

Introduction: Our Hero Begins

The baby had to be sexed into being.

Male/Female
ooo ahh ahh

his genes and her genes,
dna is reported to be a spiral
personality traits may be genetic

inside the womb a lizard forms with a tail
wiggles inside the womb a tail
wiggles inside the womb
mommy

eats cheese burgers
french fries
pizza pies
cream pies
cherry pies

the baby might eventually
develop things if not
somehow well sadly per example (this time the
hero was not conceived)

If at first they not succeed, them trytry
again to
Male/female the lead in folks happens to be
grapes and ice cubes
on the titties
melted ice on the
titties
he stuck it
in her
jaw ached for
wowi mam liked the
feelings....

The first month in the womb the hero felt (probably not for you see consciousness is almost universally considered to be a later development than that) sensations perhaps pleasant perhaps sad if at all important to the context of the story let's just suffice to say that there was a first month of darkness for the sun don't shine there whether or not the hero gained yet a soul but in any case a body was an embryo hero.

Looking by this 2nd month less like a newt a bit of the ol' handsom genes shewin' threw but `ee's stil an alien ain't `ee if yew saw wat i see within the belly there's gold, treasures kings w'd long afor. Anhow, nut much to tel rely on me less every day sunshine state car trouble Momma took to enjoying the cheese burgers like afor an theoretically maybe the fetus (unassessable perhaps permanently unassessable forever more) gained some syblance of awareness and pleasure/pain

And on and on into territory whut might be mapped more correctly by brain scans and behavioral

quirks like move/twitch/kick closer by 1 month (4/3=12 weeks) of life to breathe well the implications of abortion and hubby said the burgers were psychological not physical by the fourth month surely fetal reprogramming's (not out of the question (Well I looked it up and couldn't find anything valuable the website once known to me since deleted from the google archives)) anyhow. But do not mistake the intention of the script with (found instead talk of "Genomic imprinting" somatic male/female inheritance) the stage of the script's scripting. Nor one script with any other. Wait til the child is a consenting adult, be always happy during pregnancy, stay in the positive spot.

Hero caused a bit of a belly bump.

Bigger better belly bump and rice puddings for mum, and more cherry pie than ever.

Act The magic of pregnancy's like gaining the right to be the prettiest woman in the

world. The birth was predicted to be predictable but not selectable.

Well, they took a drive, a bumpy ride in a fine car, eco friendly even back then, they eventually went to the hospital. A doctor applied drugs to the operation of pluck-pooft!/SMACK! the angelic tears running on dripping against mother's receiving arms. (Predicted happened but date and significance the April Fool 2000 the baby of the century)

Sometimes a Happy Child: Robert

Grieves Chapter 1: The First Year of Life

My Elin, the dendrites and axons have approaching critical, brain have approaching critical,

somewhat permanent structuring
(warm fuzzy feeling for mum)
mmmMMmmmMMmmm ...

Get your protein, brain dna/rna communi
cat
ion/synthesis (+70%(?)afterbirth)
1st two years critical
in relation to
critical environment

Little Robert's interaction with mum was the primary early environmental catalyst to promoting brain structure change. It was innate instinctive reaction to displeasure to cry, and this was helpful for stinky diapers and hungry tummy and the like, but irritating. And so Mrs. Grieves, Elin Grieves, often contemplated the utilization of gorilla tape.

It didn't come to that, Gods be Praised!

there was the habit to feed baby from nipples at certain moments, baby seemed to enjoy and seemed affectionate to Elin

there was the habit to poop in diaper sometime, baby seemed to not like and cry.

Advance/retreat safe/noxious could tears be classified as retreat? Instead of perfectly facing the reality of the situation, like if Robert Grieves noticed poop and made a poop-specific sound as might be more convenient to the care-giver if less expedient toward obtaining a changed diaper, the mind retreats into worse pain than the discomfort of squishy doodi. at least, in my own experience, crying indeed releases sorrow but also is symptomatic of a worse sorrow than the mere pain i felt when i busted my knee.

In any event, Little Robert's face was glistening with tears and Mrs. Grieves couldn't figure out what was wrong.

No nipple suck.

Clean diaper.

Affectionately Mrs. Grieves gripped Little Robert in her post-pregnancy meaty arms and rocked the baby. Such resulted in the alleviation, eventually, by gradual increments, of an ache expressed thru tears.

There would be occasions when Elin would stare into those baby blues and Little Robert would blink up at muma and if she smiled just right he would smile back and Elin felt a kind of, well she knew her baby was the most important thing, an extension, well the image of Little Robert was so powerful she'd always have that and the impression was so strong she knew she'd always have her baby boy.

Robert sort of mimicked Elin's expressions, receiving a kind of cue he was supposed to smile because she was smiling, and his happiness peaked similar to what one goes through when hearing a joke. Elin's eyes had a hypnotic power, they were more important than the rest of her face. At least, at this stage.

"Hush little baby don't you cry..."

sleeps to fernando ortega

It was late. Getting later. And, "No more bedtime stories," Elin said.

Robert said, "Ok." He had often attempted to extend storytelling in the past but when Mom said point blank that she was done, she never backed off. She was so consistent about that one point Robert had learned to just accept it. Even still,

"Can I listen to my new cd while I fall asleep?" asked Robert. He always asked that.

"Yeah," said Elin. She popped the Fernando Ortega cd she'd given Robert for his birthday into the old cd player in his room and turned the volume down low. Robert listened to music as he fell asleep, and for nearly an hour after he fell asleep. Always Christian music, it made him feel safe and relaxed - he had an emotional bond with Jesus Christ, whenever he thought about the fact Jesus was in his heart he knew he was safe, he knew he could always find love so long as he asked Jesus he would feel warm and at peace.

Elin had heard of things like subliminal messages but she didn't think there was any connection between playing music into the minds of sleeping children and subliminal messages. Her mother, when she had been a child, left the radio on Light 98, a soft Christian station, at least it was at one time, and Elin couldn't consciously hear the music at night time or even most of the day time because the volume was turned down so low. Elin had heard of things like subliminal messages

but she never thought about them.

A lot of people keep the radio on low volume when they're falling asleep, so it plays into their brains and influences their dreams. Music helps many people fall asleep.

Music sure helped Robert fall asleep. It took him less than five minutes to fall asleep.

Imprint vulnerability happening around peak arousal experiences.

Like when he watched this movie, this movie so powerful it would totally define his control drama, it was late at night (he was more likely forever more after to receive powerful impressions late at night) and he was six years old and he watched this movie and the emotional impact was indescribable - almost like falling in love for the first time, holy cow! I mean, man, the brain's really firing some powerful pleasure signals due to the uniqueness, just the right alchemical combination of triggers - a dash of the forbidden, watching an R rated movie well past his bed time. A splash of the mammalian emotio-territorial domination trip, a hero advancing against all odds. The impressionable mind of the child.

<<<Imprint vulnerability happens around peak arousal experiences, and can be positive negative or some mixture.

The mmy own. It was late at ain character's emthe uniqueness, just the right alchemical combination of triggers - a dash of the forbidden, watching an R rated movie well past my bed time at my tall, aloof, darkotio-territorial imprinting experience shall be based on night (I was more likely forever more after to receive powerful impressions lateNew York - the emotional atold and I watched Escape From impact was indescribable - almost like falling in love foby the Plisskenthe r the first time (a 4th grade imprinting experience, for me, the momentum of which's later development was influenced heavily basic control drama tendencies which resulted, so that two basic attractive ideal female types emerged), holy cow! I mean, man, the brain's really firing some imprint even although the initial falling-in night, in part because the whole of the movie was set at night, in the city, causing me to fantasize later in life about living in the city)of potential dominance, possibly and I was between 3-6 years -sken or terminator 2 or powerful pleasure My general control drama, or way of feeling confidence in social situations ect, concerned alooflove imprint was not in any way related to plisness with a lingering feeling a contgrandmother Mee ributing factor toward situations. The tendency was generally my early introversion and probably a contributinsignals due to -haired dad's house, then owned by my Maw.

g factor to my lack of social skills during even very slightly uncomfortable to be passive, waiting for a survival situation to arrive to become active (which never happened).

Control dramas may be utilized to gain energy territory resources ect and/or to feel confidence to cope with anxiety/fear.

That desire for control built into the majority of human psyches may occasionally become a desire to control others. People aggressive all the time are often using aggression to cope with anxiety, to cut throbecause (I suspect) ough it, the probability of earlier primates and humans surviving would have been higher if they had an energy source during negative survival situations.

Much of the modern therapeutic techniques I have seen stresscenter emotions the term "assertive," control one's self without in any way needing or desiring to control others.

and attempt to teach people to guide their control to feel confident in one's ability to

>>>

Robert was fascinated on a rare level of peak emotional attachment. I mean, basically, the movie triggered an ecstatic reaction, a reaction of wonder and mystification, therefore impressing a certain mask in Robert's psyche.

The hero was Robin Hood. Familiarity with gestalt psychology or something might link his psychological attachment to the subliminal identification caused little Robert by Robin's similar name. I personally vaguely theorize (i mean intuit) a 33% probability the identification with a "Hood" might cause Robert to fancy himself a sort of hood, hoodlum, later in life. At a certain level, Robert fantasized about being Robert Hood all the while he watched the movie.

Even years later, He would never consciously admit (meaning he never consciously wanted to be Robert Hood, and may not even have subconsciously) "I want to be Robin Hood," but he cracked jokes when nervous. When he got himself into tight spots, he would often tell himself that *all he had to do* was crack suave jokes, and if pressed, he'd assassinate! no bow and arrows

he also watched a bit of James Bond as a child, James Bond had a lesser impact but sort of clung to the Robin Hood imprint. Similar heroic figures had a much lesser impact. & he wore fine clothes, was wearing green trousers in the next chapter.

still getting older)

Robert heard a lot of grown ups talk about never giving up your dreams and saying "Anything's possible" and he thought that meant nothing was impossible, seeming to mean the impossible's impossible but proving it is possible for nothing to be impossible if the impossible is impossible it's simultaneously probably possible too! Or something like that. He wasn't old enough to understand the full implications of that thought process.

Are you?

yet aging more)

He'd tied his shoelaces to the desk.

He hadn't been performing very well and was acting out a lot. That was often a sign of anxiety.

On the car ride home Mom said, "I talked to the shrink. He thinks you have ADD. Sometimes that means you're slow and have a low attention span, other times that means you're hyperactive and have a low attention span. From what I gather, ..." He was drifting off thinking *Well not slow and I don't know what's that about multitasking? I think what it is is I think so quickly* and here his thought process actually sped up a bit and became confused, *so quickly, wow, a confused thought process is what it is too much rushing information to ah I mean can't compute every piece of data singularly but rather a stream, or streams, yeah many streams of information and analysis intelligent yet coherence threatened by the brilliance of the rushing river o' mine mind...* And on and on.

Robert, or Little Bob, unwittingly enhanced his mental problems by believing into existence a confused thought process.

As the objective omniscient narrator, I am capable of informing the reader concerning Bob's real issues. /me shares omniscient objective truth w/ reader.

middle-highschool era)

Robert Grieves often utilized the school computer to surf the Internet. He used www.goodsearch.com and typed in elephants to see if the internet was so large it would come up with something even with misspelled words. It came up with plenty. He clicked on a random link and an oddball letter unraveled:

I'd always told myself I'd be one of history's greatest writers. I'd done everything in my power to make it happen. I read only those books I intuited or otherwise discerned had been written by geniuses. Every spare moment I had was devoted to the pursuit of truth and talent.

Poetry taught me anything's a poem. Religion taught me how to get high on God even if God doesn't exist. Philosophy taught me logic and ethics, the ambiguity of reality, and how to think and chew gum simultaneously. Science taught me how to conduct a good experiment. Meditation taught me focus. Fiction taught me how to practice perspective diversity.

I'd taken an interest in psychology, and in springing little traps. Subliminal programming. Could be good, could be bad.

Merely acknowledging the existence within the document of the subliminal seems likely to trigger any number of reactions. Perhaps the reader searches harder for hidden meanings. Maybe fear and/or caution prevents the reader from reading further.

Linguistic hypnosis is a tricky art.

One goal being to remind the Reader any document, indeed any art media or event, potentially Hypnotizes. Remember to be alert, and not to too obsessively follow the oscillations of the magic pocket watch.

These are the tricks of my trade: Sensation, emotion, misrepresentation, repetition, concealment. All forms of persuasion submit to mine pen.

Pay close attention because, agree or disagree, see or be blind, I'm one of the greatest writers in History. elephants ain't replican

Different brains fed this same signal receive a finite but diverse set of realities.

I could be any mixture of the following: hallucination/hallucinatin', too proud, too humble, too humorous, too dry, unattainably yours for the taking, the Deity all seek except those capable of finding.

*donkey ain't no librarian
fishtick tick tock bloodsuck
from hook
stuck to
your lip.*

- Anonymous IV

P. S. Some might rightfully suspect that this letter and all attached documents constitute an elaborate free form role playing joke. Even if they have such a right they shouldn't assume. To illustrate such a principle I've recruited the perspective of a free form role playing character: John Smith, wealthy in joy yet lacking in resources.

So what do you think of this letter, John?

"I hope your dreams come true and you write better novels than James Joyce. I don't really think you're sending people subliminal messages to brainwash them. You're a nice fellow concerned with making people less gullible."

And there you have it, gullible John Smith's excessive optimism results in such mental gymnastics as to transform an admitted hypnotist into a benevolent anti-hypnotist.

Robert didn't get much out of the "letter" except a caution against being sucked in by the power of mere words. The page it was written on didn't contain links elsewhere, so this one anonymous document was the extent of what Robert had available to judge the author. It was difficult for him to feel comfortable making any assumptions at all.

He quickly clicked on the X at the top right corner of the screen when he felt something prod his shoulder.

"That wasn't pornographic literature, I hope," Mrs. Teetwater insisted she hoped between lips flickering between smiles and sinister grimace. "I wouldn't want to have to report you. In any case, I doubt it was relevant to your research project."

Subject: Government. Project: Pick an obscure United States political party and after thorough research, write a 5pg essay do up a poster and compose a speech separate from the essay to be read in front of the whole class. Robert's chosen party: Populist Party of Maryland. Robert went back to work on his project but the strange web page played on his psyche from beneath the surface. He was interested in knowing the difference between truth and untruth, and in learning how to avoid being hypnotized. He felt like he always had been interested in such things.

He would think about that Anonymous IV in an interpretive, searching spirit - perhaps the very reaction the author had intended to trigger. Were there subliminal messages in the document? If all you have to do to send a subliminal message is hide it from the conscious mind, it couldn't be but so hard to hypnotize people with that sort of thing.

You could use words with connotations most people don't think about.

It seemed more likely Anony had simply claimed to be hypnotizing people to trigger a paranoid reaction in the already-paranoid. Robert didn't consider himself paranoid, exactly, but he was gradually, by this stage in his psycho-spiritual development, coming to admit he had a lot of mental anxiety, the kind of anxiety makes the mind run away along well... He was paranoid.

But he was as grounded in reason as being emotionally attached to being reasonable could make a person. And he knew it was foolish to jump to any strange conclusions about Anonymous. He only thought it foolish, with far less conviction, to completely dismiss the idea Anonymous might have malicious intentions.

Or selfish intentions. If you yourself benefit... Well, that's good enough motive for the majority of society, Robert told himself. Although I can't see as how Anony would benefit.

Robert made a firm decision to focus on ways of avoiding being hypnotized and perceive the real truth, rather than letting his imagination get the better of him.

Emotions color information. Emotions can be used against a person to convince them what's real ain't or what ain't is. Supposedly (somebody had told Robert) facts don't lie.

So if Robert wanted to know the truth, he had to find out how to make something a fact.

But Robert didn't believe in facts, really. There was always the chance anybody or everybody had made some kind of mistake, or even that the evidence itself was lying. Evidence could be ranked on a scale of infinitesimally slight indicativeness to a hair's breath short of certain, absolute proof.

For instance, Robert had seen a quote often enough on the various classrooms he'd been shuffled through since back as far as third grade the quote, "I think, therefore, I am." The quote played on his mind because it created the thought process necessary to demonstrate that you couldn't think unless you were. But what if there was something he was missing? Is that stupid?

Am I stupid, thought Robert, for thinking it's possible, yet as improbable a thing as I'm capable of conceiving, that I literally don't even exist? And I don't mean my existence is the product of somebody's imagination or some such nonsense - I mean there might be evidence presently inaccessible to me which demonstrates I literally don't exist.

If the evidence is inaccessible I can't refute it. I don't have the opportunity for that. But I also can't let it factor into my decision-making process because it doesn't exist to weigh in. Still, I think my brain's malfunctioning more if I don't admit to the inaccessible than if I do.

Anyhow, Robert demonstrated it wasn't an absolute fact he existed merely by doubting his own existence. If there was room for doubt, it was demonstrably less than an absolute certainty, however absurd the doubt may be (or even only seem, since I the writer may not have access to the same information as Robert the fictional character, who probably doesn't exist or think).

Robert decided the closest thing he could think of to a fact had been demonstrated a fraud. Descartes had jipped himself into buying an attractive lie!

Robert wanted to be omniscient because omniscience would provide him with a simultaneous apprehension of all the evidence, therefore granting him certain absolute truth. There wasn't the possibility of any missing evidence if he was omniscient(except i'm not omniscient so must acknowledge i don't know what it's like so maybe even all knowing can at least find a way to perceive missing evidence, for of course "i" the fictional omniscient would theoretically also be capable of knowing and not knowing, some sort of silly alls and nothings equation wherein consciousness attached to all available future-present. .

.simultaneous apprehension of both ends of this mere fictional representation of an infinite quantity of fictional length < ---- > knowledge might be forced to analog through an infinite quantity of information, possibly as multiple modal experiences and probably even normal humans can find ways to process signals multiple dimensionally to increase efficiency of information transfer, so I have this sort of access to the same quantity of data if i find a way to live forever. yet somehow less, for information available to certain other consciousnesses would likely never become available to me via this operating mode even given an infinite length of time, yet infinite data is contained merely in following an outward expansion in only two directions from a single point, different but similar to a line, in that this visualization continues moving yet the line already exists as infinite length so need not move.

.But he didn't think he would become omniscient.

-back to the issue of examining evidence, he decided he would measure evidence on a scale of probability. He quickly realized that probability represents a numerical measurement, and so for it to work he'd have to come up with a mathematical equation or two to create the figures.

He knew that in science, various experiments are performed with various controls to test the truth

or untruth of ideas, and the results of those experiments are vigorously analyzed by other scientists working in similar fields. The experiment provides a method of reducing the degree of certainty something is true, for instance, by performing x amount of experiments, wherein y percent of the time z happens. So, according to experiment 1, there is an $a\%$ chance b will happen.

Robert didn't have a background, at that point in his life, in hard math, science, or even probability analysis. He quickly realized that most aspects of his daily life would be difficult to reduce to the level of rigorous mathematical probability demonstrated by scientific experiments. In fact, most of the things Robert believed, Robert believed because he had been conditioned to believe them, and so emotionally didn't doubt them. How was he, for instance, to perform a mathematical probability equation capable of accurately computing the chances he would brush his teeth in the morning?

He intuited a very high probability he would brush his teeth in the morning. He did that every morning. If he calculated the probability based on the number of opportunities he had had to brush his teeth in the morning against the number of times he'd actually done so, he would have a 100% probability of brushing his teeth. He didn't consider that figure very accurate, however.

The more evidence available, he thought, the better it can be trusted. And so, he wondered, *How can I expand on that figure?*

He could calculate the percentage of the time people one day older than him who had brushed their teeth 100% of the time until yesterday failed to brush their teeth yesterday. He could calculate the percentage of the time a person's routine is interfered with unexpectedly due to the intersection of some unforeseen cause with their lives by somehow assimilating such an impossible database of data into his consciousness. Or he could simply decide, as he did decide, *No equation is perfect. It's unlikely I won't brush my teeth tomorrow, but I suppose there's also a lot of annoyingly unavailable evidence.*

backtocontroldramaimprintcausalitystream

options>>actress(es) from the version of the Robin Hood movie responsible for the initial imprint. similar characters to the role played by Robin Hood's love interest in the story, strong but usually proper women. Toward making a believable character. Or even similar featured women to the actresses in the imprint being attractive to Robert's attention.

Choose a version of the Robin Hood movie.

It was around 2 AM and for some odd reason, for the first time in his life, Robert was watching . The movie was playing. That was the odd reason he was watching .

Robert would eventually buy the writ fiction the movie was based on, and the books wouldn't have the same emotional impact as the movie. And eventually, Robert would gain an objective enough perspective to realize his individual psyche *made the movie* more powerful than the book even although the book was superior art.

Another late night viewing experience concerning a green uniformed hero fighting crime. Only this time it was a woman.

Robert had always liked powerful women. He considered it discrimination, at one point in his life, to treat women even the least bit different from men. Eventually he would revise that little theory/ [indvvl, nt gen.zs] but his younger years were inspired by rebellious antidiscrimination rhetoric

(some would say propaganda). And because he felt a little heroic, or at least charismatic himself, he identified with women with a touch of assertive authority.

All that had an impact but wasn't it.

So Robert fell in love, and he cried, and it really was a great movie (to him, one of the best, his favorite movie ever, until he became quote "objective").

Robert's false self, or subconscious object of deity worship, or ego mask, was Robin Hood, so naturally the anima was

The control drama imprint from the late night infancy viewing of Robin Hood influenced the puberty stage imprinting of symbol of feminine attraction, in part because a movie watching situation similar to that of Robert's infancy except for a female protagonist occurred during an imprint vulnerable period in his late teens.

Robert's interest in archery heroes eventually resulted in an interest in fantasy, and by the time he was twelve, he began writing stories on online free form fantasy role playing message boards, and reading the stories of others.

Robert was good at role playing. He was intrigued by character development. He spent days thinking about the way the brains of fictional characters developed, and ways story lines and environmental continuity causally progress.

The free form writing style impressed upon Robert the idea creativity was fueled by freedom from rules. Further veryvery slight pressure toward jovial flavored hoodlumism.

2014, Robert was signing on to a Free Form Fantasy Role Playing chatroom and viewing the website and reading posts on the message board such as:

The Tomes of Zaciel Nayomethon, founder of the Buli Order.

A source of energy of such proportions as to be totally overwhelming for all save the fully healthy.

The past and the present, the smallest particle, every angle, the computerization of the brain by the turn of the 21st century. By the 22nd, human artificial intelligence computer symbiosis had become compatible with magical practices, to varying degrees, on a daily basis.

But Zaciel's authorship was much more ancient than that. No man knows whether his identity survived. Permanently?

The buli currents were thought to be difficult to hack or block by supernatural means because the nature of the feminine buli currents was to devour all energy forms rapidly and greedily unless checked carefully by a guarded, discipline masculine will. No females were permitted to enter the buli Order, rumoured to be due the jealous psychological temperament of the energy's vague female consciousness.

The user of the tomes in question were always male, or would be viciously attacked or pushed aside.

An'how,

During the present moment, the history has not yet been writ upon KalithAlur extensive reported editorship of the nature of the primitive buli psyche, the "Purifier" left behind as many strange wonders as to rival at least the tall tale quantities of Zaciel Nayomethon, especially as so much was known about this men to a secret lineage I happened upon.

Of course Zaciel left behind a limited range of spells. If a tome were to be used for very long, the user could use no other source of supernatural energy than the buli currents. This glitch in judgement only resulted in the benefisciaries of Zaciel Nayomethon, not Kalith Alur.

It took a peculiar psyche, or psychological joint effort, to perfectly master the nature of the buli current.

Jzearuth knew nothing about such mysteries, save that he eventually inherited the key left by Kalith Alur during the middle ages, wherein Jzearuth came upon it in the city during the 1400s BC. Rarely could better record be kept of these time lapse exchange of goods mysteries than that it must be the duty of many of them early-day Individuates to keep thorough record of every event, available only for private use of the Indivudate Church.

The memorization of strange symbol formula and visual analogical processing often results of more efficient datum processing capabilities to the linear semantic language of a typical psyche.

The mind can analog data from an unpredictable variety of angles under various energy states, as Kalith Alur recorded in his Indivudate Studi.

As much as I admire the peculiar task of documenting the conditioning of the psyches of such clearly fictitious characters, I find the task quite upon me to state emphatically that Numbers stored as graphic digital three dimensional cartoon depictions of half elephant half penguins or rainy weather in random foreign freight train (pick a country, choiceschoiceschoiceschoices)

1, 2, 3, four, shut the door, more than 1, 700 , and , 20something years ago ____ ---- ____ -----
..... there begun a revolution.

1)2sec)3min)4hour]2,304 years of pivoting as a particle of information triggered the desired ejaculaton.

It totally kicked yer noxious socks off! ARGHARGH

One thing to keep in mind when resisting brainwashing, according to the buli only in case of having familiarity of study, concerns resisting the strength of the negative and misleadingly positive impressions projected by potentially harmful psychological territory. Weaken any impressions that seem to be pushing into you, replace with positive familiar impressions and rational methods of solving whatever problems are of most immediate concern. Such as eliminating all traces of brainwashing from the psyche, such as by documenting what methods of memorization and experimentation, rationalization, ect has most positive result.

It was impressively simple yet predictably limited, despite its many benefits, to learn that techniques of objective data processing other than the verbal existed. An imagination wound up exploding in such a disorientingly reasonable fashion that Fritz Wilmington would have wanted a beer or something.

end msg board post.

If f fat first ssu.... cksead, for (click no t)o-oo brainwashing.

burbbleburbblebrambledid funny noises come from the bathTUb oF

dEAth. i thought u3pon9988...

haha.

d e u ioshwai

graaaaaablooddddddddd

dham.npy.or

(unfinished chapters)

Robert read somewhere about meditation. Plenty of places talk the subject. Pretty soon extensive was his understanding.

Thus Robert entered the Meditation Phase. Initial enthusiasm fueled much experimentation.

Robert Grieves closed his eyes and his head went thumpthumpthump he could hear his heart he was focusing or something wasing boiling over in the cauldron he needed this:

1 2 3
f o r
o l a
u d i
r s

e

brutal
implications
transmitted

Piece together
with a grai
novsilt

Countdown
scary.

Immortality,
clinging to
immortality
conquer, conquer death conquer, conquer death or
th
e
nd

six spiteful spitfire sputnik rockets scream
six playful puppet strings seem simply cuttable

yet the released puppets
may not tarry far
from home,
safety of the womb.

7, 8, 9
seven ate the nine
seven11slurpy

8,9
2, 1 . . .

9=1 or add those digits for 10, everything s one everything surrounded by nothing (happy rebirthday).

Robert Grieves opened eyes. Had he looked in a mirror he would have noticed the shimmering blue hue his eyes had taken on as a result perhaps of the energy of the meditation but I'm not a doctor can't be expected to know everything about the processes at work. The physical mechanism of eye color change, for instance, is an under-studied aspect of occult/meditative practices, in my personal opinion, occasionally turning brown eyes gold, and so on.

Once saw a youngin' smokin' the pot staring off into the distance deeply contemplating, gathering the psychic vibrations and so on so on, he was um, his eyes looked like clouds were floating through them. Of course I too was smoking the pot, perhaps a few years past the youngin' years meself.

now if you knew goose whut flew in thru me window i'd bet the farm on yer sympathetic mob road.
Ar! the whore done tore one thruuu me dressus missus!
To Betsy!
Waiiiit a minute.

Ajajajajaja
Twao Twao Twao orghii gammi orighi gamim twao

aoaoaoaoaoaoao

(smack!)

Anyhow, Robert Grieves had brighter eyes than ever (one would hope brighter vision) with which to receive light beams for the brain's translating mechanism to process properly.

Robert contemplated drinking tea or somesuch but decided the hour too late an hour for sake of not going to bed only to get up three hours later and weewee. Means yes but yes means no. Or somesuch.

Robert Grieves had a sense for the man behind the curtain but couldn't find the curtain let alone the man.

It's important to have a sense of responsibility about these things, thinks Robert prudently about his choice in career opportunity, which at that moment concerned working for McDonalds.

And so he went to sleep early. He went to sleep at 6am.

Snore.

Ashtray crack, the haunting come back.

Worse crack than ass crack or addictive rock. The haunted ashtray crack emitted flickering multicolored lights. At one point the pattern was red and green checkerboard.

Ooooo....

The book's main character approached the ashtray with great hesitancy, concerned concerning radiation poisoning or demonic possession, and rightfully so. This was no ordinary crack. Sucking up our protagonist's attention as some nonintrusive psychic vampire (after all the hero was willy nilly projecting attention into the environment without even realizing it) the ashtray crack began to emit a more powerful light than before. It continued flickering, shifting from purple to blue to pink to yellow to orange to shimmering gold to bright white! An explosion, an explosion lacking explosive force, seemed to emit from the crack, and the flickering went out.

Pipper Top ("he" was Pipper Top in this dream) said, "What in the world? I haven't done any drugs in hours so I know I'm not hallucinating." Pipper Top snuck up real close to the ash tray and stared straight down into the dark empty crack.

AHAHAHAHAHAHA! laughed the menacing voice of the crack.

Pipper Top hopped back. A shock rocked his body and mind, as if he were a wee child hearing the first ever crackle of thunder.

Pipper Top asked politely, "What do you want?"

Dim lights flickered out from the crack once more.

"You must tell paranormal investigators about your encounter, and publish the existence of the crack ghost abroad."

Pipper Top said, "I'd rather not. That sounds like a lot of work and everybody'll know I'm nuts."

"You'd rather keep that to yourself would you?" replied Ashtray Crack.

"Yeah I would," said Pipper Top.

"Selfish fucking cunt of a damned fool bastard," asserted Ashtray Crack. And with that the black glass ashtray split into three pieces. Dim lights flickered no more.

Pipper Top blinked. Pipper Top started to walk toward the bar's exit. A cartoon ghost identical to Casper appeared over Pipper's shoulder and whispered in a friendly voice, "I'm following you always from now on. I'll keep you safe from every threat. Naught I ask in return, nor naught receiveth I surely, you penniless prick."

Pipper Top said, "I'm not easily offended but I don't think it'd be assertive of me to just take that sort of talk. Be polite if you're going to follow me."

Once Ashtray Crack ghost replied, surprisingly, by saying, "It's a deal, what's your name?"

"Pipper Top," said Pipper Top. "What's yours?"

"Used to be Bob," said the ghost, still identical to cartoon Casper. "You can call me Bob. Whenever you need help, say Bob and Bob will come." And Bob vanished.

Pipper Top decided to research the art of mediumship on the internet to get to the bottom of this funny business. Pipper Top would find a fully certified and qualified psychic to investigate the spirit manifestation. Pipper Top got on the internet right when he got home.

Google Search: Mediumship free.

First hit: Free if you pay money.

Click, click, click, click...

Pipper Top decided, eventually, that it was unrealistic to expect to find free mediumship offered by the internet, and also that anybody who charged money for services was probably a fraud.

And Robert Grieves woke up and decided to gently turn off the headache-inducing alarm clock and stand up and look around the room, *carefully*...

Nothing. Robert shrugged. He got ready for his day and on his way out the door, eventually to find his way to work his lips dripping bread crumbs, had a sandwich.

Robert Grieves was 19 and wow was he a James Bond with the adventures and the ladies. this one time Robert was having a beer under 21 but old enough to get killed in Iraq as the saying went and he started to drink more beer.

Robert sure enjoyed that shit. Hell yeah.

2019 and Robert fus sleepy.... sm....snore.

The imprint vulnerability stages the mind goes through can be mapped and reprogrammed, despite claims these imprints are "irreversible". To have the memories of a variety of lifetimes, even if a few are fictional seems a worthwhile state of mind to Robert Grieves.

That license plate: 298769. 969, that's 666. $2 \times 9 = 18$, $1 \times 8 = 8$, next number 8, that's 88, the number of the Individuate Order! The following three numbers, 7, 6, 9 become a complete sequence when 8 is introduced, 6789. And 69 is symbolic of the ascending and descending triangle, a symbol for the union of opposites. That means the sequence of numbers begins and ends with infinity, since $8 \text{ rotate} = \text{infinity}$ and 69 represents infinite rotation, and 7, notoriously a magic number, stands between them. And there is the code, two 9s surround the sequential countdown 876, with the 9 at the beginning being an appropriate member of the sequence, and the 9 at the end being a reversal of 6, so in a way there are two sixes on both ends.

Perhaps(OBVIOUSLY) I'm going too far. The next license number may be more obvious.... 908GK! 9 for 1 less than 10, so that + one number, in this case 0, 9 becomes 10. That's 108. That's the universe again, because the #8 symbolizes infinity to the Individuate, and 10 is everything, one universe, and nothing, the cloak of the universe.

Probably I could reduce any number to something meaningful, and I've never studied Numerology,

nor very extensively studied the Qabbala. This could explain most of the things people consider "synchronicity" - the mind's tendency to organize data in a meaningful way that makes sense to the interpreter. Still, I can't believe that explains all instances in light of the license plate I just saw: 23! That's two numbers, doesn't that mean that's a politician?

I daren't follow. The brotherhood of selfishness and evil might very well be luring me into a trap.

(KB: Robert had been introduced to Thomas per sataniue accident. document such in place of this temorary filler)
evil indeed intended the brotherhood of selfishness.

sat plotting psychopathic sicko Mr. Squibbles, intent on killing the hero. hehehe.
henchmen listen in on the rant of the man with the green tinted skin. this character's creation may have been influenced/influenced my spurious decision to write temporarily in a bright green colour.

Robert sensed danger profoundly and was desperate to survive.

danger proufound sensation was transmitted directly into Robert's skull, was why sensed robert danger profound inspiring desperation to survive.

MR.SQuibbles concealed his astral form within the third eye of Thomas the satanique henchman and %13thug Thomas bumped into Robert at the occult section of B a r n e s a n d n o b l e s. Mr. Squibbles transmitted into brain of Thomas: ~~this one must be stalked like a celebrity by our organization. and we all know how to stalk celebrities round hair hehehe.~~

eventually, after much procrastinationing, Thomas invited his brand new pal Robert on over to the crib. crib scene:

Thomas lighted a candle clapped his hands and the lights went out. He lit more candles. Somebody somewhere turned on a music machine of some kind perhaps even computer speakers not very loud classical music combined with recordings of sheep being tortured and walruses crying and things too horrible to be projected into the consciousness of the poor reader at a time like this (there were photographs suddenly, on the walls)

Thomas saying, "Do you see the photographs?" Thomas pointed to his forehead and said "Have you read any science fiction on mind rays?"

The room was shaking, or something, Robert was struck by the realization as he dropped his empty glass by the realization as he staggered backward nearly falling down struck by the realization-

-Had they spiked the tea? Can't be me. What mess is this?

"There's abyss on your shoulder," boldly stated the Statesman Thomas his image fading his voice traveling to the ears and the eyes Robert could see the waves the polluted black waves cutting through clean air

ALL IS DARKNESS

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! NEVER PROVE ANYTHING" or something Robert couldn't make out whether that was Thomas or a guest Robert was running for the do@(\$&&@!\$)*!) the door.

*****!!

f**sh**!!!~!!

out the door and Robert could feel a flood of something higher vibration surely dancing green mushrooms singing "We're poison, we're poison, we're poison" a right nice fellow to do you wrong

{{Transmission to Robert: We see the future and travel between dimensions. We lift objects by willing them off the floors. We shapeshift into strange creatures. Robert, Robert, OH Robert, we're cutting into your thoughts Robert we're cutting into your head Robert ALL your thoughts belong to this most anonymous socss.....}}

duhduhduhdu-n-du-n

the donkey punch
the donkey peers thru
the donkey appears
he thinks, *I'm manifesting a donkey because I b-b-be-be-beLIEVE!*

w(the world) eight pressing down on skinnys shoulders

he (eyes blugging bludgeoning bugging or something....) ru -
he ru -
he ru - uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuns
AWAY

279-#%*&@!&%&!(!@&!~(@&\$(!~^@*\$&^

&&69feelin fine

&&\$sohsofunny

dead kittens under the faucet,
dead lizards in your future,
the witch's teeet
teeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeet
teeeeeeeeeeeeeeee97890v9hgd890ycc890890cf
789fcjk8989vfgl89p98gl
899pgk909g
01010100110001

wjgh
tshh
too
tooooooooooooo
wjjklllllllllll
tooooooooooooooooooooo

we(h)
llkhl;;il3l
3bnn9
tooooooooooooooooooooo
I do t(298ggbber3890)oooooooooooo

ca(aaaaaaaaaaaaa)n't g

e(he ran around shaking his head v(289vjk3v 980v289)iolently)ta-w
a
y
!

W(well, he would say, the ghosts, the goblins, the pain pill heroes in the bushes
snrtN-"H")AAAb02309h2b-0;kklaguk
gukgukgukgukgukgukgukguk

W(well there actually was a water hole, a cement contraption, a bucket lowered down somebody
was throwing coins into it for luck, for luck my chum, for lady luck's carresses and sexy kisses, for
sake of attracting a positive fate. It was a blue haired fourteen year old, or was it yellow hair blue
eyes (colors shifting) couldn't be known for sure anyhow, No impression nor action could be
trusted in this state of
mind)AAA2ty8904bvjk1bjk23bj a jahj;l90 3bva0
3r89b

W(238969023vhj127896923b 1897234vh 12487b ,l 0`0`0`0`1`1`10`10`10`10`+22, 13, 88,
7)AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

he was waking up
-that was separating off simultaneous
-apprehension of multiple
-dimensional travel thru many
-identity of a toad, rabbit, fox, *sheep*, silly sky dragon
-identity of a rock, dirt, sand, dirtier dirt
-identity of Him(the centre here)self and Sara Conner simultaneously we

ll sinking the bucket
-identity was sinking into the waters
-experience wat a water particle experiences
-experience of the well water's containing walls, watery containment contained by cement
-identity of 2D cartoon 2D thinking could be anything but head exploding an elephpppphphhh
-PHSCAle melting PHHHHHHHHHHeleeelelephhhhhhhhh.....
{JJpair of socks hanging frffrrom --

O.O -----> o.O ----->
O.O ----->
o _____---->

u<- (o) ->u

I think somebody's stealing my wallot, he thought, tears streaming down his
pseudoliquidplastiqueface onto the mudpuddle thinking *sad when this happens in the suburbs*
and there was a distinctly hallucinatory flavor to the hov-hov-hav-hav-av-hobbot-hobbit with the
furry feat and all wobbling about
-identity was stinking furry hobbit feet cold callused hobbit feet bottom the experience of being

walked upon for as long as the hobbit'd lived the memories of the exploits of the hobbit feet (juxtaposed simultaneously against identity of toad memories/rabbitmemories/rock/2Dcartoon ect..... they flooded in and out mind wasn't located a particular place anyhow anymore separated into distinct movies which seemed to be anyhow simultaneously recurring within a consciousness connected vaguely but specifically enuf to be considered perhaps still one mind) splashing through the mud they came splashing on through the mud they did they did

OBMOBEOBEOBEO.B.ME

did.....---->

Control your breathing deeply so, heroic Robert. That's it. Feel a cool, healing energy entering the body, dark energies being released. Visualize brilliant white light, now's the time to do it never has your imagination been so wonderful! YES!
AHAHAHAHAHAHYOUCANTDOFUCKINGANYTHING!!!!!!}}~~

Robert experienced 7,000 visions of hell eaching approximating to eternity by lastin reel long time. Nothing more painful had ever been inflicted by the {{We're secret Robert a secret Robert above ethics and regulation and consequence Robert oh no men enjoy life as we do!}} the voice was invading his consciousness but not as violently as Christian
He(hellishatrociousgoblinsdemonicdeplorabledenizens
fieryabominableghostsmaggotsskinslicedsquirmingyellowmaggotsbyrustymetalfiendishdistressing
faces
hairyawfulghoulsbloodoozingskindicedmuscularlamentablefromjointsbyyellowfingernailsmonsters
fistsbloodsquirtingskindevouredflyingunspeakablefromburstingbydancingbluefacedfuriouslyeyebal
ls
monkeys
rolling a rock up the hill, it falls, rolling it back up the hill, it falls, rolling it back up the hill...
dragging a bicycle with a popped tire slowly along half expecting sparks to fly behind thee
the hag and her living wormhead nipples jiggling hungrily, raping a rabbid dog the moans
of five million voices and as many reasons
a hangnail
he feels like a hammer just hit his thumbnail and he must suck to bring himself and his living
thumb comfort)lls/Sadistic He(nipple clips
burningvaginaburningbleedingassholesodomizethecowrapedchildrencryingwifebeatenthousandvir
ginscreams)lls/Pagan(therockupanddownthehillssomemore)Hellsectectect he could actually feel
his flesh melting off and the pain of the buzzard pecking at his eyes was as distinct a sensation
as Robert had ever experienced - what he felt he felt at a pitch too powerful to express to anyone
operating on a normal or even truly genius iq brain for you see his brain was on fire it wasn't just
active it was damned fucking active there were universes of pain ex[p]loding inside
c/on/shusnessz.

.V/V.V.

.....

(do you remember what happens during your blackouts?)

.....

(hey mr.)

A cop stick was poking Robert's bum faintly prodding Robert's bum he was still sort of dreaming sort of nowhere but he could faintly
+feel it it was similar to those dreams where he was running around looking for a place to piss but thank god he couldn't do it just couldn't and woke up and really had to go bad - he woke up and

really had to go, somewhere anyhow.

"Sorry," said Robert, at rest somewhere, looking down at the cop's boots, wondering what to do.

"I can't have you bums sleeping on the sidewalk all day," said the cop. A bright sun shined down from above, putting a glare on it when Robert looked for a face.

"I'll move," said Robert. Robert knew exactly what cops were allowed, some claimed required, to ask. This situation was no questions asked. Robert moved, quickly but calmly.

Dazed, no idea how much time had passed. A period of dreamlessness or dreams forgotten. Faint, unintrusive hallucinations, like those of sleep deprivation, persisted. Little blurry figures moving around inside the pavement... If he stared up at the clouds, the white ink blots became demons fighting and taunting, but demons lacking distinction sufficient to distract one's attention for long.

Well, Robert knew beyond all reasonable doubt he'd just been through the most painful experience he'd yet had the privilege to endure. All he wanted was to find his apartment and curl up in the fetal position.

And he did, and went to sleep.

Freak animal (chicken/fish/horse/donkey) ride of your life (encounter/escapade/sojourn/fresh w me) to get (obtain[if you can handle{ecstasyblissfantasyfun}the implications]/find/experience) dice-sexed the HORSE COCK.

Ed of course was of course the talking h(obstacle course)rse between the would-be (open mind/pervert/maggot/sicko/deviated interest) liberal seeker of alternative orgasms and cake eating.

Animal intelligence, a debatable subject. Yet by far the most persistent objection (irrational taboo/population control blockade) consisted of the idea that sexing animals would inevitably result in the discovery of a brand new std(maybe). This concept could not have been promoted better than by the legend of AIDS being a product of the drinking of monkey blood.

Rob "Bob" Dreg had a mind to simply wear a condom. But alas. It didn't seem like it would work out.

"Hmm..." Bob said. The initiation process had lodged that silly superstition, *To understand your true will is to attain what you want*, in Bob's mind, in a rather one-pointed manner. The sentence had only one meaning and Bob understood that meaning. Furthermore Bob knew what Bob wanted and that was to experience union with God as the result of a tantric orgasm. The woman symbolized the Is to Bob - the pet dog was God spelled backwards, what better Is?!?!

It was a pretty dog, soft clean fur, wide asshole. Male, as if such silly questions of gender role mattered to Bob. Concerning intimacy, Bob's one and only love was Love of God - once he'd fallen! Fallen for pussy~(*hehe), he knew that attachment was over with for good reason - he would give anything for the woman of his dreams, that specter, that illusion, even, if She asked, his very soul.

Yes... Bob would make love to his one great love. But first Bob would sleep on it.

yawn.

Dreams.

flying somewhere shouting triumphantly

drowning without needing to breathe anyhow,
the choking misery,
the dark ones,
encircling,
holding high the wand of mastery and screaming
"WE'VE FUCKING GOT YOU!!!"

AH!

*the eyes fluttering open,
yawn.*

Ah... Yes. The morning.

Robert was pretty sure telepathy was involved in all of this. His fixation with telepathy concerns the seemingly telepathic nature of the dark currents seemingly transmitted into his mind.

well he was an honest chap so he kept his mouth shut.

Nobody knew about his telepathic mind wars with the dark ones. He seemed like a completely normal guy, to talk to.

"Coffee Bob?" "Sure Sue."

yet openly plotting strategies against the telepathic intruders was Bob every moment, erecting barriers to overcome the quantum magic of the satanists attacking him. The worst, vilest kind of satanists, who literally believe Satan to be actual God of All Evil and try to be as evil as possible themselves.

they looked gorh, kill the gorhs.

inanyevinulchap, sacred geometries, subconscious self communication matrix....

All devoted to overcoming brainwashing, as well as prevent the brainwashing entity from in any way hurting others. In service of greatest possible freedom (choice/independence/happiness) every atom of Bob charged by the notion of freedom.

luck was with bob's wise heart for it so happened his mental equipment would survive the earthquake, possibly preventing shockwave chaos completely.
The battle raged terrible, ambiguous leverage.

Instinctively coconut. Set a ;o limit on the brain's potential: (*****)terrible words raged ambiguously all the night.

The fight between terrible ambiguity (sloppy hobo kissus) otherwise tracked down memories, instincts, behavioral thought pattern connecting pathways, causal sequential data concerning the nature whut within shit happens (ECTY:)

single ppoint in sspace ssee?.

What are the chances one to ten?
Everything on a scale.

never follow the straight line unless you want to be misled for there is a not so ambiguous location for the parking of an right nice piece of equipment. A word could be modified plus infinity of "n" sound, but literally? J+nnnnnnnnnnn=limitless fictional J modifier n sound.

The Self subliminal Self programming Self of the computer Self if robots were here Self at the centre of the cosmos Self of divine proportions Self ripping through to you you know. beer

(snap) _____ (snap)
_____ <snap> _____ <snap>
(sn{sn[a]p}ap)!deepdog

%30 p r o b = sloooooooooowresultdelivery

(hum) (AUM) (dedumdum)

Inside the isolation chamber virtual realities of course collided a bit but once he hit gold and got his good shoes on he was what our men might call a god of the field telling the secret truth of the illumi mixed taped pat-estapes delete-delete-delete-delete-(00000000000000000000000000000000).....

Members fingers crossed lines nets visions of connecting chains webs fluids and Geometric multidimensional processings of causal datam.

Thrust thru the
(tree was tenebrous elm)
gol
d
quest
thieves marching
as soldiers
upon an (Country)

Theer were behavior yer swee me did jew jew.
HUH?!?!?

Neither character's character developments nor writer's multicharacter existence as the Individualism, nor even the other not binary natured word implications could be 01 floating around fr long,

M. Brain
Heldenbro, gilgiamilge

Wherever the character found up into, there were storm weather rehethems them whiskipperrrrrrrry English better butter wa s s ssserved om in the s-t-ates than AHHHH!!!!

Griefstricken, the false hero dropped arm unde thunk it upon.ed
was fac-tory scheeeeeef
ss

Nobody is permitted within the most privatest location (the human mind of another) without some form of mutual exchange of permission.

No mind / multimind combined to divine defeat of (COUGH!)

Oooo he ugly

(insane multilaughhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh)

ooooooooo no ugly sumbiiiiatch
oh no he din't

culd enuf tools be mustered
blown them creeps asunder
an down on yon'er hill

O I don't underxsxstxand?

watch out for sblmnl

careful step thar
sbbblmnl....

Ain't it home there fright,
Counsciouoolulesly

Lazer beam, forest, fortresses, military might, terribler t5
BOOOOOOOOOO
mbumbumbum,

LALALALALALALALA,
LALAALALAALALAAA..... Been to the North, Sou, Spherical Compeesss points of the
visuasensorily rich environments of the imagination.

2,021 and Robert seems to be progressing rather well. All sorts of shenanigins concerning energy stealin' vampires keep em up at night. He c'n focus ok.
no joy in life. onlyboredom or great pain.

2,022 and Robert has committed himself to thoroughly researching the potential solutions of a certain pperissssstent r problem of claims of brainwashing. Of course that strange tall men in bright orange robes stepped out of and quickly back into cars just ahead of him everywhere he walked a sidewalk.

robert has sum kinda internet connection o boy
yeah man.

2,023 and robert has mastered tthe basic branches of meditation taught by his order. *an attempt was made on his life*. he tried to channel healing energy.

2,025 and the trial of the dark brotherhood begins while they continued brainwashing, they were informed it had become policy, and could be expected by any member of the brotherhood of selfishness when encountering the is society, to receive an increase in quantity

torture depending on the amount of torture upon the real world. This individual's brain would be scanned to ensure the exact proper distribution of torture.

this was the only treatment the brotherhood of the light could think of likely to inspire a society of backstabbing sociopsychopaths and psychopaths and psychopaths and psychos to quit hurting people for selfish reasons, since the worse the crime such people committed, as malicious torturing lunatics, the worse they themselves would likely eventually suffer, especially as quantity and severity of crimes increases probability the criminal will be caught.

it had long been official policy of the brotherhood of (the is society) to deal with serial killing/serial raping/serial torturing/slave owning black magicians to apply torture according to the severity of the crime. In cases of negotiation, say for the release of a slave, all that could be stated, all that ever would be stated, consisted of the warning that duration of time until release as well as severity of destruction/torture inflicted would be objectively calculated into the torture inflicted upon the slave owner.

321

{<[(BAM!)]>}

Robert is 27 yrs old, he has begun dividing his nervous systems into pathways organized memorization system emphasis on usability. Consciously and subconsciously accessible tools for self defense and truth seeking.

For some of you the year 2027 burns gloriously.

As for
the rest of us,
We await

...a....d.....a

He could simultaneously think right hemispherically analogical and left hemispherically analytical, or switch hemispheres at will.

He painted thoroughly his aura with the symbols of protection.

Fwait a minuctape
folkloricacir

The brainwashing had been totally destroyed. As may have been the brainwashers, for all Robert knew.

Robert achieved Nirvunconditional love/objective reason
-the End