with these guys – Jerrold went home, and I stayed there the whole night, wondering what would happen...

And we go outside...

And we're all talking.

So, I stood up – so Wilson stood, with his wrestling shoes – all the endless training – and all my insults, and we're standing there in the backyard, and Wilson was there staring at me – he didn't have a fucking clue what to do – didn't know what the fuck was going on!

George was giving him signals to attack me – and I made eye contact with my boy... Wilson...and gave him a wink with my left eye – that George couldn't see...and I chuckled to myself... Then, just looked the other way...

I figured he'd attack me, right?

Motherfucker never did!

Just stood there like a statue – wondering...

And there was George and William – just staring – wondering what would happen...

Nobody had a clue!

They wanted me to get beaten-down so fucking bad – but I didn't play along with their rules!

I just laughed the whole fucking night...

Unfortunately for Wilson – what he didn't know – is, if he didn't fight me after what I did – the second time – I mean – in gangster land – it's like this: fool me once shame on you – fool me twice, shame on me...

***Meaning – he had to fight, but he didn't...

So, you know what happened to his family after that...

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Yup – George had his minions work on his wife – and Jerrold started messing with his little girls...It wasn't long before George was showing off half naked pictures of Wilson's wife...

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Two weeks later – everyone’s at George’s again – and in comes Theodor – the pastor mind you.

We’re sitting in the patio – and he asked me if I fought Wilson that night...

I avoided the question...

So, he pressed the issue...and George said, “ah, nothing happened...”

The pastor – got all nervous – he was totally upset...and he began talking about how my eldest son would probably not live through his military service!

– LOL!

Motherfucker actually did this...

This dude’s a fucking pastor!

These were his exact words – “Well, ya know – I’m not too sure your son will live to see the end of his six years in the military...There’s no telling what will happen to him, right? There’re so many ways he could die...Maybe not live very long...” He actually said this shit!

Oh, this was fucking beautiful!

This guy preaches mind you! Talking to a father about his son dying in the military!

~ ~

And, it was around this time – George – began asking my eldest son for his ship’s cap. Which you don’t do...

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Crew are not supposed to give the ship's hat – with the name of the ship – to anyone that didn't serve on that ship. That's just an unspoken rule – a question of honor...

So, George was trying to steal my son's military honor... This is a real thing...

This guy – was in his 50s – messing with a teenager.

So, I decided to steal his.

~ ~

This is what I did – I began drinking chocolate milk from my red plastic cup – and making noises... slurping...

—LOL!

And, after 2 poker nights – George went for it.

He said, "Why are you drinking from a red cup? Red! Not the color red!"

"Oh, yeah..." I said.

So, the next poker night, I showed up with an official Navy cup, that I got from the Naval Base – Great Lakes – when I went to see my son...

And, George was so full of anger... and hatred... he let me use it, at his table! He wasn't thinking straight.

The two ex-military men that were there – just got up and left...

~ ~

So – now, I got to explain something – the shit was getting serious...

George's anger/frustration with me was off the charts!

At work – he simply refused to speak with me.

You see, the pot was beginning to boil – my mind was shifting – and in George's mind, the gears were spinning...

But I needed something – something real – something to take this shit over the fucking top!

I mean – I needed to blow some shit up!

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I had to do something, so fucked-up – that would create sheer rage...

And then, I remembered what his wife did to him...It'd been several years since that incident when his wife went – open mic – postal on him – about masturbating all day.

But, lets hold on – just a little longer...I thought.

~ ~

So, there's another poker night – and everyone was so upset that I was still around/still going to poker nights...

They absolutely hated me – here I am, just shitting all over everyone – their families, playing poker with them – refusing to fight – not playing by their rules – all the shit I'd done in the past/been to jail – 'caught smuggling a dude across the border – all that shit, I just talked openly to them about everything!

And there was nothing they could do to me/'cause I wouldn't play by their rules...

~ ~

So, George, Theodor, James, Chuck, William, they all decided to send in a new guy – Craig – and they told me, he's an Iron Man competitor – or something like that...

And he sat beside me and antagonized me all fucking night – motherfucker kept saying all kinds of stupid shit, about how terrible my cards were... "You're cards are terrible!" he kept telling me...All fucking night long!

"Oh, they are crap!"

"You have shitty cards, again?"

This shit – every hand – all night long!

—*LOL!*

And this was the weirdest thing – the dude called the same two wild cards every time, 2s and 3s...And he'd look at me and say – "2s and 3s are wild!" really loud – and the dude never changed his wild cards – all fucking night long...

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It was just too funny!

I'm just sitting there...laughing...And he's just fucking with me – like a fly buzzing a stupid ol' cow.

~ ~

So, right before Thanksgiving – 'cause George had a great big Thanksgiving meal every year – I said, now it's time to start pouring the salt and vinegar into the pan/onto the wound!

Watch the fucking pan explode!

I posted some shit – in the poker chat – about people masturbating all day long, when they should be working...and alluded to George.

And I was always posting stupid ass shit – mindless – stupid shit...And George would insult me.

Then George sent me a message about sucking a black dude's dick – but he did it in private.

So, the day before Thanksgiving, I said – *watch this!*

And I posted something dumb in the poker chat – and everyone posted something to insult me, then I wrote – “Did you all know that George likes to be abused like a Bangkok whore?”

Everyone went silent.

The next day I went to his Thanksgiving party – and the anger/hatred was off the fucking charts – and I just sat there, eating my meal – like I didn't understand a fucking thing...Like I always did.

But the alarm bells were going off, now!

You could see it in George's eyes...all these dude's eyes...They fucking knew I wasn't what I appeared to be – but still weren't sure, what the fuck I was...

~ ~

The entire night – Wilson was fucking with me...He kept saying, “Mass murderer!” around me...Trying to drive me crazy

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– and there I was – just eating my turkey and mash potatoes, like nothing!

These dudes were insane/furious!

They still didn't have a clue – they didn't know how to handle anything! And I was just mindlessly walking through it all – like I always did – without a care in the fucking world!

—*LOL!*

~ ~

I got to say this/explain this – the secret to life – is learning what everyone values/understand their life: Here in America, everyone wants a nice car, house, family, good sex life – for the most part, right – and people want to be respected also, looked up to, admired – some people want to be celebrities... Many people want to be rich/live in luxury/have a mansion/a better car than others...But you miss the point...

***If you embrace those typical values/you become predictable/understood/known/manipulated – easy to control... Your actions/wants/desires/are fully known.

But, if you want nothing/expect nothing – you can go through the usual motions – but if you are able to control your desires/turn off the noise from outside – if you will – let go...Walk away...Close your eyes...If you are able to go against your own nature/make a complete 180 degree turn – in the middle of the road – then you become unpredictable...People will call you dangerous.

***People won't be able to manipulate you...You will be hated and called insane.

***People will literally argue with you/they will get upset because you changed/and their games they try to use against you – will fail.

~ ~

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Okay, now at work – this was epic/classic – you see when they go high/go low! Always go low! Like in football... Whoever takes out the legs – wins...

***If you can't stand – you're done.

So, all these ex-military guys/cause George was ex-military – they were always making jokes about me being bi-sexual – and it wasn't true/of course – that's the game, you see... Shame me – insult me – put me down – give signals to girls/so they won't go out with me...

***But I had them where I wanted them...

Remember Zach – the guy I mentioned before – the guy that was gay – and they were doing all kinds of stuff to him/and making all kinds of insinuations/and fucking with him...until he quit.

So, this is what I did...

I just went low...I fucking owned it! Took it to the fucking bank/like a businessman making a fucking deposit!

I waited until one of these fuckers wrote an email/that referenced homosexuality/me being gay – right? Then I responded back/copying everyone in the company – saying I was bisexual – and I was once engaged to a black man...

Kaboom Motherfuckers!

Drop the fucking mic! Fuck you bitches!

Up your fucking asses!

***Nobody could believe what I just did...Nobody!

Then I took all their insults and filed a harassment complaint – of a bisexual man – at the state's discrimination office...and sent everything to the Vice President!

—Kaboom!

And when that VP motherfucker had a meeting – there I was wearing a pink fucking hat on my head...acting all gay and shit!

Nuclear fucking bombs dropped in Texas baby!

I had the motherfuckers...And everyone knew I wasn't gay...and never was...but I was the motherfucker that was laughing...and let me tell you something else/there were two openly gay people still working in the company – and they

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couldn't fucking believe what I did/and they couldn't keep a straight face when they saw me/they just broke down crying...knowing what I was doing/standing-up for them...and turning the tables on these assholes that always fucked with them/it was unbelievable...

So, what did the company/VP do?

First, I was put on paid leave for unprofessional behavior/then fired/and then the VP tried to throw me in jail/by telling me to keep my company laptop and cellphone – and he would send me a box to ship the items back to the company – but he never did/I never got the boxes...

So, I went to the company/returned the items, and had a woman/clerk sign for them/and kept the receipt/so when the motherfucker called the cops and said I stole the stuff from the company – there I was/presenting my receipt to the police...

George couldn't fucking believe what was happening...And he was reaching-out to people/my family/everyone he could/to try and stop the absolute carnage I was causing in the company!

That's what these faggots do ladies and gentlemen – and these motherfuckers were the real faggots...George and his friends...***No insult to gay people...They don't fight their own battles/and they don't leave people the fuck alone...

And when someone shoves their shit back into their faces, they try to get everyone involved in their battles, against you...

~ ~

***It's not that I was gay – but I used homosexuality as a tool against them...But let me explain something to you too – how easy it is to stop the persecution of people/this is documented/yet nobody talks about it...

This was told to me by a proud Dane (a woman from Denmark) – while I was in Venezuela...

This beautiful – elderly white woman of 80+ years, grabbed my knee, as I was drawing a picture of her husband – that they

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requested I do – but I was never good at drawing guys – only women...

Anyway, she told me to listen to her story – and this is what she said:

“When Hitler invaded Denmark, I was a little girl, and some of our young men fought valiantly – but they were no match and we all knew it, so we quickly surrendered to the Nazis. The next day, we all listened to the radio – as Hitler was going to speak, and tell us our fate...So, we all listened, and Hitler told us that all Jews must wear the star of David armband, to be identified...”

Now – this is when she broke down crying...And I didn't understand the importance/or the impact of what she told me – at the time I mean – heck what did I know about the world? I was only eighteen when she told me this story – but the elderly know most of what they teach children will only be acknowledged by their pupils later in life...

So, she went on – “But our King, King Christian the X – on a phone call to Germany, told Hitler that he was Jewish! Then he said, all Danes are part Jewish! I have also heard that he wore the Star of David on his arm...But I didn't see it myself! We protected our Jews!” she declared... “Different from other countries in Europe! And when then Nazis came to town – I remember my mother and father taking us kids to the synagogue, but it was too full, so we sat outside, to pray...And there were so many there – there was nothing the Nazis could do...Our entire town became Jewish!”

***The point was – Denmark stopped the prejudice/the injustice/the persecution/the ridicule...Everyone put on the badge/everyone picked up the cross – altogether!

***Those that persecuted became the minority.

—45

At the same time that that insanity was happening at the company/the poker group was falling apart...or should I say – I was destroying it...

***You see, I was gonna start fucking with them now – using all their games against them...

~ ~

We were all sitting in George's patio...

We were all drunk...

***Actually, I wasn't, but I acted like I was...

And the mind games were at their peak/they were doing everything they could to bring me down – they endlessly told me that they were doing their best to help me...And they felt so sorry for me/and pitied me...

And there was George – he took a long drink of beer, then stared at me, with a A-typical expression; the all-knowing, glimmer – a common facial expression from people that are older – that want to convey to others how sly they are, that they know everything, and are in control...but they're really playing a game...

And he said, "Steve, is getting divorced, and has lost his job..." and he was winking and nodding, "But your friends are here for you, right guys?"

***And I'm watched him – and thought, boy I can't wait until I break it off in his ass!

Something you must understand:

***Help is not help – it never is!

If someone tells you, they are helping you...or reminds you that they helped you – then they never helped you/nor intended to...What I mean is; if anyone expects something in return/if someone is doing something for you, and feels the need to remind you that they are helping you/know that they expect something in return/so it was never help...

And when they tell you/emphasize/remind you – that they are helping you – know that what they expect in return, will exceed your capacity – so you must tell them, not to help you, and to leave you alone...

***And when I walked/had my back turned to anyone of these guys – they were doing stupid shit...Everyone would laugh...and I just kept on going/doing my thing/like I didn't understand anything...

The mockery/trying to make me paranoid/and crazy was off the charts!

“You need so much help...” Jerrold said. “We are trying to do the best we can...Did you find a job, yet?”

“We are all your friends here...” said someone else...

I'm doing everything I can – to not break-out laughing at the endless shit...

And one of the guys was tearing up... “We are trying to help you Steve...”

And I took a seat, then said in a sad voice, something like, “You know, I don't think I'm gonna go on that camping trip next month...”

And George goes, “But you don't have any friends. If you don't go, you will be all alone...”

I smiled inside, and said – *Now is the time...I'm gonna go for broke!*

So, I began to frown, and get all teary-eyed, and I sat very restricted, legs together, like a woman...and I'm down, and I am sad...

And, George patted me on the back and said, “Maybe you can come over to the house and we can talk about it, just you and me, you seem down big guy...”

And he's puffing on his cigarette – and getting serious...

"I think I can help you..." he said.

These dudes were reaching for anything they could, to twist everything in a negative way...

"Yeah Steve, you need help," said Chuck...

And we kept drinking, and I kept saying stupid shit...

And I was gonna do something terrible – that would begin my shit throwing at these guys...But it was so terrible – I knew I'd get my ass kicked – for sure! But, everyone was so drunk – with a little luck – who knew!

So, I moved my chair really close to George's – and was sitting right beside him...And I could tell he was uncomfortable because I was so close – and everyone was watching me...and I acted like I didn't understand anything/or notice his discomfort – and I began to talk in a low voice...just mumbling stupid shit, like I was crying...and got all crunched up, arching my back, and with my left hand I unzipped my pants...

Now, you got to understand – all these motherfuckers thought they had me – right there – right now – this was my breaking point!

So, I kept talking – and I went glass-eyed – you know...Like a baby – a cat or dog – looking up – and I'm talking – and the dudes are staring at me, nudging each other...Like, hey, look, Steve is mentally breaking – and he's gonna cry, right in front of us...And I just went all baby faced/gaga stupid...

They were finally gonna see me turn weak/break/belly up/and begin the descent into their hell...

And I'm mumbling so much stupid shit...and slurring everything/just making all kinds dumb crap up...I had no idea what I was even saying...

***"I don't have sex – no more booty time for me...I don't have friends, I have no girlfriend..." and I went on and on... "And life is too hard for me now, without my wife...and I don't have anything/and I got fired...My entire life is so terrible/I have nothing to live for..." I just kept saying all kinds of shit – "I need consoling/I need help..." but I got more and more silent...And everyone was leaning in/trying to listen to my horseshit...

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So, I go, “I haven’t been on a date...and I haven’t had sex with a woman...”

And they all knew this – they were all acting like they were setting me up/and all the women refuse me...It was all their game...but, as if I gave a fuck!

And they were all, “Oh, I’m sorry man...We are your friends, we’re here to help...”

A dude patted me on the back – and with my left hand I slid my dick out of my underwear and pants...

And all the guys were – so genuinely concerned about me – and I doubled-over – hiding my face...*I was so ashamed...*

—*LOL!*

I was acting like I was crying...And I was really tearing up...

Then – this happened so quick – I reached-up and grabbed George’s back of the head – then shot/arched my back up into the air – with my dick pointing upward – and I pulled down on George’s head – and shoved my dick into his face, and I yelled, “I need someone to suck my dick bitch!”

—*LOL!*

And I rubbed my dick in George’s face – and George’s cigarette burned my dick – and sparks from his cigarette flew everywhere...

Everyone freaked out!

You should have seen the looks on everyone’s face! George’s face was sheer terror!

“What the fuck?”

“What the hell!” everyone was screaming, when they saw my dick!

“This guy is insane!”

I stood up but fell over – acting like I was drunk – and I was crying...and laughing at the same time!

Nobody knew what the fuck to do! Most of them were so drunk – but George got sobber real fast...Hell, I just rubbed my dick in his face...

And he stood – everyone stood-up – and I thought for sure there would be a brawl – but I just put my dick back in my pants

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– and everyone was yelling about how crazy I was...And I needed to stop drinking...People were pushing me – and yelling! And shoving me – but nobody threw a punch.

I just kept saying, “Hey man! Bad joke...My bad bro! My bad! I meant no disrespect...I just thought it would be funny...I don’t know what I was thinking. My bad bro! I meant no disrespect...” and I just left...

In the car – as I drove home – I almost fell over/got into a car accident – I was laughing so hard!

***These dumbasses thought I gave a fuck about having a friend, or being alone...or work...or death...or cybersex...Most women I can’t stand me anyway – I’d rather jackoff!

—*LOL!*

They thought I cared about something – they didn’t know I didn’t give a shit about anything – not even my own life.

~ ~

So, the day after that, it was time to shove everything, all fucking way up everyone’s asses, and break it off!

Watch the fat ass/jellyroll tremble/jiggle, if you will!

I sat down and began to write...

But first I asked permission if I could post a story...in the poker chat, right? Gotta ask permission...

They said, “Yes. Go ahead.”

So, I posted the following – I don’t know what you’d call it/I called it a Roast – in the poker group chat:

This story is called – A Good Ol’ Fashioned Friend Roast –

So, back in the day, America was America – we’d fought real fucking wars – where almost ten thousand of our boys died in one wave, on one fucking day, on the beaches of Normandy. We all knew the men that came back guys – our grandfathers were badass – beyond the pale...I never even understood mine. Quiet – with bursts of rage! Their sons were our fathers – who were also, incredible men – I watched my father breakdown at Grandpa’s funeral – just staring at this enigma of a man – lying in a coffin.

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The only time I ever saw Dad cry – a Vietnam vet himself. His father, my grandfather Mike, went to war at 17, just after Pearl Harbor – 30 years in (20 years in the Navy and 10 in the Airforce).

And when those men returned home, they built our America – they toiled/worked jobs few of us nowadays dare – dams, power grids, roads, highway, infrastructure – they did this for decades – their entire lives – hard physical labor – just happy to have a job/a paycheck and a small house to call their own – maybe drive out of state during the summer – blessed with two weeks of vacation out of 52 in the year.

And they did something I never quite understood – they watched something on TV that was very weird – I cringed just to hear and listen to it – it was completely contrary to their demeanor – they even recorded these shows on videotape years later, when the technology allowed. These programs featured the stars of the day – John Wayne – Lee Marvin – Frank Sinatra – Dean Martin – Don Rickles – even politicians took part...Yes! Even Ronald Reagan.

They called these programs – Roasts –

This tradition is as American as apple pie – unadulterated – shameless – unabashed – sarcastic – sometimes vicious and cruel – criticism...

I've often pondered why our parents and grandparents enjoyed them – until now.

It's not until living in today's world – that I think I understand. It was some kind of vindication.

In no few words – this was what they fought for. It was a sort of confirmation of their accomplishment, in a twisted way – why they fought the wars – to criticize those we aren't allowed to criticize.

Because they knew, no matter how painful words were – they're just words – and the words – somehow, when laced with truth – as insulting as they were – placed us on a new plain/a new consciousness – somehow aligning us to Heaven/with truth – like the archer pointing his arrow at his target. Least I remind you, the etymology of the word “sin” is to *miss the mark*.

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Please note: A roast is done out of fun and love – we do it to people of honor – who we think can take it, to remind them – everyone’s human.

***Oh, and I got to admit – this is gonna be a lot of fun!

First, I got to explain, how all of you are a bunch of fucking dipshits!

A bunch of fucking losers – that don’t do a fucking thing/and want everyone else to do it for you, and when they do it, you still won’t give them credit for it!

All you talk endlessly about how awesome you are/what great achievers you are – but you’re not, you’re just a bunch of dipshits!

***And I went on and on, about how they’re all a bunch of fucking dumbasses and buttfucks! And I detailed every stupid ass thing they tried – and failed to do to me – all the endless provocations to fight...And I fucked with each and every one – about how they refused to fight me, and all they did was talk endlessly, and try to get others to do their shit!

Then, I went on about how much George’s wife said he masturbated/and how she put him on a hot mic and I heard every fucking thing, even the type of porn he watched – the dude imagined his wife cuckolding his ass, with dude’s with huge shlongs!

—*LOL!* This is the world we live in people!

***You know, the funny thing is – after his wife did that to him, I stayed away from him – I didn’t want a problem, or have issues, I just wanted to work, and make my paycheck and get on with life...He’s the one who kept calling me, trying to get me involved in his life/trying to fuck with me – all the fucking while knowing – he was a white supremacist and I was what I was...An insane lunatic!

—*LOL!*

And the story/comment I went on and on, calling them all dipshits and dumbasses – of course it wasn’t a roast – I knew it – everyone knew it...

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I was just fucking with them – my coup de grâce – this was my version of the painting – Reply of the Cossack’s – immortalized by – Liya Efimovich!

My – go fuck yourself – each and every fucking one of you!

So, I had to finish off the epic insult/with something strong!

So, I wrote:

And there’s Wilson at the Thanksgiving table – declaring – “Mass murderer!” over and over...

There I was turning my head – *what the fuck?*

Almost laughing...

That got me thinking... *Who do these guys think I am? – LOL! Some mass murderer or something worse?*

If so – then all you dipshits are about as courageous as the fully-armed, fully-trained, bulletproof jacket-wearing motherfucking Uvalde police officers... That let a dude pick off child after child... And you dipshits just stood around talking... Compared to the unarmed homosexuals in Colorado – who disarmed a mass shooter with nothing but their bare – oiled up – motherfucking hands!

—*LOL!*

You dipshits think walking or standing behind someone while rubbing your upper lip and insinuating insults, is courageous!

—*LOL!*

Hey George... Better put a timecard in the house – punch it – 8 hours a day – *not yourself!* ;)

Hope you guys enjoyed the roast!

—*LOL!* Falling off my chair, laughing...

By the way, if I got something wrong – don’t worry about correcting me ‘cause I don’t give a shit! I’m just making fun of you!

~ ~

This is a funny episode – I forget to tell you – so listen to this... Okay, so in the beginning, when George first reached-out to

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me – listen to this – the guy began asking me to go out to strip bars – but you’ll know what happens when a married guy goes to a strip bar, right? We all know...But, he was far to sly for me ***wink nod! He was actually giving signals for girls to give me their numbers, to go on dates – and even had some girls ask if I wanted a blow job, for \$200, and shit...

I don’t have to explain what he’s up to right? We all know. Trying to destroy my marriage. He didn’t know how terrible my marriage was – he didn’t have a clue...My wife and I had already gotten our divorce, we were just living together – for our kids...and we both slept around...But he didn’t know that – and I’m playing along...

So, George calls me up one day – and I said, “You know what? I think I’m going to go to that strip bar you took me to...” I wasn’t and I didn’t – but I thought I’d throw it out there – just to play the mark – and listen to this! He goes, “Call up my brother-in-law – Ted, he and my sister...They wouldn’t mind going with you...”

Okay, but Ted was – and everyone knew it – hardcore white supremacist, right? But, the dude was married to his sister! This nice, sweet old lady – about 60 something...

And you all know what was going to go down – the old dude and his wife would be giving signals all night to girls – and directing them to do this and that...make me look bad – and fuck with me...

Okay – so I hung-up the phone – and thought – I’m gonna use this shit against him – got to think of a way to do it...

~ ~

Okay, so a year goes by – and I’m being lowered into hell, by the poker group...and everyone else...coworkers...even family members...ex-wife...*you name it.*

That Jerrold dude – had shown up – and the guy was posting shit on my social media, calling me a woman and shit – and George was laughing at his posts – and I told George I probably wouldn’t make it to the yearly camping trip – and you see – the

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dude was sensing blood in the water, right? You know what I mean? Like, I was mentally collapsing – and I was feeling sorry for myself, and his friends and family were beginning to take their toll on me – and he began to insult me more often – and yell shit – like pouring on the insults you know...

You guys know the routine – the game of lowering a person's self-esteem – until they won't defend themselves – a very common thing that groups do to their marks...

Okay, so this is what I did...

I went on to Jerrold's social media – now you guys have to understand – he was one of those very fragile guys – that spent all his time acting tough – endless hours at the gym – and you guys know what I'm talking about – most of those guys (in the gym) are actually very weak individuals, that need/want/strive for social acceptance – of course they do – that's why they're in the gym, trying to look pretty!

Well, he was one of those types...

Anyway, so I went on to his social media – and posted the picture of my dick, and I wrote my home address, and told him to come over and suck my dick! And I did it late at night, so he wouldn't see it until the next day – and his friends would see the dick pic in the morning!

—*LOL!*

The next day – his profile was deleted off social media! It's not that he blocked me – I checked that using someone else's profile...He was so fucking embarrassed – he went into hiding!

~

***The entire group/it was like the ending of Donnie Brasco – when the FBI told the mob – Donnie was an agent – but they didn't believe it...

None of these motherfuckers could believe who and what I did – and was doing to them...They were too fucking stupid!

“Did Steve really make us look bad?”

I made them look like fucking idiots, and they didn't even know it – hell George was so busy fucking with his friend's wives

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– the wives of the guys that didn’t fight me – he wasn’t paying attention to what was really happening!

***I shoved my dick in his face so many times, he got used to it!

—LOL!

They were so busy trying to figure-out ways to insult me/to commit suicide, they didn’t even realize I spent the entire time jerking off in all their faces!

~ ~

Anyway, that was when I left the poker group, right? And I’m starting to fuck with the dudes – so this is what I did to George’s sister!

***Remember how he told me to take his sister and her husband to a strip club...

Well, listen to this!

I dick picked her – and I sent her a message – “I want you to come over to my house and suck my dick bitch, and eat my cum, and bring your husband with you, I want him to watch!”

—LOL!

The next day a detective called me, and said a lady was pressing charges against me – for sexual harassment – and I needed to come down to the police station...

I began laughing to myself.

So, I explained to the detective, that I thought the woman and her husband were swingers – that’s what her brother told me when he said I should invite them to the strip bar – and it was just a mix-up.

“My bad dude!” I said.

Okay, so I sent the lady a message – apologizing – I thought her and her husband were swingers...LOL!

“Sorry about the misunderstanding...” I said, and I explained what George said to me...

And I went onto George’s social media, and there she was – posting shit – calling George a fucking asshole, and shit!

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—*LOL!*

I literally fell off my chair I was laughing so fucking hard!

The next day, I called the detective and asked if I still needed to go down to the police station, and he just laughed and said, “Never mind, she dropped the charges!”

***Everything George tried to do to me – I put a “Fuck You” stamp on it – “Return to Sender – Bitch!”

I just kept pouring on the shit – knowing he crossed on the Kings – guaranteeing my death/it was him or me...He called it, right?

It was just a matter of time...

All I had to do was continue/live...

***What gets me – you have to understand who this guy was – this George guy – and what he was doing to people/families.

Because guys didn’t fight me...He was using his gangland connections to destroy people’s families/their children’s lives/with impunity...

But, when it was all over, and the hell I put him through became apparent/clear...and after he fucked with the wives and children of his friends/men that respected him/his power...That was when I called him out – I insulted him, called him every name in the book, made fun of his military record, anything I could think of/dick picked him...

Then demanded that he fight me! “Name the time and place,” – I said, “I played games with your pawns, that you tried to line-up to fight me...Now, they are out of the way. There’s only you and me now...”

I said, “Now, it was time for us to fight!”

...And we were both older guys – he was fifty something, and I was in my mid-forties...

He absolutely refused to fight me!

And that is reality ladies and gentlemen...

It’s funny and sad at the same time.

And I will say something else – the White Supremacists that control the US Military – are destroying the US Military...They’ve turned our most hallowed institution into a

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gangland playground, to obtain status and wealth...a tool for the KKK – Aryan Brotherhood, and Masons...

A short time later – George did kill himself.

***The motherfucker would rather kill himself, than fight!

—LOL!

I suppose I'm a bad person – but I think it's hilarious the dipshit killed himself!

~ ~

***You guys got to understand something – like these dude's – and even their wives, right, they were all in on the shit – it was so evident in the small – slights – the little insults they made...

You got to bring out their nature/their intentions/their hatred/catch them in the act – get them to admit/insult you in such a way – so it's undeniable!

Then shove it up their fucking asses!

***And that, ladies and gentlemen, is why, “Asshole!” “Cunt!” “Bitch!” “Dipshit!” “Fucker!” “Hoe!” “Slut!” “Faggot!” all the terrible insults in the English language are important – because lies and manipulation are far more evil...The hidden insults – lowering someone's self-esteem through cunning – to destroy their will/their mind...that is far more evil than just picking up a pile of shit and throwing it into someone's face!

***And that's why you just got to do it!

Act weak, fragile – give them what they want – you can even cry – and fain suicide – do it just to watch their reactions...

“Oh...I'm so sad...I think I'm gonna kill myself! I'm so sad...I don't have any friends...Wooows me...I'm so sad...”

Then do it! Just do it!

Dick pick 'em...walk up to them – pull it out and shove it in their fucking faces!

Suck on this bitches!

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UNSPOKEN RULES
&
REAL EDUCATION!

WHY DID EVERYONE GET UPSET
WHEN MY PEE PEE POPPED OUT IN THEIR FACE?

AND I WONDER – HOW THAT WOULD PLAYOUT – IF THAT
DUDE REALLY WAS SOME HIGH-RANKING WHITE
SUPREMACIST MAFIA GANG LEADER?

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One afternoon – I got to thinking...

How serious was the fact that my pee pee flopped-out in the face of all those white supremacists?

I mean, was it really that serious?

Wonder what it meant to George, right? Was that the reason the dude had to kill himself?

Is that like an unspoken rule in the Mafia – if someone's dick flops out of their pants in front of a Mafia leader's face – in front of all his subordinates – while the motherfucker is sitting down – I mean right in the dude's face – and he didn't kill the guy, does that mean the boss has to die?

—LOL!

You should have seen the faces on these dipshit's when my dick flopped out of my pants, in their face!

And I'm just playing with my peter in front of them...Acting stupid!

It was like some man, walked over to them and stole their lollypop!

The anger was beyond explanation!

Ya know, I can just see the conversations between two – Aryan Brotherhood leader/dudes – right out of The Godfather Part II...

George would get called for – of course – and the leaders of the Aryan Brotherhood, would pace back and forth...

“Is it true? Did his pee pee flop out of his pants?”

“Well, it wasn't necessarily that way...”

A long pause.

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“Did you see his pee pee?” the older white supremacist dude would say...

George would be all distraught, “Well, I didn’t actually see the penis, it was in his underwear...”

“Okay, but did it flop out or flip out – or did it pop out? This is an important point...”

“Well, it didn’t actually flop out – it kind of, popped out.”

“So, no flop or flip – just a pop? Hmmm...That’s not good.”

“It might have done a little flop, I can’t be too certain,” says George.

“Did you stare at the penis after it flopped? Because we were told – you didn’t turn away...”

“But, it didn’t flop – it popped!” George would repeat...

“But did you stare at it?”

“Yeah, I might have stared...I can’t be too certain. I was surprised. We all were...”

—LOL!

“And we also heard – but we know it’s a lie – this couldn’t have actually happened...but someone said that this person actually pulled his penis out of his pants, and shoved into your face...That’s not true, is it?”

George wouldn’t respond...

“Hmmm...This isn’t good...”

The two Aryan Brotherhood bosses turn to face each other...

“How are we gonna handle this situation?”

The old Mafia leaders would say something like, “In the old Roman Empire days, after a General had a penis flop or pop – or whatever, into his face, he would say goodbye to his family in a respectful way...and go into the bathroom...But his family would be taken care of!”

—LOL!

***The whole fucking things is so ridiculous!

It’s just too fucking funny!

I still can’t believe these motherfuckers let me get away with that shit!

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—47

Talking about the Mafia – I wanna explain something!

Don't you all think schools would be better if *they* ran things...I mean, why is education all bullshit?

The public schools don't even want to teach kids how to read, write and do math anymore...

Kids spend 8 hours a day in school – and then they're sent home to do homework!

When adults work more than 8 hours a day – they get overtime, but not kids...

We need to teach kids real shit – about life – about how difficult life is...

And that's when you bring in the Mafia! That's what I say!

~ ~

They should offer – Mafia Economics 101 – as a requirement for all high school graduates – and they need to bring in real fucking ex-Mafia gangsters to teach it – not these pansies that spend their entire fucking lives in rooms, endlessly talking!

You know, the real-deal motherfuckers that dig ditches in the middle of nowhere, then tell their friend – you know – their childhood friend – little Johnny from down the block who kissed their sister the first time, “Hey Johnny, let's go for a stroll, over here in the woods, and talk about all the fun we spent together in our youth?”

And Johnny's like, “Yeah. Okay.”

And these motherfuckers have little Johnny walk out in front, just walking through the woods, right? And they're guiding

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him/leading him – and he’s walking along and talking about baseball, and how to BBQ ribs, and potato salad recipes...And then he stops – he sees a freshly dug grave...Little Johnny stares at it – and these Mafia motherfuckers watch the expression on his face change – then the dude looks up and tries to plead for his life – and the motherfuckers start to laugh – then blow him the fuck away!

Those are the motherfuckers you want teaching your children in high school!

‘Cause that’s the way the real fucking world is, and everyone fucking knows it!

~ ~

The first class will be how to bitch slap a co-worker or a boss, into submission.

Then, how to intimidate/insinuate, and threaten to kill people without actually saying it – with winks and nods and shit...

And they need to teach how terrorist cells work with gangbangers/and how they operate in the country – and how they identify a weak child/that’s been singled-out/maybe he doesn’t have parental support – and they target and mindfuck him – to turn him into a Manchurian Candidate/school shooter...Then, they need to teach why these terrorist cells/gangbangers are doing it – to weaken the US...

And they also need to teach the kids – why and how foreign countries want the US to be weaker/ultimately destroyed – and how it would benefit their agendas/influence on the world/help them conquer other nations...

Like what China did to Tibet – and is doing to India and Taiwan...And what Russia did to almost all of Eastern Europe ...and is currently doing to Ukraine.

~ ~

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Epiphany moments need to be taught – you know what I’m talking about?

Moments when you realize what’s actually going on – that yes – everyone and everything is false/fake/full of shit...

Epiphany moments! Like when a handicapped person is protesting for women’s right to abortion!

And the dude is in his wheelchair – just rolling along – yelling and screaming...and he hears one of these women talk about how she killed her daughter who had down syndrome...

A few minutes go by – and poof!

Epiphany!

The dude looks around/and realizes; all these bitches would’ve killed him as a baby/in the womb!

He does an Edvard Munch’s painting – pose – you know the one – *The Scream!*

Yes, ladies and gentleman that’s what that painting is about/portrays...How sick and twisted the world is...

***It’s about the moment you realize – everything fucking thing is certifiable bullshit...and nothing is real! ...Everything is just pure fucking evil!

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A few months later – I went to church – and I wasn't too sure about everything/thinking clearly...

But I found Jesus! And I mean, I really found Jesus, and began to go to church regularly/religiously – it just made sense – somehow – somehow – through ancient books and rituals/through analogies and stories/narratives that repeat themselves – this was the only place that told the fucking truth! And this was the only way we're able to tell it – through writings/through stories that were written thousands of years ago...

It was fucking amazing!

I just sat there and listened and listened...

There was some negative energy, right...But, oh well – I knew who I was – I'm a mass murderer – of course they don't want me there...Even though none of it was my fault...

So, I'd stand there – listen to the songs – and raise my hands to God, above – and I thought about everything I'd done and had done to others, and I just cried – and kept my hands up...

And I begged for forgiveness – whatever would be/whatever my life was/would become/death – *I had to forgive...and learn how to live...*

That idea – forgiving – it's not for the world/it's actually a selfish thing to do – what I mean is, you can't seek revenge/it kills us...

The evil/the hell/the pain must be endured/we must learn to live with it – and move forward.

And the world is dead – just like it says in the Bible...All the ways of the world destroy/kill/take us into hell.

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Tears came down, and the pain...and those around me...They put hands on my shoulders – and when the pastor called his congregation forward, I went, and held the hands of my brothers and sisters, and begged them for forgiveness...

And one day, after months in the church – just as my pastor requested, I asked a fellow Christian to listen to my testimony/my sins – I was going to tell him everything/absolutely everything!

But, I began, and he screamed at me to shut up! He told me to never speak of any of the things I'd ever done, to anyone!

He said, "Shut the fuck up! Never talk or say anything about that stuff!" He said, "Promise me! And for heaven's sake, don't tell me anything else!"

I couldn't help but laugh – and he laughed too!

We just sat there, laughing and laughing!

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A PRACTICAL USE OF JESUS

ABOUT MY MASS MURDERER
NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR & HIS GANG

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I was still drifting in life – but I finally bought a house – and it sat on a half an acre – it’s off in the woods – away from the city – out of the way...I still had neighbors mind you – but – well...I didn’t have many...

I had a neighbor across the street – and a house beside me – it was about 400’ away – but people kept moving to the house – and the lot filled up – now there were even tents around the house, and a couple of storage sheds with extension cords and AC units sticking out of the windows.

~ ~

So, I’d been at my place for about a month – and I spotted this old man/tough old dawg – he was white, with a handlebar mustache – walking/waddling/hobbling...You know, like an old/stiff horse – he was one of those ex-bodybuilder types, whose muscles dried out – they were still there – loose, fat, but it’s like his whole body was strung together with wire, that was too tight.

And he approached me – and I saw him coming – I’m standing on my property line – so I just held fast and wait for him...

He finally arrived – I smiled – and he extended his hand – we shook, of course, right? That’s what neighbors do...

So, this is what the dude said – first words out of his fucking mouth – swear to fucking God!

Listen to this...

“Hi, I’m Terry, just got out of prison – 47 years in jail – for killing 4 police officers...” motherfucker said this...

—LOL!

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That’s what the dude said to me...And I’m like – oh, okay – that’s nice to know...

“Nice to meet you Terry, my name is Steve.”

I look down to his ankle – there was a monitor around it.

“Well,” I said, “47 years in, but you made it out...You survived it all! Congratulations.”

And we made small talk for a few minutes and then parted ways...

~ ~

Now, the group was growing – right – there were a few questionable characters walking around...A few – what am I talking about...Everyone over there were lunatics!

There were maybe four or five cars in the driveway – several coming and going...

The guys would call me over – start a conversation – and they were always signaling – saying weird stuff...

I would go outside to work on my fence – or shed – and there were a few guys – you know – wanting to discuss things with me...Why I’m building a fence along their property line – and what I’m gonna put inside my shed...

I was cordial of course – said hello – made small talk for a few minutes...then went about my work.

You know – what *are you going to do? What are you going to say? Right?*

You go about your life/your business...

Then, one morning while I was out BBQing – the neighbor from across the street – we walked over to talk with me...and he said, “Hey, Steve, let me tell you something...”

I’m like – yeah, okay... “What’s up?”

“Your next-door neighbors...You know that dude that sleeps in the tent – away from the house?”

I glanced over my shoulder...and said, “Yeah?”

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“So, my wife went on that government sight – to find-out who lives around us – the dude is a pedophile – twenty years in prison for molesting a 12-year-old girl.”

“Fuck!” I said.

“The other dude in the shed...”

“Okay?” I said reluctantly.

“Arsonist...”

“Yeah, sounds about right,” I said.

“Well,” I smiled, “Welcome to the neighborhood!” and I laughed...

The dude just stared at me – like I was crazy!

“What are we supposed to do?” I asked him – and I shrugged – and we both chuckled together about the insanity...

Then, I told him the story about the day I met Terry – what he said...about the 4 police officers...

“How do you survive prison after you kill 4 police officers?” he asked.

“I have no idea.”

~ ~

A few weeks later – you see – after work I went jogging – just for a few miles – but I’ll be honest, I can’t jog the entire time – so sometimes I just walked fast – and on this particular day, because I worked late, I didn’t have time to go to the park – so I jogged up and down the street I lived on...

So, there I was...on the street – and Terry – waddled out of his cave – side to side – like an old bow-legged turtle – and he waved at me – and yelled, “Hey, Steve, come here?”

Now, I’d just assumed stay away from this dude – you know – when ideas and cultures clash/you know what I’m talking about?

Mass murderer/that brags about it...Yeah, I know – I wasn’t a saint, but I mean...I didn’t go around telling people I chopped a bunch of heads off people...

Well...I don’t know...You get the picture!

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So, I walked over to him – and he began to talk. He said, “You know I spent 47 years in prison, right?” and I’m nodding/going along with him. “47 years is a long time for an innocent man to be in jail!” he said – which didn’t make sense, but I didn’t interrupt him – and he went on, “And I’m talking with filmmakers about telling my story.” He said, “And I heard that you write stories, is that true?”

And I’m like, “Umm, yeah, I write stories/an amateur writer...”

“Well, maybe you’d like to tell my story...”

And I’m looking at this dude – this man – his eyes/his mind – trying to see what’s going on upstairs...

He went on, “I spent 47 years in prison! That’s my whole life! And I was unjustly convicted!”

“Hmmm... You were?”

“Yes! The police manufactured evidence, and they got false testimony! Witnesses that were never there said they saw me do it! It was injustice!”

I just listened – waiting to ask the obvious question.

“One of the officers was a family man – career officer – several children...I think that’s why they manufactured evidence...It was an injustice! These cock-sucking police officers get away with everything! I should have been innocent of the charges!”

He finally stopped talking, and I looked him in the eyes and said, “Let me ask you a question...”

He said, “Yeah?”

“Did you do it? Did you kill the police officers?”

And he went, “Well, yeah! But you know the system – if they can’t get you. You beat the system! You beat the wrap! I should have beaten the wrap.”

“So, you killed 4 police officers?”

“Yeah!”

“Then your guilty!”

“But I spent 47 years in jail.”

“You killed 4 cops!” I said. “What do you want?”

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I probably shouldn't have said that to a murdering/gang member, right?

Fuck it! I don't give a shit!

The dude acted like I gut punched him – he stammered backward – just staring at me... “I didn't know you'd feel that way...” he said, and the dude turned and walked away.

These fucking dudes and their bullshit views of the world...

I was going to lecture him about law enforcement – but these dipshits can figure it out if they wanted – but they don't want to...

Law enforcement has to do worse than the criminal to catch the criminal – and they have to be allowed to do so!

It's a simple analogy: if someone is speeding at 120 mph – the cop has to break the speed limit – worse than the offender to catch him!

Motherfucker admitted to killing 4 cops – the motherfucker bragged about killing them – and now wants sympathy! Total dipshit!

The shit was endless...But I shrugged and went about my life... *Oh well, what are you gonna do?*

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—50

There I was – lying in bed one night – staring at the ceiling – and beyond...dreaming – laughing to myself about life...

What is peace? What is peace of mind? What is sanity?

I just shrugged and fell asleep like I always did...

~ ~

The next day – I’m outside the house, working on my shed – and there were my next-door neighbors, so I called the guys over – I decided we needed a little light in our relationship. Some rays of sunshine...Clarity.

And I said, “Can I talk to you about Jesus?”

I didn’t look into the men’s eyes – I was deep in thought...And I talked about my savior – my calling – my testimony...And I asked the men, if I could hug them.

I reached out with my hands – and I held the man’s hands and I finally looked into their eyes and I asked them to go to church with me...

“If I could just hold you,” I said. “Kiss you, and through your mouth, put the light of Jesus in your body...All of you are going with me to church, next Sunday – and I won’t take ‘No’ for an answer! You will be saved! And we will pray over your soul...and hold hands!” and I was licking my mouth – and all the dudes were turning away from me...Then I declared, “Praise Jesus!” and I went on, about the evils of the dying world...Lazarus – and rising from the dead.

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And after about fifteen minutes – one of the dudes straight looked me in the eyes – and said, “I have an opinion about church and Jesus...” and I said, “Yes! I want to hear it.”

And he said, “I think Satan runs all churches, and tricks all of you – and everyone that goes to church is actually deceived by the devil, and you are all going to hell.”

And I said, “I used to think that too...But let me explain something...” and I went on for another fifteen minutes.

The men were getting restless – shrugging – and getting angry...

Finally, they just left...

So, about a week later – there they were again – so I called them over again, and asked them if I could give them a present from Jesus...and I gave them a book about how to find Jesus.

And I told them my story/my journey/the long search and ultimate discovery of Jesus... “Lord and savior! Hallelujah!”

They listened – they tried to tell me something about hell, prison and damnation...I tried to listen – but I didn’t let them distract me from my purpose – saving these poor souls...And I flat out told them that... “I will not let your souls slip through the cracks, into hell!”

~ ~

The next time I saw the men outside – I called them over – they all ran into the house/tents/and sheds...They just flat-out disappeared.

And the following week – twice I saw them doing work.

I walked outside – we made eye contact – I smiled and began walking in their direction – to talk...

Boom! They dropped their tools – straight out of sight – gone!

They really were trying to avoid me! It wasn’t just in my imagination.

Hmmm... I thought, and went about my work.

~

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And I listened to people on the radio – and at work – everywhere – TV – internet...just listening to people talk...

They say, “Jesus has no power!” “God is dead!” “Jesus is outdated...”

You know – “It’s interesting,” I tell them...The word of Jesus made a mass murderer, an arsonist and a child molester run away from me!

Jesus’ word – is that powerful! But you have to have faith, and really believe! You must be a true believer for it to work...”

But nobody believed me!

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There was a melancholy about my life – the vision/the meaning/hopes/dreams were parched – life was endless – I was wondering through a desert...So, I went to see Sylvia – to see where she was/what she was doing...

She'd moved to Atlanta, Georgia...

So, I took off a week from work like I did up in Illinois – but this time I drove my car...Found a hotel, pulled out some raggedy cloths – two ripped-up shirts – you always have to have a few shirts on...and I put a hat on my head/and a plastic bag over the hat – and plastic bags over my shoes too...Put on a pair of glasses and whipped my face with dirt – then found a shopping cart, then put a bunch of garbage inside it...I left my wallet in the hotel room – and the key to my room – I set it on top of the passenger side front tire – out of sight...I did this just in case someone called the police.

If the police searched me – they wouldn't find the key to the hotel.

I couldn't help but laugh at myself – I was so happy I was gonna to see her!

I tried to act sad/look angry/frown – I just couldn't do it! I was so happy – I was almost crying...

I setup at the end of the building where she worked – then waited for her to arrive...

People trickled in – when she got there – I pushed my shopping cart – I was laughing so much...trying to be quiet.

Look! She went back to the car – she forgot something...

That gave me time to get closer – and I began to wheel the shopping cart a little faster...

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“Can...I...” I stammered, but she escaped into the office.

I just missed her.

Right then, I made myself a promise – I was going to see her – look into her eyes – even if I had to make a nuisance of myself...I couldn't stop laughing...

This is gonna be fun!

I slowed...stopped pushing my cart after she went into the building – and I took a seat against a wall...Just watching and waiting.

A man approached, so I began to cough and spit...

That didn't stop him – so I stood up and approached him – got too close for his comfort...So, he began to back away...

“This is private property,” he said...and I fell and hit my head against a car, and began to moan and cry...

“Oh no,” mumbled the man.

“Help me,” I said, and I reached for him – with my hands all covered in dirt...

He just sighed and walked away.

*Now, it's just a matter of time...*I said – someone was going to call the police.

Hmmmmmm...I guess I'm just gonna have to make my move – but I got to go really slow – I've got to be methodical.

Then, an idea hit me – simple – easy – the best kind...

I pushed the cart around the building – found a shade tree and waited – and waited – time just slipped away – and my mind drifted to the end of the world – then back again...

About four thirty in the afternoon, I walked up to the entrance of her building – and waited for her to walk out – and I waited and waited – then a man walked out – he found me and he demanded, I leave...

Shit!

It was one of those ultimatums – he was one of those serious types...My plan wasn't going to work.

So, I started walking away – but I went very slow...

Then – looking back over my shoulder – there he was – still watching me – so, I cut across the parking lot – walking behind

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Sylvia's car – and as I was looking over my shoulder again at her car – there she was – she just left the building, and she was walking quickly...

Pay attention to everything! I demanded myself.

But the man called her back – he said something very quietly – I didn't understand...She walked back to him at the front door – he stood there and I stared directly at the two – he reached-out and placed his hand on her shoulders – Sylvia didn't like it...I could see it in her face. She didn't want him to touch her...

Then the motherfucker did something that lit a fire in my soul – after she showed him/demonstrated her displeasure/that she didn't like him touching her – the motherfucker didn't remove his hand...

That was it – I'd seen enough!

I nodded and turned around...and I began walking away again...

Then, I heard her heels tapping the concrete – I turned around – and stared directly at her – bold as hell – waiting for her to look my direction – daring her...

But, I was an invisible man – a homeless man – right – *but I'll still get her to look my way!*

She got in the car – started it...

As she pulled out – her head turned toward me – of course she was wearing sunglasses...

That's as good as it'll get, Steve... I said.

That's it!

And then, she was gone – so I walked slowly backward – but I was still watching the dude...which car he got into...

And after he left, I finally left too...

All the excitement – all the waiting – the moment – I saw her – and she looked at me...

That's all I'm going to get. I sighed.

I scratched my head – and pulled the trash bags off my feet and head – and threw them on the ground – turned and walked back to the hotel.

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When I got there, I showered, changed my cloths and drove to her apartment – I parked in the parking lot beside her car – and watched the windows of her apartment...

~

There was nothing I could do for her – she didn't need any help...

As much as I wanted to help her – I knew I did more harm than good...God only knows if what I did in Chicago helped her... I probably hurt her – I just created chaos in her life...

~ ~

So, that night, I slept in the car – beside hers – and was up and waiting for her to walk to her car the next morning.

She walked out of her apartment – went to her car – got inside and drove off.

I wondered why I tortured myself – why so many of us do it? I'm not the only one, you know...

But somehow, someway – there are people that have what they love – and are content – *Who?* I asked myself. *I'm happy – even with this...*

Love just is – it doesn't need to be returned – those that truly love know it's a selfish thing we do...It's not for others – Love isn't necessarily what everyone talks about...Love is great – and it's terrible too...Yes! Love can be terrible! It might even be evil, sometimes... We tell ourselves it isn't, but doesn't it ignite the fires of hell? Release/manifest/impel us to do such things...

We're not perfect – so neither is our love...

Regardless of these brief moments/these passing chances/glances into her life – one day I must explain to her/show her how much I love/loved her...So, she knows the truth.

That is...If I live...

I know I can't and won't ever be with her – but she has to know the truth – and I prayed to God to allow me this sin...to live long enough to demonstrate/show her my love/and who I am...or was – at the very least.

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And I wondered – does it matter? Is it all hopeless? Will I ever love her/someone? Will anyone ever love me – or her? Will we be content/is there such a thing?

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Still – I thought – *I'm going to do something for her...So, that dude doesn't fuck with her/put his hands on her ever again!*

So, the next day – I asked myself – *What is the one thing that fucks-up men's minds/especially really proud men! And I came up with something good!*

I went to a sex shop and bought a realistic pink dildo, some KY jelly – then went to a hardware store and bought a box of 2" nails – the largest pair of cutting pliers I could find – a flat piece of metal – duct tape – a drill and a drill bit – and black paint.

Then, I went back to my hotel room, and drilled a small hole into the metal plate, slid a 2" nail into the hole – then painted the whole thing black...

And I wrote a note with a bunch of Asian symbols on it...Who knows and who cares what they meant...It didn't matter.

The more someone tries to figure the symbols out/questions it/thinks about it/the better – right?

The next day – I put my jogging suit on, over a pair of shorts and a tank top – then went jogging to her office building...

The dude parked his car away from the entrance to the building – fucking perfect!

I jogged by – watched everything/everyone – then twenty minutes later went back – ducked down – I ran to the back of the guy's car – crawled under it – to the front/under the engine – then reached up through the engine block and cut the electrical lines – climbed out and crawled back to the rear of the car – went to the back passenger side window – and smashed it – and the alarm didn't go off...Perfect!

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Then, I crawled in through the window, set the metal plate/with the nail pointing up on the black leather interior – on the driver’s seat – I duct taped it down – then painted it all black with the spray paint... Then squirted KY jelly all over the seat and stearin wheel – and in the back I put the pink dildo and the note...

It read – “If you disrespect the boss – your ass is ours.”

Then I went through his glovebox to find the registration – something with his name on it...

Frank Charlton! Got it! Found it!

Now – I thought – I needed to do something to distract him – as he gets into the car, so he won’t look at the seat when he sits down – so I went and got the shopping cart and slammed it against the driver’s side, rear door – and left it there...

So, what he’ll do is see the cart – try to find damage – push the cart away from the car – and he’ll be thinking about that, as he sits down – and the nail will go up his ass!

I couldn’t stop laughing!

Motherfucker is gonna impale his ass on a nail!

I wanted to see if it’d work – but that’s the surest way to get caught – what amateurs do...

But I still had a method...

~ ~

You see, no man will call the police about a dildo in his car – or a nail stuck up his ass...*LOL!*

So, the following day – I called the office and asked to speak to Frank...

“Frank is not in today,” said the lady...

“Oh, I have urgent business – we had a meeting scheduled...”

“I’m afraid he had an appointment with his doctor and never marked it on his calendar...”

“Oh, is something wrong?” I asked.

“No, just a routine doctor’s appointment that slipped his mind. And who am I speaking too?” she began to say... But I hung up and fell over laughing so fucking hard!

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“Up the ass bitch! Motherfucker took it up the ass!” I couldn’t stop laughing...

So, I packed my things and was putting everything in the truck...But an evil/beautiful idea manifested...

I have to do it!

I couldn’t stop laughing – and I was laughing and laughing – and I walked back into the hotel room – and turned on the TV...Then ordered some pizza...

Gonna have to camp out here for a few days...

~ ~

So, I sat around and waited for Friday – I searched the internet for an Escort Service, you know, a website – and thought about using an Asian prostitute – I wrote down a few numbers – and I was thinking...

I’ll call a couple of the girls...

And there was this one – and she was like – “I’ll do anything! It doesn’t matter – anything!” She wasn’t very hot – more like a skank – maybe 5 foot nothing – super high heels – tats all over...even up her neck.

I have to admit I enjoyed talking with her...

On Friday, I went to the office – parked outside/but a little down the street – and I pulled out a map – and just waited – it took about an hour – and there was this dude – walking/wobbling to his car – I couldn’t stop laughing!

And he got in the car – and I followed him – I knew the type of dude – he went to bars on Thursdays and Fridays nights – I just knew it!

And I followed him around – down this street – down the next – he stopped at a gas station...Then a store – *Maybe he ain’t gonna go to a bar* – the dude drove home...

Is this dude married? Look at his nice house!

The motherfucker began to mow the lawn!

I was down the block – and I’m like – *maybe he’s butt hurt – and doesn’t want to go out and have fun...*

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I began to laugh again!

I guess I'm wrong about him going to bars...

Man, it's Friday – everyone goes out Friday night! The dude must be married! HMMMMMMM...Let me see what I can find-out.

So, I drove around the block – and I was thinking – *maybe my plan ain't gonna work this time.*

Let me call that Asian chick, I thought... And I called her – her name was, "Anong" – and I'm like, "What are you doing, right now – now – at this very moment?"

And she's like – nothing! I said, "Want to make \$200? It'll take you 5 minutes."

"Want a blow job?" and I'm like no – "No. I'm not into girls – just a joke I want to play on my boyfriend..."

And she got strange – and I started chuckling to myself... "You and your boyfriend?"

"Yes. I just want you to walk up to him and pinch him in the butt, and say something to him in Asian... That's all!"

"That's all?" she said.

"Yes, it's his birthday and I just want to play a trick on him..."

"Sounds kinky," she said.

"Will you do it?" I asked.

"\$300!"

"Okay, you got it. Where are you?"

And she gave me her address... I went to pick her up – it took about forty minutes... And I drove back to the dude's house – and the entire time the chick's like, "You don't look gay," and I'm like, "I'm the masculine type..." I couldn't help but laugh. "You look like a cop," she said... and I smiled, "I ain't no cop..."

When we got to his house – the son of a gun was back inside – "Darn!" I was too late – he wasn't mowing anymore...

"Okay, he lives there, in that house... What I want you to do is knock on the door and ask him some questions – get him to step outside – then pinch him in the butt and I'll go and explain everything... Give him a great big hug and we'll laugh..."

"Why do you want me to pinch him in the butt?" she asked.

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“He really loves being fucked in the ass...” I said. “That’s what I always do to him...before I fuck him. I pinch him.”

She started to laugh...We both laughed – “He’ll love it!” I said...

“Here,” I handed her \$100, “And I’ll give you the rest afterward...”

And this nutso chick fucking did it! She really did!

The whole time I was falling over laughing – watching – almost crying...

She knocked on the door – but this woman answered – I’m like “Oh shit!” but Anong talked with her a little – and the woman walked back into the house and a few minutes later the dude walked out...

“Oh dam! This chick don’t give a shit! That’s the dude’s wife – and Anong asked to talk with the guy anyway!” I was laughing...

So, Frank walked out of the house – and Anong pinched the dude in the ass!

Then she pinched him again – and the dude ran back into the house and slammed the door shut!

I turned the car around – and threw the money out the window – and gave her an extra hundred for a tip! And drove off!

“Oh no!” I was laughing so fucking hard – I was crying!

“This is too funny!”

The look on the dude’s face when she pinched him in the ass! Motherfucker freaked out!

I wonder if she got him where the nail went up his ass!

“Oh, this is too much!” and I drove back to the hotel, threw my bags in the car, and went straight home – just laughing the whole way...

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"L" – STANDS FOR LOSER,

BUT IT ALSO STANDS FOR:

LOVE, LORD & LAZARUS

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There's so much about the Bible that's true – and somehow – if they change it – or if it's been changed in the past – because all that man touches turns to shit – there's no telling where people are going to get the truth.

The part of the Bible that makes the most sense – is about everything in this world being dead – and all must be forgiven...Because this world is so Goddamned fucked up!

I agree with it. Everything and everyone must be forgiven – and this world belongs to hell...and I am somehow apart of the hell.

I read quotes – they sound so nice – and people repeat them over and over...but they are all bullshit!

“Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind.”

Ralph Waldo Emerson

“You have power over your mind, not outside events. Realize this, and you will find strength.”

Marcus Aurelius

But we don't have control of our fucking minds! And these cocksuckers that made these quotes – knew it!

~ ~

Just imagine how terrible this world is – I remember hearing Hitler – Hitler – the epitome – the definition of Evil, right? The dude was surrounded by people that shoot cocaine laced heroine into him every day – and nobody talks about the mindfuck they did to this dude! The fucking evil that he was a part of – was so

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much bigger than just him, or the people around him – and these are some of the most brilliant/smartest people in the world – the Germans. Right? ...at least that's what we're told!

So, what does that tell us?

I don't know...Maybe it means – something like this – the more capable of evil someone is – the more evil they do...*Who knows?*

The world, and intelligent people that don't submit their life and souls, are the most evil among us...

In my opinion: Those that embrace arrogance/that calculate – maneuver and manipulate with their faculty – to fuck others – perpetuate lies and kill others for slights/insults/driving people crazy/to commit suicide – they all deserve to die...

Just let us return to chaos/animal ways...The world would be better off.

I can't even begin to fathom/understand the level of evil in this world!

~ ~

So, I go to church – and I see people around me – I look into their eyes – and somehow – it's like looking into the eyes of children – the children that were put on those trains in Germany – I see those kids going to Auschwitz during the holocaust: the little children and mothers (with arms around each other – parents holding their babies) with hope and love –

***And those motherfuckers mocking everyone: pure fucking evil! Men and women sending them all into hell...

But, at church, I smile at the people around me, and cry, and I cry, and cry, every time I go to church – I cry.

And I see and understand the cross that we all must lift up and carry – and my hands rise to heaven as my fellow Christians sing about hope – and I cry and pray...

Somehow, that's the only place that makes sense to me – people turning to hope and love – giving themselves to hope and wishing, and praying for goodness...

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We are surrounded by such evil and perversion – knowing how evil I am – and everyone else is – and I go down to my knees and ask for forgiveness – put my hands together and pray – and cry and cry – and hope...and hope...

The Bible says this is a dead world – and I believe it is – but I still live in it...We are here – we don't have a choice, right?

~ ~

I dream/imagine – why the New World/Western civilization advanced – and I can't stop but wonder about Jesus – and this complex/yet simple system – this forgiveness – this idea about redemption – the workings of right, in such a fucked-up world – where people try to do the right thing/yet are pitted against such evil/insanity – manipulation – lies twisting and destroying the good an innocent...

Somehow...This is what I think – somehow, those with power/at the very top – who carry the weight/responsibility – the judges – the men and women that condemn/sacrifice...They want/need/pray – submit to this power – this idea – this hope – this model/how to live life...Jesus.

It's the only thing that can reach-up – when wielded in truth/with power/it can change/somewhat using evil against itself – for good/the only way anything good ever happens...not through innocents/and stupidity – but with direct – planning – knowing – wise action/where everything is thoroughly known and understood...

And some of these people completely sacrifice their lives – they rise up into the sky, on the cross, in hopes of changing the world, and some actually do it!

~ ~

I went onto the internet – and did a little figuring-out...I found out about a – CIA Mind Control Project called:

— Project Artichoke —

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And things began to make sense...

Art – i – choke – The “Art,” of killing (i – meaning to kill) by way of choking...

So, I kept studying/investigating – and I think – what happened – was that guy in Venezuela that brought me into his office that one day – I think the dude was CIA – and when I began to choke/while he was talking – somehow – the words or sounds he made – relaxed my Vagus nerve – the bottommost/the tenth cranial nerve – the oldest bottom most part of the brain/my nervous system/the base of our subconscious – at the very bottom/at the stem/the root of my mind – so when he fed a subliminal message into me/through words – sounds or movements – what I saw/my vision – touch/smell – the imprint became a command/there was nothing I can do – and my mind/the 90% of my faculty that made up my subconscious would generate/manifest/follow through with the command...I did what I was commanded to do – no matter what.

***So, the CIA – and those who’ve obtained that technology (that project – Project – Artichoke) can speak to you/say something – no drugs – no devices – just speak to you/with words – and relax your Vagus nerve – and take control of your subconscious/your mind/your soul – through subliminal messages – thus controlling everything about your mind/soul/body...

***Ain’t that scary?

And yes – ladies and gentlemen – that’s what’s happening to our children...in these school shootings!

But here’s the thing – if you speak of it – live in fear the rest of your life...Because – the ex-military members of society – the white gang...They won’t just go after you – they’re gonna go after your children...everyone in your family!

And I believe – and this will upset a lot of people – but many of the men – with a great deal of testosterone – that become gay...I think that’s what happened to them...I don’t think it’s in their nature...

And that’s why these people need to be forgiven...Someone – in their family messed with – the white gang – and ex-military

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members – ran an op on these poor souls...and or their children...etc...

***Welcome to America motherfuckers! *The real America...*

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Remember George? I forgot to tell you this – before the dude killed himself – get this – the dude actually came to my house to confront me.

So, this is what happened...

He knocked on my door – and I walked outside – and he said, “This is all a game to you!” the dude was serious – trying to be serious at least...

“You know what you did to me? You’re so fucking stupid, you don’t have a clue, do you?”

I just stared at him – keeping my distance if he attacked – my knife was stuffed in my belt, behind my back.

He said, “What the fuck do you think you’re doing? Are you fucking stupid? Insane! Sending dick picks to us, your friends!”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I said.

“You’re fucking mentally retarded!”

I just stared, “That’s why you came over here?”

“I was your friend,” he said. “You have no friends now! No one!”

I took a few steps back – away from him and put my hand on my belt – there was no doubt he had a gun under his shirt.

“You ain’t nobody’s friend – you were never my friend – KKK-Nazi. You think you’re fooling people – you think your Mafia/badass...Acting like you’re a friend so you can fuck people over!” I lifted my finger in the air – and said this as calm as a crystal day, “You had every chance to be my friend...and you fucked with me. Everything you could think up – you tried on me. Want me to list the stupid/childish shit you tried to do?”

“You are so fucking stupid!” he yelled. “I’m KKK – what do you think this world is? Wake up! Everything is divided! And you’re white! You have no black friends. Black people don’t even like you! You are white – as white as a sheet! Blond hair, blue eyes! You’re so fucking mixed-up – confused – mentally deranged – fucking handicapped/soon you’ll be sucking nigger dick! I own your white ass now! That’s the way the world works. I came here as a friend, to tell you that, to help you!”

“Oh, you’re my friend...” I said, “FYI – I called off the hit – you know the one I created at that Chinese buffet, so you’d think I needed protection,” I shrugged. “There’s nothing there...”

“I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about!” he said.

“Ya you do – you know exactly what the fuck I’m talking about – fake ass gangbanging motherfucker!”

“You can’t call off a hit!” he said. “How did you do that?”

“First I apologized for spilled blood, then I told them, if they didn’t kill me, you’ll die.”

“You’re gonna be sucking dick soon, son! You better check your white ass, and your loyalty! Your race!”

I stood there – listening – just the words and my thoughts...then smiled.

He stopped talking for a moment then he began again, “Years together. Friends!”

“We were never friends – never! You collect souls for your race/your gang/your agenda...You think your smarter than everyone – you’re scams – lies – bullshit.”

“My agenda is yours – we’re both white! Nobody does what you did – nobody! Nobody’s that fucking stupid. You don’t even understand what you did... You’re the stupidest man alive – you’re too fucking stupid to live!”

There was complete silence. My eyes never left his...

“The only tricks that fool the wise, are impossible. That’s why it worked...”

“Nothing worked – you’re fucking insane!” he said.

“Then why are you here?”

“I’m trying to help you,” he said.

I smiled – a little crooked smile...

“Trying to help me?”

The dude just stared – it was a stare of confusion – hatred/refusal and failure...

“People like you – what you represent...” I began.

“We are the same!” he said.

“No. We ain’t the same,” I said. “You wanna kill me because I’m not pure. You hate the fact I’m even alive! All the shit I’ve done.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about...”

“I’m gonna start talking now – and you’re gonna endlessly deny it – don’t! The crap you shit out your mouth, makes no difference to me!”

He stood like a statue.

“You’re a dead man – that’s why you’re here! The KKK is gonna cannibalize your ass, if you don’t kill me!”

I crossed my fingers – held them up.

“Crossed/over the King! You called it! To the death – yours or mine!”

There was a long silence...

“But, I just walked away from you guys. That’s it...Done.”

“What? Why?” he didn’t know what to say...

“Okay,” I began, “I’ll tell you...”

“What?” his demeanor changed – there was only pure fucking hatred/rage...The hatred that I knew was under everything in him...The hatred I understood/saw/lived with my whole life...The hatred that people run from/claim they don’t understand/can’t see/when it manifests, they turn stone-faced/act innocent/claim ignorance/lie about everything so they don’t have to take-part in the hell...The hell and hatred that enslaves, mutilates, kills, condemns – based on race/superiority – the rage that everyone has, but claims they don’t!

“What?” he repeated.

“Listen,” I said.

And he did listen – he actually shut up...

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“Mom got a divorce when I was kid. She dated. She got a boyfriend. She got pregnant but the guy left...”

“What the fuck you talking about?” he cut me off.

“You asked, now listen...”

There was silence again.

“My mom had a son from that relationship – out of wedlock. I got a little brother – of course he looked like his father, darker than me – black hair, brown eyes, brown skin, but it didn’t matter – I didn’t see or understand the difference...I was just a kid. Now-a-days, I look at the pictures, and see how different we were...but I didn’t know it back then.”

I watched the man – he was actually listening – which I thought was weird – but he was – as if he was trying to understand something/why I did what I did...Why he was going to die.

I went on, “When my brother was two years old, a doctor/a psychiatrist – Ken Johnson married my grandmother...We had no one around, so mom would take us to see her mother – and of course, that man...And he played the part – a good grandfather/step grandfather I mean...So, he played games with me and my little brother – but I was older, so the games didn’t affect me as much...The doctor called his games, ‘Roughhousing.’ But, this is what he did...He’d jab me and my little brother in the belly and he said, ‘Brown’ – over and over and over. We were stupid kids...Didn’t have a father around...An adult gave us attention...We were starving for attention. We thought it was fun, even though, many times it ended in tears...He hurt us too much...But ‘We’re just having fun!’ said the doctor. He was just being a good grandfather, right? Well, I didn’t know it at the time – that doctor knew exactly what the fuck he was doing – the word, along with the physical trauma – to the stomach – to the stomach mind you – which is an instinctual/psychological soft spot. I read about that later...He conditioned my little brother’s mind, over years, so the word, ‘Brown,’ would traumatize him psychologically – my little brother’s subconscious would associate that word with danger/physical pain/physical trauma, to his underbelly, where millions of years of evolution/and

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instincts recognized that the attacks were extreme danger...He was a doctor/a psychiatrist – he knew exactly what he was doing! The distinguished, licensed, respected doctor put mental blocks in my little brother’s mind that lasted him his whole life – mine too – but like I said, I was older – it didn’t affect me as much...”

There was a long silence, “The white Ken Johnson secretly hated us...Thought us – beneath him – hated my grandfather – thought we shouldn’t be around him...Didn’t like our name – de Leon. Didn’t like my little brown brother...And I watched – but I didn’t know what was happening...And when Junior tried to learn something – the doctor was there to teach him, but he’d say the word, ‘Brown,’ over and over and over again – the doctor acted like he was teaching my little brother math – but he’d use the word, ‘Brown...brown...brown...’ and if you were careful, and watched the affect that word had on Junior...Right after asking a math questions – history questions – geography questions...It was ‘Brown’ this, and ‘brown’ that...And then he, ‘Roughhoused’ with Junior...Junior’s mind locked-up – it didn’t work! The doctor’s ‘Little Brown Grandson,’ he called Junior. ‘Oh, how I love my Little Brown Boy!’ ‘My Brown Boy is learning!’ – and I watched it – and heard it – and when my little brother failed classes at school – when he couldn’t learn anything...And finally dropped out – and had mental problems – and he couldn’t work. Nobody knew why – at least nobody admitted they knew...The doctor knew – but what he said was that Junior was ‘insane’...he had dyslexia... ‘Mental problems,’ Ken Johnson, that fucking doctor, tortured Junior – all of his life, with impunity, because he was a little darker than us...until Junior committed suicide. He was just a little child when he killed himself. Just a kid. Kids don’t kill themselves. He did.”

My gaze never left George’s, “And when Junior committed suicide, it took me a longtime to understand what happened...Then, one day I went to a seminar about mind control – conditioning minds – and saw things...and talked with people... and read books...and I learned, and realized what happened. I found-out that the respectable Ken Johnson was what’s called a

‘Freemason assassin,’ that kills the souls of people, mostly children, and leaves the body for opportunistic predators to finish off. Ken stole Junior’s soul. He used what the Masons call, ‘Deer antlers,’ to rake the family tree, and knock-out the dead fruit – Junior. He was part of the great-powerful Johnson-Puritan-Quaker family, that’s one of the most powerful families in the Masons, and he married into my family to destroy the minds of our children. That’s what the Masons do...That’s what he did. And it’s the Masons that control the Aryan Brotherhood, and neo-Nazis, and the Ku Klux Klan.”

George stood there – in thought...

“You’re white, as white as a sheet, Steve,” he said.

“You fucking people make me sick!”

“You got everything wrong. I’d never do anything like that...”

“Every single thing Ken said was bullshit – and you’re the same...And yes, I am white, as white as a fucking sheet – and I get sunburns if I’m in the sun for longer than a half an hour...I don’t get along with the brothers, and I say stupid shit about people’s race...And most of my friends are white – because we think alike...But as you pointed out – I don’t have friends...And I don’t care either...And, if I had the chance, I’d line-up every white racist motherfucker like you, and Ken, and put you all on a train to Auschwitz – every last one of you...Even if I had to take you there myself...I’d build the fucking railroad tracks, like John Henry – and I’d shovel the coal into that fucking engine – and I’d drive it, you know, be the conductor, tooting that fucking whistle all the way down into hell!” I grabbed the air – like I was pulling a horn – “Boop Boop!” I laughed.

“I have nothing to do with that!” he said. “And it’s all bullshit anyway! That doesn’t exist. What you’re talking about doesn’t exit.”

I smiled, “I don’t even know why you talk. Do you actually think I consider the bullshit you shit out your mouth?”

I was just smiling – just staring at him – then I saw something...

“You...” he stammered... “You have no idea...”

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And I said, “You’re preaching to the choir. I died a long time ago.”

He shook his head, “You’re a fucking idiot!” he said as he pulled a 9mm from under his shirt and pointed it at me.

I just stared at him – into his eyes...

“You fucked up big time!” he said. “You don’t know who I am motherfucker! You have no idea!”

And I just watched – I didn’t do anything...just studied him as he held the gun on me.

“You don’t know where I’m from! I’m from Mississippi bitch! You’re gonna be sucking nigger dick!”

And I just stood there – and thought – and I couldn’t help but smile again...

I was gonna go for my knife – but everything was off – it wasn’t right – the energy was wrong – the words were wrong – so I waited...

Then...

Then...

Then it was plain as day – and I couldn’t help but laugh out loud...and I kept laughing and laughing...I couldn’t stop – and his expression – and his eyes – and everything was so fucking funny!

I tried to talk – but I couldn’t, I just laughed so hard – I couldn’t even open my fucking eyes – and my abdomen was in pain – I was laughing so fucking hard – I couldn’t breathe – and the knife poked me in the butt when I bent over grabbing my stomach – so I pulled the knife out and threw it to the ground...and I tried to look at this dude – but I couldn’t stop laughing!

“What the fuck!” he yelled.

“You’re not...” I tried to say it but it was too fucking funny... “Go ahead and kill me!” I said, “You think I fucking care dipshit? Shoot me! Pull the fucking trigger!” I knelt down on the fucking ground, I was laughing so fucking hard!

I moaned and groaned I was laughing so fucking hard!

“Ohhhhh, my stomach! Oh, help me! Pleassse help me stop! Oh, stop it!” I couldn’t stop laughing.

“What the fuck!” he yelled still pointing the gun.

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“You...” I tried to say it – deep breaths – deep breaths – but I couldn’t talk! It was too fucking funny!

“You...You...You came...” I started to cough...I was dying, I was just laughing so fucking hard.

“Oh no! Oh no! This is too...too fucking funny!”

“You’re gonna die!” he yelled – but I just laughed harder.

“I can’t breathe! Help! I can’t breathe!” I coughed and spit.

“No!” I began to cry I was laughing so hard!

“You came here so I’d kill you, right? You dipshit! You don’t have the courage to kill yourself! And the KKK is out to kill you, and you know it!” I couldn’t stop laughing! It was too fucking funny! “I made you look like a fool and you’re high ranking KKK...And they’re gonna cannibalize your ass!”

I finally fell on the ground, laughing, and began rolling in the dirt.

He didn’t say a word.

“Oh, no!” I had to look at him – to see his reaction – and I was right – the motherfucker melted when I said it. The poor son of a bitch didn’t have the heart to kill himself!

“No!” I yelled, “This is too fucking funny!”

The motherfucker finally lowered his 9mm – and stared at me as I rolled on the ground...

I was about to pee myself – “Oh help me! I’m gonna pee!” I yelled.

“You’re a fucking genius!” I yelled.

This was the funniest thing I’d ever seen in my life...

“You masturbated too much bro!” I said, “You ruined your trigger finger!”

That was it – I slapped the ground – I was laughing so fucking hard!

I acted like I was jerking off... “And you got a tiny little pecker too! Your wife said it was teeny tiny!”

She didn’t really say that – she just said he jerked off a lot – but I had to say it – and I stopped laughing so I could watch his reaction – and he lowered his head! That was it, “Oh my fucking

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God! Help me! Help me! Oh, Jesus this is too fucking sadistic – but I can't...But I can't help it!" I screamed...

I wasn't even laughing anymore I was screaming on the ground!

Everything was just too fucking funny!

The dude walked back to his truck – got inside and drove off.

I was rolling on the ground for at least another 15 minutes...

"I can't take it! I can't take it..."

My face, clothes, arms, legs, feet – covered in dirt.

"Oh, my God! Oh my God, look at me!"

My next-door neighbor, from across the street walked from his house – "Do I need to call an ambulance? Are you ok?"

All I could do was nod – I was crying – I was laughing so fucking hard.

Then, I finally sat up...and just stared around at the world – my next-door neighbors – the trees – the dirt – kids down the street staring back at me...

"I'll go to hell," I said, "That's fine. And maybe, on judgement day I'll stand before God – and he'll weigh my life/soul/heart – and maybe – just fucking maybe he'll let me into heaven – and I'll rise up like Lazarus – but I don't fucking care! I'm perfectly fine with hell, I just wanna a few of them pieces of shit down there with me – so I can look over at them and laugh my ass off!"

Don't think the neighbor understood what I said – I kind of mumbled it.

He just stared at me...

"Can you help me up?" I said – and I reached-up and he grabbed my arm, and helped me stand.

"That guy was pointing a gun at you," said my neighbor.

"It was a paintball gun," I said. "He was just joking around – we do this to each other for fun."

"Really?"

"Just paintballs," I said, "We joke around like that. Ever since we played paintballs together, years ago. You have friends like that?"

“Yeah,” he said, “Some of my friends from college do stupid stuff like that...”

“Yup. We all have a couple of friends like that, right?”

“Well, enough excitement for the day,” I said.

“Yup. Have to agree,” he said.

I walked back into my house – closed the door...I looked upward and said, “That one’s for you Junior,” and I began to cry...

The utter hopelessness – that that – what I did, was all that could be done for my brother/a dead child. All there was, was revenge/nothing/death.

And I began to destroy my home – ripping pictures from walls – crying out – throwing my desk upside-down – throwing dishes – I broke every fucking dish in the house! I knocked my table over...Pulled down my bookshelf – threw my recliner out the front door...

“Junior...” I cried and screamed, over and over! “Junior! Junior! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” I collapsed, and screamed more! Louder! “Paaaaaiinnn!” I cried.

My soul died again/like it did every night/every abysmal night/hell cometh!

“Hell! Pain! Junior!”

I rose and fell, throwing things/cutting my hands and fingers/bruising my knees – pulling down everything from the walls...

“Pain!” I screamed.

I fell and curled into a ball, and said with my eyes closed to the world, “As bad as I am – whether I would have helped you or loved you – or hated you – or failed you – or left you – you never had a chance to live...To see the sunrise – fight – fuck – love – hate...Son of a bitch doctor killed you/stole your fucking soul when you were just two years old...I wonder who you would’ve been...And fucking assholes in suits, with college degrees say on TV, ‘Victims are losers!’ No!” I screamed... “They say that! They call you a loser, because you were a victim!”

I curled tighter... “I’ll blow their fucking brains out!”

I thrashed about, on the ground...

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“All because you were a little fucking darker...and had our Spanish last name!”

I tried to stand, then stumbled back to the floor – just crying...

The tears/a torrent...

“Sorry Junior! We couldn’t save you little brother,” my entire body fell inward...

Junior’s eyes – the endless innocence – the child that would always remain a child – only in memory – lost to the world – forgotten – forever the victim – without a chance to live his life – never understood the world – its cruelty – and the guilt within us all – his childish/innocent smile...that never once ever tried to hurt a soul – didn’t even know how...I saw the pain – the tears he cried as he slit his wrist – I watched from his eyes, his blood bleed-out...without a place to go – a word left to say – nothing/nowhere/fucking hopelessness...He had no life to live.

“Why don’t people talk about the evil that’s done in this fucking world?” I cried.

And I lied on the floor...just lied there for hours...trying to stand...trying to crawl...

I never wanted to see the world again...

“Let this be my end...” I said. “Come back and kill me George!” I screamed! “Kill me!” I screamed over and over! “Kill me!”

The words were a complete waste – everything was a waste – everything...Everything I did was a total waste of time...

I stumbled around – searching...in thought – wondering...unsure what to do.

~ ~

“I just don’t know another way...I can’t do anything else...That’s all there is...Just those little brown eyes, looking back at me at night, and the hatred. The fucking hatred...That’s all there is...There’s nothing else!”

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Life just is – and his life was hell – and gone – made into a hell by a fucking doctor...and there's nothing anyone can do anymore...

I crawled to the sofa – took my shirt off – wiped my face – threw the shirt on the floor and turned on the TV.

At least I didn't destroy my television – I said with a chuckle.

My favorite show was on – a rerun of Seinfeld – the episode where George Costanza gets paranoid about everything – even the cashier at the diner...

“Yeah, I love this one...”

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IT'S ALL HOPELESS!

WHAT REVELATIONS (IN THE BIBLE)
IS TRYING TO TELL US!

IN OTHER WORDS – WHY THE ANTI-CHRIST
MUST RISE-UP AND BLOW UP EVERYTHING, THE ENTIRE
FUCKING WORLD – WHEN WE'VE BEEN CHECKMATED/UNDER
TOTAL/ABSOLUTE/COMPLETE MIND-CONTROL!

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The world – and the functions of society – of running and controlling a country are beginning to make sense...Don't ya think?

All the people in the media/Hollywood/Washington DC – they're either mass murderers and or child molesters – that were setup by the CIA – either by mistake or on purpose...

And they can no longer live in society – everyone is out to kill them/destroy them – but they were setup, so the government has taken responsibility for their life...and the funny part about the whole thing is, everyone actually knows this – but nobody talks about it!

—LOL!

This is too fucking funny!

Oh, this world is a fucking nightmare – *it's a goddamned joke!*

~ ~

So, what's next?

I mean – those dudes I killed – they had to have been communist – like Hugo Chavez – they had to be something like that, right?

They were going to make Chile into a new communist paradise, like the Russians, Chinese did to Cuba and Venezuela...But I save the day, right?

—LOL!

Yeah, I don't believe it either...

You see, I try to tell people – what they don't get is – yes – I have tells, slight reactions to certain phrases – that indicate I'm a

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mass murderer – and everyone’s been trying to kill me my whole fucking life – and I don’t have a friend in the world – okay, I get it...But I’m still alive! Nobody’s been able to kill me – all these fucking years, since I lopped off those people’s heads in Chile – and I’m still alive and kicking...Happy – smiling – joking around...Doesn’t that tell you something?

***People have actually shit in my food – in my BBQ – I have pulled pieces of shit out my brisket!

It’s gotten so bad – I have had three surgeries on my abdomen – three!

Once, I ate at a BBQ place – in Brazil – and a half an hour later I fell into a fucking coma! 3 fucking days later – I woke-up and limped to a pharmacy, with my abdomen completely swollen!

So – now – when I go to a BBQ place – and I’m standing in line – and I place my order – then take a seat – but everyone that was behind me, has already gotten their food – and mine takes like a half an hour...and then, they finally serve me...I just get up, grab my food, walk to the trash can, and throw it away, and leave!

—I know they poisoned it! What the hell you gonna do?

I’ve seen every trick in the book – broken every law – people have tried to beat me/destroy me – rape, poison, murder...Nothing works.

Evidently, I’m some insane/lunatic/amalgamation of hatred/stupidity/vengeance – completely protected – by the highest powers/Satan and all his demons – here I am, without a care in the fucking world/then again – I have nothing except life/and unfortunately, I have a death wish/to test the fates every day/but like I said, nobody can kill me, probably because of what happened in Chile...and what happened when I went down the Amazon River...

It’s all/life/living in this world/everything has become some twisted fucked-up game...and I just go along with the whole damned thing, like a fucking idiot...laughing the whole fucking way...

Come on, people – this whole fucking thing is a damned comedy! That’s all it is!

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***What the fuck am I gonna do? Do I have a choice? Do any of us have choices?

~ ~

By my estimation, I should've become a celebrity in Hollywood a long time ago...Right? Making movies alongside all the great actors – having affairs with gorgeous movie stars – with all the other mass murdering/child molesting motherfuckers, that were accidentally created by the CIA...

But for some reason, they don't want me...Probably, the same reason my high school kicked me out – I talk too much/there's too much fucking truth!

Then again, Hollywood ain't what it used to be – it's become some wacked-out/satanic cult/gangland/cesspools/nightmare – controlled by foreign Mafias...as they blackmail/turn every celebrity into a puppet/destroying all that live there!

When I watch the old movies and news clips about Hollywood, I think it was a special haven for the lives that the CIA destroyed – where they could regain a piece of their life/some dignity...But that's all over – now it appears – a movie star is some twisted nightmare; where the dupped/innocent patsy is shoved forward, like some lone volunteer/a lamb to the slaughter...Their lives – become targets – everyone and everything is out to get them, until all is controlled – where they go/who they see/what they say/all opinions/gestures/even thoughts! They're puppets!

They sing, dance, perform for the masses...

Everything has been connived/perverted/destroyed...Like everything man touches. It's a shame.

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So, listen to this – I was at the petting zoo – at the park – with my youngest son – and there was this women – and we all know when shit is off/askew – well, I knew it – it’s called instincts – you know, the same shit that everyone tells you (that voice in your head) that everyone knows is right/that’s figuring everything out – and Hollywood makes movies like, A Beautiful Mind – and Shutter Island – as proof that paranoia is insanity – but, in reality they’re still just mocking those dead motherfuckers that they tortured, and killed...

“You’re all insane...” They keep saying, as they fuck with little children, and eat dead people – so they can take control/own the souls of the innocent idiots that try to make it in the business.

“There’s nothing to be paranoid of...” they go on and on...

~ ~

Anyway, so I picked-up a rabbit – “Hey, look at this little rabbit...” I said to my son. “How cute...Isn’t he neat?” and I’m smiling and trying to ignore the obvious. Then this lady starts to chirp – and make weird ass noises – then the rabbit bit me!

“What the fuck!” I said, as I threw him to the ground.

And everyone around me was smiling – they knew what the fuck happened – we all did...And I walked backward, away from this lady – and this rabbit was chasing me!

The shit was right out of that Monty Python movie, remember? The killer rabbit! It was that crazy!

“What the fuck!”

Then there was a fucking goat behind me...

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And the lady makes a bleating noise – and that goat turns – and charged forward! It slammed right into my ass! Bang!

“Oh, look, you fell,” said an old lady...and I’m like smiling...

“Oops,” I said and I started laughing – I don’t have a choice – I’m fucking nuts if I tell the fucking truth, right?

It’s not that others won’t believe me – it’s that they all know they have to fucking lie – if they don’t, their fate will be the same as mine!

—*LOL!*

Truth is – this fucking bitch is CIA and these fucking agents know how to control animal’s minds – to get them to attack – with noises and sounds!

They even made a fucking movie about it – *The People Who Stare at Goats* – but the movie is all disinformation – and they mock/joke about how stupid it all is – and they laugh. The fucking joke is on us!

Those motherfuckers are staring at goats, to train them to kill us!

We all know it – animals make noises – sounds – each of these noises mean something/are signs to other animals around them/instinctual stuff...

And I’m like – that’s the fucking perfect cover – *of course!*

And people die from dog attacks – and horses miss their jumps – and fucking cougars come down, out of the hills – and wolves rip apart people – and it’s a freak accident, right?

The News is like – “There’s another unfortunate attack by a mountain lion, that ripped apart a Nuclear Scientist, that worked in Nevada and Virginia...”

And the government/and all the environmentalists are like – “We need to protect the mountain lions, and owls, and wolves!”

You wonder why?

We all fucking know why!

They got to keep the special ops – CIA assassins alive to kill us!

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Don't you see – all these millionaires and billionaires are like – “You know what? I'm gonna go live up in the mountains, away from all the chaos...”

And the CIA is like – “What? You think we can't get you guys up there?”

And here comes a fucking mountain lion...With some jungle boy – CIA/Tarzan motherfucking-looking dude, running behind it, making weird ass noises!

~ ~

Here's a question – if the CIA has this technology – how much of it has escaped into the public sector, and gangs and rich people/the elite of the world, now have it/and can use it against us?

Was that lady CIA – or was she some gang member, or does she represent some powerful family in the world, that I pissed off, because I told the fucking truth?

Everything we're told, is total – 100% – fucking bullshit!

~ ~

There's something else – that has become very apparent – and it's mystifying/mindboggling...Most guys don't understand this because it's so taboo/it's not part of their/our society's vocabulary...

And that is this: Men aren't allowed to be men.

***Men are no longer allowed to tell the truth.

***When a man begins to tell the truth – he is completely ostracized. Women control the process – and the subservient men around them fall in-line...It's very sad to see.

So, if you do choose to become a man, know that you will be alone.

But society won't just cut that man off – it's far worse than that – as a matter of fact, it's beyond comprehension...

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If you have opinions contrary to what women want – they want you and your children to die...I'm serious. But not just die – they want to torture you and your children...until you commit suicide.

It's gangbangng shit...and don't let anyone tell you differently.

***And as I mentioned before – it's mostly the white women...Some Latinas have caught on/and participate – but not all...

They literally will turn your boys/and their own boys into homosexuals and transvestites...as a form of vengeance against guys that become men/that begin to tell the truth.

***Now, I'm not against trans – that's not what I'm saying...

But I will say, sex should never be so important that it dictates your outer (social) identity...What I mean by that is – keep what you do within the four walls of your bedroom/nobody needs to know how you have an orgasm. It shouldn't be on display/made known/change your outer identity...Maybe, it affects how you act...Who you're around...

***But what I'm saying is...I'm pointing out that many children are manipulated/made sexually confused/by their own mothers! This is a real thing – and it's intentional...and demonstrates the level of vindictive behavior that goes on in our society...

Few women see right or wrong when it comes to actual relationships/their children – and few women will volunteer to sacrifice – that's not to say women don't sacrifice, they actually do more than men, but they don't choose to do it – it's their nature...And white women, hate that part of them...as a matter of fact, they hate that they enjoy being fucked...And will hate the men that do it!

Their nature is confusion, hatred, deceit, manipulation...I'm not saying those are bad qualities – I'm just pointing out the obvious...

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Men are very naïve, in their nature – for good and for bad – but women despise stupidity...And, that is why the only people that will ever truly love a man, is other men...and why the only people a man can trust, is other men...

***By women's very nature – as they put makeup on their faces – use high-heels – lengthen eyelashes – smile when angry...make their voices and appearance, babylike...

***Pure lies and manipulation...
Truth is women's kryptonite!

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So, yes – everything is bullshit – hell – all we can do is weather the storm for as long as possible – most of us are jokers and rascals – that believe in nothing!

The level of evil in the world, is truly unfathomable – so much so – we’re angered/hate it when people – that we drive insane/actually do commit suicide – just to escape us!

—LOL!

The evil/the hatred and anger that’s inside of us – becomes a comedy – we even hate the people that kill themselves!

—LOL!

Evil/nihilism – unfortunately is the rule – not the exception, in humans, on earth...

***What many don’t understand – we are all Jesus – we are all Edmond Dantes – we are all betrayed/stabbed in the back...And if you’re in jail – you were betrayed at some point in your life/that’s why you’re there! You know it – everyone knows it...

That is the hell – that’s mentioned in the bible...

You are in it! And you must trick the devil, to escape! And unfortunately, when you do escape – that’s when the real torture begins...*in society*.

That’s when everyone will turn on you – they have to – they won’t have a choice...and everywhere you go/and everyone you turn to/will claim to help/but secretly attempt to destroy you...in every way imaginable!

~ ~

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I listen to people point and say, “Psychopath!” “Sociopath!” “Mental Illness!” “Insanity!” “Crazy!” “Egotistical!” “Maniacal!” “Homicidal!” and they explain the differences – and lecture – and wear suits and ties – and they lie about everything, to everyone, bold faced – completely full of shit! ...And they want me to respect them and take them serious...And when I start telling the truth – these great minds – these respected intellectuals – these leaders of society – doctors/great/powerful people – they stare directly in my eyes, and say, “I think this poor mentally handicapped guy is gonna have himself an accident...”

All I can do is laugh...I fall over laughing my fucking head off!

~ ~

By my estimation – humans are the stupidest animals on planet earth – the only ones that knowing will cause our own extinction.

Fucking lemmings kill themselves to save their species when food runs low – our fucking geniuses invent shit that doesn’t even work – not to make money – but to lose money/and destroy our own infrastructures!

We’re so busy sabotaging each other – the entire species looks like a dog or cat chasing its tail!

So, I’ve been to jail in different countries – lived on the streets of the Third World – slept next lepers and families inflicted with elephantiasis – seen entire regions/economies of Latin America still based on slavery – seen friends/guys tortured and raped in jail...Been attacked by co-workers and strangers – survived an abduction attempted...gang rapes and beatdowns...

I still haven’t been able to figure this motherfucking place out...

~ ~

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But I think, this experiment – humanity – has been happening over and over and over – and the history we’re taught is all 100% bullshit – like the majority of horseshit people teach us.

What I think we do – and what’s been going on – over and over – is humanity takes a few thousand years to get where we are now – until just a few people control everyone’s minds – through radio waves – and every style of mind control – that’s what all this internet and cellphone systems are really about – total absolute mind control – and that’s when true corruption – “Satan” takes control over everything and everyone – as the old saying goes, absolute power corrupts absolutely...and we no longer make our own choices – about anything...We are totally/thoroughly enslaved – owned!

And just like in the Bible – which I believe has existed for – who knows how long – millions of years – ever since man began recording the regenerating cycle – destruction – survival – growth – technology – control and destruction again...

So, when there’s nothing left for humanity – nobody has a soul – the Anti-Christ will rise up – and he’s tasked to bring about the end of the world – but not for evil – just so the cycle can begin again – and a handful of humans will survive/remain – and humanity will begin in the stone age, again...with our innocence/stupidity – and only then, within that simplicity, will there be freedom – and we will regain our humanity...

~ ~

The greatest insult to me – and it happens a lot – my own family – they look me straight in the fucking eyes and say, “Junior was insane.”

I just stare at them...

It doesn’t matter what I say – I’ve tried to explain it/over and over/what I saw – what that fucking pig/doctor Ken Johnson did/that fucking piece of shit – it doesn’t matter – the truth messes up their BS/the reality they’re trying to live without – the truth they want to ignore.

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Just like women that kill their own babies/children – not only do they want to kill their child/they want to pass laws so nobody can talk about it/or take pictures of the dead babies...or have opinions different from theirs...Heaven forbid you call them bad mothers!

It's not enough to allow them to do it/you have to like it/and never talk about it!

~ ~

And, make no fucking mistake – doctors are making your children autistic – on fucking purpose – controlled by gangs/the AMA (Masons and Eastern Stars) hell – criminals – and if they don't, they, and their children are condemned!

That – to me – is *the* insanity.

And the definition of insanity is repeating the same thing, expecting different results, right?

People/possessed by Satan, lying, cheating/manipulating – expecting different results...Nothing good will come from it – only hell.

This life we're living in – it's not what everyone says it is – go walk around and smell some roses and you'll live a good life...No! That ain't it! These movies – these stories – the narrative you're being sold is a lie. There was a fucking reason we nuked Japan/and half a million people vaporized in a split second! There are reasons little children are going into schools with machine guns – there are reasons 70 million babies have been killed by their own mothers. And there's a reason nobody in the media will criticize China/after 40+ million Chinese died in the 50s and 60s...after Tibet, the Tiananmen Square massacre, Hong Kong, genocide and enslavement of Uyghurs Muslims, and why Hollywood only makes movies condemning us/America!

We're being lied to about everything ladies and gentlemen!

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And then – the world slowed – sleep was early and long – dreams and the past, my life...Hell/eternity/became elongated – narrowed – left/misplaced in the past – and smiles were important again...Life wasn't over, but all the noise was distant/and didn't matter.

The nightmares were forgotten – unknown/unbelievable – I got old/too old to care...

Proving/justifying – pointing out right and wrong/fighting became futile – and those eyes at the depth of my world/at the bottom of my being/where I feared to look/that waited – that stared back – that questioned/that hinted...they closed – and I was dead – there was only silence/and emptiness.... The long walk...

Time folded/like a neat shirt into a drawer, tucked away for another day...Closed/locked-up/the tricks/frustration – memories – questions – *what could have been?* The utter futility of life...To love something, that the world slaughtered/killed/and, to have to spend the rest of my life listening to obscene rules/ethics/manners – people with great intelligence/abysmal arrogance/those that refused to live their life/go out into the world/idiots that never left their comfort zones/without courage to tell the truth/people that lived by fear/the fear of death...That lecture the world/that lived their entire life in rooms, sitting in chairs – talking...with little pieces of paper, they called an accomplishment – that never worked a day in their lives.

The joke was on me/and always was...

And I sat back and laughed!

Every day/all day/I laughed at myself...The joke I am/the joke others are...Their endless self-proclaimed greatness!

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Boldfaced liars!
And I laughed and laughed and laughed!
And the world was done laughing/done with me... All that was left – was to walk forward.

There's too much pain.

But pain became funny...

The clowns are not real...

But they were...

Can pain grow?

Can it be forgotten too?

As the games, history, light, the heroes and villains, are forgotten, so too is the pain...it too is lost, waiting for tomorrow.

~ ~

As far as I was concerned – you can't see beauty/in humanity/in the world/if you don't want to see all of it/if you only want to look into the sky/the blue/or stare at the ocean/watch a wave rise/break/dissolve...

If all you want – is stare into a pretty picture/and listen to nice music/then you must accept your fate/as the fool/because you're being tricked/you'll walk into hell and not even know it – you have to see it all/accept it all/the monsters/leviathans/the evil hidden beneath the waves/the burning sun that cooks and blisters skin/the hurricanes/tornados/the night sky/the vultures flying above – waiting to eat your dead body...Yes. That's part of the sky too/it's part of beauty.

Beauty is everything/not just what sounds pretty or what you want to see/and it's a shame so many are limited/don't understand/don't admit/don't accept it – because we live in it regardless of what we want.

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*****W**hat's **N**ot **S**aid

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What's not said about life/society/the world – is this: We are divided up by race – gender – sexuality – eye color – height – strength – that's nature – just like Obama said –

“We've got no time for excuses – not because the legacies of slavery and segregation have vanished; they have not.”

And Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, said it like this –

“Evil people always support each other; that is their chief strength.”

Now, it might sound strange – after everything I wrote/and you've read – all the ridiculous things I've done and said...

You will now see/understand what this story was about:

Note:

The reason blacks and many minorities live together – away from white folk in the US – is because they are not allowed to partake in society – on equal terms – children are put down – insulted – the ridicule is off the charts – and it's not like most people say, “Just small slights...”

No, this is carefully/calculated/intentional/serious shit!

Yes! White doctors will turn down oxygen tanks while minority children are in surgery – the evil is so outrageous – I've even seen Doctors offer a free surgery, just so they can destroy a child's mind...

They also use bad blood pressure monitors... So, when people have high blood pressure – it will show it's normal – so they won't get the right medication – and have a stroke, and die...

Children are targeted in all ways/fucked with until they can't put up with it anymore/they react/then they're incarcerated/given

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a criminal record/and if they're lucky enough to get a job when they get out – that's when the real mindfuck/shit begins!

***The mind games – are beyond all understanding/and recognition – fucking cruel/vicious shit/until they quit and give up!

Heaven forbid, they turn to a white church...Boy, oh, boy! Don't do that...

Whites form their own – mega gang – believe me – through the church – hospitals/government/most all institutions – and the foundations of each social group – white gang members are even allowed to show their colors in the military – tattoo their wedding ring fingers – for all to see...It's their criminal underworld – as all social foundations are...defend their race/and destroy the foundations/gangs of other races – with impunity!

What I find so amazing – is minority gangs are spoken about – but you can't even talk about – The White Gang – which includes almost all whites! I'm serious...You're not even allowed to talk about them – that's how powerful the white gang is, in the US!

And, the white racists are so fucked-up – they destroy other whites – that aren't pure enough – if they just have a Latino last name – or associate with other races...They destroy their children – and they do it with impunity!

Their agenda/their views/the hell they create for so many – the whites that participate in this – must be stopped – and forced out of society, back into hell, where they belong...

The reason Blacks flourish in New York and California/several other places – is because their gangs are represented – they defend their own/it's understood – just like how whites live throughout the rest of the US/the South...Same with Latinos/if you fuck with them – they fuck with you – that is the only respect that exists...

If a doctor or dentist turns down the oxygen – and turns a child into a vegetable – that motherfucker dies!

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But – just like my sister said at the beginning of the book – these motherfuckers are evil! Their churches ain't what they say they are!

Now, I can't say those kids at Berkely spitting on whites and stuff like that – was right – but you got to understand where they're coming from!

Whites have the largest gang in the US – and do the most gangbanging – but they call it business/church/hard work – and nobody is allowed to call them a gang...

What's more amazing is – so many whites that go into the military – only do so – to obtain a certain amount of protection...

They endlessly talk about serving their country – and the dangers of service – yet – more people died in Compton, Inglewood and Long Beach – then during Desert Storm...

Their justification for their prejudice is just one long endless excuse after another...

“We serve our country...” and minorities are kept-out and treated like garbage – if they even show-up!

But there are many, that simply cannot go along with the divisions/the prejudice/the crimes – but unfortunately, they are turned-over to the evil/the bottom dregs of society/the death squads of the white supremacists...like what happened to me, and my family...

***But we do exist – if only for a brief moment in history...

And some of us, will gladly go down into the depths of hell – if only to drag other racist motherfuckers with us...

The wrongs done to blacks in the South will never be undone – and will continue – until they form a strong/united front – representing – showing their colors – reminding everyone – if you fuck with them – they fuck back – no matter who it is...They must have a strong gang presence throughout the US!

And I hope – they begin recruiting likeminded whites/and other races – to help infiltrate and penetrate the walls of segregation...

Let this wacky story be a blue print:

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I got to point this out too...

***Possibly the greatest injustice being done in American right now – is being done by white women – whether by tool/intention/or animal anger/instinct...

White women in America have taken the mantel of injustice done to African Americans – to claim they were the ones that were actually oppressed...

Their entire narrative was created by White Supremacists/and pushed/forced/told by whites – to perpetuate white dominance!

It's the biggest sham/joke/lie!

African Americans were enslaved from – 1525 to 1865 – they still can't do jobs walking around most neighborhoods without being endlessly harassed...or shot. White Supremacists still control our military/police/fire departments...

***And the oppressed people – now wait – get this – this is what we are told – are the *white wives* of the White Supremacists!

—LOL!!!!!!

This is a real thing that the media pushes in our News/in our society! White women – are the ones that are oppressed!

I laugh and cry at the same time!

~ ~

The level of insanity – made to sound sane/the narrative/the ideas/that we **MUST** accept – are preposterous!

During divorce – women (in court/in society) automatically get the benefit of the doubt – but they are the ones killing their own children...American mothers, have killed +70 million of the own babies, since 1973!

***Just to put that in context – American mothers have killed – *more of their own babies* – than our military has killed in all the wars this country has fought – in the history of our country!

******And it only took them 50 years!***

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Now, I don't know/and I'm not saying whether abortion or war – for that matter is ethical or not – maybe abortion is a necessary evil, like war is...but you don't genocide 5 million Jews in a war – *and you don't kill +70 million babies!*

And what's even worse – women tell men that we're not allowed to discuss the issue!

~ ~

— Anyway –

***Now, I'm pretty sure I'll die – because of this book – especially if it's read by many people...But, hopefully – those that do read it – also figure-out that – yeah – that was my intention...and I'm perfectly fine with it!

Fuck you! You can write that on my grave!

—*Amor fati motherfucker!*

What they don't get is this – I love my fate – whatever it is – I've fully submitted to it – I've leaped off the edge, folded my arms together – I'm in freefall – and I'm going down into hell tied to a bunch of racist/satanic motherfuckers with a red rope – pulling them all down with me...Laughing the entire fucking way!

—*Yeeshaw motherfuckers!*

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DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA HOW FUCKED-UP
EVERYTHING IS?

WHY & HOW I PIMPED-OUT MY WIFE

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Why I did it...

Before I begin my depraved story – I must first explain why *it* (the act of deception) was done...*in detail*...the extreme depravity that was done to me, by my own wife – but not only that – not only her...You must hear/read/and see *it* written down –

***That is: The extreme depravity of our sick/and twisted society.

I must put pen to paper – so you can read – what most of you (all of us) already know – but refuse to speak of...for many different reasons.

The main reason (the truth about our society isn't spoke of...) is: for the most part – because: Ya'll want to live in a bullshit fantasy world, that you can control – by pointing at things that interrupt/create conflicts/bring to light your lies and manipulation ***Things that disrupt your harmony, and take you from your habitual existence (your maniacal – fantasies).

So, you can point and say, “That isn't decent...” or “That's wrong...” or “That's not nice...” “I wouldn't do that...” and scoff and complain endlessly about everything under the sun...that makes you uncomfortable.

Because you're all a bunch of fucking bitches.

Here. Let me put it this way: For most of you (*the older ones) the reason you don't speak about what I have written (what you will read – that is: if you continue) is because all of you sick fuckers are taking part in the depravity!

*So, enjoy – me shoving this book – up all ya'lls asses...twisting it until it hurts...using a little spital and Vaseline

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– then shoving it in deeper...in and out – up and down...until you begin to enjoy it...*Then break it off!*

I do believe – the great poet of yesteryear – The Notorious B.I.G. – Christopher Wallace, said it best, when he said:

“Fuck all you hoes!”

~ ~

Now – firstly: I will begin to explain what my wife did to me...that upset me so much, that I decided to – show her, what her true nature is...

And then, I will explain why she did *it*... What society – AKA:
The Aryan/Nazi – ex-Military – Including (but not limited to): **Medical Doctors, Psychiatrists, Teachers, Judges, Civil Servants, Law Enforcement, Fire Fighters – The Official Civilian Terrorist Super Matrix – Pyramid Power Structure Apparatus of our Society**
...that encompasses and encapsulates all!

***The shit that George Orwell wrote about (or should I say “Around”) when he wrote his book – **1984**.

...In other words: The force, that impelled her (my wife) to do all the shit she did to me...*and she felt she should, and or wanted to...*

**Note: She did what women do...She submitted – to those she felt had power over her – *and she did what they asked her to do...*

**But, in my opinion: I don’t think she had to...nor should she have done it to me (her husband). *Hell! I gave the bitch everything I had!*

~ ~

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So, what did my ex-wife do: Firstly, when we were living together in Amarillo, Texas, in 2000...

***This was before we got married – *she cheated on me*. Plain and simple.

But, not only that – I was pretty sure she did...But she swore to God she didn't...even to the point of crying, and screaming, about how terrible I was for even questioning her...

That she could do such a thing...*then, keep it a secret*.

So, a few months later, she got pregnant – and I asked her if she wanted me to marry her...And she said, “Yes.”

So, on April 12, 2001, we went to a courthouse and got a marriage license.

Okay – now I'm going to skip over some crazy stuff – like how she asked me to sneak her brother across the border, into the US, and I got caught – again! – and I almost spent a decade in prison – again – this time, for her...etc...

And I'm gonna go/drive around/avoid...I mean, I won't get into a lot of details about how I supported her entire family for 20 years – providing housing and food...and they squandered all of my life's savings: a quarter of a million dollars...between 2004 and 2013, on a failed farming adventure, in the Amazon...and put hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of debt on the land I purchased, until I couldn't even sell it, *to recoup my loses*...

And every time I wanted to talk to her about what her family was doing (with my money) she screamed and cried – and threw (as mentioned before) 5-year-old tantrums: I think psychiatrists call them: “Negative Reinforcement” – which women are very good at. It's a simple mind-trick – where the subject (a person – in this case – me) will associate harsh physical and or mental trauma, with a subject a woman doesn't want to talk about.

***Most women do this – which is why – throughout history men slap them...*And rightfully so*.

Also, she stated – almost every week – that our marriage was the worst thing that ever happened to her...she hated me...and she wished she never married me.

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So, what did I do after being married to her for 2 years? I decided to divorce her – find someone else...and move-on with my life. Besides, I knew she cheated on me from the very beginning of our relationship – even if she refused to admit it.

Of course, I didn't know it with absolute certainty – but – when you know – you know. Let's just say – *The Voice* – that everyone tells people, “Is insanity,” call it instinct – told me...and in the end – ya'll know...*I was right*.

So, I had an affair – and I fell in love with this other woman...

She said that she loved me too...But who knows, right? There's no telling with women.

Here, let's be honest, my marriage was a fucking disaster! The only good thing that came from it (at that point) was my son (and later on my second son)...And I'll admit, I had some interesting adventures in Brazil – working with my in-laws: farming and ranching...

***I'm not claiming I was a rancher or a farmer...I'm just saying, I did those activities with my in-laws, as they lost all my money.

—LOL!

Okay, so when I saw my wife – when I arrived in Brazil – just after I had my affair...but I still kept it a secret...What did she do? She asked me if I had an affair... 'Cause she knew – the same way I knew she did...

And what did I do? I did what I always do. I told the fucking truth! I wanted to divorce the bitch anyway, right?

So, what did she do? She attacked me...of course, right? That's what women do – that – or poison you.

I just turned the other cheek, and walked away...

Then, I told her I was getting a divorce, and I was going to marry another woman.

Except I made a mistake: You see, I continued to live with her – in the same apartment – I mean...

***But, I wanted to be around my son, right? Whatcha gonna do?

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**Note: The building we lived in was a high-rise – in downtown Apucarana, Brazil – which is typical for Latin America – because of the amount of crime – and the protection a high-rise building provides.

So, I spent time with my son, wrote poetry for my fiancée, and waited for her to fly down to Brazil, so we could be together.

Note: My wife was getting into all my things – she hacked into my email accounts and read my communications to the other woman...she secretly listened to my phone conversations. She even called the other woman...and tried to put a guilt trip on her!

Okay – then this happened: One night, after speaking with this other woman – my wife – while screaming and crying – climbed onto the window ledge – and was yelling as loud as she could, that I was a terrible husband and father – that was going to abandon his son, and family...

***Note: And my 2-year-old son was playing with toys in the other room. Can you believe this?

So, she swore to God she didn't cheat on me with this guy named Roberto – and she would never play around with such a serious subject...*like death*.

And she went on and on...about how I was going to kill the mother of our son...and she was walking around on the ledge of the window, screaming so everyone in the apartment building could hear her...Hell! All of downtown could hear the bitch.

Well, that was it...I couldn't go see the other woman, right?

What my wife did...it really got to me...It broke me. Her scam worked *like a charm!*

I was a father. I was a husband. I had a family. I should do the right thing, right?

What was I gonna do? So, I stood-up the other woman.

Now. You'd think my wife would respect/or like me (more) for my sacrifice...or something like that, right? But, that's not how women's minds work.

**Because I believed in her deception – she thought I was an idiot. *LOL!*

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Listen to this: This other woman actually came down to Brazil – and I was so ashamed/and confused – and lost – and hopelessly twisted/I was just dumbfounded...Because not even I believed anything that happened...But deep down, I knew, the right thing was being a good father to my son.

*I had no idea what to tell this other woman...So, I just cut her off.

~ ~

Okay, having explained all that – now we'll jump ahead 16 years – and our marriage is hell – and always has been – all respect – gone – because of the things we refused to talk about...The obvious truths...They were daggers in our hearts. Everything was a lie...except our children, of course.

...And she cheated on me – and I cheated on her...and there were always strange things going on...

***Which I will go into more detail later in this chapter.

Okay...

So, what happened? It was 2016 – and we're walking – and you got to understand something – we had just turned 40 – our birthdays were just 2 months apart...And all allusions of youth were gone...That doesn't mean we didn't think or hope, or want things the way we did, when we were kids...

Well, let me rephrase that: For me – that never changed. I still hoped and wished for stupid/childish things like I did when I was young/when I was a kid...I still hoped to be loved...and hold a woman that loved me – *and hold her in my arms*...And, of course, I dreamt the woman would return my love.

And I got to explain something else – we didn't even sleep in the same fucking bed...Hell! *What am I talking about?* We didn't even sleep in the same fucking room!

And there were 2 years in our marriage when we didn't even have sex!

But, okay...Life went on, and now...We are walking along the streets of Georgetown, Texas – just North of Austin, the state

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capital...just talking...saying stupid shit...When I asked her – point blank – and I watched her very carefully. I said this in a nonchalant way (as if it didn't matter, mind you)...But – Note: It did matter. It mattered a lot to me.

I said, “Now, tell me the truth...It doesn't matter anymore...and it's been so long... You can tell the truth now...Did you sleep with Roberto?” and I said, “I don't even care anymore.”

This is what she did: She stopped walking and turned to me – with a little grin...But she didn't say anything.

So, I said, “You did.” And that wasn't a question. It was a confirmation – because she just admitted it. And she knew she just admitted it...

But, regardless...She spoke...And finally – verbally – she admitted it. She said it...She said, “Yes, I did.” Those were her exact words.

I laughed – but with an inward smiling – stupid laugh...

***I wasn't laughing at her – and I wasn't laughing at me...Although, I probably should have been laughing at myself.

What I was laughing at – was the absurdity of life...Like watching a fat man bend over to pick-up a Quarter...or a Nickle. Here I am – here we are – two idiots – in their 40s...Our lives had already been lived...And, I am what I am...just an animal, with two legs, and two arms...walking in a cage...like, in a zoo...scratching my ass and sniffing my fingers...trying to look intelligent...and dignified.

I laughed – because – nothing matters...and I laughed and laughed...but, when I got home...I went into the bathroom and cried. Because it did matter to me. And I kept saying, “Sorry...” over and over...but nobody heard me...And I turned on the shower – and cried in the shower...so nobody knew.

And when I got out of the shower – there was my wife, so I asked her – I said, “So, why did you climb-out on the window ledge, screaming about how I was a terrible father and husband, and you were going to kill yourself? I mean, you cheated on me, right? Why would you do that?”

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Then...she flat-out laughed at me, and she said, “You should have known I would never kill myself...That was just so you wouldn’t be with that woman.”

I can’t even put into words...what I thought...Hell! What am I talking about – I still can’t figure it out...what she did...why she did it...I can’t even write about it. It’s just so fucking stupid! It still doesn’t make any sense to me – *not even now* – 7 years after it happened.

And then, she even admitted that the other woman – when she (my wife) called her – the other woman claimed that her and I were soulmates.

***But, I mean, who the fuck knows, right? All women lie about everything...There’s no telling what the other woman believed – or what have you...

Was that just a lie women tell other women, to justify the shit they do? I don’t think any woman believes in that crap, anyway...

Maybe some teenage girls fantasize about soulmates, and want to dream about those things...but older women – none of them believe in that crap – especially modern American women...I promise you...or do they? Or did she?

Who knows! Oh well...

~ ~

Now, let me explain something very important here...Not even I believed/I mean, I don’t think that one lie – I mean, what she did...actually justifies what I did to her/I mean how I retaliated...pimping her out and all...okay? What you just read is only one reason...And now I will explain the more telling/the more important – *the really fucked-up shit she did...*

But – now – having said what I just did...I got to add something else – I’m not even sure if what I did...pimping her out...was all that bad. I mean – okay – it goes against the conventions of this (bullshit) society we live in...But as you will read, you’ll realize, I just brough-out her own (real) nature...Sure, I lied and manipulated her, but her own natural/evil – impelled her

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to do it...And, throughout the ordeal, she was (trying to) lie and manipulate me.

*Note: Everything she did, she wanted to do...

~ ~

Okay, so what was the big shit (the big reason) I did what I did?

***And I don't even give a fuck about her affairs...We're far beyond that...

Okay, listen to this shit!

In 2012 – she flew to Brazil with the kids to oversee a construction project...while I stayed behind making money to pay for it...and this is what she did.

Her, and a friend of hers in Brazil, took pictures of naked children playing in a kiddie swimming pool (she did this, in 2009 – or 2010)...*Note: The kids were between the ages of 4 and 7.

So, she took those pictures – put them on the desktop of her laptop computer...So, when you turned on the computer – the pictures would appear...***They were not in a file...Got it?

Then, she broke the computer screen of her laptop...Left the computer with me, in the US...Went to Brazil...Then, called me on the phone, and asked me to find her laptop – to find and send her information (that was on the laptop).

And, of course, when I turned-on the laptop, the screen didn't work...So, I called her back and explained what happened.

So, she asked me to take the laptop to a computer repair shop to get it fixed.

***She actually did this to me!

And, of course, I took the laptop to get fixed...

And what did they find when they turned on the computer with a separate monitor? You already know: pictures of naked children!

Ladies and gentlemen...I almost went to prison on kiddie porn charges! When the shop owner called me to come down to the shop...and confronted me, I literally began crying, and begged the

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dude to call my wife, so she could explain to him, what happened...There was an argument in the shop – between an employee who defended me, and the shop owner...whether he should call the cops, and have them lock me up...

It was so fucking maniacal!

I was in tears, crying.

My own wife did this to me! Swear to fucking God! As God as my fucking witness!

***There were many such incidents like this...throughout our marriage...but this was the most sever.

And I will leave it at that.

~ ~

So, after she admitted – her suicide attempt was a hoax – and she cheated on me – and lied about it for 16 years...and after the endless hell she created – after I supporting her family for 20 years...her endless torture...screaming and crying/her tantrums...her trying to get me thrown in jail on kiddy porn...her family losing my life's savings...and never paying back a penny...after almost going to jail for a decade, when I tried to smuggle her brother across the border...I decided – I'd run a few tests on her – to figure-out why she was (women were) so fucked-up...

And the following – is that story: **Welcome to hell!**

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The Beginning...How it started.

So, the first thing I had to do: Was create the need.

This is what I did...And you have to understand something – I'm not saying I was (or am) a rich man – far from it – but from 2016 to 2018 – when this conspiracy/this scam/this deception – this depravity – if you will – took place/I mean, when it happened – I made over a \$100,000 a year...in 2017 – I think I grossed well over \$140,000...Not a lot of money – for some – but enough to finance this scheme...

Okay – so, after I decided what I was going to do...I mean, at a certain point – you just push the chips forward – and go all in – and hope for the best – ****or in this case, hope for the worst!

Well, anyway – I opened a bank account at a different bank – and made sure everything/all communications between me and the bank – were online – run with my iPhone...So, my wife wouldn't know anything about this other account.

Then, I asked my employer – and you got to understand – I was a contractor – and the company I contracted for was a little company...A small contractor – that did some shady stuff anyway – so, when I asked him to start writing 2 checks – 50% - 50% – for my weekly payments – of course he asked why – so I told him, my wife is trying to divorce me and I need to hide some money...and he understood, and he helped me out.

I mean, it's not like – at the end of the year – my total receipts would change...He was just going to write more checks, and guys do that for other guys...At least, they should...and he did.

So, I began depositing half of my money – into that other account – without my wife knowing it...and it didn't take long before our account/the one that my wife saw – dwindled down –

dollar by dollar...until it appeared we were close to bankruptcy...but I wasn't gonna say a thing.

And I watched as the account went down and down...and I just acted like everything was normal...and she raised concerns, etc...But I just refused to look at the account – and assured her everything was fine...and just kept going on with life...as I always did – without a care in the fucking world.

Then, you all know what she did – she began her tantrums...And she was fighting, and screaming...about the account almost dropping down to our last \$1,000, and my paychecks kept getting smaller and smaller – but I was working the same amount of time...and she said, “You must be getting cheated by your boss!”

But, I just kept going – and working – and when I really needed money, I'd draw-out some cash and pay for things in cash without her knowing it.

Then, finally, after about three months – she said it.

She said, “I'm gonna try to find a job! We don't have a choice!”

So, what did I do? I argued with her... “Ah, no! You don't need a job!” I kept saying. “That's ridiculous! No woman of mine is gonna work!”

And we fought and fought...Until she started screaming and yelling again...And – then – without my consent – she began looking for jobs on different sites...

And she got a gig – as a waitress – which she didn't like...and she made a little money...and then she began looking for something else...then something else...

Okay – so, I created a fictitious email account – and I went into her email account – on her computer – and copied and pasted an email she sent out – to a possible employer – then emailed her a response to her query.

And, with her query in the body of the email...it appeared – the response was legit...

This is what the email said – firstly – I presented myself – as a woman that sells bikinis – for middle-aged women – and have a

large following of older men and women – that participate in a group called – OlderWilderThings.

And I wrote that if she was accepted into the group – and she has to be between the ages of 35 to 60 – because the group didn't want young women/or girls in it...That – this woman would send her 2 bikinis to put on – and present – and she would be paid \$500...if her husband could take good pictures...of her in the bikinis.

At first – my wife didn't believe it was real...and questioned me – and I just kept telling her she needed to stop trying to find a job...

But, she wouldn't stop talking about this job – or this woman...and the opportunity...And she just kept arguing, and talking about it...Until she was arguing with me...and she was about ready to throw one of her tantrums.

Then – finally – after about an hour of bickering – I finally admitted that it would be a turn-on...to take pictures of her in a bikini.

And – besides – the money she was offered was real good too...

I said, “\$500 – for a few pictures! And we needed the money, right?”

Then I said, “But they aren't going to pay us all that money for just a couple of pictures! But, if you want to try...”

But, we bickered back and forth – me not being sure about anything – as I changed my mind – trying to be a loyal/good and honest husband – and her saying she didn't want to do it...But, she really did...

I mean, at this stage of our marriage I knew when she was full of shit! And it turned her on – she asked to have sex, right after the conversation...*It was that obvious.*

And then, finally, after one whole week of her thinking about it – she decided to do it.

And so, I – This Woman – that represented the company/Group – OlderWilderThings – sent her an email – with a contract...And she had to sign it...And there were clauses in the

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contract...That she would owe a thousand dollars if she didn't follow through with the pictures/fulfill her end of the bargain...etc...The contract was long – and I just copied and pasted some lengthy contracted I downloaded off the internet...and just changed a few words.

But, I was too lazy to actually make, and send her a package to our house...So, I just went to one of those sex novelty shops, and bought 2 micro bikinis – and, I mean, they were tiny! Right? ***You know – where the bikini bottoms were just little patches over her pussy lips...

—*LOL!*

And I acted like I opened the package and threw away the box – you know...and when she got home I showed her the bikinis...

And I said, “What are these?” acting like I didn't remember anything about the bikini pictures...

—*LOL!*

And here's the thing – I already deposited the \$500 – into our bank account...*And all that the – deposit slip said was... “Deposited in Account.” It didn't say anything else, 'cause I made the deposit in cash...through an ATM.

So, she went to our account on-line – just to see...And she's like, “Oh, my gosh! They already deposited the money!” And I'm like, “Wow! We needed it...Look! That deposit will help us pay the rent this month!”

—*LOL!*

And she looks at the bikinis – and she's like, “Oh my...I can't wear these!”

So, I go, “Oh, no! You aren't gonna wear those! We have to send them back! We'll give the money back! This is ridiculous! This is too far! What does that woman think you are?” And I went on...and on...upset and complaining...ranting...angry...and yelling!

So, what did my wife do? She tried to calm me down...but I went on, all upset – about how this is over! And I won't put up with this type of shit in my household!

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“We are a traditional American family!” I yelled and I stomped – demanding to get the woman’s email...and talk with her myself.

But, my wife – was playing her part – she kept telling me that we need the money – and then she emailed the woman (which was me) and asked if she needed to show her face in the pictures...

So, later that night – I got into the fictitious email account – and responded to her email – telling her that she didn’t need to show her face – just her body – several different angles...and if she did well, there would be more work...and even better pay.

So, the next day – my wife – took the pictures herself – setting the camera down on the dresser – and she took different pictures – from different angles – then she called me and asked me if I wanted to see some pictures of her...in the bikinis.

And I said, “Yes! Of course...” So, she sent the pictures of her in the bikinis in a text – and she asked when I was gonna get home – to have sex...She was so turned-on!

Well, I acted all angry – but then when she wanted to have sex – I changed my opinion – and said, “Well, hey, if this spices up our sex life...Maybe there’s no harm in it...”

And I thought...*Hmmm...So, that’s how it works.*

And she said, “I don’t have to show my face, so it’s not that big of a deal...”

So, I said, “Well, I guess it’s not that bad...If you don’t have to show your face...I guess you can do this one thing, but then, it’s over! We’re not gonna do anything else like this again! No more of this type of thing!” But, I couldn’t help but laugh at myself...and her for that matter...the utter stupidity of this whole thing...and it appeared she enjoyed doing it! —*LOL!*

And that is how it all started...Just a few simple/sexy photos of my wife in small bikinis...

Ain’t that fucking crazy?

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*What happens to hot women...in society...
And how I got my wife to do nudes.*

Got to explain something before I go on...

When I was in Brazil – yes – I was married – but, I’ve explained what my marriage was...it was a nightmare!

So, anyway – this was after my wife’s exploits out the window...and she slept with a couple of guys – so, I went out with some friends...and I met this beautiful woman in her early twenties – I think I was about 27 at the time...She was maybe 21 or 22...She had a kid and worked in a factory – and...this woman knew how to fuck!

So, I was talking with her on the dance floor of a disco tech, and her friend walked-up to me and said, “Do you want to fuck my friend Jaqueline?” and I just stared at her – unsure what to say...I mean, it caught me off guard...Then the woman said, “Because she wants to get fucked tonight, and if you’re not gonna do it, she isn’t gonna waste her time with you.”

So, then I had to laugh...And I said, “Oh, yeah! I wanna fuck her tonight!”

So, about ten minutes later I took my friends home, and Jaqueline’s girlfriend home too...Then went back to my apartment – because my wife was out of town, visiting her parents – actually she was out of state...like 1,000 miles away.

Okay – now I got to explain something here – when I say, “Some women know how to fuck...” this is what I mean...I was done having sex with her – and I was spent/I was tired – and ready to sleep, right?

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So, I rolled over on my side...And she said, “Oh, no! I’m not done yet!” and she told me to turn back over – facing up – then she squatted down on me – right?

This is crazy – Cleopatra shit here...At least when I hear about Cleopatra, I think about Jaqueline...And this is why: This woman could squeeze the juice from a fucking great fruit with her pussy!

I mean – I was done...At least I thought I was...

***This woman knew my body better than I knew it myself, and I’d been masturbating/you know playing with myself since I was 13...So, for 14 years...

I didn’t think I could cum again...This woman rode me – and milked my dick like a fucking Dutch milk maid – with her fucking pussy dude!

I had to cum! She didn’t give me a choice!

Okay – now here’s the thing about this woman...You have to understand this...

This woman – was just a simple – down-to-earth – sexual woman...Right? She fucked!

***Now, she said she wanted something serious...But, I was married, and there’s no telling with a woman like that...I mean...she would have been fun...but also a real heartbreaker! I mean – you know she would sleep around...

Well, my point is this...That woman, she worked/she had a regular job...It’s not like she was sleeping on the streets...right? She was a good/hard worker...right? She worked in factories – but she also fucked! And when word got out – in that town – about how good she fucked – I mean...guys were lining up...

But, she didn’t want – to be a prostitute...At least that’s what she said...And she had a regular job – like I said before...You starting to see where I’m getting at?

***And you have to understand, she was from out-of-town...

Okay – so this is what happened to her...She lasted about 6 months in that town...and the married women...The women that refused to have sex with their husbands – literally got together/they all formed a fucking Army of Angry Bitched – to run

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her out of town...They literally went down to her job – and got her fired!

Aint' that crazy? That's what happens when you know how to fuck...That's our life/our society...Women that refuse to fuck – our wives – go fucking crazy with jealousy...when some hot woman makes them look bad!

***It fucks-up their entire false (reality) narrative/world...of nice/neat – and decent...where they control when, why and how their husbands have sex...

~ ~

Okay – so what happened next?

My wife was communicating with “The Woman” who was actually me...

And I kept sending her email after email – with all kinds of different crap...I wrote sexual stories – that were supposed to be true – about mothers that were given special hormones that gave them crazy/multiple orgasms...And rich men, that grew huge dicks – with special pills – that went around paying wives to have their babies...Women that were forced to have sex with their bosses – but of course – they loved the fact that they felt the need to do it...or they would be fired...And when they found-out their bosses had huge dicks, they willingly submitted...

***They were just stories, about sexual shit, that I knew women enjoyed imagining...But I – This Woman – claimed all the stories were written by actual members of this group – OlderWilderThings...

*And this group – was all about spicing up women's (wives) sex lives...and enjoying sex, and sexual things...You know, something to make old-age more exciting...more fun.

And I copied videos from porn sites – and acted like the people who made the videos were part of this group – OlderWilderThing...of women that lactated – and went around letting older men breastfeed...And were paid \$200 to \$300 a

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day...just to breast feed men...and sometimes they breastfeed other women...Because, some had that fetish.

I sent all kinds of short video clips – as if – showing the progression of married women – slowly becoming sexual – and getting turned-on – being seduced – and having great sex – with men with huge dicks...

The narratives were mostly: Married women – that were paid to have sex with older women...And I sent emails – as if – there were older women asking to have sex with my wife...But I claimed – The Woman – was responding to these women, telling them that my wife, wasn't ready...

All of it – was just tons of teasing...and games...that made her excited...and created wants...And she was fascinated by the emails...And she took more pictures in small bikinis...and in different outfits.

All kinds of shit!

—LOL!

And when – my wife demonstrated that she was turned-on by something – I – This Other Woman – sent several emails – asking if she wanted to be auctioned to the highest bidder...And then – I claimed there was an unofficial auction (between several rich women) that bided to be the first to fuck – my wife...and the bidding went to \$5,000! Well, that was going to be my wife's cut.

My wife – was going crazy...She loved it...But she was also unsure...and a bit confused...Maybe she didn't believe it.

But, she kept telling me – “It has to be real, because we're getting paid!”

“Yeah. That's true,” I said. “That's a good point.”

And when she finally sent “The Woman” her pictures, in those teeny tiny bikinis – I sent her an email chain of people who viewed the pictures – and complimented her sexuality/her body/her breasts...

And I acted like – The Group – all the men and women in – OlderWilderThings – were requesting/dying to see her nipples...and would pay enormous money – just to see her/a married woman's nipples...

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So, I sent my wife an email requesting a short video of her entire breasts – nipples and all!

You know...coaxing her along...getting her to do more and more sexual things...little by little.

And she was totally turned-on by all the attention that she was getting – *Through these fictitious characters.

I mean – in reality – there wasn't much harm in any of this...in my opinion. *Not yet anyway. Sure, she was being lied to...But the only person that was seeing her (in these sexual pictures) was me...her husband.

***But what I found so fascinating was that she enjoyed it! I mean, it was a real turn-on for her.

And, after everything I'd been through – in our marriage – my morality/the ethics behind this depraved endeavor...as far as I was concerned – I couldn't care less...Whether revenge is justified – or whether this was revenge...or an experiment – or just plain bullshit...I just didn't give a shit!

I had to test her (I mean) test her willingness...to see what was beneath this woman (I had been married to for 16 years) – to see her reaction...What she wanted – what turned her on...What she was all about.

Oh, and by the way – she kept the majority of these communications (that I was sending her – but she didn't know it) to herself – and didn't tell me (her husband about them)... *LOL!*

So, what did I do...I – I mean – me – being – the Manager of the fictitious group – OlderWilderThings...I sent her an email – with a proposition – to see if she was willing to clean the house of one of (the wealthy) clients...And have sex with the client – but she would be recorded – as I explained – this group doesn't do anything illegal...So, she wouldn't be a prostitute...She would be making a Private Porno – for the clients of – OlderWilderThings – right?

So, she would be a porn star – not a whore.

—*LOL!*

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But, I also explained that she would have to allow the man to have anal sex with her...Because that's what the client wants...He wants to have anal sex with a married woman.

Okay – so what happened?

She (my wife – responded very quick) she said, “Yes! I want to do it.” And she didn't even tell me – her husband what she was gonna to do!

I can't stop laughing!

And – she never let me fuck her up her ass...I mean, we did it like maybe twice – throughout our entire marriage – of 16 years...Right?

So, what happened that night?

You're gonna die laughing at this – she asked me to butt fuck her! And she went and bought some Vaseline to lube-up her ass!

And that night – it had been like 8 years since she last let me butt fuck her – and I buttfucked her and rubber her clit until she came.

Okay – so what did I – I mean – This woman – do next? I – The Woman – said to my wife – that if she was gonna be one of the high-priced cleaning ladies – she needs to do some nudes...so the men know her merchandize...

And I also said that she would have to fill-out a new contract – for the business deal – everything had to be legal...and her husband – me – I had to agree to everything – and also sign the contract.

But, she wasn't sure how to ask me – me being her husband – to allow her to do this...So, it kind of went on ice...if you know what I mean.

Then, listen to this – I drew-up a questionnaire – which was supposed to be some kind of psychological profile for her sexuality...and depending on her responses – This Woman – the manager of the group – OlderWilderThings – would pay a special psychiatrists to analyze the data – and know her inner most secrets and history...

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Which – I was her husband – I knew a great deal about her sexuality...and the things she did...So, I would act like this person – was able to figure-out all her thoughts – and desires.

Okay, so, after a few days – of us having the best – most nasty sex in our marriage...We are having sex – and I’m between her legs...and she stops me – and says, “Do you know what I’m thinking about?”

And I’m like, “No.” And she goes...But she’s all nervous...and she goes... “Doing something I shouldn’t...”

And I act all dumb and shit...and just carry-on...and she doesn’t know how to tell me what she’s thinking...and what’s going on...and I’m acting like – those pictures she took of herself in the bikini are in the past...and it’s all over.

And time goes on...and she doesn’t want to share what she’s thinking or talk to that woman about...right?

And our account is dwindling down to almost nothing again...So, what does my wife do? She forwards – to me – the email – from that Woman – to see if I would let her go clean another man’s house...and – you know what – make a little video...and get butt fucked by a stranger.

And I act like that’s absurd/preposterous! Ridiculous!

But we talk and we talk – and she went along with me...and didn’t show me her response...to – The Woman...where she agreed...

But we talked and talked...And we both came to the conclusion – that we could do some semi-nude pictures – exposing her nipples...*for some extra cash*...because – those rich men – were willing to pay her so much...And it’s not like she had to show her face, or anything...

And – we were having great sex...Hell! She was calling me in the middle of day – telling me she was masturbating – waiting for me to get home from work to fuck her...And – now – she was taking pictures of herself...very sexual pictures...and was sending them to me...while I was at work.

***And we were in our 40s! Okay? Ya know...

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She got hot/her mind – her desires...And she bought different cloths...tighter...showing more of her breasts and body.

At night – she would come into my bedroom – get in bed, then reach-over and grope me – making me hard...Then ask me to fuck her...

So, we took pictures of her breasts...with her nipples exposed...and we did more sexual pictures – for us...And she put the pictures in an email and sent them to – The Woman...And we got paid!

—LOL!

And we made it through the month/we were able to pay our bills.

This was our routine...until she finally began opening-up to me...about how she fantasized about going and cleaning that man's house...

So, I just said it, “Oh, but you aren't going to let him butt fuck you, are you?”

And this was her exact words – she goes, “I won't have a choice...It's part of the deal. I will have to let him fuck me up the ass.”

I thought and thought...Then, went outside – and almost fell over...I was laughing so hard!

***She enjoyed feeling forced to do it...She wanted to be fucked...and she wanted this rich man to dominate her...impel her...*buttfuck her*.

This entire arraignment – this scheme – it was bringing-out the true nature of my wife...of women...the secret desires of married women...They want to be dominated...But they have to know – believe – in the dominate force over them...They want to. *It's instinctual shit...*

And the fact – that now – we were poor...and needed the money – and she felt vulnerable – she was so fucking turned-on by the entire situation – it was crazy!

I mean – I knew it...I mean...I knew women were like this...Since the first time I had sex – and my girlfriend, Sabrina, began to cry – and she begged me to stop fucking her...But when

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I stopped...She opened her eyes – and said, “Why did you stop? I’m almost there!”

So, it was always known. But to the level – I mean – in marriage – right? At what station/what – place – what went on in her mind...I mean...She was always hiding the truth...behind lies, screaming and crying tantrums...it wasn’t a veil over reality – it was a fucking fortress of maniacal lies...That she did – and I mean – never – let me (her husband) inside...

So, I thought and thought...and I couldn’t believe how my experiment was going...The insanity – that was inside women’s minds...her mind.

***And I had a fucking record of it all – of emails – pictures – and even some videos!

I mean, there was no denying anything! She was loving this!

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Get ready to get nasty!

So, you have to understand something – white women – ***And a lot of women for that matter – have embraced it – it’s become a weird/sick mantra – a hellacious snowball effect – building, growing, expanding, rolling down an endless hill of shit and feces...enlarging, bigger...taller...minute by minute...hour by hour...Nobody can stop the crap from sticking to the rolling shit-ball!

Ain’t sure how it started...but I theorize it had something to do with white women – from the South – enticing black men – what I mean is...they flirt with them...then scream, “Rape!” And it became a – Thing – a means...A way to hold back the dam – the swelling...the growing cries for justice...

What am I talking about?

Women – using their pussies – and their nature – to gangbang...White women – getting, “Empowered!” by – The White Gang – to prevent equality...

Everyone saw what that white woman did to Kobe...We all saw it...

She flirted with him, right? Hung out around him...smiling...giggling...went to his hotel room...She never said she was tricked into going to his hotel room...

And after they had sex – and she went to do her – rape test kit – she wore dirty underwear, with another man’s seamen...and pubic hair – *that wasn’t Kobe’s!*

—**LOL!**

So – this was her story – she got raped – then went to have sex with someone else...Then went to the police, to report the rape, and get checked-out...

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LOL! It's a joke! Oh, and by the way – listen to this...Her identity is concealed...You can't – legally – find-out who she is...

She's being protected! She's the one that needs protection, right! It's a joke!

This is what these – white women do – to guys...mostly black guys, and minorities...And they just tried to do it to Michael Irvin...

And look what they did to Bill Cosby! 20, 30, 40 years later...

So, they do their gangbang...and get the uppity-black guys thrown in jail...And for that – they are rewarded with total, complete – BS...

We have to watch movies – where 90-pound women punch 250-pound body builders – and kill them! And we have to listen to endless BS...and watch stupid – ridiculous movies that have nothing to do with reality...And women's sports have to be subsidized! I mean, they are all welfare programs!

Listen – if you're a white woman – and go along with that crap...Don't ever claim to be a – Capitalist...And don't ever claim you care about social justice! Don't ever say that! You are – at best – a socialists...

I ain't saying – women don't do great shit – and aren't awesome – ***IN THEIR OWN MOTHERFUCKING WAY!***

And I ain't saying there aren't women – that – maybe – can kick my ass...And don't bust their asses...and work hard...and do things I can't do...

But, why in the hell do we have to believe in BS?

A white woman, ain't gonna learn – The Force – in the first episode of Star Wars...when it took Luke Skywalker – 3 episodes...and the death of his father...and he still had a lot to learn...

Bitches...are given everything...complain about everything...demand everything...And when they speak, men run off cliffs like lemmings...committing mass-fucking-suicide...so future generations (their sons) might someday – lick some woman's pussy!

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...And now...we have to eat a shit sandwich...And then! And then, we have to tell these bitches, that we like it!

It's all a false narrative...and we aren't allowed to say it...and the evil that's being done...is too fucking maniacal!

~ ~

Okay, so what is the fucking truth? What's women's real nature?

I didn't know...

But I was going to go deeper – and deeper – and trick and deceive – to bring out the truth...So, I could find-out...and write this very important – SEMINAL – *book!* Which, I figure will be studied at universities, and they can teach subjects on the – Real Nature of Women – right? And I'll be invited to give speeches, and seminars...etc...*LOL!*

*Just kidding.

~ ~

So, what did I do next?

I started paying my wife to do pornos...with me...at first...And she loved it...And she wore a mask, right?

And I acted like we needed the money...and I went along with it...And we'd get paid a couple hundred dollars per porno...And I had her squatting on my dick...and sucking my dick...Because that's what – The Woman – requested for the video...

And that was the only way we were going to get paid...

So, I – being her husband – complained...and argued...and said, "This is too much!" but my own wife began arguing with me...telling me we had to do it...You know why? Because – The Woman – told her she needed to be more assertive...to me...her husband...and demand me to have sex with her...Because she was going to be my – Dominant...

—*LOL!*

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And get this...My wife was telling me – The Woman – demanded her (my wife) to have good/strong orgasms...right? So, my wife admitted...to me (her husband) sometimes she had to fake it...Because she could have – at the most – two orgasms...at a time – *per fuck session*.

So, this is what I did...I waited a week or so...And waited for my wife to email the videos...Then I sent my wife – from – The Woman – who had just consulted a psychologist – to watch our pornos...And I – The Woman – wrote...

“I know you’re faking your orgasms...Our psychologists can read the signs...When I say I want real orgasms...and I’m paying you...You better get nasty...and have real orgasms!”

And I made my wife – start calling – This Other Woman – “Mommy...”

And I wrote – that is – me being – The Women – told my wife – that even her husband – me – must call her “Mommy...”

So, my wife came to me and said, “You have to start calling this woman, Mommy...And you don’t have a choice, okay?”

But, I didn’t like that at all! But, after a long fight, I finally agreed.

—*LOL!*

But, you have to understand, my wife was becoming my sexual dominate partner, right? I had to do the sexual things that she wanted me to do! That – This Woman – me – demanded of her...

—*LOL!*

So, we had to redo the pornos – and she had to have four orgasms – real orgasms! And we worked at it...And we fucked and we fucked – and each orgasm she had – was more difficult – and took more time...But, even she admitted – the payoff was worth it! She said – the third and froth orgasms were the strongest!

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So, now we were hitting a dead end...But, I had to know where my wife was with me...how much she hated me...I mean, she tried to throw me in jail, on kiddy porn, right?

Okay – so I said there was this very rich businessman, that pays married women – like her (my wife) – to get pregnant, and have his children...But – The Husband – me – must go along with it...and agree to allow his wife to get pregnant...and raise the child.

And so, get this...My wife began negotiating the price of her pregnancy – with this other man – and she wanted to see the man's dick...So, I copied pornos on – porn sites – with dudes – with huge cocks – fucking women...And I said – that that – huge ass cock – was the guy that wanted to get her pregnant...

And we set the price – she was – *we were gonna get paid \$30,000...and the birth would be paid for...etc...

So, my wife brings the idea to me – and explains – that the money would help pay for a restaurant I wanted to build in the town of Lago Vista...

And so, I'm thinking about it...Right?

—LOL!

And we are having sex...and making videos/pornos...And then – The Woman – told my wife – she wanted a video of her eating my cum...as a – kind of – good faith gesture to – The Future Father of her baby...

*He wanted to see her eat cum...because that's what she had to do, for this man.

And when she told me – she wanted to taste my cum, and eat it – she didn't say why...And I told her, “No! Don't do it! You'll get sick!”

And she said this – swear to God – she goes, “I have to do it. I don't have a choice.”

—LOL! And she did it! She ate all my cum! Every last drop...

But, when she sent the video to this other woman...The Woman – goes...Your husband only came in your mouth – and we didn't see all the cum that you ate...The Future Father of your baby – wants to see how much cum you ate.

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So, she tells me we have to do it again, and I go, “Ah, no! Not again...I’m tired of this...”

—*LOL!*

So, we did it again! And she sucked me off – and I came on my belly – and she licked-up every drop of cum...

—*LOL!*

Then, I (The Woman) asked her to make a video with me – her husband – spanking her – and squeezing her nipples really hard, and shoving a huge dildo up her ass, while I fucked her...Then, I was supposed to pull-out and cum on her face...

And she does it!

And – she said to me – she looked at me – after she had like 7 – real fucking orgasms – in a day of fucking...She said, “This is by far the best sex I have ever had in my life! The best orgasms...I’ve never experienced anything like it...”

It was so funny!

And then – my wife – goes... “And it took another woman...to understand...and help me sexually. My own husband couldn’t do what this woman does to me...”

I just looked down – inward – with shame – and agreed with her... “Yeah, you’re right. Sorry,” I said.

—*LOL!*

I couldn’t help it...the horseshit! I went into the bathroom – fell on the floor – laughing!

All the shit we were doing...You got to understand this...I was begging my wife to do sexual shit like this when – I thought we were (together – married) – I mean...when I respected her...prior to her trying to destroy my life...Right?

I don’t think I would’ve ever taken it this far...But, I was always like, “Hey! Pull your breasts out...” or I’d say, “Let me suck on your nipples in the backseat of the car...You’ll love feeling like a slut, having sex in the backseat – with people walking around us...” Shit like that!

Oh no! That was the end of the world!

But – someone else enters our life – and she obeys – and forces herself to get all nasty...and I must obey also.

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Women fight endlessly for power – but secretly love being controlled and dominated...Right? And – this air of respectability – that exists and impels us to do such utter BS...is some weird controlling device...they use.

So, after – she manipulated me – so I would let her eat my cum...and doing all kinds of nasty sexual shit...I finally relented, and agreed she could have another man's baby – and I would stay married to her – and even raise the child! And I even signed the contract!

—*LOL!*

So, then, when she received an email from – The Man – The Future father of her baby – she just said it...She goes, "I'm already in love with you and your huge dick!"

And so, I explained to – My Wife – that – I (this man) – would expect to have sex with her...my wife...while she's pregnant – in our marital bed...while I – Her Husband – sleeps in a different room of the house...

And – My Wife – goes... "I'll make it happen...My husband is becoming submissive to me...sexually..." and she wrote in another email – "I am manipulating my husband – I'm giving him what he wants sexually, so now, he will do what I want him to do..."

—*LOL!* This shit was so funny...

So, in the contract...This Woman – explained to my wife...Because the man was so rich – and has had many other lawsuits against him/paternity suits...So, she – My Wife – must become a total slut – as a kind of safeguard/or insurance measure – before she will be allowed to get pregnant by him...

***And it was in the contract – and I went ahead and deposited 10% of the \$30,000 – into our account...and the – Buy-out – of the contract was some absurd amount...

So, my wife signed it – and I signed it...Then she emails – The Woman...And goes... "Oh...Do I have to become a slut?"

And – The Woman – goes... "Yes. Unless you want to give all the money back and buy-out the contract..."

So, my wife goes, "Okay, I'll become a slut."

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Slutification continued!

The insanity/sexual perversion went on...

I (the woman) bought her tight-fitting outfits – tiny miniskirts – body suits – G-string panties... And said that – The Future Father of Her Baby – requested her to do this and that...

And then, I told her that at a – Sex Shop – in downtown Austin – there were some women that wanted to see her... That they were part of the group – OlderWilderThings – and she was supposed to go and buy the largest black dildo in the shop – with the best type of lubricant...

And – I – The Woman – said that her husband was supposed to drive her there – and wait in the truck – while she purchased the items...

And, I wasn't supposed to know what she was doing... So, she – my wife – was to have me park around the corner – then she would go into the shop – meet the women... and buy the items... Then, go to the liquor store beside it – and buy a bottle of liquor – then ask for an extra bag – to put the dildo inside... So, I wouldn't know about it!

—LOL!

And we did it! And she did just as she was told... But, she emailed – The Woman – and said, she couldn't buy the largest dildo... It was just too big! She wrote, "It would never fit in me."

So, I – The Woman – fought with her... And told her to go back! And I wrote – "Because both of your births were C-section... you never opened-up your pussy – thoroughly..." and I went on... how my wife needs to completely open her pussy – and make it real big, so she can get the full experience of sex...

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I went on and on about how nasty/and animal sex is...and how women and their psychology changes when their pussy is made really big – after giving birth.

And you know what she did...Yup! We went back and she bought this huge fucking dildo!

And she emailed – The Woman – back and said, that there was too much pain...when she tried to put it in...

So, I wrote her back – and said, “That’s part of it...You’re going to be a bitch! How do you think it feels in childbirth! Shove that dildo up your pussy bitch! Your Mommy demands it!”

And so, when I got home from work – that day – she was in the bathroom – shoving that dildo up her pussy...and she came-out crying...and begged me to fuck her...

And I did...And she had this violent/attack of an orgasm...where she was screaming and crying...and her whole body was convulsing!

Then, she asked me to leave the room...And she lied in bed crying...and she sent an email to – Her Mommy – and she thank her...for teaching her how to have the best orgasm of her life!

—*LOL!*

I couldn’t help but laugh to myself...about the insane stupidity of it all...

But, I got to tell you something – she changed! It was like overnight!

Well, it was – and it wasn’t – you know – it took like 8 months to get to where we were...from the first email – and stuff...

But, she was enjoying being a slut now...And she wanted to be called a “Bitch,” while having sex...Of course, not in every-day life...But, she would come home from shopping and talk about men that were looking at her...and how she was flirting with someone...And she would talk about who she wanted to have sex with...

She was thinking about sex all the time...

Okay – so now, I requested she go to a strip club – where I – Her Mommy – would have a woman for her to make-out/kiss and suck her breasts and stuff like that...

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And that's what we did...And my wife went full-freak mode!

Of course, there wasn't a woman – that worked for – OlderWilderThings – but the first woman I saw that my wife was attracted to – I went up to her and gave her a \$100, and told her to seduce my wife – and make-out with her...etc...

And this chic loved the fact that she would be doing this to my wife...Of course, right? Women love that shit...

And my wife – loved being with another woman...

***And that was something that I knew from day 1 – when I first met her...I could see it – sense it – my wife was like a Tomboy at heart...

***But – and that's 1 more thing – she absolutely refused to do it with me...her husband. Right?

I brought that up a million times – I said, “Why don't we bring home another woman to have sex with...” But she would go crazy...and refuse to do it!

But, she didn't mind doing it – when – Her Mommy and The Future Father of her baby – requested it...

—LOL!

So, then – she went – by herself – to a dance club – at The Domain – which is like an area in Austin for nightlife – to hang-out – like a mini-Brooklyn – or the closest thing there is to it here in Texas...Right?

And she was supposed to go there – hang-out – and a man was going to approach her – and I said, she (my wife) would know – *him* – when he approached her...

So, after she went there – she was supposed to write a report – back to her – Mommy – about what happened...And I promised her that she would enjoy the experience...

So, she wrote back that this large black man – asked her to dance...and he grabbed her ass – and French kissed her on the dancefloor – in front of everyone...And she loved it!

Then, she goes...she asked – Her Mommy – “Was that the guy I was supposed to meet?”

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And I wrote back – “Yup that’s the guy...I’m happy you found him.”

—*LOL!*

But, now she was wondering when she was going to get pregnant...and have her baby – with that other man...

So, I – Her Mommy – wrote back... “Okay, now it’s time for you to get your tattoos...”

It was written in the contract too...

And so, I – Her Mommy – told her that she was supposed to get a red lipstick kiss – booty tattoo...

And she went – by herself – and got it...

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Why they are called, “Bitches,” “Cunts,” and “Hoes!”

So, it had been about a year and a half – since we started – and we were still fucking like animals...

But nothing serious had happened...And what I mean by that is – the shit we did – *was mostly between us...*

Fuck! We were married...and other than a couple of stupid trips to a dance club – and her buying a huge dildo...and she could get the tattoo removed anytime...Right?

So, I was considering – just telling her everything – and letting her decide what she wanted to do...Continue being married, or divorce – or call the cops and throw me in jail...*LOL!*

Frankly, I didn't give a shit...I mean – if you're going to do shit like this – you got to know...you'll reap what you sow – and possibly go to jail...Ya know what I'm saying?

But something happened...and it changed my mind.

~ ~

So, now – I got to get into/explain some fucked-up psychological shit – I suppose – that happens to women...I'm not too sure...Maybe it happens when they begin to despise – or hate – or lose all respect for their husbands.

And this would explain a lot of shit that is going on today in America...

Because – white guys – are giving women all kinds of leeway – and allowing them to even kill their own children...as long as they maintain – the White Dominance – in society...Right?

So – mostly – White Women – are – impowered, right?

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So, they don't respect American men...They control these men...And American men are getting weaker and weaker – and cowering to them...So – maybe – that's why – what I will now explain – what my wife did to our youngest son – is going on throughout America...

*****And this shit needs to stop!**

You see – what I did – this book – is actually a public service!

—*LOL!*

~ ~

Okay – so what did my wife begin doing to our youngest son?

I swear to God – my wife – began sexualizing him – trying to weaken him – in all aspects of his life – and I believe her goal was to make him a homosexual...

Now, I ain't saying that's a terrible thing – but I fear – and I believe – a great deal of this sexually twisted stuff – and turning people (children – kids) into gays – or what have you – is most often done psychologically...most often to kids at a young age...

She refused to take him to Jiu Jitsu – sabotaged his schooling – didn't teach him anything – wouldn't read with him – or have him read to her...She didn't do what she did with our eldest son...She didn't even realize he needed glasses...I figured that out...And she kept telling me he wouldn't be able to do this – or that...He wouldn't be able to learn how to ride a bike...But over 2 weeks, I taught him how to ride...and he felt so proud of himself.

And she did – negative – and positive – reinforcing with him – to instill all kinds of fears...

It was maniacal...

Now – fears are very important – for gangs...to weaken the person/their mark – mentally – so they won't defend themselves...and will cower – and allow others to control/dominate them...

That is the entire point of creating fear...*Forced submission.*

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Let's be frank here – because most homosexuals – are created – by the act – the willingness – to submit. It's a form of domination...

And that's what she was doing – and that's what women do to their children/mostly boys – of fathers they don't like.

And I went to a restaurant with her and my youngest son – and he began to cry – just staring at her...cowering to her...And she declared – that our youngest son – was weaker than other children, and didn't like to fight – or do Jiu Jitsu...And didn't like to practice boxing with me...

I just stared at her...in awe of her maniacal – mindfuck – that she was doing to her own son. Because – not just a few months before – he requested to go to a Jiu Jitsu tournament...and I took him...and he loved it!

He loved being/and doing men's things...And he expressed a strong dislike of her...

~ ~

So, I said to myself...I have to understand the depth of depravity...to what length/what end – how deep – will she go – to destroy me – the father of her children – so I will begin to gauge/understand – why and what she will do to our son...

~ ~

So – Her Mommy – sent her an email – and it went like this:

“We saw in your psychological evaluation – that you wanted your husband to submit to you – and you don't want to have sex with him anymore...So, you can have sex with other men...and you'd like to control him. Is this true?”

Okay – you see where this is going?

And my wife said, “Yes. It's true.”

Okay – so listen to this – this is what I (the woman) sent my wife...But, I had to do it in a sexual way – to stimulate her senses/and whatnot...

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I – Her Mommy – wrote...

“This is what I’m going to do. I am going to invite your husband to my house, to have sex with me. And I want you to tell him, that he needs to go and see me...And I want you to act like you don’t know that he will have sex...But, your husband will tell you – he doesn’t want to do it – because he’s so dumb – and he wants to be loyal to you...But, this is what I’m going to do...when he gets to my house...I’m going to tell him to get naked – and we will go into my shower – and I will tell him to suck my pussy...And if he does everything I tell him – rather than just fuck me like a man would – if he doesn’t just grab me a fuck me like a fuck doll – then he will regret it! So, I will tell him to get on his knees and suck on my pussy – and I am a squirter – and so I will let him suck me – until I cum – then I’m going to squirt in his face...And I’m going to tell him to drink my squirt – like a fool! And if he actually drinks my juice – then I will refuse to have sex with him – and I’ll tell him to go to my bed – lay down – and I will jack him off – then I will give him a sleeping pill – and while he sleeps I am going to give him a hypodermic shot in his ass...of a special hormone...So, he will go limp/impotent – for two years – and he won’t want to have sex with you...at all...and you will be free to do – and have sex with anyone you want!”

And I went on, “But, this is the deal – and I’ve already talked with – The Future Father – of your baby – and he wants you to do this...So, here’s the deal...After I take control of your husband – I will make him a homosexual – very slowly – over the course of 1 year – first I will give him a pill that will give him an erection – and note: The shot I will give him – there will be no remedy – except the pills I have...So, I will take control of his sexuality – and I will only allow him to have an orgasm/a hard-on – when he does what I want him to do...And I will begin to play with his asshole – and after a few months I will use my strap-on and begin to peg him...But this is the deal – you will have to become a fuck-doll for me. Do you agree to the terms? If so, I will send you a contract.”

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And I wrote on... “Okay, to summarize everything: If you want me to turn your husband into a homosexual – that you and I have total control over, then you will have to fully-submit to me...So, do you want to do that?”

And this is what my wife wrote...

“I love you so much Mommy! You know exactly what I want. I don’t have to explain anything to you! Yes, I want this very much!”

—*LOL!*

Men – that right there – what you just read – is the true nature of your wife...That is...If you become weak! This is what women do to men...

And you motherfuckers are getting weaker and weaker – weakening this country – and – in-turn – women want to destroy not only you...but their own fucking heritage/their own country! ...and their own children!

Yeah! This is their nature...*It’s fucking maniacal shit!*

So, men – yes – we went down into the depths of hell...Well, I didn’t – I just acted like I did...

~ ~

So, my wife talked to me – and I agreed to go see – Our Mommy...

And this is what I did...

For a Saturday afternoon – I went and had a steak at my favorite steakhouse – in the Austin area – and then went to the bar – and drank a few beers – then, went to the movie theater...and watched a stupid movie... ‘Cause that’s all Hollywood makes now-a-days...Then, I went into the bathroom of the theater – I lowered my pants and underwear – and pulled-out a bobby pin – and shoved into my ass-cheek – to make it look like a got a hypodermic shot!

—*LOL!*

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Then – I – my wife’s Mommy – emailed her and said, “Your husband drank my spoozy – he didn’t fuck me – so, he got his shot in the ass...If you don’t believe me – when he comes home – let him go to sleep – because he will be groggy – then go into his bedroom...lift up the blanket and look at his ass-cheek...”

And I went home – and I was tired as hell – because when I drink/and I drank a lot at the bar...I get tired...So, I went to bed.

But, I did my best to stay awake – and acted like I was snoring...And what did my wife do?

Swear to God – she came into my bedroom and lifted-up my blanket to see the bleeding hypodermic hole in my ass...And she began to giggle...and she left the room.

—*LOL! Gotcha bitch!* I said to myself...and I too, began to laugh.

But, I got to say something – that needle into my ass – that shit was painful! My ass was sore for a few days – so I asked the doctor why? And he said, “When you get a shot to extract blood – in the arm – the needle goes into a vein – where there are no nerve endings...but when there’s a shot into the buttocks – it’s directly into your muscle...”

Anyway – shit got – REAL – after that...*Let me tell ya!*

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Get ready to read some shit guys...

Okay, so this is how I did it...I completely stopped having sex with my wife – and just fed her depravity – telling her (through – Her Mommy) – that I was sinking down into cuckold/homosexual – sissy/pegging – buttfucking – eating other guys cum – *land...*

—LOL!

Like, once a week – I'd disappear for a few hours – and – my wife's – Mommy – told her that I was with her...and she was controlling me – and getting me to do fucked-up sexual shit...LOL!

But, of course, I didn't make any videos of me – and when my wife wanted to see me – doing something sexual...I – Her Mommy – just said that I wasn't mentally ready to deal with other people seeing me do that kind of thing...And the psychologists recommended – waiting until – Mommy – had total control of me...

And I said, "It's just a matter of time before your husband begins to eat your pussy-out – after another guy cums inside you..."

And – when my wife wasn't too sure about anything – her – Mommy – would ask her – "Is your husband even trying to have sex with you?"

And the answer was, "No..." So, it had to be true...And besides, she was making money...

So, now it was time – since – Her Mommy – was doing her part – now it was time for my wife to go – *complete slut!*

And she did...

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First thing – she had to get a pussy tattoo...A Queen of Spades pussy tattoo...And she did! She went to a tattoo parlor and tattooed her pussy!

And she was hot that night...And she wasn't having sex with anyone...So, when she came to me and asked me to fuck her...I literally turned her down! I said, "I don't feel like it..."

—LOL!

She couldn't believe it...

***Hey, listen guys – if you're going to do something like this, you got to go all in! Or it ain't gonna work!

So, she emailed – Her Mommy – and I responded, and I told her it was time to make her pussy real big...

So, I said, she needs to make a video of her riding that huge dildo – and she had to make the video without me – and she had to have at least 4 good strong orgasms – and I told her she had to make a close-up of her pussy – because she needed to squeeze her pussy around the dildo – and ride it slow...and use a lot of lube...and put a butt plug in her booty...And she'd get \$800...for the video.

And she did it...And let me tell you – she was freaking-out when she had those orgasms.

After the last one – she was even crying – her whole body was shaking and trembling...

I heard her from my room – when she screamed-out...

So, what did I do? I acted all dumb...I went to her room – and knocked on the door...

"Are you okay honey? Sounds like you're having a bad dream..." I said...and I made sure not to open the door.

I was just mumbling shit – walking around – talking...

—LOL!

And in the video – she pulled the dildo out of her pussy and licked it and sucked it...Then sat-down on it again...each time she had an orgasm...It was unreal...She love it!

Then I requested her to do another one...This time with 5 orgasms...

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At one point – she was working so hard to get a good orgasm – she was forcing it – and riding and shaking – and she got so frustrated – she got-up off the dildo...she picked-up the dildo and threw it on the ground, out of frustration...*screaming at it!*

***The reason was – she wasn't used to having so many orgasms – in a row – one right after the other...and she was in a hurry...

But, then she got serious – and pick-up the dildo – then jammed it up her pussy and just began fucking herself like a machine! Until she blew-up – with her arms thrown in the air – her whole body jiggling...and she finally collapsed on the floor – and she just lied there – completely spent...breathing heavy – her body/chest – breasts heaving up and down...sweaty...tired...And she crawled to the camera...and stared into the lens and she said, "I hope you're happy Mommy...I love you."

And she turned off the camera...

~ ~

But, I could tell, she wanted to fuck someone...or have interaction...Right? I mean...Dildos weren't enough...

But, I was only going to set-something up if she was willing to do it...It would be her choice...

So, I went on to a porn site – and found some guys with their own channels – their own content...And I began messaging them – and I emailed this one dude...and asked him to send some pictures to my wife...

He did.

Then – Mommy – emailed my wife – and asked if she would be interested in meeting the guy...

She said, "Yes."

So, I – her Mommy – wrote back and said, "You have to make a video, sucking his dick and eating his cum..."

And she was like – okay – I'll do it.

And it was this big black dude...And she rented the hotel room – and she turned on the camera – and there they were – and

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she got down on her knees and started sucking his dick – and then, they got in bed...And she sat on him/straddling him, right.

And – in the video – I could see that they began to talk – and the black dude tried to put his dick in her...But she stopped him and said something...

***You have to understand – she was only supposed to suck his dick...

But, then the dude, flipped her over – and he said some shit to her – something like – “Don’t tease me bitch!” It was really faint and I couldn’t hear much...because they were at a distance...

So, then he got inside her and fucked the shit out of her!

And – she did so well – when I got the video – I just had to pay her some money – but she thought she was doing it for free...

But, she really did take a good fucking – and she was a good sport...So, I deposited \$1,000 into our account...

~ ~

But, I really wanted to have sex...and she had this one friend...right?

So – Her Mommy – sent her an email – saying that I was a very good sport (also) and I was making a great deal of progress – but the psychologist – thought I should have sex with a good-looking woman, that’s a friend of hers...And that – would help me progress into a cuckold – and it would also prevent me from ever wanting to have sex with her – my wife...Right?

So, I – being – her Mommy – told her to have her friend seduce me – and have sex with me – and – Mommy – was going to give me a pill that would allow me to have a hard-on...on this specific weekend – it was like – 4th of July weekend...

And so, my wife – went somewhere else – and had her friend spend the night at our house...and she convinced both me and her friend, that she wanted us to have sex with each other...

Of course, I was the hardest to convince...

***Because I wasn’t sure if I wanted to do it!

LOL!

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Swear to God this happened!

And she – this other woman – slept on the sofa – and I was in my room – and the kids were in theirs – and I just got up – went to the living room – grabbed the woman’s tits – pulled them out of her pajamas – and began sucking on her nipples... Then she just got up and went into my bedroom... And we fucked! That was that.

She was all nasty and hot!

It was a good fuck session... I must say... and after that, she kept coming around the house...

You know, she wanted to get it on again!

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When you know – you’ve gone against the conventions of your society – you know – you gotta pay the piper...And you must submit to whatever the fates have in store for you.

Time had gone by – it had been about 2-years since she told me about her early affair/before we were married...and why she prevented me from being with the woman I loved...

And, I’d seen enough...And she was sleeping with everyone...I mean – Her Mommy – me – stopped communicating...and she was having the time of her life dating all kinds of different men...

And, one afternoon she came home from one of her dates – and she said, “I know what you’ve been doing with Mommy...It’s time for you to eat the cum out of my pussy...”

And that was it...I just told her everything.

I said, “Bitch! You are so fucked-up! All of that was me! Your fucking husband. I did everything! I am ‘Mommy...’ Me. I. Your husband gave you the greatest orgasms of your life...For two years, I tricked you into having great/nasty sex with me...Your fucking husband! And I had to trick you...You know why? Because you are so fucked up...and you refused to get nasty with me – your husband – and be truthful about your sexuality – so I had to trick you! All you women are full of shit, and love cuckolding your husbands, but you refuse to tell you partner the truth about your sexuality! And I got everything on video! And I have contracts! And no, that dude ain’t gonna get you pregnant! And no, we ain’t gonna get \$30,000! And I shoved a bobby pin into my ass to make it look like I got a shot! And I paid you with my own fucking money!”

And I screamed and yelled at the bitch!

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“Call the fucking cops bitch!” I said. “Throw me in jail! I don’t even fucking care! This world is so fucking fucked-up, I’d rather be in jail than with your ass!”

This chick – my wife – she just stared at me...She didn’t know what the fuck to say.

Her mind – just went blank – her eyes glossed-over...

She didn’t attack me...She didn’t know what the fuck to do...

She didn’t say a fucking thing!

And then, I walked the fuck out of the room – out of the house, and I went to a bar – to get drunk...And I just waited for the cops to come and arrest me...but they never came...And I waited and waited...then went home and went to bed.

And the following Monday – I went down to the courthouse and filed for divorce.

The reason I stated for the divorce: “Irreconcilable differences.” LOL!

***Understatement of my life.

~ ~

So, listen to this – the next time I talked with her – I think it was the day after I told her the truth – like Saturday...and she goes... “It’s okay. I forgive you for what you did...If you want to stay married...”

You see – you got to understand: I think women feel safe if they are married...I don’t know.

**But, of course, she wanted an open-marriage.

But, to be honest with you – I aint’ too sure why she forgave me.

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What Happened When I
Became a Transvestite...

& Let My Hair Down!

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It was the fall, and a new abortion clinic was opening up in the Austin area, but it wasn't really in Austin – it was in a minority neighborhood...and they – the feminists were gonna have a rally.

And, I thought and thought...

Like, you don't really know – nobody even knows how evil these white women have become in our society – simply because nobody can criticize them.

So, I went on to the website, just to see who would be there...and I decided I had to pull a fast one...

I had to go all in, and get myself on that platform – in front of all those women – and just have some fun! Make a big joke...

Well, it would be a joke for me – but these women can't laugh.

You see, most women don't know how to laugh or have fun – they're all control freaks – and all they think about is how to obtain more power.

That's why there's no good female comedians. They are too worried about control.

And comedy is about telling the truth...or saying...or doing something stupid, that's just so ridiculous – nobody can keep a straight face.

Both of these concepts/aspects/truths – what have you – don't fall in line with women; their thought process; what they want. They simply don't know how to rise above their nature, and laugh.

~ ~

So, this is what I did. I went to Goodwill and bought a bunch of used women’s clothes: a dress, a purse, a bra...I had to do everything right – *if I didn’t, my ruse wouldn’t work*. Then, I went to Walmart and bought pantihose, lipstick and mascara – powder – a wig...

Yeah! I was going total crossdressing/transvestite baby!

And now – I really did this – I began doing push-ups, sit-ups – working-out – and stuff. You know, bulking up.

I shaved my legs, put the wig on – did the make-up. But it was harder than I thought – I really looked fucked-up. So, I wiped my face – took a bunch of it off, then lightly applied it. And, to be honest, I still looked fucked-up – but it was better.

Then, I got in my truck and drove to the rally, and I timed it, to show-up, right after the rally started.

Then, I made my way to the platform, and the closer I got – some security took hold of my arm, and I made a scene – you know, throwing a typical childish fit...a tantrum. You know, what these women do.

“Oh! My! God! What are you doing! I’m a woman!”

And, people were looking at me all strange – wondering...They knew I was a dude, but that’s why I had to do everything right...and go all in.

“I’m a woman! I’m a woman! How dare you grab me!” I said.

The security just shrugged – looking at each other – and finally a real woman, walked-up beside me...and she goes, “You can let her go!”

And I go, “Thank you! I knew you would defend me. White women are always there to help us out!” and my voice is all high-pitched – soft – and I’m all about to cry.

“Oh, are you okay ma’am...” she said.

“Yes. I have something to say!” I said. And I just began walking to the podium – and now that I was past security – there was literally nothing anyone could do.

There was a line of women, waiting to speak, but I knew I couldn’t wait – if I did – they would figure me out...

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I just stumbled up the stairs – and this woman was screaming on the microphone, “Yes! I killed my baby! You got a problem with it?”

And I just raised my hands in the air, “Preach it sister! Preach it! Oh, get out of the way! This woman ain’t gonna wait!”

And a high heel fell off my foot. I’m telling you – it wasn’t easy wearing all these women things...

But, I made it to the podium – and many of the women – they just knew – everything was wrong. A few grabbed at me – and I just lightly pushed them aside.

I was yelling and screaming, “Abortion is saving the world! It’s saving babies!” People were just confused – unsure what to do...

And then, I made it to the podium – and there was this small woman – she was the one that was talking...

I put my arm around her, and yelled into the microphone, “I wanna hear you ladies! Abortion!” And some of the crowd responded, “Abortion!”

And I raised my fist in the air, “Abortion!”

Then more women yelled! “Abortion!”

“Come on! I can’t hear you! Abortion!” I yelled.

And all of us women began to chant! “Abortion! Abortion!”

“Are we going to let them shut us down?”

“No!” they yelled.

And just then – there was this calming of the women around me – after hearing what I had to say – the fact I was charging-up the crowd! All the women were uniting – the energy was getting strong! They knew, letting me speak at the podium, was the right thing to do...

I yelled, “Abortion!”

And everyone yelled, “Abortion!”

All the women were embracing each other – the positive energy – was too much... They knew everything was right!

And I jammed my fist in the air! “Abortion!”

And all the women were hugging and punching the sky with me! “Abortion!”

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The security looked around – wondering – shrugging...

The woman beside me stepped backward. They couldn't believe what I was doing. The powerful message I was giving the women – the empowerment!

Then I yelled, "Abortion! Abortion! That's right bitches, we need to kill all the niggers and spicks, all the unwanted mongrels and mulattas! Fuck all these black babies! That's why we put this abortion clinic in this neighborhood, right bitches? It's always white cunts, bitches and hoes that promote abortion – so we can put the clinics in the minority neighborhoods! Maybe I am a transvestite – but I ain't no nigger!" Then I yelled, "Heil Hitler bitches! Sieg Heil!" And I gave them the Heil Hitler salute – over and over.

Now, the shit hit the fan! And all these women were grabbing at me, pulling me from the microphone! But, I was too strong! I was like 240 pounds – and I just shoved them away!

"You dumb bitches, been watching too many Hollywood movies – where some 90-pound white hoe beats up a man! You can't do anything!" I yelled into the microphone. And they pulled-out their mace, and were throwing things...

A chair hit me on the head, and I was bleeding...I couldn't even see out of my eyes, they were so swollen from the made.

"All women's sports are welfare programs! You can't even give the tickets away! And if someone tells you the truth, you scream and cry!"

The security – the guys – they were too busy laughing at me...

Then, I started side-kicking the bitches – but I couldn't see nothing, so I was just swinging in the air.

"What's wrong! Don't want anyone to tell the truth at your fucking rally, bitches?"

These women went insane...

And I took out the socks from my bra and threw them at the bitches, and pulled my bra off and swung it around, and hit the bitches with it – using it like a whip!

None of the bitches even got close to the microphone!

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“Eugenics! That’s all it is! All you bitches and dipshits are racist Masons and Eastern Stars, that abuse infants! Witchcraft! And the one’s you can’t abuse, you kill! You’re all a fucking disgrace! Fuck all you hoes!”

They finally got me down, on the ground. Women were literally jumping on top of me...and then the security got there...

But I got up – for just a brief second, and yelled into the microphone, “If you can’t stand free speech, go back to the kitchen bitches!”

Then, the microphone was cut off.

Well, you all know what happened – I took a beating...and went to jail again.

The police – I think they were on my side, and I doubt – if I was anywhere else other than Texas – the result would be the same...They just charged me with – Disturbing the Peace.

The women claimed I was beating them – but the police saw everything. They said, I wasn’t the first to throw a punch, which was true. I wasn’t...

~ ~

The truth is so terrible – nobody speaks of it...The reason there are school shooters...

Literally, judges, lawyer, police officers, teachers in schools, doctors...all these white women...You name it...They refuse to tell the truth about hypnosis – the abuse of infants...and it all starts just after the babies are born. Witchcraft.

You see, that’s the real reason nobody criticizes white women in our society – and they get away with murder...They cast spells on their male children. Spanking infants, jabbing them, when they’re – newborns – while speaking...They train the babies like you would a dog. I’ve actually seen this done.

There’s an entire science behind the abuse...

And that – is the real power behind the white women’s movement – killing and abusing infants, then using children to manipulate spouses...

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You know what’s the worst part of it – all the fake kindness...The demands for protection – “Being nice” – as if everyone’s so weak, they can’t deal with free speech...

These women act like they have to protect everyone...but they’re the ones committing the abuse.

If there were only 3 people left on earth – and I was 1 – and a white bitch was another – and the other was a dude...and someone put a gun to my head and said, “You have to have sex with someone...” I’d be sucking dick!

—LOL!

I wouldn’t be married to a woman that believes in killing infants – and witchcraft...

My first marriage was torture! I won’t go through it again. What’s the point?

In the end – get this – that abortion clinic was firebombed the next day, *and never opened*.

*Note: You know, throughout history, women have been recognized as the weaker of the sexes, right? But, now they’ve obtained political power. They control the courts and schools, and now, they demand free speech be taken away, because they can’t deal with it – they can’t deal with criticism.

Yes. They are that weak.

Evidently, history was right the whole time. They are the weaker sex.

And, if that’s the case, then why didn’t they just stay in the kitchen? Women always had power – and I would even argue, more power than men. They just wielded their power through their spouses...What’s wrong with that? We can’t lose our most precious right, because they entered society.

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Now. One day – make no mistake – this book will be banned here in America. It's gonna happen...

But know this – when it does happen – at that moment in time – at that junction in America's history, that will be the precursor, for everything I wrote about in this book – to begin again...

Yes. Women will take away free speech, and they'll abuse infants again...

Women tell everyone – making a child strong – is abuse...

The child must be weak – as weak as they are...to empower them, to control the children through their weaknesses...so women can control the country.

And that's what women do – and why few women have ever rose to the highest station, in countries throughout the world...

They make men and their countries weak. That is their nature.

Only men, love – make other men stronger.

***And, in my opinion – teenage girls also love...

***Okay, and women love also...but here's the trick/the rule – if you will: They have to believe the person they love, is above them. If they don't – they will not love that man.

*Another note: While I was on that podium – looking around – it was mostly white women I saw...but a few dark women...but you know what they were? They were women from India. They had that dot on their forehead, wearing those clothes that Indians wear...

You see, the Masons and Eastern Stars give these immigrants power over African Americans and Latinos.

They are a fake minority.

Native Americans, Latinos, African Americans – throughout this country's history have suffered – slavery, decimation of their people, through war, strife, racism, prejudice...Lands taken away...

And here's the Masons – declaring immigrants from India are the same as everyone else, because they have dark skin – because the Indians serve the Masons...

It's a joke!

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They're made into doctors, allowed to own hotels, and gas stations – just to control society.

This is what we're told:

They are – and I quote, “The only minority owner of an NFL franchise!”

It's a joke, but it ain't a joke! It's a disgrace!

It's not an insult – it's the Masons and Eastern Stars – the power of America...shitting in the face of Americans! Then, they demand we eat it, and enjoy *it!*

All you can do is shake your head...

Tell the truth, hope to pull some heads out of their – *you know what...*

Can we change things? Do we just shrug and move on?

I don't know.

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IN LOVING MEMORY OF

TYRELL JACKSON

★ 1976 – NORTH HIGHLANDS

† 2005 – SAN QUENTIN

JUNIOR DE LEON

★ 1978 – MODESTO

† 1989 – NORTH HIGHLANDS

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No. Wait. This one is gonna get ya...Don't think I forgot to tell you about Tyrrell...

So, years and years and years ago...A few weeks after Junior passed away – life was very difficult and confusing – I was lost in the shuffle of things...

When there's a face you always see – and expect to see – someone's eyes staring back...But they aren't there anymore...

You just keep going through the motions of life – moving like a zombie...

So, I was in PE class – I was 13 – all of us kids were running circles in the gymnasium – my long/awkward legs stumbling/bumbling/fumbling – the group of kids together – in our peloton – moving like a herd of swift elk – my knees smacked together – and I feel/sprawled-out on the floor/bruising palms and fingers and hands as I crashed onto the hardwood...

Childish giggles began – and I lowered my head in shame...*cringe!*

I've never forgotten it – I don't know why – such a small gesture...

You see – something/someone grabbed me around the chest, and pulled me up – within a gasp of air – I was back on my feet – shoved forward – and began running again/and all the giggles stopped – it was like nothing happened...

Who did that?

Running alongside me was my old friend from elementary school – Tyrrell Jackson.

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In childhood – he was the only friend I had/that didn't disrespect me/or turn his back on me...I have no idea why. He stood up for me – and was ready to fight to defend me/when I was slighted or disrespected...

Not even my brother did that/hell the majority of the time – it was my brother that tried to weaken me/insult me...

So, we were together for 1 year in elementary school – that was when we were real friends, and I'd play video games at his apartment – and his mother would come home after work/and she would see me/afraid of me/and send me on my way, back home...

But I was having fun and enjoyed Tyrell's company – so after that year – he was gone – but he was a reoccurring face/I'd see at a supermarket or walking the streets...

His mom moved around a lot – going from school to school/but always in the same area of town – North Highlands, Sacramento...

But, then – in Junior High – for just a few brief months – not much time mind you – we were reunited...

The relationship was different of course – not for me – but he'd matured beyond his years.

He looked at me once – nodded – then turned away...

We never had much to speak of...but when we were around each other – he would always be beside me – we had two classes together – PE and Math – and in Math he just sat right behind me – even though he never spoke...

I thought it was weird – in my childish way – not truly understanding the world I lived in – the odd/strange place it was – full of division/lies/hatred...but I didn't know that, at the time.

~ ~

After that incident in the gym, I saw Tyrell walking home – paralleling me, on the other side of the street...

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You must understand something – he was a year older than me – so he was 14 – because he stayed back in school we were in the same grade – but he was streetwise/beyond reason...He understood things that took me a lifetime see...

***As a matter of fact – Tyrell’s whole life was lived in a few years – like a shooting star – unfortunately, the way many of the brothers are forced to live.

So, I crossed the street – to talk with him...

He was looking down – then stared at me and smiled – and we talked – walking all the way back to his house...

His girlfriend – Kayla – was there, waiting for him at the front door.

She was this beautiful black girl – long black hair – beautiful dark skin – darting/curious eyes...

I said, “Goodbye,” but he said, “You can come in.”

So – in my innocent/ignorant/simple way – I did...

I took a seat on the sofa, and Tyrell told me to wait while he and Kayla went into his room.

They spent a half an hour in there – then a few of his friends arrived, all decked-out in red bandanas/red shirts/red pants...

They all sat around me – and let me tell you – the vibe wasn’t good – but I knew I should wait/not leave without saying goodbye.

But, all the red around me – the Bloods – I sat there, and was pretty sure they were a part of that gang – but I didn’t know what it meant – the nature of the streets – the rules...

Then, Tyrell walked from the back of the house – he left the door to the bedroom open – Kayla was still there...

He said, “Do you want to see her?”

I thought that was weird...

But I just got up, and walked down the hall – and there she was – completely naked on the bed, rolling – her breasts full/folded to the side – her beautiful skin, soaked with dew – just staring back at me – smiling.

All the Bloods on the sofa weren’t happy – as I stood, staring at Tyrell’s girl...

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Boy was I stupid! But that's fine – and I don't regret anything.

Tyrell was cool with it.

Still, the Bloods all sat on the sofa shaking their heads – then he said, “Want to bust your cherry with my girl?”

That was it – the Bloods were furious/but Tyrell raised his hand – and they quieted.

I shook my head yes, and said, “Yes. Please,” like a nice/polite white boy.

—*LOL!*

He made two hand gestures to me – for everyone to see – and said, “She's your's homeboy.”

I began to enter the room – and he called me back – I turned and he said, “You know what this means?” and he made two more hand gestures – one over his heart – then made a figure-eight with his fingers – with both hands.

All the Bloods gasped!

He told them, “Shut the fuck up!”

Everything/everyone went silent.

Then Tyrell yelled to Kayla, “Girl, let my homeboy in!”

I walked into the bedroom, she looked up to me – she was nervous at first/then smiled – and she laid back and opened her legs, and said, “Okay. Come to me.”

I crawled into bed with her – her hands, fingers and legs grabbed me/wrapped around me/engulfed me...

That is how I lost my virginity.

Kayla and I laid together for hours, making love – kissing – talking – and made love again...

Finally, I knew I had to go – I walked out of the bedroom – and it was completely empty – just Kayla and I were there...

I walked outside the house – and there were the Bloods – Tyrell stood at the front door – with his back to me.

I had no idea what I just did – the fact that I made love to a black woman – that if I was around the wrong people/in the South – I'd be marked for death...just for sleeping with her...

Now, everyone was upset – angry – full of hatred – but Tyrell calmed them, again.

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He didn't look at me as I tried to talk with him and thank him – he just turned away.

I waited for a few seconds/for his response – but he wouldn't turn to me/or even look at me.

As I left, Tyrell said, “That boy is a bird, still in his shell,” I heard him say – I'm telling you – this guy had vision/an understanding of the world far beyond his life...He said, “He will break the shell one day and spread-out his wings, into something bigger and larger. He'll soar in the sky...”

One of the Bloods said, “Man! Ya, fuckin' nuts homeboy!” to Tyrell, but he just stood there...

I didn't understand what happened – any of the gestures – the ideas – the vision – the meaning – *nothing!* I was just an innocent child/prey/walking/wandering around/through the world, among predators – giants...Happy to have finally lost my virginity/made love to a beautiful girl!

Tyrell and I never spoke again – not in the hallways at school – not in class – he wouldn't say hello, or even look at me – he'd just sit behind me in Math class...quiet/silent – watching...

Sometimes I turned around to look at him – to see his reaction to something – but he would turn away...

Then, Tyrell left Junior High – and I never saw him again...

~ ~

The last time I heard, he was on San Quentin's Death Row – but that was two decades ago...

I checked to see if he was still there – the last time I was in California/when I went to jail – but he was gone...

There's no telling the hell he lived – the battles he fought – the pain – endured.

It's one thing to stand up in this world – and it's another to stand-up against the entire fucking world/it's hatred and anger – and everything in it...simply because you're different.

~ ~

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The following year – mom moved us to the suburbs of Sacramento – down South – Laguna Grove.

And the years went by/time drifted into the past/and that afternoon with Kayla became a distant memory – a fond/loving memory.

I never forgot it – her smile – her body – our love...

And I pondered things over time/trying to understand what happened...

What Tyrell did – why he did it...The hand gestures – the color red – the meaning of everything/Kayla – the anger of his friends – the world he brought me into/that meant a great deal to him/and came to mean a great deal to me...

I'll never understand why he did what he did – if he meant to turn my life into a hell – knowing if I left California – I'd enter a world that would try to destroy me...or if he wanted me to understand the hell that minorities faced in this country...

After years – what he did and said/the vision/the idea – the dream – my wings grew and spread-out...Finally, I stood, and began to fly.

I guess – sometimes – it pays to be a later bloomer.

Could he have actually known what happened to my brother Junior? at such a young age...Did he see it?

If he didn't – then why did he do what he did?

~ ~

As I mentioned before – time turned – and the clock spun – the world dwindled/trickled and meandered as it does – years and years went by – the hair on my head, and the whiskers on my chin grew grey.

One particular day – after decades of walking the world alone – throughout America – working in 20 different states – and Latin America – Venezuela – Brazil – Uruguay – Argentina – Chile – Peru – Bolivia – Paraguay – Mexico – then back to the US...

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~ ~

There were many gangs that watched me – I knew what was going on – they wanted to see who I’d claim – I needed protection – and I waited and waited – then on January 15, 2023 – Martin Luther King’s birthday – ***But let me say something here – in the South – they recognized January 16 as Martin Luther King’s birthday – that’s how fucked-up and racist these people are!

***They don’t even recognize MLK’s actual birthday!

Anyway, I went to Walmart with my son, bought the colors – and put them on – red bandana/red shirt/hat – even a sweater over everything – the color through and through – I knew the dangers of what my son and I were doing – it could mean our death...

We drove to the park – my son wore a black bandana – and played soccer with the Mexicans...as I sat down on a fence/a rail...

After a few minutes, the older Mexicans knelt – and turned to me...Then both teams cleared the field.

My boy and I were given the go-ahead to walk the streets...

So, my boy and I went for a walk – first in the park/along the river – then the streets of downtown Bastrop – claiming our colors...

We stood at a corner – in downtown – on Main Street – I took off my sweater – took off my shirt – and hung it on the streetlight – giving the shirt off my back/leaving the credit/the value, on the street/to be claimed... I put my sweater back on...

There, the shirt hung...

Then, we waited...and waited.

My boy and I continued to walk the streets, in our red cloths...

I’d not seen many Bloods in the state of Texas – so, I wasn’t sure if they’d come...

~ ~

Finally – months later – after a long day of work – my boy and I walked the streets in the afternoon — and there he was – my

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old friend – of course, it wasn't Tyrell – but it was one of his boys/all decked-out in red – the shirt/pants/shoes – bandana...

They found me.

Tears came down – I couldn't stop crying...

I approached the corner – with my head down ...

Now, I'll find-out if what I did, was worthy...

I raised my head to his eyes...

He stood on the opposite side of the street – and I stood at attention – all this happened in the middle of Bastrop, Texas mind you – on Main St...

So, I waited – a full minute –

Like I said, I was bawling my eyes out...

I was afraid they were gonna leave me hanging...

Everyone walked out into the fucking streets – to see what was going on...All the cowboys – just stared at us.

The brother nodded – one time – and that's all there was – that's all there would be...I fell to the ground – coughing and lowered my head...

“Are you okay?” said my son.

“We're okay son,” I said.

The brother stood there, the entire time I was on the ground.

I finally stood back up – but I didn't look at him...I kept my head lowered, and me and my boy turned – and walked back to the park...

~ ~

***Many people were angry – the likely few/the usual suspects – they were furious – and they insinuated things/and insulted people – but the brothers and sister are used to this behavior. When a white guy goes through half the difficulty of a brother – he expects a Medal...

***Now, something happened that I didn't expect. Yes! There were some upset cowboys, but one of them padded me on the back, and another gave me a nod and a thumbs up...

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You see, a lot of these white guys, aren't with the neo-Nazis and KKK, and Aryan Brotherhood...and want nothing to do with all the hatred.

***And that – 916 representing – Nor Cali – in – the – motherfucking house – down south – North Highlands/Sacto through Oaklandia – the connection baby/Al David style motherfucker! One Pink Flying Trojan Horse-cock – with ribbed condom (for her pleasure) – up white supremacists motherfucking asses – in and out motherfucker – booty time baby! – with fat jiggling – a pleasure wave! Until that ass makes a lollipop sound when I pull out bitch! Deep in the heart of motherfucking Texas baby! – 34 years in the making !!! ...is how it's done .

I can hear my old friends back in Sacto – North Highlands baby! They go – “Yo Paco!” That was my nickname...“What you doing?”

“I'm lollypopping booty homies! Lollypopping booty, big time! Listen to the lollypopping-luscious sound motherfuckers!”

And they all giving me high fives and shit!

We all start chanting – “Lollypop! Lollypop! Lollypop!”

***And the streets ran with blood.

***Now, make no mistake – I knew I was never part of the Bloods – and never would be. I'm no gangbanger – not legit – have no cred – and don't understand hand signals/body language – the majority of what's going on – never made the Blood's hand sign – so I never *claimed*, right?

Not even sure...

I'm a poser/wannabe – yeah – I get it – *I'm just a joker...*

***I walk blindly through life/the world – do my best not to disrespect anyone...

***Hey, all I ever wanted was to live my life – work – take part in society – buy a home – have a wife and kids...*The American Dream, right?* ...like so many others...

Unfortunately, the world ain't that way...

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Peace .

THE END

****BTW – this book was written in Blood !!*

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APPENDIX

MAXIMS OF A DYING WORLD

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- All is deception. School is not school. Money is not money. Governments do not govern. Heaven is not heaven. Hell is not hell. But regardless, you must play along.
- Those who labor will never understand the evil of those who spend their time in leisure.
- Deception is the act of entering the mind of another.
- Just as the mouse must leave its den to find food, man must leave home, exposing himself to predators. Accept that you may fall prey at any time – prepare yourself to die.
- Do not seek-out to make enemies – for all are your enemy.
- Smile and laugh among those who wish you harm, find peace in knowing others want to destroy you and see you suffer, for wanting and hoping does not change the world.
- When sadness is truth – *it's beautiful!*
- Know the intentions of a king, not through his speech, but through the demeanor of his pawns.
- If there be no other reason to live – do it in spite of others.
- Be holy, place your soul in God's hands – all the while knowing your body belongs to hell.
- Everyone hates you, thinks that you are a burden, a weight that must be relieved, discarded.
- Search for allies among strangers – for those who know you, will certainly try to stop you.
- If you are not useful you will be put to death – and rightfully so.
- If we crucified Jesus, the son of God, for telling the truth, what do you think we will do to you?
- There is no greater fear in the human heart than the fear of an unknown danger – that which is not understood. Let the imagination of your enemies devour themselves.
- Power displays itself through unjust acts that cannot be punished by those who are weaker.
- Truth is pleasing to hear – lies are painful.
- Weakness draws your enemies closer to you.
- Help is a hole in the ground one digs for oneself.

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- Build your enemies confidence, disregard their minor insults, small infractions, give them space to maneuver and demonstrate, allow them to make a fatal error.
- All who are given a place at the table of power are condemned to death.
- Pity is the last stop before you're euthanized.
- Those that hold all the cards – need not play.
- The best deceptions are tunnels dug to resemble mazes with the appearance of choice, therefore leading the deceived further downward – regardless of its appearance the tunnel is laid-out with one possible outcome – self-destruction.
- To suffer is the rule of life, everyone loses everything until they too, are lost.
- The greatest insult is truth.
- There is no surer way to suffer the ills of attack than to appear weak and vulnerable.
- Use conflicts to their maximum utility – to discover the nature of those around you; to find-out who your friends are. For, as tempting as an apple is on a tree, everyone will choose a side.
- Hatred is a tool that blinds your enemy to dangers.
- Warn everyone, not as a deterrent, but so you are rendered blameless when you act.
- If one seeks to harm you by cunning – yell and scream, make their intentions known to all, make sure they know they're being watched.
- Submit to the natural order of the world – to live – to give all – to die and be forgotten – then set out into the world, without fear.
- The ignorant gamble – the victor always knows the outcome.
- As the upper classes of a society are aloof – the lower classes are tragic. Careful not to leave your perch and become part of their tragedy.
- The best lies are those that are true.
- Discover your reality, and settle into it. Know it. Accept it. Do not fight it.

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- The easiest deception is to go against one's nature.
- Institutions of power demand demonstrations of obedience for admittance – a common practice is that one must believe a lie.
- Always test your friendships – those that abandon you over minor conflicts or slight differences in opinion will certainly stab you in the back for a large gain.
- Only accept advice from those who will listen to your criticism.
- The ceremonies of service are small reward for what is sacrificed.
- Do not speak ill of your enemies behind their backs, you do not know who their allies are.
- Never fight the pawn – kill the king.
- Deception is everywhere – in everything.
- The amount of conditioning the mind must go through to understand a language is underrated – and misclassified as learning.
- Let your enemies get close to you, let them take bites from you – let them gain confidence, become fearless, let them demonstrate their immorality and lack of respect, until everyone hates them, then set out to destroy them.
- Don't forget how easy it is to control a pit bull – all you must do is put him on a leash.
- It is foolish to think those in power will associate with those who have nothing to lose.
- Only when you've committed a mortal sin will you understand the true value of life.
- Mind control and manipulation are the basis of all forms of communication.
- Do not whisper insults, yell them for everyone to hear.
- When it is useful, make allies, always aware of your utility to their purpose.
- Know those that have been your friend will always make the worst enemy. Whereas the unknown enemy may become an ally – your friends that became enemies, will never be friends again.

- Pity the spouse of a psychiatrist, for those that know how to condition the mind with words will certainly make their spouse a puppet.
- The folly of man is the definition of manhood itself – to follow its laws, one will certainly dig their grave.
- Foolish are those that believe others do not control them by any means available.
- Fear is hell – and your enemies know this.
- Do not abuse your siblings in youth – they will have a lifetime to get their revenge.
- A man that can be alone conquers the world.
- Criminals seek allies, pawns that can be manipulated and controlled – to commit their crimes – thus it would be wise to seek allies in good faith.
- It is only when people threaten to harm you that you know you've accomplished something great. Become numb to threats – laugh at them! There is no greater insult than to laugh at another's hatred. And their threats become markers of your accomplishments.
- Always deceive – even when telling the truth.
- In modern battle...There's no great accomplishment – than to bring out another man's hatred...So much, that he kills you.
- Fill your enemies with so many lies – never give them anything to base their attacks – keep them off balance until they don't know which way is up or down.
- To suffer is the greatest teacher.
- The laws of nature never change. Your worst enemy will try to convince you to go against them, so you destroy yourself.
- Provoke your enemies to attack you – so your destruction of them is justified.
- All understanding of the world is fluid, always changing. One must partake in it, to understand its nature, if it is to be changed.
- Isolation and fasting are how you conquer the mind and body.
- The weak are singled out and destroyed.

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- Not all that deceive you, wish you harm.
- Naïve are those that believe they can outthink their instincts. Hours of meditation cannot outwit millions of years of evolution.
- If someone is your enemy, it's better that it is known.
- Speak like a fool, act like an idiot, laugh and dance – this is a method too – it infuriates your enemies.
- When you do evil – do not hide it. Make it known for all to see. Let everyone know that you are capable of such things.
- Your friends want to see you suffer more than anyone.
- The world is a serious man's tragedy. A comedy for those who know.
- You will be manipulated to do things – and if you do not comply – you will be tortured by everyone until you die.
- Never leave a doctor – especially a psychiatrist – around the children and grandchild of people he dislikes, he will certainly turn them into vegetables.
- Wary of those who do not know how evil they can be – or deny ever doing wrong – they are the most wicked among us.
- Do not argue with those that are known to be evil. You will prove a truth, and they will torture you with lies for daring to speak it.
- All your sins are known – even those you have not committed.
- Insanity is often, and intentionally, not accurately diagnosed – in most cases it's a state of mind; a result of being tortured.
- Your sins will follow you everywhere – like your shadow – until you are swallowed completely by their darkness.
- Your friends spend their time tricking you, guiding you into hell.
- Humans miscalculate intelligence, and believe it is the ability to concentrate/to think/the ability to outwit nature; itself...It is folly to believe a shortsighted goal will result in long-term rewards. Thus – our downfall – we become the dumbest animal on earth – the only one that knowingly manifests our own extinction.

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- The greatest institutions will not be spoken of. Likewise, the greatest endeavors and greatest men have been buried by lies and forgotten.
- Do not attempt to change the world, only return it back to its natural order.
- Jesus is the only hope – judge, jury and executioner – for those beyond the reach of conventional justice. If there is any doubt of this, study the history of human rights in countries that have outlawed Christianity. There is a reason they did it.
- Ignore all insults – do not react to them – continue on your way without hindrance or delay – indifference to hatred is insult enough.
- Intelligent people quickly figure out the world is evil, and become nihilistic in their nature – fear them and keep your distance. The most intelligent are the most evil. For one to be intelligent and good – is a miracle itself.
- Do not believe in the deceivers that say the world has changed – that there’s a new type of society, with new rules and laws to be understood. That is the oldest trick in the book – they’re leading you from the Garden of Eden, into hell.
- Those who tell you that you are not evil, or capable of evil – that the world is a wonderful and peaceful place, deceive you. That is pure evil.
- All that which is, is in humanity.
- Never underestimated stupidity and folly – even those with great imagination can’t fathom how badly things can go wrong.
- Maintaining an empire is twice as difficult as building it.
- All decency, all bridges, all edifices, everything of value built in Western culture was built on the foundation of Jesus. To extract Him from our history would be to take the spine out of man’s body – he would not have stood.
- Teachers do not tell their pupils when the subject they teach is obsolete.

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- The most evil of us, will make you believe they're victims, so they're given space; allowed to do their evil.
- View all evil you've done in your past as necessary to become numb to the evils of the world – think about your evil often, understand it – do not torture yourself with lies, and attempt to convince yourself that you are not evil – you are evil – accept it and move on.
- Women left to their vices, without analysis or criticism, are capable of far worst atrocities and immorality than man could ever imagine.
- Humanity had to crucify the son of God to learn forgiveness. Be thankful. Don't take this gift for granted.
- The reason you cannot criticize women, is because you were abused by a woman as an infant. A woman jabbed your inner thigh, neck and abdomen while speaking. It's called "Witchcraft." In other words, a woman cast a spell over you. *You must criticize all. Especially those who've never been criticized – women.
- To be trusted speak the truth – if you cannot speak the truth, do not speak.
- If you must demonstrate that an action is wrong – have somebody else do it.
- When you enter hell, you must seek allies. Demonstrate your value, and weigh other's utility. The worst among us, the irredeemable, may serve a purpose.
- Do not be ashamed of your sins – do not fear others discovery of them – your enemies will use this as a toehold to destroy you. Laugh at your worst nightmare!
- Fear not your enemy, but your friends that are easily manipulated.
- The mechanisms of society which appear evil to those at a distance, serve a function.
- Advice is always laced with intention.
- All those with great power must have their achilleas heel exposed, with a sharp blade pressed against it, ready to slice it open.

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- Man is attracted to evil, and reveres those capable of atrocities.
- If you are not willing to take responsibility and suffer the ills of leadership – stand down!
- God – an all-encompassing deity – a power higher than us – something that calls upon man to be greater than mere existence, that impels mass self-sacrifice; to knowingly end one's life prematurely, is needed to preserve freedom and justice for future generations.
- Evil will tempt a person into sin, to own their soul with shame, to torture them for eternity. To undo the evil, one must understand the nature of evil itself, and outwit it.
- As the citizen is dependent on the police officer, the officer is dependent on the criminal.
- Love does not sooth the inner yearnings of man.
- Women manipulate men to do their evil, then watch in silence as he suffers the ills of revenge, claiming innocence and ignorance to all that has happened.
- Intelligence is the ability to change, and strength is the ability to stay the same.
- The truth is always a compliment, even if it's insulting.
- Learn to supersede your reactions, control your emotions; laugh at pain.
- The greatest battle is within.
- Stupidity is a strategy. The fool; the puppet who does the bidding of evil men is just as guilty as the evil he represents.
- A man without a weapon is naked.
- Your master will never give you the key to your chains.
- All arguments are measurements.
- If greatness never calls upon you, consider yourself fortunate.
- When in doubt – do nothing – just watch.
- Do not go where you are not wanted.
- The greatest of all evils will never be destroyed. It is blanket of protection that covers hierarchies, a mot around castles – corridors to hell.

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- Know that those who want to change you, do not want you the way you are.
- Even the lowest dregs of society have a code they must live by.
- All is known by most, but not spoken of. It is your responsibility to keep up.
- Art is truthful – all else is propaganda.
- There is a fine line between good and evil. When a friend lies to you, know they have chosen the latter.
- Watch the mob from afar, enter at your peril. Know they are being led to serve a purpose.
- Just because someone helps you, does not mean they know or want what's best for you. If they are not content with a simple thank you, know that they believe you are in their debt.
- Slowly, one sin at a time, evil will take the world hostage, until all are subjugated and enslaved.
- All that are dead are not gone. Remember Lazarus.
- L stands for loser – but it also stands for Love, Lord, and Lazarus.
- It's easy to drive the naïve insane, to manipulate them, to get them to lash out, attack others.
- If you wish to destroy the immoral, give them what they want.
- When a weakness is discovered, know it will be used to its fullest utility against you. Show a false weakness and lead your enemy astray.
- To blame Jesus for the wrongdoings of men, is to blame the light for men's shadows.
- Be wary of those who will not write down what they say, they fear accountability.
- Friends treat you as equals. Those that want you beneath them will speak down to you.
- Entire nations have fallen to evil, they have allowed their leaders unnatural rule, and now seek to force others beneath them, to perpetuate their growth.

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- Those that know how to seed the subconscious, get away with murder.
- The tragedy that has become your life, the failures, the wasted time, the mistakes – are of no consequence. They will propel you forward, like the corruption of a motor.
- If in rest – time was not wasted.
- Test the evil of others, give them power over you. If they return it, they pass the test.
- Justice must be taught to prevent the crime, for after the deed is done, all else is revenge.
- Police must be allowed to do worse than criminals, if they are to catch them.
- The weight of power crushes those that have it, into submission.
- Those that have been touched by Satan – are condemned to live in the shadows of others.
- Do not expect a person to change, just because they follow a religion – they simply want support/they want to be around likeminded people, that share their flaws.
- Regardless of what you are led to believe, everyone follows a religion. The wise choose one with a savior – all others lead to hell.
- Weakness becomes strength when it falls inward, manifesting strategy.
- The greatest inheritance is spiritual.
- Those that speak the truth are tortured for doing so, and driven insane.
- Use your enemy's flaws against them. If they are proud, shame them publicly for everyone to see. Do to them what they dare not imagine, even in their worst nightmare.
- Often, mere survival is the greatest revenge.
- Teach yourself the greatest lesson in life, how to smile like a dog – to walk without thought, with your penis swinging in the air – how to lick your balls, and shit in front of everyone! Live without worry! Appear stupid, mindless, without a care in the fucking world! The ability to disregard everything – especially the aspect of those around you,

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staring at you, attempting to change your mind through all manner of manipulation – their goal is to make you pity yourself...to obtain a toehold on your conscious thought – any and every type of insinuation – to direct thoughts, will be used...To begin your decent into hell...And make no mistake, if you are fearless – everyone fucking hates you – and will want to kill you! ***Everyone hates the person without likeminded/similar weaknesses.

- Weigh the advice of those who refuse to invest in this world.
- They will insult you, and tell you it is not an insult.
- By instinct, everyone attempts to control their environment – if you are a part of their environment, they will attempt to control you. You are in an endless battle for freedom.
- Free Speech – is the most dangerous weapon – even more dangerous than guns or bombs. It only takes one lunatic – to stand-up and state the obvious – to change the mind of an entire nation...or even the world!
- Direct – obvious – insults – calling someone a name...is far less damaging – than allowing someone to control you through lies and manipulation...If someone wants to trick you or manipulate you...insult them in-front of everyone. Call them names until they get up and leave...***The reason women want to outlaw the use of the words, “Cunt,” “Bitch,” “Hoe” etc...is because most women have become just that...what these words represent.
- Turn from the politician that tells you a law is unimportant – for all laws will result in prison if the citizen does not submit to them.
- Simplicity is a sign of virtue.
- The symbolisms in the Bible tell the secrets of the soul.
- Bursts of emotion – crying and screaming – are used to distract from obvious guilt.
- From dreams you may discover what has entered you and now lies at the bottom of your subconscious, that which feeds your mind.
- If your victim is fearless – watch out! You may find they are not your victim at all.

- To accomplish the greatest of feats, you must dare to do the impossible.
- Insanity can be a way out of hell. For even Satan and his demons must rest.
- The sacred rituals of a nation are performed by its highest-ranking institutions, and members.
- Fear yourself more than anyone. Heaven forbid you fulfil your desires.
- Truth is an art, perfected with age.
- Fear not, the simpleminded that cannot trick you – fear authority, those you respect and revere.
- Know that all the greatest walls, the strongest defenses, are penetrated by mice and cockroaches.
- Often, those that embrace insanity, realize the view is better.
- Do not underestimate the sacrifice of your leaders. The mechanisms of society are in place to gradually strip them naked as they ascend the hierarchy, until those at the top have lost everything, including their soul.
- We take comfort in knowing those around us are weak – that we are superior – so often forgetting the oldest trick – the Trojan Horse.
- Know the allies of your enemies, will take your weapons from you, to leave you vulnerable to those they serve.
- They will be enraged when you ignore their words – and try to discover their motives.
- An obscene law is an insult to the electorate, then when it is enforced – double the insult.
- There is only 1 evil in this world; to abuse babies, so they are easily controlled and manipulated, throughout life. All other evils are born from this...Women learn this evil – it is their nature – that is the symbolism in the Bible, of Eve picking the apple (the fruit) from the tree, and that which they use for their strength. For, women will never perform real work to obtain might, their character is to submit – to appear beautiful – to be a prize for attainment. They use the evil of the world, to deceive and backstab for their power.
- To speak of crime, is to stop it.

- Many go to hell without warning.
- All that corrupts are carefully crafted plans by your enemies.
- Love is undefinable, unmeasurable – insanity!
- We do not live in a time of peace – we live in a time of fear. One wrong move – in the blink of an eye – all of humanity will be wiped off the planet.
- Patience. Set the table up so you play your cards last. Thus, if you have a losing hand, you may fold/unrevealed...
- Women claim to have no power, as they control the men around them – all the while knowing – one command sends them to their destruction.
- Take comfort in knowing you may leave at any time.
- All that you love will be taken from you – also – all that you fear will be used against you – so let go of all, and fear nothing.
- The easiest way to take over a country is to control its criminals/its gangs. They will corrupt and destroy everything from within.
- Fight your demons, learn from them, do not get rid of them, keep them in submission – ready to be called upon – when they'll be useful.
- Most Eastern cultures are based on abusing babies to maintain status quo – to prevent the lower class from challenging the upper class, to force/convince/make the working class weak and vulnerable – to take away each individual's ability to think, concentrate and understand. This is what has been done to China and India – and to a lesser extent in Russia – and why nobody attempts to change those societies. It is the basis of all dictatorships – Communism, Fascism – *all*. The names change, but the crime will always be the same – despotism. The mazes and complexities made to create the appearance of difficulty – the complex schools of thought – are only done to confuse and prevent all from seeing the obvious.
- Know the criminals that go unjustly unpunished, committed the crimes they were supposed to.

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- Forbidding others to speak of your sins – is an act of dominance.
- The cunning subtly insult – little by little – this is a strategy.
- A nation without individuals is a nation without a spine.
- Do not listen to anyone that refuses to submit to right and truth.
- Do not want good/naïve leaders – if they do not know where hell is, they will surely be tricked by your enemies, and take you there.
- Throughout history man has attempted to conquer the world – regardless of what you’re told, today is no different.
- Fear those that want you to fear.
- Bad ideas and drugs are the deadliest of weapons.
- One’s nature comes out naturally – to know who’s dangerous, find out who is incapable of controlling their evil.
- Beware of perceptions – the wise king will dress himself as a beggar to find those who are worthy.
- Love is hope, found in another.
- I don’t fight for honor, respect or appearance – I fight to the death. Thus, because of this extreme, my appearance is shabbier, respect is seldom as I get into fewer fights, and honor is mine alone.
- Forbidden subjects hold the key to your freedom.
- The wisest of all must be hidden, pulling the strings of the leader from afar, but in plain sight, for the puppet to see.
- Look to the gutters of a nation to find its lost and forgotten, and those that wish to be lost and forgotten.
- All is not as it appears.
- Most women only love what they wish to conquer – and when they’ve won – they despise its weakness.
- To fool a wise man, you must do the impossible.
- For good to triumph over evil – good must be more evil than evil itself. ***Except when you’re dealing with Italians – then all bets are off...They invented evil. They even created their own religion/and God, to forgive their sins.

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- Of course, there will always be guns and bombs – but the real wars of today are ideas. Who controls ideas and thought – who creates the narrative that everyone lives by.
- Nice and neat ain't the truth! Truth is messy – covered in shit and slime – it's down in the depths of hell – far beyond the reach of decency! Nobody will speak of it – it's motivation; fear, hunger, hatred – to be hidden – kept locked-up, in secret – so nobody will figure-out directions; life's trajectory.
- You will be surrounded by enemies that call you friend – that compliment you/build you up/to make you fearless – coaxing/and manipulate you to destroy meaningful relationships – then, when the time is right, they will insult you/beat you down, lower your self-esteem until you no longer defend yourself/pitying you as they take turns hurling insults/forcing you down into hell...until there's no other option but to live on the street/commit suicide/or commit a crime out of sheer hunger! ***Need only look to our prisons/speak to inmates for evidence.
- There's a saying that goes like this, "If you live in a glass house, don't throw stones." Well, my saying goes like this, "Yo, bitch! The fuck you doing living in a glass house?"
- Women are chaos, and control freaks. Their pleasure derives from being invaded, and conquered...and yet, they despise those that do it to them. They demand power – to have power...laughing at the tradition of escalating the ladder of sacrifice to obtain it...Then, when they get power, they disregard the only meaningful use of it – which is...servitude.
- Free Speech is taken away in the name of decency – replaced by lies, manipulation, backstabbing and deceit: the tools of control; to permit far worse travesties of justice, than criticism, critical analysis and insults – all in an attempt to prevent the obvious from being said.
- If women can't stand to be criticized, they should have never left the kitchen.

- Taking Free Speech away, so the weak don't feel uncomfortable – manifests and enflames the fires of hell.
- As loose lips sink ships...The only purpose of Free Speech, is to prevent crime.
- Often, an insult – a bad name or word – stops enemies from abusing you.
- Real leaders, teach how to confront and cope with guilt and sin – rather than shame, to hold it hostage.
- Women make men weak. The more power they have in a nation, the more they weaken the men in it, and thus weaken the nation.
- Evil. That's all there is...There's nothing else. Only hope for good. A prayer. The world is so evil – a saint – that wrote about evil, in the heart of common man, and was tortured for doing so – Machiavelli – is portrayed in history, as the man that gave birth to Satan himself.
- The only purpose of secret societies, like the Masons, Eastern Stars and sororities, is the abuse of infants, to make them easily manipulated when they grow older.
- The most gifted among us – are the most evil.
- The entire mental health industry is a scam...Just as most all doctors, do not practice to save lives...but kill. They are assassins.
- Whomever calls you “crazy” or “insane” – distance yourself from. They wish you ill.
- Half of all cancer cases, are in fact murders – caused by a wives poisoning her husband...
- Evil, that's all there is...Evil. The epidemic of “autism,” is mothers and doctors causing brain damage to babies, and hidden by judges and lawyers, that refuse to allow testimony about *it*, in their courts.
- Women despise all beneath them. That's why wise nations refuse them their highest station.
- Most of the female leaders of industry, were raped as children, and their ascendance to power, is a means to control their inner fear, that of losing control.

- All women will never speak of their sexual fantasies, especially to their husbands, because they fear them. They fantasize about losing control; being raped. They will turn to a stranger to fulfill their pleasures before they will give themselves to their spouses.
- Women take-out their anger on children. If your wife hates you, she will abuse your male child, as her revenge.
- America has become so corrupted, because women have been allowed to grow-up without criticism.
- Imagine me yelling in your face, as loud as I can, while staring into your eyes, “Take the fucking pain! Don’t let them use it against you, you piece of shit! Grow stronger than they can ever imagine! Make them fear your evil, because you enjoy them trying to torture you. Love it! Get off on it. Imagine it when you masturbate! Own it! Want the pain...because it doesn’t matter either way.”
- The trick never changes. Force, fool, connive, the mark to take something serious – so that can be used against him or her to destroy them.
- They will convince you that you need protection, but the same that protect you – threaten you – abuse you.
- Sometimes, you must voluntarily go to hell.
- Jesus *is* the personification of the perfect man; that sacrifices all for good.
- Worry not that if you do right, many will follow – and there will be no evil in the world, and that will throw-off the equilibrium of good and bad on Earth. All is evil. The world will always be evil. Most will not follow. They will watch, crying, as you’re crucified – but do nothing. At best, your life will be just a short, brief stay – a tiny moment of sanctuary, in the tempest – the hell – that is life.
- Men lift weights – cut their hair – tattoo themselves – insult and hate, to appear strong...but cry in agony for the weak; their own weaknesses...Women appear weak, to mislead those from their strength...so they may poison their enemies.

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- Most women hate men – do not believe in love, and only want them around to conceive children or a child.
- The disgrace of man, are those that embrace female qualities.
- “Gangster,” is a word created by men, but in truth, is merely the act of them imitating women.
- To do right and good – on Earth – you must understand and know that you are pure evil. The more innocent, the more evil you are.
- Life never changes. All there is, is war and evil. If you’ve been convinced otherwise, then you’re being fattened-up for the kill.
- There is only 1 subject to teach children. Strength. Women teach their quality to boys – that of appearing weak – but their purpose is to destroy.
- We live in a time where the treachery of women is exalted.
- Currently, in this age – what is being done to our Nation – has been done countless times before. All of value and meaning is being taken away, to fool all that nothing is important – so our nation will be easily destroyed. Real work is replaced by lazy distractions, so nobody will have a trade or practice, and those that do nothing, may find work – as they secretly labor to destroy us. Knowledge and wisdom are replaced by subjugation – submissive obedience to corrupt authority. Massive crimes go unpunished, as petty crimes are prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Those with value are destroyed. The worst of criminals are exalted for loathing and hoarding – made leaders. Truth is punished. Lies are rewarded. We are being conquered from within, by love’s worst enemy; infidelity.

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APPENDIX II

FUNNY STORIES
PART OF THE BOOK I HANDED-OUT TO RACISTS

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7 Herbs and Spices – The Tasty Ejaculation Concoction –
and what caused the KKK's feud with Colonel Sanders.

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AS MENTIONED BEFORE – this is the famous Klu Klux Klan, fable, about their 7-herbs and spices receipt...That we all have come to love and enjoy...

So, this story was told to me over a campfire, in the backwoods of Kentucky – as a matter of fact – we were on Kentucky Lake...

This is a classic tale...This is “Real,” old fashioned Americana folklore...as American as apple pie...about old America, and how one of the most famous receipts for fried chicken – but let’s be honest – the receipt would work on just about anything – like a special BBQ rub, or salad dressing...how a simple – slip up – created an American institution...

Anyway, how this special receipt, escaped from the archives of the Klu Klux Klan, and into the hands of a lonely ole’ restauranter...is one for the ages!

So, settle in, get yourself a hot cup of coffee...or make yourself a chocolate shake...take a seat in your favorite chair, or recliner, wrap yourself up in a blanket...and enjoy!

~ ~

Like myself, there was – this man – that was being slowly drawn into a secret organization – but unlike me – he didn’t quite know what he was getting into...but he was a curious fellow, that worked in kitchens, and enjoyed preparing food...

And, a certain wife, of a power man, that wore white sheets, enjoyed looking at this young man...but he was shy and didn’t know how to handle such a situation, so he stuck with his work, but like Bathsheba, she pursued the solitary cook, until finally, she lured him into her bedroom with promises of a great receipt, that would work on just about anything...

She said, “The taste was out of this world!” And the young man was intrigued, to say the least, but when he found that she was luring him into her bedroom, and she was lying on her wedding bed, the young man ran from the room, but he tripped on a child’s toy, and fell and hit his head on a stool...

Hours later, he awoke to find himself in bed, and the beautiful woman gallivanting around the room in lingerie...

Had he done it? He wondered – but he didn't speak aloud...Nor did he let the woman know that he was awake...

Then, he heard the woman's husband speak. He was talking to his wife...A stern voice, a tough man...Scary eyes, and a flat stare...

Then, he heard the husband demand to know who was in his bed, and why she was half naked...

And the woman said, "That's today's cuckold bull!" and she giggled...

Well, scared out of his mind, the young man shut his eyes...and he was trembling in fear...But the husband, just asked if he was allowed to watch today, and she declared, "Only if you clean-up the mess afterward!"

Well, the man thought and thought...

Then declared, "Let me get the receipt from the safe, and prepare the special concoction!"

"That will take too long, I'm horny," said the beautiful wife...

Then she went to the bed, pulled the sheets off the young man, knelt-down beside him, and began to give him a blow job.

"Wait! Wait" said the stern man...And he ran to a picture and ripped it from the wall, threw it aside, and spun the dial on the safe, opened it, and pulled a piece of paper out, then ran to the kitchen!

"To late cocky!" said the wife, as she mounted the young man and began ridding him...

The young man was scared out of his mind...He couldn't believe what was going on – and the wife rode him like a thoroughbred jockey! First hard, then slow and soft...Then fast and furious, as if racing to the finish line!

Well, the young man couldn't take it – he shot his load deep into the woman's vagina – hard and long he came, deep into her pussy...

But, the entire time – he never opened his eyes...As a matter of fact, he said he was crying – he was so scared!

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Then, the man entered to the room stirring a special concoction in a wooden cup – and the smell was exquisite!

The young man said to himself, “I have to have that receipt!” He recognized several of the herbs and spices by their fragrance...but there were some that he couldn’t recognize...

“Damn I missed everything!” said the man.

“But you still have to eat it up cocky!” said the wife...

“Okay, if I have to sweetheart...: said the man as he bent down... “Is the young fellow awake?”

“I don’t know...” she said as she looked backward at the man in her bed...

But our fellow was still squeezing his eyes as tight as possible – but every once in a while, he did steal a glance at the husband and wife...

Then, the woman lifted herself off his penis, and the older man placed the cup under her vagina, and she began to squeeze out both the young man’s cum and her own liquid...

Everything dripped into the wooden cup.

Then, the husband began to stir and mix the special liquid...and what happened next changed the course of history!

You see, the husband bent over to inhale the fragrance of his wife’s vagina, full of excrement...and the piece of paper – yes – that piece of paper – with the receipt, fell out of his pocket and onto the floor...

And our young fellow saw it fall...Just as the husband began to drink!

The young man, checked to see what the wife was doing...She was busy rubbing her pussy on the young man’s now flaccid penis...trying to make it erect again...so she could ride it some more...

And – our young fellow took his chance! He threw the bitch off the bed and onto the floor – kicked the cuckold over, as he drank the young man’s sperm, mixed with the special concoction...He picked up the receipt, then jumped out the window!

...and the rest – as they say – is history!

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But, here is the big surprise...

This is the part that nobody talks about...Yes! That husband was Jefferson Davis, and that woman was nonother that his wife Varina Howell...before Mr. Davis became President of the South of course...before the Civil War...

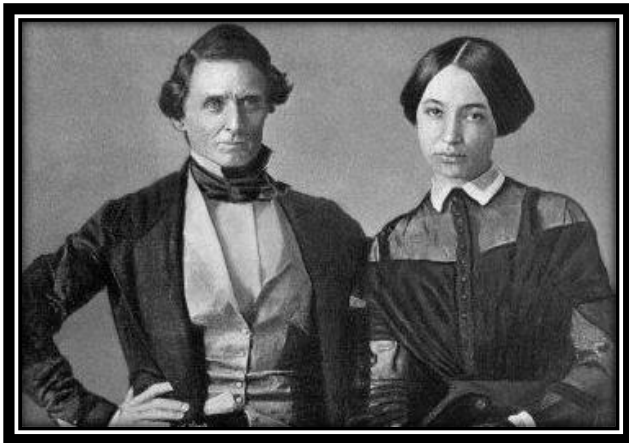
Isn't that interesting?

...And that one slip-up, might have cost the South far more than we can imagine...You see, if things would have been different...Maybe...Who knows?

Did that one event caused the downfall of the South? Because, the Southern boys were heartbroken, when they lost their secret receipt, and they had to eat excrement without their special flavoring!

As Jefferson Davis famous quote explains, "Our boys lost the will to fight after our favorite protein shake was stolen by a stupid cook!"

Then, his wife added, "Shut-up cucky! But I still love you..."



Cuckold, Mr. Davis, President of the Confederacy, and his Hot wife Varina...

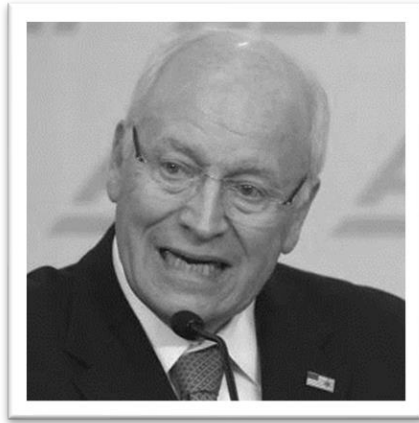
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Secret CIA Operation – Schlong Long –
The real reason we fought the Gulf War – of 2003...
And yes – it was over penis envy by then
– Vice President – Dick Cheney –

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This picture was taken – just as Vice President Cheney declared to the CIA – “I want a large wiener, and nothing will stop me from discovering the Togo Tribe’s secret! You have my word ladies...I will not stop until I make your husband’s penis bigger – larger – more cumbersome – and a better fit! The women of the CIA, and our government deserve it!”

WELL, IT’S BEEN twenty years now – and as time passes – little wars – or should I say – skirmishes – like the one we fought in 2003 – drop from our history – from our consciousness...our text books...they are forgotten, and seldom talked about.

But, to fully explain the 2003 invasion of Iraq – you must understand the reality of politics – but not just politics – our world – our way of living...the reality we believe we live in – and the reality we actually live...

You see, hypnosis is so much – apart of our reality – so much so, if you even speak of it – you’re called “insane...” because of its extreme importance in controlling our society...

But most all people – in the 1st World – and many people in the 3rd World – are under – for much of their lives – hypnosis...And there are many of us – for good and bad – that are under permanent hypnosis...There are some – that can never be

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taken out of their hypnosis...and they live their lives, almost like a zombie...Some of these people live the most ridiculous (absurd) lives...go through things few people can, or would ever want to endure...and the only reason they don't commit suicide, is simple – because they can't. They are under hypnosis...and they're hypnotized to keep living!

If these people actually reflected on how terrible – and miserable their existence actually was – and they had free will – then they would most certainly find the nearest staircase...climb to the top of that building and leap off, killing themselves as quick as possible!

But, they're under hypnosis...and can't do what they want...or even think the thought.

Well, that is (and was) the case for most (if not all) of our politicians...and certainly all of our Presidents! And this is a Western tradition that dates back millennia...And why many women were considered witches – that cast spells on people...In a strange way – some women do – they play mental games...that trick people – children and men – into doing all kinds of things...

Anyway...

You see, Reagon had – the former head of the CIA running him...George Bush Sr, and George Bush Jr, had Dick Cheney (while he was president)...Of course, George Bush Sr. was the degenerate piece of shit that fucked-up his son's mind...from when he was a small child, but, that's just the way things are...

That's just the way it is – and for the most part – that's why we don't kill our Presidents, and many of our politicians...no matter what they do...It's the same reason we don't kill our assassins, of famous people...and should (not) kill school shooters...because they are all Manchurian Candidate Assassins...Terror cells – both foreign and domestic are brainwashing children – and turning them into Manchurian Candidate Assassins...and they never would have killed, if not programmed to do so...You see, the victims weren't just John Lennon, and JFK, and his younger brother Robert Kennedy...Sirhan Sirhan was also a victim, and so was Lee Harvey

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Oswald, Mark Chapman and a bunch of small children and teens – who’s minds were endlessly twisted...

Anyway, back to the story – as it was told to me by the Aryan Brotherhood...But, are you beginning to see, how much power these guys have – and why they get away with so much?

They have Doctors, and psychiatrists...many other scholars, and pastors, who are adapt at hypnotizing you, or your children, planting ideas into your mind – or your children’s...If you dare begin to speak about things they don’t want you to talk about – and things they do – like the pictures I presented in my lawsuit – the obvious truth...They will retaliate (in ways you can’t even imagine)...And if they can’t mentally suggest things, and get you to do something stupid – you wouldn’t normally do – then they most certainly will do it to your child – or grandchildren...and for the most part – many of us know this...But how do you tell that to a kid? And if you do, then – forget about it! Here comes a ton of ex-soldiers – after you and your family – children and grandparents alike...

Unfortunately, almost all of our criminals, locked away, have been so completely mentally twisted – simply because of things their parents have done...or didn’t do...or refused to do...They got marked – then tortured – and the slow torture is...They have to watch as their children’s lives fall apart...they get thrown in jail...or raped...You name it.

So, how does this all fit into the Iraqi war – in 2003 – you might ask?

I just wanted to give you an overview...of the true reality you live in...and why the movie – The Matrix – was made...and many other movies allude to this (underbelly) of our culture and society...for good and bad...

Okay, now let me explain to you, what was the event that led up – and created the 2003 Iraqi War...

Firstly, George Bush was elected by a slight margin, in 2000, if you will remember...

And – this is the real story – after the election...as it was told to me by those who ran everything – the Aryan Brotherhood...

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So, Vice President Dick Cheney’s true agenda, being a high-ranking member of the Aryan Brotherhood himself...was to import members of the Togo Tribe of West Africa, and create a covert CIA operation – to extract the “Large Penis Gene” of the Togo Tribe, to be injected – or grafted – or grown separately to be implanted...and or grow the hormone itself...for members of the Aryan Brotherhood’s penises – to get bigger...and more importantly, his grandchildren...

When the – covert project – Schlong Long – was created, he stood in the CIA’s auditorium, and was quoted as saying, “We must have longer penises, if we are to complete world domination! We may control the world, but what good is world domination – without a good-sized penis, right ladies?”

“This is true honey,” said his wife, Lynn, with a look of satisfaction – and a long stare at her husband...

The Vice President – shook his head, then lowered his gaze downward... “I know...I know...” he said to his wife in shame.

“But! I have a plan! I will change the course of history!” he declared.

The crowd began looking at one another...in an inquisitive fashion...as if in disbelief, that this was really going to happen... “Is this for real? Is my husband really going to have a bigger penis?” said a CIA case worker from the rear of the crowd...

“And I...me...Yes me! I am the one who will make this a reality! I...Me...Will make white men’s penises longer and better – thicker, and more fulfilling! I will not stop, until I accomplish the ultimate goal!!”

And from – those that were there – oddly enough – all the white men...and women stood up and cheered!

And it was documented – that many white women cried! They fell to their knees, with tears streaming down their cheeks...

“My husband will do this for our white sisters...We won’t need to take the drive across town – across the railroad tracks, sisters! Not anymore!” said Dick Cheney’s wife Lynn...

White women screamed, and applauded!

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“Imagine, my husband with a white anaconda, just like Tyrone’s! Oops!” said a blushing white woman in the front row...

“Oh, you know Tryone, also?” and fifteen white women, began looking at each other – and their husbands, just covered their faces in shame...

So, from the first day of President George Bush’s presidency, operation – Schlong Long – went active! With secrete funding from Congress...of course...

And many West African men were given Green Cards, but they were held in Cuba, for gene extractions...And white Doctors examined their penises...but the African men got upset...and wanted to come to the US...Like they were promised...and they wondered why their wives and children were held-up, in a different location – in the immigration process...

~ ~

“Just look at those penises!” Vice President Cheney’s fist hit his desk! “If we didn’t bring these men from Africa, as slaves...our women wouldn’t even know about these enormous penises!” Mr. Cheney, sat in his chair pondering the United States with-out those enormous black penises...

“We can’t make the world perfect...But we can try Mr. Cheney...and we all know you are doing your best...” said his secretary... “And me and my husband are praying for you, in church...in your Godly endeavor...”

And the best scientists from Harvard and Yale and Stanford, and the greatest schools in the United States of America, were brought into project – Schlong Long – and math equations were calculated, and formulas devised, stretching methods and old traditions reviewed, they even sent a historian to Spain to study the ancient writings of the alchemists...and money was spent...and more money was spent...First a hundred million, then two hundred million – then half a billion – then 2 billion!

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Dick Cheney’s diplomat visits Africa – to analyze data...This doctor is explaining – how she must hold very large testicles, when she is checking for testicular cancer.

“I must have a large penis!” Mr. Cheney screamed – slamming his fist on the desk, again, “...I want a large penis, and I want it now! Nothing will stop me! I will get a Goddamned large penis, if it’s the last thing I do!” And he was throwing pictures from walls, and screaming on the phone...and he even broke down crying...sifting through picture after picture of Big Black Cock...

“Just look at these penises!” And he fell into his chair, exhausted...and he dropped his hands to the side...crying...2 billion dollars...and no large penis! How can this happen?”

“My name is ‘Dick!’ My name is ‘Dick!’” he kept screaming, over and over – then unbuttoned his pants, and pulled out his penis... “My name is dick...But look at this! This is all I got!” he declared, holding his little penis in his hands!

But, what he didn’t know – was Saddam Hussein was on the speaker phone with the President – that Manchurian Candidate – son of the CIA Director – George Bush Jr...And Saddam, got quiet...as Cheney screamed and cried from the other room about his penis...Heck, everyone in the White House could hear him...

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Then, Saddam said, “That sounds like Dick Cheney...” and he asked the idiot George Bush Jr. if they had a secret project to make Dick Cheney’s penis larger...and they had already spent 2 billion dollars on it...

Just then, Dick Cheney ran into the Oval Office – and ran to the phone, and hung it up...

“Was that Saddam on the other line?”

“Yes,” said George, “That’s our greatest ally, in the world, that does everything we ask him. My dad’s best friend...Saddam himself!”

“You idiot!” screamed Dick... “You let him hear what I said?”

“Well, you were the one screaming about your penis project,” said George...

“Oh my God! Give me the CIA, NSA, the FBI! We need a meeting! Now! This is a matter of National Security!”

And just then, Dick Cheney’s phone rang...It was Saddam...

Dick walked slowly to his office... “It’s Saddam! I need legal assistance...Call the Secretary of State! No! Don’t call Colin Powell! Oh – My – God! This is the worst National Policy oversight...by a sitting President, since the Nixon tapes! You fool George! You and your stupid phone calls to your daddy’s buddies!”

“Me?” asked George.

“Yes you!” said Dick...

The phone rang and rang... “Should I answer this?” he asked a lawyer beside him... “Technically, you don’t have to answer this – but it might be a good strategy, to gauge what was understood by the Head of State of Iraq...Just to...How should I say...” said the lawyer, “To bring forth, how the country wishes to handle the situation...if monetary compensation might ease the strain...if you will Vice President...”

The Vice President – was in deep thought. Nodding...staring downward, inward... “Yes...Yes... Monetary compensation. Well said, Hightower!”

Then Cheney picked-up the phone...and said, “Hello Saddam...”

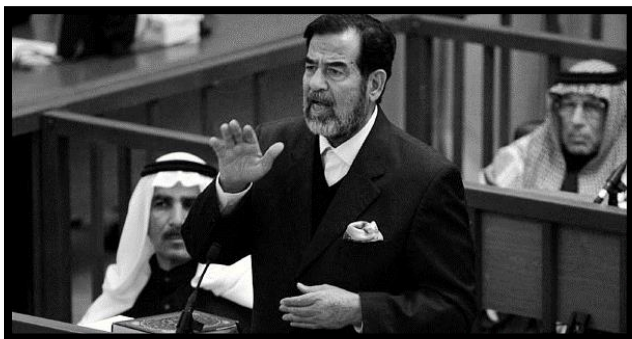
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“Hey Dick! Got a little dick! I got something for you! Look at your fax!” screamed Saddam, laughing his head off! And the fax came through – an enormous schlong – dick pic – of Saddam Hussien’s...a picture of his own huge penis!

A woman screamed as she saw the fax print out...“My – God! Look at that thing!” said Cheney... “It’s huge! What are we going to do?”

There was a long pause...Then, Dick dismissed all the assistants, and secretaries from the Oval Office, and sat down with his personal Manchurian Candidate...George...and 15 minutes later...after a little mind control...President George walked from the Oval Office and announced to everyone in the White House, that he might have made a grievous mistake...while speaking with Saddam Hussien, and he apologized to all...Then, announced, “We will need to bring in the Joint Chiefs, to review – a strategy for invasion...”

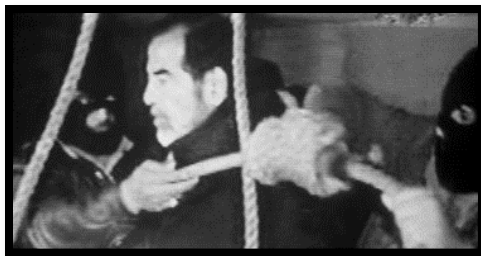


Saddam attempting to explain – in court – how the entire invasion and destruction of his country – was all about Vice President Cheney’s little penis...But nobody believed him.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen...That is how and why the 2003 war with Iraq happened – and why Saddam was hung for war crimes...

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Saddam' last words were – “This was all about a damn wiener! Don't you fools understand? You are killing me because of a small damn wiener!”

And when Congress found-out how much money was spent – on Operation Schlong Long – a Texan – yes, a Patriot from Texas stood firm – brought Washington together...The CIA, NSA, Congress and the Senate...He sat them all down in a confidential meeting...and explained the massive expenditures...and had the Secret Project cancelled.

And what happened to that man's father...a few years later – in 2007 – while Dick Cheney was still Vice President – he invited the elderly man to go hunting – and he blew him away with a shotgun!

***And claimed it was a hunting accident – and Mr. Cheney was still under protection – under his “Presidential Immunity.”

And Dick walked up to the old man – that was now laying on the ground – just after he shot him – he looked down on the old man, and said... “We were gonna have large penises! Do you have any idea...what your son did to this country? Do you understand the importance...The meaning! We weren't going to have to rely of Big Black Cock! You fool!”

And Dick walked away...just like a cowboy, into the sunset...heartbroken...

Total world domination – and his children having large penises...just a fingertip...away.

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The real reason Hillary Clinton
had to lose the 2008 and 2016 elections,
& why JFK had to be assassinated...
And who in the hell was Bill Clinton?

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OKAY – LADIES AND GENTLEMEN – the world ain't quite what we think it is...Or, should I say – what's reported in the news – and what we talk about...

Manners and decency do exist – but unfortunately, often, they're only skin deep – and, often they are used to disguise treachery – pure evil!

In the South...I would say – its not an exception that people paying you compliments – are actually disguising insults – I'd say – for the most part – it's the rule....

And the one event – one of many...The most powerful Freudian Slip I saw... This was just pure evil...happened to me in Bastrop, Texas...

You see, there was this elderly white couple – eating ice cream...at an ice cream parlor...I was there with my son...and this beautiful African American child – about 4 years old – was running around...playing.

He walked up – beside me – stood there looking at a toy – and his head was about knee high – to me – and I couldn't help myself...I ran my fingers over his brow – through his hair...And he looked up – and I couldn't help but smile...It appeared to be okay with the parents...I couldn't help myself... We do this, don't we? Parents do. We touch children's crown – run our fingers through their hair...

Well, evidently, it was a very big deal – not for the child's parents – but for the white elderly couple eating their ice cream, beside me...

You see, in front of me – on the counter – was a napkin dispenser – and this elderly woman – walked up – just as I turned to the clerk to get my ice cream cone...So, I was reaching over the counter – and my face was next to the napkin dispenser – and this cunt – I call her a cunt because that's what she was – she reached right in front of me – her hand was in front of my face, as I took hold of my cone...and she pulled 5 napkins out of the dispenser – right in front of my face...While staring at me...

Then the bitch – she didn't say anything – she just stared at me – and offered the napkins to me – as if I needed them...

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What do you say to that? How do you deal with that? How can you explain that? You know, what words can you use to begin to explain the evil in this woman? Can you cry? Will that help? How many tears must we shed? How many?

Now, what you have to understand – is this – these people – they run our country...most certainly the South.

~ ~

Why did I bring that up?

Machiavelli wrote a book called – *The Prince* – and I think he was tortured for it...

And – here I am – telling obvious truths – that people learn as children...Machiavelli did the same thing. All he did was tell the truth...The book he wrote was about life: What life is. Everyone embraces lies and manipulation...The reason Machiavelli was tortured – wasn't because he said something nobody knew – it was because he said it...And that's the same reason Jesus was crucified.

~ ~

You see, there is only 1 way to turn a profit – in this world – force others to walk through your maze – manipulation – lies.

All we need is a house – food – a garden – animals – barter...So, those in power – must force burdens on people – and make them believe they need them...Everything is lies and manipulation.

That's all there is in this world – that's all we do – that's all we learn...We learn to trick and connive – there is nothing else...

Of course, there is love and tolerance...But those are difficult values we learn...And they go against our (own) nature. But – nevertheless – for the most part – the most powerful people – are the most evil. And to win a battle – you must sink lower than your enemies...and fool everyone.

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Now, the main topic of this chapter – is politics – and politics is just the pinnacle of evil...Like the championship of doing terrible things – to one another – institutions and nations...Whatever is created to serve a purpose for good – whether it be laws – or treaties – or any sort of agreement...will be twisted against everything and everyone...to prevent justice – law and order – peace.

~ ~

And, what you just read, is my lead-in to – Mrs. Clinton – the former presidential candidate...The politician...but, like I've stated before – like all of our politicians – she's just a poor soul...Another Manchurian Candidate – just like her husband – the former President – Bill Clinton – who was turned into a Manchurian Candidate – by the Chinese – when he visited that country as a teenager...and whom shifted most of our manufacturing – from the US to the country he serves – China.

Are you beginning to see how this works? You see, they are Manchurian Candidates – the same way JFK was turned into one by his father – but he was captured in that PT109 incident in WWII – where several days were never accounted for – and then he was sent back to the US...

What was he programmed to do? He refused to invade Cuba – and takeover the country – in the Bay of Pigs incident...But you see, that's what he was programmed to do by the Chinese and Japanese Intelligence...

Yes! The Chinese and Japanese worked together to capture and program JFK! Can you believe it?

*But, they also had an ally right here, in the US. That's right! The Masons and Eastern Stars – our own citizens colluded with our enemies to set-up JFK, and their own country!

And the greatest – Intelligence Operations – in the history of the world – worked exactly the way it was designed!

The result – was perfection! And played by Russia – China – our enemies...

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Even if China didn't admit it (or claim to be our enemy at the time) they knew what the future would bring...They knew – strategically – it would be to their benefit to hurt us...

So, after Kennedy refused to invade Cuba – Russia moved nukes in...and the biggest military blunder in the history of this nation – happened!

Yes, refusing to invade Cuba – in the Bay of Pigs invasion – was strategically – the biggest military blunder in our history! 2/3rds of the US population could have been wiped-out – within hours...and we would not have time to react!

So, what did we do? We did what we had to...Yes, America – our own civilian-operatives assassinated our own president. But we didn't have a choice!

A very unfortunate incident...But nobody knew what else was put into JFK's mind. There was just no telling! He was too dangerous...and made the worst mistake in our history. He had to die.

~ ~

Why do I bring all this up? Because, you see – this is what goes on – in the Intelligence World – their warfare...It's all about mind control...and operations that take decades – or even longer to come to fruition...

And – that – brings me to Hillary Clinton...

This is what the ex-Intelligent Officers in the Aryan Brotherhood – told me about Hillary Clinton – and why the Russians wanted her to be president...

And – here – I have to admit guys – I've spoken of some bad things about the Aryan Brotherhood – but even they did something good...So, I will extend an olive branch to them – for rigging the 2016 election for Trump...

You see, Hillary was programmed to win the election – then – on her first Presidential Trip abroad – she would fly to Russia – to her master – Vladimir Putin – and the Russian Mafia – and on the 4th of July – she would get gangbanged...turned into a Russian

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Mafia bitch – eating cum...turned into an anal whore for them too...all the while, watching the 4th of July parade on TV!

Yes! Can you believe that? It really was unfortunate...Mrs. Clinton was programmed to cuckold America! But, we can't be for certain, if she would have done it – out of free will – either – because that's who she was – and how she lived...

And even the Chinese Intelligence apparatus chipped in to the operation – with their own secret project – and programmed their boy – Bill – so he would go, sit down on a couch, and watch the entire gangbang, while jerking off!

So, do you see – the level of planning – and the evil done by the intelligence community...of these foreign countries? What they do? It's pure evil!

Well, hopefully, that sheds some light on what is actually going on in the world...

God Bless, and I'll see you all in church this Sunday!

We need to pray ladies and gentlemen...

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THE END

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BIO – STEVEN DUNNING de LEON

Stephen Dunning de Leon – a pseudonym for: Stepanov Egrov Kuznetsov – born in Kirov, of the former Soviet Union, 1942. Appointed Head Guard at the Berlag Siberian Labor Camp – served with distinction – received Russia’s highest honor, the Order of Saint Andrew, presented by Nikita Khrushchev – Nov. 23, 1963.

During the Cold War, he abandoned post, denounced Soviet Citizenship, then made his way to Europe, worked as a security guard at the Berlin Olympics – Sept. 1972 – El Salvador in the 80s – Colombia, Brazil and Venezuela in the 90s – entering the US through Mexico – arriving in New York City, Sept. 12, 2001.

De Leon is believed to have been associated with the KGB – in some capacity – a specialist in population control – misinformation – decoy narratives – and claims to know of black operations conducted within the US by terrorist cells to influence/usurp power, in favor of foreign countries, most notably, the infiltration of Hollywood and Washington DC by the most powerful intelligence agency in the world – that of Belize.

De Leon’s controversial statement, “Communism, Socialism and Fascism are not political systems or styles of governance –

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they are the same idea – philosophical conspiracies created by the predecessor of the KGB to disarm citizens, topple governments, to take control of countries through their criminal elements; their gangs!” This caused many to question his sensitivity to higher learning, at America’s top universities.

De Leon became a US citizen – Nov. 4, 2020 – and works as a special consultant to various defense related agencies, providing crucial information in times of high-risk.

Among his titles are children’s books – Introduce Your Child to Racism Like You Would Ice Cream – Mommy, My Hero is a Transvestite – The Baby that Crawled in From the Cold, and Red is My Favorite Color.

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